



Ancestors West

A quarterly publication for the members of the
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
Fall 2017 Vol. 42, No. 3

DNA Stories

DNA Cracked the Brick Wall

Connecting the Dots

**DNA Profile Reveals Deep
Branches of a Family Tree!**

“Hatched on a Fencepost”

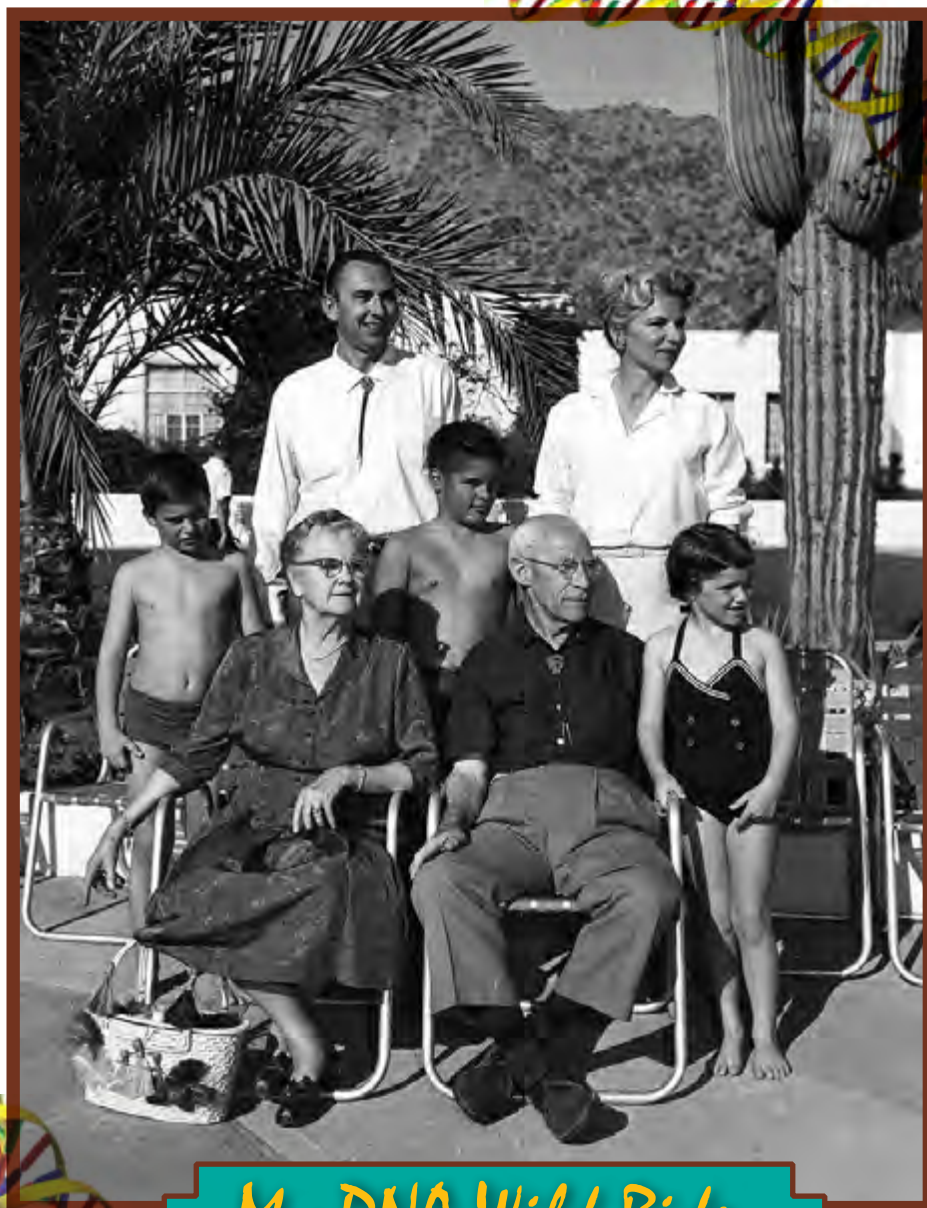
Reunion Stories

Having a Family Reunion?

**The J. W. Lynch, Jr.
Family Reunion**

**A Family Reunion to
Remember or Not!**

**Wilson – Rawson
Family Reunion**



My DNA Wild Ride



Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

www.sbgen.org

E-mail: info@sbgen.org

Sahyun Genealogy Library

(SBCCGS facility)

316 Castillo St., Santa Barbara 93101

Phone: (805) 884-9909

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Sunday 1:00 – 4:00 PM

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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 Civil War.

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

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Image by Nogas 1974

From the Editor

From the Census to CentiMorgans: DNA Testing Comes of Age in Genealogy Research

TRACING OUR ANCESTRY back four generations produces a set of 30 individuals. Two parents plus four grandparents plus eight great-grandparents plus 16 great-great-grandparents. A curious idea to consider in this regard is that there are approximately seven billion of us on earth today and the number of humans who have ever lived is estimated to be 107 billion. Thus for each of us alive today there are only about 15 who have died before us during the last 50,000-100,000 years or so. It seems that each of us is only “entitled” to about 15 unique ancestors!

Since there are already 30 in our own family tree in just four generations, the striking conclusion is that the family trees of the seven billion people alive today must overlap significantly! Is it any wonder then that DNA analysis yields dozens of cousins?

The roles of “nature” (our genes) versus “nurture” (our childhood environment, i.e. parental upbringing) have been hotly debated, but it is clear that both contribute to our physical and psychological identity. Traditional genealogical sources can be used to identify our parentage and ancestry and as family historians we are engaged in this research. These represent the “nur-

ture” half of the equation and are generally assumed to also represent the “nature” half as well. Recently a tool has been developed that sheds new light on the family tree and sometimes separates nature from nurture. That tool is DNA testing. In many cases, the results of DNA testing confirm our pedigree based on written sources. It is the exceptions that are remarkable. In this issue, Kristin Ingalls provides a brief overview of DNA research and reviews several books from our Sahyun Library that can guide the genetic genealogist.

Ethnic identity is a fascinating aspect of DNA testing. After we test, most of us learn that we are quite an interesting mixture. These results vary somewhat between testing companies, so the exact percentages need to be taken with a grain of salt. But the overall pattern is generally the same company to company. It is also thought-provoking to contemplate our deeper ancestry. That is, who were those ancestors who lived before the existence of written records? The discovery by several laboratories of how to sequence the DNA of human fossils including Neanderthals is gradually revealing more secrets of our deep past. The number of fossils is still too small for very precise analysis, but more are being

found all over the world, so stay tuned! One remarkable finding is that most non-African individuals today carry a small percentage of Neanderthal ancestry!

In this Issue of *Ancestors West*

While we are curious about the Neanderthal genes that may be present in our DNA, we are usually more excited about the much closer relatives we discover when our DNA sample is compared to the millions of others who have spit in a tube or swabbed their cheeks. In this issue of *Ancestors West*, several of these revelations are described. Susan Lundt found a new cousin, who nevertheless, remained unconvinced despite the DNA evidence. I, your humble editor, also discovered a new cousin for my husband and helped her find her place in the family tree. Lou Dartanner was able to finally unravel the secret of her surname. Another mystery began in the 1880s in Nebraska. A surname change for unknown reasons, threw descendants off the track when they tried to trace their ancestry. Merna McClenathen, however, found DNA evidence that solved the mystery of their forebear and simultaneously identified a missing McClenathen! An unexpected ethnic identity stimulated Mel Sahyun to investigate European History including a little known era in Poland known as the Deluge. DNA testing can also be a life-changing event as Chris Klukkert discovered when she began to try to connect her family members. Her amazing story and others highlight a unique member of our society, Mary Hall, who has guided many on their DNA journey. Her expertise has been essential and is gratefully acknowledged.

Family reunions

Families are to be celebrated and what better way to celebrate than to hold a family reunion? Some family reunions become annual events as Berri Bottomley reports for her Lynch family in Michigan. Margaret Kelly's family reunion in Wisconsin was exceptional for its whirlwind finale! The migrations of the Wilson and Rawson families across the county, which culminated in a marriage in California, are traced by Jim Wilson. That Union became the focus of family reunions of the whole clan. For those planning a family reunion, Alex Grzywacki provides a helpful list of tips and suggestions. Margery Baragona reminds us of the bittersweet aspects of school class reunions.

Haller's Polish Army in France

During The Great War (WWI) young Polish men in America volunteered to fight for Poland. An old box found in a parent's basement contained photos that led Margaret Kelly to the discovery that her great grand-uncles had been part of Haller's forces. She shares their story in this issue.

A unique 1860 schedule in Florida that lists the names of the slaves is the focus of The Sense of the Census in this issue. And check the back cover for the first of a new series entitled "Things That Aren't There Anymore." See if you can identify the object, which was very common years ago!

The next Issue—The Grim Reaper's Harvest

Family History is often revealed in death certificates, obituaries, mortuary records, epitaphs, and visits to cemeteries. The Grim Reaper's Harvest will be a theme for the next issue of *Ancestors West*. On your trip to the cemetery, did you find symbols on the grave with religious, fraternal or military significance? Did neighboring graves prove to be family members? Were the ravages of epidemics uncovered by multiple small headstones from relatively the same time? Did such death records provide maiden names, birthplaces or names of parents, former wives or relatives or tell a story you never heard before? Widow's pension applications from the Civil War can be rich in information. Readers would like to know what you have discovered about your family in death records and cemeteries.

The second theme to stimulate your creative muse concerns the role worker organizations may have played in the lives of your ancestors. Did your forebears belong to a guild or a union or another kind of occupational organization and did this affect their future? Were they teamsters, shingleweavers, letter carriers, chandlers, cordwainers, farriers or fletchers? Were they involved in the famous strike of the amalgamated meat cutters in Chicago in 1909? Did they follow in their father's footsteps or break out on their own to practice a different trade? You are invited to share what you have found in these pages.

As always, themes are only suggestions. All articles of genealogical interest are welcome.

**The submission deadline for the next issue is
October 15, 2017**

My editorial committee and I extend our sincere thanks to our sponsors and authors. Together we offer this issue of *Ancestors West* for your reading enjoyment.

Debbie Kaska

A TOUCH OF OLD SANTA BARBARA



Reunions

By Margery Baragona

DON'T THINK THERE IS another occasion that brings such anticipation and apprehension as a reunion, whether it is for high school, or college.

For the event the women panic and begin strict diets, they endlessly shop, hair color is changed, and old pictures are studied to try and emulate how one looked 20, 25, or 50 years ago. That is not easy! Some overly concerned and prosperous may resort to whatever magic the dermatologist can provide.

The day finally arrives and the ladies preen as they squish into their svelte attire. Men shave carefully and comb thinning hair across pinkish scalps. Suits that served well for weddings and funerals hang on shrunken bodies. Other bodies are stuffed into suits of decades past, many of which should never have left a shop's hangers.

Nostalgic music plays as people hesitantly enter the room. Handed a nametag, they are pleased if they can read it with dimming vision. People furtively circulate hoping to find a familiar face, an old friend. As the party becomes more congenial and relaxed, fears disappear and laughter and connections are made. Stories of long ago are told though everyone remembers them quite differently. The prettiest girl in memory seems some-

HIGH SCHOOL REUNION

how diminished while a shy plain one is now vivacious and entertaining. Out of curiosity, high school sweethearts seek one another; often there is no recognition. Sometimes a spark remains and trouble will ensue. A reunion is a great place for match making, better than the hazards of cyber space. A frightening and demoralizing aspect, however, of these gatherings is the board showing those who have left us. It is an occasion like no other. Present ills and travail are forgotten as all are transported to the land of youth. Returning to reality the next day is unsettling.

If a class persists with frequent reunions there comes a time of walkers, wheel chairs, canes, hearing aids, vague looks, and teeth too bright. The planning committee then must decide whether to continue this custom. I personally would not have missed any of mine! There are lots of anecdotes I could tell but my favorite comes from my own family. My aunt accompanied by my uncle was approached by a gentlemen at their reunion who said to her, "You look familiar." She quickly replied, "I should, I was married to you." Later my uncle quipped, "She must not have made much of an impression."



Having a family reunion?

20 Tips and suggestions you might want to consider

By Alex Grzywacki

1. Find ways to inspire the people to take the time to come to the reunion.
2. Make sure to encourage the oldest and youngest in the family to come so they can make connections, have photo ops, tell the “rest of the story” to the younger generation.
3. Find and connect with anyone who has an interest in learning what you know about the family history.
4. Set up in advance to have the computer techies and photographers record the event, and be able to scan old photographs.
5. Bring enlarged pedigree charts so people can fill in some of the blanks with what they believe to be the correct names and events.
6. Mail out a group sheet to each family member to fill out and return to you prior to the event.
7. Delegate as much responsibility as you can to get the interested ones to take care of the less important duties.
8. Have your first cousins send you in advance a Bio about what achievements they have accomplished during their lives that they would like recorded in the family history book you are compiling.
9. Have the cousins write up a little story of “I remember Grandma” (or Grandpa) (or Uncle Joe), of a special time they remembered with that person.
10. Have a raffle and sell tickets to win a large copy of good old great-grandma’s wedding picture in a nice frame. Come up with three or four of them to raise some money to help pay for the extras.
11. Have a “Share Grandma’s wonderful recipe” for her great pie or moonshine or whatever.
12. Set up “Experience Opportunities” for the grandchildren. An example would be: Have Great-Grandma bring her old fur coat and get the little ones to try it on along with her story as to how and when she got it. A great photo op! The kids will never forget the experience. Or have Grandpa bring his old straw hat, his Air Force jacket, his grandfather’s big gold watch, his accordion/banjo/guitar/harmonica/ tap dance shoes/corn-cob pipe/ derby hat/ autographed picture of Elvis/Nixon for President button. You get the idea.
13. Bring a box of manila folders and some fat marking pens and have the kids hold their names and age for a group photo. Make a big one with the date and place of the event. Have the kids line up by family, oldest to youngest. Tall ones in the back, little ones down in front.
14. Always do the “four generation photos.”
15. Give the young ones a reward for sending you a CD disk of early family photos.
16. Buy some cheap tape recorders and assign a few children to sit with an older relative and interview them about their life. Pick a topic like “The day they met their wife/husband,” “Their wedding day memories” or “The birth of their first child.” Make the assignment relative to the child’s connection to the older person. An example would be to tell a child to pretend they are a radio reporter doing a special report on what it was like during the days before TV, VCRs or *Netflix*. What did Uncle George do for fun in the “olden days?” What was his first car? etc.
17. The National Genealogical Society offers a full-color comic book for children. *Hunting for your Heritage* is an adventure story that teaches young people about family history research in a fun and colorful way. The books are available for a nominal price through NGS at www.NGSGenealogy.org.
18. Make family heritage T-shirts using iron-on transfer photos of yourself or Grandma when they were a young person or a family reunion logo. The kids will love it.
19. At the reunion, talk about or plan the next family reunion so everyone will want to come.
20. Do your best to find a young relative who has a real interest in you and your family history. Invite them to come to your home for a few days and show them all you have researched. A few years ago I found a 50 year collection of family history in a dumpster. The woman died and someone just threw it all away. Please don’t let that happen to you.

The thing that sparked my interest was how the younger generation who attended the reunion could be a part of the celebration. It was my job to come up with a game for the teenagers to get them involved. So I devised a family trivia game with \$10.00 gift certificates from WalMart to award to the teens who could answer questions about his or her ancestors. It was a roaring success! The kids all lined up in front of the seated older generation of over 100 people to try to remember the middle name of a grandparent, and so on.

THE SENSE OF THE CENSUS

The Slave Inhabitants of Wakulla County, Florida, and other unusual features of the 1860 Slave census.

By Debbie Kaska

ALONG THE FLORIDA PANHANDLE, Wakulla County is known for its large freshwater Wakulla Springs and for its unique 1860 Slave Census. The enumerator, Wm. W. Anderson recorded not only the names of the slave owners but also *the first names of the slaves*. Thus it is a treasure for genealogists seeking African American records.

Prior to 1850, the US Federal census records listed only free inhabitants who were the heads of house-

Rivers in Wakulla County, Florida, includes Bob 22, Sarah, 35, Anthony 19, Pinkney 16, Hannah 9, Lucy 9, Rose 6, Mary 4, Jenery Linn 6, Julian 4, and Wakus (male) 6 mo and Emily 6 mo. The 1870 census of the Sopchoppy District in Wakulla county after emancipation, includes an Anthony Bradham, age 33. Next door are Julia Bradham 14, Mary Bradham 12 and Waitus Bradham, (male) 11. All of the above are designated as black. Are they the former slaves of Robert A. Bradham? According to the 1880 US census, Anthony Bradham age 39 still lives in the same District. He died in Sopchoppy in 1925. Waitus Bradham also remained in Wakulla County, Florida, throughout his life. He last appeared in the 1930 census in Spring Creek, Wakulla County and died in October of that year at age 72. Both Anthony and Waitus Bradham had many children and undoubtedly descendants alive today. The 1860 census documents their birth into slavery, and suggests the origin of their surname.

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SCHEDULE 2.—Slave Inhabitants in The Sopchoppy Dis in the County of Wakulla State of Florida, enumerated by me, on the 12 day of June, 1860. Wm. W. Anderson Ass't Marshal.

NAMES OF SLAVE OWNERS.	Number of Slaves.	DESCRIPTION.				Fugitives from the State.	Number manacled.	Deaf & dumb, Blind, lame, or Miotic.	No. of Slave Issues.	NAMES OF SLAVE OWNERS.	Number of Slaves.	DESCRIPTION.				Fugitives from the State.	Number manacled.	Deaf & dumb, Blind, lame, or Miotic.	No. of Slave Issues.
		Age.	Sex.	Color.	Age.							Sex.	Color.						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		

holds. All other members of the household, i.e. wives, children, elderly relatives, and household employees were separated by sex and listed by number in various age categories. Slaves were listed by number per household until 1820, when they too were separated into sex and age categories.

The 1850 US Federal Census was the first to list the names of all free inhabitants. A special Slave Schedule for 18 states including the District of Columbia provided the slaveowner's name and the sex, age and color of each slave. Slave schedules were prepared in the 13 states that later formed the Confederacy, the District of Columbia, Delaware, Maryland, Utah and New Jersey. The 1860 Slave Schedule had essentially the same format but New Jersey was no longer included.

Despite the effort of Wm W. Anderson to delineate the first names of the slaves, do such records in Wakulla County, Florida, actually help genealogists trace African American Ancestry? In some cases the answer is, "Yes." Upon emancipation it was common for slaves to choose the surname of their last owner. With this in mind, the list of the 12 slaves owned by Robert A. Bradham who farmed at the Fork of the Ochlockney and Sopchoppy

18	Laurah	1	2	F	B			
19	Robert A Bradham Owners							
20	Bob	1	22	M	B			
21	Sarah	1	35	F	B			
22	Anthony	1	19	M	B			
23	Pinkney	1	16	M	B			
24	Hannah	1	9	F	B			
25	Lucy	1	9	F	B			
26	Rose	1	6	F	B			
27	Mary	1	4	F	B			
28	Jenery Linn	1	6	F	B			
29	Julian	1	4	M	B			
30	Wakus	1	6 1/2	M	B			
31	Emily	1	6 1/2	F	B			

The 1860 Slave Schedule for Sopchoppy (Sopchoppy) district of Wakulla County, Florida enumerated by Wm. W. Anderson. The 12 slaves, eight females and four males owned by Robert A. Bradham are listed by name.

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SCHEDULE 2—Slave Inhabitants in *Western Division* in the County of *Fayette* State of *Alabama*, enumerated by me, on the *1st* day of *August*, 1860. *M. B. Bledsoe* Ass't Marshal.

1	2	3 DESCRIPTION.			6	7	8	9	10	11	12 DESCRIPTION.			15	16	17	18	19
		Age	Sex	Color							Age	Sex	Color					
	1	f	B					2										
2	<i>Elizabeth Fortowner</i>	1	27	f	B													
3		1	5	f	B													
4		1	65	m	B													
5		1	60	f	B													
6		1	11	m	B													

Slaves 100 years old or older were also listed by name on the 1860 Slave schedules. Two slaves owned by Elizabeth Fortowner were Lucy and Abraham. The enumerator noted, "These two were married in early life—have had ten masters."

92		1	25	m	B													
93		2	5	f	B													
94		1	100	m	B	<i>Abraham</i>												
95		1	100	f	B	<i>Lucy</i>												
96		1	90	f	B													
97																		

These two were married in early life have had ten masters

Occasionally other slaves are listed by name on the 1860 Slave Schedule. The enumerators were instructed to provide the names of all slaves age 100 years or more. For example, among the slaves owned by Elizabeth Fortowner in Fayette County, Alabama, were Abraham and Lucy, both listed as 100 years old. Moreover, a comment was added that these two were married early in life and had 10 owners.

Of the 1555 slaves that were age 100 or more, only 717 are actually listed by name according to a *RootsWeb: Freepages* website hosted by *Ancestry.com* "1860 slaves age 100 and up."

In general, the slave census schedules of 1850 and 1860 provide only an overview of the plantations and their occupants. It is important to remember that although slaves were not identified, they were people, and people who would soon gain their freedom. The records of the enumerator Wm W. Anderson illustrate that the slaves indeed had names. We can only wish that all enumerators had been so conscientious.

My DNA Wild Ride

By Christine Ordway Klukkert

How it began

“GET YOUR PAPERWORK BEHIND YOU because... you’re in for a wild ride.” Mary Hall wrote me on March 25th, 2015. “If at any point you want to drop this, just say the word. It’s merely interesting to me,” Mary continued, “But it’s your life.”

That day in March, the story of my life was forever changed. My innocent DNA testing to deepen and fortify my genealogical research opened up a can of worms that was to take me on an incredible two-year plus journey to search for my true paternal biological roots. The truth would not reveal itself easily at first, nor in one fell swoop, but rather would require digging and inquiries into places and people’s private lives that were at times uncomfortable. I came to understand that I am a “need to know” person, and this new and unforeseen DNA surprise was just too intriguing to ignore. Pandora’s box had opened and all I wanted now was to learn the truth.

The truth turned out to be that the father who raised me, Jack Klukkert, was not my biological father. Prior to this I hadn’t the faintest indication of such a thing! My parents, by then deceased, had never given me any inkling that I was anything but their true daughter. Even more mind-blowing was the eventual revelation that I was not the result of an illicit affair or a secret adoption, but rather I was donor-conceived using a fertility clinic in San Francisco in 1953 in the early years of donor conception in America!

Although quite shocked at first, and a few times even angry and sad, I was too curious and had learned too much to not continue on and learn of my true biological roots. I was far from dropping my hunt on that day or even now. This is the story of how the relatively new tool of DNA testing, as used in genealogical research, so unexpectedly revealed the truth to me and how I am so much richer as a result.

“The pure and simple truth is rarely pure and never simple.” ~ Oscar Wilde

The first discoveries

Earlier in March of 2015, I had gotten my father’s cousin Ben’s DNA results from *Family Tree DNA (FTDNA)*. Ben had willingly taken the test to help fill in the Klukkert DNA pedigree and because he was curious as to his ethnicity. In August of 2014, I had gotten the results of my oldest brother Jim’s DNA test and, as manager of both DNA accounts, I was comparing them. Jim’s son had also taken a test on *FTDNA*.

“Uh-oh,” I said out loud. The trouble was that Ben’s results weren’t matching those of my brother or my nephew! Clearly, he was not a Klukkert and I was going to have to break that news to him! I wasn’t sure how



My family in December 1960 in Scottsdale, Arizona:
Top row: My dad, Jack Klukkert and my mother, Barbara Ordway Klukkert.
My brothers, Steve and Jim Klukkert. Seated in front: My maternal grandparents, Wilma (nee Robbins) and Alonzo B. Ordway, and me, age 6.

Ben, at age 82, would take that shocking fact, particularly since he is immensely proud of his maternal Germanic Klukkert roots.

Mary Hall, Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society’s DNA expert, had warned us that sometimes DNA tests result in surprising discoveries, but I didn’t think I would have one appear in my own family line. After all, I had been working extensively on this Klukkert line for the past 25 years. I had traveled to the Nordhorn region of Germany (on the Holland border) to dig into the archives and church records there, and had tracked down Klukkert descendants whose common ancestors traced back to the late 1700s. I’d taken extra time and expense for side trips from family visits and events to fly to Missouri and Arkansas to follow the early migration and settlement patterns of my early American Klukkert ancestors. Furthermore, I had made at least twice-yearly sojourns to Shasta County, California, to dig up all I could find in the courthouse as well as to interview residents and historians to fully explore their roots there. I’d written and published numerous articles on several Klukkert family members. Just the year prior, I had published a costly *Ancestry* book on my father and his Klukkert line. I could safely say that I knew of every Klukkert in the world, and that I am probably the eminent expert on that line.

Now I would have to tell cousin Ben that his pedigree chart was wrong, and that he was not a Klukkert

descendant. At least, that is what I thought I heard Mary tell me in mid-March of 2015. However, she had also raised the possibility that it was in my pedigree chart that there was an error in and I just didn't hear it that way at first.

Although Mary had responded to me to say that Ben and my brother Jim don't appear to be related, I speculated that the problem lay with either Ben or possibly, but improbably, with my brother Jim. Since I assumed that my parentage and Jim's would be the same, I figured I would not match Ben's DNA either. While perplexing, it was not close enough to me to throw me off or set off alarm bells.

Mary gave me several to-do tasks that might help us figure out what was happening. I was to transfer my *AncestryDNA* results to *FTDNA*, and also to gather other Klukkert descendants' DNA samples and upload everybody to Gedmatch for full comparisons. She also suggested I contact my maternal Ordway cousins to see if they would test so that I could have a maternal side to split out future DNA matches by paternal and maternal.

Alarm bells begin ringing

The "wild ride" e-mail from Mary was prompted when my own transferred *AncestryDNA* results came up on *FTDNA*, and I didn't match Ben either. We figured I should have matched as a 2nd cousin, once removed, but there was nothing! No relationship at all. But the even bigger shocker was that I didn't match my brother Jim as a full sibling! HUH? It's one thing that my cousin might have had an event in his life that meant he wasn't a blood relative – but now my own brother? He showed up as a half-sibling to me! So, was neither of us a Klukkert? This was when the alarm bells went off!

If that wasn't enough of a shocker, there were also four "close matches" that showed up on my *FTDNA* results page. When Mary asked me who they were, I could not identify them. I, like so many folks that look at their DNA results, and have no background or training or experience with these, didn't really connect the dots as to how anyone else might be listed on my matching list. I remember being amazed that anyone would match me since Klukkert is such a unique and unusual surname. I had assumed that these new matches were perhaps Klukkerts who came from a marriage that I maybe hadn't accounted for. But wait – I KNOW all the Klukkert lines and descendants; how had I overlooked these? I was feeling bewildered and unsure what to do next. That's why I had met with Mary that day in late March so I could get some guidance.

My brain couldn't take it all in at first and I realize now that some of my forays into explanations didn't even make sense. I have to think that I was probably in shock. I started imagining possible scenarios: Maybe my brother Jim was adopted? Or maybe I was adopted? My parents always talked about how important it was to them to get a girl after two boys. Was Barbara Ordway still my biological mother? Who are these other "matches" to me – could they be children of an un-

known child of a grandparent? My mind just grasped at all the possibilities and my mind was reeling.

"Our greatest difficulty lies not in the inability to locate records but instead to determine the Truth about what we find. ~Elizabeth Shown Mills

On, of all days, April Fools Day (April 1st, 2015) I received the following e-mail from one of my new *FTDNA* matches:

"Hi Christine,

This is so exciting. It looks like we may be half-siblings. If you check your new matches, you will find me, my brother, John and my half-brother Ari. Here is my phone number. Looking forward to connecting! Janelle."

This was quite a bombshell! It is one thing to suppose that maybe I was conceived by someone other than my father, or to think perhaps I had been adopted. But to hear from someone who so casually "called me out" as a half-sibling and then confirmed that there were also two others was quite shocking. I was genetically connected to several people and it wasn't so easy to dismiss or question it anymore. At the same time, it was pretty exciting to have now connected with someone who could confirm my method of conception and maybe tell me who was involved.

On April 3rd I called Janelle and she told me her full story. Her mother had tried unsuccessfully for eight years to have children, and finally decided to try artificial insemination. Her mother remembers that she had gone to a Dr. Hanson or Hansen on Sutter Street in San Francisco for the procedure.

Janelle's father (who had to be a part of the insemination decision) had told her two brothers of the donor-conception, but she had only learned of it in the last five years. Since learning that, Janelle had been on a hunt to find her biological father. When she matched with the other three that I too was matching with now, she had reached out to them. Without the guidance of a DNA expert, they had all made the wrong assumption that since Janelle's father obviously could not have been their shared donor, it must have been another match, Ari's late father. Janelle was happy to have an answer, and had even made the effort to meet with Ari and his son and family for a kind of reunion. So Janelle was pleased to be able to tell me that since she knew Ari's father was her father, and Janelle and I were half-sisters, that means that Ari's father was also my father. Wow, I thought, "Was I donor-conceived too? Or had my mother had an affair with Ari's father? Or adopted a baby from that family? Huh?"

"No", said Mary when I e-mailed her with my news. "Ari's father is Jewish and from Eastern Europe, and you have zero Jewish DNA and no eastern European DNA, and the same for Janelle. So Ari's father, a Polish Jew, could not possibly be your biological father."

The DNA just didn't support that scenario. Now, it wasn't just me that was looking for answers – now Janelle was back to the drawing board and looking for whom her biological father could be, as he would be

my mine as well as Ari's biological father. We were all back to square one, but we had the huge advantage of Mary Hall's expertise to guide all of us. Now, it was getting very interesting and the adventure was on full speed ahead!

The day it became real

Mary had told me it would be good to get my maternal Ordway cousins to test their DNA to both confirm that I was still related to that side, and also to then be able to sort out new matches as to paternal or maternal based on shared matches with my Ordways. The three female cousins are the only other family I had, since my dad had been an only child, and my mother had only one brother.

April 13, 2015 I called my maternal cousin, Sarah, in Oregon. She is my age and we are quite close, having at times lived together as housemates, and having shared several adventures together. I told her about my DNA test and how I didn't match my brother Jim as a full sibling, and how my father's cousin did not match Jim or me. I told her Mary had suggested that I have my maternal cousins tested so that I could be sure they were relatives to me, and we could then divide my results into paternal and maternal matches. Sarah consented right away and then asked if it was ok if she told her two sisters about this.

The very next day I got a phone call from Sarah. She told me that when she told my oldest cousin Judith about my dilemma, Judith then admitted that she had known all along that Jack Klukkert was not my biological father, and that I was actually donor - conceived! Her mother had told her back when she was in high school, and that she didn't think it was her place to tell me. She had learned that my father, Jack Klukkert, was sterile, and so he and my mother had gone to a doctor to have all three of us "Klukkert" children!

I have to say, at that moment I felt like the floor dropped from beneath me. I had a sudden sense of a complete loss of my true identity and a rush of anger that there was this huge secret that affected my very identity, and I didn't know about it. Up until now, I had taken in the news and it seemed so unreal and yet kind of exciting, but this reality was so jarring to me that (how many?) of my family had known all along about this and yet I had never been told! And now the fact that my parents were both dead as well as my cousins' parents, and still I wasn't informed left me feeling exposed and unmoored. How was I the last to know? Why hadn't my parents told me before they died? Or even left a note or told someone to tell me? At that moment, I was angry with them both. However, Sarah also had never known about this and she was about as upset as I was.

I remember I took the next couple of days to myself to just "be" with this new news. I was in a lot of turmoil about what it was exactly I was feeling

And then, after three days of processing it and taking it all in, I wrote Judith to thank her for telling me. I assured her that I was going to be OK and with her

verification of the facts of my arranged birth I could now focus on finding my biological parent. I told her it gave me the green light to proceed with my search and not be lost in denial or always questioning what had happened. And that is how it went. I picked myself up, dusted myself off, and indeed threw myself once again wholeheartedly into this intriguing search for my biological donor! For the next two years I was consumed by this pursuit.

More DNA matches come up

As if on cue, a new match came up for me on *AncestryDNA* - a very close match. At that time, she was my first close match on Ancestry, as my next connection started at the distant 4th cousin level. Looking at her family tree that she uploaded, I did not recognize any of the people or surnames that she had, and yet our shared centiMorgan count (a measure of DNA identity) was very high. Mary advised me to "tread lightly" with her, as she might be equally surprised to be a "close match" to me.

"She may not be as open to how the cards fall as you seem to be (at least at this point)," Mary wrote.

I wrote my new *Ancestry* match, Kate:

"Hello. We match on our DNA and I would like to explore where and how. I do have two public trees on Ancestry - one for my mother's line (Ordway) and another for my Dad (Klukkert). There is also a family rumor of an adoption back "when", so I am always looking for that too. What is your line?

I look forward to hearing from you."

Kate got back to me and slowly over the next few months, Mary and I helped her with the hard task of taking in the fact that she too was wrong in thinking that the father who raised her was her biological father. For a time when she understood that I shared the same father as she did, and then as more half-siblings such as Gigi and Reuben had their DNA results come up on *Ancestry*, Kate incorrectly assumed that her dad was the father of all of us. She admits now that she held to that belief for quite some time, even when the geography and time and place limitations worked against her father being able to be in San Francisco when he would have needed to in order to be a donor for the rest of us. Again ethnicity DNA results helped shine a light on the Truth, for Kate's father had been half-Jewish and as there is no Jewish DNA in either Janelle's or my results, it helped confirm that Kate's dad was NOT our father. Indeed, Kate's DNA results also showed no Jewish DNA. That fact was sad for her as she had originally done her DNA to further her understanding of her Jewish heritage, and clearly there was no Jewish DNA showing on her ethnicity report. Kate was quite devastated by this news.

There is much more to my DNA story than I can include here, but after the initial acceptance of how it was - that I was donor-conceived and my dad, Jack Klukkert, was not my biological father - there were months and months of checking DNA results every day, contacting any paternal matches and doing pedigree charts on them. I got very lucky when new closer matches appeared on many of my

DNA test sites that helped narrow the focus of Mary's and my search for a particular surname, or sometimes, just for a person from a particular county or area of the country that gave us further clues.

Along the way, I kept picking up more half-siblings, some of whom were aware of their unknown paternal parentage. However, most were caught unawares like I had been. There were a few occasions where it was my unlucky job to inform them of the situation and explain why it was that they had all these new "close matches." Most wanted to know the truth, and a very few did not, or were not ready yet.

researching the two Stanford - educated brothers, I discovered the "smoking gun" – a photo from the 1928 Stanford yearbook.

I had seen it fairly early in my research while following the career timeline of Dr. Haman. However, now armed with my donor's surname, following him led me to the very same photograph of the Alpha Sigma Phi fraternity at Stanford. There they both are, Dr. John Haman in the front row, and in the very last row, is my donor, Winston Norman. The doctor and my donor were fraternity brothers at Stanford. Later they were both members of the exclusive Bohemian Club in San Francisco. So,



The "smoking gun" photograph. The Alpha Sigma Phi fraternity at Stanford in the 1928 Stanford yearbook. John Haman and Winston Norman are fraternity brothers.

Researching the Who and Where's

While waiting for new DNA matches to show up, I dug deeply into researching the fertility clinic and the particular doctor that had been in charge. Janelle's mother had been close: his name was Dr. John Otto Haman, and he was a Stanford-educated physician specializing in fertility. He had an office at 490 Post Street in San Francisco. I collected all the newspaper articles I could on Dr. Haman and read about the early history and development of assisted reproduction. Because Dr. Haman said he mostly used medical students as donors, I created many private Ancestry Trees on every viable male medical student, who fit the right genetic and age profile from both Stanford and UCSF from 1945 to 1965. Oh yes, I was looking everywhere for my biological father.

Finally, our search was over. In January of 2017, we "found" my biological donor. Mary and I found a family in California with two sons who descended from the "correct" ancestral lines that my half-siblings and I matched. One of them was a Stanford-educated physician. Ironically, it turned out the doctor was not the donor, but rather his brother, a brilliant and Stanford educated writer and advertising executive. While

they knew each other in college and continued that relationship later in life. The fertility doctor had a bias for using only Stanford graduates, even if they were not medical students.

While the paperwork said we had found our man, we still needed more proof, so there were a few months of tracking down descendants of both men and asking them to test their DNA for us. (That in itself is a whole other story of how to ask strangers to test their DNA so that we could validate our biological parentage). But – in our case, it all lined up and - Voila! - we had our answer.

The donor is deceased. He died in 1976, when I was only 22 years old. As much as I would have wanted to meet him, I think that it would have been very difficult to handle well at that young age, and probably would have negatively impacted my relationship with my dad, Jack Klukkert.

People often ask me how was it that I was able to be so accepting of all of this and why I worked so hard to find out who the donor was. I can honestly say that besides the obvious shock of such a revelation, I was immensely curious and determined to know what the real story was behind this. Both my parents were now deceased, so while I was not going to be able to get any



1928 photo of Winston Norman, the biological donor.

clarity from them, I also didn't have to worry about hurting anyone's feelings or causing a rift with them.

I am amazed that my parents consented to do this procedure, not once but three times. My oldest brother, Jim was conceived in 1949. Who even knew that there was artificial insemination with humans at that time? It makes me immensely proud of my mother and father that they were willing to undergo all of this – the interviews, the testing,

the required follow-up with the doctor, and so forth. My dad, bless his heart, was big-hearted enough to go in with my mother on this procedure and then accept and treat us kids as his own. I think that takes a strong and loving man, and I respect and love my dad even more now that I know this. I just wish they were alive when I found out, so we could have talked about it. It has never

been that they did the inseminations that upset me; it was the secrecy of it.

How open I was to pursuing this is also probably due as much to my naturally curious temperament as to the fact that as a genealogist I was drawn to know who was on that unfilled-out pedigree chart. Where had that line come from? What was their heritage and background? What is their medical history? Now I have that.

On July 16th of this year, most of our new biological family had a gathering in San Francisco to meet each other and learn about our biological father. Four of our new Norman cousins came, as well as the "true" son

of our donor. I now have a new big "family." I have 15 brothers and sisters, and those are only the ones I know about or from the people who have had their DNA tested. For me, it is my new normal. I have dug deep into this new genetic family's genealogy and fascinating pedigree. For me now, I am the richer for it. I have more family and another new genealogy line to research. That is the gift. Best yet, I now know the whole story about my conception and can share with anyone else that comes into our fold and is ready to hear the truth. I also gladly share my unexpected DNA results and my very wild ride that it took me on and all the richness it has brought to my genealogy and my life.

*The names of some DNA matches have been changed for privacy considerations.

Life Member Christine Ordway Klukkert is the current Book Chair for the Sahyun Genealogy Library and a volunteer librarian. She became heavily immersed in genealogy in 1989 when her dad, Jack Klukkert, died. Besides filling in her new biological family tree, she is also following the yDNA of her new male line to its true origins, as there was some kind of NPE (non parental event) a few generations back in England that is begging to be solved. She is planning a trip soon to England to meet and gather with new family "cousins," and, of course, collect more DNA.

She's also starting to ponder if she can join some fraternal societies like the DAR and the Daughters of the Confederacy based on her new biological ancestry and the DNA proof. That might be another challenge to take on, and see what other surprises await her.

Test Tube Babies 'Wanted'

LOS ANGELES (UP)—Children conceived through artificial insemination "are much more wanted and loved than adopted children."

This opinion was expressed today before members of the California Medical Assn. by Dr. John O. Haman, who has done detailed studies on more than 300 married women who have been impregnated artificially.

Haman noted that the number of miscarriages and other factors that accompany fertilization through insemination remained on a par with those induced by the normal method.

Artificial insemination has been a "great blessing" to many families who could not have had children otherwise, Haman said. He pointed out that these offspring did not have to undergo the great emotional strain experienced by adopted children when they discover that their mother and father are not their real parents.

Dr. John O. Haman reflecting on artificial insemination as a great blessing to many families. Published in the *Redlands Daily* facts April 30, 1958.

LEGAL STATUS OF TEST TUBE BABIES DISCUSSED

LOS ANGELES, May 9 (UP)—The legal status of test tube babies and methods of producing them were discussed today before the California Medical Association's seventy-eighth annual convention.

Drs. John O. Haman, San Francisco, and Louis J. Regan, Los Angeles, presented the controversial question and predicted early clarifying legislation.

Haman said there are no laws relating to children born of artificial insemination, although such statutes are clearly desirable. He added:

"The medical profession supports the practice from scientific and therapeutic viewpoints. Our lawyers advise us the practice is not illegal."

He outlined three principal methods of producing children by artificially introducing semen into the female genital tract — by (1) using semen from the husband, (2) by using a donor and (3) by using a mixture from the husband and a donor.

There are no legal problems apparent in the first method, Dr. Haman said, since man and wife are biologically related. Previous court cases show general agreement of the legitimacy of children produced in this manner.

The doctors pointed out that artificial insemination is proper only in selected cases when natural methods fail.

Several western states have laws under which the father of an illegitimate child may legitimize it by publicly acknowledging it as his own and taking it into his home. Dr. Haman said these statutes have not been applied to children of artificial insemination but could easily be amended to serve in such cases.

Dr. Haman said that New York City has an ordinance governing methods by which donors are chosen, including requirements for physical examinations.

Prominent Dairyman Dies in Wisconsin

FORT ATKINSON, Wis., May 9 (AP)—Arthur James Glover, 76, a dairyman of nation-wide prominence, died unexpectedly at his home early today.

Glover was cited in 1930 by President Hoover as the man who had contributed most to national agriculture during the previous decade. Glover was a leader in the fight against bovine tuberculosis.

Newspaper article in which Dr. John O. Haman discusses the legal aspects of artificial insemination. *The San Bernardino County Sun*, May 10, 1949.

FamilyTreeDNA Found Unknown First Cousins!

By Susan Lundt

IN OCTOBER 2015 I uploaded my DNA raw data from *AncestryDNA* into *FamilyTreeDNA*, looked at it, didn't see anything of interest, and didn't look again until June 27, 2017. My first match was a shocker – a “1st cousin, aunt, or niece.” We shared 679 centiMorgans (cM) with a maximum length of 55 cM and X-match (X-chromosome match). I immediately sent her an email to investigate this. I told her what the results on *FamilyTreeDNA* indicated and told her my age and maiden name. She responded that she was 80 (I am 71 and my sibling is younger), thus she could not be a niece based on our ages. She also gave me her maiden name and stated that both her grandparents were immigrants from Finland. I contacted Mary Hall for advice on how to proceed. She said 1) look at ethnicity since Finnish is distinctive and is a separate category in DNA databases, 2) look at our common matches in *FTDNA* and determine if matches are from my paternal or maternal side, and 3) look at geography to determine family members who were in the area where my “cousin” was born. Mary built a pedigree chart for her and gave me her birth date, parents' marriage date, and confirmed the four Finnish grandparents. My ethnicity has 0% Finnish and I suspect that my “cousin” does not have the 100% Finnish ethnicity she thinks she has, but it is actually closer to 50%. I have identified an uncle who was living in the geographic area at the time of her conception and I believe he is her biological father. So I am satisfied as to how we are related.



So, what's my problem? I asked my “cousin” to look at her ethnicity in *FTDNA* and I got back a lengthy description of every person in her family but no ethnicity from *FTDNA*. However, she wants to keep corresponding with me. I spoke to my uncle's daughter and told her she may have a half-sister, but she is not interested in pursuing it. My “cousin” absolutely believes her parents are her biological parents and she does not seem able to draw conclusions from the DNA results. I would just as soon drop this; however, I seem to have acquired a pen pal. My next highest match in *FTDNA* is a 1st to 3rd cousin who is also a match with the 1st cousin discussed above and also an X-Match – he is 100% Italian – I think I know who his biological great-grandfather is but I can't deal with anymore “cousins.” My position now is to let unknown cousins contact me if they are interested. I am not contacting them anymore.

P.S. My uncle was a very charming womanizer. His daughter was not surprised that she may have half-siblings.

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



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Howard Menzel, and Yvonne Neumann.**

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

“I was hatched on a fence post from a buzzard’s egg”

By Merna Wallace McClenathen

THAT WAS WHAT ED MONROE of Springview, Nebraska, told his family and friends when he was asked about his origins! He was equally evasive when questioned about other parts of his life. Some of his descendants remember hearing stories that he occasionally received letters from “a lady in the East.” He never shared these letters, or let anyone see them, and later it was said he had destroyed both the letters and the envelopes. It certainly did look like Ed had a secret ... or two!

Ed Monroe said he was born in Virginia on October 10, 1850. His marriage record in Holt County, Nebraska, to Mary ‘Ella’ Sanford in 1882 states his parents were John M. Monroe, born Virginia and Loracy Ruggles, born Massachusetts. So, about 30 years ago, and armed with this scant bit of information, one of Ed’s great-grandsons began searching for Ed’s origins...and maybe his secrets.



Wedding photo of Mary Ella Sanford and Edward Wallace Monroe.



Meanwhile, about the same time, I began researching my husband’s Massachusetts McClenathen family. His grandfather had an older brother named Edgar who was born in 1850 in Ware, Hampshire County, Massachusetts. After leaving home in 1869 “to go west and find adventure,” he vanished in the 1880s. Jennie Gold, his older married sister who lived in Massachusetts, last heard from him in 1885. At that time, he wrote that he had married a woman named “Ella,” had two children, Estella and John, born in 1882 and 1884 and lived on a ranch in Nebraska.

Fortunately for me, the McClenathen family had saved copies of the letters Jennie wrote to her sister-in-law in Los Angeles, California, the wife of Ed’s younger brother, Arthur. In one letter dated 1903, Jennie said she had not heard from Edgar for 18 years. She also said that he had been her “special chum” and that she “felt terribly about not knowing where he is.” So, after extensively searching for Edgar for more than 10 years, I finally gave up and came to the conclusion that he, and perhaps his entire family as well, had perished in one of the severe blizzards during the 1880-1890 time period in that area of the midwest.

A Y-DNA match reveals Edgars secret

A number of years ago, my husband submitted a cheek cell swab for Y-DNA testing and had not found a close match to anyone. Then, in February 2017, we were quite surprised when he was notified of a zero genetic difference Y-DNA match to two men with the surname Monroe. After doing a bit of research on the ancestry of the two men, I learned their common ancestor was an Ed Monroe of Springview, Nebraska. By this time you have probably guessed where this DNA success story is going. Yes, this Ed Monroe’s birth date, wife’s name, names of his first two children, ...and their birth years matched what Edgar McClenathen had written to his sister in 1885!

So, sometime between 1870 when he appears in a Dakota Territory census as “Edward McLenithan, age 20, single, carpenter, born Mass” and 1880 when he is listed in the Keith County, Nebraska, census as “Ed-

ward W. Monroe, age 30, single, herder, born Virginia," this elusive McClenathen great uncle of my husband changed his name from Edgar Walton McClenathen to Edward Wallace Monroe...and managed to vanish for more than 130 years!

I should mention that when none of the few clues about Ed's background led to finding his family in Virginia, Ed's great-grandson hired a professional genealogist. She suggested that DNA might help to solve this puzzle and then, when the results failed to match a single male by the name of "Monroe," she told them there must have been a name change somewhere. Later, when I spoke with this genealogist by phone, she told me she thought it rather odd that Ed's father, who would have had a probable birth date around 1825 in Virginia, had married a woman from Massachusetts. She also said it had been her experience that when people change their names, they frequently keep some of the correct basic information, as Edgar did here. When he married in 1882, he used his true birth name of Edgar, and gave the correct first name and middle initial of his father, who was John Milo McClenathen. He also gave the correct name of his mother, Lorasa Ruggles, although he did use her nickname, "Loracy." The importance of DNA to the genealogist as a solution to this problem is a perfect illustration of how useful this

new tool can be. Without the DNA evidence, I seriously doubt this puzzle would ever have been solved!

Most of the members of our "new," very large Monroe family live in north central Nebraska and they are delighted to have finally found the answer to Ed's mysterious ancestry. They are also thrilled to have the family line back four more generations to William McClenathan, born 1708 in Northern Ireland. My husband and I are planning an early October trip to meet these newly found second cousins and exchange stories, photos and information with them.

This story is not completely finished, however, because there are still a number of questions to be answered. Why did Ed change his name and why was he so secretive about his real birthplace and family in Massachusetts? Why did he stop communicating with his sister? Why did he choose the name "Monroe" for an alias? Why?...why?...why?

Merna McClenathen is a pioneer member of the society, having joined more than 35 years ago. She has traced her grandmother's line in Germany to the late 1600s, and other family lines in America to the Mayflower. Merna is a member of both the DAR and the DUV, where she serves as Registrar. Her main surnames of interest are: Boggs, Garrison, McDannel, Oakes, Powell, and Wallace.

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DNA Profile Reveals Deep Branches of a Family Tree!

By Melville R.V. Sahyun, Ph.D. (sahyun@infionline.net)

A CURIOUS SURPRISE in the DNA profile of Irene Nordquist Sahyun's DNA profile was the presence of a small element of Ashkenazi Jewish ancestry. We had already documented Irene's Irish and Swedish ancestry well into the 18th century, with no evidence of Jewish ancestry. Ashkenazim, furthermore, are Eastern European Jews, a Jewish diaspora population that settled in the Rhineland about the end of the first millennium C.E. They gradually migrated eastward, a migration occasioned by massacres committed in the Rhineland by Crusader mobs.¹ By the late Middle Ages, the Ashkenazim were found primarily in Poland and Russia, along with places such as modern day Belarus, Lithuania, Moldova and Ukraine.¹ Significant Ashkenazi populations were not found at this time in either Ireland or Scandinavia, however. The Jews in Ireland at this time were mostly Sephardic, i.e. from the Iberian Peninsula.² From a genetic point of view the Ashkenazim are a distinctly homogeneous population, representative of a "genetic bottleneck", occasioned by the Rhineland massacres, followed by centuries of intermarriage.

A clue as to how the DNA sequences characteristic of Ashkenazi ancestry ended up as part of the genetic heritage of the Nordquist family came from the ancestry timeline provided by the *23andMe* testing service. These data show that this genetic material may have entered the line as far back as nine generations, i.e., in the 17th century.

The Deluge—a dark time for Poland

This observation, in turn, reminded me of a chemistry conference which I had attended in the mid-1990s in Krakow, Poland. The conference had included several

cultural excursions, one of which was to Wawel Castle in Krakow, for centuries the residence of the kings of Poland and an important national symbol.³ Most of the architectural features and collections in the castle date from after the mid-17th century, when, as the Polish guide put it, "...the castle was sacked by the Swedes," an event that may have occurred more than once.

The principal occasion for the Swedish occupation of Krakow, the destruction of much of the castle and the theft of its treasures was a dark time in Polish history known as the Deluge.⁴ At that time Poland was part of the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth, ruled from Warsaw by the Polish king, who also happened to be a relative of the Swedish king, both descended from the great Gustav Vasa. In 1653 Russia chose to invade Poland, not for the last time, and the Swedes, under King Carl X Gustav, chose to take the opportunity to engage in a "Partition of Poland." They seized and occupied the northern half of the country with little resistance. (This was basically the model Adolf Hitler and Josef Stalin would follow in the 20th century). Most of the major towns, castles and churches in Poland were destroyed by the Swedes, and Poland's cultural treasures, records, libraries, art works, etc. were stolen and taken to Sweden, where they remain today. It is said⁴ that the destruction of Poland's infrastructure at this time was more complete than in Hitler and Stalin's invasion; about one-third of the country's population died in the Deluge. The Swedish occupation lasted until 1660, when the Poles courageously liberated themselves. The partition is illustrated in the map.⁵

Our conjecture is that one of the Swedish invaders, in true Viking fashion, chose to bring home a "war



Ancestry timeline for Irene Nordquist Sahyun; the lowest band indicates window of opportunity for Ashkenazi genes to enter her genetic heritage (from *23andMe.com*).



Partition of Poland between Sweden (light gray) and Russia (darker gray), 1655-1660.⁵

bride” as one of the spoils of the campaign in which he had been engaged, and she happened to be an Ashkenazi Jew. We don’t know what she experienced, but it probably did not mean a happy life for her, uprooted from the close-knit Jewish community. Yet we believe that she had children with her Swedish abductor, then grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great grandchildren; among them might have been Irene’s ancestors, Jonas Mansson (b. 1766), Lena Andersdotter, Johannes Jonsson (b. 1752), or Helena Mansdotter (b. 1764). A Jewish mother nine generations back on the family tree may not make us Jews today, in the proper definition of the term,⁶ but it can still be a point of pride to find some element of descent from that remarkable race of survivors.

Thus our DNA research has occasioned a glimpse into a fascinating period in European history, one that is, however, little known outside of Poland. The remaining genealogical challenge is to make the actual connection from the known 18th century ancestors over another century to the era of the Deluge, so that the

imagined scenario becomes more than plausible conjecture. A complication here is that most reliable records of the era were church records kept by the parish priest. However, there was no standardization of these records (or requirement for their preservation) until the Church Law of 1686.⁷ Records prior to this time are very much a hit-or-miss affair, and often very incomplete.

Melville R.V. (Mel) Sahyun is the son of the library donor Geraldine Valde Sahyun. He and his wife Irene are Life Members of the Society.

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DNA Cracked the Brick Wall

By Lou Dartanner

VIRTUALLY ALL I KNEW about my father and his family was what my mother told me, her source being my father. As the story goes...

Once upon a time, Grandfather Dartanner immigrated to Canada then settled in the French Quarter of New Orleans. Grandmother came from Austria and traveled through Europe before joining Grandfather in New Orleans. The couple had three sons, John, Felix, and my father Louis. My grandfather had a brother, for whom my father was named, who also lived in New Orleans, and both were employed laying bricks and cobbles in the city streets. The surname Dartanner was originally spelled D'Artanner.

After my father passed away I decided to trace my ancestry. I thought it would be fairly straightforward with such an unusual name. (What a novice thought!) So I started to gather information from my mother and various sources. One of my "baby books" listed my paternal grandfather as Manning Dartanner, born in New Orleans, and my grandmother as Rose Barlet, born in Austria. Listed among the visitors to see the new baby (me) were my uncle Felix and aunt Marie Dartanner. Listed as visitors in another baby book were uncles John and Felix Dartanner.

The search for the Dartanners

I did about 10 years of intermittent researching trying to find a Dartanner, a D'Artanner, or even a D'Artagnan anywhere in the world. I realized this wasn't going to be as easy as I thought, so I took a genealogy class with adult education. It was very frustrating for several weeks when many of the students would return to class with their "Sweet Sixteen" charts in hand and excited news of blanks filled in. Mine had names only on the maternal side, which was extremely well documented, going back to 1643. So the instructor said she would see what she could find and I gave her the information I had collected. Eagerly looking forward to the following week's class, I was disappointed when she had drawn a blank, too. But the next week she found an entry in the 1930 census that might be relevant: A Lewis Dartnier, 22, living in Beaumont, Texas. I knew that was probably a very good lead because I was born in Beaumont. But it revealed no information about his family nor confirmed the last name.

I did a search on *Ancestry.com* for "first name" Felix, male, white, living in New Orleans in the 1910 census. Since my father was born in that city in 1907, all of the family should be living together at that time. After two hours of looking at all the possibilities, I found the "Dartanner" family. The father was listed as Edward Partanna, mother Rosa, and three sons, John, Felix, and

Louis. Everything clicked but the surname and "Edward," so I dumped the Dartanner name and worked on Partanna.

Sicily—the land of myths

After much research, I learned that my grandfather's name was Emmanuele Partanna and he was born in Sicily, as was my great-grandfather Sebastiano, who was married to Giuseppa Pizzo. I found several variations of my grandmother's name—Rosa, Rosaria, or Rose, last name Barlet, Barletta, or Barlotta, who was listed in census records as being born in Italy. I have been unable to confirm any information prior to her immigration in 1898. So much for the romantic journey through Europe!

I've done considerable research to put together trees for the Partanna and Pizzo lines, hoping to have one of them connect to my family. So far none have. And I have found amazingly little on the Barlettas, my grandmother's family.

I decided to see if I could go around through the back door by tracing my grandfather's brother. So I started looking for a Louis (my father's name) and found a Ludovico Partanna that is a strong possibility. Both immigrated around the same time, lived in New Orleans and were street vendors (fruit and flowers) before working for the street department. I did find a marriage record for Ludovico Partanna to Antonina Grado. But again I hit another brick wall. So no back door, even for the Grado family.

DNA provides a link

I knew about DNA testing and decided I would give it a try, now that I had a modest amount of information on this Partanna family. I was in hopes that the results would point to Ludovico and Emmanuele being brothers. That might enable me to do parallel research and verify information on one brother to show a relationship to the other.

After about a month my results were available and the report showed a close relationships with extremely high confidence for 2nd, 3rd, and 4th cousins in the Italy/Greece section. So I looked at the family trees and BINGO! There is Ludovico Ludwig Partanna and Antonia Grado and child Joseph. All that fit perfectly. At least I can continue my research with a good deal of confidence these two men were likely brothers.

One day when I checked in to my account, I noticed a "1" in my mailbox. What's this? Oh, my gosh, I've got mail! I've never had mail before. So I opened my "letter" and it's from my 3rd cousin. Her mother and siblings are all working on their trees and saw my match come up. When I explained my relationship to Ludovico, she said, "Oh, you must be about the same age as my mother!" Ouch!

Denise and I started a great correspondence and she had loads of photos of the Ludovico family. I think I now have as many pictures of her family as I do mine! And she actually located a photo of Ludovico and

Antonia. Unfortunately, I don't have many photos of my father's family, including my grandfather, but I sent her what I had: one of my Uncle John's printing shop with horse and buggy in front, one of my Uncle Felix and me at about six years old, and one of my dad in his uniform at his fire station.

Denise told me she lives in Apple Valley, California. She said, "I thought it was weird that you live by Goleta. My first camping trip was to Goleta about five years back." She filled me in on all of Ludovico's children and grandchildren, their original and Americanized names.

We continue to keep in touch and if either of us finds a clue the other would like to check out, we email the information. Without the DNA testing, I would probably still be looking for Ludovico and would not have met a wonderful and interesting cousin.

Where did the Dartanner name come from? My father's imagination, I guess. I found the name morphing during the late 1920s in city directories, etc. The first time I found it in his handwriting was in 1936 when he used the name on his social security application, listing his father's name as Manuel Dartanner

and his mother's name Rose Barlett. From that point on he was Louis Dartanner, the only member of his family to change the surname.

I started writing in junior high school for the newspaper and yearbook. While on the staff of high school publications, I was able to hone my skills as an intern in the newsroom at the News-Press. Over the years, I have edited and published a number of newsletters for non-profits as well as technical and operational publications. I joined the SBCGS a little over a year ago and have appreciated the support and encouragement of its members. I have made much progress with researching my family and have enjoyed combining my two hobbies – writing and research – to chronicle their stories.

The screenshot shows the AncestryDNA profile for user mzd421. At the top, it indicates a predicted relationship of 3rd Cousins with a confidence of 'Extremely High'. The profile includes a 'SEND MESSAGE' button and shows 1 message. On the right, it lists 'Ethnicity' as Italy/Greece, Europe West, Middle East, and 'Trace Regions' as Scandinavia, Caucasus, Asia South, European Jewish, Iberian Peninsula, and Africa North. Below this, there are tabs for 'PEDIGREE AND SURNAMES', 'SHARED MATCHES', and 'MAP AND LOCATIONS'. The main section is titled 'mzd421's tree' and shows a 'Shared Ancestor Hint' with the text: 'According to your family trees, it looks like you have a shared ancestor. Review the info below to confirm the relationship. You can take this opportunity to get in touch, share stories and photos, or just say hello.' The shared ancestors listed are: Edith Louise Dartanner (Self), Louis Partanna (Dartanner) (Father), Emmanuele Partanna (Grandfather), Sebastiano Partanna (Great-Grandfather), and Giuseppa (Josephine) (Mary J) Pizzo (Great-Grandmother). Other shared ancestors include Emmanuele Partanna (Grandfather), Lodovico Ludwig Partanna (Grand uncle), Louis Partanna (Dartanner) (Father), and Joseph Partanna (1st Cousin (1x removed)).

The profile on AncestryDNA that broke the brick wall. DNA matched indicated Dartanner shared ancestors with Partanna.

Connecting the Dots

By Debbie Kaska

OF COURSE I DID MY DNA at *Ancestry.com* and had my son send in a sample too. The results came back as expected several years ago and except for a small flurry of emails to distant relatives and the exchange of a few photos, the results were not spectacular. No brick walls were broken, no surprises, until...

An email came to my husband's niece from Carla Davis*, who shared enough DNA to be related to her at the 2nd cousin level (243cM). The problem was that we had never heard of Carla and she did not know who her father might have been! She hoped to use DNA testing to discover his identity!

The niece, M. Park, then contacted me. Carla's match to my son was somewhat less (170cM), and the match to another cousin, S. Roe, was still less (133cM). However, these matches were significant, so I wrote to Carla and offered to help solve the mystery.

Did I have the least idea how to do it? Well, no, but I educated myself. The first step was to read Blaine T. Bettinger's book "The Family Tree Guide to DNA Testing and Genetic Genealogy."¹ Then I went over my husband's family tree with a fine-tooth comb and sorted out all the details. The only information Carla could provide was her date of birth and the names of her mother's relatives who had had their DNA analyzed on *Ancestry.com*. That placed some limits on the birth date of the potential father and facilitated the search for paternal relatives, i.e. those who were not maternal.

A discussion with our very own SBCGS DNA sleuth, Mary Hall, yielded two important suggestions. Her first recommendation was to have my husband's DNA analyzed, since he should be a better match to Carla than his niece or our son. Indeed, my husband was an even a better match to Carla than I expected (440cM!) and thus I knew I was on the track of a close relative - perhaps one of my husband's first cousins.

Mary Hall's second suggestion was to look for paternal matches that do not match the Kaska line, but do match Carla. Why do this? Carla's father had two parents (her paternal grandparents) and I already knew one of them was a Kaska descendant. The other one married into the family and Carla would also share DNA with this person. If I could identify DNA matches to this other parent, I could pinpoint which of the many Kaska first or second cousin families Carla's father belonged to.

A frustrating fact is that not all the people who have their DNA analyzed on *Ancestry.com* post a family tree; some don't even give their full name. Thus tracing their genealogy becomes a real challenge.

The first clue

However, a few paternal matches to Carla but not to Kaska had some family tree information, and I used it to search on *Ancestry.com* for their ancestors. The first clue was an ancestor of one of the paternal matches

with the maiden name Rose V. McCauley. I knew that one of my husband's aunts, Mildred Kaska, had married a William P. McCauley. Could there be a connection? The birthdate of William P. McCauley was 1897 in Ohio and the birthdate of Rose V. McCauley was 1879 in New York. This did not look promising. However, on the 1900 U.S. Census, the Patrick McCauley family included 9 living children. The oldest was Rose V. age 21 and the youngest was William P., age three. The first five children were born in New York and the last four were born in Ohio. Thus they had the right ages, the right birthplaces, and the right names. Rose V. and William P. were brother and sister. This was very strong evidence that William P. and Mildred Kaska McCauley were the parents of the mystery father, because Carla was related to the families of both William P. and Mildred! Thus I added Rose V. McCauley and her descendants, including the DNA match to the pedigree.

Researching a second paternal match who had the surname Garland, revealed a Susan McCauley in his family tree who was born in 1866 in New York. Could she be related to Patrick, the father of William P. and Rose V. McCauley? Patrick McCauley was born in 1856 in Canada. According to the 1870 census, Susan McCauley, born 1866 in New York, had two older brothers born in Canada, Patrick in 1856 and Peter in 1867. Furthermore, a New York County Marriage record lists Susan McCauley as the spouse of Eric Garland. With two distinct links between Carla and the William P. McCauley family I was confident that her father was the son of William P. McCauley and Mildred Kaska. Carla was thus my husband's first cousin once removed.

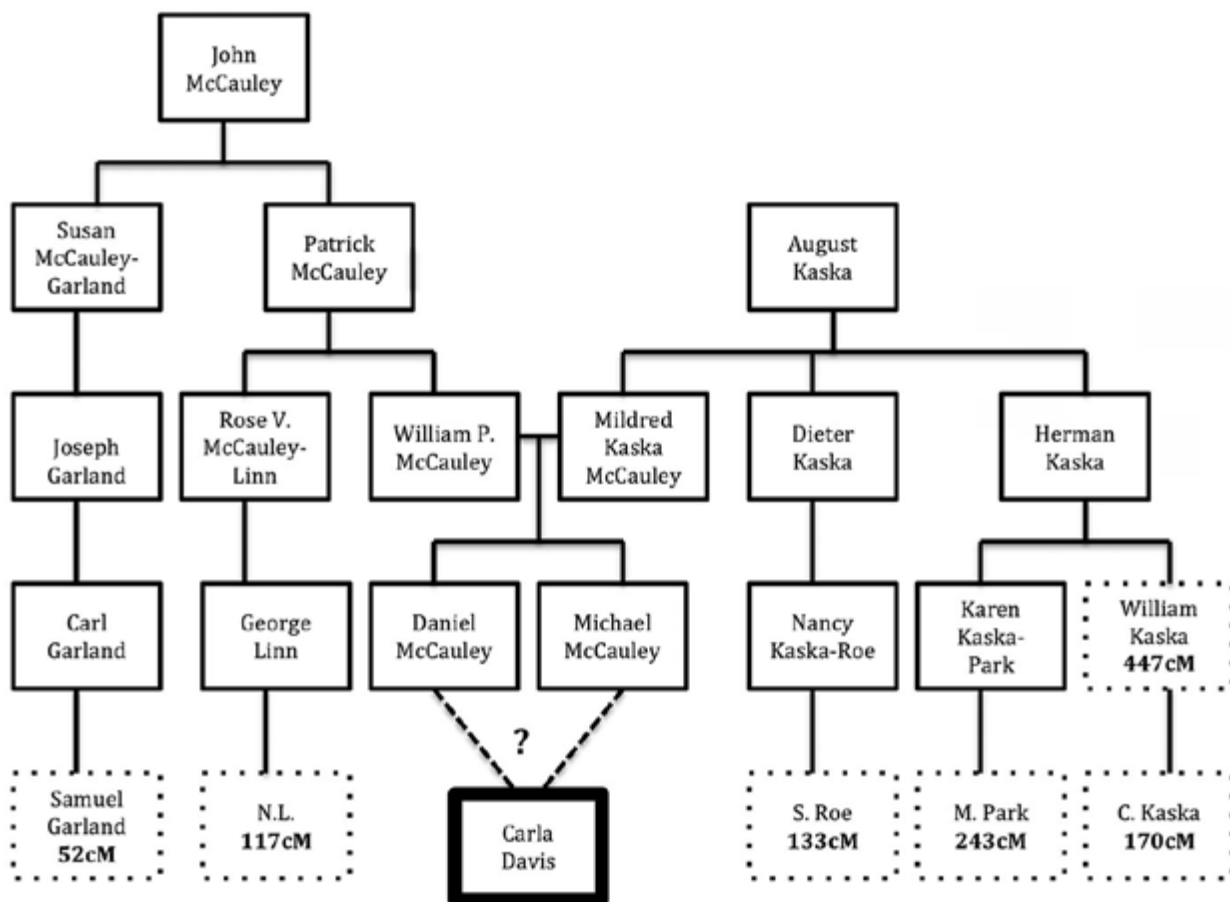
However, William P. McCauley and Mildred Kaska had two sons, Daniel and Michael McCauley, and both of them were old enough to be Carla's father. While I do not yet know the father's given name, I now know the identity of Carla's paternal grandparents.

Welcome to the family

I sent all the information I had gathered thus far to Carla with the subject heading "Welcome to the family!" Needless to say she was thrilled!

I find the research fascinating. It was very satisfying to be able to analyze the data and close in on the answer to the question. The variation in the second cousin matches, which ranged from 117 to 243 cM, illustrates the complexity of DNA analysis. The average number of cM for a second cousin match is 246, but it ranges from 47 to 760.2 Thus all these values were compatible with a second cousin match. Samuel Garland was a 3rd cousin, which on average shares 89 cM with a range of 0-334cM. Samuel Garland shared 52 cM with Carla, which is compatible with a 3rd cousin match.

It was also intriguing to realize that DNA was essential but not sufficient for solving the problem. Traditional pedigree analysis is also required to connect the dots.



Restricted pedigree chart showing the paternal ancestry of Carla Davis. The names of other siblings and spouses are not shown. Individuals in dotted boxes tested their DNA with *Ancestry.com* and the number of centimorgans (cM) shared with Carla Davis is shown in the boxes. N.L., S. Roe, M.Park and C. Kaska are her second cousins. Samuel Garland is her third cousin. Dashed lines indicate Daniel or Michael McCauley is Carla's father.

Moreover, DNA testing raises certain ethical issues since it has rendered privacy obsolete. For example, the information I have assembled could violate the privacy of the father's family. The discovery of an unknown half sibling is not always welcome news. Carla may or may not decide to approach the family. However, I feel everyone has a right to know their biological parentage and their family history.

*All names have been changed for privacy reasons.

1. *The Family Tree Guide to DNA Testing and Genetic Genealogy* by Blaine T. Bettinger, Family Tree Books, Cincinnati, Ohio. 2016

2. Shared DNA statistics from Blaine Bettinger, *The Shared CM Project*. www.thegeneticgenealogist.com/2015/05/29the-shared-cm-project

SBCGS member and Ancestors West editor Debbie Kaska has enjoyed researching family history for decades. She retired from UCSB in 2002 after a career of teaching and research in the Departments of Biological Sciences. She recalls that students were taught how to isolate their own DNA, but she did not anticipate then that this simple procedure would be commercialized to aid genealogists. "In fact, we specifically did not do any testing that would show parental connections, since it was known that the results could uncover family secrets!"

The J. W. Lynch, Jr. Family Reunion, A Tradition Established in 1937

By Berri Lynn Bottomley

ONE SANTA BARBARA SUMMER DAY in 1961, when I was ten years old, I was told that my mother would be going with her sister, who lived in Sacramento, to their family reunion in Michigan. I was both quite excited and a little anxious. I was excited for mother, who was going on a grand adventure, being driven across the country with my Aunt Maddy by my Uncle Bud in his fast Edsel! It was a trip Bud and Maddy made every year in the Edsel, but my mother had never gone with them before. Rumor had it that Uncle Bud and his Edsel were wanted for speeding in several states, and it was Aunt Maddy's job to watch the road far ahead for highway patrol cars. I remember that Aunt Maddy gave mother travel advice before the trip. She suggested that mother wear old undergarments on the road, and just discard them after one wearing. This saved on doing laundry during the trip and made room in the luggage to bring souvenirs home. I was anxious about the fast Edsel, and I was anxious because my mother had never been gone before, and she would be gone a long time! My teenage sister and brother would help my father care for me and keep the family business

running smoothly. This was a major event in my young life and it stamped the importance of family reunions on my consciousness.

The family reuniting was that of my maternal grandparents, John Wesley Lynch, Jr. (1887-1941) and Hazel Jane Hart (1887-1970), who had married on September 30, 1909 in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Over the following twenty years they had eleven children, nine girls and two boys.

My mother, Elaine Louise Lynch Bottomley (1913-2003), was their third born. She married my father, Forrest Edwin "Bus" Bottomley (1913-2002), on April 30, 1937 in the front hallway of her family home at 616 S. Sycamore, Lansing, Michigan. In a letter inviting his older brother Harry and family to the wedding my father, the groom, wrote:

"We've tried to keep it as quiet and simple as possible. After the ceremony everybody will tell everybody else how glad they were to have met them and go home I imagine. There will be no refreshments or celebration etc. as we are digging right out for Niagara Falls. It will be pretty much of a week end trip but it just seems to be the place to go and we couldn't think of anything else to do or anyplace nearer to go that we haven't been and I think the time for a honeymoon is when you're married and not several months or maybe years afterwards."

Climbing of ledges was the program

In September of the year my parents married, the tradition of the Lynch family reunion began. My grandmother, Hazel, kept notes of family happenings, and after her death some of her writings were transcribed by her daughter Maxine and shared with the family. Here is her first entry; in this and the following entries, my notes appear in brackets:

"1. The first of the J. W. Lynch Jr. reunions was held Sept. 1, 1937 at Riverside Park in Grand Ledge, Michigan. All descendants attending. Eleven children, 8 grandchildren. Three sons-in-law, and two to be. Father and I (Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lynch). Five car loads. Pictures were taken, games played and climbing of ledges was the program after the out-of-doors dinner. Weather was wonderful. Bus made the reunion banner." [Bus was my father's nickname.]

Grandmother's notes on the reunions continue for the next eight years, through 1945. Each note details those attending, activities, and weather conditions. Her note for 1940 concludes: *"At this time the children number eleven and grandchildren number eleven."* Eventually there would be 41 grandchildren, with the last being born in 1966.

My grandfather, John W. Lynch, Jr., was taken ill just before the 1941 reunion, which was cancelled. Some of the family did visit the ledges on the reunion date, so the tradition was not broken. Grandfather passed



Mr. and Mrs. John Wesley Lynch, Jr. (Hazel Jane Hart), near the time of their wedding, 1909.



The family reunion banner made in 1937 by Forrest "Bus" Bottomley. Being displayed in 1951 by Jack and Richard Lynch.

October 30th of that year. In a piece that grandmother wrote about his final illness she described his love for his large family:

"What faults soever papa may have had, or whatever weaknesses he may have been subject to, it is absolutely sure that he gave all there was of himself to support his family and maintain a home for his dear ones. It is not exaggerating in the least to say his family was the apple of his eye. How he did look forward to the day when those little girls should adorn his home as young ladies – many though there were.

This he realized in a measure. However, the family was still a great responsibility and care – the younger and those who had long since matured so intermingled that I do not believe our dear father came to the full realization of his dream. This, however, was no disappointment to him. Rather, he seemed to enjoy to the fullest every gathering of the families, as the grandchildren began where our youngest left off. [In 1929, the first grandchild was born six months and one day after the last child had been born.]

Though it was not considered good policy to raise large families in the home where he was reared and, he, himself, thought he would not care for children, yet, as each bit of humanity breathed its way into the world, down



The forty-niners in their fathers' arms.

to the last grandchild, that bit of life became a part of him. Each one was embraced in his arms the first time he came to see it.

Tongue cannot tell, or pen portray, the joy he knew when after the birth of nine daughters, he became the parent of two fine boys. Nor, was he less happy that our last should be as the first. In fact, it seemed only natural that our family should end as it began, with a baby girl."

The war years

On December 7, 1941 the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, and America was at war.

This is grandmother's entry for the following summer:

"5. 1942 Labor Day – 7th – Marked our fifth family reunion. All were present but Clarence and Papa. Clarence is serving our country and Papa has gone to that better one, we sincerely trust. Bud, who has not as yet become one of us, but who nevertheless seems so, is also serving our country. It was good to be together. The weather was enjoyable though not too sunny." [Clarence was Clarence LaClear, husband of Helen; Bud was Odo "Bud" Valjean, fiancé of Madeline and later my Uncle Bud of the fast Edsel.]

The reunions continued through the war years, with grandmother noting those who could not attend, as in 1943: "Clarence, Frank, Bud and Papa were missed. Clarence in the Aleutian Islands, Frank at Jefferson Barracks, Bud in Iceland, Papa in that better country where they know wars no more – we sincerely hope." [Frank was Frank Shaul, husband of Maxine.] The last year for which I have notes was 1945, and of special interest to me was that "Elaine and Bus provided hot sweet corn

which was the high point of the day." The surrender of Japan had been formally signed the day before.

The 1947 reunion was the last attended by my parents for well over a decade, as they moved their young family to California in the summer of 1948. However, reunions continued to be held annually in Michigan, and the family continued to grow, with grandchildren being born at a steady pace. In 1949 a family record was set with the birth of six grandchildren and one great-grandchild. This group of seven is known in the

family as "the forty-niners," and pictures of this group were taken at the reunion that year.

In the summer of 1961, after what my ten-year-old self felt as an eternity, my mother returned to our California family, safe and sound, tired, but refreshed and full of joy from having been with the Michigan family she had left so long before.

The Michigan family reunion continues to be held annually, and the California family started a reunion in August 2017.



Berri Lynn Bottomley has been a society member for several years, and has served as a librarian, indexer, and Chair of the Internal Audit Committee. She received an Associate in Arts Degree in History, with Honors, from Santa Barbara City College in December, 2016.

The eleven children reunited in 1961. In birth order from left to right. My mother, Elaine, is third from the left.



Seven of the Lynch siblings with their spouses happily together in 1989. My mother is second from the left in the front row; my father is standing behind her.

A Family Reunion to Remember or Not!

By Margaret Kelly

W E BEGAN HOSTING family reunions with our Wisconsin family in July, 2005. I began planning the reunion the year before and wanted to share as much information as possible with the Zimbauer family members. I had been corresponding with our “cousins” in Germany for several years. It all began with a letter I mailed to an address in Germany. I searched the white page telephone directory in Germany and found four “Zimbauer’s. I wrote to all four and got a reply from one. Our “cousin,” an attorney, was the first to reply. He informed me that another cousin had completed amazing research on the “Zinn” Family tree and I would soon receive a packet of information. After receiving the packet, I began my correspondence with Max who had traced the family back to 1266!

Max and his wife invited us to visit if we ever decided to go to Germany. I considered a trip to Germany in 2005 to capture a few pictures to share at the reunion. My brother, Tim, and sister, Theresa, who lived in Chicago decided they wanted to share the adventure. I flew from California to meet up with them and we all traveled together to Munich, Germany, for four days over the Memorial Day holiday in 2005. Max planned an amazing visit for us. We climbed the stairs of a castle of the prince who administered over our family home in Nunzenreid. We walked through the city of Munich and countryside with one of the architects of the Olympic Games. We even stood inside a barn belonging to our early family members. Max planned a reception at a lovely hotel in Oberviechtach. We were greeted by the mayor of the town as the first foreign visitors at the newly built Eisenbarth Cultural Museum. We spent a day in Regensburg visiting over six churches and met a “cousin,” a priest who happened to be walking down one of the cobblestone streets. My brother Tim filmed our entire visit. We arrived back home still overwhelmed by all we saw and learned of our “Homeland” family.

Weather—an uninvited guest

We hosted the reunion at Bukolt Park in Stevens Point, Wisconsin, on July 23, 2005 and my brother was planning to share the film with our Wisconsin family. We all gathered to eat lunch and then to be entertained afterward with our film and pictures. Local police arrived right at noon and advised all of us to stay inside our Park structure. The wind whipped up and the rain began. At first, I thought what a loud noise the shutters were making against the walls. Then I realized there were no shutters—it was the wind! Lightning struck a tree right outside our building, thunder rolled and rolled. Children started to scream and run from the buffet table to their parents. And then a large

branch broke through the roof and a waterfall began to pour over the head of my cousin. He got up slowly with his plate and moved to another spot down the table. His 90-year-old mom nearby just continued eating! I was shocked, not ever being in a storm of that magnitude. Slowly the wind subsided and the rain stopped. We were lucky that no one was injured. The family members started to leave, all checking on other family members at home and on their property. We got electricity back and my brother who had brought two TVs decided we were going to show the film to however many family members remained. It was also my brother’s birthday, a day we will never forget.

When we began leaving the park, we could see all the trees down. A tree had fallen on the outdoor facility and collapsed the roof over the ladies bathroom. A large section of solar panels lay alongside the road from one of the University buildings. When we arrived back at the hotel, the electricity was off, but we still had to celebrate Tim’s birthday with the cake we had brought. We gathered in the “breakfast room” of the hotel and sang happy birthday to Tim while we were still disheveled and in a daze over what had occurred several hours before at our “Family Reunion.” The storm made newspaper headlines. It was called “a micro burst.”* I can only compare it to a tornado like wind and thunderstorm. I hope to convince my brother to show the film again. Maybe next year at a family reunion, only 13 years later, to those family members who did not see it the first time.

*Microburst is a small downdraft that moves in a way opposite of a tornado. They are found in strong thunderstorms. They usually last from a couple of seconds to several minutes.

Explanation of the object on back cover

This is a wooden darning egg in the shape of a gourd. It was used primarily for the repair of knitted socks that were worn through at the heel or toe, where a sewn on patch would be uncomfortable for the wearer. Discarding a knitted sock just because the heel was worn through was unthinkable. The rest of the sock was perfectly fine and, with a little darning, was good as new! Darning eggs are known to date back to the 1600’s and probably even earlier.

Special thanks to SBCGS member Cathy Jordan for providing the photo of her family antique.

For a re-union there must first be a union

Wilson – Rawson Family Reunion

By Jim Wilson

THIS IS A TALE OF the westward movement and union of two families. It starts in the mid-19th century, when our father's family, the Wilsons, left Manchester, England. Traveling westward, they arrived in New York aboard the vessel *Roscoe* in July of 1837.

Our mother's family, the Rawsons, left Thorne, England to arrive in New York aboard the *William Rathbone* in October of 1853. *Google maps* shows Thorne 72 miles east of Manchester, then a two-day stagecoach trip. Today the trip takes an hour and a half via the M62 motorway. This relatively short distance between the two families may well account for my DNA's 49 percent Great Britain content.

The Rawsons did not stop in New York but continued westward to settle in Toronto, Canada. The Wilsons also continued their westward movement. However, by 1860 they had gotten only as far as Newark, New Jersey, 480 miles distant from the Rawsons.

In 1872 our great-grandfather, Joseph Wilson, took the big leap and moved westward to Los Angeles. In 1880, our maternal grandfather, Alex Rawson, came to California to try his luck in Sacramento, reducing the families' separation to 360 miles. In 1899 Alex returned to Canada to visit his parents and while there married their neighbor's daughter Lottie. Alex and Lottie headed back to California settling at 552 Redfield Avenue

in the Hermon district of Los Angeles. Hermon can be accessed via Avenue 60 off the Pasadena Freeway in the Arroyo Seco.

During this same time period our paternal grandfather, Roswell Wilson, owned a nursery where Peck Road crossed the railroad tracks in Monrovia, California, 15 miles from Hermon. Today it a 23-minute trip via I-210 Freeway, but not quite close enough for a union of families back then. In 1913 grandfather Roswell Wilson sold his nursery business and relocated his family south to Carlsbad, California, where he established a nursery on Arland Road in 1919. In 1925, after a work place injury, grandfather Rawson retired. As a former lineman for the Western Union Telegraph Company, Grandfather Wilson had traveled much of southern California and Arizona, picking Carlsbad as the ideal location for his family. In his retirement he bought a few acres on Chestnut Street and planted lemon trees. Now the families were separated by only a mile and a half.

The families unite

In 1925 the Carlsbad Union Church was organized. Charlie Wilson, our father, and Ruth Rawson, our mother, were members of the youth group at the church. They were married October 29, 1927. More than



Setting up for a picnic in a tree shaded park along the Columbia River.



Barbecue in the back yard.

5,200 miles and 90 years after having left their ancestral homes, the families were united.

We grew up in the '30s '40s, and '50s, a close-knit family which included aunts, uncles, and cousins, a dozen-and-half in Carlsbad and a half-dozen more in Los Angeles. By the 1960s we of the younger generation began scattering. As we established families and careers, we began to lose members of our parents' generation. In our mother's later years she took to writing the families' oral traditions. She wrote in long-hand with a ball point pen on lined three-hole notebook paper, using her own unique syntax, spelling and punctuation. She was also a life-long collector of family lore and memorabilia. Upon her death we found cards from her fifth birthday, which she had carried with her for the remaining 91 years of her life! Perhaps my addiction to family history is genetic!

At the time of our mother's death in 2003 we were scattered from San Diego to Seattle. Filling in that last date in our parents' generation led to wide reflection on our lives, what they have been, what they have become, and the good times we all had growing up together. The idea of a family reunion blossomed.

My brother Art and his wife Beverly volunteered to host the reunion at their home in Portland, Oregon. My daughter Michelle and cousin Betty Duey assembled a collection of Ruth Rawson's stories and prepared an engraved tote bag for each attendee. In August of 2004 two dozen of us gathered for three days of stories, food, and fun. It was truly a REUNION!

More than a decade has passed since we gathered. Several of our generation are now gone. We are in our 70s and 80s, our children are middle aged, and their children are grown. Wouldn't it be fun to have another reunion?



The tote, packaging for Ruth Rawson Wilson's writings.

Jim Wilson has been compiling his family history since 1991, and a SBCGS member since 2005. He is currently a Director-at-Large and Chair of the Investment Committee.

A Great Find

By Margaret Kelly

OUR MOTHER PASSED AWAY in January 2010. Her mother, Sadie, had lived with her in Chicago for over 13 years, and over the years, Sadie's sisters in Milwaukee would write and send her newspaper clippings and photos. My sister, Theresa, had been living with my mother for the past 13 years and after my mother died, she and I spent days going through boxes of papers trying to figure out what we must take care of immediately and who needed to be informed of her passing. My husband and I then returned to our home in California. My sister, over the next six years, went through boxes of "stuff" that she came across in the basement, and she knew that I was most interested in any old photos that she found.

This past October, my sister called to say she had found more photos. While doing the laundry in my parents' basement, she noticed a box on the floor. Going through it, she found among several small photos, two postcard-type photos of men in military-looking uniforms. Names were penciled on the back. When she read the names, I knew who they were. The men, Vincent and Mike Gasiorowski, were my great-grand uncles. My mother's brother, Harold, and I talked about them when I began my research several years before on the Kurzynski Family Tree. Uncle Harold had worked beside his grand uncles when he was a young man.

Soon I received the photos from my sister and the uniforms did not look like any military uniform that I had seen before. I thought maybe they were from a fraternal organization. I subscribe to quite a few genealogical societies and to a Polish e-newsletter, "Gen Dobry." I received my latest copy and was reading through it, always interested in upcoming events. I noticed that a lecture by Paul Valasek on "Haller's Polish Army in France" was going to take place at the library in Stevens Point, Wisconsin. My second cousin, Rita, who lives in Stevens Point, and I had been sharing research notes on the family for the last year or so. I emailed her the information and she decided that it would be an interesting subject and was going to attend the lecture. I started researching the topic on the computer and was surprised to learn that during World War I a Polish Army was formed from American men in the US.

Uniforms of Polish army trainees

Rita bought Paul Valasek's book after learning that our great-grand uncles were listed in an index as volun-



Vincent Gasiorowski in his uniform as a Polish Army Trainee. During World War I, he served in Haller's Polish Army in France.



Mike Gasiorowski, twin brother of Vincent, also served in Haller's Polish Army in France during World War I.

teers in Haller's Blue Army in France. I ordered the book also. We both continued our investigation with the Polish Genealogical Society in Chicago. I emailed Mr. Valasek and told him of my sister's "find." I described the uniforms, and he asked for a copy to see if he could identify them. He emailed back that they were uniforms belonging to Polish Army trainees while they were being trained in Canada. Wow, I never heard of this participation during World War I. He encouraged me to write to several organizations, even the Warsaw Military Archives. I sent for "Military Papers" filling out the forms from the Polish Genealogical Society (PGSA) and sending along my check to cover the fees. I received the volunteer application and medical examination forms printed in Polish for Mike, Vincent and John Gasiorowski.

I sent copies of everything I received to Paul. He was maintaining a database on the "Polish Army Volunteers" to continue the story of their lives after the War.

Meanwhile, I sent copies of the photos and paperwork to my mother's brother, Harold, in Stevens Point, Wisconsin. He started his information quest on the computer. No mention of these relatives serving in an Army was ever mentioned by any family member.

He now recalled that while spending time with the "Gasiorowski Boys" when he was a youngster, he was shown a scrapbook with photos. One of the photos his Grand Uncle John showed him was of several men in uniform resting on a grassy knoll beside a train. John said, "This was how we rested." We now assume this was taken while the army recruits were being transported either from Canada to New York or through Europe. He also recalled seeing a bugle hung up on a wall. The "wooden shanty" the men lived in when they were older must have been the place they lived in upon their return from the war. Unfortunately after their death the new owners burned down the wooden structure and the scrapbook has never been found.

Too old to fight for America

Through my research, I learned that World War I took place during President Wilson's term in office. There were certain requirements men had to meet in order to serve in the US Military. They needed to be citizens and



1917 Recruiting poster for the Polish Army in France.

within a certain age limit. My great-grand uncles were in their mid 30s (past the cutoff age), and I am not sure if they had filed their final citizenship paperwork. Wilson allowed men to serve in the Polish Army but they could not be trained for a foreign war on American soil.

In my family history research, I located the Passenger List records showing Mike and Vincent (twins) traveling to America with their parents when they were approximately 13 years old. John arrived earlier; he was an older brother and preceded the family. The young men worked for the Consolidated Paper Company and built a home for their parents. They resided with their parents according to census reports until their parents' deaths in 1907 and 1909.

A Freedom for Poland address by President John F. Sims of Stevens Point Normal was delivered at the Court House Square in Stevens Point, Wisconsin, on November 14, 1917, encouraging men to enlist in the Polish Army. He refers to the blood of Sobieski, Pulaski and Kosciusko, Polish loyalists who never gave up their call to "Free Poland." His speech ended with "On, and let the watchword be, Country, home and liberty." My great-grand uncles were eligible to serve in the Polish Army since they did not meet the requirements for the American Military.

Mike and Vincent signed up as volunteers in December 1917 and John in March 1918. The men were transported to Canada for training by French speaking military men. It must have been quite interesting to convey instructions to Polish/English speaking trainees from Wisconsin. From Camp Niagara on the Lake,

Canada, they were transported to New York and then onto France for further training. They fought with the French, and after the Armistice was signed, General Haller took over the "Polish Army" troops. They were transported on the train in sealed cars separated from their weapons through Germany. After reaching their destination they began their fight against the Russian Army for the Independence of their "Homeland" Poland. They fought valiantly, even the cooks fighting with their kitchen camp knives.

The Polish Army volunteers returned during the years of 1918 through 1920, well after the Armistice of World War I. I located Mike's arrival papers. He departed the Port of Danzig (Gdansk) and arrived in New York in April 1920 aboard the *Antigone*, a war transport ship. Poland paid for his ticket. He had been gone for two plus years. The American military men had returned a few years before. When our Polish Army veterans returned home, we believe this is when they moved to the rural area and lived in a "hermit like" lifestyle. This was evidenced by Uncle Harold who worked alongside them. They hand hewed lumber for a living wage and ate meager meals of potatoes and milk.

Old soldiers laid to rest

Through obituary information, we located the funeral services and burial place of these men. Services were held at St. Francis Xavier Catholic Church in Knowlton, Wisconsin with burial in the parish cemetery. My uncle Harold located the family plot. No tombstone denotes the squared off plot. Cemetery records had burned in the church in the 1940s. Family members of the deceased had walked the cemetery, and a new map was laid out describing the plot locations in reference to nearby family plots. Most have tombstones.

This past Memorial Day was an amazing and tear-filled moment for us. At the family plot, we placed a wooden cross formed out of tree branches and six flags for our "World War I Polish Army" Veterans. Three US flags for their adopted home and three Polish flags for each of them for the "Homeland" they so courageously fought for. This was the first time they were "thanked for their service" by a family member. We also prayed for their souls to "rest in peace."

A wonderful discovery of our ancestors' past, along with a bit of new history learned about World War I, all began with "finding" two photographs. This was so amazing to me that this happened in 2017, the Centennial Anniversary of World War I.

Margaret Kelly was born in Stevens Point, Wisconsin. She moved to California in 1973. She became interested in genealogy in 2001 with a story her mom shared of her great-grandfather's voyage to America from Germany. Research eventually led to a trip to Munich, Germany, to meet a "cousin" who traced the family back to 1266. She and her siblings have hosted many family reunions in Wisconsin over the years, where she has shared all of her family history research. This year's reunion in August will focus on her great-grand uncles' participation in Haller's Polish Army in France during World War I.

BOOK REVIEWS

Don't Know Much about DNA: Everything you need to know about your genes By Kristin Ingalls

Although they did run into some problems later on, at least tracing their ancestry was simple for Adam and Eve.

CURRENT THINKING IS that we are all related — one vast family sharing a common ancestor who lived in Africa \approx 70,000 years ago. This has raised countless questions: How did we end up where we are? When did we get there? Why do we all look so different? The fossil record offers some answers, but genetic research reveals many more, since our DNA carries a chronicle of our species and its migrations.

Although passing traits down to offspring had been recognized for centuries, Darwin has claimed the most

fame for his theories on evolution and natural selection when he published *On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection...* in 1859. It was Gregor Mendel, an Augustinian monk, who in 1866 proposed the basic principles of genetics — change is caused by invisible factors — factors which we now know as DNA. He used the terms recessive and dominant

to explain changes in traits. While Darwin's published works caused an uproar, Mendel's work languished for some time. Swiss physiological chemist Friedrich Miescher first identified what he called "nuclein" in the nuclei of human white blood cells, which we know today as deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA).

Fast forward a century, and you have the Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine being awarded to James Watson, Francis Crick and Maurice Wilkins for their research in the field in 1962. Watson later published the story in the book, *The Double Helix* in 1968. Although considered a classic and an immensely important book, *The Double Helix* is not without controversy. Largely a self-aggrandizing account of his own accomplishments, the publication was not supported by Crick or Wilkins, co-discoverers of the structure of DNA. Watson was criticized as well for his derogatory, dismissive and sexist remarks about a collaborator, Rosalind Franklin. In a later Epilogue in the book Watson apologized for his earlier remarks about Franklin who conducted a



Engraving by Albrecht Dürer, 1504

large portion of the research which eventually led to the understanding of the structure of DNA — at a time when only men were allowed in some university dining rooms. Franklin had died in 1958, and the prize is not awarded posthumously. There are many references that address this inequity, including a book by Brenda Maddox, *Rosalind Franklin: The Dark Lady of DNA* (not reviewed here).

The study of DNA has revealed genes responsible for Down Syndrome, Huntington's Disease, and susceptibility to certain other diseases. But it is DNA used to augment genealogy research that interests genealogists. Who knows, they may find a gene that causes us to obsess about our dead ancestors!

The first famous case of genetic genealogy solving a mystery is that of the Russian royal Romanov family who were killed a hundred years ago...but no bodies were found until 1991, and then two were missing. There had long been romantic notions that Anastasia had escaped, and several women claiming to be her came forward. In 2008, another grave was found and Russian scientists pronounced them to be the two missing from the first grave. All this was done by comparing the DNA of the long-dead bodies in Russia and the mitochondrial DNA of Prince Phillip, husband of Queen Elizabeth II of England. He is the great-great-grandchild of Queen Victoria, as is Queen Elizabeth II. And that genetic bramble bush is yet another story...

Another fascinating, and to some, controversial, finding is that Thomas Jefferson fathered children with his slave, Sally Hemings. Some Jefferson descendants still claim it was another member of the Jefferson family, not the President. Stay tuned.

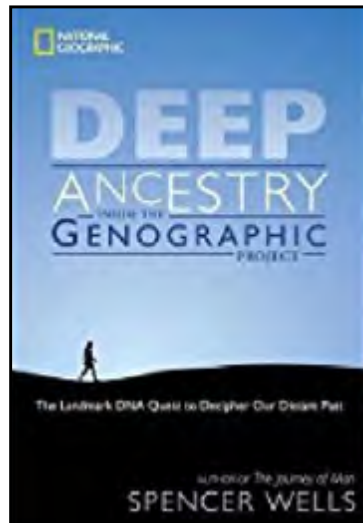
I must say, I do not care how many talks on DNA I attend, at some point I look around the room to see if I am the only one with a look of non-comprehension on my face. Thank goodness, I am never alone. So, let's take a look at some books that will help explain this very dense subject. Written for the lay audience these books all attempt to make understandable this complex science. Each of these authors are wise enough to keep our attention by weaving science with real-life examples, personal stories, helpful analogies, and detailed diagrams and illustrations.

And yes – we do sell them at the library!

Let us begin with *Deep Ancestry: Inside the Genographic Project* by geneticist, and anthropologist Dr. Spencer Wells, published by *National Geographic* in 2007. Those who are worried that a book published a decade ago is already outdated, worry not. This is the story behind the Human Genome Project, that landmark study now assembling the world's largest collection of DNA samples and analyzing genetic profiles worldwide. Here we learn how tiny genetic changes over time result in who we are today.

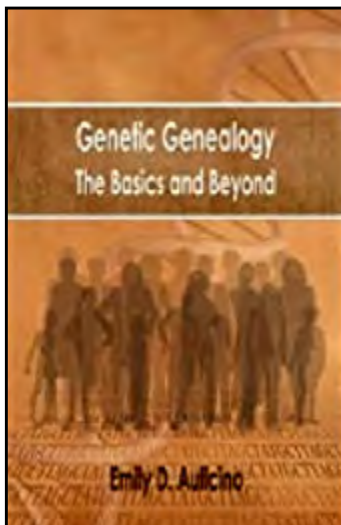
While many books and articles give a passing nod to the Jefferson-Hemings case, Dr. Wells delves deep into the DNA results, not stopping with Jefferson, but traveling back through the ages.

In other case studies he links his own Danish grandmother to the Mid East; links Native Americans to East



Asia, explores the oldest fossil record outside of Africa which is Australia, and examines findings from the Rift Valley. Throughout each he skillfully weaves in the intricacies of DNA, which become more understandable rather than overwhelming.

Genetic Genealogy: The Basics and Beyond, by genealogist Emily D. Auticino and published in 2013, is an overview of what you need to



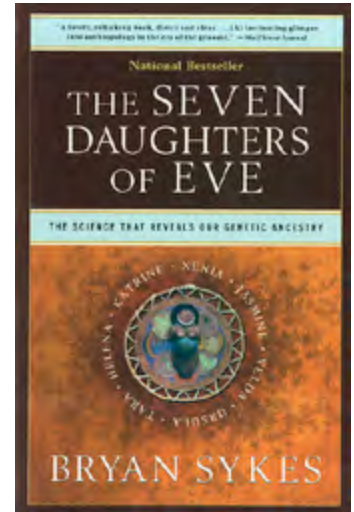
know about genetic genealogy, the terminology, the types of tests available, which test might be right for your needs, specifics about the testing companies and what they have to offer, the best tests for adoptees, how to encourage family members to test, guidelines for becoming a project administrator, and what to do with the results once you have them.

Dr. Bryan Sykes, professor of human genetics at Oxford University, pioneered the use of DNA in exploring the human past. It was he who was asked to examine the frozen remains of a man trapped in glacial ice in northern Italy. Now known as Otzi, the iceman was found to be over five thousand years old. Remarkably, Sykes was actually able to find a genetic descendant, a woman living in Great Britain today.

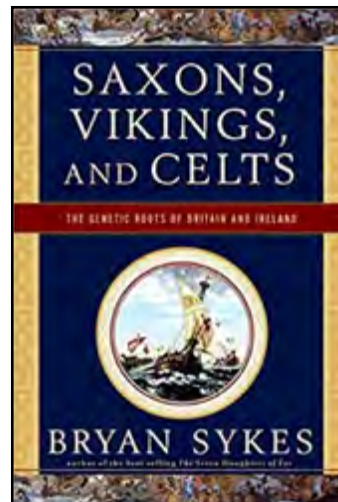
When Sykes's book *The Seven Daughters of Eve* was published in 2001, it catapulted him and genealogical DNA into the spotlight. After plotting thousands of mitochondrial DNA sequences from all over the world, Sykes found that they clustered around a handful of distinct groups. Among Europeans and North American Caucasians, there are only seven female mitochondrial haplogroups (genes inherited together from a single parent). He names them, gives their unique characteristics, and gives sketches of what their disparate lives may have looked like.

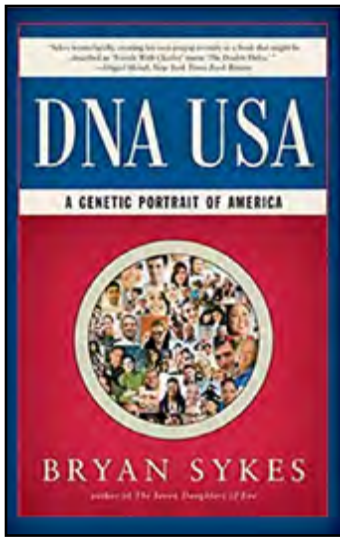
Addressing the age-old question about Neanderthals, Sykes was doubtful they interbred with modern humans. Only in the last decade has it been found that all living non-African humans are likely to have between one and four percent Neanderthal DNA.

Five years later, Sykes published *Saxons, Vikings, and Celts*, the result of his ten-year DNA survey of more than 10,000 volunteers, and which traces the



true genetic makeup of the British Isles and its descendants, taking readers from the Pontnewydd cave in North Wales to the resting place of "The Red Lady" of Paviland and the tomb of King Arthur. For those of us who cannot keep straight, even with a diagram, the intricacies of British history and royalty, there is a chapter which summarizes British history from the end of the Roman rule to the present.





His conclusion is that the genetic make-up of the British Isles mainly consists of the Britons and Celts who have lived there for thousands of years, while the invading Saxon, Viking, and Norman people are but a minor percentage of the total.

Sykes has even started his own company, Oxford Ancestors (www.oxfordancestors.com), where one can sign up and with a sample can have their DNA traced

through ancestors who lived, walked, and breathed thousands of years ago. (Folks, it ain't cheap!) Those seeking more facts and answers from Saxons, Vikings, and Celts, should visit www.bloodoftheisles.net.

In *DNA USA* Sykes attempts to create a biological portrait of the United States. Using a travel diary approach to describe his three-month coast-to-coast journey, he introduces the people he meets and reflects on how ancestry and heredity play into our culture, customs, and beliefs. While Sykes acknowledges that the sample is too small to draw significant conclusions, the results provide interesting perspectives on life in early America. These DNA portraits illustrate the complexity of human inheritance and how difficult it is to assign individuals to distinct groups.

Here are some fun things his study hints at:

- Of Americans whose ancestors came as slaves, virtually all have some European DNA.
- Racial intermixing appears least common among descendants of early New England colonists.
- There is clear evidence of Jewish genes among descendants of southwestern Spanish Catholics
- Among white Americans, evidence of African DNA is most common in the South.
- European genes appeared among Native Americans as early as ten thousand years ago.

And last, a How-To book on DNA, A tool box, if you will.

The *Family Tree Guide to DNA Testing and Genetic Genealogy* by Blaine T Bettinger. Again, we have some genetic genealogy basics, including ethical issues around this developing science. Each type of unique testing, Mitochondrial, Y-chromosome, X-chromosome, and Autosomal, is explained, helping the reader decide which test might be best for their needs. Once test results are received, Bettinger suggests ways to analyze and use them. There is a glossary, appendixes of comparison guides for tests, research forms, and other resources that may be useful to the genealogist.

And for those late nights when there is nothing on TV, here are a couple of on-line resources to view video

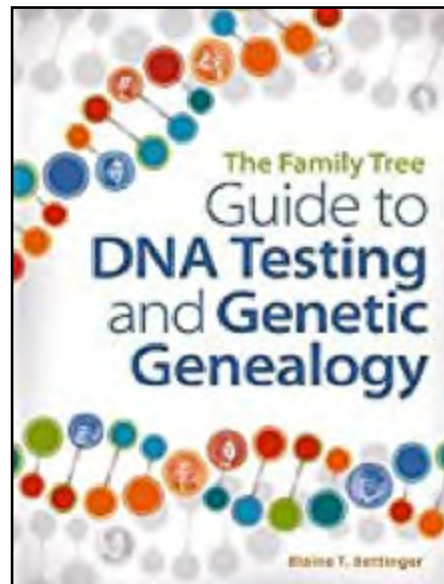
programs on DNA:

YouTube: *Otzi, the Iceman* (also on nationalgeographic.com, smithsonian.com)

Rosalind Franklin, DNA scientist (also on PBS NOVA)

DNA - Episode 1 of 5: *The Secret of Life* - PBS Documentary

Happy Reading and Researching !!



*Kristin, a long-time Society member,
is our resident bookie*

*Selling books in the library and meetings –
she's one busy cookie*

She is rather silly, and oftentimes

She speaks in sing-song nonsensical rhymes

When not immersed in etymology and phonology

She enjoys doing her own, and others, genealogy.

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 1 MB, and preferably over 2 MB, 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

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Things that aren't there anymore!

With this issue of *Ancestors West*, we start a new feature that is designed to bring back memories and stimulate your creative muse. Objects that were once part of the everyday lives of our ancestors will be illustrated.

Can you identify the item and its use?

If so, does it suggest something about the traditions and values of our forebears that speaks to their thrift or skills or some other aspect of their lives. Readers of *Ancestors West* would enjoy reading about your recollections!

Are there objects you have inherited that are now pretty much obsolete?

If you send a description or photo via email to the editor, Kaska@lifesci.ucsb.edu, we would like to feature your treasure in a future issue!

The first of these objects is pictured at right with a dollar bill to give you an idea of the relative size.

If you can't imagine what the thing is used for, look on page 25 for an explanation. And if you don't give a darn, you are getting warm!

