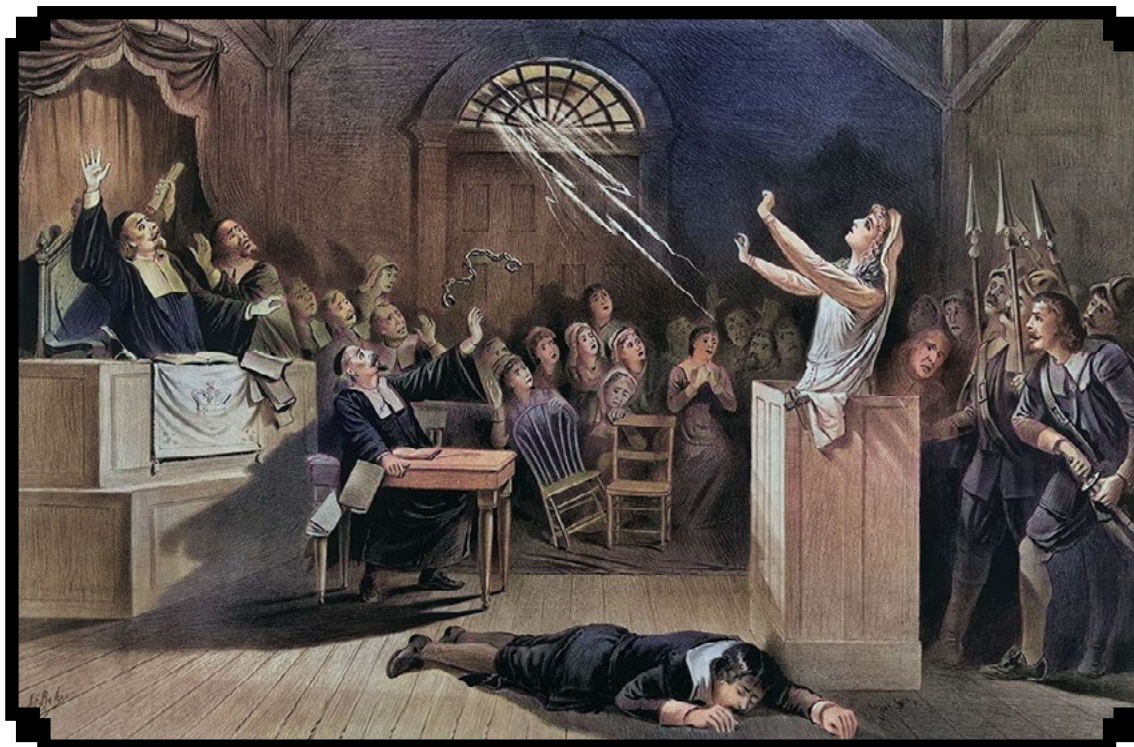




Ancestors West

A quarterly publication for the members of the
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
Winter 2023 Vol. 48, No.4



Judges, Jurors, Accusers, Witches

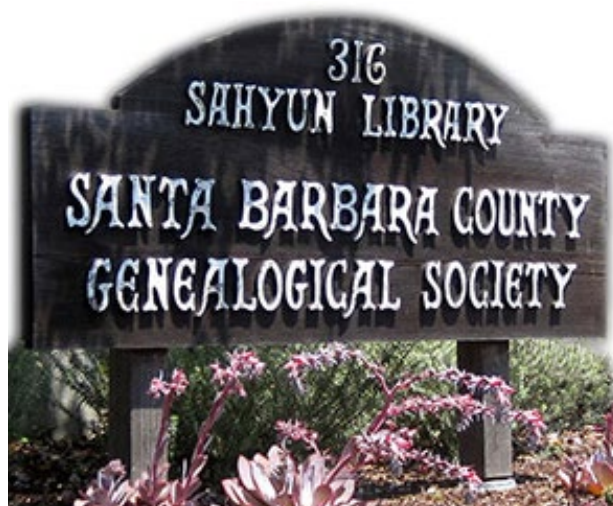
Difficult Times and Disreputable Ancestors

Keep Digging –You May Find Witches

The Unfortunate Tale of Captain Richard Worley

A Loyalist in the Family

“18 Years, 8 Months, 6 Days”



Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

www.sbgen.org

E-mail: info@sbgen.org

Sahyun Genealogy Library

(SBCGS facility)

316 Castillo St., Santa Barbara 93101

Phone: (805) 884-9909

Hours: Tuesday, Thursday

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.

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

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inside this issue...

- 
- 2 **From the Editor** *By Kristin Ingalls*
- 4 **The Great House Detective** *By Betsy J. Green*
- 6 **“18 Years, 8 Months, 6 Days”** *By Celeste Barber*
- 8 **Judges, Jurors, Accusers, Witches** *By Jean Pettitt*
- 12 **Keep Digging –You May Find Witches** *By Kristin Ingalls*
- 16 **Memorial Photographs** *By Mary Jacob*
- 17 **Surname Index**
- 18 **The Unfortunate Tale of Captain Richard Worley** *By Dr. Larry Basham*
- 19 **Fun Pirate Facts** *By Kristin Ingalls*
- 20 **A Loyalist in the Family** *By Darlene Craviotto*
- 24 **My Father and The Ferris Wheel** *By Sharon Summer*
- 27 **Our Members In Memorium**
- Back Cover: Theme for the Spring Issue: Technology for Genealogists**

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.”



Credit: Bing.com/chat

FROM THE EDITOR

Kristin Ingalls
antkap@cox.net

HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE: I am really crowd-phobic; a born wallflower. I am never comfortable at large gatherings with lots of chatter and noise. I can be found hiding in corners. Except at our genealogy meetings. I always look forward to being there and seeing all my genealogy buddies – it is one of my favorite things. The question remains: why these meetings and not others?

Okay, I am going to get woo-woo here – I promise only to do this once. It is about ghosts. This may only make sense to those who have seen the Harry Potter movies.



The ghosts of Hogwarts

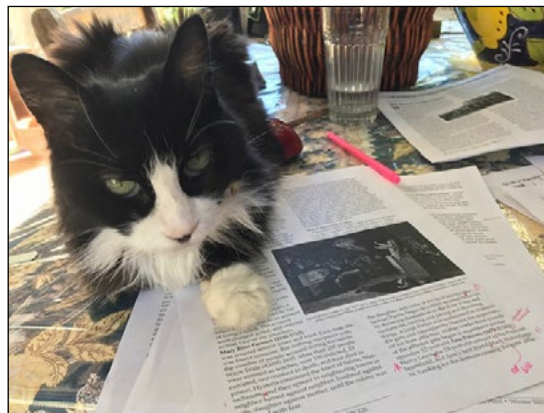
At Hogwarts, the boarding school for young witches and wizards, semi-transparent ghosts of Hogwarts' past fly about at will, interacting and conversing with students. There is Nearly Headless Nick (portrayed by John Cleese), the Grey Lady, Moaning Myrtle, the Bloody Baron and more. They are quite harmless, of course, and rather entertaining. They become part of the lives of the students – much like our ancestors become part of our lives.

At our busy meetings, in comes Marj Friestad with the ghost of our shared ancestor, John Gifford, flying above her. Who would think that pleasant fellow, Larry Basham, has a pirate on his shoulder? Does Benjamin Franklin, the ghost Jean Pettitt carries around, give her sage advice? The whole bunch of us have these phantoms hanging about us, whizzing all around. I really do feel them there with us. That somehow neutralizes all the anxiety I usually feel in crowds. I have noticed, though, ghosts are particularly fond of the refreshment tables, jabbering and complaining because they can't have anything! Perhaps I'm the only one who sees them.

Now, before you think I have gone completely bonkers, – why do YOU go to cemeteries on vacation? Perhaps you don't see the ghosts of your family's past, but you are visiting them. I just like to bring mine home with me for a chat now and then. And who has not had secret conversations with those ancestor's photos we have hanging on the wall or tucked into scrapbooks?

Perhaps, because ghosts are so entertaining to me, I did not anticipate how emotionally challenging reading this issue would be. I love Halloween, witches are fun, misfits are interesting... But the real stories are heart-wrenching and heart-breaking. So read our pages with that in mind. And then find a jolly memory of one of your ghostly ancestors and find reason to smile.

This is why I struggle with editing *Ancestors West* and getting it out to you in a timely manner. Her name is Sissy. She is a 6-pound terror.



On a completely different note: What a busy and productive year it has been for our Society. After emerging from a three-year hiatus, our dedicated volunteers have much to be proud of. All this excitement and activity resulted in 58 (and counting) new members.

The library grounds have never looked better. Trees have been trimmed, brush has been removed, the fence restored, shrubs and flowers planted, work is being done on the yellow house. We deserve a House Beautiful award.

Thanks to our IT team, we have a new website and are now able to have hybrid meetings, so people can attend meetings, workshops and classes from home.

It is good to be able to attend our monthly meetings in person again. Seeing friends, snacking on yummy treats, reconnecting with special interest groups, and listening and learning from experts in all fields of history and genealogy has inspired us to continue our genealogy research.

Knowing only a small percentage of records are available on the internet, our busy Book Angels have added dozens of important books to our library shelves.

Our presence in the community has grown thanks to our Outreach volunteers. We have had informative displays at local libraries. In May the Asian American Pacific Islander Heritage project attracted over 200 guests at the opening. It is still on display at the library and visitors continue to come to the library.

October was a whirlwind of activity beginning with our Family History Month Open House. We had many diverse classes and workshops throughout the month as well as our day-long seminar.

The traditional research trip to Salt Lake was fully booked and members are already looking forward to another trip in 2024.

The *Ancestors West* team have so enjoyed all the stories, history and insights we have gained from our members and hope those submissions continue.

It is amazing that so much can be done with just volunteers. What a wonderful bunch our members are!

Much has been gained, and yet much has been lost. In Memoriam pages we contemplate the lives of those friends no longer with us. Having touched our lives, they will always be remembered.

Our next issue, detailed on the back cover, will be about the many websites and subscription sites that are now available to enhance and add to our research.

If you wonder about the graphic where my photo usually is, it is one of the new websites discovered by one of our members, Judy Thompson. With just a few prompts I was able to recreate myself as a watercolor image – losing a few pounds and wrinkles along the way! It was not done by changing the photo, but a completely imagined never-before-seen image. What fun!

Have YOU found an exciting new website you would like to share with your fellow genealogists? Send it along with a short description.

And finally – When the Spring issue of *Ancestors West* arrives at your door, I will be celebrating my 80th birthday. This is not a bid for gifts (but they would be welcome), but an invitation for someone younger and smarter who does not have a mean kitty named Sissy, to take over my job as Editor-in-Chief. I will continue to help in any way, but think it is time for me to be put out to pasture. Now I will have time to write some of my stories and get to know more ghosts!

I have loved every story we have published and working with the *Ancestors West* team. It is a dream job now searching for a new editor. Maybe YOU?

~~ Kristin



Put out to pasture

Credit: bing.com/chat

Wikimedia Harry Potter ghosts

https://www.google.com/search?sca_esv=583420096&rlz=1C1FGUR_enU-S860US860&q=harry+potter+hogwarts+ghosts&tbm=isch&source=lnms&sa=X&ved=2ahUKewivxpOs6cuCaxWaN0QIHSHkAxQQ0pQJegQICxAB&biw=1242&bih=593&dpr=1.1

A TOUCH OF OLD SANTA BARBARA

The Great House Detective

By Betsy J. Green

The Secrets in Old Homes

WHEN I LIVED IN THE CHICAGO AREA, I had a business writing house histories. I researched and wrote about the history of more than 80 older homes for homeowners who were curious about their home's past. Here in Santa Barbara, I have written about 30+ homes for my *Great House Detective* column in the Santa Barbara Independent. (If you haven't seen my column, it hides in the real estate portion of the paper once a month.) I found lots of surprises in my research in Chicagoland.

A Mysterious Room

One of the most interesting homes I've investigated was an imposing 1852 house that had been owned by a succession of bankers. I guess the bankers took their work home with them, or something, because the house had a closet that had been converted into a vault with a steel door, and concrete floor and ceiling. But even more remarkable is that the home had a secret room. The room was so secret that the current owners didn't discover it until six months after they had moved in. The room was actually part of the attic, but it was not accessible from the attic, and you didn't really notice it when you were in the attic — it was an old house with lots of interesting nooks and crannies and had several additions.

It was actually a bunch of kids who discovered the room. They were nieces and nephews of the owners, who asked if they could explore the house during their visit. So, the kids determined that they would open every single door in the house. In one of the bedrooms, there were large cabinet doors located above the closet doors. The only way that you could get to these doors was with a step ladder. So, the kids got a ladder, climbed up and opened the doors. And they found a small

room about eight-feet square — with no windows, just ventilation panels that opened to the attic.

The homeowners were amazed, and thought that possibly this was a hiding place for escaped slaves on the Underground Railroad. However, when I researched the house, I discovered that the room was in an addition that had been built in the 19-teens. But it was still an exciting find.

A Hidden Staircase

I investigated another house that had a hidden room. In this case, it was a room that contained a staircase. It was in a large 1890s Queen Anne style home with three stories and lots of rooms, and the current owner had no idea the room was there until she had a plumbing problem. A plumber

removed an access panel in a second-floor bathroom in order to access the pipes. He stuck his head in the hole, came back out and said, "Lady, do you know there's a room in there?"

The room was unfinished and contained a staircase that led from the second floor up to the third floor, but did not extend to the first floor. We guessed that it

enabled a children's nanny to live on the third floor and reach the children's bedrooms on the second floor. The current owners had never done more than stick their heads in the access panel to look at the room, until I came along.

About the same time that I was researching this house, the HGTV television program *If Walls Could Talk* contacted me. They said they would be filming in Chicago and asked if I knew of any homes with interesting histories. I told them about the secret room with the staircase, and (obviously, with the owner's permission), the TV crew cut into the back of an adjoining second-floor closet, and the owners walked into the room for the first time.

In the room, they found a handmade dartboard, and kids' names scratched on the walls where they had kept score for their dart games. The kids' names matched the names of the kids who lived in the home in the early 1900s. The owners think that the



A Mysterious Room, Ottawa, Illinois. Courtesy: Ivo Shandor

bathroom was installed in the 19teens, and at that time, the room with the staircase was walled off.

The Name Scratched on a Window

Sometimes people ask me to investigate the history of their homes to solve a mystery. I once researched an 1890s home that had a curious story relating to a windowpane. At one point in the past, so the story went, the maid who worked in the home, scratched her name in the kitchen window. The current owners preserved this piece of glass even when they redid the kitchen. But it struck me that it was an odd thing for a maid to do. I could picture the lady of the house, perhaps as a new bride, writing her name in the window. But why would a maid do it? And maybe that story was not true.

The owners knew about this story when they asked me to research their home, and I wondered if I would be able to learn any more about the name in the window. Things didn't look too hopeful at first – I investigated the names of all of the home's owners, and no one had that name. However, I happened to be at the archives of the local historical society researching the house and I had talked about the mysterious signature. By the luckiest of coincidences, a woman called the historical society while I was there, and the person who answered the phone, turned to me and said, "Oh, this woman's husband grew up in the house you're researching."

When I asked the woman about the name in the window, she knew exactly how it happened. She said her husband told her that he and his brothers were in their teens when the maid became engaged. They teased her and said that her diamond engagement ring wasn't the real thing. To prove to the boys that it was the genuine article, the maid took off her ring, and wrote her name on the kitchen window. Mystery solved!

Messages in the walls

A restoration expert once told me that sometimes contractors who were working on a house, dated or signed their work. Window installers sometimes put a copy of the day's newspaper in the wall, and plasterers sometimes put their signature on the wall when the plaster had dried. Sometimes newspapers were put in the walls for insulation.

I lived in a 1908 house in Western Springs, Illinois, which was how I got interested in old houses. I would often talk about my house history research at home, and this inspired my eight-year-



Messages in the walls, Western Springs, Illinois
Courtesy: Google maps

old daughter to do a little research of her own – without telling mom what she was up to. There was a two-story carriage house at the back of the property. One day, my daughter went up to the second floor of the carriage house with a piece of string and a homemade hook at the end, and went "fishing" between the wall studs. Lo and behold, she snagged a piece of a Chicago Swedish-language newspaper dated 1907. (The man who built the house was Swedish.) I saved the scrap, and added it to the research that I had done on the house.

Some neighbors of mine told me that when they removed the wallpaper in their 1890s house, they found a signature on the wall. They couldn't bear to cover it, so they framed it, and painted around it.

Helpful Hints

Tell contractors who are working on your house to be on the lookout for hidden messages, signatures, etc. Let everyone know that you are interested in the history of your home. You never know who might know something or someone.

Copies of *Discovering the History of Your House*, Betsy J. Green, 2002 are sold at the Sahyun Library.



HELP WANTED! I am always looking for more houses to write about. If you own a home in Santa Barbara (south of Constance), and built before 1920, I would love to hear from you. You can reach me at author@betsyjgreen.com.

“18 Years, 8 Months, 6 Days”

By Celeste Barber

THAT IS THE LENGTH OF TIME that my maternal granduncle, Howard Richard Roeder, lived at Long Island’s notorious Pilgrim State Hospital. Howard was admitted as a patient to the mental institution in 1955 and lived there until his death on July 15, 1973. He is buried in the hospital’s cemetery, in one of about 5,000 unmarked gravesites. The only identifier on his gravestone is the number: 3140. And that is precisely the place, Pilgrim State Hospital, where my six-year on-again, off-again search for Howard Roeder delivered me. I have no photographs of my granduncle, only flashes of a life confined to census rolls, a wartime ship roster, and his two draft registrations: age, employment, residency, eye and hair color. The closest I can touch Howard: the robust signature on his World War I draft registration card.

I began my search for Howard six years ago. Through *Ancestry*, I initially located his 1966 Social Security application. By then he had changed the spelling of his name from “Roeder” to “Rodar.” I subsequently requested his application record, including the date and place of death, under the Freedom of Information Act. Now I am off! I’ll be the one to solve the mystery of a relative who, according to my grandmother, had disappeared on July 1, 1942, the day following his mother’s funeral in Queens, New York. He drove off in his car, never to be heard from again.

But then I hit not a “wall” but a roadblock. A government roadblock. With the Social Security death record in hand, I had sufficient information to request Howard Roeder’s death registry. I then wrote to the New York State Office of Vital Records, only to be denied. The state prohibits the release of death certificates for fifty years, unless the applicant is an immediate family member (parent, spouse, or child). It made no difference that all those folks were long gone, and I remained as my granduncle’s closest living relative. I was stuck in limbo.

I then waited it out – for just shy of six years. This past July the roadblock was lifted, and finally, the requested document arrived. And that is when I learned that Howard Roeder had been admitted to Pilgrim Hospital where he lived for “18 yrs 8 mos 6 days” and was buried in the Hospital Cemetery. The revelation was hard to chew.

Following his mother’s death, the last record I had found was a 1943 ship’s roster, where Howard



Pilgrim State Hospital, Long Island, New York

Roeder is listed as a civilian employee working for the War Department. A Liberty ship, the *S. S. Sacajawea* had shipped out from Honolulu to the mainland. What was his life like for those intervening twelve years prior to his admission to Pilgrim Hospital? Did he have friends? Did he travel? Did he visit his mother’s grave in Queens, I wondered?

Pilgrim State Hospital was one of three state institutions constructed on Long Island in the late 1800s to house New York City’s mentally ill. Pilgrim was the last to be built, and its model included work therapy. There was even a farm on the grounds, in the (correct and humane) belief that healthful activities outdoors would be of benefit to the patients.

Eventually, though, Pilgrim and the other two hospitals, Kings Park and Central Islip, served as human warehouses that experimented with electro-shock therapy, lobotomy surgeries, and “hydrotherapy.” The “continuous flow bath” confined patients in a tub for several hours up to several days. These treatments were in full effect throughout the 1940s and 1950s, until neuroleptic drugs replaced the previous treatments, and to great success. At the time Howard entered in 1955, Pilgrim State Hospital was housing nearly 15,000 patients, “making it the largest mental hospital in recorded history.” (*Images of America, Long Island State Hospitals*, Joseph M. Galante).

I then decided to take a closer look at those documents that I had compiled, the state and federal censuses chiefly, in an attempt to understand why this man lived his remaining years in an institution primarily for those without means or loved ones and nowhere else to go. And so the road took me back into Howard Roeder’s childhood.

Howard was born at home in Manhattan, New York, January 7, 1899. He was two years younger than his brother, my grandfather Rudy. Their father, Rudolph Roeder, was the second husband of their mother, Amanda. Her first husband, Edward Roeder, was Rudolph's younger brother! The brothers had been partners together in their butcher shop. Amanda lived in common-law with her second husband, Rudolph, for several years before they married. Between the two husbands, Amanda had seven children, but only three survived childhood, including Rudy and Howard. Both boys were then separated at an early age when their parents divorced, and Amanda married for the third and last time.

PRESENT OCCUPATION <i>Assistant Shipping Clerk</i>		EMPLOYER'S NAME <i>Theodore Tiedeman Sons</i>	
IS PLACE OF EMPLOYMENT OR BUSINESS: <i>351 Fourth Avenue New York N.Y. N.Y.</i>			
NEAREST RELATIVE	Name <i>Rudolph Roeder</i>		
	Address <i>423 East 84th Street N.Y. N.Y.</i>		
I AFFIRM THAT I HAVE VERIFIED ABOVE ANSWERS AND THAT THEY ARE TRUE			
P. M. G. O. Form No. 1 (Red)		<i>Howard Roeder</i> (Registrant's signature or mark)	

Pernicone Family—Howard Roeder signature WWI draft

In 1905, the New York State Census reports six-year-old Howard and his father as residents of a boarding house. His father, Rudolph, was still a butcher. Later census records support that father and son continued to live together as boarders, with a teenaged Howard employed by Theodore Tiedeman Sons as an assistant shipping clerk for the silk import firm.

Throughout those years, my grandfather Rudy remained in his mother's custody, living in a home as opposed to boardinghouse. Rudy lived with his mother and stepfather, John Quinn, until he married my grandmother in May 1925. The previous year, his father, Rudolph Roeder, died. Sometime during the months following his father's death and prior to his brother's marriage, Howard moved into his mother's house where he continued to live following his stepfather's death eight years later, and his mother's death in 1942.

Not included on government documents was a remarkable disclosure by my grandmother to me: "Following my marriage to Grandpa, his mother told Howard that if he married, she would kill herself."

As family genealogists, we thrill to discover ancestors from a distant past, often revealing wonderful lives to us, facts about them that enrich our understanding of our family's struggles and triumphs. I recall visiting my 3rd great-grandfather's grist-mill, still standing in Milford, Pennsylvania, and imagining his life as a miller adjacent to a stream and across from the blacksmith shop which still stands, as well.

Several months following the revelation about Pilgrim State Hospital, I remain heartsick. Both for Howard's eighteen-year confinement to a state mental institution, and saddened for the child abandoned by his mother and then emotionally blackmailed by her as a young 24-year-old just beginning life. Now I see myself on a mission, for what I don't yet know. His medical records? A file photo taken during his admission? Perhaps only to see his name

– Howard Richard Roeder – inscribed over the number, "3140." That may suffice.

Register of Deaths		Town in the Village of _____ County of _____ State of New York		239
DECEASED NAME <i>Howard C. Roeder</i>		REGISTERED NO. <i>382</i>		
SEX <i>Male</i>		DATE OF BIRTH <i>7-22-73</i>		
AGE <i>74</i>		DATE OF DEATH <i>1-7-99</i>		
PLACE OF BIRTH <i>New York U.S.A.</i>		OCCUPATION <i>Plumber</i>		
MARRIAGE <i>Single</i>		MARRIAGE NO. <i>053-43-4435T</i>		
MARRIAGE DATE <i>1894</i>		MARRIAGE PLACE <i>New York</i>		
PLACE OF DEATH <i>Kings</i>		PLACE OF BIRTH <i>Brooklyn</i>		
DECEASED NAME <i>Rudolph Roeder</i>		DECEASED NAME <i>Amanda Quinn</i>		
DECEASED NAME <i>PS Records</i>		DECEASED NAME <i>Box A. West Brentwood New York 11717</i>		
CAUSE OF DEATH <i>arteriosclerotic heart disease</i>		CAUSE OF DEATH <i>fracture of Right Hip</i>		
FOR GENEALOGICAL RESEARCH! PURPOSES ONLY		No		
no				
MEDICAL HISTORY <i>Med. m. bulg. ps</i>		DATE OF BIRTH <i>7-22-73</i>		
MEDICAL HISTORY <i>Med. m. bulg. ps</i>		DATE OF BIRTH <i>7-23-73</i>		
MEDICAL HISTORY <i>By Med Exam Suffolk County Office Building Southampton, NY 11969</i>				
BIRTH <i>7-25-73</i>		BIRTH <i>7-25-73</i>		
BIRTH <i>7-23-73</i>		BIRTH <i>7-25-73</i>		

Pernicone Family—Howard Roeder death certificate



Celeste Barber taught English at Santa Barbara City College for twenty years, overseeing the Great Books program. Her colleagues nominated her for the California Hayward Award in Distinguished Teaching (2014). She is a past Santa Barbara County Woman of the Year, 4th District.

Judges, Jurors, Accusers, Witches

Our Family's Story of The Salem Witch Trials

By Jean Pettitt

THE SALEM WITCH TRIALS have captured the imagination and horror of Americans almost since the year they occurred. Dozens of movies, books and articles have been written with perhaps the most famous being the 1953 play, *The Crucible*, by Arthur Miller.

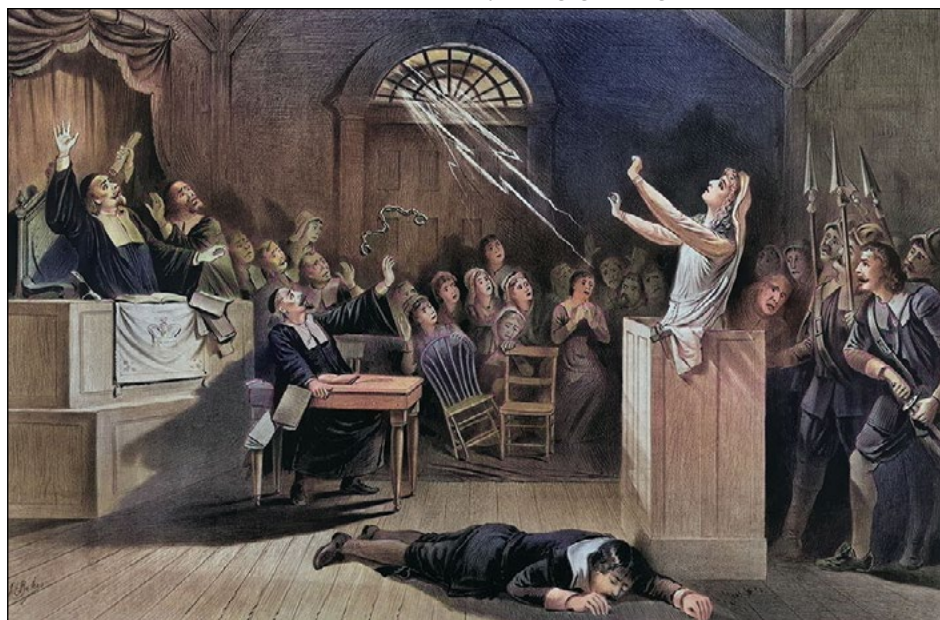
The belief in witchcraft has been prevalent for much of human history and was a common belief among our early New England Puritan ancestors. The supernatural was part of everyday life. The religious climate was such that people actually believed the Devil was lurking nearby trying to tempt them away from God. Those who supposedly gave in gained supernatural powers making them witches with powers that could be used to destroy crops and animals, kill and disfigure babies, bring harm and infliction to others, and cause the innocent to have unholy thoughts and actions.

During the early colonial years in New England, it was not unusual for someone, usually a woman who was disliked by her fellow townspeople, to be accused of being a witch. The accused were charged, jailed, and ordered to trial. One of my ancestors, **Mary Bliss Parsons** (1620-1712),¹ was accused several times and tried. Each time she was found innocent. But nothing compared with the number of people accused during the Salem Witch Trials of 1692-1693. More than 200 people were arrested as witches, over 150 indicted, 19 executed, one crushed to death, and four died in prison. Hysteria consumed the town of Salem, Massachusetts, and then spread to neighboring towns as neighbor turned against neighbor, husband against wife, daughter against mother, until the colony was consumed with fear.

Many who trace their ancestors back to 17th-century Massachusetts most likely have people who were involved in some way with the Salem Witch Trials. If one counts the hundreds of people associated with the trials including the accused, judges, witnesses, jurors, court officials, jailers, and colony and town officials and multiply by nine or ten generations, there are over one million people living today who have some ancestral connection to the horrible events of 1692. While it is not unusual that my family can trace ancestors back to those with a connection to the Salem Witch Trials, it is unusual to descend from so many. I have 15 direct ancestors, 22 in all. Not only can I trace my ancestral lines to these 22 individuals (names in bold type below), all but three have a family connection to both my husband's family and mine.

Witch Hysteria Begins

The events leading up to the Salem Witch Trials were set in motion during the depths of winter 1692 when two young girls ages nine and eleven,



Salem Witch, Joseph E., ca. 1837-1914, artist. This image is available from the United States Library of Congress's Prints and Photographs division under the digital ID ppmsca.09402. Wikimedia Commons.

the daughter and niece of the local minister, Rev. Samuel Parris, began to exhibit unusual behavior by throwing themselves on the floor in fits and contortions, ranting and raving and throwing things. A local doctor was summoned to examine the girls and subsequently blamed the supernatural for their affliction. Within weeks three friends of the afflicted girls began to experience similar episodes: 12-year-old **Ann Putnam** (1679-1716),² Mercy Lewis, the 19-year-old servant in the Putman household, and Ann's best friend Mary Walcott, age 16. Looking for the demons causing the girls' afflic-

tions, local magistrates pressured the girls to name their tormentors. The girls blamed three women, a homeless beggar, an elderly impoverished woman and Tituba, the Caribbean slave of Rev. Parris. To the surprise of everyone, Tituba actually confessed, describing elaborate images of numerous local witches looking to destroy the Puritans. It was Tituba's testimony that set in motion the hysteria and paranoia that would consume the colony as they began to search for witches in their midst.

Within months hundreds would be accused with more than 150 men and women from Salem and surrounding towns filling the local prisons. The major accusers were the teenage girls with Ann Putnam responsible for 62 of the accusations. The girls and most of the other accusers relied on "spectral evidence," testimony claiming the accused appeared to them in a dream or vision. This spectral image supposedly had the power to pinch, bite, choke and cause serious harm to its victims. The 1692 court's reliance on spectral evidence was a major reason why an unprecedented number of people would be charged and convicted. The practice was controversial, even at the time of the Salem Witch Trials. In fact, it was the first and last time American courts permitted the use of spectral evidence.

The Goodale Family

It did not take long for Ann Putnam, her friends and parents, **Thomas and Ann Carr Putnam**, to begin charging their neighbors. Thomas was a man of many grievances and soon became the major accuser, initiating nearly half of all charges against his neighbors. One of the first to be charged was Giles Corey, a main character in Miller's play, *The Crucible*. Ann Putnam accused Corey of being a witch after the ghost of Jacob Goodale appeared to her in a dream accusing Corey of his murder 15 years before. Jacob's ghost was memorialized in a poem by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow:

*"Look! Look! It is the ghost of Jacob Goodale
Whom fifteen years ago this man did murder,
By stomping on his body! In his shroud He
comes here to bear witness to this crime"*

Jacob was slow mentally and had been given to Corey by his father, **Robert Goodale** (1604-1682),³ to work as an unpaid indentured servant. Corey was a stubborn, impatient man and quick to anger. One day, in a fit of temper, he became so enraged with poor Jacob he beat him over 100 times, resulting in Jacob's death a few days later. Corey was brought before the court and fined but could not be charged with Jacob's murder because the

laws at the time permitted beatings of indentured servants. 15 years later, Jacob's brother, **Zachariah Goodale** (1638-1715),⁴ accused Corey of being a witch. Jacob's sister's, **Sarah Goodale** (1645-1729),⁵ husband sat on the jury during trial.

Bathsheba Folger Pope

Bathsheba Folger Pope (1653-1726)⁶ was obsessed with witches believing they were the cause of all her ills, the reason for everything that went wrong in her life. She was particularly upset with anyone who came to the defense of someone accused of being a witch. She attended most of the trials and would often go into fits and convulsions telling the court that the accused witch was torturing her. She was a major accuser of Martha Corey, Rebecca Nurse and John Procter, all leading characters in *The Crucible*. During Martha Corey's trial, Bathsheba bit her lip telling the magistrate that Martha was the cause. When John Procter was on trial, Bathsheba's feet inexplicably flew up in the air which was interpreted as evidence for Procter's supernatural powers. It is thought she also accused her sister, Abiah Folger, who had spoken publicly against the trials. American history would have been forever altered if Abiah had been charged and put to death because, 13 years later, Abiah gave birth to a son, Benjamin Franklin.

Governor, Justice of the Peace, Juror, Jailer Governor Thomas Danforth

My ancestor, **Thomas Danforth** (1623-1699),⁷ was acting governor at the beginning of the Witch Trials but had limited authority. He condemned the trials in which Magistrate William Stoughton had accepted spectral evidence. Danforth believed the reliance on spectral evidence was not in accordance with English Law. Months later, he sat on the Superior Court that ruled spectral evidence could no longer be accepted as evidence. The ruling led to Stoughton's resignation with Danforth often presiding in his place. When spectral evidence was no longer permitted, the hysteria died down and many of the accused were pardoned and set free.

Colonel Dudley Bradstreet⁸ was Justice of the Peace in Andover, Massachusetts. He was opposed to the entire witchcraft delusion but found himself in the unenviable position of carrying out his duties. Starting in July 1692, he was ordered to hand out arrest warrants to 30 persons, sending them to prison for supposed witchcraft. Finally, in September, after handing out an additional 18 warrants, he refused to grant more. Like many who spoke out against the witch trials, Bradstreet and his

wife, **Ann Wood Bradstreet** (1647-1701),⁹ were subsequently accused of witchcraft and charged with the killing of at least nine people. The Bradstreets then fled, but returned to Andover several months later. In December, Bradstreet signed a petition on behalf of accused members of his church.

Jurors Thomas Flint and John Batchelder

Ancestors **Thomas Flint** (1648-1721),¹⁰ and **John Batchelder** (1638-1698)¹¹ served on a jury during the trials. Flint was a large land holder in Salem and acquired the lands of several neighbors who were convicted and hung. Batchelder was married to Jacob Goodale's sister, Sarah. He, along with ten other jurors, regretted their convictions and signed a statement asking forgiveness for the error of their judgement. They stated that while they took their duties seriously, they now realize they were "not capable to understand nor able to withstand the mysterious delusions of the powers of darkness" and "according to our present minds, we would none of us do such things again."



The Trial of Giles Corey.

From the Digital Public Library of America: <https://dp.la/>

Jailer William Doughton (died 1696)¹²

William Doughton lived in the Salem jail and was its keeper. During the trials many of the accused were held there until their trial or execution. The conditions in the jail were abominable: beastly hot in summer and frigid in winter. It was dirt-floored, lice-ridden, dank and reeked of all sorts of foul odors. To keep the ghosts of the accused from escaping and accosting the afflicted, each inmate was shackled, including small children, the pregnant and infirm. Doughton charged each prisoner room and board plus a fee for their chains. In September 1692, Doughton witnessed the signing

of Giles Corey's will shortly before Corey was taken by the sheriff in an effort to force him to plead guilty or not guilty. Corey knew that those who did not plead, under the law, could not be tried or executed. He understood that if he pled and let the trial happen, his estate would be confiscated and his children would lose their inheritance. The sheriff tried to force a plea through torture. He forced Corey to the ground face up and placed rocks on top of him, increasing the pain one rock at a time. On the third day Corey died from being pressed to death. In the minds of many it was a just punishment for Corey's beating to death of Jacob Goodale 15 years earlier. However, Corey's plan worked; his estate was passed to his sons.

Witches

Mary Lovett Tyler (1651-1732)¹³ The Tyler family of Andover was at the center of the witch hysteria of 1692-1693 as it had both accusers and accused. Moses Tyler, Mary's brother-in-law, and his 16-year-old stepdaughter were Andover's chief accusers. They set in motion accusations that would involve most of the town, including 11 members of their own Tyler family. Since the courts assumed a person guilty unless they could do the impossible and prove their innocence, almost all the accused confessed and were pressured to name others.

At the request of a local Andover man, Joseph Ballard, who was searching for witches that caused illness in his sick wife, several of Salem's afflicted girls were summoned, including Ann Putnam. They were asked to conduct the "touch test" whereby they could identify witches merely by touching them. Mary and two of her daughters Hannah, 11, and Martha, 15, were identified, charged, and taken to the Salem Jail to await trial. When Mary was first arrested, she was not particularly worried because she knew she was innocent. She did not believe anyone could make her confess to such a horrible crime. But after being accused by her own daughters who wanted to save themselves, enduring weeks in the awful Salem Jail and being pressured by the court and relatives who feared she would be hung if she did not confess, Mary confessed. Unbelievably those who confessed were never hung, while those who professed their innocence were often executed. Mary later regretted her confession believing she had committed a terrible sin by telling such an egregious lie.

While Mary was languishing in prison, her husband, **Hopetill Tyler** (1645-1734),¹⁴ worked tirelessly to clear his wife's name and bring her and their daughters home to await trial. After almost four months, Hopetill posted the bond that allowed his family to return home. He then procured

the renowned minister, Increase Mather, to represent Mary. A month later the women went to trial, pleaded not guilty and recanted their confessions. The jury found them not guilty of all charges.

Margaret Stevenson Scott (1616-1692)¹⁵ Margaret of Rowley, Massachusetts, was a classic example of the kind of person often charged as a witch. She was old, poor, and alone. To survive she often resorted to begging, and that made her vulnerable to witchcraft suspicions. It is a phenomenon that has subsequently been called the “refusal guilt syndrome.” When a beggar’s needs are refused, it causes feelings of guilt on the refuser’s part. Margaret was arrested and brought to trial September 17, 1692. She maintained her innocence throughout the ordeal but was found guilty and sentenced to be executed. Much of the evidence against her was based on spectral evidence relating to events that occurred many years previous as well as the testimony of two teenagers from prominent local families who accused Margaret of torturing them by “choking and almost pressing me to death.” Ann Putnam and her friends claimed to have witnessed this torture.

Five days after her trial on September 22, Margaret was hung on Gallows Hill, the last of the 20 who were executed. Within weeks, the Governor shut down the trials declaring “spectral evidence” and the “touch test” could no longer be accepted as proof that someone was a witch. Except for those who died in prison, all the remaining accused were eventually released. Margaret was officially exonerated on October 31, 2001, three centuries after her execution.

Ann Foster (1617-1692)¹⁶ Ann, her daughter and granddaughter were neighbors of the Tyler family living in Andover when Ann Putnam and her friends were summoned to conduct the “touch test” to identify the witches causing Joseph Ballard’s wife’s illness. Like the Tyler women, the Foster women were also identified and accused of being witches. At first Ann refused to confess but after days of interrogation and upon hearing that her daughter had named her a witch, Ann broke down and told the magistrates she was a witch. She told the authorities the Devil had come to her in the form of a bird, that she had ridden to witch meetings on a stick and knew of over 300 witches whose mission was to create the Devil’s kingdom in Essex County.

Ann was tried the same day as Margaret Scott and condemned to also be hung on September 22. But Ann was not executed as planned. The trials were halted with plans to retry those accused based on the use of the “touch test” or “spectral evidence.” Ann was ordered to remain in jail until a new trial date could be set, sometime in early

1693. Unfortunately, Ann, who was old and frail, died on December 3 in Salem prison after five months of imprisonment and before she could be exonerated.

Ann’s son, **Andrew Foster** (1677-1753),¹⁷ spent years trying to clear his mother’s name and get reparations for the false accusations against his mother. He requested reimbursement for his mother’s expenses that he was forced to pay the jailer, William Doughton, before the body of his mother could be released for burial.

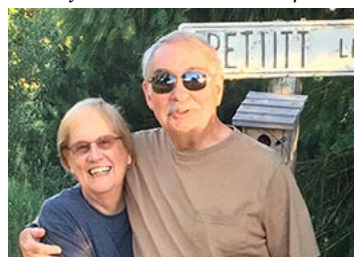
Lessons Learned

The tragedy of Salem and neighboring communities during the Witch Trials is that suspicion and demonization of others tore families and communities apart causing fear and undue suffering. Several times over the past 300 years Americans have tried to come to terms with the horrible events of 1692-93 through formal apologies, exonerations of the accused and memorials to their memories. Perhaps it is the ghosts of our ancestors who remind us of the lessons of our past and the gift of our humanity when we choose to make the world a better place.

Endnotes

- 1 8th great-grandmother, twice, maternal grandmother Hickox, via two ancestral lines
- 2 Putnams married into direct ancestor Flint family. Jean’s maternal grandfather Pollard. Dave’s maternal grandfather Densmore
- 3 8th great-grandfather and 9th great-grandfather of Jean’s maternal grandmother Hickox. Dave’s maternal Densmore
- 4 8th great-grandfather. Jean’s maternal grandmother Hickox
- 5 7th great-grandmother. Jean’s maternal grandmother Hickox
- 6 7th great-grandmother. Jean’s paternal grandfather Pollard
- 7 9th granduncle. Jean’s paternal grandfather Pollard
- 8 8th great-grandfather. Jean’s paternal grandfather Pollard
- 9 8th great-grandmother. Jean’s paternal grandfather Pollard
- 10 7th great-grandfather. Jean’s maternal grandfather Pollard
- 11 7th great-grandfather. Jean’s maternal grandmother Hickox
- 12 8th great-grandfather. Jean’s maternal grandfather Pollard
- 13 8th great-grandmother. Jean’s maternal grandmother Hickox
- 14 8th great-grandfather. Jean’s maternal grandmother Hickox
- 15 9th great-grandmother. Daughter-in-law Andrea Pettitt’s maternal grandfather Scott
- 16 9th great-grandmother. Dave’s maternal grandfather Densmore
- 17 8th great-grandfather. Dave’s maternal grandfather Densmore.

Jean has been a member of the SBCGS since moving here in the late 1990s. She began her research after rescuing her grandmother’s genealogy papers when her mother was about to throw the files in the trash. Her primary interest is researching the



historical times and places in which her ancestors lived.

She and her husband are standing in front of the lane named after her family in the small town where the Pettitt families have lived since the Civil War.

Keep Digging – You May Find Witches

By Kristin Ingalls

WHILE THIS PIECE OF HISTORY is called the Salem Witch Trials, more people from Andover, Massachusetts, were accused of witchcraft than any other town. .

A relatively small town of about 600, more than 50 people in Andover were accused. Of the 48 arrested, 42 were related through extended family lines.

Some 25 years ago, as a genealogy novice, I did what many beginners do. Start with my surname, Ingalls, and follow my direct ancestors back as far as records existed. Of course, I knew these ancestors had many children, many siblings, often several spouses, but I did not think all those extraneous people mattered to my pedigree chart. I wanted to fill in all those blanks! Over the years I learned what unfolds when you use FAN research methods: Family Associates Neighbors. To that I would add Extended and Collateral Relatives.

Like everyone, I have heard about and read about the Salem Witch Trials. I knew from the map I purchased in Andover, Massachusetts, all those years ago, that my family names were listed as involved in the witch scare, but until recently, I did not know that I was related to so many of the accused. Even after decades of research, I did not know that I had a grandmother, Mary Parker, and a cousin, Martha Carrier, who were executed.

My biggest mistake? I am embarrassed to say that when I read the list of accused and executed witches I did not take the next logical step – research the women’s maiden names several generations back. This is how I found all my witches!

In Andover, my family names involved in the witch scare includes **Ingalls, Dane, Faulkner, Hazeltine, Osgood, Barker, Parker, Abbott, Chandler.**

Three men of Andover stand out in their efforts to defuse and stop the hysteria: Reverend Francis Dane, John Barker and John Osgood.

So, to those witches!

The Ingalls Witches

My two Ingalls witches descend from my immigrant ancestors, Edmund and Ann/Annis Telbe Ingalls, who came to this country about 1628 with the Endicott fleet. The following year Edmund and his brother Francis founded the town now known as Lynn, Massachusetts.

The Ingalls witch line springs from Edmund and Ann’s daughters, Faith Ingalls, who married Adrew Allen, and Elizabeth Ingalls, who married Reverend Francis Dane. These two women are both my 8th great-grandaunts.

Edmund and Ann’s daughter, Faith (c.1623-after 1690) married Andrew Allen. Their daughter, Martha Allen, married Thomas Carrier. She is probably



Examination of a Witch by Tompkins Matteson from *Wikimedia Commons*

the best-known witch executed during the witch trials in Salem and Andover.

Martha Ingalls Allen Carrier (c. 1650-1692) is my 1st cousin 9 times removed.

She was the first person to be accused of witchcraft in Andover, Massachusetts. I had certainly read about Martha, and probably even seen mention of her when I visited Salem.

One of her accusers was my 7th great-granduncle, Benjamin Abbott (1661-1703), also of Andover. I visited his house when I was in Andover, never knowing his role in all this. Benjamin Abbott testified that Martha Carrier "*was very Angry with him, upon laying out some Land, near her Husbands: Her Expressions in this Anger, were, That she would stick as close to Abbot, as the Bark stuck to the Tree, and that he should Repent of it afore seven yeas came to an end, so as Doctor Prescott should never cure him.*" Soon he became ill and did not recover until Martha was imprisoned.

All of this was corroborated by Benjamin's wife, Sarah Farnum (1661-1704), who is also my 8th great-grandaunt - twice. Both Benjamin Abbott and Sarah Farnum are descendants of my ancestors more than once.

Martha's two eldest sons, Richard and Andrew, were arrested and taken to Salem where they first denied any accusations, but were tortured into confessing. Soon their brother, Thomas, then ten, and their sister, Sarah, seven, were also arrested and also confessed. I shall not add the horrific details of the torture done to those being questioned. It did not seem to matter that some of those implicated were children.

Although she claimed her innocence to the end, Martha Carrier was the only one of her family to be executed, even though the rest had all confessed.

It seems those who refused to confess to witchcraft were considered unrepentant sinners and sentenced to death. Those who confessed and named others were imprisoned but eventually saved. Accusations spread through the community because confessed witches were required to name the person who bewitched them.

Sadly, my cousin Martha Carrier was hanged, along with Reverend George Burroughs, George Jacobs Sr., John Proctor, and John Willard on August 19, 1692, on Proctor's Ledge at Gallows Hill.

Elizabeth Ingalls (c.1622-1676), Faith's older sister, married the Rev. Francis Dane about 1640. She is the mother of all his children. Shortly after Elizabeth's death in 1676, Francis married Mary Thomas. Upon Mary's death, he married his step-sister, Hannah Chandler. This is hard to follow, but ... Hannah is my 8th great-grandmother, daughter of the immigrants William Chandler and Annis Bayford. When William Chandler died in 1640, his widow Annis married John Dane, father of Rev. Francis Dane. Thus, Elizabeth and Francis were step-siblings.

Do you see why I only followed direct lines in my early research?

The Dane Family Witches

Rev. Francis Dane and Elizabeth Ingalls had more relations accused of witchcraft than any other family. At the time of the trials, Dane was 76 years old and had been in Andover for over 40 years. He and others wrote a letter condemning the witch trials to the General Court and to the governor. Being a minister did not afford him immunity from persecution, as Rev. George Burroughs had been hanged for witchcraft.

Rev. Dane was accused but never arrested, but many of his family members were accused and arrested.

Rev. Dane's daughter, my 1st cousin once removed, Elizabeth Dane Johnson, Sr., her daughter, Elizabeth "Betty" Johnson, Jr., were accused, confessed and implicated others as well, including Elizabeth's sister, Abigail Dane Faulkner. Elizabeth, Sr. was imprisoned and found not guilty.

Her daughter, Elizabeth Jr., was accused by the children of Martha Allen Carrier, and in turn, she testified against Carrier, stating that it was she who had baptized her as a witch. Oh my, this is a messy bit of terror.

Elizabeth Jr. was imprisoned to await her trial, which would not occur until January, 1693. At the trial, she was one of only three to be found guilty. She was sentenced to death but escaped the gallows due to the intervention of Governor Phips. Elizabeth Johnson Jr. appears to have never married and the date and place of her death are unknown.

Abigail Dane Faulkner, Sr. (1652-1730) is the younger sister of Elizabeth Dane Johnson, Sr. Arrested and imprisoned, Abigail was found guilty, sentenced to death, but she "pled her belly" (meaning she was pregnant) and her execution was delayed. The belief was that any child a witch was carrying was an innocent and should be spared until birth. That pregnancy certainly saved Abigail's life.

In the frenzy that followed, two of Abigail's daughters, nine-year-old Abigail Faulkner, Jr. and twelve-year-old Dorothy Faulkner, two of her nieces, and a nephew, would all be accused of witchcraft and arrested. Four months after her arrest, Abigail Faulkner petitioned Governor Phips, Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony at the time, pleading for clemency, explaining that her husband was an invalid and her children had no caretaker. Governor Phips granted her request and Abigail was released from prison.

With the help of their grandfather, the Rev. Frances Dane, both Faulkner sisters along with

their cousins, Stephen and Abigail Johnson, were released from prison on bond.

Deliverance Hazeltine Dean (1635-1735) is my 9th great-grand-aunt. Originally from Rowley, she is the daughter of my immigrant ancestors Robert Hazeltine and Anna Wood who came to Andover in 1637. She married Nathaniel Dane, the son of Rev. Frances Dane and Elizabeth Ingalls. She was accused of witchcraft in September 1692 during a "touch test" meeting overseen by Rev. Thomas Barnard. She confessed and implicated others. Later she recanted her confession, saying she had "wronged the truth." The case against her was dismissed and she was released in December 1692.

The Barker Family Witches

Richard and Joanna Barker, my 9th great-grandparents, are found in Andover records by 1643. The Barkers in the second generation were much involved in the witchcraft hysteria in Andover in 1692. Three of their sons, William, Sr., Ebenezer and John, my 8th great-granduncles, were implicated.

William Barker, Sr. was accused and found not guilty. His son, William, Jr. was questioned, confessed, and found not guilty.

Abigail Wheeler Barker, wife of Ebenezer Barker, was accused and found not guilty.

Mary, the daughter of Deacon John Barker, was accused and found not guilty.

William Barker, Sr. (1646?-1718) was imprisoned, made a bizarre confession which included the devil being a black man with cloven feet who promised to pay off all his debts. It was he who implicated Rev. John Burroughs who was executed. William managed to escape, but at the same time did return to Andover where he died in 1718.

Abigail Wheeler Barker (1656-1743) was the wife of Ebenezer Barker. Abigail was subjected to the "touch test" in the Andover Church, and was then arrested. Her husband, Ebenezer Barker, quickly joined the newly-formed Andover resistance and was a signer of petitions of October 12, October 18, and December 6, sent to the governor and the high court. Despite the petition, the grand jury at the Superior Court of Judicature indicted Abigail. However, in a trial by jury on January 6, 1693, she was found not guilty. She was released, having been imprisoned for 18 weeks in Salem.

Mary Barker (1679-1752) Just 13 years old, Mary Barker was accused, but being the daughter of an Andover church deacon, Mary felt confident that she would be freed after questioning. Though she initially denied the charges, she soon confessed and blamed Goodwives Faulkner and

Johnson of forcing her to sign the Devil's book. She then began to demonstrate hysterical symptoms. She was placed in prison, but was later found not guilty.

William Barker, Jr. (1678-1745) 14-year-old William Barker, Jr. saw his father, aunt and cousin arrested and jailed. When arrested, he too confessed and then accused Goody Parker of witchcraft. After his testimony, the court magistrates took it upon themselves to issue a warrant for the arrest of "Goody" Parker. They arrested my 8th great-grandmother, Mary Ayer Parker, without making sure they had the right woman in custody.

Her accuser, William Barker, Jr., remained imprisoned until he was released on bail in January, 1693. He was tried the following May in Ipswich and was acquitted.

This is the saddest part of my story. My 8th great-grandmother, **Mary Ayer Parker** (c1660s - 1692) is the daughter of my immigrant ancestors, John and Hannah Ayer who settled in Haverhill by 1646. She married Nathan Parker, and the couple had at least eight children. At the time of her arrest, she was 55 years old, and a widow with an ample estate. She had never had problems with her neighbors, no accusations of wrongdoing - until William Barker, Jr. named her in his confession. He said that the two of them had ridden upon a pole and had been baptized in Five Mile Pond. Mary Parker was examined on September 2, 1692, where several "afflicted girls" from both Andover and Salem Village fell into fits. These included Mary Warren, Sarah Churchill, Hannah Post, Sara Bridges, and Mercy Wardwell. When the "touch test" was employed during the examination, the girls were "cured." Mercy Wardwell and William Barker, Jr. would also say that she had tortured others.

During her trial she was asked, "how long have ye been in the snare of the devil?" to which she answered, "I know nothing of it, There is another woman of the same name in Andover." She maintained her innocence throughout.

There remain questions as to why she was targeted, and even if she was the correct woman being accused. At that time, there was another woman who lived in the area who was also named Mary Parker. That Mary Parker had been taken to court a number of times. She was sentenced for fornication several times, had borne a child out of wedlock. These were serious offenses during those Puritan times. There was little evidence given to convict my ancestor, Mary Parker, and her testimony was seemingly ignored. The presiding officer, a man named Thomas Chandler, had



Trial of George Jacobs, August 5, 1692, by Tompkins Matteson from Wikimedia Commons

once been good friends with the Parkers, but, had apparently had a disagreement with them at some time in the past. My ancestor, Mary Ayer Parker, was found guilty of witchcraft on September 16, 1692, and she was executed six days later on September 22, 1692.

Mary and Nathan Parker's daughter, Sarah Parker (1670- ?), was accused by Elizabeth Dane Johnson, Sr. and Susannah Post in their confessions. Although her mother was tried about that same time, there is no record that Sarah was indicted.

While the distance of time makes this type of research a bit easier, when you really sit with it for a while, it is so tragic and hard to contemplate.

As convicted witches, the Salem Witch Trial victims were not allowed a Christian burial in consecrated ground. As a result, it is not known where they were buried.

In 1693, 12 jurymen publicly apologized for the miscalculated judgments during the Salem Witch Trials of 1692. In 1711, compensation was awarded to many, but not all, of the victims.

More than anything, I cannot help wondering how those who were involved in convicting and putting to death these innocent victims reflected on their actions? What would it feel like to know you were responsible for the deaths of so many people?

More research to do!



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**Carol Andreasen, Cherie Bonazzola, Joy Chamberlain,
Cathy Jordan, Chris Klukkert, Julie Moore, and Sharon Summer**

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Memorial Photographs

By Mary Jacob

THE CRUNCH OF GRAVEL under my bicycle tires was drowned out by the whoosh of wind flying past my ears as I sped up to pass St. Michaels Cemetery on my way home. Unfortunately, I didn't see the tree root rising out of the path so my bike hit it at an odd angle, and I fell at the very section of the road I least liked, by the cemetery. Don't get me wrong. I like cemeteries, but this cemetery had unnerved me when I was ten. On my first exploratory visit there, soon after my family had moved to Hammond, Indiana, I came across something that I had never seen in a cemetery — photographs of the deceased staring back at me from the gravestones. They stopped me in my tracks. I have never forgotten the shock of looking at the image of a child of about my age.



Example of a photographic headstone from Tucson, Arizona.
Credit: Gena Philibert-Ortega

When cemeteries were listed as a topic for this issue of *Ancestors West*, those photographs immediately welled up from the depths of my memory and prompted several questions. How do you get photographs to stick on headstones? When, where and why did this practice start? Do people still put photographs on their headstones today? What I learned surprised me.

Putting a photograph of the deceased on a tombstone is about as old as photography itself. Americans put daguerreotypes on tombstones from the 1840s¹ onward. However, the methods for cover-

ing and sealing the images from the destruction wrought by rain, snow, and extremes of heat and cold proved ineffective. It was not until 1854 when two French photographers developed the technique of printing photographs on ceramics (especially porcelain) that a long-lasting memorial photograph could be made. Originally people ordered porcelain photographs for display in the home. Only at the end of the 19th century, primarily in Europe, did people begin to place porcelain portraits on gravestones. By 1919 the practice was established in the United States as evidenced by the fact that the Sears Corporation was selling "Limoges Imperishable Porcelain Portraits" in a range of sizes for setting in monuments.

For those curious about the manufacturing technique, Sears described its process this way: the portraits began with a copper base that was coated with pure white porcelain on both sides and fired in a kiln at very high temperatures. The shape was then "sensitized," and the picture supplied by the buyer was photographically transferred to the porcelain surface, made permanent with another photographic process, then burned into the porcelain in the kiln. Another coat of thin, transparent porcelain was applied, then fired for the last time in the kiln. The final product was claimed to be imperishable.²

Italy popularized the art of memorial photography which spread throughout southern and eastern Europe. In the first decades of the 20th century, people from these areas immigrated to North and South America and brought this cultural practice with them. One historian argues that memorial portraits are especially popular among Italian American, Latin American, and Jewish cultures because they "share customs that keep the dead alive—either literally, in the sense of communicating with the dead, or figuratively, in the sense of preserving the dead in memory. By keeping the dead alive in memory these cultures keep their heritage alive as well. This is perhaps why photo tombstones are most popular among immigrant groups with a strong sense of cultural identity. If the dead simply cease to exist, we lose our own history, our background, and our roots."³

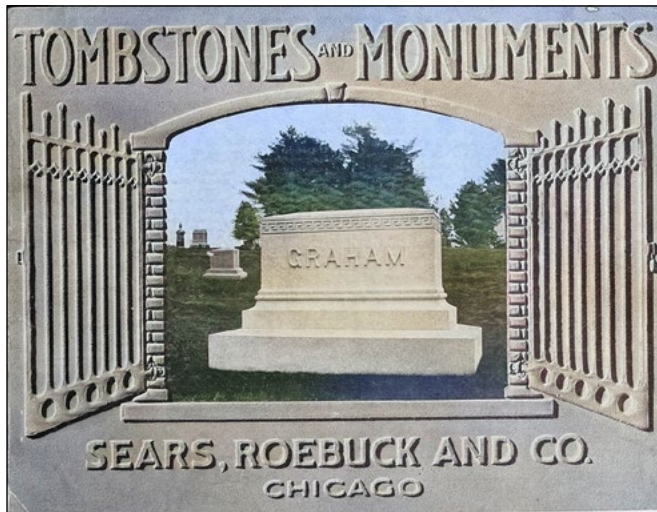


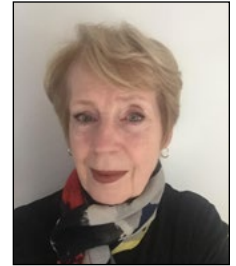
Image from the Sears Catalogue 1919 available at Internet Archive: <https://archive.org/details/monumentsombsto00sear/page/42/mode/2up>

For more information about the history, practice, and examples of memorial photography, I highly recommend Ronald William Horne's excellent book, *Forgotten Faces: A Window into Our Immigrant Past* (2004), that is available to read free online at Internet Archive. As a genealogist, I found it both thought-provoking and rewarding in its placement of histories in the social and cultural context of the time when the memorial photographs were created.

Unfortunately, over the years memorial photographs on headstones have often been vandalized.

Indeed, many cemeteries have prohibited their use for this reason. Had such prohibitions not existed, memorial photographs would probably be more widespread in this country. Nonetheless, the practice continues today. You can easily purchase a porcelain portrait, whether for a headstone or as a keepsake in your home. Just enter the words, "memorial ceramic photo," in the search box of your internet browser and you will find many options. Like everything else these days, they are available on *Amazon.com* too!

Mary Jacob joined SBCGS in 2016. She is secretary of the Board of Directors of SBCGS, an Ancestors West editor, and volunteers for projects with the society's Outreach Committee.



1 Lisa Montanarelli, "A History of Photographic Tombstones," Ronald William Horne, *Forgotten Faces: A Window into Our Immigrant Past* (United States: Personal Genesis Publishing, 2004), 22-29, particularly 25.

2 Sears Catalogue 1919 available at Internet Archive: <https://archive.org/details/monumentsombsto00sear/page/42/mode/2up>

3 Lisa Montanarelli, "Memorial Portraiture Across Cultures," Ronald William Horne, *Forgotten Faces: A Window into Our Immigrant Past* (United States: Personal Genesis Publishing, 2004), 83-89, particularly 88.

Surname Index

Abbott 12	Chamberlain 15	Friestad 3	Knickrehm 26	Pollard 11	Tiedeman 7
Allen 12	Chandler 12	Galante 6	Lewis 8	Pope 9	Tyler 10
Andreasen 15	Churchill 14	Goodale 9	Lowman 24	Post 14	Walcott 8
Arnold 24	Cleese 3	Graham 20	Martin 27	Prescot 13	Wardwell 14
Ayer 14	Corey 9	Grant 22	Matteson 15	Pritchard 28	Warren 14
Babai 27	Craviotto 1, 20	Gray 27	McCarty 28	Proctor 9, 13	Werley 18
Ballard 10	Dane 12	Green 1, 4	McDonell 21	Quinn 7, 20	Willard 13
Barber 1, 6	Danforth 9	Haas 28	McQuaid 27	Rodar 6	Wood 14, 28
Barker 12	Dangberg 25	Hannum 28	Miller 8	Roeder 6	Yee 27
Barnard 14	Dean 14	Hazeltine 12	Montanarelli 17	Roth 27	
Basham 1, 18	Densmore 11	Heyd 27	Moore 15	Schuyler 21	
Batchelder 10	Depp 19	Hickox 11	Nurse 9	Sciortino 27	
Bayford 13	Doughton 10	Hidrobo 27	Oscars 28	Scott 11	
Bertolucci 28	Fanucchi 28	Horne 17	Osgood 12	Shandor 4	
Bonazzola 15	Farnum 13	Hudson 24	Parker 12	Stevenson 11	
Bowers 28	Faulkner 12	Ingalls 1, 2, 12	Parris 8	Stoughton 9	
Bradstreet 9	Ferris 24	Jacob 1, 13, 16	Parsons 8	Stuart 20	
Bridges 14	Fischer 27	Johnson 13, 21	Pernicone 7	Stubblefield 28	
Burroughs 13	Flint 10, 11	Jordan 15	Pettitt 1, 8	Summer 1, 15, 24	
Carrier 12	Folger 9	Kennedy 27	Philibert-Ortega 16	Sylvester 28	
Cassidy 20	Foster 11	Klukkert 15	Phips 13	Thomas 13, 27	

The Unfortunate Tale of Captain Richard Worley

By Dr. Larry Basham

SUPPOSE EVERY FAMILY has a skeleton in its closet somewhere, but in the case of the Worley family, it's a skull and cross bones! We can trace the line back to William de Werley of Normandy who joined William the Conqueror in the conquest of England in 1066. Records show that my ancestral line of Worleys settled in Essex, England, in 1603 and later lived in Bishopgate, London, England, in 1674. In 1682 Anna Young Worley and her two young sons set sail for America aboard the ship *Welcome*. This is the first known family of Worleys to come to America. They were Quakers and settled in Chester, Pennsylvania. They built a saw mill and soon after a brick house which is now maintained as a museum. There is a proud family heritage and I am related to the Worleys through my maternal great-grandmother, Josephine Worley. Richard Worley is my 1st cousin 9 times removed.

The subject of this story is Captain Richard Worley who had an exciting, albeit short, career as a pirate along the East Coast of America in 1718-19. He must have had a way with words or plied his first crew of eight sailors with grog as they set out in a small open sloop from New York harbor in September 1718. According to legend, their provisions consisted of a few biscuits and dried tongue, a keg of water and a half dozen muskets and ammunition. Sailing south they failed to find any cargo-laden ships and entered the Delaware River 150 miles down the coast. Here they had better luck, coming upon another sloop carrying goods to Philadelphia. They boarded it and took the most valuable goods and let the ship go. This was considered a simple robbery as the theft had not taken place on the "high seas."

The captain of the hijacked ship sailed on to Philadelphia and reported the robbery. Soon word was sent out along the eastern seaboard to be on the lookout for the dastardly pirate band. Several vessels went hunting for the robbers but returned a few days later with no encounters. Captain Worley and his crew had continued up the Delaware River and boarded a larger sloop and finding



it more seaworthy than theirs, took it as their own. A day or two later they took yet another ship even better suited for their needs. It was loaded with provisions, and capturing it, they sailed for the open seas after setting its crew free in row boats. At this same time the governor of Pennsylvania sent forth a proclamation to bring in the pirates and sent Her Majesty's Ship, the *Phoenix*, after the thieves. However, the pirates had made off to the Bahamas and unknowingly avoided the *Phoenix*.

While in the Bahamas they took two more ships, a sloop and a brigantine, sinking the former which was from New York and not wanting the crew to return and tell of the pirates. The latter ship and both of the crews were put ashore. Worley recruited some crew members while in the Bahamas, and now his crew numbered 25 undoubtedly sordid fellows. Worley swore them to a pirate's oath, to fight to the death neither giving nor seeking quarter, and made the pirates flag with a solid black field and white skull to sail under. Thus, they made sail again up the coast, entering an inlet in North Carolina to hide out and prey upon unsuspecting merchant ships. The governor received word of this and outfitted two sloops, one with eight cannons and the other with six, and with about 70 men between them they set out in search of the pirates.

Worley didn't stay long in any location and had sailed northward before the governor's ships reached North Carolina; however, the two sloops were on the same course heading south and the pirate ship, heading north and showing its colors, came within their view. Captain Worley, thinking the ships to be laden with cargo, assumed that they would seek refuge from the pirates by sailing into a nearby bay. He entered the bay himself first to prevent their escape. As they grew near, he saw the ships were armed with cannons and realized his mistake, and he now found himself trapped in close quarters. The pirates prepared themselves for a desperate defense, willing to fight to the death as they had vowed. They took a broadside

from the governor's men who then boarded the pirate vessel. Muskets fired at close range. Swords slashed through smoke-filled air, clanging against each other before striking flesh as the pirates fell to the blood-soaked deck. All were killed except Captain Worley and one of his crew, though both were badly wounded. They were taken ashore and the next day quickly tried for piracy and found guilty. Their punishment was that they would be hanged! The judge, fearing that the scoundrels might die of their wounds, ordered their hanging immediately, and they were led from the courthouse to the gallows and met their fate. Thus ended the short pirating career of Captain Richard Worley on February 17, 1719.

<https://www.thepirateking.com>



Dr. Larry Basham joined SB-CGS in 2022 and is currently the Outreach Speaker Coordinator. He began his dental practice in Santa Barbara in 1974 and retired in 2015. He has been married to his wife, Julie, for 52 years and they have five children and five grandchildren. Since his retirement, he has served on staff and is currently Director of the Santa Barbara LDS FamilySearch Center. He is a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, an independent member of Evalogue, Life Professional Writers Network and is currently helping people save their family stories through his business, ForeverYoursLifeStories.com.

FUN PIRATE FACTS



Yo Ho Ho and a Bottle of Rum

WHY RUM?? Rum added to the casks of drinking water kept it from forming algae.

For as long as there have been ships, there have been criminals who have taken to the sea. Historians have found evidence of pirates in the Mediterranean as far back as 3,500 years ago. The "Golden Age of Piracy," as we have come to know it, was the period between 1650 and 1720.

Movies usually portray pirates as brutish villains, like Blackbeard, or handsome devils, like Johnny Depp. But in reality, they looked and dressed like other mariners.

Pirates spent their booty at ports where they docked, and often had wives and children back home, and as such, were contributing members of local economies. While not an equal-opportunity profession, there were a number of women pirates as well.

Pirates are known for taking gold, silver, jewels, and rum while plundering ships, but just as valuable were maps. Pirates had extensive networks on land that kept them in touch with what was going on in the world and other ships were an informal mail system for pirates.

Pirates did have a code of ethics. Pirate captains were elected by popular vote and could be removed in the same manner. Crew was given equal portions of provisions. There was to be no gambling and no boys or women kept for lewd purposes. Weapons to be kept clean, lights out at 8 'clock, no desertion. Crew members were compensated for loss of limb. If a crew member was troublesome, he could be left to die on a deserted island and given a gun with a single bullet to hasten his death. What if you decided to end it all, shot yourself in the heart and missed...and were still alive?

Governments, especially those who could not finance a navy, thought of a way of killing two birds with one stone: have pirates fight your enemies and loot their cargo during times of war. No longer pirates, these outlaws were instead privateers: pirates with papers! They would sail in privately owned armed ships, robbing merchant vessels and pillaging settlements belonging to a rival country. Our country used privateers during our war of Independence.

In many parts of the world pirates still exist today - but there is nothing FUN about that, so...



Johnny Depp as
Captain Jack Sparrow

A Loyalist in the Family

By Darlene Craviotto

I DIDN'T KNOW THAT MUCH about my mother's family when I was growing up. I knew her father, Howard Graham, was originally from Canada, but he died young, before I was born. I grew up in Santa Barbara, surrounded by Craviotto cousins, uncles, and aunts, in a town where my father's family has lived for generations. I never thought to ask my mother about her own family history; she didn't seem to care whether I knew about her lineage at all.

Until I wrote a novel called *Californio*—a story about my father's ancestors.

I gave a copy of *Californio* to my mother one day and asked her caregiver if she might read some of the book to her. The next

time I saw mom she seemed a little angry with me. "What's the matter?" I asked her.

"Did I do something wrong?" She looked at me with her cool blue Irish eyes and said, "You're a Graham, a Cassidy, and a Quinn. Don't you ever forget that!"

I took that as my cue to start researching my mother's family.

Canada seemed like the place to start, and I began what would be two years of research. I learned a lot about Canada, its history, and how it grew. And along the way, I did find the Grahams, the Cassidys and the Quinns. I found someone else, too, someone my mother never even knew about.

A man who came to Canada by fleeing from the United States.

THE HIGHLANDERS

There wasn't a country called the United States or Canada when Donald Ban McDonell sailed from Scotland to New York City on the *HMS*



Culloden By David Morier (1705?-1770) - Royal Collection

Donald Ban McDonell 1742-1839
5th great-grandfather



Mary McDonell 1787-1845
Daughter of Donald Ban McDonell



Eleanor (Ellen) LaFleur 1812-1870
Daughter of Mary McDonell



Mary Ann Cassidy 1835-1881
Daughter of Eleanor (Ellen) LaFleur



Joseph Graham 1860-1907
Son of Mary Ann Cassidy



Howard Joseph Graham 1902-1942
Son of Joseph Graham



Georgetta Ursula Graham 1924-2018
Daughter of Howard Joseph Graham



Darlene Susan Craviotto
You are the daughter of Georgetta Ursula Graham

Graham Lineage, *Ancestry.com*

Pearl in 1773. He was one of 425 passengers, all members of the McDonell clan—Highlanders, who were seeking a better life in a place called America.

The Highlanders, from mountainous northwestern Scotland, were a vanquished people looking for a new home. Defeated in the Battle of Culloden by British forces in 1746, they had lost everything. They were Catholics in a Protestant world, Jacobites uprising to restore Catholicism and their Prince Charles Stuart to the British throne. But Culloden had crushed them. 2,000 of their finest men were killed on the bloody moor battlefield.

After Culloden, the war against the Highlanders continued mercilessly. Many of the men were executed or imprisoned. Homes were set on fire. The kilt and the tartan were banned. Lands and titles were stripped away by the British.

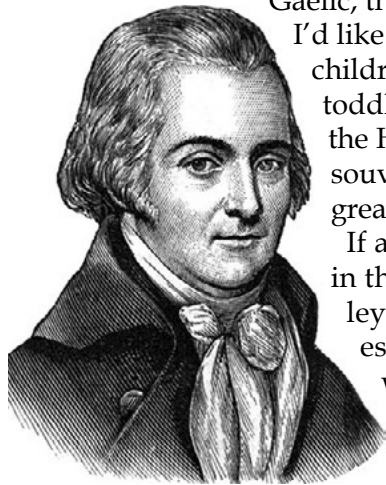
Wanting to escape from the persecution, poverty, and loss of their Highlander culture, the McDonells agreed to follow one of their American kinsmen, Sir William Johnson, to America, where they would tenant part of his 50,000 acres of land in New York's Mohawk Valley.

Donald was 25 years old when he stepped off that deck of the *Pearl* in New York City on his way to that valley of promise that was waiting for him at the end of his journey. He wasn't married yet. That would come later, after this son of a Culloden veteran would fight his own war. We know that Donald was fair haired or blond because Ban was his middle name. That's what Ban means in

Gaelic, the language he spoke.

I'd like to think that my children's blond hair as toddlers was a wee bit of the Highlander—a brief souvenir from their 6th great-grandfather.

If all had gone well in that Mohawk Valley years ago, chances are that Donald would have met his wife, married, and brought up his family in New York as an American. But



Sir John Johnson, 2nd Baronet

he arrived in America at the wrong time. Instead, the Revolutionary War happened, and fate, along with history, would claim Donald Ban McDonell as a Canadian. How that happened is what Donald's story is all about.



Valley Forge National History Park

TROUBLED TIMES

The McDonells were barely settled in New York's Mohawk Valley, and their log homes just freshly built, when their benefactor, Sir William Johnson, died. His son John became the new landlord to the Highlanders. He didn't feel particularly close to them as his father had, but he needed

them for another reason. The Mohawk Valley was filled with many Whig patriots—rebels, challenging the British government that ruled them. Sir John was a royalist and a supporter of the King. If war broke out, he needed protection and a way to retain his power in the valley.

Soon after the first battles at Concord and Lexington in 1775, Sir John decided to secretly raise a royal regiment from his tenants, the Highlanders. Since their defeat at Culloden, a British decree had made it illegal, punishable by death, for Highlanders to take up arms. But now, Britain needed these fierce fighters, and was willing to arm them. The Highlanders, however, were not eager to join this fight. They had more of a reason to side with the American rebels who shared the same enemy, Britain. But their landlord, Sir John, told them they had no other choice but to fight for Britain.

It wasn't long before local rebels found out about Sir John's regiment. The Americans were quick to act. Their major general, Philip Schuyler, was sent to Johnstown with a militia brigade of 3,000 soldiers. Schuyler rode into Johnstown to demand the immediate disarmament of the community.

With 3,000 rebel soldiers camped along the frozen Mohawk River, Johnson's regiment surrendered their arms. To make sure the Highlanders would remain neutral in this fight, Schuyler took six of their leaders as prisoners—all of them McDonells. Sir John was also to be arrested, but the general agreed to parole him if he would side with the rebels against the king. Sir John had no choice and agreed.

But it didn't stop him.

Secretly, he began rearming his men again. Supplies and weapons were sent overland from Fort Niagara in the back-

packs of Seneca warriors. Johnson appointed captains and lieutenants from among the Highlanders because now they had a good reason to take sides. Their six McDonell leaders had been thrown into prison. The rebels were now their enemy.



Private, Johnson's Royal Regiment of New York, 1775

FLEEING NORTH

It didn't take long for the rebels to learn about Sir John's secret activities, and a regiment was sent to arrest him. But Johnson found out they were coming to stop him, and he escaped with 200 of his supporters fleeing through the Adirondack Mountains north to Montreal, where they were armed and inducted into the King's Army. They were known as the King's Royal Yorkers or the Royal Greens, and most of those men were Highlanders.

Donald BanMcDonell was one of them.

When the Highlander men fled north to Montreal, their women and children didn't go with them. It was a difficult journey, traveling the 300 miles through rugged mountains of unchartered countryside. And if they had taken women and children along with them, it would have slowed the men down. Instead, the Highlander families remained in the Mohawk Valley.

It's not uncommon for families to be left behind when men go off to war. But there in the valley, these Highlander families were surrounded by neighbors who weren't loyalists and who also weren't their friends. They were Whigs, supporters of the rebellion against the crown. This was a civil war, pitting neighbor against neighbor. The rebels formed a militia to protect their farms

and families from loyalist raids that soon began, as British armed regiments came down from the north to join with their allies, warriors of the six Indian nations, to raid, burn, and plunder. It was a terrifying guerrilla-style warfare, and innocent civilians were killed or lost everything they owned.

The Highlander women were caught in the middle. Without their men to work the land, they looked to their neighbors, the rebels, for help, and it wasn't offered. Instead, they were threatened, shunned, or kicked off their land. These families couldn't provide food or clothing for themselves, and many mothers and their children went hungry.

Catherine Grant was one of the Highlander women who was left behind. She wasn't in that first group of Johnstown refugees, along with Donald Ban McDonell, who followed Sir John Johnson north to Montreal. She was only 12 years old at the time, and one can only guess the kind of suffering she must have witnessed or experienced as a young girl going into womanhood. Her escape from the rebel territory wouldn't come until four years later.

On May 22, 1780, Johnson led a raid with 538 Royal Greens and Mohawk warriors into the Mohawk Valley to free the Highlander families still living there. Catherine would have been a part of this group that witnessed its share of atrocities that were committed over Johnson's two days of raids. Eleven rebel men were killed, 27 were taken prisoner, 120 houses, barns and mills were burned and destroyed.

143 loyalists, including women and children, were rescued in Sir Johnson's 1780 raid. They fled from the Mohawk Valley, traveling north to Montreal over treacherous terrain, with over 800 rebel militia chasing after them. They moved through dangerous Native American territory, land held by the Oneida allies of the rebel forces, as they made their way north to Bulwagga Bay at Crown Point where boats took them up Lake Champlain to St. John's on the Richelieu River. The trip was a tough one, especially in May during spring floods. If the weather was good, the trip could take 13 days. But traveling with women and children slowed them down. And if they hit bad weather or missed their connection with escape boats, it would take two to three months just to reach Montreal. If they ran out of provisions, they had to live off the land, eating nothing but roots, berries, and leaves.



Tory Refugees on their way to Canada
by Howard Pyle (1853-1911)

MONTREAL, AT LAST

Catherine Grant was 17 years old when she arrived in Montreal. Traveling with her was her sister, Nancy Grant, age 14, and John, her brother, who was only 11. As soon as they arrived, John was declared fit for service and inducted into the military. It wasn't uncommon in those days for young boys to be used as drummers in the regiments. John was sent off to a military barracks a few miles away and separated from his sisters.



United Empire Loyalist Statue in Hamilton, Ontario

With the arrival of thousands of elderly men, women, and children in Montreal, refugee camps were set up and everyone was expected to work, making blankets and leggings for the troops. As more refugees fled north for safety, conditions in the camps worsened. Living quarters were cramped, food was difficult to find. Diseases began to spread quickly from overcrowding. The stress on the refugees took its toll. Marriages fell apart, alcoholism and emotional breakdowns were widespread. Death and tragedy surrounded the loyalists.

On September 3, 1783, the seven-year civil war known as the American Revolution ended. The rebel Whigs, now officially called Americans, were the winners, and those who had fought to keep their British government were the losers. The loyalists became exiled traitors who could never go back to their homes or their country again. They lost everything they owned.

The Royal Greens disbanded on December 24, 1783. It must have been a bleak Christmas for Donald McDonnell and for all the other men too. The newly-released veterans found themselves

without jobs and no future. There weren't many provisions available, and there was also a small-pox outbreak from the refugees who flooded into the area from New York by ships. Theft and widespread rioting plagued the city.

It was in the middle of this post-war loss and uncertainty that Donald Ban McDonnell and Catherine Grant were married in July 1784. They were one of 90 couples who were wed in Montreal between April and November of that year. They had waited until the war ended to go forward with their lives, and now that they were married, they had nowhere to go.

This article is from Darlene Craviotto's *Oh Canada – An American Journey*, an eight-episode podcast about the search for her mother's Canadian roots. You can listen to the further adventures of the loyalist McDonnell family, available free at <https://darlenecraviotto.transistor.fm>.



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.

My Father and The Ferris Wheel

By Sharon Summer

ONE OF OUR FAMILY HEIRLOOMS is a framed picture of a historic Ferris wheel that I long believed was the Ferris Wheel from the 1893 Chicago World's Fair. When my father gave it to me in about 1995, he talked about the original Ferris Wheel which was built for the Fair. He also said that we are related to the Ferris family.

Apparently, the picture meant a lot to my father. When he gave it to me, he seemed to feel a stronger emotional connection to it than I would have expected. I think he wanted to quietly impress upon me the importance of that picture to him, hoping I would treasure it as he did.

But I don't remember what I did with the picture after I got it. I never displayed it, or even remembered having it until I moved to Santa Barbara in 2000. I rediscovered it then and decided to hang it at the bottom of our stairs by the living room. It looked good to me there, even though it had faded so much that it barely showed the wheel's spokes. I knew nothing more about the picture and did not think I ever would.

The Ferris family was my mother's side of the family and I know the picture meant a lot to her too. Looking at the back of the photo I saw that it was framed in Pasadena, California, where we lived when I was a girl.

Wondering more about the picture

Recently I had found a birthday card for my son with a historic Ferris wheel on the front. I wanted to write a note inside telling him that we are related to the Ferris family. But trying to think what to write, I became curious about exactly how we are related, so off I went on a genealogical journey to find out. It wasn't easy.

Researching the unknown family connection

I started my research by recalling the person my parents told me was related to the Ferris family. She was Elizabeth Hudson Arnold Lowman (1882-1968), my great-grandaunt-in-law. During my girlhood I knew her as Aunt Bess. She was an imposing woman, well-educated, an arbitrator of correctness of manners, who my mother looked up to and wanted to emulate. Aunt Bess was a member of the Friday Morning Club, a highly-respected women's club with goals of self-improvement,



This is the Ferris Wheel at the Chicago World's Fair, 1893. Note the size of the wheel compared to the people below! It was huge, the tallest structure in Chicago then.

study of the arts, literature and culture. She was married to my Uncle Roy, Charles Leroy Lowman (1879-1977), an esteemed orthopedic surgeon who worked extensively with polio victims and was the founder in 1913 of the Orthopedic Hospital in Los Angeles. Aunt Bess was perfect for her role, knowing decorum, and coming from a family of very accomplished, well-educated people. She, like her seven siblings, attended or graduated from Knox College in Galesburg, Illinois, where the family lived. All seven of her siblings went on to hold positions such as trustees of colleges, doctors, founders, and the like.

Given that she was not directly related to him, connecting Aunt Bess to the inventor of the Ferris Wheel was a challenge. But I was finally able to make the connection using various online sources for genealogical information.

Researching the inventor of the Ferris wheel

Google told me the full name of the inventor, George Washington Gale Ferris, and led me to an informative article on him from *cbsnews.com*. *Familysearch.org* added more information and led me to *findagrave.com* which turned out to be very useful. Find a Grave had entries for the inventor, for his

father and mother, and others of the Ferris family, along with photos and biographical information. Another entry led me to Facebook which turned out to be an excellent resource. I found an entry there written by a Ferris descendant. She had posted a narrative about the Ferris family, along with a photo, which helped me understand the relationships of the family line. The site, *jstor.org*, gave me information about the conditions under which Mr. Ferris had to work when building his wheel. And then I stumbled upon an amazing website, Google Arts & Culture. This site gave the complete story of the building of the 1893 Ferris Wheel with photos showing the marvel from many angles, giving details of its construction that I had not found elsewhere. (<https://artsandculture.google.com/story/a-wheel-with-a-view-chicago-history-museum/JAVhbfl84qm6LQ?hl=en>)

My Research Results

Using these sources, I was able to discover my relationship with the inventor.

The mother of my Aunt Bess was Ella Gifford Ferris Arnold (1842-1929), of Galesburg, Knox County, Illinois, a town about 200 miles southwest of Chicago. Ella was one of six children. She graduated from Galesburg's Knox College in 1863.

Ella's father was Henry Ferris (1809-1891), of Galesburg, also a graduate of Knox College. Henry's father was Silvanus Ferris (1773-1861), a Board of Trustees of Knox College for 21 years (1837-1858).

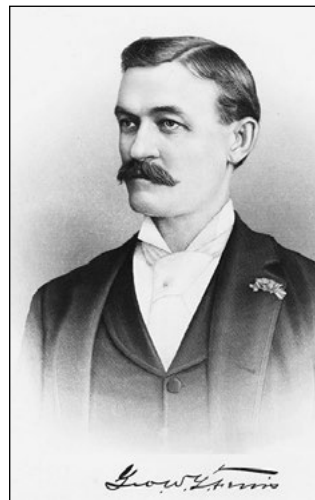
An interesting note on *findagrave.com* told that, according to family tradition, Silvanus Ferris was connected with the underground railroad, hiding slaves in the church belfry and his own home by day, and helping them on their way north by night, concealing them in loads of straw. Finding this Ferris family quite interesting, I traced them back to their immigration to the United States in 1634. The earliest member, Jeffrey Ferris, was one of the founders of four towns in Connecticut: Watertown, Stamford, Greenwich, East Town, and perhaps also Wethersfield. He helped name the town of Greenwich, Connecticut, after his town in England. But I digress.

Now, instead of moving back in time, we must go forward in time. From Silvanus Ferris we go down the family line to his son, George Washington Gale Ferris, Sr. (1818-1895), father of the inventor.

George Sr. was an accomplished man, a farmer, rancher, and horticulturalist. In 1864, he moved his family from their home in Galesburg, Illinois, to Nevada. In 1868 they moved to a house in Carson

City that still stands, known as the Ferris Mansion. George Sr. set up a landscaping business and started landscaping the still-new town of Carson City. He imported many trees from back east by rail, planting them all over town. He was also hired to landscape the grounds of the new Nevada State Capitol Building. One of the trees he planted in 1876, a Colorado blue spruce, was later chosen as the official state Christmas tree, an honor it still holds today. In 1881, George Sr. left his house to his daughter, Mary Ferris Dangberg, and moved to Riverside, California. He established another landscaping business and planted many trees in Riverside that can still be seen today. There he died on April 20, 1895.

George Washington Gale Ferris Sr. with his wife Martha Edgerton Hyde had nine children. Their eighth child was George Washington Gale Ferris Jr. (1859-1896), who became an engineer and was the inventor of the famed Ferris Wheel at the Chicago World's Fair.



George Washington Gale Ferris Jr., inventor of the Ferris Wheel.

How the Ferris Wheel Came to be Built

The organizers of the 1893 Chicago World's Fair were seeking a large-scale attraction, one that would be more impressive than the previous World's Fair in Paris four years earlier with its Eiffel Tower. They sent out an announcement seeking designs. Many people submitted designs that were very similar to the design finally selected for the Eiffel Tower. George Washington Gale Ferris Jr., inspired by watching a water wheel turn, submitted plans for something on a scale similar to the Eiffel Tower but that would move. His design was chosen.

The construction of the Ferris Wheel was a Herculean task and one that by necessity had to be completed in six months. The first challenge was excavating the foundations for the two steel support towers during one of the coldest Chicago winters on record. The workers pumped steam into the ground to thaw it before they could build four concrete footings, two for each tower. Workers installed dual thousand-horsepower steam engines to turn the wheel (one was a backup), which were connected by ten-inch pipes to boilers placed 700 feet away. The wheel, at 250 feet in diameter,

was the biggest on earth. When completed, 36 cars were attached. Each car was the size of a railroad car, holding sixty passengers. The Ferris Wheel became an immediate success.

Family lore took a nose dive

When I sent an earlier version of this “finished” article to my brother Glenn, he did a bit of re-research on our family photo. Then he called to tell me that the picture was not of the 1893 Chicago Ferris Wheel but instead of a historic Ferris wheel in Vienna, Austria! That was quite a piece of news for me to absorb, but one that saved me from error. The moral of that story is that memory or family lore needs to be thoroughly researched because the facts may not be as remembered.

The Ferris wheel in our family picture shows only half the number of gondolas or cars as the one shown at the Chicago World’s Fair photo. So, when I compared it with the picture my brother sent me from *Wikipedia*, I saw that our picture was the Vienna Ferris wheel, constructed in 1897.

In a phone conversation my brother and I pieced together the story of our picture. It took a bit of talking to jog our memories, each knowing a part of the story. My brother remembered that our father traveled to Europe in the early 1980s where he saw the giant wheel in Prater Park in Vienna. He said he was very impressed by this wheel which was the tallest in the world until 1985. Originally built with 30 cars, it was severely damaged in WWII. When it was repaired, only 15 cars were replaced for easier maintenance. My father was very taken with the wheel and bought a picture of it. He then hung the framed picture in his electrical

contracting business office in Los Angeles. I think when he closed the business in 1995 after 47 years, he must have given the picture to me.

By the way, from my genealogy research my brother somehow calculated that inventor, George Washington Gale Ferris Jr., is our 5th cousin, 4 generations removed!



This is our family’s treasured picture of a Ferris wheel. I long thought this to be the wheel in the Chicago World’s Fair of 1893, remembering my father talking to me about that Ferris Wheel when he gave this picture to me in the 1990s. Only now, in 2023, I find out that my memory must have been faulty, that this is a picture of the wheel in Vienna, built in 1897.

Sharon Summer is one of the editors for Ancestors West and the leader of the Special Interest Group, Family History Writing Group, for Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society. She also volunteers at the Society’s Sahyun Library. So far, she has written two books about her Knickrehm family history with more on the way. She is endlessly fascinated by what can be learned by re-researching family and social history in general, focusing on her own family history in particular.



Editor’s Note: Sharon is a great coach on getting your family story written.



Sharon and her brother Glenn stand behind their father, Allen F. Knickrehm, in his electrical contractor’s office in Los Angeles in 1991. Allen’s prized framed picture of the historic 1897 wheel in Vienna hangs on the wall at the far right of the picture.

OUR MEMBERS IN MEMORIUM



Michael Barry Yee
1955 - 2023

Santa Barbara native, Michael Barry Yee, passed away on March 6, 2023.

He was the first son born to Katherine Grace Yee and James Thoon Yee. He attended and graduated from local schools, including Santa

Barbara High, SBCC and UCSB. He moved to San Diego to study medicine but eventually left to be with his late wife, Diana, and stepdaughter Andrea in San Francisco. There he started a new career in law enforcement by joining the police reserves in the Bay Area.

Later, the family lived in Tucson for several years. There Michael worked for several federal government agencies. After suffering health issues, Diana left her medical practice and Michael retired from the government. Diana passed on while they were living with her daughter in Wisconsin.

After the death of his beloved wife, Michael moved back to Santa Barbara to spend time with his family. While living there, he renewed his passions for music, cooking, learning, teaching, and helped with some social groups. Through these pastimes, he met the new love of his life, Jo Anne. They spent twenty-two years together before his passing.

Returning to school, Michael completed a nursing degree, eventually working at the Sansum Clinic where he became Director of Nursing. He was also a clinical instructor for the nursing program at SBCC. After teaching at SBCC and working with the college Covid clinic, he retired. His proudest achievement was mentoring nurses and teaching future nurses for the community.

Michael left this world having pursued several interests and passions, and having loved, cared for and inspired many people from all walks of life.

Michael is survived by his wife, Jo Anne Sciortino, his daughter Andrea Martin (Kelly), his brothers Leonard (Michelle) and Richard (Mary), and his nieces and nephews Jared, James, Katherine, and Sara. Also, by his extended family, Jennifer and Fabio Hidrobo, Janette, Ed, Alexa and Andrew Kennedy, and Loni, Daniel, Kieran, Declan, and Carly Babai.



Carolyn June McQuaid Thomas
1937 - 2023

Cari, as we knew her, was born on June 30, 1937, in Aspinwall, Pennsylvania, to Edwin Heyd and Anna Fischer McQuaid. She had two older brothers.

Cari received a B.S. in English and Physical Education in 1959. She started to go by the nickname Cari at this time, and it stayed with her throughout her life. Cari taught school for the next nine years.

Cari's passions in life were God, family, and community. Cari was a faithful member of Goleta Presbyterian Church, serving as Deacon and Elder, singing in the choir, directing many Christmas programs, serving on committees, and much more.

Cari was a devoted wife and mother, and a dedicated caregiver for her beloved grandchildren. She was known as "Grandma" to dozens of children.

Cari loved to be involved in the community. She delivered Meals on Wheels; she was a Girl Scout Leader. Cari participated in fundraising walks for many charities, most passionately as part of the team she co-founded and led called "Macular REgeneration" to raise funds for Research on Macular Degeneration, a disease which badly affected Cari and her mother, Anna. She had many entries in Santa Barbara County Fair & Expos, winning first prize for her French Apple Pie. Cari sang in the Sweet Adelines Santa Barbara Chorus, and in a registered Sweet Adeline quartet — The Daydreamers.

In 1995 the genealogy bug bit her and she was hooked. She was an active member of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society and Daughters of Union Veterans, giving presentations to both. She volunteered often at the Sahyun Genealogy Library and the Goleta Public Library. She was a member of the Immigrant Ships Transcribers Guild and transcribed over 50 passenger lists to help others researching their family history. She taught German Genealogy at Santa Barbara City College Wake Center. She made two trips to Germany, searching for locations and records for ancestors of her mother, Anna Mathilda Fischer McQuaid and her grandmother, Daisy Heyd McQuaid.

Carolyn is survived by her husband of 56 years, David T. Thomas, daughters Julie (Chuck) Roth and Kathy (Marc) Gray, numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren, her brothers Robert (Janet) McQuaid and Roger McQuaid, as well as many nieces and nephews, and too many cousins to count.

OUR MEMBERS IN MEMORIAM



Arthur Gibbs Sylvester
1938 - 2023

Arthur G. Sylvester, UCSB Professor Emeritus of Geological Sciences, author of three books, and beloved husband, father, and grandfather, died May 2, 2023, in Santa Barbara. He was 85.

Born to Dorothy Pritchard and Jack Sylvester in Altadena, California, Arthur grew up in South Pasadena. After graduating from Pomona College, Art married Diane Stubblefield in June 1961, and the young couple embarked on a whirlwind, life-changing honeymoon year in Norway, Art as a Fulbright Scholar. He earned his MA in 1963 and PhD in 1966 from UCLA.

According to the UCSB Earth Sciences Department, "he was a guiding presence in the department for over 50 years. He inspired literally thousands of students through his passion for field studies, building a vast army of devoted mentees. He leaves behind a towering legacy."

He was the author of three books, editor of the Geological Society of America's journal, *The Bulletin*. He was the recipient of several Awards from UCSB, twice as Faculty Member of the Year.

In 1972-1974, with Diane and their two children, he returned to Norway to direct the University of California's Scandinavian Study Center at the University of Bergen. Three decades later, Art again returned to Norway as a Fulbright Research Scholar, enhancing his body of work on Norwegian granite.

After retirement, Art brought his zest to his local community. He was very active in the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society, serving as President twice. He became an FAA-certified small drone pilot to help ecologists understand wildfire habitat recovery.

Manly when defending himself from polar bears in northern Norway, whimsical when running model trains in his backyard, BFFs with a golden retriever, he was curious, generous, humble, and wise. His three grandchildren adored him and their years together concocting camping expeditions, musical adventures, sports challenges, and feats of derring-do.

Art is survived by his wife of 62 years, Diane; daughters Karin McCarty and Kathryn Bowers; son-in-law Andrew Bowers; and grandchildren Connor McCarty, Caroline McCarty, and Emma Bowers. He was predeceased by son-in-law, Brian McCarty.



Teresa Marie Fanucchi
1968 - 2023

The youngest of four children, Teresa was born in Bakersfield, California, to Carl Fanucchi and Barbara Oscars Fanucchi.

Much of her youth was spent keeping up with her older brothers: Robert, Richard, and Ronald, each of whom claim to be her favorite brother. She attended St. Francis Parish School and Garces Memorial High School in Bakersfield and graduated from UCSB. After graduation, she worked in the UCSB Orientation Program. Teresa had a lifelong love of cooking and nurturing people through food. She trained in holistic cooking at Bauman College and spent several years as a personal chef in Healdsburg, California. Returning to Santa Barbara, Teresa was head chef at the Immaculate Heart Center for Spiritual Renewal in Montecito for nine years. While working there, she was instrumental in publishing *A Place at the Table*, a cookbook featuring her own creations as well as favorite family recipes.

Teresa lived a life unencumbered by the pursuit of material things, prioritizing personal relationships and oneness with nature. She found delight in all of God's creation, taking time to savor the beauty of flowers, trees, sunrises and sunsets over the mountains and seas. She especially loved birds and had an admiration for raptors. For years she volunteered for the Eyes in the Sky raptor rescue facility at the Santa Barbara Audubon Society. She was also a member of Threshold Choir Santa Barbara, where she regularly devoted her vocal gift to singing for the terminally ill.

Family heritage was particularly important to Teresa. She spent years uncovering the roots of the Fanucchi, Bertolucci, Oscars and Haas family trees. She spent hours researching at the Mormon Genealogy Center in Salt Lake City and at the Santa Barbara County Genealogy Society, as well as interviewing family elders. She published several articles in *Ancestors West*. Her genealogical research took her to Italy on multiple occasions. While there, she spent months discovering and forging family connections and immersing herself in the food and culture of Lucca, Italy.

Teresa had lifelong friends around the world, especially in Bakersfield and Santa Barbara: relationships that were very dear and meaningful to her. Teresa is survived by her parents, Carl and Barbara Fanucchi, and her brothers and their families: Robert (Carissa) Fanucchi and sons Giovanni (Francesca), Nicolo, and Gino; Richard (Marcie) Fanucchi and children Julia and Dominic (girlfriend Grace Hannum); and Ronald (Toni) Fanucchi and daughter Emily (John) Wood and their children Sonya and Evan, son Andrew and his daughter Adaline, and son Stephen (Alyssa) and their daughter Sophia; as well as aunts, uncles, cousins, and countless friends. Teresa had a special relationship with every member of her family.

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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OUR NEXT ISSUE suggested topic will be **TECHNOLOGY FOR GENEALOGISTS.**

Many of our members who do not come to the library regularly may not know that there are a number of paid subscription sites for them to use in the library. They are listed on our website, and we are sure you will find some of interest in your research.

In addition to those sites, some of our very creative members have found other websites and some magical things to do with them. If YOU have discovered a great website or application or other magic, send that along and we will include that in the next issue. It does not have to be a long article: Just the Facts will do!

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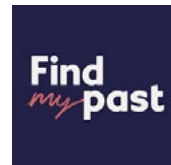
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