



Ancestors West

A quarterly publication for the members of the
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
Winter 2022 Vol. 47, No.4



Threads Across Time

Threads

Following a Thread to Solve a Family Mystery

Almost “Stitched” Into the Family

Strong Bonds Made of Delicate Threads

A Thread of Truth in a Family Story

“Family Reunion” – A Quilted Story



Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

www.sbgen.org

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Sahyun Genealogy Library

(SBCGS facility)

316 Castillo St., Santa Barbara 93101

Phone: (805) 884-9909

Hours: Tuesday, Thursday, Friday

10:00 AM-4:00 PM

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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Land Acknowledgment Statement:

"The land on which many of us live and where our library is located is part of the ancient homeland and traditional territory of the Chumash people. We recognize and respect the Chumash Peoples past, present, and future and their continuing presence in their homeland as we join in stewarding this land which we all cherish."



FROM THE EDITOR

Kristin Ingalls
antkap@cox.net

THEY DID IT AGAIN! After our Fabulous Fifties celebration I thought we had outdone ourselves. But, those tireless Outreach Committee folks hosted another of their extraordinary parties. Family History Month officially kicked off on October 2nd with an Open House party at the Sahyun Library. If you were not there you missed a great celebration. Everywhere you looked people were talking, eating, laughing, sharing, eating, catching up, eating. While we have always had a great time coming together, I know that not seeing each other for so many difficult months caused an explosion of JOY!! I hope this enthusiasm lasts and encourages members to visit the library more and help with upcoming events.

The highlight of my day was looking up from the information desk to see one of our members, Jim Wilson, and his new bride, Penny, both beaming with huge smiles and a sparkle in their eyes. Congratulations to newlyweds Jim and Penny from all your Society friends!

Since I no longer bring books to the monthly meetings and have a moment of fame with my silly poems... and especially my Words of Wisdom, I have decided instead to share my latest Theory about Genealogists: For centuries we have heard stories of the Fountain of Youth, a mythical spring, which allegedly restores the youth of anyone who drinks or bathes in its waters.

I think the reason genealogists are so youthful, energetic, interesting, and especially good looking is that we never stop learning. I refuse to age and die without knowing where my grandmother's first husband went - a shallow grave? joined a gang of pirates? hid in a cloistered monastery?

So many surprises awaiting us all...

The tales of adventure and discovery in this issue are so inspiring. I was delighted to see how our authors creatively wove together their genealogical discoveries. Many involved "travel," that thing genealogists used to love to do before that nasty little virus confined us all to home. All of them seemed to have so much fun doing it. I know you will enjoy reading about them, and hopefully be inspired to write your stories.

This will be the final issue of *Ancestors West* this year. A new year, 2023, is only 52 days away (more or less, depending on when you read this). Holidays await.

I am thinking about Thanksgiving. Not turkey and cranberries, but giving thanks for all the gifts of my life. Editing *Ancestors West* has been a little more challenging than I expected, but with the help of the dedicated, kind, understanding, fun group of women who do a lot of the work, it is getting done! Charmien Carrier has talked me off the ledge any number of times. And what would I do without our editors, especially final editor, Helen Rydell - no misplaced comma ever gets by her! She and Dorothy Oksner do our mailing - no small job, I assure you. I love them all.



Jim Wilson, and his new bride, Penny.



I would like to dedicate this issue to all the dedicated, creative, enthusiastic, volunteers who are the heart of our Society. What seems seamless is really the combined effort of our dedicated volunteers. We are kind of like the Shoemaker's Elves. Much gets done with little fanfare.

If you are a newer member, joining one of these groups is the easiest way to meet the best group of people in the world, have fun while doing it and have the satisfaction that you are part of one of the finest genealogy societies and libraries ever!

The theme for our next issue will be: "IT PAYS TO LOOK AGAIN." Finding ways of discovering information in new, revised or updated resources is a good place to start. You might find clues hiding in plain sight in the U.S. Census, on *Findagrave*, passenger lists, or vital records that were missed first time around. Could you find information using the FAN method - Family, Associates, Neighbors? There may be clues hiding there. Were any of the neighbors relatives of the person you are researching? Did they move together, combine households, raise their siblings' children? Did step-children assume their new father's name, or go to live with other family members? Do the dates of when a will was proved contradict information in other sources, even a gravestone?

Next issue deadline for stories is February 1st.

One of our members shared a great website with me "52 Ancestors in 52 weeks." <https://www.amyjohnson-crow.com/52ancestors52weeks/>

Author, Amy Johnson Crow, shares a free weekly topic and develops ideas to fill in research gaps. Recent topics: Why ancestors are left out of wills, why you can't find death records, maximizing the use of maps... well, it goes on and on. Sometimes all you need is a fresh look at a problem, or a hint of where to look, and there is your missing link!

Don't overlook the most available resources of experienced, talented researchers. Where? At the Sahyun Library. There are monthly on-line and in-person classes offered through the library. Here you will have other genealogists make helpful suggestions that might lead to new information.

We all know that loads of information is being added to online sources daily.

BUT... this is important: check the books. Our stacks are loaded with books containing information that might not be on any database. That's why we have such a marvelous collection.

If any of these methods helped you find information you had not found before...tell us all about it. Not only will you have written a story about one of your family members, but you may encourage our readers to do the same. Guidelines for your submissions are on the back inside cover of this edition.

In case you have knocked down all your brick walls, found all your ancestors back to 1200 AD and have nothing more to research, share one of those stories.

Good Cheer! Stay Well! Be Happy! Send me stories!



Ancestors West Sponsorship 2022

We wish to thank the following members of the Santa Barbara County Genealogy Society for their contributions, which greatly help to defray the publication costs of **Ancestors West!**

Julie Moore, Cathy Jordan, Carol Andreasen, and Cherie Bonazzola

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

A TOUCH OF OLD SANTA BARBARA

The Great House Detective *By Betsy J. Green*

A Home on a Bungalow Court

THE EARLIEST MENTION of a bungalow court that I found in California newspapers dates to 1904. And 10 years later - 1914 - I found the first article in the local paper about a bungalow court being built in Santa Barbara. Happily, that bungalow court is still here - on the southwest corner of Victoria and Laguna streets. Santa Barbara has more than a dozen bungalow courts. The word "bungalow" comes from the word "Bengal" - a region in India. The British colonists in India used the word to describe one-story cottages in India.



15 E. Islay Street

A bungalow court contains stand-alone houses which share a driveway or courtyard. There are three main designs: two rows of houses with a larger house at the end, two rows of houses without a house at the end, and one row of houses. The feature of this month's column fits in that last category - Islay Commons. It contains five homes. It was built in 1915, so it is one of the earlier bungalow courts in Santa Barbara.

Sometimes, all the cottages on a bungalow court are owned by one owner. Other times, the cottages are owned separately. George and Lindy Southwell have owned "cottage D" - the one furthest from the street - since 2010. Because their home is at the end of the court, they have a nice-sized backyard.

A Historic Corner

The home is just a few steps from the intersection of State and Islay Steets, a corner that has one of the most colorful histories in Santa Barbara. Historian Neal Graffy told me that in 1908, an ostrich farm was established on the southeast corner of State and Islay streets. The ostrich farm was only there for a couple of years. Neal explained that it "had a number of management and money problems and nearly a year-long lawsuit . . . and charges of fraud, and arrest of one of the operators for 'cooking the books.'" (The ostriches were raised to provide feathers for women's hats.)

After the ostriches flew the coop, that corner became the first home of Santa Barbara's movie studio - the "Flying A." In July of 1912, the citizens of Santa Barbara were amazed to see an entourage of automobiles and travel-worn cowboys on horses. The local paper wrote, "The cowboys . . . came clattering up State Street at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and they surely looked the real thing. They were travel stained and dusty, but rode their horses with true western grace . . . The horses show the best of care. Even after the long grind of a week from La Mesa [east of San Diego], when more than 250 miles were covered, they showed their sturdiness by stepping up the street in fine style."





The "Flying A" cowboys rode into Santa Barbara in July 1912.
Credit – *Moving Picture World*, September 14, 1912

Unusual names

There were numerous homeowners of the 15-D East Islay home over the decades. One long-term owner was a widow named Marie Falxa, who lived in the home in the 1950s, 1960s, and 1970s. I got curious about her name and learned that her family came from the Basque area of France.

Islay is probably one of the most misunderstood and mispronounced of all of our street names. I contacted Dr. Jan Timbrook, Curator Emeritus of Ethnography at the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History.

She told me, "'Islay' is the Spanish version of the Salinan Indian name for *Prunus ilicifolia*, the common chaparral shrub we call Holly-leaved Cherry in English.

I assume the plant grew on the slopes of the Riviera in the early days when Santa Barbara streets were being named ... People today usually pronounce it "iz-lay" but it should be said more like ees-lie."

Getting back to the cottage, the Southwells told me, "What we love about the cottage we occupy is that it is off of the street at the end of a long drive so enjoys lots of privacy and is quiet. The proximity to downtown Santa Barbara allows us to walk to many restaurants, coffee shops, and a corner neighborhood grocery store."

Please do not disturb the residents of 15 E. Islay Street.

Photo credit – Betsy J. Green



THE GREAT HOUSE DETECTIVE is looking for more homes to write about in her column in *The Santa Barbara Independent*. Ideally, the home should be built 1920 or earlier, and located in the central area of Santa Barbara. If you have a home that fits these guidelines, you can reach Betsy at: author@betsyjgreen.com

You can see her previous columns here: https://www.independent.com/?s=&category_name=the-great-house-detective

Threads Across Time

By Ann Picker

ICAN'T REMEMBER A TIME when I did not sew. Sewing is an important skill for the women in my family and was passed down from generation to generation. As a child, most of my clothing was made by a maiden aunt who lived with us. Aunt Ada (Ada Susan Griffith, 1882-1965) was my mother's sister. She was twenty-one years older than my mother and learned dressmaking from her mother, Ellen Nora Ehrgood Griffith (1859-1906).



Fern Thelma Griffith Stump in her ruffled dress – 1904

Because my grandmother, Ellen Nora, died from tuberculosis when my mother was only three years old, Aunt Ada brought my mother up and, of course, always made all of her clothes. Ada had a fondness for ruffles and lace. As you can see from the photo, mother's dresses were extremely fancy and she always had a matching satin bow in her hair.

Ada and Fern's mother, Ellen Nora, was an accomplished seamstress. She had studied dressmaking as a young woman at a trade school in Reading, Pennsylvania. The photo shows a beautiful cape she made using black satin, lined with a gold-colored fabric, and finished with a ruffled collar. This cape, constructed about 1878, is still in our family and is treasured by my niece, Karen Wahl Simpson.

As a young adult, my mother studied embroidery, smocking, and hand stitching at the House of Good Shepherd in Reading where she was taught these skills by the nuns. Her sister Ada "took in" sewing in order to earn money to support the two of them after their mother died.

Cape made by my maternal grandmother - Ellen Nora Ehrgood Griffith - about 1878



Buying and choosing fabrics for our childhood clothing was always an important event, surrounded by a great deal of planning and discussion. This was followed by a trip to the fabric outlets in Philadelphia, 60 miles from our home in Mount Penn, Pennsylvania. Our mother (Fern Thelma Griffith Stump, 1903-1994) found great satisfaction in the process of bargaining with the salesperson in order to get the best price for each piece of yardage. She always packed a lunch to for us to eat on the all-day trip. We could not possibly have afforded the cost of a restaurant. On one such trip my older teenage brother, David, ate most of the lunch as he sat in the back seat of the car while on the way to Philadelphia, leaving no sandwiches and only a few tidbits for the rest of us.

Continuing with the family's sewing tradition, my sister, Nancy Griffith Stump Wahl (1929), made her own beautiful wedding dress which was worn by all three of her daughters for their weddings. The gown had white lace on the top with a taffeta bodice and skirt of tulle over taffeta. The full-length veil was edged with match-



Nancy Griffith Stump Wahl in the wedding gown that she made – 1952

ing lace. This wedding gown has stood the test of time and is still in beautiful condition today. For my sister's 90th birthday I made her a quilt incorporating photos from her wedding.

I designed and made my dresses for both my junior and senior proms. When I left home for college, I begged my mother for money to buy a commercially-



Ann Marjorie Stump Picker - Senior Prom, 1952

made formal gown because I wanted to "fit in" and look like all the other young women. She gave in and I purchased a dress but found, to my dismay, that the quality of the fabrics and the construction of the garment could not compare with my homemade dresses. I was truly disappointed.



Quilt started by my grandmother, Inez Saul Stump, in the 1940s and finished by Ann Picker in the 1990s

When I married and had daughters of my own, I did some sewing for them, smocking dresses and making Halloween costumes, but sewing was not a high priority in my busy life working as a school principal and a college professor while also bringing up a family. However, after I retired and had more time, I renewed my sewing interest, especially in quilting. My interest in this art form began when my mother gave me an unfinished quilt that was started by my paternal grandmother, Inez May Saul Stump (1879-1949), who was an accomplished quilter. It was an applique quilt from the 1940s. During that era, women could send away and purchase a piece of muslin yardage with the pattern imprinted on it. Grandmother Stump's quilt was only half finished and I put it away for years hoping that when I retired, I would find time to finish it. I did just that and my older daughter, Susan Picker Enriquez, now has it hanging in her home.



Quilt made for grandson, Brett Enriquez, begun 1995

With more time for hobbies after retiring, I joined two quilting guilds, took various workshops and classes, and became more expert in my sewing abilities. I have made numerous quilts for my sister, children, grandchildren, and friends. Most of my quilts are hand quilted which creates, in my mind, an heirloom for the recipient to cherish for years to come. Above is a photo of a quilt that I made for my first grandson, Brett Enriquez, when he was in his early teens. The quilt is made of flannel and Brett went to the fabric store with me to choose all of the fabrics. Each square is different and the entire queen-sized piece is hand quilted. It took me over two years to complete.

During my retirement years, I also made dresses and doll clothes for my only granddaughter, Faith Cerussi. The outfit in the photo is a dress, bonnet, and apron that I made for her when she was in the third grade and her class participated in Pioneer Days in Elk Grove, California. I also knit and sewed an entire wardrobe of outfits for her American Girl doll.



Dress and bonnet made for granddaughter, Faith Cerussi, for Pioneer Days at her school. - 2009

Sewing and quilting is a wonderful hobby that provides many hours of creativity and quiet meditation. I can begin sewing and hours will pass without my being aware of the time. In addition, my family and friends appreciate the hard work it takes to create a handmade, special, and unique gift. I am grateful that my passion for sewing and quilting had been passed down to me from my female ancestors, women who were strong and inspiring role models.



Dr. Ann Picker is a retired school principal and college professor. She has been researching her family history for the past twenty-eight years and has been a member of the SBCGS since moving to Santa Barbara seven years ago. She was extremely grateful for her interesting hobbies of quilting and genealogy which kept her mentally engaged during the Pandemic.

Great-grandmother's Quilt

By William Noack

THREADS MAKES ME THINK of my great-grandmother Nellie's quilt which she was working on when she died quite young of a fever in 1895. My grandmother was only ten years old at the time, and she treasured this family quilt all her life. Unbeknownst to my mom, my grandmother gave this quilt to her niece after my mom took off, abandoning my dad and me when I was 15. She ran away with an unscrupulous Svengali-like second husband. He likely could have sold everything.

Decades later, my grandmother's niece gave the quilt to me instead of to her own son, saying that she knew my grandmother really meant for it to go to me and she was just keeping it safe for the next generation. Since I do not have any kids myself, and one of my second cousins has kids and grandkids, some interested in genealogy and family history, I gave this quilt and many other family heirlooms to this second cousin from Colorado, Rick Price, pictured on the right.



William Noack has been researching genealogy since 1964 when he was 12. He's a fifth-generation Californian, went to college in Germany and earned a BA in ancient history at Ambassador in Pasadena. He's a book collector, owned a bookstore for five years, and still has a personal collection of about 45,000 books. He has been an avid contra dancer for over 30 years, and has been president of the Santa Barbara group for the last eight years. For the last four years he has been president of Channel Islands Mensa, the chapter for Santa Barbara, S.L.O., and Ventura counties. He is currently Library Facilities Manager and is now leading the German Breakout Room. Editors Note: He also adores cats!

Following a Thread to Solve a Family Mystery

By Dr. Larry Basham, DDS

I HAD LOOKED AT MY PEDIGREE CHART many times over the past 30 years that I have been doing genealogy, but this time it was different. I was preparing to go to Kentucky for the first time to visit old family cemeteries and the county archives, where I hoped to find new information about my paternal ancestors. They had left their homes in Virginia to travel by wagons and flatboats with their families down the Ohio River to Kentucky in 1808, searching for plentiful farmland, like so many others during the great Western Migration.

Most of my “Basham line” was completed, but my eyes fell on a blank section which I had never given much thought to. My great-grandmother Isabel Parsons’ paternal line was missing. I recalled my father telling me the family legend that Isabel’s father had been killed in the Civil War, but no one knew his name. I made a note to see if I could find anything more when I was in Kentucky. Maybe there were cousins I didn’t know who could tell me more about this mystery man.

In preparation for my trip, I reviewed census records and the marriage and death certificates of my great-grandfather, Hayden Basham, and his wife, Isabel. In the 1850 census, I found Isabel’s mother, Martha Parsons (age 22), living with her parents, John (age 83) and Frances Parsons (age 67), and one young child in Clifton Mills Township, a small farming community near Hardinsburg, Kentucky. By 1860, Martha had three children: Caroline, Serilda, and Mary Parsons, all living on the Parsons’ farm. The 1880 census showed that two more children had been born: John H. Parsons in 1862, and Isabel in 1863. Martha was listed as a widow, and all the children used Martha’s maiden name. (This usually meant that she wasn’t married, or she married a cousin – not unusual in rural areas). One interesting fact I did uncover about Serilda was that she was listed as “Idiotic” (developmentally disabled) in the 1860 census.

I looked for marriage and death records of the children, and they were of no help. There was no father listed on any of their marriage records, and Serilda, Caroline, and Isabel all passed away before Kentucky kept death records. Mary and John H. Parsons, who died in 1937 and 1946 respectively, had death certificates which stated “father unknown.” Another dead end which served to pique my interest even more.

The next documents I researched were the Civil War records on *Fold3* for men from Breckinridge



Original Deed and Court Record ledgers

County, Kentucky (either Union or Confederate), who were killed in the war. I looked for men with the surname Parsons, but there were none from Breckinridge County. I also looked for any single men who might be of the right age and lived nearby who were killed, but came up empty again.

Now I wondered where that family story of Isabel’s father being killed in the war originated. I began going through all the old documents my father had saved in a tall metal file cabinet. Inside, each ancestor had a manila folder with the name typed on the tab. In my grandfather’s folder, I came across his neatly folded, well-worn, 1910 Wood Workers of America life insurance application. In barely visible pencil, he had written that his mother’s father had been “killed in the army during the Civil War.” There it was – the beginning of the thread! The story which he had heard as a child and passed on. But it wasn’t any help – just leading me in a circle back to the Civil War. I could go no further until I went to Kentucky.

My oldest son, David, and I flew to Louisville, Kentucky in February 2017, and drove to Hardins-



Breckinridge County, Old Courthouse



Isabel A. Parsons Basham, headstone

burg, Kentucky, in Breckinridge County where my 4th great-grandfather, Obediah Basham, and his family had settled. Five generations of Bashams had farmed this area just south of the Ohio River until my grandfather migrated to California nearly 100 years later. Over the next few days, we discovered there were still descendants of those early settlers working family farms.

The county historical archives at Hardinsburg were in the basement of the former courthouse, which we learned had been partially burned down during the Civil War by a Union army patrol led by Capt. Basham! How ironic it would be if the records I wanted were lost in the fire.

The archives director was also a Basham descendant, and when we told her who we were and that we had come from California to search for family records, she showed us the old deed books, county court records, wills, etc. and told us to help ourselves and call her if we needed any help. We were in genealogy heaven! Soon we were reading and holding documents which our ancestors had held and signed. I had never imagined being able to do this, and the feeling of connection to those ancestors was overwhelming.

I was able to look at the original 1850 and 1860 U.S. Census records which were kept in the county, along with other census schedules which were not online. It was apparent that the Parsons struggled financially. They sold half of their 100-acre farm in 1849, and were

excused from paying property taxes in 1851 as John was "incapacitated." By 1860, John and Frances had passed away; Martha's estate was valued at only \$25, and she was working as a laborer.

David searched the county court records for any mention of the Parsons family, and found that in 1860, Serilda was found to be of "unsound mind," and made a ward of the court. In 1862, the court named Samuel C. Crawford III as the caretaker for Serilda, and granted him \$50 yearly for her support. He continued as caretaker until 1881 when he moved to Cloverport, Kentucky. I immediately wondered who he was, and what was his relationship to the Parsons family? Had a new portion of the thread been found?

This began an in-depth investigation of Samuel C. Crawford III. His parents came to Breckinridge County in the early 1800s. They were well to do and owned quite a bit of property, as well as enslaved workers. There were four daughters and two sons, Daviess and Samuel, who moved to Clifton Mills Township in the 1830s. As their property holdings and influence in Clifton Mills grew, Daviess was appointed postmaster in 1848 and stayed in that position until Samuel took over in January 1863.

Census records of 1850 show the brothers were living together on the farm at Clifton Mills not far from the Parsons' farm. Daviess was 38 years old, and Samuel was 32. They were listed as "merchants" and other people were living on their farm: four laborers, a tailor, a miller, and cabinetmaker. Their property was valued at \$6,000 – a very large amount in that day. In 1853, Samuel applied to have a tavern in his home, and the license was renewed again in 1860. They also had room and board available. Daviess gave his occupation as "clerk" in the 1860 census, and Samuel lists his occupation as "capitalist." His real estate was valued at \$35,000, and personal estate valued at \$21,000. There were three laborers and a blacksmith living on the farm, along with 11 enslaved people. I recalled that Martha gave her occupation as "laborer" in 1860. Perhaps she worked on the nearby Crawford farm.

The "thread" had now led me to the Crawford brothers, the likelihood that they knew Martha Parsons, and the possibility she had worked for them. Excited by this connection and that it might mean she had a relationship with one of the brothers, we returned to the court records. We were stunned to find that Daviess was robbed and murdered at the tavern one night in the fall of 1863. He had been killed during the Civil War, but not in it! Now, I turned my attention to Samuel, and saw he married in April of 1863, and later had two children.

It was time to review all I had learned:

1. The Parsons struggled financially, selling half their 100-acre farm in 1849. By 1860, Martha's estate was valued at \$25, and she was working as a laborer in Clifton Mills, possibly for the nearby Crawfords who owned a tavern/hotel on their farm.

2. Her five children had been born between 1848 and 1863, and Serilda was developmentally disabled.
3. The Crawford brothers owned a farm in Clifton Mills beginning in 1830, and in 1860 it was valued at \$35,000 with boarders staying at their tavern/hotel. They were the most prosperous landowners in Clifton Mills.
4. Samuel became Serilda's conservator in 1862, and remained so until 1881. Why did he take on this responsibility? Surely it wasn't for the \$50 yearly allowance he received from the county for her care.
5. Death certificates for Mary and John H. Parsons listed their father as unknown.
6. My grandfather thought that Isabel's father had been killed in the army during the Civil War (1860-1864). This family story fits with Daviess Crawford being murdered in 1863. It may also explain why Samuel Crawford took responsibility for Serilda's care after Daviess was murdered. It may have been known to the county court that Daviess fathered Serilda, and that's why Samuel was appointed her conservator.
7. Samuel was married in 1863, just three months after Isabel was born. I think it is unlikely that he would have fathered Isabel and soon after married a different woman.
8. Martha had no other children after Daviess was killed.

The thread had led to Daviess E. Crawford, but the only way to prove it would be DNA matching with descendants of the Crawfords. Before leaving Kentucky, David and I visited the cemetery where Isabel and Hayden Basham are buried. I felt they knew we had come to Kentucky, were grateful for the work we had done, and that the family hadn't forgotten them.

I had previously tested my DNA with *Ancestry*, but my 100-year-old uncle had not. I called him and he was anxious to be tested and help solve the mystery. In a few weeks, his results came back, and I began comparing them using *Ancestry's* "ThruLines." I was careful that those which came from the Crawford line didn't have any other genetic connection to the Bashams or associated lines. All of these "matches" were descendants of Samuel C. Crawford, Sr. - Daviess' grandfather - so there was very little matching DNA. Still, there were five different descendants which had a match, so it seemed very likely that one of the Crawford brothers fathered Isabel.

Then, I received a message on *Ancestry* from another Crawford descendant wondering how we might be related. There was a larger percentage of matching DNA than with the prior matches, so I knew the common ancestor was closer. I contacted her and she told me that her great-grandaunt was a sister of Daviess and Samuel Crawford! There was no relationship with any Bashams

or my other Kentucky ancestors, so the DNA which matched my uncle and me had to be from the Crawfords! The end of the thread was near. Then she told me that her family said that Daviess had a family but never married the mother. Without any records, they had no idea if the story was true or not. She was thrilled to hear my family story of Martha and her children. Now we both knew our stories were true, and we had names and DNA to prove them.

A thread had begun with a story passed down from Martha Parsons to her daughter, Isabel, and from Isabel to her son, Everett Basham, my grandfather. It led me through Civil War records and to a basement in Har-dinsburg, Kentucky, where I held and read original documents signed by my ancestors, which will probably never be available online. Discoveries were made by luck and divine guidance, and the pieces of the puzzle began to fit together. The final proof was made through modern science, and two families' mysteries were solved. The thread was now woven into my family's tapestry. We are happy to have solved this mystery and to have Isabel's father known. We were able to extend her paternal line back three generations and now that four-generation pedigree chart is full.



Basham Cemetery



Larry Basham, DDS was born and raised in Taft, California. After attending UCSB and UoP Dental School in San Francisco, he began his dental practice in Santa Barbara in 1974 and retired in 2014. He has been married to his wife, Julie, for 51 years and they have five children and five grandchildren. Larry inherited his mother's

passion for genealogy and has been doing research for over 30 years. Since his retirement, he has served on staff in the Santa Barbara LDS Family History Center and prior to Covid-19, co-taught weekly classes on a variety of genealogy topics with SBCGS member, Terry Marks. Larry is a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, an affiliate of Evalogue. Life and is currently helping people record their family stories thru his business, Forever Yours Life Stories. He is the contact for SBCGS Community Outreach.

Strong Bonds Made of Delicate Threads

By Teresa Fanucchi

WHEN I READ THAT THE THEME of this edition would be “Threads,” a tingly feeling moved through me. I felt excited for the opportunity to share stories about the needlework traditions in my grandma Fanucchi’s family line. In writing, I honor the women that kept these traditions, the writing made bittersweet by the recent passing of my aunt Patty (Fanucchi) Fachin, who excelled in these skills.

My aforementioned grandmother on my paternal side, Julia (Bertolucci) Fanucchi, started giving away her possessions – admirably – years before she passed.

She was often thoughtful about the gifting. Knowing that I was born in October, one day, out of the blue, she gave me her gold ring set with an opal, October’s birthstone. Knowing that I was charmed by her handmade needlepoint-covered stool, she pinned my name to it, the stool ready to take home with me whenever I wanted it. A few years later, she gave me several crocheted and embroidered doilies and table runners, sharing that many were made by her and her mother Rosa (Banducci) Bertolucci. I was grateful to receive these keepsakes, especially pieces from my great-grandmother who had died decades before, when I was a young girl.



Julia Fanucchi’s needlepoint-monogrammed stool: “R” for Ray and “J” for Julia.

Fast forward now to 2014, the year of my first genealogy trip to Italy. I had gone to the province of Lucca, in the region of Tuscany, to discover more about my paternal ancestors, who were all from that area. On this particular day, I was going to my first visit with Marisa Lanza, one of many relatives I had never heard of until a few weeks earlier. I was going to speak with a cousin who was also a stranger. “How will it go?” I wondered. “Will anything feel familiar? Will I feel welcome?” I had just recently started Italian language lessons. My comprehension was limited, my speaking ability even more so, and I had concerns about understanding and being understood.

Marisa warmly welcomed me to her home in Tassignano, in Lucca, the same village where three of my great-grandparents were born and raised (prior to all emigrating to the U.S., arriving between 1896-1920). We sat on Marisa’s beautiful patio and chatted. At one point, she went inside to prepare espresso for us. She returned with the caffè on a tray covered with a crocheted doily, which immediately caught my eye.

My mind flashed back to the doilies my grandma had given me. This doily was similar...familiar. The pattern was not the same as the ones back home, but it was made with the same delicate, undyed, cotton thread, and as I mentioned, it just was familiar. “Where did she get it?” I asked. She said her aunt had made it – her Zia Isabella, who would have been my grandmother Julia’s cousin in the Banducci line. Isabella and Julia were first cousins separated by continent; first cousins who never met, and yet first cousins whose tradition of crocheting doilies could be traced back to a common grandmother, common great-grandmothers, and beyond. And suddenly, in making this connection, somehow Marisa, my new acquaintance, felt like my relative – the cousin that she is. It was a sweet and emotional moment.



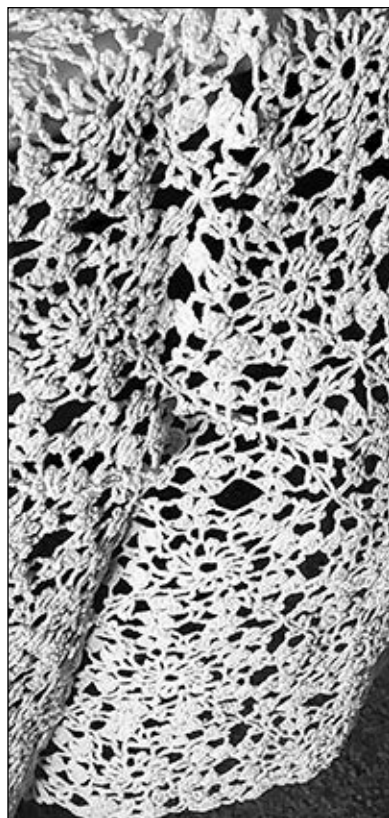
Second cousins with crocheted doilies: Marisa Lanza in Tassignano, Lucca (left), and article author’s dad, Carl Fanucchi, in Grover Beach, California (right).

I grew up around sewing and needlework crafts. My mother, Barbara (Oscars) Fanucchi, sewed a lot of her own and my clothes, and she taught me to do counted cross stitch as a young girl. A piece my mom and I made together in the mid-seventies still hangs on my dad’s office wall. In bright red embroidery floss framed by colorful stitched fish it reads: “Angler’s Prayer – Lord, grant that I may sometime catch a fish so big that even I in telling of it afterwards will never have to lie!” I was so proud of making that piece and – sweetly – so young and innocent that it was many years later that I finally understood the joke!

When I think of the family members that spent countless hours producing beautiful pieces throughout their lifetimes, my grandmother Julia and her daughter, my aunt Patty, come to mind first. There was rarely a time that they did not have at least one or two projects in the works. My grandma, in addition to learning crochet and embroidery from the older women in her family, also loved to do needlepoint and sew. My aunt Patty was taught hand and machine skills by her mother, in addition to receiving extensive sewing training in school.

While doing research for this piece, I was delighted, though not surprised, to learn that these needlework traditions, particularly crochet and embroidery, are widespread, spanning several generations of women in my grandmother's maternal Banducci and paternal Bertolucci lines, both in Lucca and here in the U.S. Speaking with relatives, I heard detailed stories that further enriched the history.

One story adds a particular texture. Our cousin, Frances (Bertolucci) Parker, shared that her mother, Livia (Banducci) Bertolucci, learned to crochet at age eight, and in addition to making pieces using the traditional fine cotton yarn, she also made pieces out of plastic yarn that she created by cutting up grocery bags. Out of what easily could have been a throw-away item she made doilies, tablecloths, a bedspread and even a dress! Not recalling ever having seen crocheted works made from plastic yarn, I assumed they would look more casual or unsophisticated but I was shocked to see how refined and delicate the pieces appeared. What a testament to Livia's skill and resourcefulness!



Closeup of Livia's crocheted plastic tablecloth

Relatives both back in Tassignano and in Bakersfield, California, used their needlework and sewing skills as a source of income. Several crocheted gloves and sold them. My grandmother and aunt were hired to sew multiple dresses for weddings and other formal occasions over the years. But most of their work was done without financial compensation and was gifted or used at home.

Many of us in the family have been fortunate recipients of these women's works of beauty. My grandma crocheted colorful afghan blankets for her kids and grandkids. When they married, she gifted them with a hand-embroidered tablecloth. Being unmarried, I never received one. Years ago, while in conversation with my aunt Patty I casually mentioned this fact. She must have tucked away this bit of information, because while going through my grandmother's things after her death, Patty found an embroidered tablecloth, three-fourths completed. She finished it and gave it to me. I consider it extra special as it contains stitches made by both of them.

More acts of love from these women: Marisa's aunt Isabella took a family keepsake, a fine white hand towel, beautifully monogrammed "OB" (satin stitched in pearly white floss) by her mother, Orsala Banducci, altered it to read "AB" and then gifted it to her niece, Alessia Belluomini. Livia (Banducci) Bertolucci crocheted all the gloves worn by the women in her daughter Frances' wedding party. My aunt Patty made several aprons for me during the eight years I cooked at the Center for Spiritual Renewal in Montecito, here in Santa Barbara County. We would pick out the fabric together, followed by hours spent cutting, pinning, and sewing on her old Singer sewing machine, Patty teaching me her sewing tricks and techniques along the way. She also helped me make aprons that I gifted to my friends. Patty took particular delight in sewing costumes and aprons for her grandnieces.

I feel proud to be related to and descended from a group of women with such capabilities, skills, and generosity. My life has been enriched by their presence and the beauty they have created: by getting to enjoy the many items I have been gifted, by having been taught by them, and by witnessing the delight these women have given so many by sharing their fine work over the years.

Author's note: Grazie mille to all the relatives in Italy and the U.S. who communicated with me in preparation of this article: Frances (Bertolucci) Parker, Francesca Michele, Larry Fachin, Maria (Bertolucci) Steele, Marisa Lanza, and Carl and Barbara Fanucchi.



Author (left) with her aunt Patty in 2020, at Patty's much-loved 1952 Singer sewing machine.

Teresa Fanucchi is a SBCGS member and has been working on her family history in fits and starts over the past 20 years. Highlights along the way: A trip to Salt Lake City to do research at the genealogy library with her mom; researching (with new-found cousin Antonio) in the church archives of her ancestors' village in Tassignano in Lucca, Tuscany.

Almost “Stitched” Into the Family

By Cathy Jordan

GROWING UP, I HEARD MY MOTHER and her brother talk about “Doc” Fleming. They said my grandfather, Martin G. Feely, wanted to marry her after my grandmother died - but he did not. The story was that he was concerned about what his children would think. Both of the children, in their later years, said they would have happily welcomed her to the family. Doc was shrouded in mystery, so I decided to investigate who she was and what her story was. I didn’t have much information to start out since I didn’t even have her first name.

I did discover her first name was Annette, but she went by Nettie all her life. I cannot find her birth record as yet. However, further records indicate she was born on August 5, 1882, in Kansas. Her physician records show that she was born in Hill City, Kansas. In the 1885 Kansas state census, Nettie (age 2) is living with her mother, listed as D. A. (age 36), her sister L. Fleming (age 6), and her grandmother, Sarah Jones (age 60). They are in Adell, Sheridan County, Kansas.

I found her parents’ marriage record. Her father, Daniel W. Fleming, and mother, Deliah (or Deliliah) A. Jones, were married April 23, 1873, in Rock County, Wisconsin. The marriage record informs us that his parents are John and Asenath Fleming, and her parents are John and Sarah Jones.

Deliah Fleming remarried on December 9, 1885, to George L Brashares in Geary, Kansas. I don’t know what happened to Daniel Fleming. The next time I find Nettie in a census (1900), she is 17, a student, and living with her aunt, Louise Nesbitt, in Gettysburg, Graham County, Kansas. In fact, it seems the couple, Alexander and Louise Nesbitt, took in several nieces who were students: Nettie, her sister Lou, and sister Jennie Brashares. In 1905, she is living with a family I do not recognize at all in Smoky Hill, Geary County, Kansas. She is 22.

For the next few years, I found a wealth of information thanks to *Family Search* and the Deceased Physicians records. (Note: if you are ever researching physicians, don’t miss looking among these; they are full of amazing details!) She was in medical school at Barnes Medical College in St. Louis, Missouri, from 1908-1911. She interned at Christian Hospi-



Photo 1 - Grace Feeley and Doc Nettie Fleming in Hoxie, Kansas

tal, was an instructor in Bellevue Hospital in New York until 1920, practiced in St. Louis, three places in Kansas, and then San Diego, California, in 1921.

In the 1930 census, she is listed in San Diego, owning her own home, living alone, and is a general practice physician. In the 1940 census, she is living at the same address, this time with her sister Jennie Welty (Brashares) and Jennie’s two children. She has no occupation listed so perhaps she is no longer a practicing physician. In 1950 she is still in San Diego, living alone, but she is listed as a kitchen helper in a restaurant. One fact is clear. She never married.

She appears in several family photos, probably from the time she practiced in Kansas. She was close to my grandfather’s sisters and the rest of the family. Photo 1 shows her on the right and my grandaunt, Grace, on the left. I believe this was taken at my great-grandmother’s home in Jennings, Kansas. It is undated, but I suspect it corresponds to when she was in Hoxie, Kansas per her medical record (1915).



Photo 2 - Family with Dr. Fleming in Athol, Kansas.

Photo 2 is a group shot with many family members. Doc Fleming is second from the left. This was taken at the same home. My grandfather is at the far right in shadow. It is also undated.



Photo 3 - 1917 Riverside, California

She evidently either traveled with the family or joined them in 1917 when the Feelys visited my grandmother's parents, John and Elmira Bayha, who lived in Riverside. There are several photos from that time; photo 3 is one of them. Doc is second from left, behind my mother.

Photo 4 -
1917 trip to Catalina
Island - Doc Fleming,
Lola, Edith, Grace Feely.



Some of the family went to Catalina Island in 1917. In photo 4, Doc is on the far left. Next is my mother, then my grandmother, and my grandaunt Grace. They are aboard the ferry that took them on this adventure, and they look cold!

And finally, I found this undated photo 5 marked "Summer visit to San Diego to see Doc." Clearly, this was taken after my mother and her sister had grown considerably, so it was well after their move to Los Angeles in 1923, after their mother's death in 1921. My mother's sister, Eleanore Feely, is on the left; my mother, Lola Feely, is holding the soda bottle and a cookie, and Doc is on the right. I would guess it is at least in the later 1920s.

My grandmother died January 14, 1921, from cancer. My mother was 14, her brother was 11, and her sister was 9. It was a tragic and life-changing event in all their lives. Sometime after this event, the story of my grandfather being interested in marrying Nettie came about. Again, he did not marry her (or anyone), and the given reason was that he didn't want to hurt the children. If only they had talked it through, I think the result may have



Photo 5 - Summer in San Diego visiting Doc - Eleanore, Lola Feely and Doc Fleming.

been quite different. Clearly, even though there were only a few photos that I could find with her in them, she was embraced by the whole family. As it was, my mother said she had to step in and become the substitute mother for her two younger siblings and that was very hard on her. In 1923, the family moved to Los Angeles to be near their maternal grandparents as my grandfather had promised his wife on her deathbed. Nettie was already in California by 1923, living in San Diego.

Nettie died on December 22, 1964, a full decade after my grandfather passed, in San Diego. She was buried in Hill City Cemetery, Graham County, Kansas, where she had been born.



In summary, I now know a bit more about the mystery woman who was almost part of our family. She was certainly a woman who chose an uncommon profession for her sex and the times. She seems to have gained respect and success through her work. However, I cannot help but think that for a lack of communication on the part of my grandfather, she could have been much happier during the latter part of her life. Given even the few photos I have, she was cherished as an important part of the family. There is no other non-family member so consistently photographed with the family. Later in their lives, I know my mother and uncle often wished aloud that events had turned out differently. Moral of the story, I suppose, is that communication is the key, no matter how difficult it may seem at the time, whether that be with children and their parents or potential partners, or both. The true and complete story of what really happened between my grandfather and Doc Fleming is lost with them, but I like to imagine that if they had worked at it, they both would have found peace. Maybe this physician could have become "stitched" into the fabric of our family more firmly than she was.

A FAMILY HISTORY LOST AND FOUND

By Darlene Craviotto

WHEN YOU GROW UP with an Italian surname, the whole world treats you like an Italian. With a name like “Craviotto” I had spent a lifetime thinking of myself as a “paesan.” But that changed just a few years ago, when I uncovered the full truth of my family’s lineage, a lineage my father rarely talked about.

Our 2nd great-grandfather was an Italian who sailed from Genoa and settled in Santa Barbara, California, in 1868. We knew this by heart. We also knew our grandmother was French Basque and that she spoke a different language with her sisters and her sheep-herding brother than she did with our grandfather. I didn’t understand those words my grandparents spoke to each other; I only knew they weren’t English or Basque. I assumed that the language they used was what made our family Italian. It would take me a few years to learn that my grandparents weren’t speaking Italian at all.

It was Spanish.

FAMILY SECRETS

I never thought of my father as dark. His hair was jet black, that’s true, and his eyes were the deepest of browns. I knew him only as a working man—an iron worker and welder who toiled outside under the sun on most days when he wasn’t in the shop, running the business. The sun darkened him, I thought. It didn’t have more meaning to me than that.

But to other people that deep pigment meant something else. I learned what that something was through my father’s own perception of what “being brown” meant to him, along with the prejudice that came along with it. From the story he told about being a young soldier in a bar when another soldier called him a “spic,” to the fights he almost got into until he learned he could always just say, “I’m Italian.”

My father wasn’t lying. He just wasn’t telling the whole truth.

All the clues were there for me, but when you’re a kid you don’t really pay attention. From the Spanish words we’d hear growing up: “pendejo!” when we were acting silly, or “boboso” if we did something stupid. “Vino” was what we called wine, “Tia Marquesa” was



Dad and me.

our old aunt, and “Quieres café?” was what my grandmother always asked my grandfather when it was time for dessert. We never questioned why they spoke Spanish, or why our table had frijoles and salsa at our barbecues. Our special Christmas enchiladas (made of cheese, onions, and chopped hard boiled eggs) didn’t seem out of place, nor did the *chile rellenos*, *empanadas*, *tamales*, and homemade *tortillas*. It just seemed normal to us; it was family, our family.

And then, I grew up.

FACEBOOK FRIENDS

“Tell me again: How are we related?”

The wonderful (and frightening) part about the internet is that strangers often meet with the click of a keyboard. The stranger with whom I was now exchanging emails had found me through Facebook. Her name wasn’t familiar, nor was the face on her profile. But it was a friendly face, so I took a chance and made her my Facebook friend.

“My father was a Gonzales,” she emailed me. “We’re cousins.”

That name sounded vaguely familiar. I remember my uncle saying, “My grandfather’s sister, Bridget Craviotto, was a very smart woman. Supposedly, they sent her to a university up in the Bay area. But then she came back home and married a Gonzales and ended up having eight kids.”

That story always intrigued me. Not too many women attended a university back in the 1870s. And here was this woman named Pam who I had just friended on Facebook whose father was Bridget’s grandson.

We started to exchange emails and I learned about the Gonzales name, and the dizzying fact that we were “double cousins.”

Bridget’s brother, Frederico Craviotto (my great-grandfather), had married Bridget’s husband’s sister, Mary Gonzales. A Craviotto brother and sister had married a Gonzales sister and brother. Our heads were spinning at how that would look on a family tree. But clearly, we were cousins on both sides of the Craviotto/Gonzales lineage.

Gonzales would be the first of many Hispanic names I would learn about.

Time passed and Pam and I continued to exchange emails. We talked about our children, our husbands, our careers. Pam was a university professor and I told her I was a professional screenwriter. I had also just written my first book and I sent her a copy. One day after she’d read it, Pam emailed me a list of names.

“This should be your next book,” she wrote me. “You should write about these people—our family.”

It was a list of six names, all of them with the surname of “Garcia.”

I looked at the dates attached to them. The first one dated back to 1720 and La Mancha, Spain. But the other names after it had all lived in California, generations of Garcias, and many of them in Santa Barbara.

The last name and the most recent one on the list was Rosa Garcia, and the name “Rosa” sounded familiar.

I immediately thought of my uncle.

I remembered that he had spent a lot of time in his later years researching our family roots. Six months earlier, he had passed away and my aunt had given me a lot of his genealogical research that I had tossed into a

filing cabinet. I was too busy; I had other things to do at the time, and I barely skimmed through all those pages. But now, Pam's list prompted me to take a closer look.

"It's too bad you never got to meet your great-great grandmother," read the yellowed pages my uncle had given me. It was a transcription of a tape recording I never knew existed, recorded by a cousin I had never even met. "Her name was Rosa," our cousin had recorded his grandfather saying forty-five years earlier. I searched my uncle's papers for more information. And sure enough, I was able to find a list of Rosa's children: Mary Gonzales was one of them. She had three children, a daughter who died as a teenager, and two sons who lived. My grandfather was one of those sons. Rosa was his grandmother. And I was Rosa's great-great grandchild.

I decided to take a closer look at Pam's list of Garcias.

SEARCHING FOR THE GARCIAS

Hilarion, who was Rosa's father, was baptized in Santa Barbara, California; Carlos Maria, Rosa's grandfather, was baptized at the Mission in Carmel, California and died at the Mission San Gabriel. Felipe Santiago Garcia, Rosa's great-grandfather, was buried at San Carlos Mission in Monterey, California. They were three men with roots here in California. But who were they, and how would I ever learn anything about them?

When in doubt, turn to *Google*.

I wasn't expecting to find any of their names listed there on the internet, but I started with Felipe Santiago Garcia, since he seemed to be the first of the Garcias to be connected to California. I typed out his name and a rush of data suddenly appeared, three million results, to be precise.

You don't ever expect to find a relative's name when researching history. But there was the name, "Felipe Santiago Garcia" in black and white text on webpage after webpage in front of me. I stared at that name and gave myself a thousand reasons to doubt it. Then, I looked closer to confirm the facts. The dates matched: Felipe was born in 1748 in Sinaloa, Mexico, and married Maria Petra Alcantara Lugo in 1773. Both husband and wife arrived in San Diego, California, in 1774. They were the first Spanish settlers to come to Alta California, the first non-indigenous people to ever live here.

The three volumes of *Spanish-Mexican Families of Early California: 1769 - 1850* by Marie Northrop are considered the Bible when it comes to historical research on the beginnings of California. My uncle was lucky enough to own two of the volumes and when I looked up the name "Garcia" I found all the names that Pam sent me. The Garcias were true "Californios."

Felipe had been a *soldado de cuera* — a special type of Spanish soldier in California named after the "cuera" or the thick "leather vest" they wore for protection in combat from arrows, or spears.

These soldiers were sent throughout California as early as 1769 to escort the Franciscans as they set up their missions and built the presidios. In 1774, Father Serra and the Crown decided that no longer would *soldados de cuera* travel to unsettled regions as single men. Families were to be sent with them, to help settle the land, and to ease the loneliness of the soldiers in Spain's new territory.

The first land expedition that brought both soldiers and their families to California was led by Captain



Dragon de cuera

Fernando Rivera y Moncada in 1774. Felipe and his new wife were among the 51 people on that expedition who traveled on horseback and mules a thousand miles from Sinaloa, Mexico, to San Diego, California. Petra was pregnant at the time, and on November 10th she went into labor while the expedition was on its way to Monterey, California. A son, Juan Joseph, was born outside Oso Flaco and was baptized immediately when they reached the San Luis Obispo Mission, because the baby wasn't expected to live. He lived, however, and his birth was recorded as the first non-indigenous child to be born in California. Petra and Felipe went on to have eighteen more children — Rosa Garcia's grandfather (our family connection), was their second son, Carlos.

The *soldados de cuera* were moved from mission to mission. Felipe, along with his family, went from the Presidio of Monterey to Mission San Antonio de Padua, San Gabriel Mission, Pueblo Los Angeles, and the Santa Barbara Presidio, until his retirement took him back to Monterey. Seven of Petra and Felipe's sons became soldiers; the eighth son resisted and was smuggled out of the country on a ship that was bound for Chile. He chose exile from his family rather than hanging for refusing mandatory military service. His brother, Inocente, (who would write about the experience in *Garcia Hechos and Other Garcia Papers*) helped his brother escape and the family never saw him again.

FOLLOWING FELIPE

Reading about your ancestors is exciting, but to be able to walk where they walked and to see the sights that filled their eyes connects you to them on a more physical and deeper level.

In the summer of discovering the Garcias, my husband and I decided to take a road trip to follow in Felipe and Petra's footsteps as they traveled north to Monterey, California. After our first stop at Mission San Luis Obispo where Felipe and Petra's first child was baptized, we traveled by car to the next mission where Felipe was once stationed, driving across land that would have taken them a day's ride to reach the mission. We arrived there in less than 90 minutes.



Bell San Antonio de Padua

Mission San Antonio de Padua

Mission San Antonio de Padua is one I've never heard of before. An hour outside of Paso Robles, California, and set away from any major cities, it's in a rural setting much like Felipe and Petra would have traveled through. It eerily makes you feel as though you've stepped back in time. It's easy to imagine a column of women, soldiers, friars, and a few small children, all on the back of horses or mules, traveling in the San Antonio Valley's oppressive heat. The temperature the day we were there was 118 degrees.

We weren't expecting to see many people at the mission—it's hidden away under the careful watch of the Santa Lucia mountains, surrounded by thousands of oak trees, in the middle of military land—Fort Hunter Liggett. But when our car pulled up, we saw hundreds

of other cars parked around the mission, and it turned out we had arrived on Founder's Day. It was July 14th, exactly 242 years after Father Serra erected a cross and named the mission, San Antonio de Padua.

If ever I felt like Felipe was walking by my side, it was on that day as I moved across the mission grounds, poking my head into every nook and cranny I could find. There was the barracks where the soldiers were housed, the church where Petra and Felipe had gone to Mass, and the baptismal font where three of their children had been baptized.

Standing on those grounds of that mission, I could feel the Garcia ancestors surrounding me and welcoming me back into the family.



Interior Mission San Antonio de Padua



Baptismal Font



Darlene Craviotto is the author of the memoir, *An Agoraphobic's Guide to Hollywood*. Her award-winning play, *Pizza Man*, has been performed all over the world in nine different languages. She wrote Hallmark Hall of Fame's *Love Is Never Silent*, which won an EMMY for Outstanding Television Movie, and earned her a Christopher Award for outstanding writing, along with Writers Guild of America, EMMY, and Humanitas nominations. Her feature film, *Squanto: A Warrior's Tale*, a Walt Disney Film, garnered a Teddy Award for Best Family Film. Her novel, *Californio*, is the historically based account of the first Spanish settlers in California, based on the journey of her 5th great-grandparents. Craviotto is an 8th generation Santa Barbaran and a descendant of the founders of the Presidio.

A Thread of Truth In a Family Story:

The Lost Children of Margaret Claffey

By Debbie Kaska

ONE OF MY HUSBAND'S 2nd great-grandmothers was Margaret Claffey. She was a woman shrouded in mystery. Her name appeared on the death certificate of one of her daughters, Mary Jane Claffey Mccoulough(McCauley), where she is listed as Margaret Heinke, but she never appeared in a census, and no birth, marriage or death records were ever found.

The family story of Margaret

The family story regarding Margaret was complicated and intriguing. Margaret was born and married in Holland to a man variously named Heinke or Nulter. With their children, the family emigrated to America, but Margaret's husband died at some point, possibly aboard ship. She then went to Pennsylvania, but the fate of the children was unknown. Possibly they died or were given away? Later, Margaret married an Irishman, Patrick Claffey.

This story always made me feel sad, as I imagined Margaret facing life as a widow with young children in a new country with a new language. The absence of any mention of the fate of the children was ominous. There seemed to be no way to research the question with no knowledge of their location, names, sex, or ages.

Documented family history of Margaret and her descendants

What was known was that Margaret, with her husband Patrick Claffey, had three daughters in America, Mary Jane (1839-1917), Catherine (1841-1920) and Rose (1844 - ?); these daughters all appear in the U.S. Censuses starting in 1860. The birth dates of the daughters are gleaned from these census records and their death certificates. I never found their actual birth records which might have had more information about their parents. Mary Jane gave her birth place as Ohio or West

Death certificate of Mary Jane Mccoulough (McCauley) where she lists her mother as Margeret Heinke and her father as Patrick Claffey. Her son Tom was the informant.

Virginia, Catherine and Rose claimed to be born in Ohio. In the census records of Mary Jane and Catherine, the birthplace of their mother Margaret was recorded variously as Germany or Holland. Mary Jane's death certificate lists her mother's birth place as Ireland. The three Claffey daughters were living in Cleveland, Ohio, according to the 1860 and later census records; supposedly the parents Patrick and Margaret Claffey lived there as well.

Catherine Claffey married an Irishman, William Delaney, in Cleveland in 1868 and they were my husband's great-grandparents. Mary Jane Claffey married another Irishman, John McCauley, in Cleveland in 1869. The spelling was "upgraded" on her death certificate to McCoullough. The McCauleys had a daughter who died and three sons who never married. Rose Claffey was thought to have married but her married name is not known.

DNA matches to Nulters and a strangely familiar family story!

Browsing the matches to my husband's DNA on *AncestryDNA.com*, I happened to notice a weak but valid match (41cM) to a "Robert Nulter." Robert had attached no family tree, but he became the beginning of a genealogical thread.

Using *Ancestry.com*, I traced a Robert Franklin Nulter (1923-2009) back through his father, Harry F. Nulter (1902-1994), and his grandfather George McClellan Nulter (1862-1956) to his great-grandfather Frederick Alexander Nulter (1828-1908) who was born in Germa-

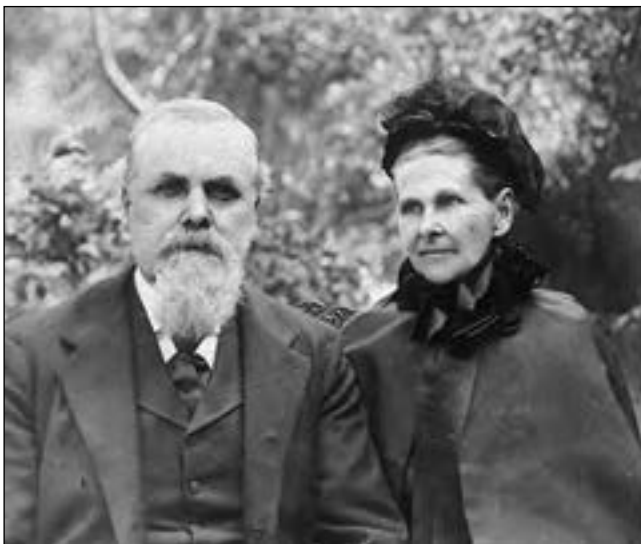


Photo of John McCauley and Mary Jane Claffey

ny. There was a problem here. Robert Nulter, the DNA match, died before DNA testing began. But I was curious now, so I then searched on *AncestryDNA.com* for other matches that had the name Nulter in their family trees. Six other descendants of the same Frederick Alexander Nulter (1828-1908) and of a Marie Josephine Nulter (1826-1911) shared my husband's DNA. Several actually listed a Margaret Claffey as the mother of Frederick Alexander and Marie Josephine Nulter!

A search for Marie Josephine Nulter on *Ancestry.com* yielded an extremely interesting document copied from the *Genealogical and Personal History of Fayette County, Pennsylvania*, published in 1912. The article was actually about her husband, George Smith Buttermore, but included this information about his wife, Maria Nulter.

"He [George Smith Buttermore] married Maria Nulter, born in Germany, where her father died. In 1833, her mother came to the United States with her two children, Frederick and Maria. They settled in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, where the mother married a second husband, named ___ Levans, who kept a house of entertainment on the National Pike at Levansville(sic), Somerset County, Pennsylvania, where the teamsters stopped for the night. Here, after eleven years on the pike, Mr. Buttermore met his wife and was married. She died in August of 1911. Children of George S. Buttermore: 1. Anna Eliza, deceased. 2. Jane, deceased. 3. Mary, deceased. 4. Lewis, deceased. 5. Clark L., now a dairyman, near Gilmore's Mills. 6. William T., of whom further. 7. John J. now living at Connellsville. 8. Elizabeth, deceased. 9. Sarah, now living at Connellsville, married George E. Conn. 10. Harriet, deceased. 11. James W. (see sketch). 12. Forest A., 13. Minnie.

Several elements of this document matched our family story. A widow arrived in America alone with children and went to Pennsylvania. The second husband named Levans, however, did not match, but when I found the death certificate of Maria Josephine Buttermore, it listed her father as Casper Nulter and

her mother as Margaret Claffey! Maria's birth place and date was listed as Germany, March 6, 1826.

One mystery solved, more appear

This information indicates that Frederick Alexander Nulter and Marie Josephine Nulter were brother and sister and were the children that Margaret Nulter (later Margaret Claffey) brought to America in about 1833.

Why Margaret Nulter went to Lavansville, Pennsylvania, is unknown. Lavansville in Somerset County was indeed a stop on the National Pike where Margaret's daughter Marie met and married a driver, George Smith Buttermore (1817-1879). Their first child was born in 1845, so I estimate the marriage was in about 1844 when Marie was 18. George was about 27 and had been driving on the Pike 11 years (i.e. since he was 16).

Margaret Nulter must have married Patrick Claffey in about 1838 as their first child was born in 1839. How and where they met and married is not known. Frederick Alexander was about ten in 1838 so the question remains: did the children stay with the mother? By 1850, Frederick A. Nulter, age 22, born Germany, was living with the Denny family who were farmers in Washington County, Pennsylvania, and his sister Marie was married and living with George Buttermore and their first seven children in Connellsville, Pennsylvania. I never could find Patrick and Margaret Claffey on the 1850 census, or on any census for that matter. Frederick Alexander Nulter married Joanna Grimm about 1856 and later moved to West Virginia where he died in 1908 in Braxton County.

Thus I now know that both Margaret's children from her first marriage, Frederick Alexander Nulter and Maria Josephine Nulter, survived, married and had many descendants. DNA helped solve a very old mystery in the family genealogy. I could stop feeling sorry for Margaret, although I still suspect life was not easy for her. Of course solving one mystery leads to others.

Who was Margaret's first husband - the Mr. Nulter? On their daughter Maria Buttermore's death certificate, he is listed as Casper Nulter from Germany. But some census records and death certificates of her children list her birthplace as Holland. Frederick's children also list him as born variously as Germany or Holland. There are no doubt birth records for these children somewhere over there as well as a death record of Casper Nulter.

Did the Nulter children and the Claffey children know each other? There is evidence that the Nulter family knew that Margaret's married name was Claffey and the name Nulter did come down in the Kaska family lore.

Naturally I left messages with all the descendants of the Nulters and hoped among them was a genealogist who would find the information interesting and want to investigate further. They can see my husband's name on their own list of DNA matches. Alas! Thus far, no one has responded.



Photo of Maria Josephine Nulter, half sister to Mary Jane, Catherine and Rose Claffey.

Death certificate of Maria (Nulter) Buttermore. Maria was the child of Margaret Nulter with her first husband - apparently Casper Nulter. Casper died in Europe.

“Family Reunion” – A Quilted Story

By Melinda Yamane Crawford

IT WAS DURING OUR Nikkei Genealogical Society meeting on the afternoon of July 23, 2016, when I had my first glimpse of the handmade family reunion quilt made by NikkeiGen member, Cheryl Yamashita. It was after that same meeting that a new member, Ann Hashimoto, wrote:

“Mom [Amy Hashimoto] and I enjoyed meeting everyone and learning so much about our families. Truly inspirational as well as historical. Your families are fortunate that you have each [been] researching into your lineage. My Mom is very excited and very glad that we attended today’s meeting. It is never too late to learn about our roots. Loved the Family quilt, shirts and photos that were shared today. Thank you for introducing us to the many resources and activities that help to locate our origins. Special thanks to each of you for sharing and helping us interpret and learn how to begin the journey of discovering the past.”

The fabric squares that were pieced together for the quilt were cut from Yamashita family reunion t-shirts that dated back to the first family reunion held in 1986 and which showed the growth of the family. The Yamashita Family Reunion was a big event attended by the many descendants of Tsurukichi Yamashita (1892-1975) and Nao Yamashita (1895-1953).



Yamashita Family Reunion T-Shirt Quilt

At another NikkeiGen meeting held on June 23, 2018, Cheryl shared a new discovery made about her grandfather, Tsurukichi Yamashita, based on information received from San Francisco State University professor, Dr. Charles Egan. Prior to her phone conversation with Dr. Egan, Cheryl had no knowledge that her grandparents came to the U.S. through San Francisco. During the meeting, Cheryl shared about how her great-grandfather, Matsukichi Yamashita, arrived in the U.S. in 1906. In 1915, he called to his daughter Nao to come to the U.S. Together with her husband, Tsurukichi, and daughter, Kimiye, the three arrived in San Francisco but then were detained at the Angel Island Immigration Station. It was there on one of the walls of the immigration station that Dr. Egan had discovered what he believed to be a wall inscription carved by Tsurukichi during his detainment.

Fast forward to July 23, 2022, and our first in-person NikkeiGen meeting since the onset of the pandemic. At this meeting, I was happy to reunite with Cheryl. She, in return, was happy to show us her personal hard copy of *Voices of Angel Island: Inscriptions and Immigrant Poetry, 1910-1945* by Charles Egan. In the first chapter of the book, Dr. Egan wrote about the Yamashita immigrant ancestors and the wall inscription:

Inscription 9
Person from Kagawa Prefecture
Yamashita
Get me out of here fast!

A very likely candidate for the writer of this inscription is Tsurukichi Yamashita from Kusakabe, on the Inland Sea island of Shodoshima, Kagawa Prefecture (Fig. 1.6). Tsurukichi (1892-1975), wife Nao (1895-1953), and daughter Kimiye (born c. 1914) arrived together in San Francisco aboard the *China* on July 13, 1915. They were on their way to join father Matsukichi Yamashita (born c. 1867, and who immigrated in 1905), a foreman and tenant farmer on the Irvine Ranch in Orange County, California. Matsukichi was not Tsurukichi’s birth father, but Nao’s. Tsurukichi’s birth surname was Ikegami. He was adopted into the Yamashita family upon his marriage to Nao, and took her surname. This was a common practice in Japanese households with daughters but no sons to inherit. Upon arrival, the three were sent to Angel Island. There Tsurukichi met a fellow detainee named Masanosuke Yasui, who published a diary of his immigration experience in the *Nichibei Shinbun* newspaper (the diary is translated in this anthology – see below). Yasui suggests that Tsurukichi did not recognize the adoption. They were judged “liable to become a public charge at time of entry” (LPC) and ordered deported. Tsurukichi appealed, and the family was admitted – but not until August 24.

(Egan, Charles. *Voices of Angel Island: Inscriptions and Immigrant Poetry, 1910-1945*. Bloomsbury Academic, Bloomsbury Publishing Inc., New York, NY, 2021, p. 39-40).

On Saturday, October 1, 2022, I, along with two other NikkeiGen founding members, Susanne Mori and Linda Harms Okazaki, and four other genealogists from the California Genealogical Society served as genealogy volunteers at the Fifth Nikkei Angel Island Pilgrimage.

Together, we offered our genealogy services to the 266 persons of Japanese ancestry in attendance that day. The pilgrimage was a long-awaited trip for many, given the four-year hiatus that took place during the pandemic. What an honor it was for me to serve as a volunteer that day and to be personally rewarded with the joy of helping others discover their Japanese roots. In addition, how incredible it was to witness with my own eyes Tsurukichi's wall inscription on the north wall of the men's detention barracks. The images that I took that day have since been shared with Cheryl as she was unable to make the journey herself.

This article is dedicated to Cheryl Yamashita, who has blessed me these past years with her family history and her permission to share this one small chapter of it.



Angel Island Immigration Station



Fifth Nikkei Angel Island Pilgrimage 10-1-22



Welcome! Angel Island Detention Barracks



Tsurukichi's view from window while detained at Angel Island for 42 days



Tsurukichi's Wall Inscription: "Get me out of here fast!"



Angel Island Men's Detention Barracks



Melinda Yamane Crawford is a Southern California native and a UCSB HR manager for the last 21 years. Melinda is currently helping the SBCGS Outreach Committee with researching and gathering stories for a new SBCGS Asian American exhibit to be featured during Asian/Pacific American Heritage Month in May 2023. She also serves as a volunteer librarian at the Sahyun Library and has been conducting family history research since 2002. SBCGS classes and general membership meetings have played an important role in developing and supporting her passion for genealogy research and also served as an inspiration that eventually led to her co-founding the Nikkei Genealogical Society (www.facebook.com/nikkeigen) in 2014.

Horizontal Tombstone

By Winston Dutton



Deansgrange Cemetery, Dublin County, Ireland. Photo by Brian Meyer

FOR NOW, THE THREE JAGGED PIECES have been fitted back together. They hug the small plot like a blanket. The tall neighboring tombstone that had fallen onto the plot has been shunted aside. Weeds and overgrowth have been cleared away. Discarded beer bottles, hypodermic needles and other trash left by “illicit drinkers and druggies after hours” have been taken to the dumpster in two extra-large plastic bags.

My 2nd great-grandparents’ grave in the oldest, most neglected part of the 70-acre Deansgrange Cemetery south of Dublin, Ireland, hasn’t been fully rehabilitated yet, but great progress has been made. I wish I could take credit for any of this refitting and shunting and weed whacking – let alone finding the plot in the first place – but I wasn’t even in the country when this rescue operation took place. It was an ad-hoc relay team of strangers and near-strangers who rallied to the cause. I don’t think of myself as a Knute Rockne-type who inspires others, but somehow, these strangers and near-strangers were inspired enough to recruit still others in turn.

It started with an email back in 2020.

I had recently retired and COVID was in full swing. Good time to pick up on my family research. My interest had initially been sparked in the mid-90s by three events: my mother’s illness and eventual death; the birth of two sons and my move to Santa Barbara. The first two events underlined the generational flow for me. Santa Barbara made family history palpable. It turned out that one ancestor from my maternal Spanish/Mexican line was buried underneath the Presidio while the marriage of another Californio couple had been one the first ever performed at the Santa Barbara Mission. Over time, my avenues of research branched out from that line to all the others. I am a hobbyist at best and still have a lot to learn.

I had mostly shied away from my two main Irish branches. For one, many Irish records were destroyed in a 1922 fire at the Public Records Office. For two, my two immigrant Irish ancestors were named Daniel Murphy and Mary Fitzpatrick. Ouch! There may be more common, i.e. unsearchable, Irish names out there but those two have to be in the Top Five. I had never

been to Ireland and with COVID, I knew I wouldn’t make it over there for on-the-ground research anytime soon. Bored and largely confined to my Santa Barbara home, I decided to take a shot and email the library in the small coastal town of Dalkey and see if they could help me find out about the lives of my Murphy kinfolk:

Hello

My maternal great-great grandparents were (to the best of my knowledge) William and Catherine Murphy who owned the Dalkey Railway Hotel from about 1860-1881. I have a series

of postcards that their daughter Rosanna sent from Dalkey to her brother Daniel C., my great-grandfather, in San Francisco between 1912-1919. These have allowed me to piece together who their parents were among the many, many Murphys in the area with the help of *Thom’s Almanacs/Ancestry and newspapers.com*.

I would be most grateful if you could refer me to any knowledgeable local people or additional resources that might allow me to further flesh out my research.

Toni – Anchor of the Relay Team

Toni at the library responded within 24 hours and told me she had forwarded my inquiry to the Local Studies Librarian. She was only doing her job, but without her, none of the rest would have happened. I thanked her via email.

Nigel – the 2nd Leg

Nigel, the Local Studies Librarian whose remarkable inquisitiveness and resourcefulness took me by surprise, dug into my inquiry immediately. His first email overflowed with attachments, maps and links. Nigel apologized for all the COVID-related reasons why his response wasn’t all that it could be; it was still a lot. Over the course of a month, emails flew back and forth with more clippings, records, dates and theories. Somewhere in the middle of this flurry of activity, Nigel suggested recruiting members of the local history club in our attempt to reconstruct the lives of William and Catherine (whose maiden name remains a mystery to me). The Dalkey contingent’s natural focus was on their town, but that dovetailed nicely into William and Catherine’s careers as innkeepers as well as William’s seven-year stint as town councilor. Nigel served as middleman so I never knew any of the locals’ names. Some of the group’s contributions suffered from Murphy-itis – there seemed to be hundreds of them in this small community and most were not closely related to my people. One anonymous member of the history club had used *Thom’s Directories* to trace the evolution of the businesses – including the Railway Hotel – on Dalkey’s main thoroughfare on a spreadsheet. I had been perplexed by the hotel’s seemingly frequent moves until it was pointed out to me that the hotel remained station-

ary – it was the street numbers that moved around due to infilling.

The email exchange eventually petered out from sheer exhaustion, but not before William and Catherine’s lives in Dalkey had become much more vivid to me. However, the Murphy family gravesite never came up. I simply did not see it as a valuable source of information. I was wrong about that. I was deeply grateful to Nigel and the group and I let him know it. I threatened to take him out for a pint if the pandemic ever ended and I made it out to Dalkey from halfway around the world in California.

Fast forward two years to 2022.

COVID is still with us but travel is opening up. My son had married a girl from Sweden around the same time I was corresponding with Nigel and they were finally able to have a wedding celebration in Stockholm where they now lived. There was no way my wife and I weren’t going to this. I was able to persuade my wife that Dalkey would make an ideal four-day side trip. It helps that Dalkey is a lovely oceanside spot. Mononymous pop stars Enya and Bono have villas there and it’s a quick train ride into Dublin.

Had I given a single thought to Irish gravesites in those two years? Not a single thought.

Patricia – the 3rd Leg

One of the first things I did once we decided to stop in Dalkey, was to email Nigel that I was finally going to be able to buy him that pint. I heard back within an hour. It was Patricia, the new Local Studies Librarian, informing me that Nigel had left his post shortly after we had last corresponded. She proposed to read through the volumes of email correspondence and get back to me.



Elizabeth Murphy (1847-1913) at various ages - the only photos (xeroxes at that!) I have of any member of the Murphy family of Dalkey. She had a stroke later in life. Photos from author’s collection]

Disappointed at missing Nigel and dubious that Patricia could possibly be as invested and enthusiastic as Nigel had been, I waited. And waited. A month went by and our trip to Ireland was looming. I decided to give her a nudge by email with a bare-bones summary of our areas of inquiry. Again, silence. Time to move on.

William and Catherine Murphy had three children: Elizabeth, Rosanna and my immigrant great-grandfather, Daniel. The spinster sisters lived mostly in or around Dalkey – occasionally in Dublin. There were no immediate relatives left in Ireland. As for Daniel, there are two sides to his story as I currently know it: there’s Daniel, the middle-aged engineer and father of four who first appears in San Francisco, California, records around 1887 and when he married in 1890. There is a total blank before that. I have not found an Irish baptism record for him as I have for the sisters. He claims to have arrived in the U.S. around 1875 (the year he gave in the 1900 census – he moved the date back in 1910 and again in 1920). I have not been able to tease him out of the hundreds of his namesakes in the ship manifests. Where was he and what did he do in the decade plus that he spent in the U.S? Did he have another family? Why did he leave what appears to have been a comfortable future as the sole male heir to the family business?

Very little has come down to me about the Murphy branch. My mother, a writer who became deeply interested in family lore later in life, left no accounts of Daniel’s early life. I have no photos either. The one treasure trove of information that I do have, I received from cousins: a series of postcards that Daniel’s sister Rosanna wrote to him in San Francisco from Dalkey between 1912 and 1919. They are full of light chatter and tantalizing asides (who is “Poor Martin” and what was his misfortune?). She writes in her first postcard back to Daniel in 1912: “So delighted beyond words to hear from you at last. We shall write very soon to tell you the news of quarter of a century at least.” It’s hard to account for that long a silence from Daniel – sure he was a busy father and wage earner, as three daughters



Rosanna’s first postcard to Daniel after his twenty-five year silence—written in May 1912. From the author’s archives]

followed the marriage, but once the communication lines were re-opened in 1912, he and the rest of his family seem to have been willing and enthusiastic participants.

Back to my impending first trip to Ireland. About ten days after I had emailed Patricia with my last-ditch reminder, she surprised the heck out of me with the following:

Good morning, Winston,

I have been in contact with some people in Dalkey who would be happy to meet up with you at a venue in Dalkey on your visit. They are aware of your interest in the area and contributed some information to Nigel previously.

Patricia comes thorough! And she does so by handing the baton to the anonymous researchers of the Local History Club. I was able to meet and personally thank Patricia, a petite, friendly blonde on our last day in Ireland.

Brian – the 4th Leg

As it turns out, Brian was the very same local historian who had compiled a spreadsheet chronology of the businesses on Dalkey's main thoroughfare two years prior. This compact, bright-eyed middle-aged Irishman with a crew cut had reserved a perfect-for-our-purposes small private room upstairs at the Grapevine Café on Castle Street, the aforementioned thoroughfare. He had invited a fellow history buff, Dermot, and his wife Geraldine.

We had a lovely lunch (I picked up the tab) after which Brian unexpectedly offered to show us around. We had been in town for a few days by now and had done some exploring on foot and by train - renting a car and attempting to drive on the "wrong" side of the road made no sense for a four-day visit. Dalkey isn't as green as some other parts of Ireland but it is still intensely green to the eyes of drought-stricken Californians like us. They've done a wonderful job of maintaining Dalkey's small-town charm with winding streets full of stonework. Castle Street features ancient pubs with fabulous carved wood bars. The coastline is breathtaking.



Castle Street in Dalkey with Dalkey Castle in the background.



The Guinea Pig Restaurant – most likely site of the Murphy family's Railway Hotel]

We took Brian up on his offer as we valued getting a local historian's perspective. After a short walking tour where we speculated about the exact location of the long-gone hotel, we hopped in his car for a wider-ranging jaunt that mixed the Murphy family geography



My lovely wife Karen and Dalkey Coastline

with such spots of interest such as Bono's mansion and the Martello tower that served as the setting for the opening scene of James Joyce's *Ulysses* after the author had lived there briefly.

On the flight over to Ireland, it had finally dawned on me that we might visit the Murphy gravesite (although my wife Karen was less than enthused for some reason). I had found the coordinates on *discovereverafter.com*: William, Catherine and their daughter Elizabeth were at "North/W/17" at Deansgrange Cemetery. I

mentioned this to Brian as it was only about three miles from Dalkey. Where are Rosanna and Daniel buried, you ask? Daniel never returned to Ireland – he is buried at Colma Cemetery in San Mateo County, California. Rosanna is buried apart from her kinfolk in the West section of Deansgrange according to *discovereverafter.com*. The whereabouts of her remains remain unknown as that plot belongs to an unrelated Fitzgerald family. More on that later.

Brian instantly offered to swing by the cemetery. He didn't hold out any great hopes of finding the grave: Sunday meant that the office was closed plus the grounds covered a huge area. Sure enough, we wandered around for a while but without a map or visible markers, the coordinate of North/W/17 was useless.

Our stay was coming to an end and Stockholm was beckoning. Brian spoke of returning to Deansgrange on a weekday when the office would be open but that seemed like just talk as we had after all just met the man.

On Monday, while we were on a pre-paid, pre-reserved viewing of the *Book of Kells* at Trinity College in Dublin, he emailed me:

It was good to meet yourself and Karen today and show you around the Dalkey area.

My lunch meeting tomorrow has been cancelled and I thought I could visit Deansgrange Cemetery to find those graves if you will not have time to get there. Please send me the details all the names and the one plot reference you have and I could call to the office and then take photos of the headstones for you.

Whaaat!?! This seemed too good to be true.

And then a few hours later:

50% success. Found Fitzgerald grave in West with some difficulty after help from staff but Rosanna is not on headstone. Will need more help from cemetery staff on another visit to find Murphy grave in North.

On his second solo visit, as my wife and I were flying to Stockholm, the people in the office professed ignorance. There was no map. They recommended seeking out the neon orange-vested gravediggers (probably not their official titles). They were the ones in the know.

By Friday, as we were gearing up for our son's wedding celebration, this triumphant email with the subject line "Eureka":

After our abortive visit to Deansgrange on Sunday afternoon, you will be delighted to hear that I was successful in my search at the cemetery today. I brought all the paperwork and found a staff member in a high-vis jacket who really was keen to help. We searched for a while in vain and he went off to find the expert on the North section who then drove over in his van. We walked into the heavily wooded area of the North section near the RC [Roman Catholic] Chapel. In an overgrown area he found the broken Murphy grave slab and then produced a brush-cutter from his van to clear around the site. What a stroke of luck for our search!

The headstone had fallen over and broken in half, but the inscribed portion seems to still be intact. Luckily I had brought some cleaning equipment to make it more legible. The inscription is quite clear and the headstone was erected by Elizabeth and Rosanna to honor their parents.

The other half of the slab is apparently lying in the undergrowth under the top part which has been temporarily propped up on the actual grave plot itself. I will return in a few days with

some tools to lift both parts of the slab and photograph them laid out together. It has been an interesting project which I have greatly enjoyed following through for you.



Cemetery worker in hi-vis vest helps clear brush.
Photo by Brian Meyer



The Murphy tombstone halfway towards reassembly.

As I mentioned earlier, I am not at first glance the kind of charismatic person who inspires strangers to rally to my cause (a cause I didn't even know existed until Brian found the gravesite in its sorry state!), let alone inspire strangers to inspire other strangers – but there you have it. I can't explain it but Brian had been on a quasi-Indiana Jones-like mission and he wasn't done.

By the following Wednesday, I get this:

I had the opportunity to return to Deansgrange today with a few basic tools and a good yard brush. The area is a secluded overgrown wooded section frequented by illicit drinkers and druggies after hours and was littered with their debris. I cleared away two large sackfuls of cans, bottles, plastic waste and trash into the cemetery bins nearby.

I pulled away the remaining overhanging growth and then slid the engraved section of the slab to one side to expose the grave

enclosure which still has its surrounding stone kerb intact. Under a thin layer of vegetation and earth I found the bottom portion of the grave slab lying broken into two pieces. The only other inscription is R.I.P. right at the base, possibly indicating that further burials might have been anticipated after Elizabeth.

I then laid out all the slab pieces within the grave enclosure as they would have appeared when mounted above the plinth. You can see the tongue at the bottom of the slab which would have fitted into the socket on top of the plinth. The staining of the newly discovered pieces may reduce over coming days as I treated them with bleach as I had already done successfully with the top portion.

The tall gravestone seen beyond the foot of the Murphy plot is clearly engraved "X 17" on the back, and was the final major clue in our search for "W 17" North. That very high monument had been "decapitated" in the past and the top section is the long obelisk shaped stone now alongside the Murphy grave. It was lying partially across the Murphy plot when we first found the broken headstone but has been moved aside.

I hope the attached images will give you a good idea of how the Murphy plot now lies, looking much more respectful of your Dalkey ancestors.

The tombstone reads:

ERECTED BY
ELIZABETH AND ROSANNA MURPHY
TO THE MEMORY OF
THEIR BELOVED PARENTS
WILLIAM MURPHY T.C. [Town Councilor]
DALKEY
WHO DIED NOV 4 1877
AGED 59 YEARS
AND
CATHERINE MURPHY
WHO DIED FEB 25 1881
AGED 59 YEARS
ELIZABETH MURPHY
DIED JUNE 24 1913



The end result! Photo by Brian Meyer

The sisters must have contracted for the plot in 1877 when their father died. Deansgrange Cemetery, which had opened twelve years prior, offered four classes of plots:

- 1st Class located adjacent to the main pathways: the most prominent and most expensive.
- 2nd Class located adjacent to the smaller pathways and expensive.
- 3rd Class surrounded by other plots where payment was required within five years. Failure to pay resulted in the grave reverting to the Burial Board for reuse.
- 4th Class on loan and reverted to the Burial Board for reuse after a number of years.

The sisters appear to have chosen a 2nd Class single plot - the least expensive "permanent" option in keeping with the family's relatively well-off status. Coffin stacking was utilized to eventually fit the four of them into a single plot. For some reason, by 1930 there was no room for last-to-go Rosanna (and no close family members to advocate for her), so she was buried in a 4th-class grave in the West section. Then, a little over thirty years later, Rosanna's remains were vacated(!?) to make room for Josephine Fitzgerald and her kin starting in 1961. At least, that's my theory.

Where is Daniel in all this? Shouldn't it read: "Erected by Elizabeth, Rosanna and Daniel"? His father William died a couple of years after Daniel left for America if we credit the son's statement to the 1900 census-taker, I believe that he had cut off all communications with his family and that his departure was acrimonious, but I will need more than the absence of his name on a tombstone and a twenty-five-year silence with his sisters to confirm.



The top fragment before it had been fitted together with the other two. Photo by Brian Meyer

I thanked Brian profusely but struggled with an appropriate token of appreciation. My brother, a restaurateur (there are quite a few hospitality types, myself included, among my mother's side of the family – Murphy DNA at work?) had the inspired idea of a gift certificate to The Guinea Pig Restaurant, probable site of the Railway Hotel.

I am hoping I can corral my Stockholm-based son into popping over to Dalkey once in a while. He could tidy up the gravesite now that it has been found and given some love – not by family as it turns out but by townspeople.

ⁱ Juana Vianazul (ca 1745-1790), wife of Francisco Salvador Lugo (1740-1805).

ⁱⁱ Ignacio Vallejo (1745-1842 and Antonia Maria Lugo (1776-1855) married February 18, 1791.

ⁱⁱⁱ I have a public tree on *Ancestry* "Dutton/Yerby/Murphy/Bennett" (user name: winow-en1).

^{iv} Thom's published almanacs and directories for Ireland under a variety of names between 1844 and 2013. *FamilySearch.org* and *books.google.com* both give free digital access to many if not all of the annual publications.

^v Whereby when new buildings went up between existing buildings, they all got renumbered accordingly.

^{vi} There has been much controversy online recently over whether to and how to clean old tombstones. I did not question Brian's initiative given all that he had done.

^{vii} Coffin stacking is more or less what it sounds like. It became popular for families in Great Britain in the 19th century as cemeteries became overcrowded. Grave diggers would dig a deeper grave and install a support framework so that the subsequent coffins would nestle on top of each other, bunk bed-style. I have not been able to confirm that that Deansgrange engaged in the practice at that time, but it is the only logical explanation for the single plot that I could think of.



Winston Dutton retired in 2019. He and Karen, his wife of 32 years, have two sons in their mid-twenties and a grandson. He has called Santa Barbara home for about 34 years. He enjoys historical/biographical research, music making and photography.

A Memory: Barton Andrew Benshoof (1939-2022)

By Bob Bason

MY COUSIN, JIM BENSHOOF, called me today from Casa Grande, Arizona, to let me know that our cousin, Bart, had passed away last night. All three of us were avid genealogists on the Benshoof side of our family, but Bart was definitively our leader. Now he was gone - over to that side of the family where we add the final date after the hyphen following the date of birth.



But Bart's death is much more than a final date for me. It's the end of a long and unusual friendship, based almost entirely on the love of our family history and a shared desire to get the facts together and to get them right. He was a stickler for that.

Our friendship started in 2007, when I received a long letter from Bart. I had written to my cousin, Vera Benshoof, to send my condolences for the loss of her husband, Vern, and she had sent my address along to Bart.

"If you are interested in the Benshoof side of the family," Bart wrote to me, "I'd be happy to help you out as I'm one of the chief historians for the family. I, along with a cousin, James Benshoof (my data checker and back-up), work on and manage a very large genealogy record that was started by my grandmother, Hazel, back in the 1940s...As of today, we have over 10,000 family members identified."

Yes, indeed, I was interested. I had begun my own family search in 1985 (my mother was a Benshoof), when I was still gainfully employed. I could only do genealogy on Sunday afternoons. When it became known in my wing of the family that I was interested in family history, I became the de facto family historian, and everyone decided to send their letters and pictures to me. In 1991, I acquired every genealogist's dream, a cache of over 250 Benshoof family letters dating from 1840 to 1910. My boxes of files had quickly multiplied and my burgeoning genealogical record of members of the Benshoof family had grown to over 3,000. I thought I was the leader of the pack, and now I found out that I was a piker.

I quickly wrote back to Bart and sent along a copy of a hand-written letter from his grandmother, Hazel, that I had found in the boxes of my mother's papers that I was slowly sorting through. We quickly realized that, although we were born in the same year, 1939, we were one generation off. His grandmother, Hazel, was my Aunt Hazel. We were first cousins, but one generation removed.

Our correspondence kept up at a rapid rate, as we shared information and pictures and corrected each other's work. In a 2010 letter he first mentioned to me

his medical travails: "I'm going through my second bout of cancer, colon in 2008 and prostate now that they found in January 2009." The following year, he wrote: "On a sad note, Aunt Vera (Vern's wife) passed away last Saturday morning. She was 86....This has not been a very good fall and winter for me so far."

Finally, in August 2010, we made arrangements to meet in person. I had decided to make a genealogical tour of Minnesota, South Dakota, Iowa, and Illinois. I wrote in my journal: "the raison d'être for this trip is to attend the "Aunt Addie Memorial Picnic" of the Benshoof clan at the Wendland's farm south of Minneapolis." The last time I had been at the annual Benshoof picnic was probably about 1958. I had hitchhiked home from college and surprised my parents who were leaving Des Moines to go up to the picnic. I went with them. It was at that picnic that I sat next to Uncle Billy, my mother's closest brother, and asked him about my mom. He said: "Well, she's crazy, you know. Hasn't anyone told you that?" No, no one had! It was a revelation.

Now, some 52 years later, I visited Bart at his home in White Bear Lake and we spent a pleasant afternoon together looking at all the genealogy stuff he had. Included in his collection was the original portrait of Anthony McGarvey and Mary Ann Morgan, my great-grandparents. He readily volunteered to get me a digitized copy.

In my journal of that visit, I have this:

"I told Bart the joke Aunt Della told me about how Princess Minnehaha got her name: Minnie is for Minneapolis; haha is for St. Paul. He then had to tell me his joke about why St. Paul has so many blacks and Minneapolis has so many Swedes: St. Paul got first choice."

The next day I met Bart in Milbank, South Dakota, and we spent two days together, with him taking me to Revillo to see the graves of my grandparents, George William and Alice Virginia McGarvey Benshoof. Next to them is the small burial plaque for my brother, David Paul Bason, who had died of pneumonia in 1930, when my parents took him up to South Dakota to show him to her parents. He was only two months and twenty-one days old.

We drove one mile south and four miles east of Revillo so Bart could show me the old homestead of George William and Alice. They had moved there from Iowa in 1902. The house is gone, of course, but the land had never been cleared for farming, so it was easy to visualize the site.

Bart had arranged for me to visit my oldest living cousin, Dorothy Benshoof Wendland. What a pleasure. She was 99 years old and sharp as a tack. She was born in a sod shanty on a homestead in western South Dakota and was the last remaining child of my mother's oldest brother, LeRoy Benshoof. She remembered Aunt Violet and Uncle Richard clearly.

The highlight of the time was, of course, the annual picnic. There were probably 30 or 40 Benshoofs there and it was a delight. I had been joined by our famous New York lawyer cousin, Janet Benshoof, the President of the Global Justice Center. I felt like she and I were considered something like "freaks," but we were, after all, Benshoofs, so they gathered us in. I met cousin Jim



Bob Bason, Jim Benshoof, Janet Benshoof, Bart Benshoof, at the Benshoof Family picnic, August 2010

Benshoof (Bart's right-hand man) for the first time - the beginning of a long and productive relationship doing genealogy.

Our first and only time to meet personally was behind us, but our correspondence continued regularly.

October 20, 2010: "I'm still here. Sue and I have had a very hectic fall with a lot of medical appointments (all is well) and a busy travel schedule. Hope all is well out west, and please keep all the great info coming. I really appreciate it and will get to it before too long. Always, your cousin, Bart."

May 19, 2011: "After 6 weeks and the doctors trying everything to get my back in shape, I'll now be going under the knife. Two herniated disks. I'll have the surgery Monday. Wish me luck, and if you've a mind to, a prayer or two wouldn't hurt either!! Your cousin, Bart."

March 27, 2012: "Yes, I have the photo of LeRoy's family by their sod shanty. I have copies of the Grant County land records for George William's place south of Revillo. Do you want those?"

Our correspondence kept up on a regular level, until about a year ago when Bart sent us all a letter announcing that he was "retiring" from active genealogical work. All his records and collection were being boxed up and sent off to his nephew. It was sad news for the rest of us Benshoof family genealogists. It was not said explicitly, but the meaning was clear. He was preparing for the end.

So, when Jim's call came this afternoon, that Bart had passed away last night, it was not exactly a shock. It was just a realization that all our days are numbered. The generations and generations of Benshoofs that both of us knew so well were now being augmented by one more faithful Benshoof.

Rest in peace, Bart. Always my cousin.

Bob Bason, 20 August 2022

The 50th Anniversary Open House

By Kate Lima

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2, 2022, fills space in my memory. For many years it will give me joy in the remembering, a happiness that comes only from hours of community and connection, of being with friends old and new.

I knew the day would be special when I saw shadows dancing in the courtyard as the sun filtered through the orange tree; a very light breeze meant the heat would be at a minimum. Volunteers showed up to help even before the doors opened, excited to begin a day of fun. The enthusiasm started softly and built with a steady crescendo as more people arrived. By 1 o'clock the conversations flowed as freely as the food and drink.

Outside tables dotted the perimeter of the courtyard with information for DAR, DUV, SUV, Civil War, Santa Barbara Trust for Historic Preservation, Volunteer and Membership. A pamphlet for a self-guided garden tour was available as well. This space, with shade canopies and gold decorations, enveloped the crowd as they sampled the many delicious treats and talked about ancestors, organizations and friends.

Inside tables held Special Interest Groups' information. Researchers helped people on the computers, while others walked through the aisles of books. Larry Basham held a corner of the library and dazzled people with fun *FamilySearch* activities and info; Karen Ramsdell created family fan charts for all who were interested.

One standout gem of the day was the exhibit in the classroom, put together by the Outreach committee and friends. Through pictures and articles, the exhibit showcased the society through its 50 year history. We started as a small group, meeting in people's homes and carrying around a cardboard box with some books. We had no internet or computers with information right at our fingertips, so group trips to different libraries happened regularly: the Los Angeles Central Library and the LDS Family History Library in Los Angeles, and trips to the UCSB library as well. Now we have our own amazing library with over 16,000 books, the largest genealogy library between San Francisco and Los Angeles!

Our society started as a small group, just a handful of people; we now have roughly 500 members. The enthusiasm that sustained the society throughout its 50 years is still evident today.

This was celebrated in style at our Open House. I didn't count all the smiling faces because I was too busy smiling and enjoying the day myself. What a day, what a memory to carry with me.

We come together with a mutual love of genealogy. The study itself means we genealogists love people and people's stories. This was evident throughout our Open House event, and this day now lives comfortably in my memory.



Sons of the Union Veterans



Exhibit in the classroom, put together by the Outreach committee.



SB Trust for Historic Preservation and John Woodward



Mary Sue Parsons and Rosa Avolio



Karen Ramsdell created family fan charts



From left, Ann Dweley, Sharon Summer and Laurie Hannah



Researchers helped people on the computers.



Left, Outreach Director, Holly Snyder and Melvin Richey, right



Inside tables held Special Interest Groups' information. Above Jean Foster helps with Beginning Genealogy.

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Author Guidelines - *Ancestors West*

Updated October 2022

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

Manuscripts

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

Ancestors West reserves the right to edit and revise submissions as necessary for clarity, substance, conciseness, style, and length prior to publication.

Images

Any piece is enhanced by images. Please provide images if you can to support your piece. The images in general must be over **1 MB, and preferably over 2 MB, with good quality resolution (300 dpi)**—clear and sharp to the naked eye when printed at a reasonable size (e.g., 3" x 4" - plus). Please include a caption for each picture, a photo credit or source, and insert the caption in the location in the document where it should appear. **The images must be sent as separate files and not included within a Word file.**

Author information

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

Deadlines

Submissions with images are due the **1st of the month in February, May, and August, and October 15** for the November Issue. Address submissions to Kristin Ingalls, antkap@cox.net

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