

THE SMC GS STORY WRITING EVENT OF 2017

Sharing Stories



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* San Mateo County Content (b) Stories with SF Bay area content will be featured on the SMCBS Blog throughout the next year.

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Daniel Joseph McSweeney

Diane Bader

Daniel Joseph Sweeney was born on November 12, 1869, into one of the large Irish families in the burgeoning young city of San Francisco. He was the ninth child born to Julia Lenahan of Roscommon and Daniel Sweeney of County Donegal, Ireland.

His father, Daniel Sweeney, owned one of the first stockyards in San Francisco. He ran his successful cattle business there for twenty-five years. During the early years of young Daniel's life, San Francisco was a flourishing city. Lavish homes were being built by Leland Stanford Jr., Mark Hopkins, Collis P. Huntington, Charles Crocker and others. The Palace Hotel, the Baldwin Hotel, prosperous banks, and magnificent churches were all under construction. Many streets were paved and gas lights were being installed.

Then in 1877, when Daniel was only eight years old, his father decided to retire and return to Ireland with Julia and their eight living children. He purchased an estate called Carrowcannon House as well as fifty-three acres in Falcarragh, County Donegal, North West Ireland.



Carrowcannon House

When the Sweeney family arrived in Ireland, the children saw a beautiful but very poor country. In contrast to what they were used to in San Francisco, there were no mansions, no two-story houses, one small wooden church. The children had to learn to speak Irish; they rode in a horse cart to school and church. All the children, including Daniel, wanted to return to San Francisco. It was especially hard for them when their older sister and brother did return after only two years and the six younger children had to remain in Ireland for six more years.

Upon arrival, Daniel's father saw how poorly the peasants were being treated by the landlords. Their rents were constantly being raised and when they couldn't pay them, they were evicted from their tiny homes. He decided to help them by organizing the Land League in four parishes of County Donegal, becoming president of one branch and traveling around the county delivering

fiery speeches against the landlords and urging the poor not to pay their unfair rents. Young Daniel watched how hard his father fought for justice.

When his father was arrested at Carrowcannon House on June 2, 1881, Daniel, then 12 years old, raised the American flag over their home and said, "Father, they'll pay for this yet!" Although he was an American citizen, the elder Daniel was imprisoned for 14 months without trial and without help from the U.S. government. With his father in prison, Daniel's mother, Julia, joined the Ladies' Land League and gave fiery speeches of her own.

The family remained in Donegal for 4 more years. Daniel was 16 years old when his father was released and they finally returned to San Francisco where he completed his education. An interesting fact: when they returned, they all used the name of Mc Sweeney which has confused genealogists ever since, especially since the eldest two children never changed their names from Sweeney to Mc Sweeney.



540 Baden St.

Daniel Mc Sweeney moved to South San Francisco with his brother, Ambrose Mc Sweeney, on November 17, 1895. He was employed as the first U.S. meat inspector on the Pacific Coast for the Western Meat Company. Previously, he had worked as a butcher in the Customs House in San Francisco. Soon after moving to South San Francisco, Daniel went into the hotel business. He purchased the Grand Hotel on Bayshore Blvd. He also obtained a contract with the Ocean Shore Railroad Board to act as commissary head with accommodations for 400 men. The earthquake came along in 1906 and ruined this business contract, although he still kept the hotel. He was also the proprietor of The Old Bohemia Saloon.

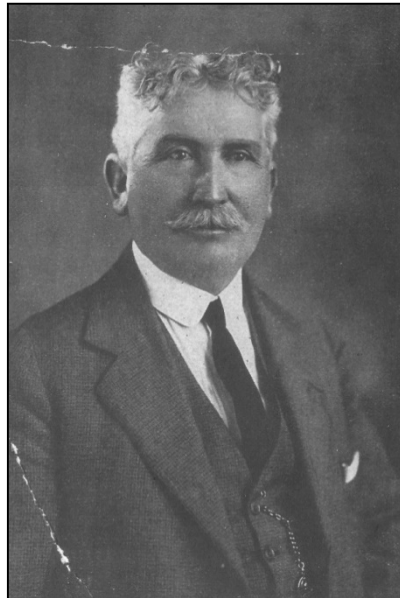
In 1908, Daniel became interested in the incorporation of South San Francisco and ran for city council. He was elected and then reelected in 1910. Then he was selected by his fellow trustees to serve as the second mayor of the city from 1910 to 1912. Daniel also served on the county Democratic Central Committee for over 30 years. During the Wilson administration in 1916, he became postmaster until 1917 when it was taken over by San Francisco Ferry Station Post Office.

Daniel then became personnel manager at Pacific Coast Steel. He was elected to the position of City Clerk of South San Francisco in April 1920 and was reelected four times. He remained in that position until his death in 1946.

According to the April 10, 1910 Enterprise Journal, Daniel “is a very active and earnest man in all his work and undertakings and a most genial and jolly good fellow. Although one of the town’s first city fathers, Dan is, we are sorry to say a bachelor. However, he is not old and his friends still have hopes for him.” Daniel was 41 years old.

His friends’ hopes were fulfilled when he married May Elizabeth Ryan. Daniel never had any children of his own but was father to his wife’s son and daughter: Joseph Lloyd Ryan and Gladys Ryan.

On Dec. 8, 1939, The Enterprise said, “His sunny disposition and friendliness has endeared him to all who come in contact with him. His pleasant Irish face framed by the wings of white hair is a familiar and welcome sight around the city hall.”



Pictures: Personal File

Newspaper: The Enterprise, South San Francisco, CA

February, 1942

Jennifer Harris

My parents Meriel and Erich Wellington lived in a big house in Berkeley, California, with their two children Frederick Sherwood and Jennifer Jane and Meriel's mother Marie Elizabeth Byrne Sherwood. Since they had an empty room upstairs and lived about a mile from the University of California campus, they provided room and board for a female student in exchange for help around the house. It was a good arrangement for them and for the student. My mother always preferred to have Japanese-American girls because "they were so neat and clean." These girls were often my baby sitters.

I remember two of these girls very well. Aiko was the daughter of a turkey farmer who lived in Turlock. At Christmas and Thanksgiving her father would arrive to pick her up for the holiday with a freshly killed turkey for our family. Since this was during the depression my parents were happy to receive this gift; the drawback was that my mother had to gut or draw the turkey which she did not particularly like doing. In later years when I had to draw ducks my husband and I had shot when hunting I appreciated how she felt.

After December 7, 1941 there began to be rumblings about the Japanese-American residents of California. On February 19, 1942 President Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066 stating that all Japanese American residents in the west would be rounded up and sent to internment camps. These poor souls had little time to prepare and often lost farmland and homes. This is well chronicled in the novels *Snow Falling on Cedars* and *Hotel at the Corner of Bitter and Sweet*. I was only ten years old so was not very aware of what was happening.

Some of the university students were permitted to continue their studies but only at colleges and universities located inland in the United States. They were not allowed to be on the coasts. It was a horrible thing to have done to these innocent hard working citizens. It meant that we no longer had young Japanese- American women to live with us. We felt they had been part of our family.

One of the young women, probably Aiko, met a man with whom she fell in love at the internment camp. It was spring and she knew we had a big garden full of flowers. She wrote and asked my mother to send some flowers for the wedding. I remember my mother cutting large sprays of our flowering plum trees and packaging them carefully before sending them off to Aiko.

The student living with us in February 1942 was Marie Kurihara who was studying nursing. She was a lovely person and we were so sorry to see her go. As far as I know we did not have contact with Marie after she was so brutally taken away from us.

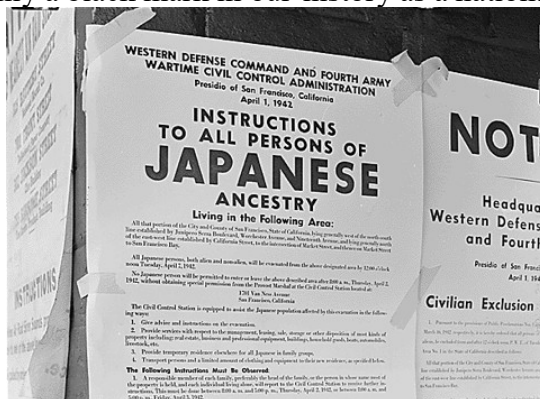
Fast-forward to 2008 when I signed up to attend an Inclusion Day at The Sequoias San Francisco, a companion community to the Sequoias Portola Valley where I live. Upon arriving I saw on the program that one of the speakers was a Sequoias San Francisco resident named Marie Kurihara. I wondered if it was the same Marie Kurihara who had lived with us in Berkeley. I wrote her a note asking if she had lived with the Wellington Family while a student at UC Berkeley and if so telling her that I was the young girl for whom she had baby sat. She said yes. I was thrilled to see her and we hugged each other. She gave me a lovely origami crane which has now disappeared. She is now ninety-five years old.

Marie had been able to complete her nursing studies and had never married. She returned to the Bay Area where she worked at UC Hospital in San Francisco and eventually became the Chief of Nursing for the Veterans Administration in San Francisco. She had a distinguished career in nursing. My mother, who loved things medical, would have been thrilled to know this.

Marie chaired a committee which led to the writing and passage of the Civil Liberty Act of 1988, signed by Ronald Reagan, which acknowledged the wrongs done to the Japanese-Americans during World War II and rewarded them with \$20,000 each. Marie gave her share to masters students at University of California San Francisco School of Nursing as scholarships. She was also honored by Rep. Norman Mineta with a tribute which is recorded in the Congressional Record, Vol 140, No. 147, November 29, 1994 (see Figure 1). Marie's brothers returned to the family farm in Tulare County and their descendants are still operating the Kay Bee Farms in Orosi California.

Marie had retired and moved to the Sequoias shortly after my aunt Betsy Sherwood, who also lived there, had died. They just missed each other; I think Marie would have remembered Betsy who often came to visit us on weekends from San Francisco where she worked. Betsy was so incensed by the Executive Order which was announced on February 19, 1942, that she tore down one of the posters announcing the ruling which was posted on a telephone pole in San Francisco and kept it for years. Somehow in many moves it was lost so I no longer have it.

This year marks the seventy-fifth anniversary of that horrible Executive Order 9066 by Franklin Roosevelt. It was a decision that I hope will never, ever, be repeated in our country and is certainly a black mark in our history as a nation.



Congressional Record

TRIBUTE TO MARIE KURIHARA
HON. NORMAN Y. MINETA
OF CALIFORNIA
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Tuesday, November 29, 1994

Mr. MINETA. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to Marie Kurihara, who retired this year as chief nurse at the San Francisco Veterans Affairs Medical Center after 28 years of service to the VA and a distinguished 44-year career in nursing.

Over the years, Ms. Kurihara has continuously given generously of herself to her community and her country through her nursing skills and expertise. Graduating from Cornell University/New York Hospital with a bachelor of science degree, she went on to the Teachers' College of Columbia University where she received her masters degree in nursing. She completed further graduate studies at the University of California, San Francisco, School of Nursing, where she received her accreditation as a clinical nurse specialist.

During her notable career, Ms. Kurihara served as a lecturer and published faculty member at Cornell University and the University of California, San Francisco. She has also taught at the University of Southern California and the University of California Irvine.

Perhaps one of the most influential experiences in her life occurred during World War II, when Ms. Kurihara, was sent to an internment camp in Poston, AZ. She was 1 of 120,000 Americans of Japanese ancestry who were constitutionally interned during World War II.

Despite this attack on her civil liberties and this questioning of her patriotism, Ms. Kurihara

showed her fidelity to her country by dedicating her career to aiding those who fought to preserve the freedom of the United States. She served in nursing executive positions at the VA medical centers in both Spokane, WA and Martinez, CA, and later moved to the San Francisco VA Medical Center, where she served as chief nurse for over 15 years.

Her proficiency and dedication to her work are evident through the many honors she has received, including the 1983 VA Administrator's Hands and Hearts Award, the first Western Regional Director's Award for Excellence in Nursing, the 1988 Bay Area Federal Employee of the Year Award in the management category, and most recently, the 1993 performance commendation from the VA Assistant Chief Medical Director for Nursing Programs.

Ms. Kurihara has earned the respect and admiration of her colleagues both at the VA and in the academic circle, where she has unselfishly reached out to the university system to enhance the affiliation and partnership between the San Francisco VA Medical Center and California University Schools of Nursing. She has also given of her personal funds to establish a graduate nursing scholarship at the University of California, San Francisco.

Presently, Ms. Kurihara continues to generously contribute to her community and her profession by volunteering at the local nursing home community and in nursing research endeavors at the San Francisco VA Medical Center.

Mr. Speaker, I would ask that you and my colleagues join me in commending and celebrating the many contributions and achievements of this great American.

PROCEEDINGS AND DEBATES OF THE 103^d CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION

Figure 1. Tribute to Marie Kurihara by Norman Mineta. Copy given to the author by Miss Kurihara.

Poster from Department of the Interior War Relocation Authority. Obtained on Wikipedia 18 February 2017

San Mateo County Pioneers

Laurie Coulter

My grandparents, Fritz and Louisa Meyer were part of the early growth and development of San Mateo County, in California. They were not part of the wealthy Floods, Menzes, Crockers or Stanfords, but they did play a part in the economic and social growth of the county south of the big City of San Francisco.

In the late 1880's San Mateo County was starting to find its own identity other than a country home for the wealthy. Towns which had grown up around stagecoach stops began to flourish. Redwood City less than 30 miles south of San Francisco, had a port. The port on the San Francisco Bay gave access for the redwood cut in the coastal hills to be milled and shipped north to San Francisco and east to the delta and the gold country. Most roads were dirt and horse and wagon were the main source of local transportation.



Annie, Carl and Freida Meyer and Arthur Wolfe

Fritz and Louise settled in a village called Woodside nestled beneath the coastal hills, about two miles west of Redwood City. They had both traveled a long way to get there. Their families were part of the wave of German immigrants who came to the USA in the mid to late 1800's. They came with their families and extended families many of whom settled in German communities in the midwest. Fritz was born in 1850 and named Fredrick in the farming town of Oiste, Germany, about 70 miles northwest of Hanover. At the age of eighteen he had been in the United States at least five years, because he applied for American citizenship in Mason County Indiana in the year of 1868. Two years later he is living with relatives in San Lorenzo, Alameda County, California working as a farm worker. Seven years later he marries Louisa Bolte, born in 1854 also in Oiste, Germany on August 24, 1877. Three years after that they have settled in Woodside on the western side of the San Francisco Bay, with two children, Margaret age two years and Henry, age six months.

The Meyers managed to buy a bit of land and build a house. They raised vegetables and chickens. Fritz was hired to work for the county watering the dirt roads, particularly the logging road that carried the lumber to the port of Redwood City. That road, Woodside Road is a major arterial road to the present day. Louisa was busy raising their family. They had nine children, seven of whom lived to adulthood. They were in addition to Margaret and Henry: Louise, b 1881; Augusta, b1883; Freida, b 1885; Anna, b 1887; Matilda, b 1889; Carl, b 1891; and Hazel b 1895. Both Augusta and Matilda died a month after birth.



Farmhouse and barn with Freida and her future husband Arthur, Hazel, Carl and Henry(hat)

Henry never married, and was a gardener at the developing Leland Stanford Jr. University, Lou and Margaret worked as housekeepers for the affluent in San Francisco until the 1906 earthquake, when they were brought home, never to work outside the home again. Margaret , Annie and Frieda married and raised their families in the area. Carl, my dad, grew up and left home to live in the industrial city of South San Francisco. He worked in the booming meat industry, in the stockyards, slaughterhouses and eventually as a plant manager. Lou and Hazel never married. They lived in the family farmhouse until 1957 when it was sold to support them.

Fritz died in 1900 as a result of an accident. He was watering the county road and got kicked in the head by his horse. He was only 50 years old.



There is an obituary and a small newspaper article about the accident in the local paper. Louisa died in 1903 of influx of the bowels after a brief illness. Both are buried in the historic Union Cemetery on Woodside Road in Redwood City, CA. along with three of their children, the babies, Augusta and Matilda and son Henry. The rest of the family for the most part, is buried in Colma, CA at Cypress Lawn Cemetery.

Meyer gravesite at Union Cemetery, Redwood City, CA. after 1903

Fritz and Louisa were pioneers. They were ordinary people who contributed to the growth and viability of San Mateo County. They will not be found in the history books but they had to be tenacious and kind to have raised a wonderful family. I am still in touch with several cousins because of the value that our parents taught us about the importance of families sticking together.

There is a small obituary for my grandmother Louisa that states that she was a "devoted mother, a true Christian woman and good neighbor and admired for her many womanly virtues." It also states that she was "well known and liked by all." She died at age 48 years leaving five adult children and two young ones, my dad Carl and his sister Hazel. They were raised by their older siblings and it seems Louisa's values of hard work and kindness were passed on to them. Values I got from my dad were about the importance of family, hospitality, never turning anyone away who needs help and doing acts of kindness without any notice to oneself. I am sure

submitted June 4, 2015



Taken at Searsville Lake, when it opened for water and recreation about 1893.

Annie, Louisa holding Carl, Freida, Fritz, Margaret, Lou, Henry MEYER (Hazel was not born yet)

My Roommate

June Baxter

My head was filled with thoughts of summer drawing to a close and the scary new world of junior high school looming ahead, when my parents announced that my grandmother, who had not seen me since I was nine months old, would soon be coming to share my bedroom with me.

I happily asked, “Will she play cards with me?” They smiled and said probably not.

Soon my room was reconfigured—my shelves went to the garage, childish drawings came down from the walls, a drawer and a portion of the tiny closet were emptied to hold her few garments. None of this really mattered to me, for as an only child, I was looking forward to having a roommate!

Sweet Anna Mary Krecek Pazderka, age 84 years (to my 12), made the long journey by bus from Omaha, Nebraska, to Palo Alto, California, with my mother’s older brother, Jim. I had not seen photos nor even talked on the phone with her.

As I look back now, I wonder what her thoughts were as she left the only home she had known since traveling with her family from then-Bohemia (now the Czech Republic) when she was about five years old. I’m sure she was delighted to finally be able to spend time with her precious daughter, but what about rooming with a pre-pubescent girl?



Once Grandma was safely ensconced in her new abode, I set off with great trepidation to the first day of junior high. I was soon immersed in mountains of homework, accordion lessons, and much to my chagrin, ballroom dancing lessons.

A quiet lady who had led a hard life as a widowed mother of two young children and worked in a meatpacking plant in Omaha to support them, Grandma loved sitting in a chair by the living-room window and gazing across the street at Matadero Creek. She neither read nor played cards, but watched a favorite soap opera on our newly purchased—and first—TV and faithfully dried the dinner dishes every evening.

When Grandma became ill my senior year of high school and my mother sat up with her all night, every night, I either slept on the couch or at our next-door neighbors'. After a few months, she moved to a nursing home just eight miles away; my mother even learned to drive so she could visit every day, with my dad and me accompanying her on weekends.

One day toward the end of May, filled with end-of-year angst, I came home to find my mother and several close friends sitting in the living room. I asked how Grandma was.

(From my diary): “To my greatest sorrow, I learned that my beloved Grandma passed away this morning at 7:00. At first I didn’t cry because I was really glad for her sake—and Mom said that she didn’t have it very easy. Then I really cried. I loved her so...”

Grandma was two months shy of her 90th birthday. It wasn’t until I was much older that I understood and appreciated how she had enriched my life with her quiet resolve, acceptance and gentleness. How grateful I am to have had her as my roommate. *April 2017*

The Scottish Voyager

Barbara Gooding

My 2nd great grandfather, Archibald Fletcher was born in the town of Greenock, Scotland in 1852.¹ He was one of 3 children born to John and Christina Fletcher (brother, Duncan and sister, Jessie).² Archibald trained for and later became a Marine Engineer. From December 1866 to May 1868, Archibald was an apprentice at the Clyde Foundry in Glasgow. He began his training on a small planing or nibbing machine.

Archibald worked for R. Laidlaw & Sons from May 1868 to November 1869 as an apprentice planer.³ Thereafter, he apprenticed as a Fitter with Finnieston Engine Works of Glasgow from November 1869 to October 1870.⁴ He received a letter of reference from the firm which stated that he had conducted himself to the firm's satisfaction. He took another job as an apprentice Fitter from October 1870 to April 1871 with James Howden & Company Engine Works of Glasgow.⁵ Archie appears in the 1871 census, at age 18, as a lodger in the home of Hugh McDonald, 270 Stobcross, St., Glasgow.

Archie and Janet Richardson applied to be married in April 1873. The Clerk's office issued a certificate on May 5, 1873 to be used in the Parish where the marriage was to occur.⁶ Archie and Janet were married on May 9, 1873 in Glasgow. The next day, their daughter, Mary was born.⁷ By this time, Archibald was a journeyman Engine Fitter and he and Janet had moved to 37 Well Road, Glasgow.⁵ Janet and Archie had a second daughter, Janet, in 1875 who died in infancy. For many years, Archibald was a 2nd Engineer and Assistant Supervisor. He joined the merchant services and made the following voyages:⁸

Voyages of Archibald Fletcher

Dates	Ship Name	Voyage Destination
09/06/1875 – 11/15/1875	S.S. Rose	unknown
11/16/1876 – 01/15/1877	S.S. Alice	Antwerp, Belgium
02/02/1877 – 06/25/1877	Bonnie Kate	Antwerp, Belgium
07/19/1877 – 09/13/1877	Bonnie Kate	Varna, Bulgaria
02/10/1878 – 05/11/1878	Bonnie Kate	Taganrog, Russia
05/15/1878 – 07/28/1878	Bonnie Kate	Mediterranean
08/05/1878 – 09/06/1878	Bonnie Kate	Baltic
03/12/1879 – 04/22/1879	Neva	Illegible entry

¹ Marine Engineer's Certificate of Competency issued to A. Fletcher 3/13/1883 and 1861 Scotland Census, Reel 1-150, General Register Office for Scotland, Edinburgh, Scotland

² 1861 Scotland Census, Reel 1-150, General Register Office for Scotland, Edinburgh, Scotland

³ Memorandum of reference dated 9/12/1869 from R. Laidlaw & Sons

⁴ Letter of reference dated 10/14/187 from Finnieston Engine Works

⁵ Memorandum of reference from James Howden & Co. dated 4/1/1871

⁶ Certificate from Sessions Clerk's office

⁷ Extract of Entry of Birth of Mary Fletcher (5/10/1873), Register Book of Births for the District of Milton, Glasgow, Scotland

⁸ Board of Trade Certificates of Discharge

Dates	Ship Name	Voyage Destination
04/25/1879 – 05/30/1879	Neva	Baltic
06/05/1879 – 07/26/1879	Neva	Cranstadt, Russia
07/28/1879 – 08/19/1879	Neva	Baltic
08/23/1879 – 09/20/1879	Neva	Baltic
09/16/1880 – 07/23/1881	S.S. Larne	Unknown
12/12/1881 – 01/20/1882	Thomas Jolliffe	Bilbao, Spain
01/27/1882 – 05/05/1882	Thomas Jolliffe	unknown
05/15/1882 - 10/14/1882	S.S. Spearman	Odessa, Ukraine
10/21/1882 – 02/05/1883	S.S. Spearman	Constantinople (Istanbul)
06/01/1883 – 06/01/1885	unknown	Brazil

After 2 ½ years on the Bonnie Kate, Archie looked for another ship. He requested a letter of reference from his employer. Mr. Samuelson of the John W. and C.S. Smith Steamer and Ship Brokers obliged with a letter in October 1878 that stated Archie had conducted himself in “an attentive and sober manner.”⁹ Archie then joined the Ship “Neva” from March 1878 to September 1879. Janet and Archie had a third daughter, Annie in 1878. For a period of three months (February to April 1880), Archie was appointed by Mr. Murray and Mr. Murdock to be in charge of the engines and mechanics of a screw hopper lighter (barge) built for the Dock Company at Kingston Upon Hull¹⁰. From September 1880 to June 1881, Archie served as Chief Engineer of the S.S. Larne out of Glasgow.^{11 12} From the S.S. Larne, he went, in December 1881, to the S.S. Thomas Jolliffe as a 1st Engineer.¹³ He thereafter joined the S.S. Spearman and made several voyages as a 2nd Engineer earning £6 per month.¹⁴ His tour on the Spearman ended in February 1883 at which time Archibald took a short break from seafaring to prepare for the Marine Engineer examination. In Glasgow, Archibald took and passed the examination on March 13, 1883. The Lords of the Committee of Privy Council of Trade issued Archie a Certificate of as a First Class Marine Engineer.¹⁵ The certificate is printed on vellum (sheepskin) and has survived to this day.

Archie had considerable experience in his profession by 1883. This enabled him to secure a 3 year contract as Chief Engineer with *Campania Pernambucana De Navegacao a Vapor* company on the T.S.S. Francisco out of Brazil. His wages were set at £18 per month. As an advance, the company agreed to pay Archie £10 before he left Scotland.¹⁶ At the time of his departure, Archie and his family were residing at 152 Park Street, Kinning Park, Glasgow where the rent was £2.6

⁹ Letter of reference from John W. and C.S. Smith Steamer & Ship Brokers dated 10/11/1878

¹⁰ Letter of reference from the Dock Company Upon Hull dated 4/24/1880

¹¹ Letter of reference from Master George Donald dated 6/2/1881

¹² Certificate issued 2/20/1883 by the General Register and Record Office of Shipping and Seaman, London

¹³ Certificate of Discharge

¹⁴ Seaman's Allotment Note, and Account of wages on blue slip, Certificate of Discharge

¹⁵ Certificate of Competency #15353 from the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Trade, issued 3/13/1883

¹⁶ Memorandum Agreement of 6/1/1883 between Fletcher and the Brazilian shipping company

per month¹⁷. Perhaps because of the long duration of the contract that Archie had just signed with the Brazilian shipping company or because he feared the worst, Archie purchased a life insurance policy.¹⁸ He and Janet had by then their forth daughter, Isabella born in 1884.

Archie wrote to his wife in August 1885 from Ceara Harbour Works in Ceara, “Brazils” that his spirits had been nearly broken because he had been “sorely put about in the country.” He enclosed a check to her that he had to request from the head man because there were no banks in town. He said he hoped to get home in the spring and asked Janet not to send weekly mailings because they were not reaching him. Instead, she should write every 10 to 12 days. He asked her to send a copy of the “Merean” Engineer book. He concluded the letter with the words “I remain your affectionate and ever the same your dear husband.”¹⁹ Unfortunately, this would be the last letter she would ever receive from him.

Based on correspondence later received by Janet, it was clear that Archibald went missing in Brazil. Janet wrote to the Ceara Harbour Works to learn of his whereabouts. She received a reply from them which states Archibald left their employ in September 1885 and went to Para, Brazil. The letter continues “we regret to add that a report subsequently reached here announcing his death of yellow fever in that city; we are afraid that it is only too true.”²⁰ Archie died at age 33 on November 29, 1885 in Para Brazil.²¹ An all too short a life for a Scottish voyager.

After the death of her husband, Janet tried to collect his wages and belongings. She received correspondence in July 1886 from Mercauble Marine office in Glasgow that no accounts had been received by the Board of Trade. They offered to make inquiries if she could provide the particulars of his employment at the time of his death.²² The consulate in Brazil recovered Archie’s belongings: a yellow tin trunk and a canvas bag and shipped them to Janet.

Janet never remarried, but raised her children in Scotland until 1905 when she immigrated alone to the U.S at age 50.²³ Her daughter, Annie, followed in 1906. Thus began our family’s life in America.

¹⁷ Receipts for rent

¹⁸ Letter of 6/28/1883 from the Scottish Equitable Life Assurance Office

¹⁹ Letter of 8/30/1885 from Archibald to Janet Fletcher

²⁰ Letter of 3/22/1886 from Ceara Harbour Works to J. Fletcher

²¹ Letter of 9/2/1896 from the British Consulate in Brazil to J. Fletcher

²² Letter of 7/3/1886 to J. Fletcher from Mecauble Marine office

²³ S.S. Astoria manifest of passengers from Scotland to NY

The Grandmother I Didn't See

Name

My friends had grandmothers who welcomed them with milk and cookies; but I had a scary Granny. Even my uncles called her a “fierce” old woman, but they said it with affection. Bent from arthritis and tucked into an easy chair in the living room, my father’s mother had such a thick Irish brogue that I couldn’t understand her. She shouted and I fled to the warmth of the kitchen where the aunts were cooking Sunday dinner. Now I wish I had stayed and listened to her. I wish I could hear her speak as a young woman, a teenage immigrant cleaning homes of the wealthy in Philadelphia, as a homemaker struggling to feed a growing family or as the mother who lost a son in the First World War. To be fair, I was a small child when she died, but I came to know Ellen Mulvihill and her family, my family, through research.

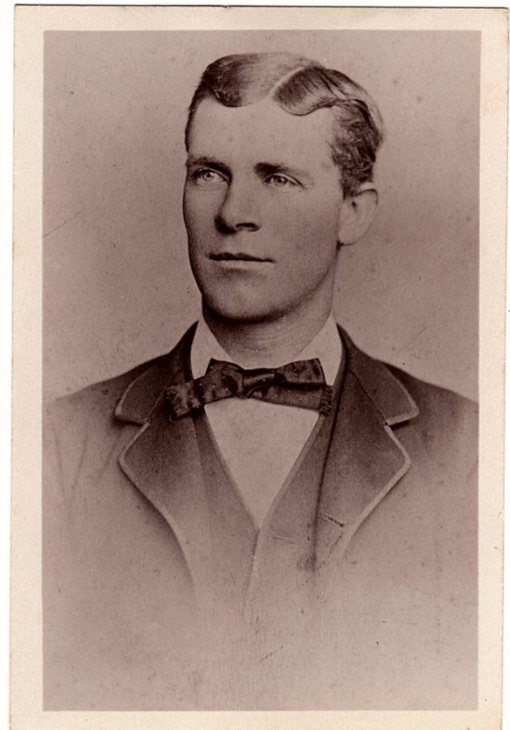


If Ellen traveled alone from Ireland to Liverpool, she was in good spirits and good company aboard the steamship “City of Montreal” which arrived in New York in May, 1878 with dozens of young Irish men and women in steerage. The exodus from Ireland that began with the Famine in the 1840’s continued until it seemed that most of West Kerry was living in America. Many from Ellen’s Parish near Tralee had settled in Philadelphia, so it was easy to slip into familiar community. The thought of the Saturday night dances in St. Agnes’ Church Hall sustained Ellen through the work week. It’s possible her uncle, Patrick Mulvihill, a well-known musician, was there playing the fiddle and calling the sets for dancing. Ellen loved music and could not resist the handsome Cornelius

Spearing with his fine tenor voice. Con, as he was known, had a good job selling Singer sewing machines. They married in 1886 and had nine children by 1905. It was hard work to feed and clothe her large family, but Ellen’s familiar call, “Eat hearty, lads, there’s plenty more in the pot,” became a frequently quoted refrain.

My father, Leo Joseph, was ten years younger than his favorite brother Walter. All he told me was that Walt had red hair, was called Ginger by his family and was killed in “The First War.” He usually added, “everybody loved him.”

By all reports, Walt, was a fun-loving but serious young



man who excelled at Roman Catholic High School and became the first in his family to attend the University of Pennsylvania. According to a classmate, he could light up a room by walking into it. After work at his job in a law office, he loved rehearsing for roles in little theater, but war cut his career short.

Ellen fought back tears of pride and fear when Walter enlisted in, in April, 1917, at the age of 26. He did look dashing in the uniform of the U.S. Marine Corps, and the whole neighborhood turned out to see their boys off with a marching tune from the firefighters' bag pipe band and a blessing from the priest.

This history might have been told and embellished by the family, but it wasn't. It was a letter written to Grandma Ellen by a fellow marine and published in The Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger in August, 1918 that revealed the story. The letter confirmed that Pvt. Walter Spearing was killed in action in France at the Battle of Belleau Wood, a battle that became part of Marine Corps legend, and earned the fighting men of the 5th Regiment the nickname "Devil Dogs."



Belleau Wood was a turning point in the campaign but the site of a terrible slaughter. Pvt. Walter Spearing and his best buddy, Pvt. Sol Segel promised each other that if one of them died the survivor would try to "console the sorrowing mother" of the other.

So after the battle, when silence settled on the scorched landscape, Sol Segel sat down next to his

friend's grave to write.

Dear lady, in the name of the Twenty-third Company, in the name of the Marines, I salute you and all my comrades salute you....Beneath the green in Belleau Woods, forever connected with the 'Honor of the Marines,' lies Walt with two comrades, dead on the 'Field of honor.' Above their graves the stately pines sway in their grandeur, an imperishable monument....

Shortly after receiving the letter from Segal, Ellen sent a copy to her congressman, J. Hampton Moore with a message "...to demonstrate the spirit of the boys in the district you represent". She requested he share it with his colleagues in Congress.



Recently, free-lance writer, Chris Gibbons used Ellen's historic letter in an article. He wrote, "The pledge between Segal and Spearing, as well as the letter sent to Spearing's mother... is certainly not unique in the long, tragic annals of warfare....What was unique about this war was how mothers organized...."

Ellen Spearing and other bereaved women did not sit quietly with their grief. They founded the American War Mothers' organization which launched the Gold Star Mothers program. After the war, Gold Star Mothers also lobbied for government assistance to help families who wanted to bring their dead home for burial. In 1921, my grandparents had the body of their son exhumed from its battlefield grave, shipped to the United States, and reburied in St. Denis cemetery Philadelphia. When Chris Gibbons found Walter Spearing's grave, he was surprised that Ellen's name is not on the monument although that of Walter's father is. On confirming that she is also buried in the family plot, he wrote, "It's almost as if

Ellen Spearing, the mother who wanted to ensure that her son and the boys in her district would not be forgotten, had never existed."

Now, I understand. Grandma Ellen, fierce, loyal and loving to the end, was not shouting at her little granddaughter, she was just being heard. She had a story, and I needed to hear it.

The Wedding

Jennifer Harris

It was Saturday, December 29, 1923. The crowd was starting to gather at Christ Church in Houston, Texas, for the wedding of Meriel Day Sherwood and Erich Wellington. Suddenly two young gentlemen came into the church and started taking down the decorations that had been put up for the wedding. They announced to the assembling worshipers that the wedding was being moved to the home of the bride due to the illness of five members of the bridal party. One of these men, Alec Norman, was a cousin of the bride and had been a friend and classmate of the groom at Tulane University in New Orleans.

Among those who were sick with reported “ptomaine poisoning” were my mother Meriel Day Sherwood and my father, Erich Wellington. At a party in honor of the wedding a few days before the wedding date, the five ill members of the wedding party imbibed the seasonal eggnog that was served. My mother suspected either contaminated eggs or “bad” liquor added to the eggnog. After all, 1923 was during prohibition and reliable liquor was not available. Meriel thought her younger brother Woodley, who would have known how to obtain such things, was the culprit. The members of the wedding party who had not drunk the eggnog did not fall ill so it was determined to be the cause of the illness.

The men who had removed decorations from the church brought them to the home which was already festively decorated for Christmas; the flowers from the church were added. The guests assembled in the house on San Jacinto Street in Houston. Meriel was dressed in her wedding finery lying on her bed, and Erich was lying on another bed elsewhere in the house.

Meriel’s older sister St. Claire, known as Sainty, was visiting from her home in Mexico City and was accompanied by her baby daughter Gloria and Gloria’s nanny. Since Meriel was the second of the six children in her family, her mother had a nanny for the younger children.

The wedding party assembled and Meriel heard the Wedding March begin to be played on the piano. She arose from her sickbed, and Erich did the same. They proceeded to the living room with the family nanny behind Meriel with smelling salts and the visiting nanny behind Erich similarly equipped. The minister had come from the church to perform the ceremony. Somehow the bride and groom got through the ceremony and the truncated reception that followed. Meriel and her bridesmaids posed for photographs; Meriel’s bridal photo shows the Christmas tree in the background. She was usually a lively person, but does not look very happy in the photo.

After the marriage ceremony Meriel went back upstairs to bed and Erich went home to his mother’s house elsewhere in Houston. The wedding was on Saturday, and by Wednesday Meriel was feeling well enough to go to visit Erich, who had been sicker than she was. Maybe he drank more of the eggnog than she did.

The bride and groom had been scheduled to leave on their wedding trip to Los Angeles right after the wedding, but ended up leaving a week later. They settled in Los Angeles where Erich was working as an architectural engineer.

My mother, Meriel, loved to tell this story. I was able to read all about it in the newspaper

clippings of the wedding which my grandmother had saved. Certainly it was an ominous way to start a life together, but all survived the event and the marriage lasted until Erich died on July 18, 1972. Meriel survived until March 2, 1981.



*Meriel Day Sherwood
Wellington*

29 December 1923 Photograph owned by Author.

Some Things From Ancestors Estates Which Now Reside With Me

Anna Brown

I think that I was the lucky one in my family. Because I liked certain pieces of furniture which had belonged to parents, grandparents and great grandparents, many of those items now reside in my home.

To me the primary item is a loveseat of a lovely though unknown to me wood with inlays of mother of pearl accenting its decorative finish. A portion of its specialness is related to the many hours I spent curled on it reading old books from my grandfather's bookcase/desk.

Sadly, that desk disappeared as my family moved from its original home to another. I was lucky enough to find here on the peninsula a close copy to keep me company.

Next is a bentwood rocking chair on which my father had told me was one that his mother had sat to rock him as a baby.

Another is a larger rocking chair on which I had, as a teenager spent many hours with books to read is my absolute favorite where would sit and read with my legs curled up so long that my legs were so dented - that standing up from it HURT .



The seat of this straight chair is about 12-14 inches above the floor. It's original handwoven seat remains intact. The chair's origin is unknown except that it was in the house my father who was born in 1899 told me it was already old when he first sat upon it. A curator told me he could not specify a date except to say it dated to a time when people made their own furnishings. (*pic: Faulkner Ladderback Chair*)

The oldest of all is a low, wicker seated straight chair with its original hand woven wicker seat; this one is thought to have come from my father's father's childhood or earlier -[note that my father was born in 1899, his father in 1861 and father's father born in 1824 - all in Ohio].

THESE ARE SOME OF MY TREASURES.

4/10/2017

A Decision Maker

Dennis Maness

There are 3 things you need to know about this story: 1) It sounds better when read with a “hillbilly” accent that I grew up with; 2) back around the turn of the 20th Century the commonly long underwear was of 2 types—ones with a “split back” and ones with a “flap back” which were held closed by buttons; and 3) when people died there were few funeral homes so the family cleaned and dressed the dead for a wake and burial.

My great-grandparents and my grandparents owned a small general store in northwest Arkansas which sold everything from groceries to clothes to hardware. One day my grandmother was working in the store when a woman came in and asked where the underwear was. Grandma asked her if she wanted the flap back or split back kind. The woman replied, “Hit don’t make no differnce, hit’s fer a corpse.”

Now my grandma was a kind person and barely kept herself from laughing out loud. But later and for many years after she enjoyed telling this story. My mother learned it from her and sometimes used it when a decision had to be made. And a hundred years later I learned it and still sometimes will say it to my wife or children or under my breath when making a decision.

Hit don’t make no differnce, hit’s fer a corpse.

One Thin Dime

© John Shellabear Gleed

I have not been a successful collector. My stamp albums languished on back shelves and then were given away. My coins were scattered among many drawers, boxes and envelopes. They lacked organization. Last year, I took a wide array of foreign and domestic coins to a dealer and was happily surprised by what they were worth.

One coin collection was retained. **A Book of Mercury Dimes.** These were the standard issue ten-cent pieces minted from 1916 to 1945. They were stamped out of silver at mints in Philadelphia, Denver and San Francisco. A tiny D or S next to the word ONE on the reverse of each dime indicated Denver or San Francisco mints. As in the picture below taken from a dime in my collection, the Philadelphia mint had no mark.



But why, you ask, did I make this exception in my coin cleanout? Because **ONE THIN DIME** bought you a children's ticket to the movies in my home town of Laguna Beach, California during Word War II.

A single coin enabled a person to see the latest feature film, a newsreel, a cartoon and a serial episode of Tarzan, Superman or Buster Crabbe. Sometimes you even might happily view a double feature. I spent many an afternoon at the **South Coast Theater** in Laguna Beach in the 1940s.

One could accumulate a dime delivering newspapers, washing dishes, or mowing lawns. I earned my dimes in all these occupations But the best method of acquiring a dime resulted from a mandate of the great state of California.



*The **South Coast Theater** in Laguna Beach is pictured at left shown here circa 1943. It was bought at Silver Images in Laguna Beach in the 1990s.*

Tin cans were in common use before WWII, but mainly for solid foods such as Spam. The coatings inside cans could not withstand the acids in liquids like soft drinks, juices or beer. A solution to this problem was not found until 1957.

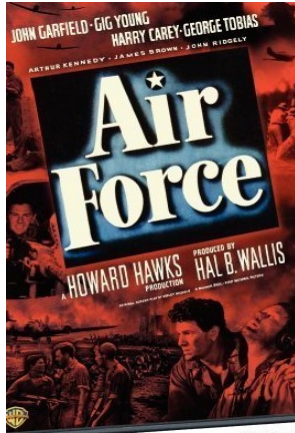
In the meantime, these fluids were only available in glass bottles. There was a major problem disposing of bottles. They littered highways and alleys. The California legislature hit upon the idea of charging a **two cent deposit** for any product sold in a glass bottle. The deposit would be paid back by a retailer to **any person** returning the bottle. The reader will readily calculate that five returned bottles equalled **one thin dime = one movie ticket**. I kept a sharp eye out for throwaways and even an abandoned bottle at home. But my favorite

acquisitions were from **courting couples** at Laguna's Main Beach. The young man had purchased soft drinks for his young lady and him-self. I would look for empties and then approach saying "Sir, may I return your bottles for you?" The usual response was "Sure, kid. Scram." Two courting couples and one throwaway yielded a ticket to that week's movies.

There were weeks when the pursuit of a dime had fallen short. I recall an occasion when between me and my friends Bob and Gordon, we only had enough for one ticket. Gordon was the designated purchaser. Bob and I skulked down an alley to the emergency exit of the theater, and Gordon cracked the door open, and we scurried through. But an alert usher spotted the shaft of light, and I found him standing next to me. He demanded to see my ticket stub. In a moment of inspiration, I blurted out "**I ate it**". This answer was so original that the usher was left shaking his head in disbelief. I watched that performance and never sneaked into the South Coast Theater again.

My mother had gone to Catholic schools as a youngster, and she had high regard for the discipline imposed by nuns. My younger sister and brother were enrolled at a convent school on Catalina Avenue, and I would join them from public school in the afternoon. We also went there on Saturdays when Mom was at work. Going to the movies on Saturday afternoons bordered on ritual at the convent. We regularly marched four blocks to the theater clutching our dimes. Scenes from the movies would be **reenacted** by the future movie stars when we returned to the school.

One Saturday in 1943, the new feature film was "Air Force" about an intrepid B-17 crew who arrived in Honolulu on December 7th, 1941, survived the attack, flew on to the Phillipines and sank an enemy battleship on the way to further glory in Australia. It was welcome fiction for the homefront.



"Air Force" is almost entirely a male movie, but there was one early scene where the pilot passionately kissed his wife goodbye. This became part of that day's reenactment at the convent. I was the pilot and three of my sister's friends were alternating wives. It took several takes to duplicate the scene and to decide where noses go. Onlookers, including my sister offered advice. I certainly enjoyed the experience.

An alert nun happened on the scene. My mother was phoned and was informed that I was now **too old** to attend this school. I got the impression Mom was faintly amused. At the ripe old age of eleven, I was officially banished from the convent.

Picture of poster from movie website on Google.

I asked a young lady to go to the movies with me at a cost of **Two Thin Dimes**. Even more considering that her incentive had to include popcorn and candy. It became clear that I needed to find a better paying job. On a horrible day just after the War ended, probably it was foggy or rainy, the price of a children's ticket at the South Coast Theater was increased to twelve cents. This was a calamity of near biblical proportions. It increased my cost by an additional bottle, and put possible dates out of reach. Somehow the obstacle was overcome. Every week's new movie had to be studied.

20 April 2017

Sanford Thomas Sharp: How Do You Solve a Problem Like Lusetta? Susan Plass

Sanford Thomas Sharp was born in Kentucky in 1840, the second son of Francis Read and Amanda (Redden) Sharp. The family was enumerated 1 June 1840 in Anderson County, Kentucky, with one male 40-49, one female 20-29, and two males under 5.¹ Ten years later, still in Anderson County, the family had grown to include Francis, Amanda, and their sons Henry W, age 12, Sanford, age 10, Matthew S., age 7, and daughters Lea S., age 6, Mary C., age 4, and Elizabeth J, age 1.² Sanford has not yet been found in 1860, but his parents and brother Henry had moved to farms near Springfield, Sangamon County, Illinois; Sanford was probably nearby.³

On 20 September 1861 at Berlin, Sangamon County, Sanford enlisted in Company B of the 10th Illinois Cavalry, and was mustered in at Camp Butler, Illinois, on 25 November 1861. At the end of three years of service he reenlisted as a veteran on 3 January 1864 at Little Rock, Arkansas, and served until the regiment was disbanded at Camp Butler on 6 January 1866. The 10th Cavalry served most of the war in Arkansas on various expeditions. After the assassination of President Lincoln the Regiment was ordered to New Orleans to maintain order as a police force, leaving Louisiana on July 1865 for San Antonio, Texas, making several forays into the surrounding area pursuing Indians before making its way back to Camp Butler for discharge.⁴

Back in Illinois, Sanford met Lusetta F. Hardin, daughter of Fielding and Indiana Angeline (Fleming) Hardin; they were married 20 November 1866 in Christian County.⁵ The 1870 census placed him with wife Lou and daughter Ann age 2 in Pawnee, Christian, Illinois.⁶ Sanford was working on a farm, living next to parents Francis and Amanda Sharp. In 1880 he was listed with wife Lusetta, daughter Lola, age 12, and sons Robert, age 3, and newborn Otto in South Fork, Christian, Illinois.⁷ Listed on the same page were "Felden Harden" and his wife Ann, Lusetta's parents. Sanford filed for and was granted a pension for his service in the Civil War on 23 June 1891. He died 7 October 1896, and his widow applied for a widow's pension.⁸ Lusetta Sharp was not found in the 1900 census.

¹ 1840 U.S. Census, Kentucky, Anderson County, U.S. Census Bureau, digital image, Ancestry.com, <http://www.ancestry.com/>, <https://familysearch.org/pal:MM9.1.1/XHTG-DMT>, Series M704, roll 103, p. 102, images 31-2/211-2, lines 3, 12, accessed 31 Jan 2014.

² 1850 U.S. Census, U.S., Kentucky, Anderson County, U.S. Census Bureau, digital image, Ancestry.com, <http://www.ancestry.com/>, <https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:M65R-M6K>, Series M432, roll 432, p 190B, image 2/388, dwellings 11, 12, 13, 14, families 11, 12, 13, 14, lines 16-36, accessed 9 Feb 2012.

³ 1860 U.S. Census, Illinois, Sangamon County, Springfield, District 16, U.S. Census Bureau, digital image, HeritageQuest, ProQuest, Ann Arbor, Series M653, roll 226, p. 25-6, dwelling 182, families 177 & 178, line 24; dwelling 184, family 184, line 39, accessed 9 Feb 2012

⁴ Illinois Secretary of State, "Illinois Civil War Detail Report," <http://www.ilsos.gov/isaveterans/civilMusterSearch.do?key=227622>, and <http://www.ilsos.gov/isaveterans/civilMusterSearch.do?key=227621>, accessed 6 Mar 2017.; Illinois Adjutant General, Regimental and Unity Histories Containing Reports for the Years 1861-1866, 1900-1902, img 476-479, <https://www.cyberdriveillinois.com/departments/archives/databases/reghist.pdf>, accessed 6 Mar 2017.

⁵ Marriage record for Sanford T. Sharp & Luetta Hardin, 20 Nov 1866, Christian County, Illinois, Illinois, County Marriages, 1810-1921, Marriage Record B Sept 1866 - Oct 1884, p. 3, img 193, no. 1861, microfilm, County Clerk, Christian County, Illinois, Family History Library, FHL US/CAN Microfilm 987611, scanned 22 Jun 2015.

⁶ 1870 U.S. Census, Illinois, Christian County, Pawnee, U.S. Census Bureau, digital image, HeritageQuest, ProQuest, Ann Arbor, Series M593, roll 194, p. 228A, dwelling 57-58, family 57-58, line 21, accessed 20 Jun 2006.

⁷ 1880 U.S. Census, Illinois, Christian County, South Fork Township, U.S. Census Bureau, HeritageQuest, ProQuest, Ann Arbor, Series T9, roll 181, sheet 22B, p. 702, SD 6, ED 73, dwellings 188/189, families 188/189, lines 28, 36, accessed 20 Jun 2006.

⁸ Pension index card for Sanford Sharp, Organization Index to Pension Files of Veterans who Served Between 1861 and 1900, Iowa, digital image, Fold3.com, <http://www.fold3.com/image/141479/>, NARA, T289 RG15, accessed 1 Feb 2014.

The search for details then turned to newspapers looking for obituaries for Sanford and Lusetta. GenealogyBank has newspapers for Sangamon and Christian Counties in Illinois. The first item found provided a mine, gold or land, I'm not sure which, of information.⁹ The title proclaimed "HIS FIFTH MARRIAGE. Sanford T Sharp, an Old Man Living in a Hut, Takes a Fifth Wife."

Whoa! Fifth marriage??? An "old man" at 54? Living in a hut in an alley??? This straightforward bio sketch just ran off the rails. Newspapers stories¹⁰ led to a timeline:

30 Jun 1881	married Elizabeth Sidener
22 Jul 1887	Elizabeth and two men attack and brutally beat Sanford Sanford arrested for assault (on whom?)
11 Sep 1887	divorced from Elizabeth
8 Dec 1887	married Margaret Mulligan
22 Feb 1893	married Ann Elizabeth (McCoy) Simpson (what happened to Margaret?)
11 Sep 1894	Ann Sharp died of cancer
23 Oct 1894	married Tector Rice
16 Nov 1894	bound to court to keep peace with wife Tector
30 Jun 1895	admitted to National Home for Disabled Soldiers
7 Oct 1896	visited his wife, a domestic for J. W. Crafton, and drops dead ¹¹

So many details of Sanford's tumultuous life from June 1881 to his death in October 1896, but nowhere was there a clue to what happened to Lusetta. A search of the Illinois Death Index pre-1916 had no Lusetta Sharp; a broader search yielded Louisa Sharp, who died in South Fork Township, Christian County, on 2 March 1881.¹² But none of the versions of Lusetta's name had been "Louisa". It took a trip to Salt Lake to read the death record for Louisa Sharp: Louisa had died of measles at age 32 years, 11 months, 17 days. She had been born in Hardin County, Kentucky, and lived in Illinois for 22 years. She was buried in the Bethany Church Cemetery, Edinburg, Christian County, Illinois.¹³ Bits were beginning to add up to support a claim that Louisa and Lusetta were the same woman. But there was no Louisa Sharp in that cemetery on Find a Grave. A broader search again yielded the final answer for Lusetta. There is a lot more work to do on the wives of Sanford Thomas Sharp, but for now, there is a tombstone¹⁴ for Louzetta Sharp, born 13 April 1848, died 2 March 1881, with the gentle inscription:

Asleep in Jesus, Blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

⁹ Marriage announcement for Sanford T. Sharp and Tector Rice, Daily Illinois State Register, Springfield, Illinois, Wednesday, October 24, 1894, p 8, col 1, digital image, GenealogyBank.com, accessed 27 Jul 2016.

¹⁰ All items from GenealogyBank.com.

¹¹ "Soldier Drops Dead", Daily Illinois State Journal, Springfield, Illinois, Thursday, October 8, 1896, p 4, col 4, digital image, digital image, GenealogyBank,

<http://www.genealogybank.com/doc/newspapers/image/v2%3A13D09C142C972071%40GB3NEWS-13DCDA3B57BEAC00%402413841-13DAF0B7CA5E6283%403-13DD5F43D6559B08%40>, accessed 27 Jul 2016.

¹² Illinois Statewide Death Index pre-1916, Illinois State Archives & Illinois State Genealogical Society, <http://www.sos.state.il.us/departments/archives/death.html>, accessed 11 Oct 2008.

¹³ Death record for Louisa Sharp, Death records, 1878-1914, Christian County, Illinois, County Clerk, Family History Library, FHL US/CAN Microfilm 987608 item #1, 2 March 1881, Death Record A Christian County, no. 787, img 194, scanned 18 Jun 2016.

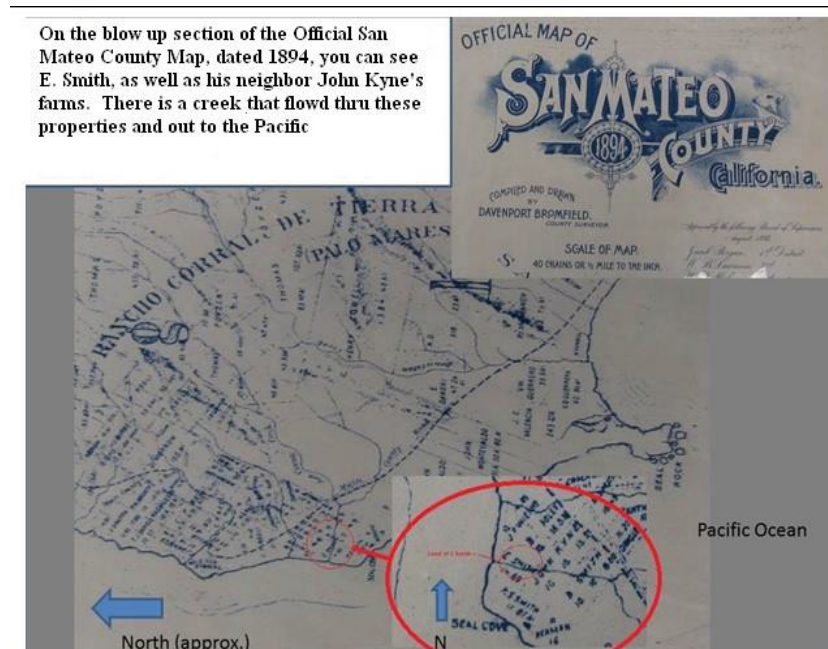
¹⁴ Memorial for Louzetta Sharp," Joan Pearson-Blood (#46920460), photo by Vauna Snyder Stahl (#47837202), database, <http://www.findagrave.com/>, Find a Grave Memorial, 58846569, 18 Sep 2010, Bethany Cemetery, Edinburg, Christian County, Illinois, accessed 7 Mar 2017.

Notes of My Grandfather's Early Years in San Mateo County

Jim Kelly

My grandfather, James Arthur Kelly, was born in San Francisco on July 18, 1875. Records indicated his father was Patrick Kelly from New York and that his mother was Bridget (Lyons) Kelly, from Ireland. His father may have died shortly after my grandfather's birth but I really don't know. What I do know was that his mother was married to a Mr. Edmund Smith (a naturalized citizen from England) and they had had one child, Elizabeth (Lizzie) Anne Smith, born in San Francisco in July 1880.

It appears the family didn't live in San Francisco long after the birth of my grandfather's sister. Based on the voter's registration for his stepfather, the family had moved to a farm along the San Mateo County Coast, referred to today as Moss Beach. His stepfather's name can be found in the San Mateo County Great Register (a voter's registration document), living in the Denniston (voting) Precinct. Edmund first record was found in the 1882 registration, and his registrations continued until about 1901. Of note, in 1896 when my grandfather turned 21, both my grandfather and his stepfather voted in this precinct.



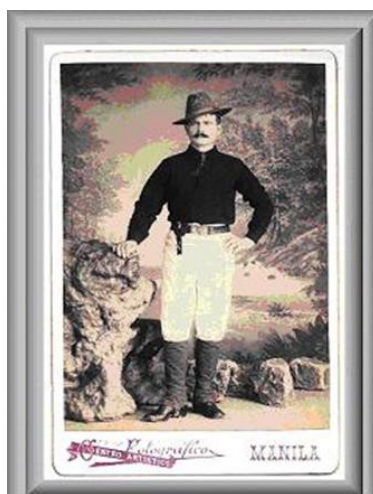
A close neighbor to my grandfather's family were the Kyne family. In particular, the Kyne's son Peter, Peter would, in his later years, become well known for his books and stories. Peter was a few years younger than my grandfather, but Peter, (my great-aunt) Lizzie, and my grandfather all attended a one room school in the area. My Aunt Mary told me that my grandfather kept in touch with his school teacher, a Miss Rose Meechan, for years after he had grown.

I've included Peter Kyne because they served together during the Spanish American war and

Peter was the best man at my grandparent's wedding. Spoiler alert, it appears this friendship ended a few years after my grandparents marriage when my grandfather loaned money to Mr. Kyne and the loan was not repaid.

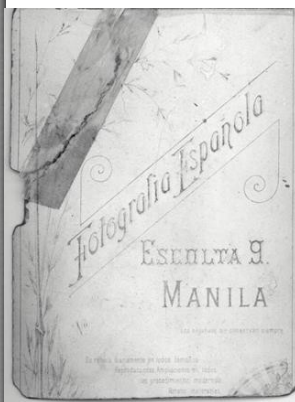
A family story was that my grandfather had driven a horse drawn wagon for the Levy Brothers Department Store as a young man. The Levy Brothers operated a chain of department stores in San Mateo County, one: in Half Moon Bay, in Burlingame, in San Mateo, and in Redwood City. At least one of the Levy brothers lived in the Half Moon Bay area and that store might have been considered the company headquarters in the early years. The business operated from the late 1870's until the final store closed in the early 1970's. I actually worked in the Burlingame Levy Brothers store for about a year while attending Burlingame High School. I'd estimate my grandfather worked for the Levy's sometime between the years 1890 and 1905. A relative told me that there was a photo of my grandfather driving the Levy's wagon, hanging in a restaurant named the Peanut Farm, in Woodside, California. I understand that restaurant closed about 1985, and I wasn't able to locate the photo. Since the Levy's operated a stage coach line for a short time, I have been interested in whether the wagon was designed for carrying passenger or to haul freight and supplies?

On July 28, 1896, my grandfather's mother passed away, according to a record in the "Record of Internment" journal from the Lady of the Pillar Catholic Church in Half Moon Bay. Her name was recorded as Bridget Kelly (Smith) (with the name "Smith" enclosed in brackets). According to this journal record, Bridget had emigrated from Ireland and she was 52 years old at the time of her death. She was recorded as being buried in a Half Moon Bay cemetery, most likely in the Pilarcitos Cemetery. I searched for grave marker for Bridget in the Cemetery, but I didn't find one. I checked around for a log or map of burials in that site and the church staff provided me with a contact person with knowledge of the site. I talked with her and she told me that there were many individuals or groups who had administered the cemetery over the years, and that she didn't know of any books or site maps.



James A. Kelly in his Army uniform. According to printing on the photograph's matting and/or on the frame (plus someone added a date in pen on the rear one the photo), this image of my Grandfather in his uniform was apparently taken in Manila P.I. on August 1899 at the Fotografico Espanola Studio.

A photo of my grandfather in his military uniform was always around my parent's house. With some research, I found both my grandfather and Mr. Kyne served in the Philippine Islands during the Spanish-American War. Both men enlisted on June 18, 1898, according to the "Register of Enlistments", and were part of the Army's 14th Infantry from San Francisco. They may have received basic training at Camp Merritt in San Francisco but I haven't been able to confirm it. They arrived in the Philippine's in October 1898 and served until both men were discharged on August 16, 1899, in Manila. My grandfather was a cook but I don't know Mr. Kyne's assignment, I also don't find any records of these men in combat. According to my grandparents 50th Wedding Anniversary



On October 29, 1899, in the Society news section of the San Francisco Call Newspaper, there was a reference to the party in Half Moon Bay welcoming the two local soldiers back from overseas. Here in the S.F. Call newspaper, my Grandfather was listed as James "Kelly" while in the Redwood City Times-Gazette newspaper he was referred to under his stepfather's last name, or James "Smith". My father claims his father always used the last name "Kelly".



announcement in a church bulletin, only my grandfather and Mr. Kyne served in the Spanish-American War from San Mateo County. When the two arrived home, a party was held in their honor on the coast.

Shortly after my grandfather arrived home from Manila, he moved to San Francisco looking for work. His stepfather sold the farm about the same time and moved to Alameda County. My grandfather met and married my grandmother, Clara I. Fitzpatrick, a few years later. They married in January 1906, a few months before the great San Francisco earthquake. My grandparents raised six children, including my father, in San Francisco.



James and Clara's Wedding photo. From left to right: James A. Kelly, Clara I. Fitzpatrick, Clara's Maid of Honor: Isabel Tormay, and James' Best Man: Peter B. Kyne. They were married at St. Peters Catholic Church, San Francisco on January 31, 1906 but that may not where this photo was taken. A copy of this photo was in both Mary (Kelly) Kraut's and Joan (Kelly) Debrincat's collection. I don't know the story about Clara's Maid of Honor Isabel Tormay except that sometime after the wedding she joined a Catholic order, later being referred to as Mother Augustine.

About 1949, after the children had grown, my grandparents retired to a house in Burlingame, California. My grandfather died in February 1962. My father attributes his death to a freak snow storm in Burlingame and that my grandfather (age 86) walked to and from the Our Lady of Angels Catholic Church and became weakened by sitting in his wet clothes. He was buried at Holy Cross cemetery in Colma, California.

James A. Kellys Celebrate Fifty Years of Marriage

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Kelly who were married in San Francisco in 1906 celebrated their golden wedding anniversary with a Mass of Thanksgiving celebrated in Our Lady of Angels Church in Burlingame on Jan 31.

At the end of the Mass the jubilarians received the Apostolic blessing sent to them by the Holy Father.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Kelly were born in San Francisco, members of old pioneer families. They were married at St. Peter's Church, Jan. 31, 1906 with Miss Isabel Tormey of Oakland and Peter Kyne of San Francisco as the attendants. The newlyweds lived in San Francisco until

August of 1949, when they moved into their present home at 1225 Drake avenue, Burlingame.

More than 150 guests gathered on Sunday, Feb. 5 to congratulate the jubilarians. The reception, attended by the Kellys' four children and 14 grandchildren, was held at Bob's in Burlingame.

Present to honor their parents were Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Kraut (Mary Kelly) and their son Jeffrey, of San Francisco; the John Kellys of Redwood City and their two daughters, Patricia and Christine; Mr and Mrs. Edward Kelly of San Francisco with their children, Judy, Joan, Joyce, Janice, Jerilyn, and Jay; the Frank Kellys of Burlingame and their children, Carol, Geraldine, Patsy and Jimmy; and the 14th grandchild, Michael Kelly, son of the late James Kelly.

The senior Mr. Kelly who will be 82 years old in July, spent his boyhood and young manhood at Moss Beach, and it was from Moss Beach that he volunteered for the Spanish American War, one of the only two men to volunteer from San Mateo County Mrs Kelly will also celebrate her 76 birthday in July.

From a Catholic Church Bulletin, the Monitor, dated February 17, 1956 is a write-up on my grandparent's 50th Wedding Anniversary. My grandfather must have told the reporter that he was one of two men to serve in the Spanish American War from San Mateo County.

Murphy Family Tragedy

Kay Ingalls

In 1848, Margaret Hughes Murphy and her five adult children (Mary, Terrence, John [my great grandfather], Susan, and Elizabeth) came from County Armagh, Ireland, to North Burgess, Lanark, Ontario, Canada. The father of the family, Francis Murphy, by family lore, was said to have died at sea on that same voyage. The family settled in a shanty on the back section of Lot 25 on Concession 10.

The family was together for the 1851 Census. Mary and John both married, but Terrence and Elizabeth stayed behind with their mother and showed up in the 1861 and 1871 Censuses. Work was hard; the land was good for crops, but only in small patches.

But on February 7, 1874, there was a “*Shocking Occurrence – Young Woman Frozen to Death*” [Perth Courier, Feb. 13, 1874]. The report states: “*Elizabeth Murphy and her brother, Terrence, had come to Perth on Friday afternoon and had started for home in the evening, believing to be somewhat intoxicated. The next morning the body of the girl was found on the road, lifeless, with marks of violence about the face and head.*”

The actual truth, as attested by the current owner of the property, Steve McParland, was they were at a party at Patrick and Catherine Murphy’s [no relation] home at the front section of Lot 25 on Concession 9 and the ‘road’ was a half mile dirt road connecting the two homes and consisting of a small hill in the middle. After Elizabeth’s body was found, Terrence professed total ignorance about what had happened, blaming excess intoxication. He did say that he had a slight recollection of the horses running away. However, some gave evidence at the inquest that they saw him looking for his horses after they ran away “*very far from being so far gone in his intoxication as his testimony made it appear.*” His own mother testified that when he got home, before looking for the horses, “*he was sober enough to make his own tea.*” An investigation was demanded, Elizabeth’s body and bruises were examined by the coroner, and the jury came back with the following verdict: “*The jury, upon oath find that the deceased came to death on the 6th Feb., through injury and exposure, the result of having been left on the road by her brother, Terence on the aforesaid night and the jury are further of the opinion that the said Terence Murphy was guilty of culpable negligence in not looking after the deceased, inasmuch as opportunity afforded and evidence shows that he was not incapable through intoxication.*” On Feb. 11th a warrant was issued for Terrence’s arrest so that the case could go before the grand jury and he was jailed.

On Feb. 20, 1874, “*The Murphy Tragedy*” [Perth Courier], with information being laid before him, another judge issued an order to the coroner to disinter the body to see if there had been any evidence of violence at the hands of the accused. None was found so the conclusion was “*the death of the unfortunate girl was to be attributed solely to the effect of exposure and ardent spirits combined.*” In April, the grand jury found “*no bill*” (not guilty) for Terrence. [Perth Courier, Apr. 17, 1874] and he returned home.

Terrence married Catherine Hanlon (who was 20 years his junior) soon after this occurrence and had nine children, living in the original home. Moving into Perth after the 1901 Census, Terrence

died in 1911 by “*strangulation when eating meat at the noon day dinner.*” Some might say “Karma!”

Margaret’s death date has not yet been discovered. She is missing from the 1881 Census. Did she die of a broken heart soon after her daughter’s death and her son’s participation in her death?

Note: During a trip to Ontario, Canada in 2014, I was told to try to find an older gentleman by the last name of McParland to hear some historical stories of the area. Seeing a mailbox with that name, I knocked on the door and met a young Steve McParland. He told me he had purchased the Murphy property and showed me Terrence’s second barn in his front yard (the first barn had burned down), the hunting cabin that is built on the foundation of the Murphy shanty, and, most surprising of all, the memorial to Elizabeth at the top of the hill where she died. It consists of a large boulder painted black, outlined with a gold line and saying, “*Betty’s Hill*”. The area has plants and ferns all around it, and the current generation has added solar lights. The picture included with this story was taken by me in July 2014. (April 21, 2017)

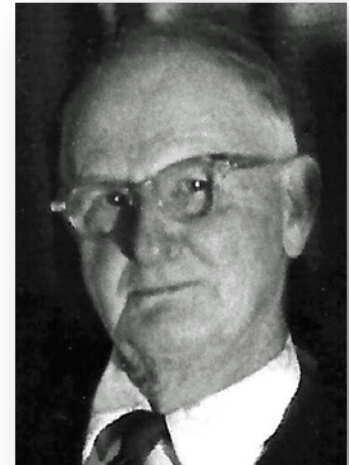


Joseph Charles Westwood, Baseball Man

(b. 1882 – 1965)

Suesan Westwood Taylor

When I was a kid, I always knew my tall, sandy-haired grandpa was a baseball player and that he played on a venerable Salt Lake City team in the early 1900s. I knew because his brother, Dick Westwood in Boise, bragged about him...said he was the best in the Intermountain League, long before the Salt Lake Bees came to being in 1915. I knew because Grandpa would play catch in the driveway with my baby brother-- still in diapers, wearing Dad's army boots--and the guys in the neighborhood would come around to reminisce the Joe Westwood they knew, knocking homers out of the park. That was back in the day. My dad would come home and join in the stories as though he'd been there, too.



Funny, though, Grandpa never said a word. He talked baseball—the radio scores, but his own scores? his own baseball exploits? never, let alone his jobs, his bridge-building, his college days—he had a BA in History from University of Utah in 1903—unusual for a kid growing up in his neighborhood on the west side of Salt Lake. Never talked about his family, though I discovered only recently that his mother gave birth to ten children five of whom survived, and two of whom were beautiful sisters. (Never once did he mention he even had sisters!) He was a taciturn old coot, really, recognizable for the crumpled fedora sloping over his paint-spattered glasses; his scratchy, whiskered face; his half-smoked King Edwards cigars—the cheapest you could buy at Third Avenue Drug. He'd smoke those things down to their dangerous, ashy nub or let them die half-through and light them up later.

Yet, Dad told me all his own friends loved hanging out with Joe because he was the one father in the neighborhood who'd make time to play ball with them. True, he was cantankerous and free with the expletives (OK, my first words were GD when I was 14 months old—that was Grandpa!) but he'd take the time to instruct them on their form and style which they all loved. And which my brother John loved as he grew into a star little leaguer in his own right. In those days, Grandpa ever-so-slowly shuffled up "I" Street and over to Lindsay Gardens Park twice a week to watch John play. Dad was their coach, and I was scorekeeper (because in those days—the 1950s—there were no little leagues for girls). You could say we were a baseball family. One summer around 1956—I was 11—I discovered another side to Grandpa. I was exploring his and Grandma's musty old cellar and discovered a treasure trove of books including a full set of the Encyclopedia Britannica, something only rich people had! I ran back upstairs and screamed to my older cousin, "Help me get Grandpa down to the cellar!" Grandpa actually made it down those rickety steps, grouching the entire way but his well-worn, barrel-backed chair was waiting for him under the pull-string light. We pulled books off his make-shift shelving, began reading passages aloud, but he'd interrupt us to finish the passages before we could! This happened again and again, and over the next hours, we discovered there wasn't anything Grandpa didn't know. It became a game: the Civil War, Revolutionary War, the Constitution, the French Revolution—Grandpa had stories for every topic. We discovered someone we had never known and returned

to our “secret” library whenever Grandpa felt he could manage those steps...as always, grouching every step of the way!

When Grandpa died in 1965 and was lying in his open casket at the North 21st Ward, Dad and I simply could not let him go to his grave without a pair of his paint-spattered glasses and King Edwards cigar. Of course, Grandma, long passed, and Mom would have disapproved, but we felt our loyalty to Grandpa outweighed their protestations and sneaked the contraband into his coat pocket when no one was looking. Dad and I sat through the service, holding hands, utterly proud of our little conspiracy.

* * *

Twenty-five years later, when my own dad, Ted Westwood, was diagnosed with cardiac myopathy, we had a huge family Thanksgiving. Unlike his dad, our dad was always outgoing, knew everyone in town from the mayor to the street sweepers, and always had a story to tell. Since I had my new Sony video camera, we decided to trigger some of the famous “Ted” stories: all we had to do was mention a certain city commissioner, an airport funding project gone awry, Richard Nixon, Grandma “forgetting” she had a broken hip and going for a walk. Predictably, these topics sent Dad off on wild tangents we’d heard a thousand times, yet we laughed ourselves silly, and his great sense of humor in the telling was right on point.

As we moved on to other topics—the camera still rolling-- there was one story that completely knocked me for a loop because there was part of it I had never heard: Dad told the story about Grandpa hitting a home run the bottom of the 9th inning, bringing in two runners and winning the pennant for his Salt Lake team in the Intermountain Baseball Playoffs. Here’s what I hadn’t heard before: When the game was over, a banker in town walked onto the field and wrote Grandpa a check for \$600 part of which he used to purchase Grandma’s engagement present, an upright grand piano.

Grandma and Grandpa were married in May 1908. Grandma cherished her beloved piano until the day she died, and now that cherished instrument—in tip-top shape-- sits in my living room next to my bass. Thank you, Grandma and Grandpa Westwood! My granddaughters and I love your piano.



suesantaylor@gmail.com

650-245-1824

Photos: Property of Suesan W. Taylor

GINGER

Harold Augustine “Hal” Lane (12 Jan 1921 – 10 Feb 2004)

Submitted by Diane Elaine Wilson

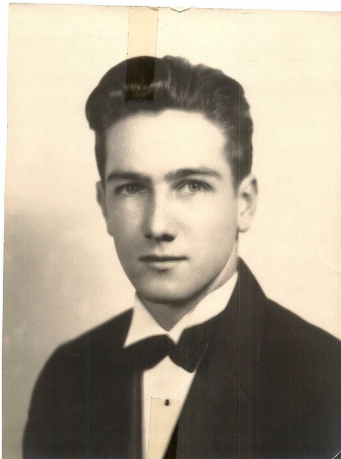
Cousin Gertrude never used her real first name after she was twelve years old. She was a teenager in the Roaring Twenties, and snapshots show her in coquettish poses at the age of fourteen. Those poses later would usually include a cigarette in her hand, often in a long holder. The best smokers of the movie screen were her idols and models. Gin was tall, slender and best described as gangly. I have an unforgettable mental image of her doing the Charleston.

Ginger, or more often, Gin, was alternately in love with Commander Richard E. Byrd, whom she called her “Dickie bird,” and Robert Montgomery whom she called her passion.

Gin made me feel important. Although she was five years my senior, she always treated me like an equal, asked my opinion, listened.

When she and her next youngest sister were being taken to a barn dance, Gin suggested that her youngest sister and I come along. We were thrilled to be in the company of these almost adults. We were little more than twelve. Bobbie and I squeezed into the rumble seat of a ‘Model A’ Ford roadster and enjoyed a most grown-up evening.

When I was in high school Gin had a date to go to a University of Santa Clara dance at the Palace Hotel. At the last minute her boy friend couldn’t make it, so she asked me to escort her. Was I flattered that she would be seen with a young twerp like me? Yer darn tootin’! We even went with a group down the alley from the hotel to Breen’s “where you could get a *real* drink.” Cousin Gin



Hal’s graduation picture

told me that it was okay for me to have a Tom Collins highball because I had a relative with that name.

I wasn’t the only person that Gin mothered or big-sistered. Her sister-in-law, Elaine [Diane: my Mom!] told me years later that Gin had been her confidant. She learned all about birth control from Gin, she said. And then she proceeded to have seven kids. Gin had four. I asked which side of the subject Gin had spoken on – pro or con.

Ginger was one of my favorite people, not only in the family, but in the world. She was a doozer.

(Note: Ginger and Hal were 1st cousins, their mothers were sisters. Ginger was the oldest sister of Diane’s father)

The Courtship and Marriage of Angela Saso and George Otis Row

Barbara Ebel

My mom and dad met at a coffee shop in San Francisco during the war, in October of 1942. Angie, as she was known by almost all, was a native San Franciscan, the daughter of Sicilian immigrants. Mom was on a break from her job at Postal Telegraph. She was with her friend and co-worker, Connie Lombadero. Daddy was eyeing Mom, and Connie told her she had to be nice because he's in the military and there's a war going on, and we have to support our servicemen. Daddy was undergoing treatment at Oak Knoll Naval Hospital in Oakland for a fungus he'd picked up in Hawaii while diving for bodies after Pearl Harbor.

My Mom's nickname at work was "Sassy" because her last name was Saso, and she was kind of feisty. Dad told Mom he was a "chief" in the Navy. Mom said, "Chief of What? Baghdad?" My father had joined the Navy at 17 in 1928. There wasn't much work for a farm boy from the little town in the northwest corner of Missouri, call Ravenwood. His older brother Ranian had joined the Army Air Corp which became the Air Force. He earned the rank of Master Sergeant.

After Daddy asked, Mom told him her phone and then wrote it down then tore up the note. Daddy had memorized the number and called her. They went on a few dates. The most spectacular was the date at the Bal Tabarin a nightclub which later became Bimbo's 365 Club. They saw one of the regulars, Sophie Tucker, perform. Ms. Tucker (the last of the red hot mama's she called herself) was pleased to announce their engagement to the crowd. (Anything for a serviceman.) Mom was embarrassed and wished Daddy hadn't asked Ms. Tucker to make that announcement.



Because it was a “mixed marriage” (Mom was Catholic; Daddy was Protestant) and the church was way stricter then, my parents were married by a Justice of the Peace in grandma’s downstairs room nine days after meeting in the coffee shop. Mom wore a blue dress. Daddy was 31 and Mom was 32, but she told him she was born in 1911, so she’d seem only a couple of months older. Her birthday was in February; his was in April. I guess it was okay to be a couple of months older, but a year? No way.

Mom wasn’t going to let this one get away. She’d been engaged previously for five years to a Dick Minahan. One of her sisters saw Dick with another woman, and that ended that. She kept the ring. I have it today.

Angie and George were married ten years (although Mom said it seemed like five because he was away so much of the time) and had three daughters. When she had my younger sister, Georgia, and third girl, Mom said I’m sorry to my father (for having another girl). My father said, “That’s okay Honey. I’m partial to girls.”

My father was stationed in Yoshida, Japan at the time he had his fatal heart attack. We learned of his death via a Western Union telegram that was placed under the door mat on the front porch. A friend from down the street was picking me up to walk to school and told my mom there was something under the mat. I remember crying and saying I didn’t want Daddy to die. I was five and a half years old and in kindergarten. It took a month for his body to arrive so there could be a funeral. I remember he was in a glass topped casket, and the smell of gardenias. I hate that flower to this day. He was buried in a military funeral at Golden Gate National Cemetery. We didn’t go to the funeral itself. I guess the flowers were at the wake. My cousin, Caroljean, watched us at our house, and the family came back to the house after the funeral.

My mom raised the three of us by herself. We turned out all right. There’s not a thief or a murderer among us.

Imagine SAN MATEO in the 1950's

Laurie Coulter, 2017, age 70 years

The El Camino Real, "the royal road", was from my earliest memories, significant in our town,



Figure 1 St. Matthews Catholic Church c 1950 - Ellsworth St. (San Mateo County Historical Association)

San Mateo, California. The El Camino is the path Fr. Junipero Serra took walking between the nine Spanish Missions he established in the mid 1700's. Stretching from Baja Mexico to Sonoma, they were a day's walk apart. Mission Santa Clara is to the south of us and Mission Dolores in San Francisco to the north. There were metal bell shaped markers on placed along the El Camino, which reminded us of our heritage. The name "San Mateo" is Spanish for St. Matthew, one of the twelve apostles of Jesus, so it is not surprising that there were two churches with that name: one

Catholic and one Episcopalian. Both churches had schools and both churches were located within four blocks of each other.

I remember feeling connected to the history of the state of California and our Spanish heritage. The Spanish influence went beyond names as many homes and also buildings downtown like the U.S. Post Office on Ellsworth have white stucco exteriors with red tile roofs, wooden balconies and tile patios, porches or entries.

My Sense of Place.

I grew up in San Mateo, a city about twenty miles south of San Francisco, California, from the time I was six months old until age fifteen. My childhood memories are of riding my bike with neighbor kids all over our neighborhood which was from Edinburgh Ave. and 5th Ave/ Parrot Drive, then later, Aragon Ave to Borel.



Figure 2.

Our neighborhood was safe and mostly flat so our parents did not limit our explorations. There was a paved narrow road that ran from the Alameda de las Pulgas down to the

El Camino Real. It was six long blocks and was called, "the alley." It ran behind homes, so you walked or rode your bike with little if any car traffic. We walked to St. Matthew's Catholic School from about half the distance of the alley and collected students along the way. Even in First Grade, I remember walking home at noon with a girl who lived about three blocks up the alley, then I was on my own for two blocks on my street. I walked home for lunch until I was in the 4th grade.

Central Park

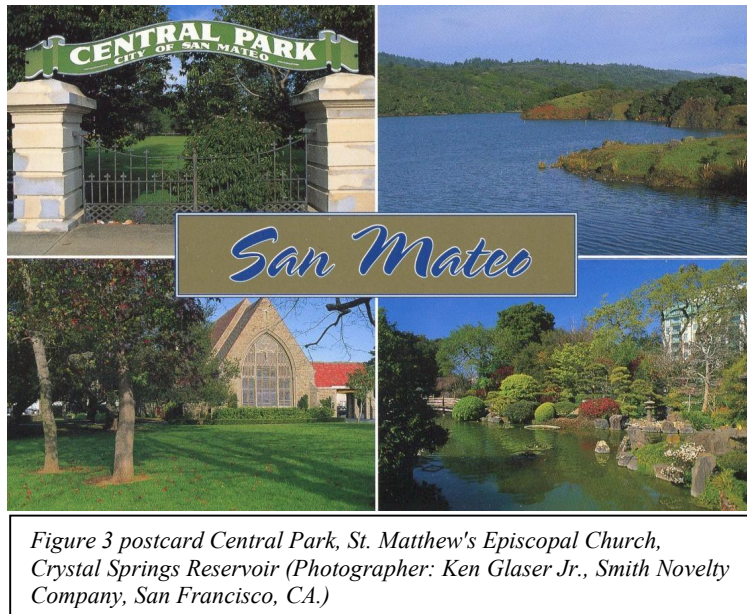


Figure 3 postcard Central Park, St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, Crystal Springs Reservoir (Photographer: Ken Glaser Jr., Smith Novelty Company, San Francisco, CA.)

We spent a lot of time in Central Park. Facing the El Camino from Fifth Avenue to Ninth Avenue, it seemed huge. There was a train ride open ride on weekends, and a stadium where events were held. We once got to see David Nelson of Ozzie and Harriet T.V. fame with a circus. He was a gymnast as I recall. I remember biking all over the park. We spent a lot of time at the playground. My favorite things were the curly slide and the merry go round that you hung onto and ran like heck before jumping onto and riding it. We took turns running.

Also, I remember walking through the park from school to get to the church. Either our class or the whole school walked from Ninth Ave. to Third Ave, "cutting through" the park to get to Ellsworth and then to St. Matthew's Church. This happened in Lent when we went to confession and to the Stations of the Cross or when we had rehearsals for sacraments or special Masses.

Activities

My sister and I took tap, ballet and acrobat as preschoolers. I ended up taking some form of jazz dance through 8th grade. We had piano lessons from an early age and rode our bikes to the piano teacher's house when old enough. We learned to swim when very young as our mother could not and was terrified of us drowning. The early lessons were at an indoor pool on Baldwin Ave. Later we rode the bus to San Mateo High School for Red Cross lessons. We loved to roller skate at the Rolladium, a large domed building with a huge wooden roller rink. We learned to ice skate at the Belmont Ice rink. Both were locations for birthday parties through the years.

For a quarter, we saw movies, sometimes a double feature and always with a newsreel downtown at the San Mateo Theater or further south at the Palm or Manor theaters.

Summers were spent creating carnivals in someone's garage or back yard or building forts, playing board and card games and riding our bikes. Long summer nights were spent playing baseball in the street hating to hear that call to come in at 10pm.

As a teen, I had a friend two years older than I and sometimes she could borrow her dad's '57 Chevy and we would "cruise" the El Camino from Kibby's Restaurant in San Mateo down to Kibby's Drive-In in Redwood City. Sometimes, we would go north to King's Drive-In in Millbrae. We barely had money for gas let alone more than a coke at each place, but we were "out there."

Shopping

Our family shopped downtown, for a couple of reasons. The big stores like Macys and Emporium were in San Francisco. Also, the downtown had everything we needed and we did not have to dress up. Going to San Francisco meant dressing up which included hats, gloves and dress shoes. Even when we went to visit friends, if they lived in "The City", we dressed up. Also, we had our own local department stores, Levy Brothers and a J.C. Penney's as well as Roos Atkins, Joseph Magnin and Jud Greene clothing stores.

Downtown San Mateo was laid out in a grid perpendicular to the El Camino Real. The hub was 3rd and 4th Avenues between the El Camino on the West and B Street on the East, which paralleled the Southern Pacific train tracks. It did extend north to Baldwin and there was a shopping district south, off the El Camino, on 25th Ave. Of course when Hillsdale Shopping Center opened in 1956/7, that became our shopping hub.



*Figure 4. 4th Ave. looking East from El Camino c.1950
(Archives of the San Mateo County Historical Association, #88-96.19)*



*Figure 5. 3rd Ave. looking East from El Camino circa 1950
(Archives of the San Mateo County Historical Association, #88-96.20)*

I savor the memories of ice cream sundaes at Borden's Creamery and saving our allowance to go into Blum's Bakery and Cafe and sitting at counter and ordering decadent coffee crunch cake. I can still smell the minestrone soup from the Shadows Restaurant and feel the pinch new oxfords from our annual school shoe shopping at Sommer and Kauffman.

Near B Street we got to shop for toys and birthday gifts at Talbots and get our ballet shoes and tights at Cappezio's. We also got our hair cut and loved browsing at the 5 and 10 cent store and getting a coke at the lunch counter. A special treat was going to Benny's Meat Market on 3rd Ave. Benny or his brother Evo would give us a raw hot dog while taking our mother's meat order. Fridays in Lent meant no meat, so clam chowder or filet of sole at Vince's Seafood market was a treat. The Villa Chartier was a place for special family celebrations. We had to dress up to go there.



*Figure 6 Villa Chartier Restaurant c late 1950's
(Archives of the San Mateo County Historical Association, #88-96.50)*

There are so many memories of friends and neighbors from the three houses in which we lived. I cherish my time there. I was very fortunate that I had the freedom to explore and experience a small town life in the midst of the larger community near a large city. When I met my husband, I was happy to find out that he grew up in Hillsdale. We have since lived down the El Camino about ten minutes in Redwood City for nearly forty years, while raising three children, one grandson and recently welcoming a new granddaughter. San Mateo County is our home.

Young William Herblin Crane Blaine

Terry Blaine

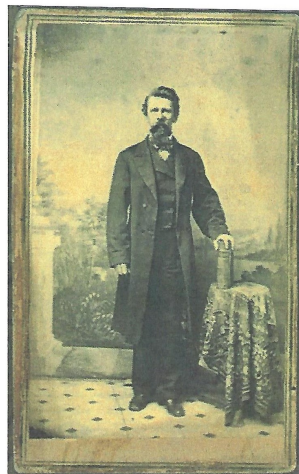
Will Blaine was born on Christmas Day 1879 in Salinas. His birth announcement was less than a line in the Salinas City Index, January 1, 1880. The front page news that week was the death of Charley Parkhurst. One-eyed Charley was the roughest, toughest stage coach driver in the Gold Rush. Charley out-drove and outgunned the most notorious banditos. Charley retired to a farm near Salinas when railroads replaced stage coaches. An autopsy revealed the biggest news of all – Charley was a woman.

William Herblin Crane Blaine's father was William Morrow Blaine, a saddle maker and a horse trader. He arrived in Salinas in 1875. William Morrow Blaine was born in Ohio, and grew up in Indiana. He came to California as a wagon train scout. His diary included drawings of the landmarks Council Bluffs, Chimney Rock, Independence Rock, and Fort Laramie. The only Indians were a horizon away.

Will Blaine's mother was Rebecca Rideout Doane Merrill Blaine. Rebecca descended from Deacon John Doane of the Plymouth Colony. She was born in Bucksport, Maine. Rebecca left Rockland, Maine on one of the first transcontinental trains in early 1869. She came to visit her younger sister, Fannie, who had married an older man, a blacksmith in Marysville. Rebecca married Rufus Rowe Merrill in November, 1869. R. R. Merrill, born in Amherst, MA, was the District Attorney for Yuba County, the City Attorney for Marysville, and the City Attorney for Yuba City. He had been in Marysville since 1852. Merrill had been married and widowed twice before.



*Rebecca Rideout Doane
Merrill
Abt 1870 age 22
Marysville CA*



*Rufus R Merrill
Abt 1869 age 48
Marysville, CA*

Rebecca Rideout Doane Merrill and R. R. Merrill had two sons, Doane Merrill, born November 22, 1870, and Horace Paine Merrill, born 11 November 11, 1872.

R. R. Merrill died of a stroke on September 22, 1874, at age 53. Rebecca, age 26, was a widow with two sons, ages 3, and 1. She was the administratrix of the estate which included their home and real estate investments in Marysville and Vallejo. She was awarded \$100 a month until the estate settled.

William Morrow Blaine and Rebecca Rideout Doane Merrill were married on April 30, 1878 in Santa Cruz, CA.

By 1880, the Gold Rush had ended and the economy in California had faded. The Territory of Arizona was the new bonanza. Geronimo had been captured ending Apache raids. Gold had been discovered near

Prescott, and railroads were being built westward along the Santa Fe Trail. The Blaines moved to Tucson, the capitol of the Territory of Arizona, in August of 1880. William Morrow Blaine was employed as a harness maker. One summer in Tucson was enough, so they moved to Prescott.

By 1884, William Morrow Blaine had enough of the heat in Arizona, and Rebecca's assertive personality. He left for Visalia, California, where railroads were being built.

Rebecca was a milliner. Her creations were demanded by the wives of mine owners, refinery managers and territorial politicians. She competed with Morris Goldwater, who owned a large department store.



*Horace(12), Will(4) & Doane(14)
abt 1885 – Prescott, AZ*

Will Blaine entered elementary school, "The Prescott Free Academy". He was one year ahead of Fiorello La Guardia, whose father was an Army musician assigned to Fort Whipple in Prescott.

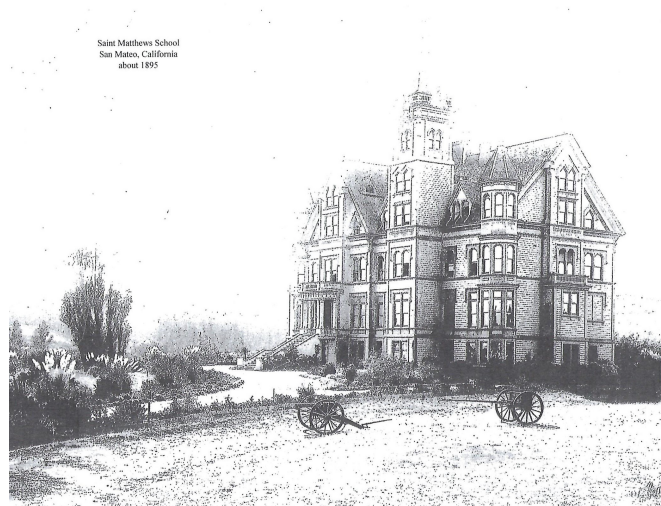
On January 22, 1885 Doane Merrill was elected the Page for the 13th Legislative Assembly of the Territorial Legislature. The Territorial capitol was officially relocated to Prescott in 1887.

Western Union Telegraph did not come to Prescott. But telegraphy was the only communication other than mail carried by wagon. The U. S. Army created the Prescott and Arizona Central Telegraph Company so Fort Whipple could report emergencies. At age 17, Doane Merrill was made the manager of the telegraph office, the assistant manager was his 15 year old brother, Horace. Doane was the communication link between every legislator and official in the Territorial Government and the rest of the world.

*Doane Merrill – 1888 age 18
Stockton, CA*



Pioneer Gallery, 21 N. 2nd St., Stockton



In 1894, Will Blaine finished elementary school. He entered St. Matthews School. The boarding school was a typical all-male military academy sponsored St. Matthews Episcopal Church in San Mateo, CA. The school was in the highlands north west of San Mateo on land owned by the Headmaster, Dr. Alfred L. Brewer, (near the corner of present day Brewer Drive and Barrouillet Drive in Hillsborough). The bleak native scrub on the grounds included stands of poison oak and Pampas Grass. The fog caused crops of mushrooms to appear in spring. The four story Victorian architecture with spires and

turrets was accented by cannons. Harry Potter's Hogwarts looked like Club Med by comparison..

The cadets included scions of wealthy local families, as well as students from Central America and at least one Hawaiian prince. Some graduates became Army officers, others attended Stanford or U. C. Berkeley. One entered the University of Glasgow and studied physics under Lord Kelvin. Will Blaine never made the academic honor roll. He did well at track, and was a running back and kicker on the football team. The teams competed against other private high schools and against the freshman and junior varsity teams from Cal and Stanford.

Railroads were completed to Phoenix late in 1888 and capitol of the Territory of Arizona moved to Phoenix. Doane Merrill resigned his position as manager of the telegraph office and left Prescott to attend business college in Stockton, California.



William Blaine – Fire Brigade 1898

By 1898, Jerome was a boomtown with an explosive copper mining economy. Doane and Horace left Prescott for Jerome. Rebecca remained behind. Doane was appointed to the first City Council and was made Postmaster of Jerome.

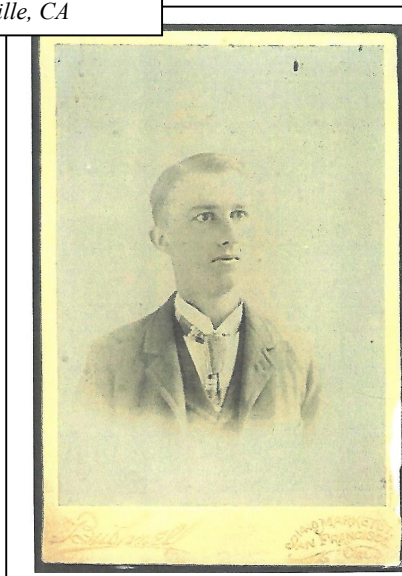
After graduation from St. Matthews, Will returned to Arizona, and joined his brothers in Jerome. Because of his track experience and Jerome's propensity to burn, Will was made the lead runner on the water wagon team for the volunteer fire department.

About the same time, his brother, Doane Merrill was named a "Dead Sure Dude" in a

list of eligible bachelors. April 15, 2017



*Fannie J Doane Farnham age 20
With nephew, Doane Merrill age 2 mo
Jan 1871 Marysville, CA*



To be continued

Horace Merrill 1902 age 20



Rebecca Blaine 1890

Stanford Village, Menlo Park

Sara Tanke

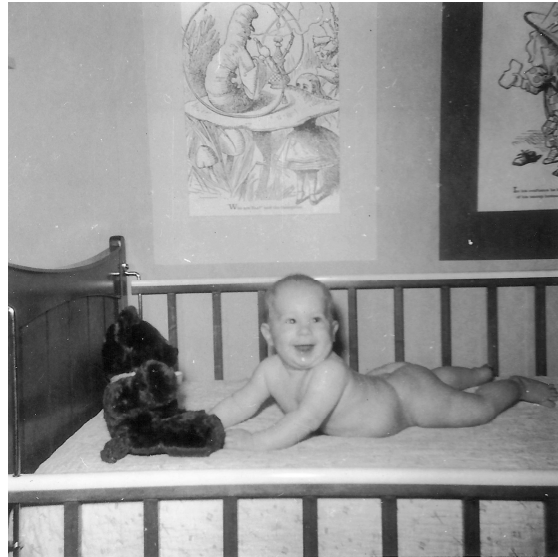
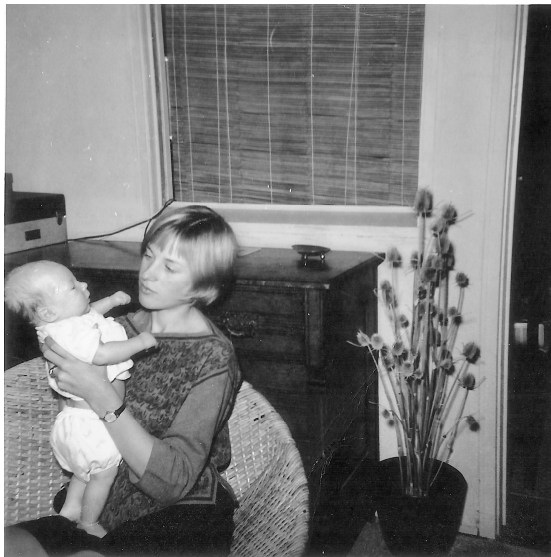
My first view of Stanford Village was in late June 1961. My husband had been accepted into the Stanford University graduate program in Asian history, and we had secured an apartment in Stanford Village, student housing located in Menlo Park. The week we moved in, the temperature in Menlo Park was 107°, and I was eight months pregnant. My clearest memories from the days before my son was born on July 17 are of decorating his room with large copies of Tenniel illustrations from *Alice in Wonderland* and of refinishing, outside on the back porch, an antique cradle that his aunt had given us.

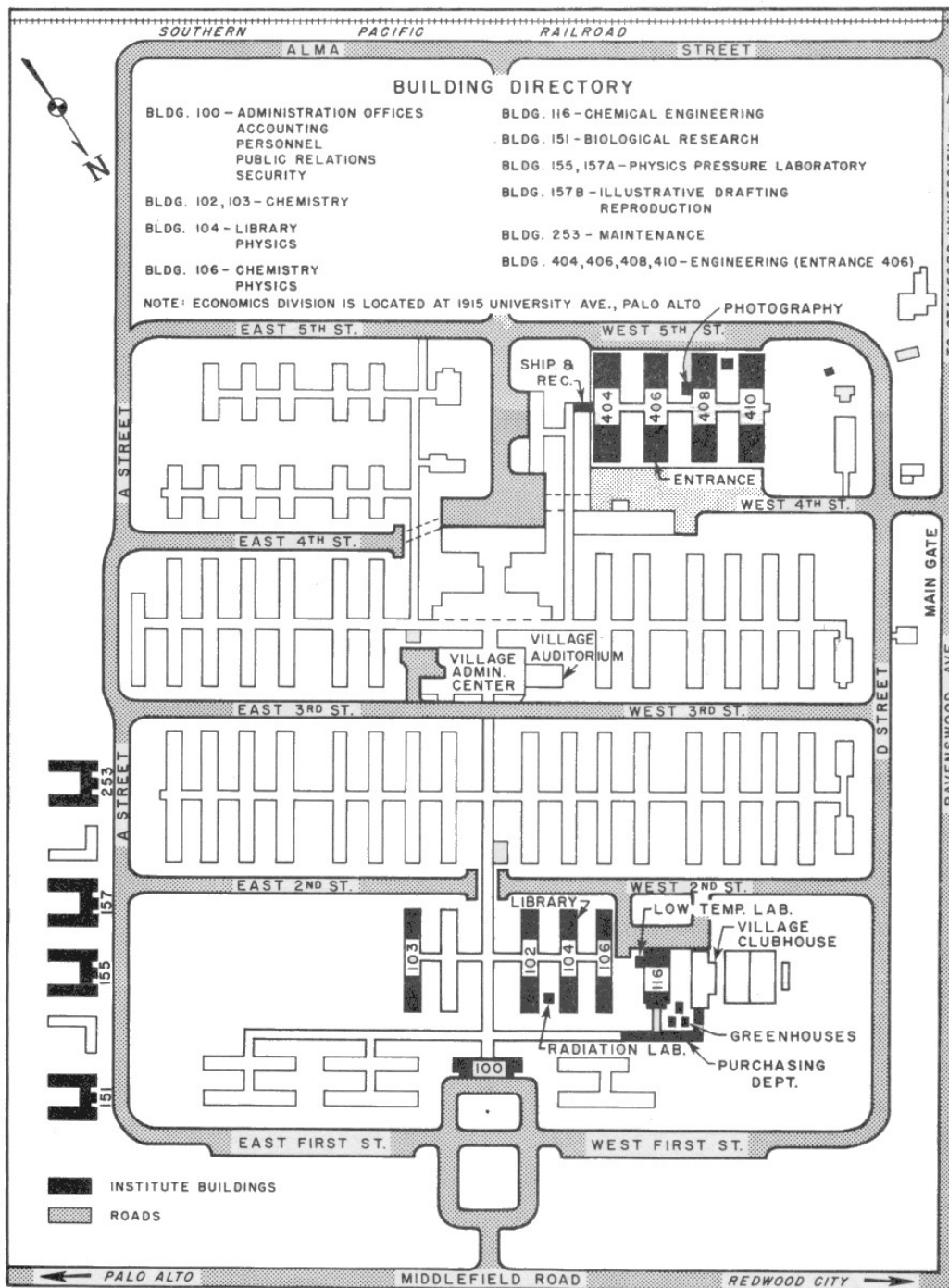
We rented our two-bedroom apartment for around \$59 a month. But the low rent was not the most important advantage of living in Stanford Village. I was a twenty-four-year-old inexperienced mother whose own mother and mother-in-law were many miles away. In Stanford Village I found friendly mothers older than I who had two or more children and were very helpful and supportive.

It was a congenial environment, with a babysitting co-op, other young families to socialize with, and experienced moms to go to for advice. The back porches of the apartments faced each other across a large grassy area shared by children and parents.

Stanford Village had 300 apartments, dorms to accommodate 1,500 men, a laundry, general store, and nursery school. It was located on Middlefield Road at Ravenswood Avenue in Menlo Park, where SRI International stands today. The map on the next page shows Stanford Village in 1954. The buildings not shaded in black included barracks-style apartments and dorm rooms. I read in the *Stanford Daily* of 1964 that there had also been a post office, barber shop, drycleaners, soda fountain, butcher shop, bowling alley, service station, and a chapel. Truly a village!

Here are a couple of pictures that show me, my son, and a little of our apartment.





**LOCATIONS OF
STANFORD RESEARCH INSTITUTE BUILDINGS
IN STANFORD VILLAGE**

A-1001
C-41203-1

*Stanford Village in 1954
(Stanford Research Institute buildings are shaded in black)
Map courtesy of SRI International*

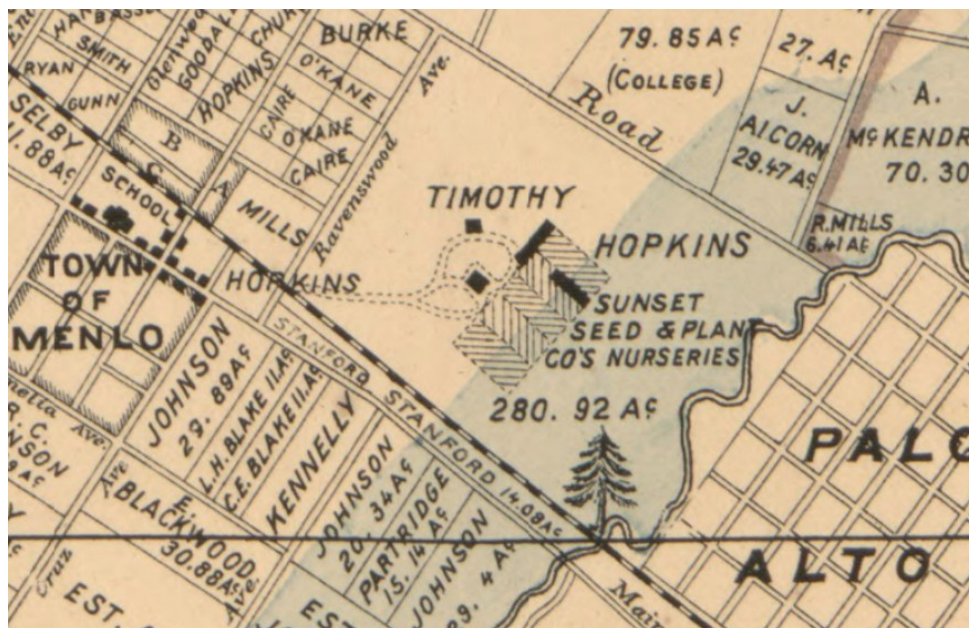
In researching the history of the land on which Stanford Village stood, I learned that Ohlone Indians inhabited the area when the Spanish colonized Alta California in the late 1700s. The Spanish government granted a tract of land to José Dario Argüello in 1795. Among Argüello's posts were commandante of the presidios of San Francisco and Monterey, and, briefly, governor of Alta California. This land grant, named Rancho de las Pulgas, was confirmed later by the Mexican government and, subsequently, by the U.S. government, as Alta California changed hands. Rancho de las Pulgas contained around 35,000 acres; it was bounded by San Mateo Creek on the north, San Francisquito Creek on the south, the Bay on the east, and the hills on the west. The rancho was sold by the Argüello family in 1859.

The development of the Peninsula—as the area south of San Francisco, bounded on the east by the Bay and on the west by the Pacific, was called—was facilitated by the completion of the railroad from San Francisco to San Jose in 1864. People and cargo could travel back and forth easily, and many wealthy San Franciscans built summer homes on large estates on the Peninsula.

In 1864, William Barron, one of the directors of San Jose's New Almaden mine, purchased 280 acres, bounded by the railroad, San Francisquito Creek, and what would be Middlefield Road and Ravenswood Avenue. Barron developed the estate, bringing in water for lush landscaping and a trout pond, and creating a deer park. He had a gatehouse built as the entrance to the estate, the sole remaining building today.

Milton Latham, former senator from California (1859–1863), bought the estate when Barron died in 1871. Latham purchased the fountain, which remains on the property, in France. He sold the estate in 1883 when he moved to New York.

The estate was purchased by Mary Hopkins, the widow of the railroad magnate Mark Hopkins, who, along with Leland Stanford, was one of the “Big Four,” the founders of the Central Pacific Railroad. The estate was not far from the summer estate of Leland and Jane Stanford. In 1888 she gave the 280-acre estate to her adopted son, Timothy Hopkins, as a wedding gift.



*From the 1890 official map of San Mateo County,
Library of Congress*

Cypripediums

(Lady's Slipper.)

Cypripediums are the easiest grown of all orchids. Pot-culture is preferable, the potting material being sphagnum moss and fibrous peat, with plenty of drainage. The plants should be elevated above the rim of the pot, to remove any chance of stagnant water standing around the base of the plant, and the material should be closely packed about the roots. They do not require rest like other orchids, but should be kept watered all the year round. A temperature of 55 to 65 degrees Fahrenheit suits them well, with plenty of light and ventilation, and shading only from the burning sun.

Cypripedium Boxallii. A desirable free-flowering species, with large shiny flowers; dorsal sepal green, white and purple; petals and lip greenish yellow, tinged with purple. A native of Burmah. Price, \$2.00 and \$3.00 each.

Cypripedium Dominianum. This fine species produces from three to five flowers on a scape; the sepals are whitish yellow; petals eight inches long, hanging downward, twisted, pale yellow marked with rose color and green; lip large, yellow with brown veins. Price, \$2.00 to \$5.00 each.

the best for general cultivation. The plant will do well in any ordinary greenhouse, or even in a sunny window. The flower is four inches across, with a shiny surface, in various shades of green from pale to bright apple, marked with purple, and the dorsal sepal margined with white. The flowers often lasting twelve weeks in perfection on the plant, and three or four weeks when cut. Native of India. Price, \$1.00 and \$2.00 each.

Cypripedium Sedeni. One of the most useful of all the many hybrid varieties. The flowers are



"A BIRD'S-EYE" OF OUR GREENHOUSES.

Cypripedium Harrisianum. A hybrid variety, being the first artificially hybridized cypripedium to blossom. Its parents are *C. villosum* and *C. barbatum*. The dorsal sepal is large, shining, dark purple, white at top; petals and lip brown-purple, marked with green. A very easily grown and desirable species, often blooming several times a year. Price, \$2.00 to \$5.00 each.

Cypripedium insigne. One of the first of tropical orchids introduced to cultivation, and still one of

of shades of rose, crimson and white, and are produced in succession on a long scape bearing many flowers, so that a plant is in blossom for many months. Price, \$1.00 and \$2.00 each.

Cypripedium villosum. A very vigorous and free flowering species, the flowers of which have a shiny surface as if varnished. The colors are pale green, white and brownish yellow, the latter predominating. A native of Moulmein. Price, \$2.00 and \$3.00 each.

The Sunset Seed and Plant Company on the map on page 3 was Timothy Hopkins's business from about 1881 to 1898. The page from the 1885 catalogue on page 4 shows the greenhouses of the nursery. Hopkins was on the board of the Southern Pacific Railroad, which founded *Sunset* magazine in 1898. According to Kevin Starr, State Librarian of California, the magazine was named in honor of the passenger train, the Sunset Limited, which began operation in 1894 between New Orleans and San Francisco via Los Angeles. The name "Sunset" was already in use by Timothy Hopkins's business, so it's unclear which came first. In 1951 *Sunset* magazine moved from its San Francisco offices to a remnant of the Hopkins estate, where the Hopkins Sunset Seed and Plant Company's nurseries had been located.

The 1906 earthquake damaged the Hopkins summer residence so severely that he moved his summer home to the gatehouse, which he enlarged. Timothy Hopkins, who was president of Stanford University from 1908 to 1914 and a trustee until his death in 1936, bequeathed the property to Stanford. His wife continued to live there until her death in 1941.

In 1942 the estate buildings were demolished except for the gatehouse and its gate. The United States Army leased the gatehouse to use as officers' quarters during World War II. The US government bought 140 acres of the Hopkins estate. And in 1943 the Army built the Palo Alto General Hospital, soon renamed the Dibble General Hospital (after Colonel John Dibble who was killed in a military transport plane crash in 1943). The hospital cared for soldiers injured in the South Pacific. It specialized in plastic surgery, blind care, neuro-psychiatry, and orthopedics. At its peak it had 2,400 beds. (For comparison, the entire town of Menlo Park in 1940 had a population of only 3,258 residents.)

At the end of the war, the City of Menlo Park purchased twenty-nine acres of the Dibble General Hospital grounds on which the civic center buildings were erected.

[Stanford University](#) took over around eighty-six acres to provide needed housing because of the increase in student enrollment caused by veterans entering on the [G.I. bill](#). Stanford remodeled the hospital buildings, installing bathrooms and kitchens, to accommodate approximately 2,000 students. The area was known as Stanford Village, and existed as student housing until the mid-1960s. This land was also the site of the Stanford Research Institute, a think tank established by Stanford. In 1970, in response to Vietnam War protesters at Stanford who claimed that it was part of the military-industrial complex, Stanford Research Institute became independent and was renamed SRI International.

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We moved out of Stanford Village in 1962 because my husband left graduate school to return to his previous position at Stanford University Press. However, my son went to the Stanford Village nursery school from 1964 until the nursery school on the Stanford campus was built in 1966.

The gatehouse of the Hopkins estate was listed on the National Register of Historic Places in 1986. It is the oldest existing structure in Menlo Park. The Junior League of Palo Alto-Mid Peninsula and the City of Menlo Park renovated the gatehouse in 1996, and the Junior League became the tenant.

In August 2014 I moved into an apartment across the street from the gatehouse.

One day on a walk down Laurel Street, which borders SRI, I noticed some army-barracks-style buildings. They were clearly from the era of the Dibble General Hospital. A chainlink fence prevented me from exploring. I knew that SRI had a closed campus and was reluctant to visit.



The gatehouse, built by William Barron in 1864, with the fountain, purchased by Milton Latham in France, in the foreground

Fellow students in my genealogy class encouraged me to pursue my interest, so one day I braved the receptionist at the main entrance to SRI. It turned out that “braved” is the right word. The receptionist was a fierce guard dog, who not only refused me entrance, but also refused to contact a superior to inquire whether I could enter or even to give me the name of anyone I could write or call. It was fortuitous that someone of authority walked through the lobby during this exchange. The receptionist directed me to him, and, unsurprisingly, he was very hospitable and, after I explained my mission, took me on an extended tour of the old buildings that were on the grounds. I took some photos of the exterior of several buildings, but declined his offer to go inside since the interiors had been extensively remodeled. This aerial view of SRI shows some original buildings from the Dibble General Hospital that are still in use.



With the visit to SRI, I feel that my story of Stanford Village is now complete.

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The Albert Legacy

Craig Siulinski

The Alberts of Westbrook, Maine carry two distinct legacies: one related to the industrial history that defined the city and the other related to a once-thriving and revered local business. That business was my grandfather's clothing store called *The Men's Shop*, incorporated in 1924. Before these legacies were formed, the Albert ancestors raised their families in Canada having immigrated from France in the eighteenth century.



Many Albert descendants at a 2010 family gathering in Westbrook, Maine

The industrial legacy of the Albert family began when a teenager named Ferdinand Albert (1864-1929) emigrated from the province of New Brunswick, Canada to the city of Westbrook, Maine. Ferdinand was the son of Leandre Albert and Phoebee Poulin of Caraquet. The families of Caraquet relied on fishing and farming for their sustenance.



Like so many other French Canadians in the late nineteenth century, thoughts of a more prosperous life compelled Ferdinand to leave Canada. In the 1881 Census of Canada, Ferdinand is listed as a sixteen-year-old farmer's son. A few years later, he would decide to redirect his destiny from agriculture in his homeland to industry in a new land. Ferdinand made his way from Canada in or around 1887.

To set the historic timeframe of Ferdinand's journey, Karl Friedrich Benz invented the first gasoline automobile in 1886. Also in this year, a new beverage came out on the market - Cola Cola. In 1895, Ferdinand married Georgiana Hebert in Westbrook. The likeness of Ferdinand Albert shown here may be the only picture we have of him. He worked as a silk weaver for many years at the town's Haskell Silk Mill.

Ferdinand Albert, immigrant ancestor from Caraquet, NB

The business legacy of the Albert family began when Ferdinand's son, Auguste, found his life's calling in the art of salesmanship at a very young age. The early death of his mother caused Auguste to be very resourceful by doing odd jobs for local businesses. One of those businesses was the clothing store

called *A.H. Benoit & Co.* His experience working at Benoit's, and the contacts he made from working there, led to the formation of his own clothing business that became known as *The Men's Shop, Inc.*



The Men's Shop ad (above) was taken from the 1924-1925 Directory of Westbrook, Gorham and Windham, p. 206.

Auguste Albert (1900-1982), known as "Gus", developed a reputation as a devoted and astute businessman, and was much respected and loved by his family and loyal customers. He inspired me to create a blog on the genealogy of the Alberts called *August Legacy* (augustlegacy.blogspot.com).

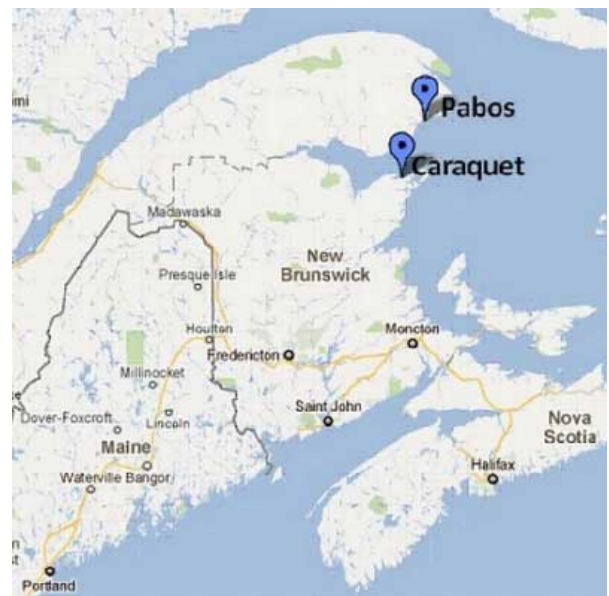


Auguste Albert and Bernadette (Gagnon) Albert at Kinney Shores in Saco

Our immigrant ancestor from Europe, Gabriel Albert (c.1738-1795), emigrated from Normandy, France, to the town of Pabos, in the Gaspé region of New Brunswick, to work as a fisherman. Well before the existence of Jamestown and Plymouth Rock, French fishermen were reaping the benefits of the abundant fishing grounds off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Pabos became an important fishing harbor. In 1751, Gabriel Albert married Genevieve Le Bouthillier.

The distance between Caraquet and Portland, located in the lower left of the image..

Tragic events brought on by the French and Indian War and the Acadian Expulsion of 1755 caused populations to scatter. To determine the whereabouts of the settlers, Pierre du Calvet went to the



Gaspé Peninsula in 1761 to conduct a census. Although not Acadian, Gabriel Albert (and his wife and first son) were among the counted, and were found to be living on Caraquet Island. With protections provided by the Royal Proclamation of 1763, the Albert family moved to the mainland. They were among a group of families allowed to settle on uninhabited land in the town of Caraquet.

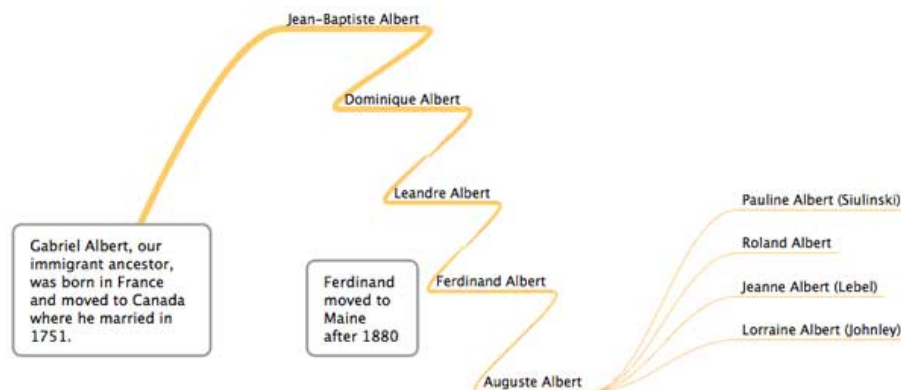
A few decades later, Gabriel and his first son, Pierre, each received 400 acres of land through a royal decree referred to as the New Brunswick Land Grant of 1784. The grant brought ownership of the lands they were settling on. Thirty-two other families also received land grants, and these folks became known as the Founding Families of Caraquet.

Monument to the Founders of
Caraquet



From farming and fishing in the old country to creating a new life in a new land, Gabriel and Ferdinand transformed their lives for the betterment of their families. The descendants of these men now number in the hundreds living in southern Maine and beyond. The legacy that they passed on surely had something to do with hard work and determination but also a sense of the importance of connections with others. In my lifetime, I believe my grandfather, Auguste Albert, best embodied these traits through the

unfailing passion and dedication he showed in his work.



The diagram shows the Albert genealogy from Gabriel Albert to the children of Auguste Albert. Jean-Baptiste Albert (c.1760-1830) was Gabriel's second son.

End Notes:

--Source of *The Men's Shop* advertisement: 1924-1925 *Directory of Westbrook, Gorham and Windham*, p. 206.

--Source of immigration date of Ferdinand Albert: 1900 US Federal Census, Cumberland County, Westbrook, Maine

--Sources of marriage year for Gabriel Albert Genevieve LeBouthillier: Gallant, *Les Registres de la Gaspésie in Mémoires* (Montreal: Societe Genealogique Canadienne-Francaise, 1961), p. 105.

--Source of land grant information: Provincial Archives of New Brunswick, Index to New Brunswick Land Grants, 1784 - 1997 (RS686)

The Death of Frank Duncan

Dennis Maness

When the 1906 San Francisco earthquake and fire struck, my newly married grandparents Frank and Jessie Monday Duncan lived there. Their house was burned down and they decided to move back to Falls of Rough, Kentucky where Frank came from. In 7 years they had 4 daughters and were prospering on a farm.

On November 11th, 1915, when his newest daughter, and my future mother, Rosa was only 7 months old, Frank's appendix burst.

A burst appendix can be fatal if it is not attended to quickly. Although the exact causes of a burst appendix are not completely understood it seems that the appendix will become blocked and eventually become inflamed and rupture. When the appendix bursts it leaks bacteria from the intestines into the abdominal cavity. This can cause the formation of an abscess or a condition known as peritonitis, which is a serious infection of the abdominal cavity. Before the advent of modern antibiotics this condition often resulted in death.

A doctor was called to the farm and he and Jessie put Frank on the kitchen table and the doctor started to operate. But by this time there was nothing that could be done.

Frank knew he was dying and started to sing his favorite hymn *It Is Well With My Soul*.

“When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou has taught me to say,
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

It is well, with my soul,
It is well, it is well, with my soul.”

And with that he died.

CHOICES

Sandy Kelly

Emily was barely sixteen when she chose Edgar Comstock to be her husband. He was an older man of twenty-one, had lovely auburn hair and gray eyes. And he was her first cousin. She wouldn't even have to change her last name.

They settled in Eden Prairie, Minnesota, where Edgar's twice-widowed mother was living and where Emily's married sisters and mother had also taken up land. Emily and Edgar began their life as farmers and within the next three years they had produced two little boys, Frederick and Alverd.

All might have been well despite the grasshoppers and wandering Indians except that some of the states to the south had decided to leave the Union and a call was put out by the states in the north for men to sign up as Union soldiers. Minnesota, having become a state in 1858, requested young men to join up. Edgar answered the call, but because of the Sioux uprising and massacre of settlers at close-by New Ulm, his unit stayed in Minnesota for the duration of the war. Although he did not fight in any battles, Edgar did not survive the war. He had been a nurse and later a hospital steward during his service and died of tuberculosis contracted from the ailing soldiers under his care.¹



Edgar Barnes Comstock & Family

From personal file of David Comstock, permission to print given.

¹ Edgar Barnes Comstock, compiled military record (private, Co. D, 6th Minnesota Volunteers and Co. D, 6th Regiment Minnesota Infantry, Hatch's Independent Battalion) from National Archives.

Emily was twenty-four in 1865 when she became a widow with two little boys to care for. John Frederick was a prosperous neighbor and a widower with a little son in need of a mother. Although she may not have loved him, Emily chose to marry John seven months after the death of her first husband. It seemed a logical choice. Emily and John Frederick had no children together. Whether they were happy we cannot know.

In 1877, Emily's eldest son, Frederick, committed suicide at the age of twenty, and also about this time John decided to move about 200 miles to the west, to Murdock in Swift County, and away from Emily's mother and sister's families. Her youngest son, Alverd had left home by 1880, and may never have moved to Swift County at all. Alverd had never liked his step-father.

The only consolation Emily may have had was the proximity of her new home to that of her cousin, Sarah Elizabeth Geiser, who was also her first husband's sister. Sarah Elizabeth and her husband Sam Geiser were still grieving over the death of their four little children who had died of diphtheria in December of 1876. By 1881, things seemed to be looking up for Sarah Elizabeth. Her recently arrived cousin and neighbor, Emily Frederick, probably helped her with her three remaining children and would help her with the new baby she was expecting. But that new child's birth caused the death of Sarah Elizabeth in October of 1881.

After her cousin's death, Emily made another choice. And it was a choice her descendants would not have known about were it not for some tell-tale newspaper articles entitled *Elopement and Arrest*² and *Caught Again*³. In February of 1882, Emily left her husband John Frederick which caused quite a scandal as John Frederick, aware that his wife and Sam Geiser had taken off for Minneapolis, had called the city police to search for them. They were found together at the St. James Hotel. The diligent policemen stood on chairs shining a light through the transom window of their hotel room to find them in bed together. Sam was arrested, while Emily was allowed to wait at the hotel for her husband John. But Sam was released the next day as John failed to attend the hearing. Again on 20 April 1882 Sam was arrested in Minneapolis, charged with adultery with Emily Fredericks and arraigned in Court in default of \$500 in bonds, and committed to the Hennepin County Jail. However, he must have been released soon after as he married Emily on 27 April 1882 in Murdock by C. W. Flanner, Justice of the Peace.⁴ Perhaps Emily had obtained a divorce as she had been trying to do for some years. Or perhaps not. But she spent the next nineteen years as Sam's wife, raising his little daughters, and hopefully lived happily ever after. She died at age 60 in 1901 of uterine cancer.⁵ Six years later, Sam married a woman half his age and moved to Florida. What became of John Frederick is not known.

² Weekly Valley Herald, Chaska, Minnesota, Vol. 20, no. 15, 15 Feb. 1882, p. 1.

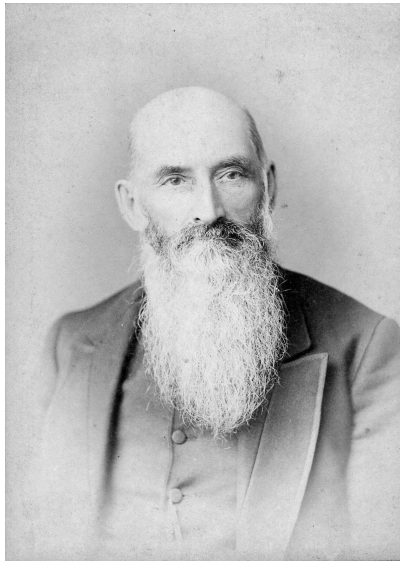
³ Weekly Valley Herald, Chaska, Minnesota, Vol. 20, 20 April 1882.

⁴ Information from Treasurer's office, Swift Co., Minnesota, received by telephone 30 May 2007.

⁵ Emily D. Geiser, Return of Death, State of Minnesota, Murdock, Swift Co., date of death 11 July 1901.

Martin Guilford Lee: My Eccentric GGG Grandfather

Susan Plass



Martin Guilford Lee¹

Martin Guilford Lee was born on 4 January 1820 in Rush, Ontario County, New York,² the first child of Ira B. and Nancy (Branch) Lee.³ His father was a farmer, his mother a farmer's daughter with Baptist roots, which will become pertinent later.

He married Catherine Crouse on 11 February 1841.⁴ Catherine, the daughter of Deacon George Crouse, was born 21 August 1819 in Avon, Ontario County,⁵ the town next to Rush in Ontario County. In 1821 Ontario County was divided so that Rush was in Monroe County, Avon in Livingston County, so in spite of name and boundary changes, they grew up near each other. She was confirmed into the Avon Congregational Church in 1835⁶ and was well educated at the Lima Seminary in Livingston County.⁷

Martin started adult life as a farmer in Genesee County, New York,⁸ but he was not content to settle and work a piece of land. Daughter Ermina Catherine was born 14 May 1842 in LeRoy,

¹ Photo in possession of author.

² Obituary for Martin Gilford Lee, The Barry Adage, Barry, Pike County, Illinois, 2 May 1901, mailed to Susan Plass from Dave Lee, Barry, Illinois, received 20 Aug 2007.

³ Emma Hoisington, Family Record of the Lee family, from of Mary Hsu, email to Susan Plass, Re: Ira B. Lee, text, digital images, 16 May 2011. Emma (Wilkinson) Hoisington is the daughter of Nancy (Lee) Wilkinson, who is the sister of Martin Guilford Lee and daughter of Ira B. and Nancy (Branch) Lee.

⁴ Obituary for Martin Gilford Lee.

⁵ Obituary for Catharine Lee, Davenport Democrat, Davenport, Iowa, Friday, 8 Apr 1887, p. 1 c. 2, Davenport Public Library.

⁶ Records of the Congregational Church of Avon, East Avon First Presbyterian Church, Church Records, 1830-, East Avon, Livingston County, New York, photocopy from microfilm, Book 3, p. 48, Livingston County Historian, Holly C. Watson, Deputy Livingston County Historian, received 30 Jan 2015.

⁷ Obituary for Catharine Lee.

⁸ 1840 U.S. Census, New York, Genesee County, LeRoy, U.S. Census Bureau, digital image, Ancestry.com, <http://www.ancestry.com/>, Series M704, roll 285, pp 403/404, image 29/416, line 10, accessed 24 Jun 2011.

Genesee County, New York,⁹ but by 1850 he had moved on to Steuben County, Indiana, growing broomcorn.¹⁰ He bought land near Catherine's siblings in Livingston County, Michigan, and daughter Harriet was born in April 1852 in Hartland, Livingston County, Michigan.¹¹ He began making brooms to sell from the corn, and found he was more effective making the brooms than raising the corn. He moved the family to Valparaiso, Porter County, Indiana in 1858,¹² and by 1864 he was being taxed as a retail dealer.¹³ Son Clinton Ransford was born 4 May 1861 in Valparaiso.¹⁴ Catherine was active in the Valparaiso church, organizing and teaching a Sunday school.¹⁵

Martin was doing well in Indiana, but he had bigger plans. In Iowa he would be much closer to a steady supply of broomcorn. He sold sewing machines to raise money¹⁶ and soon built a factory on the Davenport, Iowa, waterfront to make brooms. By 1880 he was a prominent businessman in Davenport with broom factories in Davenport and in Lincoln, Nebraska. Clinton grew up in the broom factory, eventually taking over the Lincoln plant, allowing Martin time for other interests.¹⁷

Martin's spiritual life, however, was in turmoil. Some time after daughter Ermina married Rev. Martin Thomas Lamb, a Baptist preacher, on 15 May 1859, Martin Lee became a Baptist, and believing that infant baptism was not Biblical, was re-baptized. As the Restoration Movement swept through Iowa in the 1860s, Martin became convinced that the simplicity of New Testament practices was the only path to salvation and joined the Disciples of Christ, a mostly southern movement led by Alexander Campbell.¹⁸

John Thomas was an itinerant preacher who came to the United States from England in 1844 and joined Campbell's Disciples of Christ. He intended to return the church to primitive Christianity, but had before the Civil War split from the Disciples of Christ and established his own non-Trinitarian, Bible-literalist church. To gain legal status during the Civil War, Thomas established his church under the name Christadelphians.¹⁹ Martin was again re-baptized as a Christadelphian, and forced Catherine to be re-baptized as well.²⁰

⁹ Death certificate for Ermina Catherine (Lee) Lamb, 7 Nov 1926, Trenton, Mercer County, New Jersey, inverted scan of photocopy of photostat, in possession of Betty Lou Morris, Mount Clemens, MI, received 7 Feb 2015.

¹⁰ 1850 U.S. Census, Indiana, Steuben County, Otsego Township, 1850, U.S. Census Bureau, HeritageQuest, ProQuest, Ann Arbor, Series M432, reel 173, p. 180A, dwelling 849, family 849, line 31, accessed 18 Mar 2005.

¹¹ Marriage record for Baxter McCreary & Hattie C. Lee, Iowa Marriages 1809-1992, database, FamilySearch.org Family History and Genealogy Records, <https://familysearch.org/pal:/MM9.1.1/XJYP-B3X>, accessed 19 Nov 2010.

¹² 1860 U.S. Census, Indiana, Porter County, Valparaiso Center Township, Valparaiso, HeritageQuest, ProQuest, Ann Arbor, p. 36, img 43, Series M653, roll 289, p. 294, dwelling 295, family 284, line 23, accessed 18 Mar 2005.

¹³ U.S. IRS Tax Assessment, Indiana, 1864, for Martin G. Lee, digital image, Provo, UT: The Generations Network, Inc., 2008, U.S. IRS Tax Assessment Lists, 1862-1918, Ancestry.com, Series M765, roll 33, p. 11, line 24, accessed 20 Apr 2009.

¹⁴ U.S. Passport Application for Clinton R Lee, Emergency Passport Applications, Argentina thru Venezuela, 1906-1925, ARC Identifier 1244183 / MLR Number A1 544; Box #4376; Volume #1, digital image, Ancestry.com, 2007, U.S. Passport Applications, 1795-1925, <http://www.ancestry.com>, no. 658, image 408, accessed 22 Jan 2012.

¹⁵ Obituary for Catharine Lee.

¹⁶ 1870 U.S. Census, Iowa, Scott County, Davenport, 4th Ward, 1870, U.S. Census Bureau, HeritageQuest, ProQuest, Ann Arbor, Series M593, roll 418, stamped p. 299, sheet 59, dwelling 452, family 468, line 19, stamped p. 299, sheet 59, img 568, accessed 22 Apr 2005.

¹⁷ "M. G. Lee Wins Case," Davenport Weekly Leader, Davenport, Iowa, Friday, September 21, 1900, p. 6, digital image, Newspapers.com, <http://www.newspapers.com/>, accessed 23 Jan 2016.

¹⁸ "Campbellite," Wikipedia, <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Campbellite>, accessed 16 Apr 2017.

¹⁹ "Christadelphians," Wikipedia, <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Christadelphians>, accessed 16 Apr 2017.

²⁰ "M. G. Lee Wins Case."

L.T. Nichols was one Christadelphian leader who began to have disagreements with Thomas. He traveled through the Midwest evangelizing, and in 1888 established a church at Barry, Illinois.²¹ Catherine died 6 April 1887 in Davenport, and not long after, Martin met Mary Ann Eastman, a member of Nichols' group. Martin and Mary Ann were married 27 July 1888 in Chicago.²² With Martin and Mary Ann Lee's help, Nichols established a church at Davenport in 1890, although some time later he was forced out of town after a series of altercations with the local police. In 1891 Nichols split away from the main Christadelphian body and his followers established themselves as the Christian Brethren.

The Brethren, led by charismatic Nichols, distinguished themselves by their belief that Jesus' coming was imminent, and that they must prepare for his rule. Martin became very active in the Brethren, providing a place and resources for a revival camp on an island in the Mississippi off Davenport.²³ He bought land in Minnesota for a potential place for Brethren to gather,²⁴ and he bought land in Barry, Illinois, to join the Brethren community there. He also sold waterfront land to members of his Davenport Brethren community for a fraction of its value and transferred other land to his wife Mary for \$1 and affection.²⁵

Clinton became aware that his father was selling off assets to the Brethren and with his sisters filed suit to have a guardian appointed for him.²⁶ The suit was front-page news and brought out testimony of abuse of members of the Brethren by its leadership, but in the end the court ruled in favor of Martin Lee.²⁷ He swiftly moved to Barry, rewrote his will, and disinherited all three of his children.²⁸

In February 1900 Nichols announced to his followers that the end was near and that they must build a boat to carry the group up and down the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, preaching at each stop along the way, gathering followers. The Brethren began training in preaching and music, forming a band to attract an audience at each stop. Construction on the steamboat began soon after.²⁹

²¹ "Megiddo Church," Wikipedia, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Megiddo_Church, accessed 16 Apr 2017.

²² Marriage record for Martin G Lee and Mary Ann Eastman, 6 Oct 1897, Cook County, Illinois, Cook County Marriages, 1871-1920, Marriage licenses no. 128283-129714 1888, no. 129506, microfilm, FamilySearch, County Clerk, Cook County, Illinois, Family History Library, Salt Lake City, UT, FHL US/CAN Microfilm 1030174, scanned 22 Jun 2015.

²³ "Camp Lee," Davenport Daily Republican, Davenport, Iowa, Saturday, August 10, 1895, p. 4, digital image, Newspapers.com, <http://www.newspapers.com/>, accessed 27 Jan 2016.

²⁴ Bureau of Land Management, "Land Patent Detail," 19 Mar 1895, <http://www.glorerecords.blm.gov/>, Document # 8387, Accession/Serial # MN0560__349, accessed 27 Jan 2016.

²⁵ "Lee Deeds: Children ask that they be set aside," Davenport Democrat, 3 May 1901, Davenport Public Library, Davenport, Iowa.

²⁶ "Ask for Guardian," Davenport Weekly Leader, Davenport, Iowa, Tuesday, December 12, 1899, p. 8, digital image, Newspapers.com, <http://www.newspapers.com/>, accessed 23 Jan 2016.

²⁷ "Got Her Money and Fled," Davenport Daily Republican, Davenport, Illinois, Thursday, March 7, 1901, p. 6, digital image, Newspapers.com, <http://www.newspapers.com/>, accessed 5 Jan 2016.

²⁸ "Leaves Them Out," Davenport Weekly Leader, Davenport, Iowa, Tuesday, May 7, 1901, p. 6, digital image, Newspapers.com, <http://www.newspapers.com/>, accessed 27 Jan 2016.

²⁹ L. T. Nichols, History of the Megiddo Mission, Rochester, N.Y.: Megiddo Mission, 1912, digital book, Internet Archive, <https://archive.org/details/historyofmegiddo00nich>, accessed 28 Dec 2015.



Steamboat Megiddo in 1901, photo courtesy of Steamboats.com



Old Barry Cemetery, Barry, Pike County, Illinois³⁰

Martin Lee died on 28 April 1901 in Barry Township, Pike County, Illinois, at the age of 81³¹ and was buried in Old Barry Cemetery, Barry, Pike County, Illinois.³² He never traveled on the Megiddo. His children filed suit against Mary Lee, accusing her of undo influence on her husband. They each received a small settlement several years later,³³ but the bulk of Martin's estate went to the Mission through Mary Lee. The steamboat Megiddo was launched from Clinton, Iowa, on 24 October 1901.³⁴ The group, now renamed the Megiddo Mission, sailed for two years before the Megiddo Mission returned to land permanently in Rochester, New York.

³⁰ Photo taken by the author.

³¹ Death record for Martin G. Lee, 28 Apr 1901, Illinois, Pike County, Pike County, Illinois, County Clerk, Deaths, 1877-Jan. 1902, June 1904-1915, Family History Library, manuscript on film, FHL US/CAN Microfilm 1314768 item 1, Book 1, pp. 222-223, line 4, accessed 19 Jun 2010.

³² Obituary for Martin Gilford Lee.

³³ Gari-Anne Patzwald, *Waiting for Elijah*, Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 2002.

³⁴ Nori Muster, "Old sternwheeler brought religion to ports along the Ohio Steamboat Church," digital image and text, Nori Muster, Steamboat Museum, <http://steamboats.com/museum/u.html>, accessed 12 Apr 2017.

Fire on Water

©John Shellabear Gleed

When I was a boy, my family travelled extensively by ocean liner. Before the age of nine, I'd been on three voyages between England and China and three voyages between China and the United States. I experienced seasickness and deck shuffleboard. I'd eaten at the Captain's Table and knew the smell of tar meant that we were off on another trip.

In October of 1935, my father, mother, baby sister and I completed a vacation in England, and we left from Southampton for the return trip to China where Dad worked for the British-American Tobacco Company. We boarded the pride of the Norddeutscher Lloyd Steamship Line- the SS *Scharnhorst*. It was a brand new ship and the first great liner produced in Germany's Third Reich. Adolf Hitler himself attended the launching of the *Scharnhorst*.



Postcard of *Scharnhorst* in author's possession and given to all passengers in their cabins. Description : Doppelschrauben-Turbinen- Schnelldampfer means Twin Propeller- Turbine Driven- Fast Steamer. Yes, the Gleeds could be found happily in a First Class cabin.

The *Scharnhorst* was intended to elevate Germany's prestige in all of Asia. It had many advanced design features such as turbocharged engines. My parents considered it the finest ship they'd ever travelled on. The cabins were spacious, the food delicious, and the service impeccable. It had a crew of 265 officers and men. It could carry 300 passengers, half of them in first class cabins. There were no steerage passengers on the *Scharnhorst*.

The passenger list for this voyage was obtained at Great Britain's National Archives at Kew just west of London. I found my family on page two. These records include a column showing the final destination port of each passenger. The *Scharnhorst* docked at Marseilles, Barcelona, Genoa, Port Said, Bombay, Colombo (Ceylon), Singapore, Hong Kong, Shanghai and Yokohama. The voyage took three weeks. We got off at Shanghai where Dad was working at that time.

As we passed through the Suez Canal and were cruising down the Red Sea, I saw a hospital ship with a big red cross on its side carrying wounded Italian soldiers home from Mussolini's war in Ethiopia. The failure of the League of Nations to prevent this blatant aggression should have been a warning to the world of what was in the offing. The Second World War followed anyway.

A valuable database in marine research is "The Ships List". It has copious data on ships including pictures, passenger lists, and shipping lines like Norddeutscher Lloyd, Cunard White Star, the

Dollar Line and P&O (short for Peninsula and Orient). The peninsula in that last company name was an English colony known today as India. This database was valuable in writing this story. When Germany blitzkrieged France in 1940, the *Scharnhorst* was docked in Kobe, Japan. It could not have gotten back to Europe past the Royal Navy. *Scharnhorst* was loaned to Japan to be turned into a troop transport. But Japan lost four of its largest aircraft carriers to the US Navy at the Battle of Midway in June of 1942. So Japan acquired the German liner *Scharnhorst* from its ally, and set about converting it into an escort carrier. They removed its upper decks and replaced them with a takeoff platform over a hangar deck which could accommodate 33 aircraft. The ship profile was completely different and so was its name. The German *Scharnhorst* had morphed into the Japanese *Shinyo*.



The *Shinyo* became operational in December 1943. It bristled with 50 anti-aircraft guns. *Shinyo* was assigned to convoy duty guarding supplies and men for Manila and Singapore. It completed three voyages successfully, but reported that the convoys were aggressively attacked by American submarines.

On November 17, 1944, the *Shinyo* was 120 miles southwest of Saishu Island in the Yellow Sea when it was attacked at night by an American submarine which brazenly surfaced and fired six torpedoes from its forward tubes, four of them squarely hitting the target. Quoting from the official report of the Imperial Japanese Navy (IJN) “The first torpedo hit the stern instantly disabling the turbo-electric motors and stopping the carrier. The impact detonated the poorly protected aviation gasoline tanks and caused a tremendous explosion and fire---- her bow reared skyward and she sank stern-first, coming to rest in 23 fathoms with flaming bow projecting far above the surface.”

The execution was horrific. The Japanese lost 700 officers and men including a Rear Admiral on the *Shinyo*. Only 70 men were rescued. The location of the sinking was in a shallow part of the Yellow Sea northeast of Shanghai. The ocean depth there is about 140 feet but the *Shinyo* was over 600 feet long. So the flaming bow burned like a furious giant candle for a long time. The inferno must have been visible hundreds of miles away. Until the fatally wounded vessel sank beneath the surface, and the night sky went dark.



The American submarine was the *Spadefish*. It was built at Mare Island Navy Yard in Vallejo CA. *Spadefish* was a Balao-class submarine. The US built 120 submarines of this successful design. You can visit one of them at Fisherman’s Wharf in San Francisco.

It became a requirement for submarine commanders to photograph or film the ships they sank. No doubt, men on the *Spadefish* watched the *Shinyo* burning and took pictures. I wonder if they may be found in a dusty archive at Annapolis. With *Shinyo* still aflame, *Spadefish* fired another volley of four more torpedoes from its stern tubes which badly damaged a cargo ship killing many more enemy sailors.

The cool captain of the *Spadefish* was Commander Gordon W. Underwood. There's a brief biography of him in Wikipedia. Underwood went to the Naval Academy in 1932. He excelled in his studies and competed in football and track at Annapolis. Following early assignments, he attended MIT and earned an MS in Marine Engineering. In other words, he studied his chosen profession. Which led him to a Pacific night which was not so pacific.

Underwood retired as a Captain after thirty years of service and became a manager at two technology companies in Northern California.

On his three patrols in command of the *Spadefish*. Underwood sank 76 thousand tons of Japanese shipping, one of the highest records of a US submarine commander. *Shinyo* (nee: *Scharnhorst*) accounted for 18 thousand tons of Underwood's total. The hulk of the best ocean liner I ever travelled on lies in a shallow grave in a remote part of the Yellow Sea. In my imagination, Underwood can be seen standing on the conning tower of *Spadefish* watching a huge burning torch held up by the sea god Neptune rising out of the ocean as a peculiar danger sign. 29 April 2017



JSG: Pictures of *Shinyo*, *Spadefish* and Captain Underwood were found on Google.

A Picture Worth A Thousand Words

Cindy Wallbrink

How do I go back and describe the genesis or catalyst, as it was; which contributed to the beginning of my quest to learn my family's true genealogical history?

As a child, it was my mother's older sister, Joan, who began cultivating my interest in the Carrillo side of the family.

When I visited with my aunt in Southern California, she took me to see Mission San Gabriel and Mission San Fernando, where she mentioned our family's connection to these historic structures without providing any concrete details. I also remember her sharing some sketchy information related to our legitimate ancestor, Benicia Carrillo, wife of General Mariano Vallejo.

As it later turned out, Benicia was the sister of my great-great-grandfather, Jose Ramon Carrillo, husband of Vicenta Carrillo. If only the internet had been available to Aunt Joan then.

In contrast, I learned of our relationship to Leo Carrillo, which seemed pretty impressive at the time, given his starring role as the Cisco Kid. I suspect there are thousands of people today who could claim a family connection to him; but for us, at most, he was only a sixth cousin.

And then there was the rumor that screen, stage, and television actress, Agnes Moorehead might have been related, or so it was said. I think you get my point.

Another family legend was that our relatives traveled into California with Father Junipero Serra, which was absolutely false. However, a great-great-great-great grandmother did come into San Diego from Mexico, with the Anza Expedition.

Nonetheless, nearly twenty years ago, at a family gathering of all places, my mother inexplicably mentioned that her mother's father, Loring Kirby, had committed suicide. Never mind the inappropriateness of her commentary; I was determined to get to the bottom of it.

I phoned Aunt Joan and she said she wasn't sure how he ended his life, and asked her husband. He said that he believed he had shot himself. I later heard another story that Loring ended his life because he wanted his family to collect death benefits on his life insurance policy. Learning more, my thought was that he may have suffered catastrophic financial losses during the 1907 market crash, which was also the year of his death. It certainly could have been a contributing factor.

It wasn't until 2005 that I discovered a very old photograph, along with numerous other pictures and documents, which had been sent up to my mother's home after my aunt passed away in 2002. The photograph in question, the one worth a thousand words, was of a gathering of almost a hundred people standing or sitting in front of a large two story house.

Two questions grew out of this mystery photo: who were these people and why was a male figure's face intentionally scratched out?



I was focused on finding the answer to my questions, and a number of days later, decided that I would conduct an internet search using my great-grandmother's name; Felicidad Carrillo. I was surprised and pleased when she came up immediately, with a citation directing me to the Anaheim Library website.

To verify my connection, the library site had another photograph that appeared to have been taken on the same day, around 1890. It was a family portrait that turned out to be a picture of my great-great-grandmother, Vicenta Sepulveda, de Yorba, de Carrillo, and her twelve surviving children. Felicidad was right in front, sitting next to her mother on the left side.



This was the answer to the “who,” but now I had to discover the “why” of the defacement. Around this time I became acquainted with the genealogist, Linda Lorda; now deceased. It was her interest in the Carrillo family; in particular, my great-great-grandfather Jose Ramon Carrillo, as well as her generous advice and availability that helped me begin my family research. Just today I reviewed numerous e-mails she and I shared. I will always be grateful for the relationship I established with her.

Early on, I asked Linda for some feedback about my family photograph with the man’s face scratched out. I suggested that I thought it was Felicidad’s husband, Loring Kirby. She asked me if I knew he had committed suicide and I told her I did, but I wasn’t sure how.

That’s when she told me he had taken cyanide, which was a huge shock. She even sent me the hand copied details of his death notice printed in the Santa Ana Daily Register, on December 28, 1907, which included Loring’s terse final written instructions.

The resulting hardships faced after Loring’s death must have been particularly painful for Felicidad, unfortunately including the humiliation her family suffered, as well as remembering the Catholic Church’s doctrine, which condemned suicide as a mortal sin.

Loring Kirby had been a well-respected, prosperous businessman as well as the fifth mayor of Anaheim. What a fall from grace, and how particularly sad for my grandmother, who was 13 at the time.

Looking back, it’s clear to me why my grandmother hardly spoke about living on the orange grove. Even when I asked about her life there, about her father, whatever else they grew, and if they had animals, she never said much at all. It was puzzling, but I accepted her lack of response, never for a moment thinking there was anything obviously wrong.

There were predictable financial difficulties that caused the eventual loss of Felicidad Kirby’s beautiful family home and orange grove in Anaheim. In later years she lived in several residences, starting with a mortgaged home, moving later to a rental property, and after this, she was a lodger living with two other widows.

Tellingly, perhaps in her own way, Felicidad may have hoped this photograph would survive; be handed down, and live on, as a testament to the profound anger she felt because of the ultimate betrayal of her husband, whom she once loved.

It is indeed a picture worth a thousand words, and regrettably, much, much more.

Saved By a Hymn

Dennis Maness

As most genealogists know family lore is sometimes very fanciful and mostly fictional and that may be true of this story too. But this is the way I heard it.

The ancestors of my wife, Gloria Neill Maness were Louis Du Bois and his wife Catharine Blanchan who were Huguenots who had moved in 1661 to New Netherland to escape religious persecution. But by 1663 they had moved to what is now upper New York State to "Nieuw Dorp" ("the New Village" later known as Hurley) and into the midst of what would become known as the Second Esopus War.

On the 7th of June in 1663 most of the adults went out to work their fields when the local natives who claimed that same land raided the village and destroyed it. Every building was burned and eight women and 26 children were taken prisoner. Among these were Catherine Du Bois and her three children.

It took until July 27th 1663 for Governor Stuyvesant to send out some English and Dutch soldiers with Captain Martin Kregier commanding. The Native Americans kept retreating deeper and deeper into the forest for still another month drawing the militia after them. The women and children had been captives for nearly 3 months by this time.

One historian gives this account of the rescue:

About ten weeks after the capture of the women and children, the Indians decided to celebrate their own escape from pursuit by burning some of their victims and the ones selected were Catherine du Bois, and her baby Sara. A cubical pile of logs was arranged and the mother and child placed thereon; when the Indians were about to apply the torch, Catherine began to sing the 137th Psalm as a death chant.

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion...For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song."

The Indians withheld the fire and gave her respite while they listened; when she had finished they demanded more, and before she had finished the last one her husband and the Dutch soldiers from New Amsterdam arrived and surrounded the savages, killed and captured some, and otherwise inflicted terrible punishment upon them, and released the prisoners.

Also among the captives was a boy, Joost Jansen (John) Van Metre. Sara would later marry him and become the 9th great grandparents of Gloria.

A Family for Franz

Eleanor Hedenkamp

One day in the mid 1880s my maternal great-grandmother, wife of a tenant farmer and mother of eight, left her home in the Vienna Woods and took the train into Vienna. Anna Behmer came home with a six year boy whom she had adopted at the Orphans Court. Her husband asked her why, saying they already had enough mouths to feed. "He needed a home, and God will provide" was her answer.

So Franz joined the family in Kuffern. He grew up with the other children and fell in love with the youngest daughter, two year old Marie. They would ultimately marry.

These were the stories that I heard from my mother, passed on from Marie, her mother. I found them romantic and, as my interest in family history deepened, wanted to learn more.

Franz Schlakhuber was born November 20, 1878 to Eva Schlakhuber and baptized at the Alservorstadt Parish in Vienna. No father's name is recorded. Alservorstadt was the parish for the *Gebärhaus* or Maternity Hospital and attached *Findelhaus* or foundling home. These were established in 1784 specifically for the many unwed, mostly poor mothers; there was also hope of improving the infant survival rate which was abysmal due to poverty, disease, malnutrition and even infanticide. In 1880, two years after my grandfather's birth, 45% of births in Vienna were out of wedlock; the maternal death rate, had been as high as 20% early in the century due to puerperal or childbed fever. Crowding, contamination, and frequent examinations were contributing factors. The morbidity and mortality of childbirth fell significantly with the acceptance of the theory of antisepsis and the practice of hand washing. I was astonished to learn that a pioneer in this area, Ignaz Semmelweiss, whom I have long admired, had done his work at the *Gebärhaus* in the 1840s. At the time his ideas were ridiculed and he was forced out. It was many years later that they were finally accepted. After birth most newborns went to the foundling home; the mothers paid for their care by serving as wet nurses and maids. Most children were adopted out, but little care was taken to insure good placement and the mortality rate remained high.

It seems likely that Franz did not enter the foundling home, but went home with his mother. An older daughter, Leopoldine, born August 21, 1876 was also baptized in the Alservorstadt parish. She grew up with a foster family in Graz, some 125 miles from Vienna, but she knew of her brother in Kuffern. I have not been able to find records of any other children, nor any other records pertaining to Eva or to any others with the name Schlakhuber in the Vienna records.

Both children probably spent some time with their mother before they were split up and went to live with other families. So what were their first years like? Was their mother a good woman who tried to do the best she could for them and finally realized that she could do no more? And what was the young boy thinking and feeling as he walked along the country road to his new home?

In Kuffern Franz found a loving mother and a new family. It is impossible to know exactly what life on the farm was like, but probably very similar to that experienced by my mother and uncle a generation later. They remembered their grandmother as a loving woman with rosy cheeks and dark hair which she parted in the middle and pulled back into braids. The single story house had

two bedrooms, a kitchen/sitting room/dining room and an outhouse. Crops included corn, potatoes, cucumbers and green beans. Seeds were saved for planting the next spring. There were also apples, cherries and other fruits. The family kept chickens, a pig, a rabbit and a goat for milk. A wood-burning stove was used for cooking and provided heat for the house. The children gathered pinecones and kindling for the fire in the forest. They also picked mushrooms which supplemented or replaced meat. As the forest belonged to the Kaiser it was illegal to take anything from it; game wardens patrolled it but the children were able to evade them.

But life on the farm was hard and offered few opportunities; many youths from the country went to Vienna for better jobs and to help out with family finances. By 1905 Franz was working in Vienna as a coachman for a brewery. He was also courting Marie. They would marry in 1912 and their daughter Anna, called Anschi, would be born the next year. Eva Schlakhuber brought a bonnet for the new baby. Franz was at work at the time; when he came home he told his wife to throw it away, that his mother had given him away and he wanted nothing from her.

And so, one day as I considered what I had learned, I realized that I had more questions than answers:

- Why would a poor tenant farmer's wife suddenly decide to go into Vienna and adopt a child? Snf one too young to help out on the farm.
- Who was Eva Schlakhuber and where did she come from?
- Why did Eva, who years later would bring a gift for her granddaughter, give her children up? And how did she learn about the birth of Anschi?
- How was Leopoldine, only about eight years old when Franz was adopted, able to maintain contact with him?

It seemed likely to me that there was some sort of connection between the families and that the 'adoption' was somehow arranged or planned. When I shared these thoughts with my mother, she preferred to believe the stories she had been told. But I continue to wonder. The truth will probably remain hidden in the past, but I will continue my attempts to shed light on this story.

Dirty Rotten Scoundrel In The Tree

Mary Ann Clifford

Aunt Kate, my mother's oldest sister, enjoyed relaying the family lore. She was the one who remembered the stories and wanted to pass them on to the next generation. Kathleen Maria Walsh had been married twice. Her first husband died five years after their marriage. She remained a widow for twelve years and then married George Lincoln in her mid forties. Aunt Kate had no children and was like Auntie Mame to her nieces and nephews. With her encouragement and help, I started researching our Irish roots. Because of this experience, I enjoy helping others start their genealogical journey.

My friend, JoAnn, needed a diversion while recuperating from an operation. I suggested she research her family roots. She had excellent computer skills and boxes and boxes of family photographs, documents and memorabilia which her mother had stored away. She was raised in a multi-generational home which consisted of her mother, three siblings and her maternal grandparents.

We started getting organized and recording information in a genealogy program. I stressed the importance of documentation and citing it properly. Then we tackled Ancestry for census information and JoAnne was on her way. She was finding document after document online and in the boxes.

The maternal family lived Santa Cruz, California. Gertrude Stratton, JoAnn's grandmother, had married in 1924 at the age of 17. This marriage produced two daughters and ended in divorce in 1928 on grounds of non-support. The ex-husband later died in a bar fight. Two years later Gertrude remarried and had another daughter who was JoAnne's mother.

Like all family genealogist/historians when JoAnn made a new discovery or found something interesting she wanted to tell someone. One evening I was at her home and she mentioned that she found the marriage certificate of her Grandmother Gertrude's first marriage in one of the stored boxes. She was able to add this information to her family tree and wanted to show me. JoAnn opened her genealogy program to the March 1924 marriage of Gertrude Myrtle Stratton to Chester Lee Nazelrod of West Virginia.

"Oh My Gosh", I thought, that name is familiar. I said nothing but rushed home. On arrival, I opened my genealogy database. There it was - Chester Lee Nazelrod was the birth name of my Uncle George Lincoln, Aunt Kate's husband.

Now the rest of the story -

In 1980 Gertrude and her eldest daughter traveled to West Virginia to meet Chester's family. There had been sporadic correspondence throughout the years but no visits. At this meeting Chester's sister told Gertrude that Chester had been alive all these years and told his siblings if they ever told the California family he would disappear. She also told them Chester had

changed his name to George Lincoln, remarried, died in 1978, and had been on Admiral Byrd's second expedition to the South Pole.

My family was aware that George Lincoln's birth name was Chester Lee Nazelrod and knew his Nazelrod family. The family thought was who wouldn't change your name if it were Nazelrod?

Prior to his marriage to my aunt, Uncle George had been a merchant marine and member of the crew of the Bear of Oakland which took Admiral Byrd on his second Antarctic expedition 1933-1935. As a seaman George was not on the trek to Little America but remained on ship. The Bear of Oakland was put in dry dock for a six months overhaul in Dunedin, New Zealand before the return voyage to the states.

Aunt Kate married Chester/George December 1947 in Maryland. The family had no knowledge of the marriage to Gertrude Stratton.

I have not found George Lincoln or Chester Nazelrod in the 1930 or 1940 census.

I had another "Oh My Gosh" moment several years ago. Ancestry published the index to marriages of New Zealand. In December 1934 a Chester Lincoln Nazelrod married Margaret Isabel Reay in Dunedin. New Zealand digitized newspapers revealed several interesting articles. The marriage ended in divorce in 1940 on the ground of adultery. October 1932 Chester Lincoln Nazelrod aka "Slim Lincoln", a taxi driver, was on trial for breaking and entering and receiving stolen property. He was found not guilty of the 1st charge and guilty of the second. He was sentenced to two years imprisonment. Prior to sentence being passed, the police stated "he was a menace to young girls."

Ethel Aspinall – Land Army Girl in WWII

Christine Bell Green

“I’m the oldest person in Barkisland,” Aunt Ethel said proudly when I telephoned her one Sunday in May 2012. Sadly she didn’t hold that honor for long. She died in July, days before her 96th birthday, clinging to life to see her beloved nieces one last time. We fondly remembered the previous August when Ethel celebrated her 95th birthday with 16 relatives at a family reunion in the south of France. Aunt Ethel was my link to Yorkshire and England, my last close relative in Britain.

Ethel Aspinall, born in 1916 during WWI in England, was the youngest of three children. Harry and my mother Esme were 14 months apart but Ethel was seven years younger. She was born and raised in Doncaster and always lived in Yorkshire. She often jokingly commented on the large gap between herself and her older siblings, “I think I must have been a mistake.” Ethel had a wonderful sense of humor, a quick intelligence and was well-liked by all who knew her. She was beautiful in her youth but farm work weathered her.

In her 20s Ethel worked as a nanny. Shortly after WWII began on 3 September 1939 her employer was called up for Navy service. His wife and children moved in with grandparents and no longer needed a nanny. Unemployed, Ethel decided to help the war effort. Her first choice was the Women’s Royal Naval Service (WRNS) but she wasn’t accepted. However, Britain’s greatest war need was for women agricultural workers, so the Land Army, first organized during WWI, was reborn. Ethel joined the Land Army, enlisting at the Harrogate recruitment office. By 1943 she was one of 80,000 women in the Land Army.ⁱ

Ethel went to Moulton Agricultural College in Northampton for a month’s training in 1940. She spent her time with pigs and cows because the head dairyman thought she was a natural with animals – so that’s how her fate was decided. War work meant doing what was needed – and working on a farm was safer and pleasanter than the conditions in the trenches.ⁱⁱ So Ethel became a dairy maid and on Monday 28 October 1940 she started working on a small Pennine dairy farm. She didn’t expect to live there for almost 60 years!ⁱⁱⁱ

Life at Far Barsey Farm, Barkisland was hard. Ethel rose at 6.30 am to milk cows by hand before delivering milk locally, ladling it from a churn. Afternoons were spent feeding the pigs and hens followed by a short break before evening milking. Often she worked until after 8pm. She learned to drive to deliver milk – but, although she owned a car until she was 90 and her eyesight started to fail, Ethel was always an eccentric driver!



Ethel Aspinall in Land Army Uniform –
May 1941

Ethel worked 6 ½ days a week. Sundays were free except for milking cows and feeding animals. The farm owning Lumb family were pillars in the local Methodist church so only essential farm work was performed on Sundays. There was no milk delivery and hay was left lying in the fields. Ethel loved hay making season. Men from the local mill helped harvest after work. It was a fun-filled time but everyone worked in the fields until the light failed. Cutting and drying hay and collecting it before it rotted in the fields was not easy in cool damp Pennine summers. During hay-making Ethel worked longer than the 50 hours a week Land Army regulations allowed! Land Army life was not all work, the girls socialized together on weekends. I was surprised she never married a local farmer - I'm sure many had eyes on her. I later learned her fiancé, Jack, was killed in the war. Ethel never spoke of Jack or the war years, but she never married either. Land Army girls got two weeks holiday a year and Ethel took her holiday around her August birthday so she could visit her parents in Doncaster. My parents married on 10 August 1944, the day before Ethel's 28th birthday. Ethel was my mother's bridesmaid.

Land Army girls were important during WWII. They performed every farm job and helped supply Britain with much-needed food. The organization was disbanded in 1950 and most of the Land Girls went home. But Ethel stayed and worked at Far Barsey Farm until she retired. She said she liked outdoor life and didn't want to work in an office all day. And the men never returned to Barkisland because they found better-paying easier jobs in nearby towns. So Ethel stayed, worked on the farm and became almost a member of the family. Farming became easier over time. Milking became mechanized and tractors replaced horses— but the milking herd grew so Ethel's workload didn't decrease. Her favorite job was caring for the calves. She loved these babies and had a knack with animals, just as the Agricultural College dairyman observed in 1940. She cut back to part-time work at 65 and retired in her early 70s. The granddaughters of the original farmer who hired her in 1940 helped Ethel after she moved from the farm cottage to a flat in the village. They did her washing because she never owned a machine, took her on weekly shopping trips after she gave up driving and stopped by to visit almost daily.

The work of the Land Army girls was officially recognized in 2008, after most girls were deceased. Ethel couldn't attend the London ceremony but she proudly received a Land Army medal.^{iv} This recognition prompted the Yorkshire Post to write an article about Ethel, one of Yorkshire's Land Army girls.^v This article answered many questions about her life. I will never know what my Aunt's life have been if the war hadn't intervened, but my dear aunt will live on in the memories of the family and friends who knew and loved her. A determined woman, she lived life on her own terms.

ⁱ "WW2 – People's War," *BBC Home*,

(<http://www.bbc.co.uk/history/ww2peopleswar/timeline/factfiles/nonflash/a6652055.shtml>) : accessed 28 April 2017)

ⁱⁱ Jill Hopkins, "Keeping Up the War Effort", *The Yorkshire Post*, 19 March 2008

(<http://www.yorkshirepost.co.uk/news/analysis/keeping-up-the-war-effort-1-2494594>) : accessed 28 April 2017)

ⁱⁱⁱ Grace Harrison (Women's Land Army, Harrogate Yorkshire) to Miss Aspinall (Doncaster, Yorkshire). Letter. 26 October 1940. Privately held by Christine Bell Green, [ADDRESS FOR PRIVATE USE,] Half Moon Bay, California. 2015.

^{iv} Land army medal in the possession of Christine Bell Green, [ADDRESS FOR PRIVATE USE,] Half Moon Bay, California, 2015.

^v Jill Hopkins, "Keeping Up the War Effort", *The Yorkshire Post*, 19 March 2008

(<http://www.yorkshirepost.co.uk/news/analysis/keeping-up-the-war-effort-1-2494594>) : accessed 28 April 2017)

Authors

Bader, Diane

Daniel Joseph McSweeney p.1

Diane Bader is member of the Sacramento Genealogical Society, where she lives. She grew up in Menlo Park and Atherton, attending St. Joseph's School, College of Notre Dame and Stanford. Diane has written a book about her life in Menlo Park in the 1940s and early 1950s. She remembers when Silicon Valley was all fruit trees where people would come each spring to see the blossoms. Her father had a dental office in San Carlos and her mother and family were from San Francisco. Diane is a retired teacher, church musician and liturgist. She presently sings with the Consumnes River College Gospel Choir. Her book "Setting Donegal on Fire", about her great grandfather Daniel McSweeney, was launched in Falcarragh, Donegal, last August by the Minister of the Diaspora, Joe McHugh. You can contact Diane at kianna4064@gmail.com

Baxter, June

My Roommate p.9

June Baxter was born and raised in Palo Alto, lived and raised her three children in Campbell and has now retired to Half Moon Bay. June was a high school English and business teacher for 25 years and currently writes the senior page for the Half Moon Bay Review as well as editing and writing newsletters for the state parks and the HMB history association. She says she has little genealogical expertise, but her son is exploring her mother's history in Omaha, NE and she hopes to get more involved in the future. You can contact June at junebhmb@yahoo.com.

Blaine, Terry

Young William Herblin Crane Blaine p.40

Terry Blaine, a life member of SMC GS, has lived in the SF Bay area for over 60 years. She has attended, enjoyed and learned a lot from Mountain View-Los Altos adult ed. genealogy class at Hillview School for several years. Terry can be contacted at tblaine@caprop.com

Brown, Anna

Some things from Ancestor's estates which now reside with me p.19

Anna Brown is a long time SMC GS member. She has volunteered at many levels through the years.

Clifford, Mary Ann

Dirty Rotten Scoundrel in the Tree p.69

Mary Ann Clifford, has been a member a SMC GS from the beginning. She says her number, 66, might have been lower if she'd mailed her check earlier! Born in Washington DC and raised in western Maryland and Los Alamos, NM she has lived on the SF Peninsula for more than 50 years. Mary Ann started my genealogy research in January 1978 when I took a genealogy class at Sequoia H.S. with Carol Harless. There she met women who have remained dear friends for many years. Together they have spent many days at Bay area libraries and in SLC researching their elusive ancestors.

Coulter, Laurie

San Mateo County Pioneers p.6 Imagine San Mateo in the 1950s p.36

Laurie Coulter has been a member of SMC GS for 8 years. She was born in San Francisco but raised in San Mateo and has lived on the peninsula ever since. Her Dad was born in Woodside in the 1890s where the family had a farmhouse until the 1950s. She is actively working on her First Families Application. Laurie started taking classes from Gayle Simon and says "My classes led me to writing stories about my family as a way of sharing the family history which is so much more than a pedigree chart. Since I had no elders to ask, I decided that my own memories and those of my sister and cousins will have to do. I use research for gaps, but I inherited a lot of documents and photos which gain meaning and context in the stories. For now my focus remains on what we know collaboratively and what I can verify." You can contact Laurie at lpmcoulter@yahoo.com

Ebel, Barbara

The Courtship and Marriage of Angela Saso and George Otis Row p.34

Barbara Ebel is currently Secretary of SMC GS. She was born in San Francisco and moved to Redwood City in 1948 where she has lived since. Barbara first started working on her husbands genealogy in the 1980s while her sister worked on their family. Employment put a halt for twenty years, but a class with Gayle Simon got her going again. Other interests include hand quilting (she won a blue ribbon at the county fair for an antique Grandmother's Flower Garden), crocheting and knitting and baseball. She has been a SF Giants fan since they moved west; Willie Mays is her all time favorite player.

Gleed, John

Fire on Water p.60 1943: One thin Dime p.21

John Gleed, a life member of SMC GS, lived in Palo Alto for over 30 years. He recently moved to Chicago to be near family. He has been a major contributor to the SMC GS newsletter and a popular speaker for SMC GS and around the Bay Area, and his presence is sorely missed by all.

Gooding, Barbara

The Scottish Voyager p.11

Barbara Gooding was born in San Mateo and has lived in the Bay Area about 45 years. Barbara can be contacted at barbgooding@yahoo.com.

Green, Christine Bell

Ethel Aspinall- Land Army Girl in WWII p.71

Chris Green is a professional genealogy research and teacher who has been working on her family genealogy for the past 15 years. She is the immediate past president of SMC GS and the current Seminar Chair and teaches beginner to advanced genealogy classes at Palo Alto and Mountain View/Los Altos Adult Schools four days a week. She enjoys the summers when she isn't teaching because she finally has time to work on her own family.

Harris, Jennifer

February 1942 p.4 The Wedding p.17

Jennifer Wellington Harris is a retired secondary teacher who taught science for three years at Fleming Junior High in for the Los Angeles Unified School District, nineteen years at Ukiah High School in Ukiah, California, and one year at the International School of Lusaka in Lusaka, Zambia. In 1986 she received the Presidential Award for Excellence in Science Teaching for California. She retired in 1991 continuing as an Educational Consultant and a teacher and student teacher evaluator for Dominican College's credentialing program in Ukiah. She became interested in genealogy in the 1950s and has been researching off and on ever since. In 2003 she moved to the Sequoias Portola Valley where she now lives.

Hedencamp, Eleanor

A Family for Franz p.67

Eleanor (Ellie) Hedenkamp has been a member of SMCGS for about five years, this time round. She was born in Chula Vista (San Diego) and has lived in the Bay Area since graduating from Stanford 50 years ago. Ellie is a retired nurse and lactation consultant (I really enjoyed working with and empowering people) who now focuses on native plant gardening, crafts, and travel as well as family history. Ellie adds, "Compared to most, I do very little research as I have a wealth of old letters, photos and documents which I am translating, organizing and beginning to publish, mainly for family and friends. My parents were born in Germany and Austria and I have met family in both countries. Currently my favorite ancestors are Franz Schlakhuber (whom I wrote about) and Hilda, a sister of my father, who wrote some wonderful memories of her life. I have many of the Feldpost cards (post cards from active duty) from Franz before he was killed in World War I and they, as well as the questions around his birth, inspired my work on the story of his life." You can contact Ellie at e.hedenkamp@stanfordalumni.org.

Ingalls, Kay

Murphy Family Tragedy p.29

Kay Ingalls was born in Palo Alto and currently lives in Mountain View. She retired as a teacher and principal after 41 years and now enjoy taking classes and volunteering. I am at the intermediate level of genealogical expertise and really enjoy sharing any "brick walls" people break down.

Kelly, Jim

Notes of My Grandfather's Early Years in San Mateo County p.25

Jim Kelly is a long-time member of SMCGS and also a very active member of the San Mateo County Historical Association. He has been a docent at the Woodside Store for about 30 years. Born in San Francisco, Jim was raised in Burlingame and has lived in San Mateo for the last 35 years. He worked for the City of Burlingame in the Public Works division before retiring. Jim keeps his family tree on Ancestry.com and actively adds cousins in the hope that he will find more DNA matches. You can contact Jim at jimkelly192003@yahoo.com.

Kelly, Sandy

Choices p.54

Sandy Kelly was born in Berkeley, California, and has lived in Danville, Walnut Creek, Berkeley, Sunnyvale and Los Altos Hills. Sandy started seriously doing genealogy when she retired in 2003 from her lifelong occupation as a children's librarian. Before taking up genealogy as a hobby, she raised angora rabbits for 20 years and learned to spin their wool. Sandy can be contacted at sandykelly05@comcast.net

Maness, Dennis

A Decision Maker p.20 Saved by a Hymn p.66 The Death of Frank Duncan p.53

Dennis Maness has been a member of SMC GS for more years than he can remember. He moved from Los Angeles to [San Francisco during the Summer of Love](#), 50 years ago. Dennis is a retired librarian and considers himself an amateur genealogist, although he's been at it since 1977. He is also a [great photographer](#); his other major hobby. Dennis says his favorite ancestor is W.T.F. Coles (solely because of the initials), with Pleasant Monday placing a close second. You can contact Dennis at dennis.maness@comcast.net and see his photography by clicking on links above.

Plass, Susan

Martin Gulford Lee: My Eccentric GGG Grandfather p.56

Sanford Thomas Sharp: How do you Solve a Problem Like Lusetta? P.23

Susan Plass was born and raised in the Quad Cities (IL). She arrived in the Bay Area in 1976 when her husband came for school and has remained ever since. Susan became interested in her genealogy at the age of 12, actively started pursuing it in 1979 and her passion became more intense when she retired in 2004. Susan explains that interest at the age of 12 started with two relatives....*"One Thanksgiving my family went to my father's Aunt Edith's home for dinner. My cousin and I were sent across the railroad tracks to play in the cemetery to get us out of the way. We found our great grandparents, Olof and Helena, and next to them Aunt Edith's brothers, Henry and Tanny. But who was Roland, next to them, a little boy who died at the age of 3? Running back to the house, we asked Aunt Edith, and she replied, "I don't know." It took me several decades to stumble upon the answer to that riddle."* Ask her about that and to share the second story about Martin above.

Siulinski, Craig

The Albert Legacy

Craig Siulinski is a native of Maine, who has lived in the Bay Area on and off since 1991. Craig has spoken on Using Blogs for Sharing your Family History and Life Story Writing to various genealogical societies including CGS. His favorite ancestor is Jan Dyckman who immigrated to New Amsterdam in 1661. You can contact Craig at sharinglegacies@gmail.com

Spearing, Connie

The Grandmother I didn't See p.14

Connie Spearing is actually Cornelia. She was meant to be a boy and was named for my grandfather, Cornelius Spearing of Cressona Pennsylvania. Her father's family were recent Irish immigrants and her mother's family had a long history in the United States, settling mainly in Illinois. Connie joined SMC GS earlier this year after reading a book by Buzzy Jackson called "Shaking the Family Tree" in which a whole chapter told how helpful her local genealogical society was in her research. Connie states, "Buzzy was right! I have already enjoyed two workshops and become acquainted with both the Family History Center in Menlo Park and the genealogy collection at the Canada College Library. On a cautionary note, other than singing in my church choir, I have become so addicted to family history research that I don't have time for much else. I'm even interested in other people's families and the way we intersect to create history. I'd appreciate any hints people have on maintaining better balance. "

Tanke, Sara

Stanford Village, Menlo Park

Sara Tanke, an on and off member of SMC GS for several years. has lived in the SF Bay area since 1959. Prior to that she lived in Pocatello, Idaho and Fayette, Missouri. Sara has been passionately engaged in genealogical research and writing about her family history since 2004. You can contact Sara at tankesara@gmail.com.

Taylor, Suesan

Joseph Charles Westwood: Baseball Man p.31

Suesan Westwood Taylor is a brand new member of SMC GS, and says she is an absolute novice to genealogy. Playing bass with the Peninsula Symphony, babysitting her 5 year old twin granddaughters, and work all make claims on her time. Suesan has worked in the biotech industry for the last forty years in regulatory/compliance and, as a consultant since 2001. She focuses primarily on start-ups needing to pass their FDA and ISO (international) requirements in order to commence with clinical trials and/or commercialization. She loves the feeling of being a "jacqueine" of all trades as she helps the startups pass their initial milestones. Suesan and her husband, Professor Emeritus of Behavioral Medicine at Stanford, have lived in San Francisco and Stanford since 1977, both originally came from the Salt Lake City area. If you want to know about her favorite story, read her account of Grandpa Charles Westwood.

Wallbrink, Cindy

A Picture worth a thousand years p.63

Cindy is a native Californian, who has lived in Santa Clara County for the majority of her life. She enjoys reading non-fiction books related to history, science, and health. Gardening, staying fit, and visiting museums and places of historic interest. Cindy adds "I have a hearing loss, which creates communication challenges no matter where I go or what I do. Fortunately I have available technology to help me stay connected as best I can."

Wilson, Diane Elaine and Harold Augustine Lane 1921-2004

Ginger p.33

Diane Wilson has lived in the SF Bay Area her entire life. She is a retired computer programmer who considers herself an intermediate level genealogist. Her other hobby is geocaching. Hal and Ginger were 1st cousins, their mothers were sisters. Ginger was Diane's Aunt, the oldest sister of her father. You can contact Diane at mistycity@gmail.com