



Ancestors West

A quarterly publication for the members of the
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
Fall 2021 Vol. 46, No. 3

Heirlooms

Treasures For All

Grandfather Clock

Family Artifacts
From the Great War

Book of Ancestors

C.E. Baird's Covered Bridge

Bad Apples in the Family Tree

My Aunt Barbara—
A Paperhanger
Extraordinaire

Redmond Burke—
Man of Myth and Mystery



The Legacy Left Me by
My Grandaunt Maude



Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

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(SBCGS facility)

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Phone: (805) 884-9909

Hours: Tuesday, Thursday, Friday

10:00 AM – 4:00 PM

Sunday 1:00 – 4:00 PM

Third Saturday 1:00 – 4:00 PM (Except August)

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

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

Meetings: Regular monthly meetings are held on the third Saturday of each month except August. Meetings begin at 10:30 a.m. at the First Presbyterian Church, 21 E. Constance Ave. at State Street in Santa Barbara. At 9:30, special interest groups (SIGs) meet that include the following: Writers, JewishGen, DNA, German Ancestry Research, Genealogy and Technology, Italian Roots, French Canadian Genealogy, Civil War, New Member and Beginning Genealogy, and Scandinavian Roots.

The Mission Statement of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

Established in 1972, the mission of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society is to foster an interest in the study of family history through educational programs, the operation of a genealogical research library, and the preservation of local genealogical records to enhance our understanding of ourselves and our heritage.

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FROM THE EDITOR

Kristin Ingalls

Borrowed and Collected Memories

REMEMBER THE THRILL of filling in another empty box on my pedigree tree. At what point in your genealogy quest did you pause from just adding names to your family tree and really wonder about who those people were? After finding when they were born, married and died, when did you want to know what happened between those dates?

Reading the stories our members share with us reminds me that we put together a life from borrowed and collected memories of others. Some recent, some distant; some personal accounts, some records of events, some published histories. Like putting together a puzzle, little by little our ancestors become more than a name, more than a daughter, a wife, a mother, a brother. The stories these found memories reveal are portraits of people and their daily lives. Their joys, heartbreaks, struggles.

Happily, my mother's ancestors were Latter-Day Saints, a church that encouraged diaries. I hadn't paid too much attention to family stories when I was young. Because families kept these reminiscences, a list of names have become real people, whose lives existed between the dates of birth and death.

As our library opens and y'all come rushing back in, I'd like to encourage you to look past the computer screen for the stories of your ancestor's lives. All those books, which were once our primary source for information, may just take you beyond the Bred, Wed, and Dead of your ancestor's lives.

Town histories are full of details of towns and inhabitants. Many begin with the history of the indigenous peoples, describe the landscape, the natural resources, how land was acquired, how the town grew, commerce, military history, elected officials, church life, and often biographical sketches of the first settlers, from where they came and when, and their descendants, often inventories of their wills. In *History of the Town of Stonington [Connecticut] ... from its First Settlement in 1649 to 1900...* I find details of seven of my ancestral families

and how their lives were intertwined. It is fascinating to read about their land deals, movements, associates, and get a glimpse into how marriages might have been arranged and property divided. Marj Friestad used this same book to finally find the death date of one of her ancestors. Warning: there can be some shocking revelations as well, as I found about two of my relatives.

Patti Ottoboni came into the library recently and headed straight for the New in the Library shelf. She had read in *Tree Tips* that we had just gotten in a book on Ste. Genevieve County, Missouri – and yes, on page 47 she found some of her family.

Rosalie Fellows Bailey's *Pre-Revolutionary Dutch Houses...* not only has photos of the homes in New Jersey and New York from that time period, but the original and subsequent owners – each house has a family tree! Today, we have our own Betsy Green doing the same type of research.

One patron had been hunting online forever for a way to prove a broken lineage. Totally frustrated, we went to the stacks to the county her ancestors were from and Eureka! A court record showing an orphan child's birth parents – her lineage was complete! This record may never be available online.

Bob Bason has been hunting for a missing link for years. After pounding the computer keys, he came into the library the first day we were open and ... what do you know, he found what he needed IN A BOOK!!!

The information these valuable sources contain help fill in the empty spaces between when your ancestors were born and when they died. Did those authors of long ago realize what a gift and legacy they were leaving us? Just think of how little we might know about our ancestors if this information was never recorded and published for posterity.

So, hit those stacks and send me the stories you find within those book covers.



Bob Bason at the Sahyun

Treasures For All

By Marjorie Baragona

IN THESE BEWILDERING post-pandemic days we should put aside our dormant time and prepare for the future. A necessary preparation is how to dispose of our “treasures,” our beloved keepsakes. We all have mementos special to us which we think will delight and be appreciated by others. Luckily as an only child I do not face any conflict or division as some families do.

Actually, I have a different problem – no one wants anything! Antiques from generations past, items handed down to me, and many objects from my travels, seemingly have no significance to others. Even when I explain their histories there are no takers. I have a lovely blue and white ginger jar my grandmother brought precariously from England in 1920. Dishes from coronations including the Prince of Wales and Wally Simpson made before he abdicated. Chinese artifacts beautifully detailed and undoubtedly worth a great deal. A tea set from a 1900 Atlantic City Fair. Plates I brought back from shops along the Nile, Casablanca, Thailand, and other remembrances of exotic trips. Still no takers.



In our small house I had my mother's china, 16-place settings of mine, my late mother-in-law's wedding china and assorted dishes from both of my grandmothers. To this add silver service pieces and sterling flatware. Thankfully, at last, a distant cousin came and relieved me of some of this bounty. We carefully packed a good portion and I lovingly said good-bye. Another cousin, who has antique malls in Wisconsin, offers this suggestion: if you have old pictures of unknown relatives, they can find a home. She says they sell very well; people frame and hang them in their homes, regardless of who these people might have been.

I guess I will have to hope that someday there will be a change of heart and my treasures will find good homes. When I asked one of my sons what piece of our history would he most cherish, he replied, “the refrigerator.”



Born and raised in Santa Barbara, I enjoyed a career in real estate. In retirement I entertain, have traveled extensively, and am an avid reader. I'm kept busy with a large family and have met many lovely people at the Society. It was fun to write of the Santa Barbara of old.



A TOUCH OF OLD SANTA BARBARA

The Great House Detective

By Betsy J. Green

A Postcard from the Past Opens a Door

YOU NEVER KNOW what you might find when you open a wall in an old house. Construction work on this home near Milpas uncovered a 1911 postcard. How or why the postcard was in the wall will probably remain a mystery, but when I saw a photo of the card posted on Facebook, I knew I had to dive down the research rabbit hole.



823 East Haley Street exterior. Credit: Betsy J. Green



Way back when, Milpas Street was the edge of development on the east side of Santa Barbara. There were only some scattered homes, the Franklin School at the corner of Milpas and Montecito, and a brick factory at Cota and Milpas. The main route to the east side was the streetcar that ran along Haley Street from State Street to Quarantina. By the 1920s, the tracks ran in front of the home to Milpas. The tracks are still visible when the street is being repaired.

Stephen and Harriet Naylor built this cozy home in 1901, and lived in it as the decades passed and their family grew. Naylor

was an Englishman who emigrated to the United States in the 1850s. He served in the Union Army during the Civil War, and was taken prisoner by the Confederates. After settling in Santa Barbara in the 1890s, he was active in veterans' organizations.

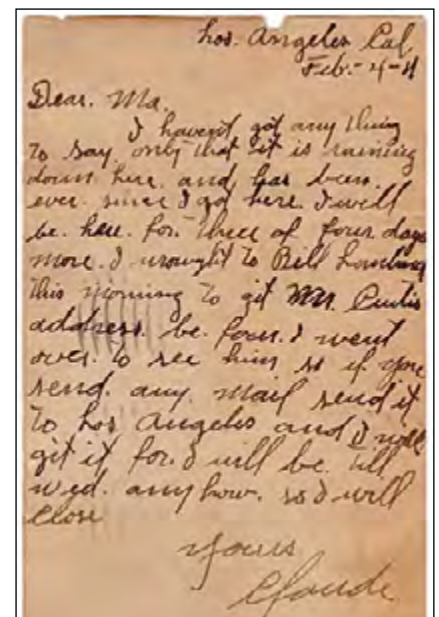
Naylor was a jack-of-all-trades: deliveryman, grocery store owner, and he was active in the East Side

Improvement Club. The family sold hay and ducks and chickens at the home, which shows the rural nature of the area at that time. They also rented out some of the rooms.

The Naylor's daughter Edith married Frank B. Reily in 1890, and they remained in the home and raised their family here. Two of their sons served in the armed forces during World War I. The family probably hung a flag with two large stars in the front window of the home to represent their sons in the military.

Fortunately, both sons survived the war and the 1918-1919 flu pandemic. One of the sons - Claude Reily - the author of the postcard, later opened an ironwork shop at 423 North Sal-sipuedes. His father managed the shop.

Claude Reily was a well-respected member of the community. "He has never feared that laborious effort which must always precede ascendancy in the business world, and has many friends whose esteem he has won and retained by reason of his high principles and fine personal qualities." (*History of Santa Barbara County, California*, Michael James Phillips, 1927)



Credit: Betsy J. Green



Robert Escobar c. 1945
Credit: Courtesy of Martha Fragosa

This Queen Anne cottage-style home is very similar to the home at 223 E. Victoria that I wrote about in my March 2020 column, which was built at the same time. There are probably numerous other Santa Barbara homes built in this style.

Finally in 1943, the Reilys sold their family home to the second owners – the Eliseo (eh-lee-SAY-oh) and Christina Escobar (ESS-koe-bahr) family from Stockdale, Texas. The home has remained in the family to this day. The descendants living in the home are Robert Escobar, Martha Fragosa, and John Fragosa. They have fond memories of visiting their grandparents here and attending Christmas parties.

There is a sandstone hitching post in front of the home. The number of these posts has dwindled over the years. A count conducted in 1942 turned up 265 hitching posts in our city. By 1975, there were only about 160. And today? I asked Santa Barbara Urban Historian Nicole Hernandez. She told me that we don't really know the present number. She suggested that counting/locating hitching posts might be a good project for a local group to undertake.



Hitching post. Credit: Frank Fragosa

The home's owners appreciate the home's generous 10-foot-high ceilings and its convenient location. They are especially proud of the hitching post, and told me that they occasionally hear people playing with the iron ring to make a ringing sound. It's a sound that brings back echoes of the past in Santa Barbara.

Please do not disturb the home's residents.



WHAT'S THE HISTORY OF YOUR HOUSE? Betsy is always looking for older homes (1920s or earlier) in central Santa Barbara for her **GREAT HOUSE DETECTIVE** column. Get in touch with her through the contact page of her website – betsyjgreen.com

Grandfather Clock

By Ann Dwelley

EVERY SUNDAY MORNING of my childhood, my father ceremoniously wound the grandfather clock that stood in our front hall. He used a special key that hung inside the case. My father inserted this key into holes on the clock face, winding one side then the other to lift lead weights, made sure the hands were accurate, checked the chimes, and restarted the pendulum. For the next week, the chimes rang on the quarter hour, and a bell counted the hours. The long brass pendulum swung back and forth driving gears inside that made a ticking sound. Two lead weights on pulleys slowly unwound, wondrous because they were equal weights of unfinished lumps of lead. These weights worked with the pendulum to drive the hour hand, minute hand, two dials, and the chimes. This clock now stands in my front entry in Santa Barbara, decorative but no longer keeping time. We have not assembled the weights and pendulum after the last move.

Daniel Porter's signature runs across the center of the clock face. A bouquet of tulips is painted at the top of the face. The hours are painted as Roman numerals, and the numeral four shows as IIII, not IV, despite what I learned in fourth grade. There are separate smaller dials for the day of the month and for seconds.

The family story holds that this clock was made for the McLean family of Cambridge, New York, shortly after the Revolutionary War. It was made in 1799 in nearby Williamstown, Massachusetts, and its clockworks were originally made of hardwood. Apparently, metal was scarce in the northeast after the Revolutionary War. The clock has been passed down in my father's family ever since. My grandfather, William Loren McLean, a jeweler as a young man (1895 New York State Census), had replaced the wooden clockworks with brass works he made by hand. One 1950s memory is of Daddy and Grandfather sitting on the floor with all the clockworks spread out between them on the floor. A surprise to me, the wooden top had been lifted off, showing that the back of the clock was a single wide board that still had traces of bark.

Eventually this clock came to me, as the eldest. We moved it, most carefully, to our Concord, Massachusetts house. I consulted with Old Sturbridge Village clock expert, Robert Cheney, in 1994. He cleaned and repaired the clock and filled in some history for me. This con-

firmed the family stories of its origin in Williamstown and the 1799 date of manufacture.

Now that Google.com knows all, I've learned a bit about antique tall clocks. Wooden clockworks were made in America perhaps as early as 1715. After the Revolutionary War, there was a notable increase in the number of makers of tall clocks with wooden works ("Early Clockmaking in Connecticut," Tercentenary Commission of the State of Connecticut, 1934, pg.5). Our Daniel Porter, age 17, was apprenticed in 1792 to a master clockmaker and silversmith, Daniel Burnap, of East Windsor, Connecticut. Once a freeman, he moved to western Massachusetts, settling in Williamstown in February of 1799. His tall clocks are admired for their inlaid cherry cases, and examples can be found in museums in Bennington, Vermont, Historic Deerfield, Massachusetts, and the Wadsworth Athenaeum in Connecticut, among others. Porter died young in 1809, and his nephew, Eli Porter, carried on his workshop.

The Clock's travels:

- Made 1799 in Williamstown, Massachusetts, for the McLean family of Cambridge, New York.
- Moved to Gloversville, New York, about 1890, where William Loren McLean replaced the clockworks.
- Moved with him to Manhattan about 1900, where William earned an M.D. degree and raised his family.
- Moved with my father, John Milton McLean, to Pelham, New York, in 1947.
- Moved to Concord, Massachusetts, in 1993 to Ann McLean Dwelley.
- Moved to Santa Barbara in 2000, where it happily resides today.



Ann Dwelley is a trained economist, a choral singer, and has a long-time interest in history. In retirement, she is a tour docent and board treasurer for the Architectural Foundation of

Santa Barbara, a soprano and board president for the Santa Barbara Quire of Voyces, and board secretary of the Santa Barbara Music Club. The good people of the Santa Barbara Genealogy Society are helping bring order to the many scraps of paper with family stories. She has recently become the coordinator of volunteers for the Sahyun Library, and looks forward to meeting more of the wonderful people who keep the library open.



The Legacy Left Me by My Grandaunt Maude

By Cathy Jordan

JUST CALLED HER "AUNT MAUDE," but she was really Maude Josephine Feely, one of my grandfather's sisters. When I was growing up, she lived with my grandfather in Los Angeles, but that was not always the case. She was born December 4, 1877 in Ashland, Nebraska. She was the fourth child, the first girl thus far. She had three brothers, but one had died by the time she was born. Ultimately, two more sisters and one more brother were added to the family. They moved to Colby, Kansas by stagecoach in 1886. That is where she graduated from high school and lived until just before 1900. She made a living by teaching school. She met and married Lincoln Allen on October 10, 1901. For a while they



Maude Feely

lived in Athol, Kansas, so Lincoln could run my grandfather, Martin Feely's, auxiliary general store. However, in 1930 they moved to Los Angeles and began living with my grandfather, who had moved there in 1923. Lincoln Allen's ambition, or lack thereof, is another story, but Aunt Maude was an extremely talented, busy and cheerful woman.

Sadly, she had no children of her own. However, I benefited from this, as she seems to have unofficially "adopted" me as her own. I remember her being very excited to see me on our frequent trips to see my grandfather. She was always laughing, cheerful, and loving. It was indeed a sad day when she died on March 26, 1963, just before I graduated from high school. I am fortunate to have inherited many examples of her talent and her life.

Like many women of her time, she painted. She painted china as well as paintings. I don't know what training she had, but I think she did a far better job than I could ever do! I have three plates, a cup and saucer, and three paintings that I treasure. She also gave me her silver tea set that is engraved with her wedding date. I have never used the tea set, but it always makes me smile to see it.

And she gave me her doll from her childhood. I have a few family dolls, but this is by far the oldest. The doll is 26 inches tall, has papier mâché shoulders and head which turn slightly to the right, an open mouth with teeth, paperweight glass eyes, a cloth body with papier mâché arms from the elbows down and legs from the knees down. She has her original human hair wig, clothes and shoes. She is unmarked, but a doll expert attributed her head to France circa 1850-1875. She is clearly treasured. Combine all this with the doll dishes she used (circa 1881), and I think I have an amazing set of treasures. The cherry on top is a wicker trunk that belonged to Aunt Maude. All of these items have a special place in my heart and help keep her memory alive.



Handpainted china by Maude Feely



Silver tea set with engraved wedding date



Aunt Maude's doll



Doll dishes used (circa 1881)



Paintings by Maude Feely



Aunt Maude's wicker trunk



Cathy and Maude 1960



Cathy Jordan has been a member of SBCGS since 2009 and has served on the Board of Directors as Membership Chair. Born and raised in Santa Barbara, she returned in 1981 to raise two sons and care for her parents. Cathy retired from the Santa Barbara County Sheriff's Department in 2008 from a career in computer programming and support to plunge headlong into genealogy after a visit to the 2009 Open House during Family History Month. In her own family she researches the names of Feely, Walsh, Mallery, Pratt, Bayha, Eckhardt, Mitchell, Lemmon, Matthews, McDuffie, Bayne, Wilhite, Farmer, Wood, Shelton, Allen, Griffin, and others. Cathy is a member of DAR and currently serves as president of Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War, 1861-1865.

“Roses are Red, Violets are Blue...”

By Susan Ham

MARY IRENE (“MOLLIE”) CROSIER was a much-loved only child who was born and raised in small towns in Iowa. In 1879 “on the occasion of your 16th birthday” her parents, John and Rebecca Crosier, presented her with a small leather-bound autograph book. Their writings to her fill the first pages and from then on Mollie collected autographs from friends and family. She cut out small pictures of flowers and glued them in like modern-day stickers. She made little pen drawings.

The autographs ranged from a simple signature and date to the typical Victorian type of sentiment, “In your wreath of remembrance, twine a rose for me” (1881), to the whimsical, “May all your paths be paths of peace and slide along slick as grease” (1879). In 1883 the young man who would in a few years become her husband wrote, “Fall from the mast to the deep. Fall on a rock and break your neck. Fall from the heavens above – but never fall in love.”

In 1885 she married young William Burke in spite of his terrible attempt at poetry, and she pasted the newspaper article about their marriage and reception in the back of her autograph book. William and Mollie would become our great-grandparents.

Not long after marrying, she wrote her also recently married young cousin a letter in lovely handwriting and purple ink. She talked of her love for her husband, delicious strawberries, and how “both their ma’s hadn’t gotten used to it yet.” In one sentence she stated that “they have the smallpox in Shenandoah and several of the surrounding towns, but we are very careful and go nowhere.” Substitute “COVID” for “smallpox” and she could have been writing in 2020.

In December of 1885, Mollie gave birth to my grandfather, Roy Burke, in Iowa. She pasted the newspaper clipping announcing his birth in the back of her little book beside the wedding article.



William Henry Burke and Mollie Crosier wedding photo, November 5, 1884 taken in Iowa

Early in 1886, Mollie, her husband and baby, and her parents traveled by prairie schooner to homestead in the Oklahoma Territory. They were “Sooners” and lived in sod houses on adjoining sections. In 1888 Mollie, not yet 25 years old, died after giving birth to her second son who also died, unnamed, seven days later. They were buried together in the cemetery of a small town called Granite, Oklahoma, and given a beautiful tombstone made of the local granite. My grandfather was only three years old at the time.

Mollie’s parents built a fine home in Oklahoma, and, in 1918, moved to Missouri to retire. Mollie’s husband eventually remarried and lived in Oklahoma, two or three towns in Kansas, and then he, too, went to Missouri, where he lived to be 90 years old. Mollie’s son Roy and his family also left Oklahoma and joined his father and grandparents in Missouri, where they lived in as many as eight different houses, one of which burned down. He later moved to several towns in California where he died at age 99.



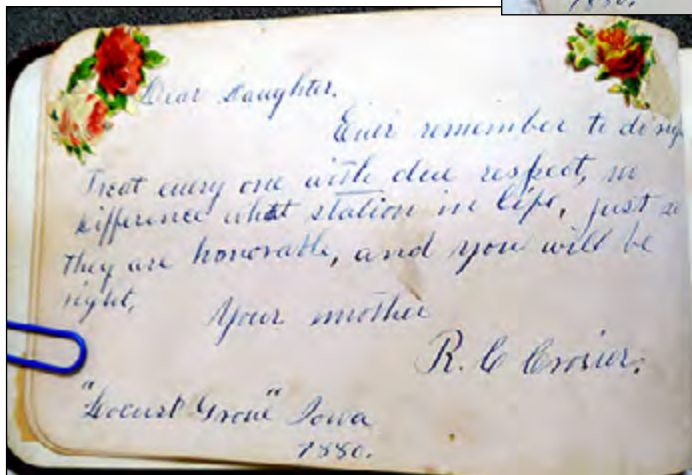
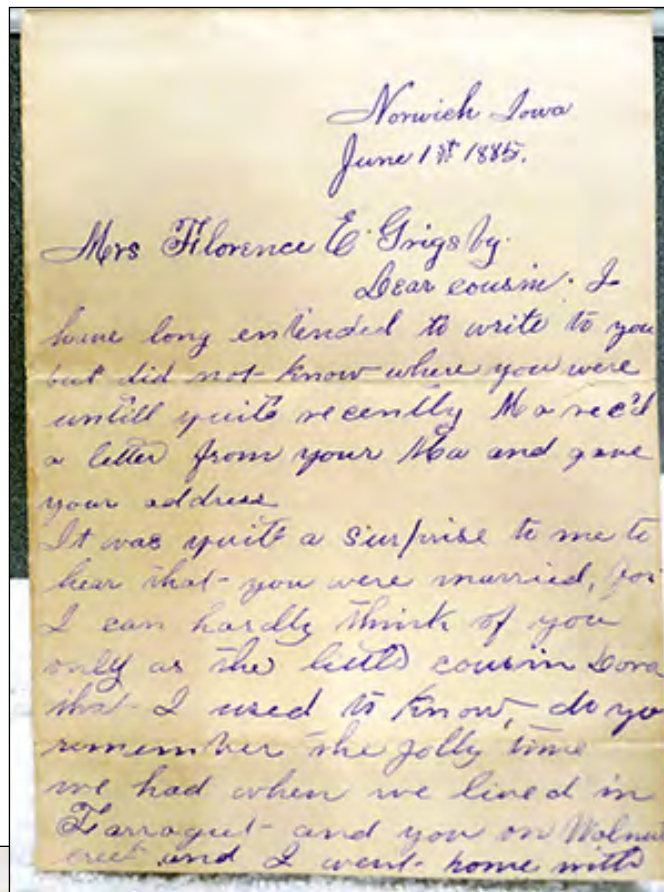
By some miracle, with all those moves and passing through so many hands, the little leather autograph book survived. (How the letter came to be with it is unknown, but that, too, is a miracle.) When grandfather died, my mother found both of them among his possessions. When mother died in 2003, they were passed along once again, this time to my sister and me, and we have them stored in a safe deposit box as they are precious beyond gold.

The little leather book and letter were most helpful when we began to compile our family history. They brought Mollie to life for us and we both so wished to know what she looked like. But all that remained of her short life was the little book, the letter and a tombstone.

In May of 2021 a cousin mailed us some photos and documents she thought might help us in our research. Among these items was a letter from our mother written in 1986 to her brother that said she was sending a copy she had made of Mollie's wedding picture. What excitement this caused, but none of the few surviving cousins, including my sister and me, could find that picture.

We did have an envelope in which our mother had put three small negatives, but we didn't know who the people were and put them aside. I had joined the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society just as the pandemic began so I sent an email asking where I could locally print old black and white negatives. I had an immediate reply from Dorothy Oksner and I took them to Color Services in Santa Barbara. Yes, the negative was good enough to print, and yes, we could tell it was our great-grandmother Mollie's wedding picture by her description of the dress (Spanish lace) in her letter, and by great-grandfather William sitting beside her, as we had some existing photos of him at different ages.

We had several prints made and sent them to all family members we could locate. Now Mollie has a face to go with her autograph book, her writings, her drawings, and she will not be lost in the mists of a time so long ago.



Susan joined the SBCGS in 2020 when she and her sister decided to use the pandemic time to finish the family research their late mother started in the '80s.

Susan has a degree in recreation education and was a pioneer in the development of the field of therapeutic recreation. She is retired from the Santa Barbara County Education Office where she worked first in special education and then as the director of community education.

Family Artifacts From the Great War

By Brian Burd

BARELY KNEW MY STEP-GRANDFATHER, Marley Needler (1893 - 1951).¹ My only recollection is of him lying in repose on the dining room table in Muskegon Heights, Michigan. Because this was a new experience for me, at only two and a half years old, I wasn't shocked or surprised at seeing a deceased man lying on the table with flowers around him.

As I got older, I'd heard in conversation that he'd been in the army in WWI. I paid scant attention to the old photo book and the piece of wing fabric that was in the house. But when those artifacts passed down to me, I was amazed at the history they recorded.

Marley served as an engine mechanic at Carruthers Field² in Texas from 1917 - 1919, now a long-gone site



Marley Needler, circa 1917

that trained Army gunnery fliers. His book of photos is a phenomenal documentation of the glory, dare-devil aerial stunts, deadly accidents and even the humdrum daily routine of these young men. Flying cadets mostly trained on Curtiss Jenny biplanes. The Jennys were judged the most reliable of the planes the government considered capable of combat missions and easy maintenance.³

The Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum notes that the Jennys had a wood airframe covered in fabric, a 90-horsepower engine, with an overall length of 27 feet 4 inches. Over 6,000 of the Jennys were produced in several different modifications.⁴ The ones in Marley's photos are typically the two-cockpit variety used for training.

The 7 x 11 inch book has dozens of photos of crashed mangled airplanes, some with notations naming the cadet who died in the crash. The photo prints range from 2 x 3 inches to 8 x 10 inches and cover numerous facets of life at the base. There are photographs of the inside of the barracks, of an ambulance, of guys at a row of sinks,



Cadet hijinks in the air



Marley in the rear cockpit



Marley Needler with Curtiss Jenny at Carruthers Field engine compartment open.



U.S. Airservice 38-inch-long piece of Curtiss Jenny linen fabric wing

etc., and, of course, girls. Young 20-something guys training for war appeared eager to party with the local Texas girls... and images of some of those unnamed women made it into Marley's collection.

A bonus find tucked into the photo book is the four-page carbon-copy alphabetical roll-call list of the all the soldiers in "Squadron A" at Carruthers Field with their home addresses.

Perhaps the most fascinating of Marley's curios is a 38-inch-long piece of Curtiss Jenny linen wing fabric, most likely salvaged from a crashed plane. Like a high school yearbook, it is covered with autographs, nicknames, sly references to flying and non-military activities (i.e. "crap shooting parson," "daddy to em all," "Outside spin," "one foot on the ground," "Let's Go to Smokey-City," etc.), and drawings. The writings are randomly scattered around stunning ink drawings of planes and logos and remembrances.

Marley married my grandmother, Mabel Genevieve Johnson Burd (1896-1974), in 1925. They had no children together. (My father is from Mabel's first marriage.) Marley went on to secure a patent for a compact collapsible clothes drying device - which apparently made him no money.⁵ He worked for several different manufacturing corporations in the Muskegon area until his death from lung cancer at age 58.



Ambulance

Endnotes

1. Marley's parents were Charles D. Needler (1863 -1926) and Katheryn Higgins (1873-1903)
2. The field was named after Cadet W. K. Carruthers who had been killed in an accident in 1917. The Army renamed the site Benbrook Field sometime in 1918. It was closed at the end of the War. Benbrook is now a suburb of Fort Worth, Texas.
3. Santa Barbara's Loughead brothers were involved with the United States Government and Curtiss airplanes during WWI. See *Noticias*, Vol. LIII, No 4, "The Loughead Years in Santa Barbara," by Brian Burd.
4. https://airandspace.si.edu/collection-objects/curtiss-jn-4d-jenny/nasm_A1919000600
5. United States Patent Office, applied for July 21, 1922, serial number 576,652. Awarded November 13, 1923.

Extra Note: Marley had a sister, Serena Leona Needler (1905-1984), who served as an Army nurse during WWII and later.



Barracks life circa 1917

Brian Burd retired from a professional career as a press photographer. Over the last 20 years he worked in various organizations examining history. Only recently did he discover his Viking roots. In his 20s, unaware of that background, he felt the need to dress up for Halloween as a Viking warrior complete with fresh steer horns on a furry helmet. It all makes sense now. He has written two *Noticias* volumes.



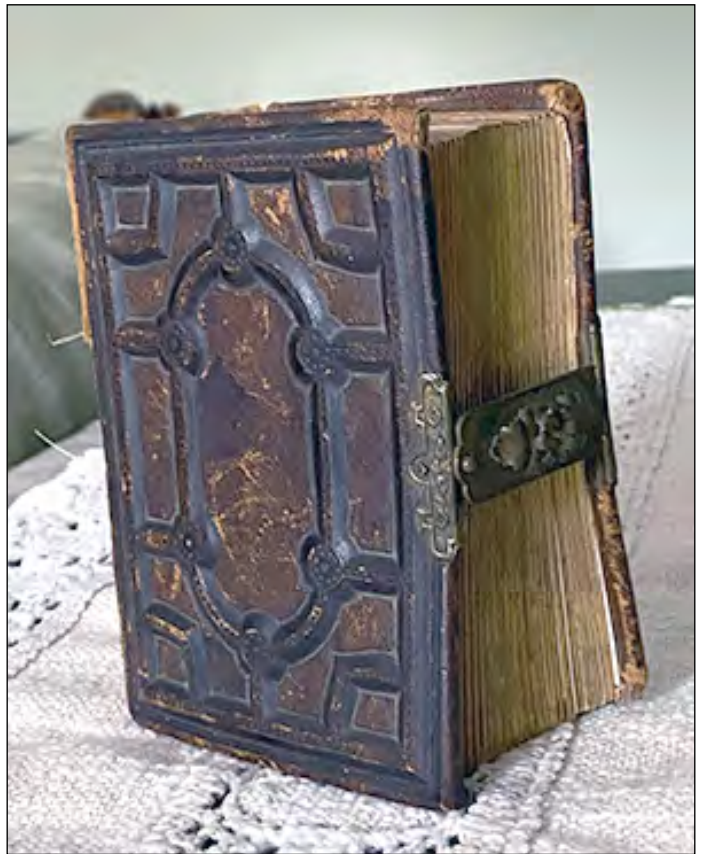
Book of Ancestors

By Kate Lima

THE BEST THING ABOUT WRITING for *Ancestors West* is that it gives me an opportunity to learn something new. The prompt for this issue, writing about an heirloom, taught me a lot, put me in touch with a new cousin, and refuted a long-held belief.

I decided to write about a small photograph book. This charming, old-time heirloom is made of thick brown leather, has an embossed pattern on the front and back and closes with an ornate brass clasp. It stands just 7 inches high and 4 inches wide, is 3 inches thick and loaded, cover to cover, with over 40 photographs. It belonged to my grandmother who handed it to my mother, and now it resides with me. I never knew anyone in the book, even with the few names Grammy wrote below the pictures. I've always dismissed it so casually. So often I'd see it on Mom's desk, pick it up, and simply admire the antiqueness of it. The title was "Book of Ancestors," but Mom always called it the "Book of Ugly Ancestors." My goodness, my mom had a penchant for being irreverent; she made fun of anything that seemed highfalutin. Also, it's easier to judge a person's outer appearance if you don't have any information or background about them. I truly don't think she thought of them that way. (There is a photograph of a woman with a rather large nose, but let's not go there.)

In order to write this article I needed to do something I've long avoided: look at collateral relatives. I've never been one for collateral relatives; I have plenty of research in my beautiful garden of direct ancestors to keep me busy. If I started looking at their siblings, their



husbands and children, I'd create chaos and confusion. It would be a cluttered mess. Occasionally I would add siblings if I thought it would help break down a brick wall. I'd click on a leaf or two in Ancestry.com, hoping to find something helpful, but usually I ended up disappearing down multiple rabbit holes. This could take days, long, full days, stretched together, one after another, without much to show for it. Not many genealogists can resist a rabbit hole, and just like Lewis Carroll's Alice, we find ourselves on many uncharted and messy adventures.

That's where I've been for weeks and weeks, running around and around, hopping from one deep hole to another. That's precisely why I've avoided them, but I really wanted to figure out who these people were. I started this article over a month ago, never expecting to travel such a long and delightfully arduous road.



4th-great-grandfather, Henry Shaff, who fought in the Revolutionary War

Collateral Relatives

A collateral relative is any blood (genetic) relative who is not your direct ancestor.

Your ancestors are your parents, grandparents, great-grandparents, etc.

Your collateral relatives are cousins, nieces, nephews, aunts, uncles, siblings, etc.

Should you research your collateral relatives? Read what some of our members found when they searched beyond their direct ancestors.



Betsy Shaff

Since starting genealogy many years ago, I've learned the story of my Shaff family. Writing this story has given me the opportunity to learn even more about them. I assumed that the first picture in the photograph book was of Henry Shaff who fought in the Revolutionary War. The reason I thought this was because it's at the very beginning of the book. Grammy or one of her parents probably put it there because it would be the place of honor for the family patriarch, and the very beginning of the Shaff family in America. Another reason is that Mom wrote, "Fought in the Rev War" on a pink post-it and slapped it right over his face. Like I said, she's irreverent. Henry Shaff, my 4th-great-grandfather, fought at Saratoga in Van Woert's Regiment and was witness to the surrender of General Burgoyne in October 1777. Henry's two brothers, John and William, also served in the same regiment. The Shaff family did their patriotic duty starting in 1776 and continued service through at least 1781.

There's a small problem, though. Henry Shaff died in 1839, the same year that the daguerreotype began worldwide distribution. Hmmm. Could photography have made it to upstate New York before he died? Well, Mom is always right, yes? Until researching for this article, I had no reason to doubt the information. It was as true to me as the fact that I am left-handed. Or the sky is blue. It was, in my mind, a fact. (At this point you might see some gray clouds forming.)

Henry's grandson is the next person in the book, my 2nd-great-grandfather, Joseph Shaff. Fortunately, my grandmother wrote his name beneath his photo. Joseph Shaff lived in Sodus, New York, just below Lake

Ontario, and in 1837, at 15 years old, he came across the prairie with his widowed mother and some siblings. Joseph married Betsy Scott ten years later; her picture is right next to Joseph's. Family lore has it that between 1852 and 1854 they hopped a steamboat to take them down the Mississippi River, then either around Cape Horn or to the Isthmus of Panama where they trekked to the Pacific and continued up to San Francisco. They made it to the gold mines in Hangtown, which changed its name to the more respectable "Placerville" in 1854, and in 1855 my great-grandfather, Charles Whiting Shaff, was born there.

The next three photographs in the book are Joseph's and Betsy's three children, Arthur, Charles, and Walter. Because my grandmother included ages for them, I know the pictures were taken in 1871. These are tintype photographs and therefore don't have any information printed on the back. The family was in Oregon in 1871, so my guess is they were photographed there.

I didn't have much more information on the surface of the pages, so to find more clues I began the dastardly deed of prying open the pages that held the photographs. I found one photo in particular that sent me on a wild journey. On the back of his picture was a handwritten note that said, "Love to all, Walter H. Douglass." I had never heard this last name! It was a mystery, so I did what was necessary: with a sour taste in my mouth and a stomach full of resignation, I began researching my collateral relatives. I did a search on the Shaff women to find married names. Lo and behold, I found that Joseph's sister, Ursula, married Stephen



2nd-great-grandfather, Joseph Shaff



Arthur and Charles Shaff

Douglass, so I added him to my tree. He immediately had a lot of hints, so I clicked on the leaf, hopeful that he had a son named Walter. Well, that one click, that swift movement of my finger on the keyboard, turned my world upside down.

The first hint was a picture, presumably of Stephen Douglass. However, it was the very same picture I have of Henry Shaff at the beginning of my book! My first thought was, how amazing that I found someone in this world with this exact old photo. What are the odds? Then I thought that she had her information wrong, and she'll be so excited to find out that it's actually a picture of Henry, two generations earlier. Then I remembered my concern with the 1839 date when Henry died. Oh, no. Could my information be wrong? My

head swirled and numbness encircled my brain. I had to get up and walk around. Was my mother wrong? That probably means that Grammy was wrong as well. Is that possible? I had to stop researching for the day. Still, I couldn't get these questions out of my head, so after much pacing I contacted the person who had posted the photo. Thankfully I didn't have to sit in discomfort for too long; she wrote back the very same day. She said it was a photo of Stephen Douglass, her 3rd-great-grandfather. She was quite certain because her mother and grandmother both had told her it was Stephen. I had to admit that it made more sense because of the time frame. The amount of anxiety and shock that coursed through my veins, though, was enough to flatten a bull.

Linda, my newfound cousin, also had the photo of Walter H. Douglass and one of his wife, who had written only "Courtesy of Mme. Walter H. Douglass" on the back. We both had these pictures as well as one of his brother William. I'm going to send her snapshots of other photos I have of people who remain unknown; perhaps she can shine a light. She opened up a big, cavernous vortex into which I fell; maybe now she'll throw me a flashlight!

The drama of uncovering the people of this book continues. An heirloom should evoke pleasant, heartfelt memories of the people who handed it to you. My joy is not only thinking of my Mom and Grammy, but it now also includes the thrill of uncovering more ancestors. Yes, it has truly been a thrill.

I have one more story that is now a precious memory attach to this heirloom. My best friend Anneliese



To Charley W. Shaff



Sabrina Trombley photo, ca. 1865

came to help me with the names of the people, the places, and other things waiting to be uncovered. The last photo was of a young boy, the smallest of all the photos. He had a large clown-like bow tie which made us snicker just a little. We pulled the photo out, and in pencil on the back it read, "To Charley W. Shaff" [my great-grandfather]. I didn't notice the "To" because it was so faded, so I thought it was a photo of C.W. Anneliese noticed it, and I had to admit that it was not C.W. She also noticed some very faint writing in the front, below the picture. We needed a magnifying glass and more light; it looked like the last name was Trombly. Betsy's sister Almeda Scott (not Shaff) married a Trombly, which I discovered through those newly-researched collateral relatives. I looked at the children, four Trombly boys, but none of those first names looked like the one on the photo. Big loop, scribble, scribble, then another big loop and more scribbles. We couldn't read it, but we could rule out the boys' names.

Anneliese said, "Maybe it's a girl." I looked again. "No way, it is definitely a boy."

"It looks like it says Sabina or Sabrina, something like that."

I looked it over again. "No, I don't think so, and no way is it a girl, Anneliese. No way."

"It looks like she has something pulling her hair back. Why don't you do a search on the name Sabrina?"

"Why? I don't have any Sabrinas in my tree."

"Don't search your tree, just search the name."

"Why?"

"Just try it!"

Harumph. "I don't have anyone by that name!"

She stopped, huffed right back at me, and said, "Humor me."

Well, that's what best friends do, right? I put my arrogant and stubborn nature aside.

"You want me to just type in "Sabrina" into a new search?"

"Yes."

"Well, OK, fine... with the last name 'Trombly?'"

"YES!"

I was a little frustrated and she was basically pleading, so I typed in Sabrina Trombly, and guessed her birth date to be around 1850, give or take five years.

You guessed it, she popped right up. There is a Trombly named Sabrina! The photo was indeed a girl, Anneliese was right, and more research proved it. Sabrina was the same age as C.W., born in 1855. She lived in New York and he in Oregon; this must be how they stayed in touch in the 1860s. Sorry, Sabrina, for thinking you were a boy. And sorry, Anneliese, for being so stubborn.

On a card once I read, "Don't worry, dear, the mess is so often where the magic is." This journey has felt magical and brought more joy and new memories than I ever imagined. I debunked the myth of the first picture in the book, put faces to the 2nd-great-grandparents who came to California, discovered the importance of collateral relatives, met a new cousin, and spent precious time with my best friend. This all happened because of a simple prompt for *Ancestors West*. Thank you, Kristin and the AW team!



Back of CdV (visiting card) with stamp

Postscript:

Through this research I discovered some interesting tidbits about old photographs. We've all heard of daguerreotypes, widely used between 1839 and 1855. We've also heard of tintypes, which were used between 1854 and the early twentieth century. Have you heard of Carte-de-Visite? The Carte-de-Visite, or CdV, is French for "visiting card." French daguerreotypist André Adolphe-Eugène Disdéri patented a method for exposing multiple negatives onto a single plate in 1854, resulting in 2 1/2- by 4-inch albumen prints. These were intended to replace conventional calling cards, and people sent them to family hither and yon.

Next, I found out about the stamps on the back of some photos. Use of photographic portraits exploded during the Civil War when people wanted photos of their men before they left for duty, and the men wanted photos of their family and love interests. The Federal Government took notice, and the newly created Office of Internal Revenue (est. 1862) set a tax on these photographs. Photographers would collect the tax and then adhere a stamp to the back of the photo, writing on it to cancel it out. The tax was called the "Sun Picture Tax" because the sun is always used to create the photographs. The first iteration of a photograph in the 1820s was called a "heliograph," from the Greek word for "sun writing."

The tax began on August 1, 1864, and ended by August 1, 1866, repealed due to the constant effort of photographers who felt it was an unfair tax. How fortunate for those of us who have a photo with a stamp on it; we know the photo was taken during this small window of time.

The irony of this Stamp Tax is not lost on those of us who enjoy American history. The British imposed a Stamp Act on colonists in 1765, imposed because Britain was heavily in debt after the Seven Years War. 100 years later America imposed a stamp tax because of its own major war.



Kate Lima recently retired from UCSB, leaving the university after 28 years to enjoy her grandson, writing and genealogy.

C.E. Baird's Covered Bridge

By Anneliese Ullrich

MANY MEMBERS OF MY FATHER'S side of the family give a place of honor to the same type of heirloom, an oil painting created by Grandma/ Great-grandma Clara Baird. None of us have the same painting, but each one is cherished. Mine is a covered bridge. I vaguely remember Great-grandma gifting it to my mother on her birthday when I was very young. I inherited it when my mother passed away.



Clara Elizabeth Baird

On a recent trip to visit my Ullrich relatives in Pennsylvania, I asked my father and his siblings if they had any of their grandma's pictures. Every one of the six out of seven remaining siblings has one or more of her paintings. They each have fond childhood memories of her, and they all mentioned her being a painter.

My great-grandmother, Clara Elizabeth Lane, was born on January 9, 1893, in Yonkers, New York, to Elizabeth Van Deursen and her husband, James Moody Lane. She was the granddaughter of Scottish pioneers who helped settle Ontario, Canada: an English immigrant and a Civil War soldier who lost part of an arm at the Battle of Antietam. She married Archie Francis Baird on September 9, 1916. The family left Yonkers to live in Reading (pronounced "Redding"), Pennsylvania, where Archie became comptroller for Pomeroy's Department Store. They lived there for many years.



Given to Aunt Maggie and Uncle Jeff



Given to my mother Sandy on her birthday

Clara was a housewife who raised four children including my Grandma, Elizabeth "Betty" Muriel Baird. She also belonged to the dramatics division of the Wyoming Woman's Club that held regular events such as dances, bridge tournaments, and teas to raise money for local charities and organizations. My guess is that she was involved in set design since she was a prolific painter. Her name appeared often in the society pages of the *Reading Times*.



From my third cousin

Great-grandma would not sell her paintings, but she gave them away to family and friends. She also gave art lessons out of her home. My aunts Kathy and Tina remember summers when the boys (including my father John) went fishing with a German uncle, and the girls stayed with Grandma Baird for a week and got art lessons. If they thought Grandpa Archie was being mean to their grandma, the girls would put hairbrushes under the covers at the foot of his bed for him to find when he climbed in at night. Ouch! They would laugh when they heard him swear and throw the hairbrush across the room. He died in 1967, the year I was born.

Great-grandma Baird died in March of 1976 when I was just eight years old. My memories of her are fuzzy since I did not get to spend much time with her. My father was stationed at Patuxent River Naval Air Station in southern Maryland, so we did not see her very often. But I remember that she was a warm and welcoming lady who loved to have visitors, especially when they were children. They never left empty-handed. The genealogist in me wishes that I could meet her now as an adult. What fun it would be to visit with her over a cup of tea, hear her stories, and get oil painting lessons!



Another given to Aunt Maggie and Uncle Jeff



Anneliese's childhood picture



Always hung in Grandma Ullrich's house



Grandma Ullrich's painting inherited by my father



Anneliese Ullrich has been interested in genealogy for over 10 years. She lives in Oxnard and teaches the 5th grade. She endeavors to interest her students in learning about our nation's history as well as the roles their families played in it.

Family Gatherings on Zoom

By Milt Hess

AS I'VE DISCOVERED cousins in the various branches of my family, I've fantasized about holding family gatherings in order to meet them all. The prospect of arranging such events was daunting, however, and I never did anything about it – until recently.

Having spent a year using Zoom for meetings, webinars, and synagogue services, it finally occurred to me that it would be a way to conduct family gatherings. I've done three so far, and this article shares my experience.

I decided to start with my immediate family – my first cousins – before branching out to the extended family.

I had seven first cousins in my mother's family, of whom three are still living. Including myself and my sons, there are 28 descendants of my maternal grandparents old enough to participate.



Milt's maternal grandparents, Louis and Anna Rae Goldstick

On my father's side of the family, I had five first cousins, of whom one is still living. Including myself and my sons, there are 24 descendants of my paternal grandparents old enough to participate.

Neither side of my family is close-knit. That was true growing up, and with geographical dispersion, it's especially true now. I view these Zoom gatherings as much more than a chance to chit-chat. I see them as an opportunity to introduce ourselves to one another and to forge a family bond that has been missing.

Given that we would probably have about 20 participants from each side of my family, I decided to hold a separate Zoom session for each. In retrospect, that was



Milt's mother Bernice (second from right) and her siblings.

a good decision for two reasons. First, 20 people proved to be a manageable number to give everyone a chance to talk. Second, the two sides of my family have no common history at all.



My father (in the middle), uncles, and cousins in 1955, Milt is on the right

Planning and Preparation for the First Family Gathering

I started with a session for my mother's family. Here's the five-step process I followed to plan and prepare for the event.

1. **Send out a heads-up** email alerting everyone in my family's address book that we'll have a Zoom family gathering. I didn't set a date because I didn't know how long it would take to get ready. The message included a list of the people for whom I didn't have an email address and a request to fill in the blanks. This required some follow-up, but eventually I did get all the addresses.
2. **Prepare a descendant tree** for the whole family (truncated) and an individual tree for each branch. Store them on Google Drive for sharing.
3. **Prepare a short history** of the family – where our grandparents were born, their parents, emigration to America, and their life here.
4. **Send the invitation** with the date and time for the event, including the history, the links to the family trees, and some photographs.
5. **Send a message** with the Zoom link and guidance for how we'll conduct the session. I sent this message just a few days before the event so that it wouldn't get buried in people's inboxes.

Conducting the Zoom Session

If you've participated in Zoom sessions with lots of people chit-chatting, you know that several people talking at once just doesn't work well. To give each family member the opportunity to introduce him/her-

self, I came up with a protocol and described it in the email with the Zoom link. Here's what I wrote:

I'll call on you one by one and invite you to tell us a bit about yourself ...

Your spouse, kids, and grandkids

Where you live

If you're working, what you do, if retired what you did

Something unique that you'd like to share – perhaps a special interest or hobby

This simple format worked remarkably well. Giving each person the opportunity to talk without interruption reduced the tendency to barge in. Sure, there were occasional interjections, and some people went on a little long, but overall everyone seemed to feel that they had been able to tell their own story and learn about the others.

Second Family Gathering

The feedback was enthusiastically positive, so I used the same process to plan and conduct the family gathering for my father's family. I did introduce one enhancement – a more extensive family history document. In addition to my grandparents and their parents and children, I introduced my grandparents' siblings with what I know about them. These grand-aunts and -uncles were new to everyone, as

great-grandfather, Abraham Adler, and my great-grandfather were step-brothers. Abraham had two sons, Hermann and Bernhard. Bernhard came to America and lived in New York at first. Hermann and his wife perished in the Holocaust, but their son, Kurt, made it to America. Kurt also settled in New York.

Once again, I prepared for the Zoom call by getting email addresses for everyone, generating family trees, compiling a document with what I know of Abraham's family, and extending the invitation with a description of how we would conduct the session.

As the cousins introduced themselves, Hermann's granddaughters were fascinated to realize that they remembered visiting "Uncle" Bernhard as youngsters. They were delighted to meet his grandson and realize that they are second cousins. Their children – all adults now – gained insights into their family's history.

As the family genealogist, I got to share some of my own discoveries. When one of Hermann's daughters questioned what I listed as the place of Hermann's death (Treblinka), I followed up to send her the documentary evidence. She said that the family had never before been able to learn where Hermann died.

Go For It!

If you've been thinking of using Zoom for a family gathering, my experience says, "Go for it!" You'll need current email addresses for everyone you want to include, so allow

time to collect the ones you're missing. Also, the family history document, trees and photos are important to stimulate interest, so plan to devote some effort to them.

The protocol of your event will depend on the relationship among the participants. In my family's case, giving each person the opportunity to make an introduction was important. A closer-knit family might adopt a different format. Remember that talking time is rarely distributed uniformly in a group, so you'll need a way to encourage the quiet people to share and the verbose people to yield the stage.

These Zoom sessions rewarded the time and effort I've devoted to my genealogy research – to

discovering my ancestors and finding their descendants, my cousins. Without the research, I would never have known of these folks. Having the opportunity to meet and talk to them is a privilege for which I am so grateful.



Milt Hess started trying to discover his family 20 years ago. He has found his extended family and learned about his roots in Germany, Latvia, and Lithuania. Before retiring to Santa Barbara with his wife, Cecia, he enjoyed a career in IT as a consultant and project manager. He is chair of the City's Library Board, a member of the County's Library Advisory Committee, and a member of the SBCGS Technology Team.

Spouses and Children

Leo didn't marry, but the other surviving children married:

- Ida married Herman Sternfield and had two children, Mildred and Max. She was always known as Elsie in America. Here's a [link](#) to Elsie's family tree.



Ida/Elsie



Mildred & Herman



Max & Toby



Fred, Elsie, & Martin

none of us had ever been told of them. I added photos to the document and embedded the links to the family trees on Google Drive. Here's a snippet from the document.

Embedding the photos in the document worked much better than sending them separately as attachments

I used the same protocol to conduct this Zoom meeting, and again, it worked as intended. Everyone got to talk uninterrupted, yet there was a lot of pleasant interaction.

Extended Family – Third Cousins

I was now ready to branch out to meet second and third cousins, whom I knew mainly as boxes on the family tree. I had corresponded with some of them, of course, but I hadn't met them.

I started with a relatively small cluster of four half-third cousins and their children in my father's family. Their

Four Generations of a Little Red Chair

By Sharon Knickrehm Summer

MY TWO-YEAR-OLD SELF thought my grandfather built the little chair for me in 1945. I had always believed this, until decades later when I figured out the truth. He had constructed the chair about 1918 for his daughter, Evelyn May Lowman, and not for me.

I remember the day I got the red chair, some seventy years ago. That day when my mother and I walked into the backyard of my grandfather's two-acre "ranch" in Arcadia, California, I saw a short little chair on the grass, just the right size for me, all shiny and new-looking in its thick coat of fresh bright red paint. Mother and my grandfather talked as I stood mesmerized by the sight. When they told me that I could sit down in it, I did so, immediately taking possession of this wonderful gift from my beloved grandfather. "It was mine!" said my two-year-old self.

Later I realized my grandfather, Orlo Grant Lowman (1885-1958), was handy with tools. He made furniture and was always fixing things. So it was natural for me to decide that he made that chair for me, especially since he and mother had just been talking about how he'd recently finished it. I was so happy that he'd made a me-sized chair in my favorite color: fire engine red!

I've kept that chair with me ever since. Years later my own son David sat in the chair and then his girls, my grandchildren Karen and Laura.



Raggedy Ann lounges in the little red chair.



The little red chair in 2021

Decades later, when genealogy got hold of me, I was looking through some old photos left to me by my grandparents. It was then that I came upon a picture of the chair with my mother's younger sister, Louise Lowman, sitting in it. In my chair! Louise looked to be about two years old, the chair fitting her perfectly, and she was born in 1920. Obviously, the chair



Sharon's son, David Bryan Stout, Christmas Day, age 2, 1965

preceded me. And even as an adult, I felt disappointed that my grandfather, my favorite person in the whole wide world, had not made the chair especially for me. But I recovered. I do know he re-painted the chair for me to sit in, and that's good enough.

My grandfather probably built the chair for my mother, Evelyn May, who

was born in 1917. If so, he built it in 1918, twenty-five years before I was born.

When my own son came along, he enjoyed using the red chair. Years later his daughters also loved the chair when they came to our house. They often used it as a stool, a platform for small toys, a place to sit to imagine tales, to cuddle a stuffed animal, as part of a fort, or simply to look at.

Now, at 103 years old, it has already been enjoyed by four generations. It is still a very special heirloom to us all.



Louise Lowman, 1920-1932, sister of my mother Evelyn Lowman, 1917-1975



Builder of the little red chair, my much-loved grandfather, Orlo Grant Lowman (1885-1958), called "OG."



Sharon's granddaughter, Karen Rose, February 2002



Laura in the chair feeds a toy dog "bean soup," 2007

Sharon Diane Knickrehm Summer enjoys multiple aspects of genealogy. Among them she likes doing research, writing articles and vignettes for her memoir, creating pages for her family history books, and learning more about the history of the world in the process.



My Aunt Barbara

A Paperhanger Extraordinaire

By Dorothy Jones Oksner

Definition of a paperhanger:

1. one that applies wallpaper
2. slang: one who passes worthless checks

YOU WOULD THINK MY STORY would be about hanging Victorian wallpaper and how artistic and creative that could be as a profession, but read on about the story of my Aunt Barbara, who was very creative but in a different profession, and it wasn't about wallpaper.

From the Beginning

First things first

My aunt, Barbara Lieb, was born on September 9, 1911, in Santa Barbara, California, and according to her birth record, she was "not named." Her father's name was William Lieb (Lieberknecht), and her mother's name was Florence Wenzel. The address was "Anapamu House" in Santa Barbara. This birth record was found and confirmed by an amended birth affidavit filed in the county by Barbara and her niece, my sister, in 1972, supposedly to allow Barbara to obtain welfare or Social Security benefits even though she was only 60 years old. She stated her name was Barbara Rosemarie Lieb Tuttle on the affidavit.

Barbara used the surname Lieb up until 1926 when she began using the surname McLean, her stepfather's name. Her mother, Florence, had married David McLean. In 1928 Barbara supposedly married Arthur Currier, and in the 1935 Santa Barbara city directory she is living with Byron Short and using his surname. In 1945 she began using the name Tuttle and was living with Arthur Dale Tuttle, M.D., according to the Tacoma, Washington, city directory. This is where the story really begins.

A Different Life

Several years ago, on a whim, I began fishing around *Ancestry.com* for my Aunt Barbara Tuttle, looking to add some biographical information to my family tree. Right away I came across a newspaper article titled "Live Oak Doctor Left Estate of \$1500." I had searched the name "Barbara Tuttle" and had found this article. Oh, I thought, this probably isn't my Aunt Barbara. But when recalling childhood memories of my aunt and stories from my mother (her sister), I thought twice about the possibility that this could be her named in the article.

I remember meeting a man, "Ted" Tuttle who Barbara had brought to my grandmother's house on my birthday in September 1947. I'm assuming that date because they both signed a promissory note with that date for \$1850.44 payable to my grandmother and her husband, David McLean. They both acted very energized and a little crazy in my six-year-old observation. They told a story of having recently been in an automobile accident in New Mexico. This was confirmed by a newspaper article: "Portales Man is Seriously Injured." Barbara Tuttle was accompanying him and received only minor injuries. Her front teeth had been knocked out and were replaced by false teeth. This I remember as a child.

Locating Barbara and Arthur Tuttle in the 1945 city directory in Tacoma, Washington, led me to believe they had met right after World War II in 1945. I found his arrival in San Francisco from Guam on a California Arriving Passenger and Crew List on February 16, 1947. But, wait. They were in an auto accident in New Mexico in 1946, and it had been reported that his neck had been broken. And then he flew to Guam using his military ID? This guy was slippery. It has been reported he had five so-called wives, but I could only document two marriages.





Woman Held on Check Charge

Mrs. Barbara R. Tuttle, whose husband is a "long week-end" includes charges of a one-time promised husband and former employment with a famous general, took up residence today at the Santa Rita just awaiting trial on a charge of bad check passing.

Attractive and well-dressed, Mrs. Tuttle appeared before Police Judge Edward J. Smith yesterday to plead guilty to one count. Four other charges of bad check writing were dismissed and she was certified to Superior Court for trial.

Mrs. Tuttle, who freely admitted writing checks to obtain money to buy liquor, told officers a rambling story of a surgeon-husband, who lost the use of his hands in an automobile accident and took to drink. She followed a similar direction.

The woman, who has been living with a family at 8000 Broadway Terrace, also informed police she was a member of a prominent Santa Barbara family and had worked at one time as a secretary to Maj. Gen. William H. Simpson.

Mrs. Tuttle, who admitted to writing eight fictitious checks in all, entered the guilty plea to a complaint charging the passing of a check for \$100 on Marin Damonte, owner of a liquor store at 8120 La Salle Avenue.

Before pleading guilty to a bad check charge, Mrs. Barbara Tuttle told police a story of one-time fame and fortune.

Bad Check Charge Holds Woman

Mrs. Barbara R. Tuttle, who identifies herself as the wife of Dr. Arthur D. Tuttle, surgeon and former hospital operator of Portales, New Mexico, pleaded guilty to a bad check charge before Police Judge Edward J. Smith in Oakland yesterday.

She was certified to Superior Court and four other bad check charges were dismissed.

Mrs. Tuttle, who says she is a graduate of Vassar, was accused of giving eight worthless checks to an Oakland liquor dealer and with passing three others in an Oakland tavern.

She assertedly told Policewoman Mauriene Flores: "I haven't drawn a sober breath in six months."

She told a pathetic story which attributed misfortunes of herself and missing husband to an automobile accident which injured her husband's hands and incapacitated him as a surgeon. Authorities of Portales, however, cast doubt on the story and said Dr. and Mrs. Tuttle had a record of passing bad checks in that community.

Live Oak Doctor Left Estate Of \$1,500

YUBA CITY (Sutter Co.), Nov. 24.—Sutter County Coroner Burwell Ulrey said he will appear in the Sutter County Superior Court December 10th for the reading of the will left by the late Dr. Arthur D. Tuttle, 44 year old Live Oak, Sutter County, physician whose death on October 9th was regarded by Sutter authorities as suicidal.

Ulrey said the will, produced several weeks ago by Dr. Tuttle's attorney, in Santa Barbara, is in respect to an estate valued at approximately \$1,500. Dated November 15, 1946 in Wilmington, it is in favor of Mrs. Barbara R. Tuttle, an exwife who at present is serving a term in a state penitentiary. Dr. Tuttle died in a local hospital after being found in his Live Oak home where his wife, Alberta, lay dead in an adjoining bedroom. The deaths were found to have been caused by poisoning, believed self administered. Ulrey said he expects to be named administrator of the will in view of the legal complications which have arisen.

Mystery Woman Passes Bad Check for Whisky Purchase

A mystery woman who babbled about high Washington connections, none of which police could confirm, pleaded guilty in Oakland yesterday to passing a worthless check for whisky.

Mrs. Barbara R. Tuttle, 35, of 8000 Broadway Terrace, was sent to the Santa Rita Prison Farm to await a possible sentence of from one to fourteen years.

Originally accused of passing \$70 in worthless paper to a

liquor dealer, Mrs. Tuttle pleaded guilty to one charge before Police Judge Edward J. Smith.

To Policewoman Naurine Flores Mrs. Tuttle had originally said she was secretary to Secretary of State Marshall. Later, she had said she was secretary to another general.

Yesterday, Mrs. Tuttle declared she had been married to a doctor in Portales, N. M., but had gone on a drinking spree when he left her.

Back to the \$1500 estate in favor of Barbara R. Tuttle article that had first piqued my curiosity and interest into diving deeper into this story. In Yuba City, Sutter County, California, on December 10, 1948, there was a reading of the will dated November 15, 1946, in Wilmington, California, left by the late Dr. Arthur D. Tuttle, a 44-year-old Live Oak, Sutter County physician "whose death on October 19, 1948, was regarded by Sutter officials as suicidal." "It is in favor of Mrs. Barbara R. Tuttle, an ex-wife who at present is serving a term in a state penitentiary." This would be the Santa Rita Prison Farm. The will had been sent by Arthur Tuttle's unnamed Santa Barbara attorney. More about this "suicide" later.

A Life of Crime

Several articles from various newspapers dated July 17, 1948, related the events of the day regarding the criminal charges against Barbara R. Tuttle in Oakland, Alameda County, for passing bad checks. Each article had varied information. One cited Barbara as having told the authorities she was "the wife of Dr. Arthur D. Tuttle, surgeon and former hospital operator in Portales, New Mexico," that she was a graduate of Vassar College and "told a pathetic story which attributed the misfortunes of herself and missing husband to an automobile accident, which injured her husband's hands and incapacitated him as a surgeon. Authorities of Portales, however, cast doubt on the story and said Dr. and Mrs. Tuttle had a record of passing bad checks in that (Portales, NM) community." Barbara also told a deputy she hadn't drawn a sober breath in six months since her husband left her in October 1947.

In another article entitled "Mystery Woman Passes Bad Check for Whisky Purchase," "she babbled about high Washington connections, none of which police could confirm." To a police-woman she had originally said she was secretary to Secretary of State Marshall. Later, she had said she was secretary to another general. In the 1945 Tacoma, Washington city directory she is shown as a secretary to John R. Campbell. Another article stated that "at one time she was secretary to Maj. General William H. Simpson," and that she was a member of a prominent Santa Barbara family. There was a Lt. General William H. Simpson living in Tacoma, Washington in 1946, nine miles from Fort Lewis, a US Army base. Simpson had become a four-star General by the end of his career in 1946.

Barbara had been sent to the Santa Rita Prison Farm to await a possible sentence of from one to fourteen years. This was in July 1948. Another report states she was serving a six-month term as part of three years' probation given on bad check charges.

The Mysterious "Dual Suicide"

Many newspaper articles about Arthur Tuttle's death related events that happened on October 9, 1948, in Live Oak, Sutter County, California, and the discovery of the dual "suicide." The sheriff was called to investigate the failure of the couple to answer telephone calls or the doorbell. Officials determined that Mrs. Tuttle was dead when Dr. Tuttle phoned the druggist in the morning of October 9 asking him to place a sign on his office door saying he would not be seeing patients. He told the druggist he was feeling ill and would not be seeing patients until noon Friday and would pick up his pre-ordered sulfa drugs then.

The autopsy revealed that Mrs. Tuttle had been dead for more than 24 hours. The sheriff's theory was that Dr. Tuttle returned home the previous Thursday to find his wife had taken her life, and then he committed suicide. Both victims' organs were sent to a San Francisco pathologist to determine the cause of the deaths. The reports were mixed as to the location of each body. In one account they were in separate bedrooms, in another they were on separate twin beds in the same room. Both were fully

Deaths Of Sutter Physician, Wife Create Mystery

(McClatchy Newspapers Service)
LIVE OAK (Sutter Co.), Oct. 2. The Sutter County authorities today were faced with what they called a "complete mystery" in the deaths of Dr. Arthur D. Tuttle, 44, and his wife, Alberta, 36.

Mrs. Tuttle was found dead late yesterday in the Tuttle home on the Pacific Highway here and Dr. Tuttle was unconscious. He was taken to the Sutter County Hospital in Yuba City where he succumbed early today without regaining consciousness.

Autopsies Are Performed
An autopsy was performed on Mrs. Tuttle last night by Dr. Jerome Whitney and Dr. Benjamin Miller and one on Dr. Tuttle this morning by Dr. Miller and Dr. Edmond Minahan.

Coroner Burwell Ulrey, Deputy Coroner Walter Ulrey and Deputy Sheriff C. Earl Blackburn said the autopsies revealed "exactly nothing" toward determining the cause of the deaths and left them mystified.

Wife Died Thursday
The deputy coroner said, however, the report of the autopsy surgeons stated the wife had been dead for more than 24 hours, indicating she probably succumbed Thursday morning.

The vital organ of the couple were to be sent to Dr. Joseph Swinn, San Francisco pathologist, today for a more minute examination.

The discovery of Mrs. Tuttle's body and her unconscious husband was made late yesterday by Sheriff G. W. Carpenter and Deputy Blackburn when they were called to investigate the failure of the couple to answer telephone calls or the door bell.

Blackburn said Mrs. Tuttle was lying on a bed in one bedroom and the doctor on a bed in another bedroom. Both were fully clothed and there was no evidence, he said, of any disturbance or that either had taken poison or a drug.

No Clues Found
"There was absolutely nothing in the house to indicate what could have happened," Blackburn said. "And the report of the autopsy surgeons leaves us just as much in the dark. We have no idea what caused their deaths, except that it was not the result of any violence such as gun wounds or assault."

Don Eich, local druggist, said Dr. and Mrs. Tuttle came to Live Oak last March after he had advertised for a doctor to come to the town and set up a practice. They came from Wilmington, where Dr. Tuttle had been engaged in the practice of industrial medicine.

Telephoned To Druggist
Dr. Tuttle served in the army during the last war as a lieutenant colonel. He saw service in the South Pacific for considerable what Eich said. Dr. Tuttle called him Thursday and ordered sulphur drugs for which he would call later in the day. Eich said the doctor called again and asked him to put a sign on his office door stating he was ill and would be unable to attend to patients.

The druggist said the doctor further told him he would be in his office at noon the next day. He reported Mrs. Tuttle was a nurse and worked with her husband on his case.

Dual Poisoning Stays Mystery

Poisoning caused the deaths of Dr. Arthur B. Tuttle and his wife at their home near Yuba City in Sutter County a week ago, authorities revealed today, but still a "deep a mystery as ever" is the reason behind the acts.

The doctor, who had a lucrative country practice, and his wife and office nurse, Alberta, 36, were found dead in separate rooms when Sheriff G. W. Carpenter broke into their locked home last Friday.

A pathology report revealed that Mrs. Tuttle died from one type of poison and Dr. Tuttle from another. An undated note left by Dr. Tuttle stated briefly:

"I came home and found my wife dead. I don't know what the cause was."

There were no notes from the wife or any indication that a note had been destroyed, Sheriff Carpenter said.

The physician, who had been a skilled surgeon until an automobile accident affected his hands, was last seen on the Wednesday evening preceding the discovery.

Also involved, Sheriff Carpenter said, is the legal question of whether Dr. Tuttle was ever divorced from another wife, Barbara, 35, now serving a six-month term at Santa Rita prison farm as part of three years probation given on bad check charges.

Mrs. Tuttle told Alameda County authorities her husband disappeared from sight after leaving their home in Santa Barbara on October 15, 1947, and as far as she knew they had never been divorced. Dr. Tuttle married his office nurse in January of this year in Nevada.

dressed, and there was no evidence of violence, disturbance, poison, or drugs. Arthur's death certificate shows immediate cause undetermined pending report of pathologist with a later notation of "10-15-48 results of toxicological examination reveal the presence of a derivative of barbituric acid as well as oxydimorphine." One

report said, "Mrs. Tuttle, the Doctor's fourth wife, died from strychnine; the doctor died from a dose of morphine and barbiturates."

A note from Dr. Tuttle read, "I don't know why? But my wife was dead at 8:25 a.m. ADT (his initials) approximately 6-8 hours." No notes were found written by Mrs. Tuttle. Officials had no way of determining whether the poison and drugs were self-administered. Sheriff Carpenter said the legal question was whether Dr. Tuttle was ever divorced from another wife, Barbara, 35, now serving time in prison. This may have been why Coroner Ulrey said he expected he would be named to administer the will in view of "legal complications which have arisen." What were these legal complications he suspected or knew about? Most likely it was because the named executrix would be unable to act since she was in prison.

The druggist said that Dr. Tuttle had come to Live Oak last March (1948) in answer to the druggist's advertisement for a doctor to come to the town and set up a practice. He

Former Portales Physician, Wife Die In California

LIVE OAK, Calif., (AP) — Coroner S. W. Ulrey said Tuesday he can only surmise as to the suicide angle in the mysterious deaths of Dr. Arthur D. Tuttle, 44, and his wife, Alberta, 36.

Dr. Joseph Swinn, San Francisco police department pathologist, reported to the coroner that Mrs. Tuttle — the doctor's fourth wife — died from strychnine; that the doctor died from a dose of morphine and barbiturates.

On Oct. 10 neighbors found Mrs. Tuttle dead on one bed, and the doctor in a comb on another. He died soon after. Both were fully dressed.

Coroner Ulrey said he found a note which read: "I don't know why? But my wife was dead at 8:25 a.m. ADT. (the doctor's initials) approximately 6-8 hours."

Ulrey said "we still have absolutely no way of determining whether either the poison which caused her death or the drug which ended the doctor's life was self-administered. Even though we now know the nature of the drug which brought death, we can only surmise as to the suicide angle."

The Tuttles, formerly of Portales, N. M., had lived in Live Oak only a few months and had no close friends here.

PORTALES, N. M. — Dr. A. D. Tuttle, who was one of Portales' most successful physicians and surgeons, left here about two years ago, following an automobile wreck in which he sustained a broken neck.

Dr. Tuttle originally came to Portales as a minister for the Seventh Day Adventist church, and practiced medicine. He erected a small private hospital and had a successful practice. He entered the army medical corps, served in Guam, and was discharged with the rank of lieutenant colonel. When he came back to Portales, Barbara Tuttle, a third wife was with him. Friends here had had no word of the couple since they left about two years ago.

Two Are Sentenced on Bad-Check Charges

North Platte, Neb. (UP)—Barbara Tuttle, about 45, and Ronald Oppman, 23, were given State Reformatory sentences by Judge I. J. Nisley for cashing two phony checks in North Platte.

The Tuttle woman was sentenced to not less than two and not more than three years on both counts. Oppman received sentences of not less than one year nor more than two years on each count.

said they (the Tuttles) came from Wilmington where Dr. Tuttle had been engaged in the practice of industrial medicine. Remember, the will had been written in Wilmington on November 15, 1946, and had been witnessed by two people living in the San Francisco area. The wife referred to in the dual suicide was Alberta Burghardt, whose family lived in the Wilmington area. Alberta was a nurse. Barbara had told Alameda County officials she did not know she and Arthur had been divorced. If they had never been married, then they would not have been divorced.

I am supposing that Barbara and Arthur were living in Wilmington in November 1946 when he made his will naming Barbara his executrix and beneficiary. Arthur met nurse Alberta there, and when he split from Barbara in January 1948, he ran off with Alberta to Live Oak in Sutter County to set up a new life and medical practice with her.

Several unresolved questions are: Where was Arthur returning from at 8:25 in the morning when he found Alberta dead? Why would he have told the druggist that he would see patients and pick up his prescriptions the next day if he was going to commit suicide? Did he poison Alberta and know he

would be found guilty of homicide? Why did Barbara say he left her in October 1947? There were a lot of inconsistencies in the reported dates of events.

Life in the Fast Lane

By July 6, 1949, Barbara was back in Santa Barbara, having been court ordered to the Camarillo State Hospital where she was discharged June 29, 1950. I suppose the order was due to her alcoholism, which may have been considered a mental condition at the time. I was nine years old then. Barbara must have come to live with us, as my mother accused her of taking coins from my bank box and of forging my mother's name on her stolen checks. This must have been when Barbara spent time in Corona at the women's prison in Southern California. I have requested a criminal record from the Santa Barbara County Superior Court. The state prison records are only kept from 1973 forward. In 1951-1952 Barbara was living with her mother, Florence Wenzel McLean, and stepfather, David McLean. But where was she between 1952 and 1955? A Santa Barbara County Superior Court criminal record may answer that.

On the Road Again

In January 1955, Barbara and Ronald Oppman, posing as mother and son, took a driving trip in a car borrowed from Martin Wald. Newspaper reports say they abandoned the car in Utah because Barbara said, "It quit running." Barbara admitted to passing eight bad checks in Nevada, but they both were caught in North Platte, Nebraska, as reported in the *Omaha World Herald*. I doubt Barbara knew that her estranged and deceased father, William Lieberknecht, had once worked at the *Herald*. Barbara spent two years in prison and was discharged April 7, 1957. One month later she was back in Santa Barbara working at Devereux School as an executive secretary and living with her mother again, according to the city directory.

Does the End Justify the Means?

From 1957 until Barbara's death in 1975 from lung cancer, she remained in Santa Barbara working at various jobs in the medical field as a secretary, a legal secretary, and a deputy clerk in Municipal Court! Not knowing Barbara's truthful history, I wrote her obituary that read, "For 20 years she worked in the field of medicine, four of which she worked at the Santa Barbara Medical Clinic as a medical secretary. Recently she had donated much of her time to the Santa Barbara County Detoxification Center at General Hospital. Friends may remember Casa Serena, 1515 Bath St." I had held her hand while she lay dying at Cottage Hospital. I knew she had a drinking problem, and my grandmother Florence had mentioned in passing that she had sent "care packages" to Barbara in Nebraska. Little did I know the whole story of my Aunt Barbara until now.



Barbara and Audrey at the beach.

Dorothy Jones Oksner has been researching her family ancestry since 1986. She has been a member of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society since returning to Santa Barbara in 1997 from Maine where she lived for eight years. She was asked by Jan Cloud to develop a website for the Society in 1998 and has been the Webmaster ever since. She was the Ancestors West editor from 1999 to 2011 and remains on the editorial committee. She also has been a board member and presently is on the IT Team helping to prepare a new website for the Society.



Redmond Burke—Man of Myth and Mystery

By Susan Ham

WARNING:

THIS IS NOT A STORY of happy children in frilly frocks living in a white craftsman house and owning ponies and puppies. It is not comfortable to read. However, it is a true story and the truth is important when recording history whether of the world or one family.

For four generations Redmond Burke was a phantom. Three generations would only know the family rumor that he emigrated from Ireland possibly to Illinois or Northern Missouri, married, had eight children and then disappeared from the face of the earth. Then another unconfirmed tale cropped up that he was "a tyrant of a father, a religious fanatic, beat the boys and was hung for stealing horses."

This was my mother's great-grandfather. Mother in California and her cousins in the Midwest communicated by phone, U.S. mail and occasional visits trying to put together their shared family history, but their great-grandfather remained a phantom, a mystery and source of great curiosity.

Finally, 17 years after our mother's death, my sister and I opened her treasured box of notes, letters and photos to try to finish what she and her cousins, now all deceased, had started in the 1970s. The pandemic gave us plenty of time.

As we pulled together known facts from the notes, some things just didn't add up or make sense. The internet resources led to dead ends. Then one day, December 14, 2020, to be exact, my sister found Redmond Burke's name on an on-line tree of a person we'd never heard of before. On a whim and with small hope my sister left a message with this person and almost immediately got a reply, which put us in touch with the descendant of Redmond Burke's second wife, Julia. This woman was related to us only through marriage.

Her first question was, "Do you really want to know? He was not a nice man." Of course we wanted to know. Personality aside he was our great-great-grandfather and the first of the family here from Ireland.

She emailed us a copy of two newspaper articles. In 1893 Redmond Burke was "lynched" by "regulators" as punishment for his cruelty to his family. The article reported that he had some weeks before threatened to kill his second wife, Julia, but she escaped with the son they had together to the sanctuary of the home of her married daughter in another town. The article went on to say he had "for years been extremely vicious toward his family, beating them and often withholding even life's necessities from them." He had apparently been warned before and a note was left posted on a window, "Three days to leave or worse..."

MR. BURKE "BURKED."

**Regulators Strangle a Wife and Child
Beater.**

BRECKINRIDGE, Mo., Sept. 18.—Redmond Burke, residing in the south part of town, has for years past been extremely vicious toward his family, beating them and often withholding even life's necessities from them. Some two weeks ago he drove his wife and little boy from the house, threatening to kill them if they ever entered the house again. Mrs. Burke went to Kansas City at Tullis court, where she has a married daughter living.

Yesterday morning about 4 o'clock Mr. J. R. Peck and J. T. Alexander, who lived near Burke's home, were awakened by the screams of some person as if in trouble, which was followed by heavy groans, gradually dying away, but heard no words. At daylight they made an examination and from indications concluded that Burke had been tarred and feathered and driven from town, and not until about 6 o'clock did they find him.

About that time others of the neighbors had joined in the investigation, when he was found in his bed entirely lifeless, without any clothes on, but neatly covered with a quilt. The back door had been broken open, and tacked to a window, printed with a lead pencil on a piece of card board, was this notice: "Three days to leave or worse—Klu-Klux."

Upon an examination of the body no bruises were found, but a piece of flour sack was tied about the neck and had been twisted tightly, showing that death had resulted from strangulation. The deceased was about 55 years of age. The coroner will hold an inquest. There is no clew at present writing to the perpetrators of the deed.

He didn't leave and "the worst" happened. His nude body was found in his bed carefully covered by a quilt and a piece of flour sacking still tight around his neck.

Imagine our shock and surprise. This was nothing we expected to find. Then we learned that Redmond, who was almost unknown in life, gained some notoriety in his death which was reported in up to 20 newspapers and in documents on vigilantes and lynchings in the United States.

Slowly we put together the pieces of the puzzle. We learned our great-great-grandmother's name was Mary, and that she had died between 1873 and 1879 while her three youngest children were still at home. One of these children was a son who died young and he is not heard of again after the 1880 census. Redmond did not disappear but had in fact remarried and had a son by his second wife.

We contacted the St. Columban Church in Chillicothe, Missouri, and the current priest was extremely helpful. He sent documents from the 1868, 1870, and 1873 baptisms of the three youngest children and the 1879 marriage record of Redmond (listed as widower) and his second wife (listed as widow). Apparently, the son they had together was not baptized.

We've found documentation on the lives and deaths of the seven surviving siblings and their half-brother but nothing on the one who died young, even after exhaustive research. We cannot find where Redmond and our great-great-grandmother are buried nor any death registries for them. We've checked all the cemeteries in the area and the leads our kind priest at St. Columban provided, to no avail.

That leaves us with serious questions: How did great-great-grandmother, Mary, die at an early age? Why and how did one son die around age 10-14?

However, other questions were answered. The seven surviving siblings all grew to be responsible, caring, community-leading adults with spouses and children. But the five oldest had to know that their youngest siblings were still with Redmond, that he had remarried, and he had fathered another child.

It would seem they circled the wagons in hurt and shame and they kept the big secret of their childhood and father for the rest of their lives. Never a word was mentioned to their children and grandchildren. Some could not even name Redmond on their parent's death certificates.

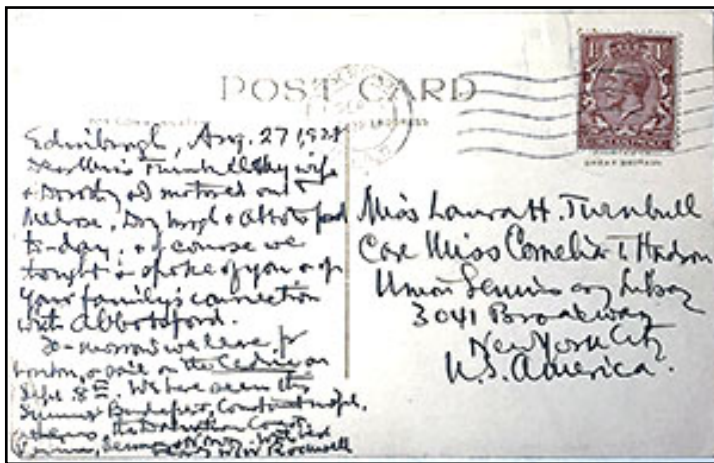
But now the fourth generation knows. The internet can reveal all kinds of secrets. What was, was, and that is the truth of our family. My sister and I and the few cousins we found in the process all agree on one thing: We wish our mothers had had this information and the answer to a question that plagued them.

As our original source told us, Redmond was not a "nice" man. But it is not up to us to judge. It is only up to us to record an accurate history and to be thankful that his offspring all overcame their childhood traumas and became responsible and stable adults.

Surprises Found in my Curbside Lending Library Lead to a Reunion of Artifacts

By Richard Closson

THE INTERNET IS SUCH A LARGE PART of what genealogists do these days, but it's not everything. It is fortunate that there remain bits of intelligence that cannot be supplied artificially yet. Every day genealogists must chase down blind alleys and unlikely paths on the slightest hint that some forgotten, and sometimes illogical, link will be reestablished. The payoff can be the discovery of hidden facts, documents, items, artifacts, and ephemera contained in these sources that are just waiting to be discovered. Here are some local examples, none of which includes a search for ancestors.



This 1928 postcard mailed from Edinburgh, Scotland, was used as a bookmark.

Over the last five years, my curbside lending library has become a resource for neighbors. Though most of my neighbors are readers, some are not but they anonymously donate their unwanted books rather than discard them, never knowing the interest or value they may have in the right hands. A very few donors intentionally leave non-book items that "surely someone will want," but that is a story for another time.

In February 2020, a 1955 edition of *The Scottish Tartans* was left on my lending library shelves. The bookmark in it was a 1928 postcard mailed from Edinburgh, Scotland, to two women at Union Theological Seminary Library in New York City. With an easy internet search, I learned the seminary and library were now part of the Columbia University system.

I emailed images of the postcard to the director of Alumni Services, hoping the addressees had students in the 1920s, and offered to send the postcard to any archive the Seminary kept of past alumni. Unfortunately, the women were not students listed in the alumni directory which dated back to 1836. The director, wondering if the women were library employees, forwarded my email to the Columbia Burke Library, which had taken over the Seminary collection. Again no joy, as the employee records of the library were incomplete. The

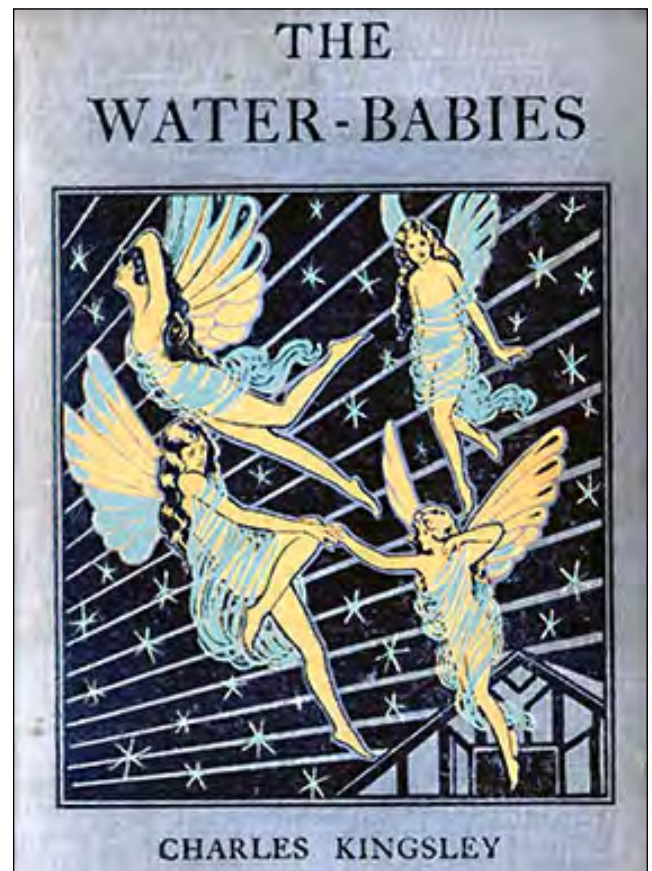
women addressees were still unidentified but the sender of the 1928 card was identified as the longtime head librarian – William Walker Rockwell – for whom the library maintained an extensive catalog.

William Walker Rockwell, Ph.D. (1874-1958), served as the head librarian at the Burke Library from 1925 until his retirement in 1942. He oversaw a substantial growth of the library, including the addition of the Missionary Research Library. He was secretary from 1911 to 1917, and in 1926 he was President of the American Society for Church History. The Burke Library archive was very happy to add the postcard found in Santa Barbara to their collection.

January 2021 saw the lending library arrival of a 1932 first edition of *The Water-Babies: A Fairy Tale for a Land-Baby* by Charles Kingsley. Locked in its Depression



The best extant image of Rockwell from the Burke Library Archives, Columbia University, New York City.



The literary prize for a wartime school spelling contest.

era time bubble and of little monetary value, it had a bookplate saying that in June 1939 it was presented as a Spelling Prize to a student at Colindale School (now



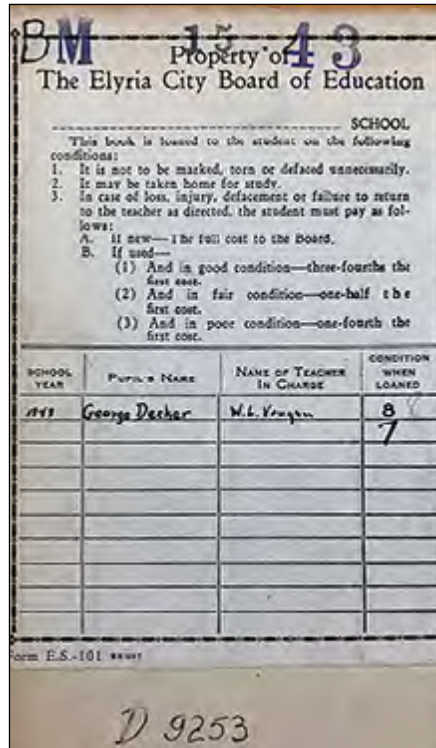
A June 1939 bookplate inscribed to spelling winner Colin Gordon.

Colindale Primary School) in a London suburb. As the war in Europe spread to England, many London families sought relatives and friends elsewhere to harbor children for safety from the expected city bombings. Colindale was a near-but-outside-London destination for many students.

A quick email exchange with the current

head teacher resulted in the book being returned to be part of an exhibition, Colindale Primary School in the Last 100 Years, the school's centenary celebration. The curriculum for 10- to 11-year-olds (called "Year 6") includes the study of World War II, and the book will be a touchstone in that curriculum.

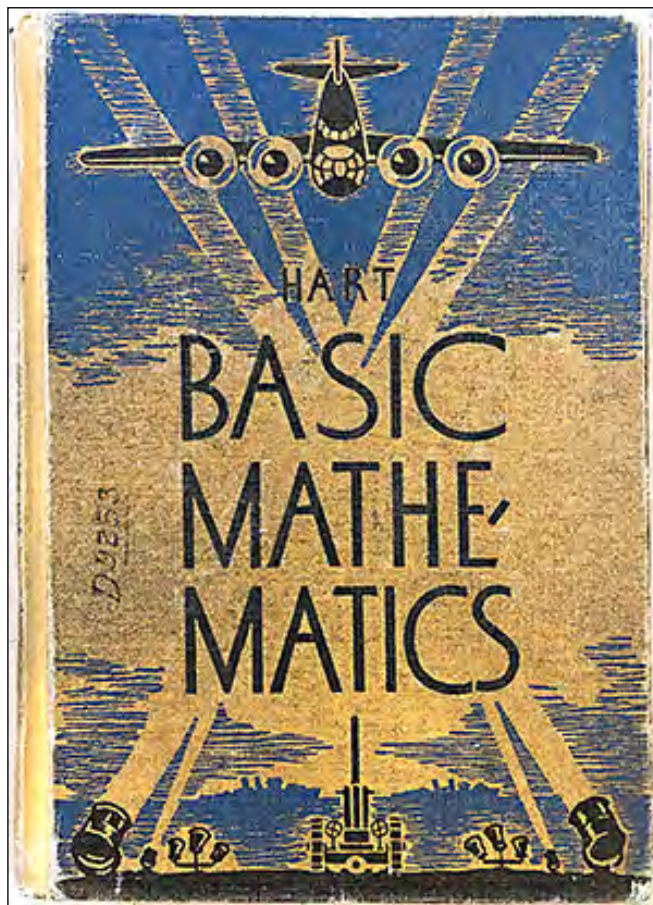
In April of this year, another wartime book came to the lending library: the 1942 edition of Walter W. Hart's *Basic Mathematics: A Survey Course*. A bookplate



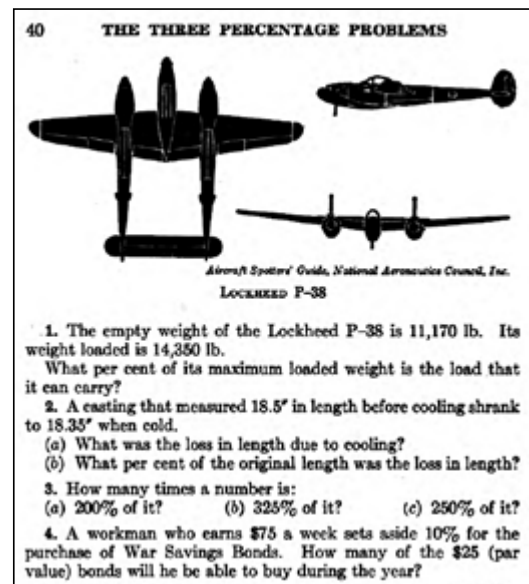
In 1943 signed out to George Decker in W.L. Vaughn's mathematics class.

showed that it was a textbook from the Elyria, Ohio, City Board of Education. Not surprisingly, the cover showed a nighttime air raid image, and many of the mathematical word problems in the book involved military examples. An email exchange resulted in the 79-year-old text being returned to archives of the Elyria High School Pioneers.

Then in July three books were donated to the lending library which were especially interesting because of their age: *Days with Sir Roger de Coverley* (1892), *Ivanhoe* (1900), and (1904, reprinted in



Wartime Book Cover Graphic.



"A workman who earns \$75 a week sets aside 10% for the purchase of War Savings Bonds."

1938). All three had bookplates pasted inside their front covers, "Ex Libris Mildred Hart Shaw." Two books were clean of marks, but the copy of Scott's *Ivanhoe* was signed "Mildred Hart" several times perhaps dating from Miss Hart's childhood.

An internet search revealed Ms. Shaw (b. 1910) worked as a reporter, editorial writer, and book reviewer at the Grand Junction, Colorado, *Daily Sentinel* from 1936-1980. She also mentored the Junior Great Books reading and discussion groups for high school students



Curb graffiti by a book lover.



Ms. Shaw atop a circus elephant in 1960s Grand Junction, Colorado.
(Courtesy, Museum of Western Colorado)



The owner may have practiced her early signature before later pasting a bookplate.

for more than a decade. In 1942 she was the writer for the KFXJ radio news program called "Victory Bulletins." She died on April 25, 2001, and her memory was honored the next day in the United States Congressional Record.

The three books have been returned to the Rashleigh Regional History Room at Colorado's Mesa County Library.

Other examples of re-homed books and ephemera have been

- A pristine 1930 government pamphlet about the Grand Coulee Dam returned to the dam's current federal power manager.
- A bus transfer from the Oakman Line (part of the Detroit Transit System) in original condition kept perfect as a bookmark since August 19, 1960.
- A 1956 tourist brochure returned to the Town Council of Historic Kendal, England.

There seems to be no end to the good that can be done with skills learned through genealogy research.



Rick Closson is a retired Clinical Pharmacist with a growing interest in genealogy, i.e., excluding his own family. He has written extensively about the 1927 remodel of Santa Barbara's Franceschi House, which includes 85 medallions of then-important people, places, and events. Many remain well known today, but others are obscure: a genealogist's vexing delight!

Marietta Hollett: A Pocahontas but Never an Old Maid

By Mary Jacob

NO ONE EVER CALLED Marietta Hollett “an old maid” even though she grew up in the nineteenth century and never married. Born in 1854, she was the oldest of seven children born to Amos Hollett and his wife, Mary Catherine Cooper Hollett. Marietta, who went by the name Retta throughout her life, spent her first eight years on the family farm in Buchanan Township in Berrien County, Michigan, until the family moved to the Drew’s Corners area of nearby Chikaming Township during the Civil War. She attended local schools, and no doubt learned the myriad tasks required to run a rural household in those days by helping her mother and paternal grandmother who lived with the family when Retta was young. She likely played with a doll, but her favorite pastime as a child was to “play store.” Retta’s childhood interest in things commercial foreshadowed a life that would not follow the course of her mother’s or grandmother’s that would have involved marriage and raising a family in tough, rural conditions.

Retta was probably called a spinster by the time she reached her early 20s, a legal term used to describe an adult, unmarried woman that did not carry the pejorative connotation of “old maid.” Whether she could not find a man that she truly loved or was just more focused on a life beyond household work, Retta did not marry. By 1878, Retta, then 24, had left the family farm and moved six miles to the village of Three Oaks where she learned the milliner’s trade. Millinery was one of the few spheres of commercial activity open to women at the time. Retta likely learned the trade at one of the two millinery stores in Three Oaks, both operated by women. She soon took the unusual step of working as both a clerk and milliner in the dry goods store owned by Edward K. Warren, son of the Congregational Minister, and the man who would put the village of Three Oaks on the national map.

Retta worked for Mr. Warren for about six years. During these years Edward Warren conceived the idea that he could use the quills of turkey feathers as a replacement for whalebones in stiffening women’s garments. At his request, Retta with her millinery skills made the first “featherbone” proto-type for Mr. Warren using a pen knife, thread and turkey quills. Warren secured a patent for the process of making featherbone material in 1883 and immediately organized the Warren Featherbone Company, and later created the Featherbone Whip Company. As the sole source of the featherbone product, Warren’s enterprises were soon shipping featherbone products to cities and towns across the country and internationally to Canada.

In the meantime, Retta decided that she wanted to open her own millinery and dry goods store on a small scale and did so in the nearby town of Galien in 1884.



A Featherstone Company blotter features a whale that declares to the turkey on its back, “My day of usefulness is past, Goodbye.”
Credit: Berrien County Historical Association Collections

She ran her business for fifteen months then sold it to Edward Warren. Retta returned to Three Oaks where she worked again as a clerk in the dry goods company now owned by Chamberlain, (Edward) Warren and Bradley.

Retta had gained the experience and self-confidence to initiate and operate a business on her own. Over the course of more than two decades she had become well acquainted with and worked with Three Oaks’ business leaders, most all of whom were men. She must have gained their respect and confidence because in 1892 she purchased an interest in the business for which she worked and became a partner in Chamberlain, Hollett & Bradley, a partnership that continued for a year. Retta and Charles Bradley then purchased the stock of the above-named firm. One year later, in 1896, Retta bought out Bradley’s interest, going into about \$10,000 debt, and began to do business under her own name. This was a noteworthy, if not daring, move for a single woman at that time. The business and its stock belonged to Retta while the two-story frame building on Elm Street (the main street) in which she conducted her business belonged to the Chamberlain estate.

Retta did not neglect her family as she pursued her career in business. No doubt as a literate woman, she assisted her mother, Mary Cooper Hollett, after the untimely death of her father, who died intestate in 1875. Retta was close to her siblings. She was one of two official witnesses to the marriage of her youngest brother, Jay, to Jennie Newman in 1891. Jay and Jennie named their first daughter, Lois Marietta, after her. At some point Retta hired her brother William, who had been a baker, to work with her in her business, which he did until her death. Retta surely mourned the deaths of her siblings: Anna (11 months) in 1873, Mary (21) in 1884, Michael (40) in 1896 and Jay (35) in 1908. After Michael’s death, Retta’s widowed mother moved from the family farm to Three Oaks to live with Retta and William (who also never married). In the 1900 census, Mary Hollett was listed as the head of the household that was comprised of herself, daughter Retta, son William, and two daughters of her son, Asa, one of whom worked for Retta in her store, the other worked at the office of the featherbone factory.

In the early morning hours of December 11, 1901, a fire broke out in the Chamberlain building due to a defective chimney flue. Retta’s general stock of groceries, dry goods, clothing and millinery all burned. Her total

loss amounted to \$12,000. She was insured for \$6,000. Retta immediately started over again locating her business in the Carrier building, also on Elm Street. When she had begun her business in 1896 in the Chamberlain building, she had had only one storeroom. After being wiped out at the end of 1901, she grew her business over the next five years to the point that it occupied two large double stores, two stories in height. The stores were adjacent to each other and had connecting doorways. One store carried furniture, carpets, millinery, etc., and the other dry goods, boots, and shoes. Retta employed five clerks throughout the year in 1906. Retta opened her business at the time when Three Oaks was being integrated into the national economy and businesses like Retta's were undergoing significant changes. Initially, merchants bought from local people and sold to them. As the economy developed, merchants needed to buy regionally and even nationally but still sold locally. Retta was clever enough to master this change and succeed.



The two-story building in which Retta Hollett conducted her business remains almost unchanged today at 16 South Elm Street and housed an art gallery in 2017. Credit: Mary Jacob

When *A History of Berrien County* was published in 1906, Retta Hollett was featured as one of its leading citizens, a notable exception to the roll call of men whose biographies filled the county histories published in that era. She was described as follows: "Miss Hollett seems to possess natural ability as a merchant." "... from early womanhood she has been connected with trade interests, constantly enlarging the field of her activities until today one of the leading mercantile enterprises of Three Oaks stands as a monument to her enterprise, business ability and force of character. She carefully studies trade conditions and notes the signs of the times in the business world, keeps a thoroughly modern stock, and through her earnest effort to please her customers and her straightforward business methods and reasonable prices she has gained a volume of business which makes her establishment a leading commercial enter-

prise of the town." Her establishment continued to be a leading enterprise until 1910.

That was the year Charles Warren, Edward Warren's son, decided to build a department store on Elm Street. At the time, department stores were a relatively new type of enterprise that carried all sorts of goods under one roof and eventually put many kinds of local merchants out of business. Charles Warren bought out various stores in Three Oaks and made their former owners department managers in his new store. He staged a lavish, three-day grand opening in April 1910 at which he gave out door prizes to everyone who entered his store and awarded special cash prizes of \$10, \$12 and \$15 to those who could bring the most people from the greatest distance. No wonder Retta Hollett announced her decision to move her business out of Three Oaks in December 1910. In fact, she moved it out of Michigan.

Retta moved herself, her mother, her brother William, and her business to the town of Culver, in Marshall County, Indiana about 70 miles south of Three Oaks. Her recently widowed sister-in-law, Jennie Newman Hollett, and her four children also followed Retta to Culver. Retta opened her business, now called the White Store, on February 1, 1911. She initially sold dry goods and ladies clothing. In April that year the local newspaper, *Culver Citizen*, carried an ad for the White Store that encouraged women to come in to buy their Easter hats.

Retta immediately engaged in the civic life of Culver through various women's organizations. She was a founding member of the Degree of Pocahontas that was formed in Culver in July 1911 and held the office of First Counselor in the organization. Although she was a Congregationalist in Three Oaks, she was a supporter and friend of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church during her time in Culver. With the outbreak of World War I, women were called upon to help with the war effort by donating old linens and old fine cottons to linen drives organized by the Red Cross. The women of Union township, where Culver was located, donated 402 such articles for the drive in 1918. The *Culver Citizen* noted that some new linens were included in the Culver shipment, and Retta Hollett was identified as having donated three new linen hand towels.

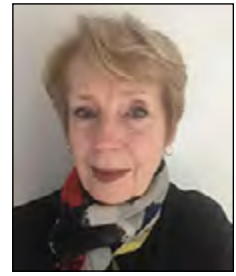
In 1918, the Spanish flu pandemic was raging across the country and killed almost 200,000 people in the



The White Store ad for Easter Hats, 1911. Credit: *Culver Citizen, Newspapers.com*

month of October alone. On October 22, a doctor was called to the Hollett home to attend to Retta's mother who had fallen ill. Fortunately, Mary Cooper Hollett did not have the dreaded flu, but she never recovered and succumbed to arteriosclerosis in December 1918. Within three months both Retta and William were seriously ill. Retta died of intestinal tuberculosis in March 1919. Two months later, William passed away unexpectedly, of what turned out to have been stomach cancer. Retta, her mother and brother were all buried next to other Hollett family members in the Riverside Cemetery (Old Drew Cemetery) in Chikaming Township, Berrien County, Michigan. If Retta Hollett had lived a little longer, I think she would have joined what became the Business and Professional Women's organization which in its earliest incarnation was founded in July 1919, just four months after Retta's death.

Mary Jacob joined SBCGS in 2016 shortly before she retired from UCSB. She is secretary of the Board of Directors of SBCGS and also president of a non-profit that supports seed saving and regenerative, ecological farming. She is currently working on a book about her maternal grandparents and their ancestors going back four generations.



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Updated August 2021

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.

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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.

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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 Kristin Ingalls, antkap@cox.net

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ACROSS THE POND

**You are invited to share the story of your ancestors who “crossed the pond”
from their homeland to this country.**

Why did they come? Did they travel alone or with family? Did they write about their voyage? Where did they land? Did they already have family here? Did they continue migrating once they arrived? Did they ever return to their native country? Did they help bring other family members here?

Have you ever visited their homeland? Their villages, towns, churches, homes? Did you meet distant cousins? Did you find more stories or secrets or an unexpected inheritance?

So many stories waiting to be told...

Our deadline is October 15.

Details for submissions on the inside cover of this issue.