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The Livermore Roots Tracer



Livermore-Amador Genealogical Society

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Number 1

Membership News

Welcome to Our New Members

Mary H. Gandrud, Saratoga, California; **Cleophus O'Guinn**, Dublin, California

We are grateful for the generosity of these members of L-AGS:

Patrons

Joel F. Gelderman, Cheryl Kay Speaks, David E. Steffes, Duncan Tanner

Benefactors

David and Jolene Abrahams, Sandra Caulder, Ralph J. Crouse, Marilyn A. Cutting, Gary B. Drummond and Anna T. Siig, Ted and Gail Fairfield, Richard and Wanda Finn, Jeanette and Martin Froeschner, Richard and Jean Lerche, Cindy McKenna, David and Bernice Oakley, Madelon Palma, Betty Ryon, Ileen J. Peterson, Susan and Terry Silva, Carl Webb, Peggy Weber, Rhett Williamson

Total membership as of Jan. 24, 2009: **258 individuals**

Meeting News

General Meetings are held on the second Tuesday of the month at 7:30 p.m. at Congregation Beth Emek, 3400 Nevada Court, Pleasanton.

The Family Tree Maker Group meets on the first Thursday of the month, except during the summer, at 7:30 p.m. at Almond Avenue School, Livermore.

FTM Chair *ftm.chair@L-AGS.org*

FTM Forum *ftm.group@L-AGS.org*

The Study Group meets on the fourth Thursday of every month except November and December at

7:30 p.m., at the LDS Church, 950 Mocho Street, Livermore.

Study Group Chair *study.chair@L-AGS.org*

Study Group Forum *study.group@L-AGS.org*

The Master Genealogist Group meets on the third Saturday of the month, from 9 a.m. to 12 noon, at 7077 Koll Center Parkway, Suite 110, Pleasanton.

TV-TMG Chair *tvtmg.chair@L-AGS.org*

TV-TMG Forum *tvtmg.group@L-AGS.org*

L-AGS Leadership for 2009

President	president@L-AGS.org	Barbara Huber
First VP and Program Chair	program@L-AGS.org	Derrell Bridgman
Second VP and Membership Chair	membership@L-AGS.org	Kevin Gurney
Corresponding Secretary	corresponding@L-AGS.org	Barbara Hempill
Recording Secretary	recording@L-AGS.org	Anne Les
Business Manager	business@L-AGS.org	Larry Hale

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A Message from Our New President, Barbara Huber

Dear L-AGS Members,

I am going to begin my first message as President of L-AGS by telling you something about myself. Many of you may know me but some of you may not. If you have been in any of the Livermore Libraries over the past 43 years you may have seen me behind the counter. I started working for the Livermore Library in December 1962 and retired in June 1995 and I still work as a substitute.

I became interested in L-AGS about seven years ago when a friend invited me to go with her to a meeting. We attended a number of meetings and then both joined. During this period of time I have researched both of my parents' ancestors.

I located a number of ancestors who fought in the Revolutionary War and was able to join DAR through one of my father's ancestors. I love doing research in books and online and have made several trips to Salt Lake City. My favorite project is working in the genealogy booth at the Alameda Co. Fair.

I was Program Chairman for L-AGS a couple of years ago and enjoyed working with the Board. I especially want to thank Jane Southwick and Kay Speaks for all their help getting programs. During those two years I was a Grand Representative to West Virginia for Eastern Star and I had to do a lot of traveling.

I am excited about being the President of L-AGS but also a little nervous. I was told that it wasn't too difficult and that the Board and Membership are very helpful.

Barbara

Recipes and Roots

The Holm Family Cookbook

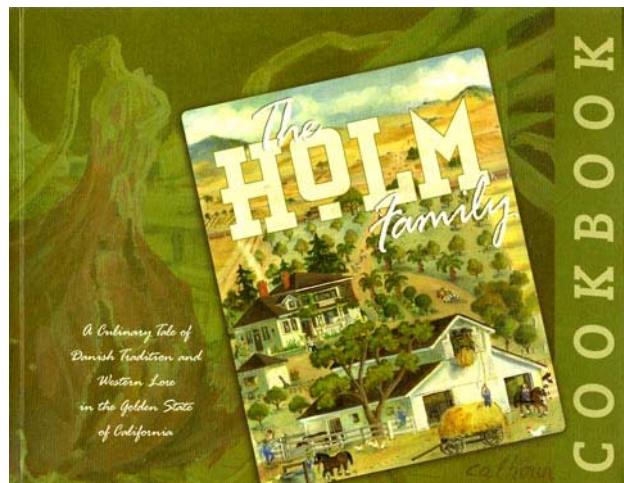
by Marie Ross

If you would like to preserve some of your family history in a charming form you may follow the lead of Marilyn ("Tilli") Holm Calhoun, one of our L-AGS members. She and some of her Holm Family descendants, Patsy Neely and Wendy Howe, Susie and Merry Calhoun, and Nancy Mueller, have gathered artwork, photographs, family history and recipes and woven them together in to a wonderful cookbook replete with memories. *The Holm Family Cookbook*, with Tilli's painting of the Circle H Holm Farm on the cover, is fun to read even if you aren't a family member.

For years, Tilli has been sending Christmas cards decorated with her own paintings, with family recipes on the back. She was struck with the idea of giving her family a grand memento.

Tilli recounted a Danish saying in her family: "Most people eat to live, but Danes live to eat." On Christmas Eve Day there is a family luncheon, and the tree and Santa on Christmas Eve. After a busy December 24th, Christmas Day is for sharing with friends.

I think we all *wish* to share our family history, but Tilli has *done* it with this labor of love!



Restored Photo Enhances My Family Memories

Wendy Ellison Rosenkilde

In the summer of 1907, my grandparents (upper right corner) gathered with my grandmother's family, perhaps for a memorial service for Great-Aunt Eva's husband, Cadman Glass. Great-Aunt Eva is holding a handkerchief and her young son is at her left hand.

On the back of the photo, my uncle identified many of the people, all living before he was born. In the



1940s when he made his notations, the smear in the upper left must have been on the picture. When I decided to try to restore the photo, the task proved impossible on my home computer and I turned to the internet and found PHOJOE. My cousin in Atlanta had the original and was reluctant to part with it; however, FEDEX came through safely and I took the original to FEDEX Kinko's and used their Sony scanner to make a 600 dpi copy.

PHOJOE made quick work of restoring the photo once they had the high dpi scan to work with. Because I am delighted with their work, I wanted to share the news of this friendly and very competent restoration company. The cost was about \$40.

Nearly all the people have been identified. A cousin in Florida may be able to identify her grandfather as the handsome man who appeared out of the mist of the terrible blur in the left corner. I believe his wife is standing behind her mother, Mary Lovina Crouch

Boyle, the much beloved grandmother of my father and his sisters. In October 1907, Mary Boyle became Mrs. Peter Bellen, of Crawford County, Pennsylvania, and it is my thought that it was Peter who took this picture. "Grandma Bellen," as she was later known, is seated third from the left in the center next to her brother. Her son, Will, and his three-year-old are seated next to her. The photo includes Will's sisters, Emma, Eva, Flora, Maude, and my grandmother Bessie Boyle Ellison.

In my collection of photos, I have a subsequent picture of the Boyle Family taken in 1934. These Boyles are descendants of Charles Steadman Boyle, a Revolutionary War patriot, who enlisted with his father, Charles Boyle, and his brother, Job (who died in the War), near Claverack, New York. Throughout my childhood, and still today, each August the meeting of the Descendants of Charles S. Boyle convenes in Meadville, Pennsylvania. I remember the calling of the names, the births, deaths and mar-



riages in the family. I remember the Nehi orange soda and the homemade pies. And I remember the fun of playing with my cousins, which I like to think the children in the 1907 photo had to suspend to sit ever so long for this now-cherished photo. While all are gone from this earth, the memories and stories of these good people are immeasurably enhanced by this wonderfully restored photo.



G. R. O. W.

Genealogy Resources On the Web — The Page That Helps Genealogy Grow!

Compiled by Frank Geasa

If your ancestors trace to the river valleys of New York State in the Albany area, you will want to visit this Three Rivers site. It offers a superabundance of digitized genealogical information for that region. Click the site map button under helpful links to find local histories, tax rolls, genealogies, old maps and much more.

<http://threerivershms.com/>

This site has many interesting transcriptions of late 1800s newspaper articles and notices taken from Oakland Tribune (California). It has marriages, censuses, wills and much more. If you not too queasy read the article titled "A Ghastly Spectacle" under cemeteries.

<http://www.oaklandgenealogy.com/transcriptions.html>

If your English ancestors happen to hale from Sheffield, Yorkshire, England, this site is a great volunteer effort of the Sheffield Indexers to index all manner of genealogical record collections related to that city.

<http://www.sheffieldindexers.com/AboutIndex.html>

If your research takes you to Tuolumne County, California, you might want to check the website of The History Resource Center of the Groveland Yosemite Gateway Museum. It offers a resident name list, along with birth and death information for many. It also has a number of family charts.

<http://www.grovelandmuseum.org/genealogy/index.htm>

This Ships List site has some very interesting articles as well as the transcriptions of many ship lists including some recently added by the Canadian National Archives (1865-1900). Internal links within some of the articles such as "Famine Emigrants" list ship orphans and their fate.

<http://www.theshipslist.com/1847/index.htm>

The Birmingham Public Library (Alabama) has several online indexes available including church registers, inventors' database and newspaper obituaries.

<http://bpldb.bplonline.org/>

If your ancestry includes Sicily, Italy, this growing Cantanzaro Exchange site has digitized images of civil vital records for communities in that province.

It also has links to exchange sites for several other Sicilian provinces.

<http://www.catanzaroexchange.com/>

The Texarkana USA Genealogical Society has marriage and death indexes online for both Bowie County, Texas and Miller County, Arkansas.

<http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~txkusa/GenSoc.html>

This new but growing site has birth, marriage and death indexes for Provence and Alpes in southeastern, France. There is an English introduction and the records, though in French, are easily interpreted.

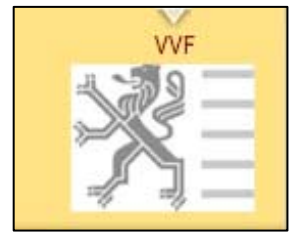
<http://www.genealogy-provence.com/>

This Nebraska State Historical Society has online indexes available for Civil War Veterans, prisoners, land tract books and over 250,000 World War 1 draft registrations.

<http://www.nebraskahistory.org/databases/index.html>

If you have Flemish roots, this site has minimal English help but some patient effort could yield big rewards. The SVVF is an umbrella group for genealogical organizations in the Flanders portion of Belgium. Its site has transcriptions of extensive vital record collections, some starting in the 16th century. Use the Externe Databanken button to link to the holdings organized by province.

<http://svvf.be/>



This Oregon State Historical Index at the state archives covers all manner of records including births in the city of Portland.

<http://genealogy.state.or.us/>

The Utah State Archives has a number of indexes online including birth, death and several others. Read the linked page to see what is available.

<http://archives.utah.gov/research/indexes/>

*Alviso Family History in Pleasanton***Wander a Timeline from 2008 A.D. Back to 3240 B.C.**

By Patrick M. Lofft

Pleasanton's recently opened Alviso Adobe Community Park contains three buildings, the adobe (one of the oldest structures in the city), the "milking barn," and the "bunkhouse." The interpretive park sits on seven acres of land surrounded by centuries-old oak trees, along Foothill Road, overlooking the city. The adobe house was constructed in 1854 by Francisco Alviso for his wife, Isabelle, and 10 children as listed on the 1860 census (indexed as Francis Alvess). It is a rare surviving example of an early American adobe that was continuously in use until 1969. Census records indicate that the Alviso family continued to live there until the 1880s.

Visitors enter the park from a 30-space parking lot at 3461 Old Foothill Road, 1.1 mile south from Foothill High School and 0.4 mile north from Bernal Avenue. The Alviso Adobe is listed on the California State Register of Historic Places (Site 510) as a unique location that demonstrates an exceptional intersection of culture and history.

The tour starts at a Spanish-style arch entryway, stepping over pavement marked "2008 Alviso Adobe Community Park Opens." Near the entrance is a small amphitheater with a fire pit bordered by



The Francisco Alviso adobe, built in 1854, now surrounded by a beautiful new park in Pleasanton. The park contains many authentic interpretive exhibits to delight local-history buffs.

boulders from Montana as seats. Like a portal to a different time, the path continues through other points of historical significance—such as the closing of the Meadowlark Dairy in 1969—and it leads through a grove of original and new trees and onto a footbridge over the seasonal creek, ending atop the hill marked "3240 B.C. Native American Occupation." The footbridge was made with wood from Brazil, which is said to be denser than oak and won't need maintenance over its long lifespan. On the north side of the property is a small orchard of plum trees, the hard-to-find type that was originally grown there.

The Alviso Adobe Community Park interprets three distinct periods of history by revealing or recreating artifacts and architecture from the site.

1. Native American bedrock mortar, as well as other Native American artifacts, is made accessible and interpreted by signage and museum-style display boards. Within the park sit boulders with distinctive markings made by Ohlone Indians. The boulders were used to grind acorns into flour and may have had other ceremonial uses, according to an archaeological firm hired by the city.

2. In addition, the Californians period is presented in the form of the fully and accurately restored Alviso Adobe, complete with period furnishing. In the early 1900s the adobe still had a dirt floor and burlap ceiling. Surrounding it were fields of sugar beets and grain, farmed by Chinese workers.

3. Recreating the historic milking barn and bunkhouse highlights the adobe's dairy period. It appears that by 1860 the Alvisos were running a dairy on the property, perhaps one of the first in the area. Dairying became big business in the Amador Valley by the mid-1900s. There were six dairies totaling 1,250 head of

milk cows in 1949 according to historical records.

The historical occupation of the adobe spans three eras from 1854 to 1969:

1. Spanish occupation and development during the early American period;
2. tenant farming associated with and during an intense period of water rights and acquisition and development during the late 1800s and early 1900s;
3. and a period of major development and increasing regulation in the dairy industry.

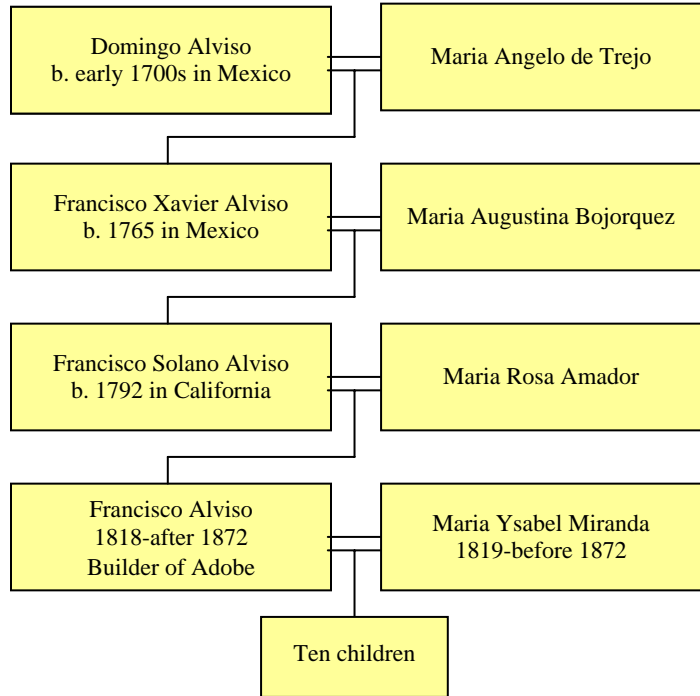
TIMELINE OF EVENTS:

- 3240 B.C - Native American Occupation
- 1797 - Mission San Jose Established
- 1839 - Santa Rita Rancho Land Grant
- 1854 - Alviso Adobe Built
- 1881 - Water Company Ownership, Tenant Farmers
- 1906 - San Francisco earthquake
- 1919 - Meadowlark Dairy Opens
- 1969 - Meadowlark Dairy Closes
- 1993 - City of Pleasanton Acquires Land
- 2008 - Alviso Adobe Community Park Opens

The adobe tells the story of the immense ranches established during the Spanish colonial and Mexican land-grant periods. The 1906 San Francisco earthquake damaged the building, leaving large cracks in the walls and chimney; the cracks have been mended. Walkways around the boulders used to grind acorns into flour allow public access to them while protecting them from harm.

The Francisco Alviso adobe is located on lands that were once a portion of the two-league Rancho Santa Rita, first petitioned for by Jose Dolores Pacheco in June 1834. On April 10, 1839, Governor Juan B. Alvarado officially granted Rancho Santa Rita, originally part of and known as Rancho Valle de San Jose, to Dolores Pacheco. Pacheco claimed to

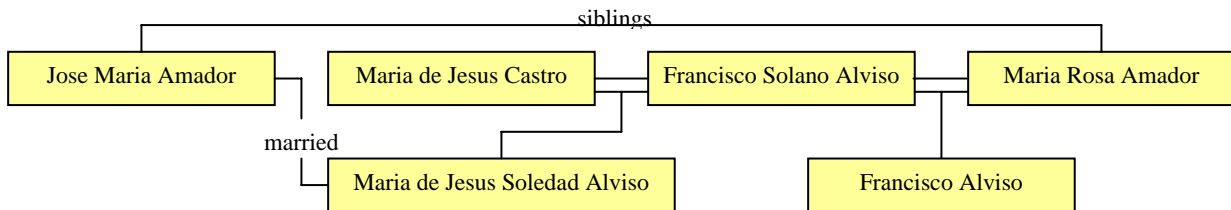
Pedigree of Francisco Alviso



have actually acquired the rancho in 1830. The rancho was bounded on the north by Rancho San Ramon, owned by Jose Maria Amador, Francisco’s uncle, and on the east and south by Rancho Valle de San Jose, owned by Juan and Augustin Bernal and their brother-in-law Antonio Sunol.

Family

The Amador and Alviso families were closely intermarried. Francisco Alviso, born in 1818, was the son of Francisco Solano Alviso (1792-) and Rosa Amador (1797-1825). Rosa was the sister of Jose Maria Amador. Francisco Solano has been identified incorrectly as the owner/builder of the extant Alviso adobe. Amador’s third wife, Maria de Jesus Soledad Alviso, was the daughter of Francisco Solano Alviso and his second wife, Maria de Jesus Castro, making her the half sister of Francisco Alviso. Although Francisco Solano Alviso spent



The tangled kinship ties of Francisco Alviso, typical among the Californios. Francisco’s half-sister was married to his uncle. Note how many person names have been perpetuated in California place names.

some time on Amador's ranch in the early 1840s, he also lived in Branciforte (East Santa Cruz) where he was the alcalde in 1844. He later moved to "the Pinole" on the ranch of Briones or Martinez.

In 1860, an Indian family of four was living in an adjacent house on either Alviso or Bernal lands. Hele, the head of the Indian household, was a blacksmith. The 1860 Agricultural census for Francisco Alviso states that he owned 200 acres that were unimproved, valued at \$1,000. He had seven horses, 30 milch cows, and 100 other cattle, all valued at \$2,000. It appears that the Alvisos were running a dairy on the property, perhaps one of the first in the area.

James and Christian (née Davie) Kirkwood

Family Lore vs. the Documentary Facts: Nothing Was Right

By Mildred Kirkwood

I have searched for years to find the immigration record of James Kirkwood and his wife, Christian Kirkwood, born Davie. (Christian was a common name for women in Scotland at that time.) The family story was that they arrived in Boston in 1820 and that they had to be smuggled aboard ship in England because he was a craftsman—a glassblower. Their son, Joseph (my great-grandfather) was supposedly born during the voyage.

Since Ancestry now has immigration records, I tried to find them on that site, at first without success. Eventually, as new records were added, I did find them on Ancestry.

The actual ship's list shows James Kirkwood, male, age 23, Mechanic; Christie, female, age 20 and Joseph, male, age 1. I think "Christian" must have been pronounced "Christie Ann" and somehow only the first part got on the list. Obviously, Joseph was born some time before they sailed from Liverpool. When I located the typed list, it had the same information except that Christie had become Chester!

The list was signed by Captain P. Morris and says that they arrived in New York harbor (Not Boston) on November 30, 1822 (not 1820) from Liverpool. The ship was listed as the "ship Manchester Packet." (1)

I researched Manchester Packet and found that it was a company with many ships, none of which was named the Manchester, and the company had not been founded until 1823 - a year after James and Christian landed in New York.

Volunteer positions of many kinds are open at the Alviso Adobe Community Park. Docents meeting with the public are invited to wear period costumes. For information, contact Heather Rizzoli at the Museum on Main in Pleasanton, (925) 462-2766 or:

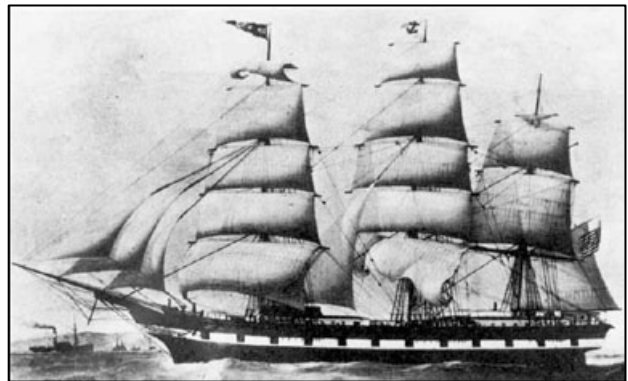
<mailto:volunteers@museumonmain.org>

Sources:

"Cultural Resource Investigations at Alviso Adobe Community Park," available for reading at the Museum on Main, Pleasanton.

U.S. Censuses, various years.

"Some Alta California Pioneers, Volume I," by Dorothy Mutnick, in the Pleasanton Library.



A Packet ship, whose primary mission was carrying mail, but which also carried cargo and passengers.

Further research revealed that the Packet ships were so named because they carried the mail, as well as cargo and passengers. They were two- or three-masted 10 gun brigs.(2) They essentially began in 1691 and continued until 1823, when the British Navy took over the Packet business, replacing the older ships with excess Navy ships. A company was then formed called the Manchester Packet, which had several Packet ships. In 1830, these ships began to be replaced by steamships. The last Packet ship arrived in Falmouth, Cornwall, on April 30, 1851.(3)

1. National Archives Series No. M237, Microfilm Roll M237_3, List Number 590

2. http://www.falmouth.tv/packet_ships.php

3. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Packet_ship

How I Stumbled into Genealogy

A follow-on to a presentation given at the December 2008 general meeting

By Frank Geasa

While growing up, I gave little thought to genealogy or family history. For one thing, on my father's side, both he and his father lost their mothers before they were teenagers. With widower fathers having to still support several children, I suspect there wasn't much time for discussion of family tales. On my mother's side, things were a little better. We were very close with her family and my maternal grandmother was still alive when I was in my teens. Still, whether it was the times or the conditions, any discussion of family beyond the immediate family was very rare. I cannot remember any mention of either my mother's or father's cousins although there were many of them in New York City where we lived until I was 10.

In 1990, while attending the marriage of a first cousin in Massachusetts, I was introduced to a first cousin of my mother who was visiting from Ireland.

Mary was a lady then in her early 70s and was accompanied by her married daughter, Meg. Over the course of the three-day celebration I had several casual conversations with my new found second cousin, Meg, and she issued an invitation, should I ever be in Ireland, to come visit her. We kept in contact through Christmas cards over the next few years.

In 1996 my wife Sonia and I planned a trip to England and Ireland with another couple, very close and long time friends from New York. While we had taken several short trips to New England with this couple, they were hesitant to take an overseas trip as his mother had been in a coma for a number of years.

After more than 6 years, they received an invitation to a family wedding in Newry, Northern Ireland, and decided to take a chance and go. I contacted

Meg and she invited us to visit her home in Adare, just outside Limerick, Ireland.

The plan was to meet our friends in London, tour there for several days and then travel by train to visit her aunt and uncle near Manchester. After a day we were to fly from Manchester to Dublin, then drive southwest to sightsee for a day or two in County Tipperary, whence I knew both my maternal grandparents had emigrated. From there, we

planned to drive a couple days, touring in the areas of Cork and Killarney before heading northwest to Meg's home in Adare. After that it was going to be another couple of days driving to visit Galway, Athlone and back to Dublin before heading north to Newry and

several days of wedding celebration.

The first part of our trip occurred as planned. We toured London and visited our friends' aunt and uncle. We were ready to leave for the airport in Manchester when we received word that our friend's mother had passed away without coming out of her long coma. Naturally, they had to return home immediately. We, on the other hand, decided to fly to Dublin anyway and figure out how to proceed now that we would have several more days available. I called Meg, told her the situation and asked for suggestions. She suggested that we proceed to Cashel in County Tipperary where her younger sister Anne resided. She then arranged a room for us in a Bed and Breakfast in Cashel and told us to call Anne when we arrived.

We arrived in Cashel early that evening, checked into the B&B and called Anne who arrived at the B&B shortly. When she entered the sitting room, I was struck by the fact that with her coal black hair, she was almost the spitting image of a first cousin back in Florida. After introductions and some small

Google Maps

A marvelous new tool for genealogists is "Google Maps." This free service can be put to good use to pinpoint all of the 14 localities in Ireland mentioned in this article. Go to

<http://maps.google.com>

and enter the place name in the search box. For instance, Boherlahan is truly just a wide place in the road, but it is easily found. You may have to back off in magnification to get a displayable image. A bonus is to enjoy all of the delightful Irish place names in the vicinity: Ballysheehan, Bohernacusha, Aughnagomaun. In some cases, like Cashel, you may have to enter Cashel, Tipperary, to avoid getting Cashel, Donegal.

talk about our situation, she invited us out to dinner at a nice restaurant where she sometimes worked as the hostess. Over a fine meal she told us about her family and said she had arranged for an older cousin to spend time with us the next day. She indicated she wouldn't be available as she had to work.

The next morning, right after breakfast, Anne arrived to drive us to the older cousin's home. When we arrived at her house in Boherlahan, just north of Cashel, this bubbly lady in her seventies greeted me with a big hug, a kiss and "cousin Frank, it is great to meet you." After giving my wife the same treatment, she invited us all into her house. Anne indicated she had to leave for work but then asked Kitty what her plans were. When Kitty explained that she had arranged several visits and stops over the next couple of days, Anne decided to call in and excuse herself from work that day. In the ensuing conversation, Kitty told me several times that she was going to acquaint me with my "true" family, the Faheys. I remembered that my grandmother, Anne Leamy, at some point told me her mother was Nancy Fahey. I learned from Kitty that her name was actually Anne and Nancy is a variant of the name.

When we were ready to start visiting, Anne decided she would drive. This allowed Kitty to point out various farms as we traveled the approximately 10 miles to our first stop. This farm belonged to your grandmother and that farm belonged to your uncle, etc, etc. At first it was confusing since she made no distinction as to which generation the grandmother or the uncle belonged. I was continually asking questions, trying to analyze and sort it out. Looking back, I believe this was when the genealogy bug started to set in. Our first stop was at the farm of a bachelor, Dan Leamy. Hearing that American cousins were visiting, Dan's married sister Kathleen had come to his house to bring cakes and to set up a tea served from very fine china. Dan and Kathleen were quick to note that we related closer than many because we were double cousins, our two Fahey grandmothers had married two Leamy grandfathers. Today I smile when I think that the relationship is that of double second cousins once removed. When I mentioned this to Anne later, she pointed out that in Ireland, even third cousins are considered close if they are in the same area. This she indicated may have had something to do with the fact that so many emigrated away to far off lands that those remaining behind clung to any



Original Fahey house at Glenough built on farm in 1860s using American timbers carried by immigrant ships returning to Ireland. Today it is a machine shop and animal birthing barn.

family that remained. She had taken me to Kitty because her mother, Mary, was both best friend and second cousin to Kitty.

We left Dan Leamy's farm in heavy downpour and made a quick drive past the farm where my grandmother, Anne Leamy, grew up. The farm is no longer owned by a Leamy. Shortly thereafter, with the rain still pouring, Kitty yelled for Anne to stop the car. Anne, thinking something was wrong screeched to a halt. Fortunately, on our narrow farm road, no one was close behind us. We sat in front of another farm house and Kitty had Anne blow the car horn several times. A young teenage girl came out, acknowledged Auntie Kitty and asked what she needed. Kitty told her to go get her father. Her father came out carrying an umbrella and Kitty introduced him to me as Jim Murphy and told him who we were. He asked several times if we wanted to come in, all the time standing in the pouring rain. Kitty however explained that we had many places to visit. When we resumed driving, Anne asked Kitty what that was all about. Kitty explained that Jim was the same relationship to me as Dan Leamy and that when Jim found out we had been to Dan's, if we hadn't stopped she would never cease hearing about it.

Our next stop was to be at a Leamy cemetery located next to a now closed church. To get there we would have had to go across very muddy fields. We all passed on that option, so Kitty then directed us to a large family shrine constructed along the road next to the fields. After viewing the shrine, we started towards our next stop and Anne started singing a little ditty he mother taught her. It recounted

the travel of one of my grandmother's sisters, Bridget Leamy, who left the farm and went to Brussels, Belgium, to work as a nanny for a Belgian count. Singing very quickly, Anne told of each leg of the journey and the mode of transportation used as Biddy went across Ireland, Wales, England, the English Channel, France and finally Belgium. My wife was so fascinated by the ditty and the speed with which Anne delivered it that she asked for several encores. It was about this point that I found out Anne's mother Mary had been something of a family historian and that Anne herself had previously worked at the Irish Heritage Centre in Cashel. I also learned that during World War II Bridget was evacuated with the count's family to England where they were the guests of the English royal family.

Our final stop that day was to a farm at Glenough, presently owned and operated by Kitty's brother Michael and his son Philip. The farm is unusual in that it has been worked by the same Catholic family since the 1840s, first as lessees and then as owners. When I asked Michael how the family managed this, he answered that it was a combination of having a good landlord, good luck and hard work. The farm sits on a level about half way up a large 500 foot high hill and the front of the property commands a view which, on a clear day I'm told, lets you see 5 counties. From Michael, I learned that my great-great-grandmother came to the farm as a bride and the original house, a very sturdy building, now serves as a machine shop and animal birthing barn. I also found that Michael was something of a local historian and from him I learned that two of my Leamy family played on the first all Ireland hurling championship team from Tipperary. When he learned I was retired from the military, he told me of a Major John Fahey, born on the farm and a first cousin of my grandmother. A Catholic priest, he migrated to Australia. When the World War I broke out, he volunteered as an army chaplain and accompanied the troops during the 8 month horrific battle of Gallipoli, Turkey. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Order (DSO) for gallantry under fire, and saw further service in France and Flanders. Michael gave me a copy of an Australian newspaper article describing one of several large receptions held for him upon his return to Australia. Then, if I wasn't already getting very interested in my Irish family at this point, Philip sealed it when he asked "How long are you to home for?" When I indicated we would be returning to California in

about a week, he told me I had misunderstood him and he wanted to know how much longer I would be in Tipperary. As we were getting ready to leave Glenough, Michael asked where we would be heading after Tipperary. I told him of our plans to tour some, stop in Adare to see Meg for a day and then as originally planned we would head to Galway, etc. With that he indicated that Ennis was along that route and asked if we would like to visit a first cousin of my grandmother there? When I indicated I would, he made a phone call, arranged a visit and provided me with the contact information.

The next day Kitty again took us under her wing. At this point I had many questions, trying to sort out the various Leamy and Fahey family members I had heard about. She very patiently explained who fit in where, correcting some of my misconceptions. She then gave me a picture of my Fahey great-great-grandparents taken about 1890. Included are several of their children who were still at home then. Later in the day she took us to the Fahey family cemetery plot where my Fahey great-great-grandparents are buried. She was proud to show me the refurbished marker for not only them but for her grandparents and parents.



Gravestone for my Fahey great-great-grandparents and some of their descendants. Note the naming pattern: Philip-Michael-Philip that continues to this day with living Fahey relatives.

The stone offers a good example of the European naming convention of naming the first son after his paternal grandfather. In this case Philip had Michael who had Philip (all on the stone) who had Michael

who had Philip (both still living). I also learned from Kitty that the first Philip's father was named Michael.

That evening Sonia and I walked from our B&B to a local bar with a nice restaurant. As the walk back to the B&B would be up a steep hill, when we finished eating I asked the waitress if she could call me a taxi. A gentleman, who introduced himself as the owner, asked where we were going. When I told him, he offered us a ride as he was headed that way to go home. During the ride he asked if we knew anyone in Cashel. When I mentioned Anne and Kitty, he asked if I had been up to Glenough yet to see Michael and Philip or to Ballinure to see Gerald. It seemed he knew more about my family than I did. While I puzzled about this, he went on to explain that his father had been the local veterinarian. He used to make the rounds of all the local farms with his father and so knew all the farm families and most of the relationships. At this point I thought to myself I'd better behave myself or the family will certainly hear about it.

The next day Anne took us to meet her brother Gerald, a prosperous dairy farmer in Ballinure, about 6 miles east of Cashel. There we also met his two young sons Gerald and Andrew. Gerald's wife, an eye surgeon, unfortunately wasn't at home. Unable at the time to obtain a position locally, she was working in London during the week. That evening over dinner with Anne, Gerald and his boys, we learned more about the Leamy family.

The following day, somewhat reluctantly, we resumed our trip, heading to Adare via Cork and Killarney. We kissed the Blarney Stone, visited the Blarney wool mills and certainly enjoyed the scenery on the Ring of Kerry drive. We had a great visit with Meg and her family in Adare, a quaint village with a downtown of thatched roofed buildings. From Adare we headed north to the city of Ennis for the meeting Michael had arranged with my grandmother's cousin.

At an address on an Ennis road somberly named Gallows Hill we met and visited with two very gracious ladies, then 97 year old Catherine Kinane and her daughter Mairead. Catherine, the daughter of a Fahey sister to Great-grandmother Anne, was indeed a first cousin of my grandmother. She did not remember her however, as she was just 3 years old when my grandmother emigrated to America. I was later to learn that in families with many children, sometimes the younger siblings never even knew

their own older sisters and brothers who emigrated to America, Canada, Australia or New Zealand before they were born or while they were still toddlers. Catherine was one of 14 children and as incredible as it may sound, so were both my maternal grandparents.

After Ennis, we continued our journey, touring Galway and Athlone as we made our way back to Dublin and our flight back home, never to be quite the same again. Our Irish visit, which started on a



The Rock of Cashel (aka Cashel of the Kings) is one of Ireland's most famous landmarks. Legend says St. Patrick came here in AD 432 and baptized King Aengus, Ireland's first Christian ruler.

dismal note, turned out to be an unforgettable experience and the start of my addictive genealogy hobby. We have been back to Ireland twice, and my Irish family has continued to grow in Ireland, here in America and in several other places around the world.

Note: a short and interesting biography of the colorful Father John Fahey, DSO can be found at

<http://tinyurl.com/ckjm6l>

Postscript

My research into my Irish roots has been continuous since my first visit to Ireland in 1996. With 14 children in my grandparents' families, there is always a new cousin to find or one finding me. My grandfather was also 1 of 14 children. I have his parents names but little beyond that.

On each of the times, once in 2001 and again in 2005, that we have revisited Ireland, they have held receptions for us, had us visit their homes and introduced us to even more family.

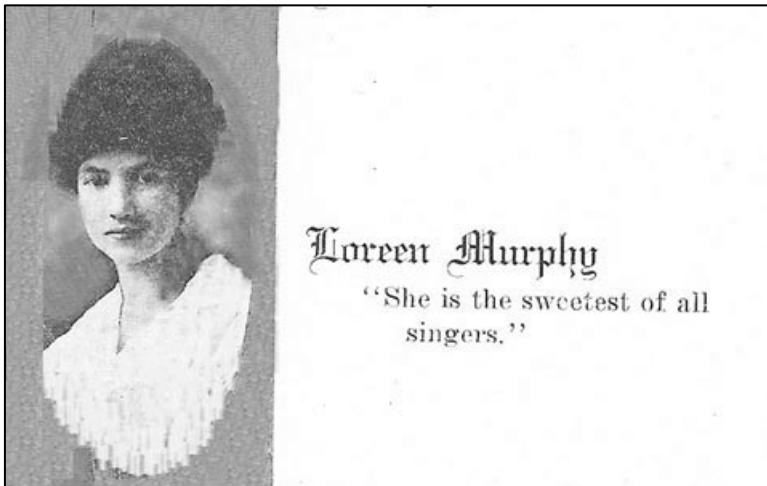
My Mother's High School Yearbook

Jane Southwick

I was fortunate to obtain a high school yearbook from Fowler Union High School class of 1917. Fowler is a small town just south of Fresno, California. School books can be important documents for research, but this one is important to me because it is the yearbook of the graduating class of my mother, Loreen Murphy, and her sister, Ruth Murphy. Although they were not twins, they were in the same grade. I think the reason for that was that Ruth was a precocious student and skipped a grade, and Mother was a social butterfly.

The yearbook starts with a table of contents, a dedication to the board of trustees and members of the student body, and a list of faculty members and trustees. Then the book shows the senior class list of 28 students, and their pictures.

The next item in the book was the senior class history, which described what this class did from their



freshman year to their senior year. I thought what happened when they were freshman was very interesting. "September 15, 1913, forty-three Freshmen, the greenest ever seen, sneaked into Fowler High School. The upper classmen took great delight in paddling the boys and teasing the girls. We Freshmen were not allowed to wear white collars, neckties or loud socks. The first two weeks were awful. The Junior Class president helped us organize our class and then helped haze us boys for electing a girl president. The school gave us a reception to honor our entering school, but they treated us like

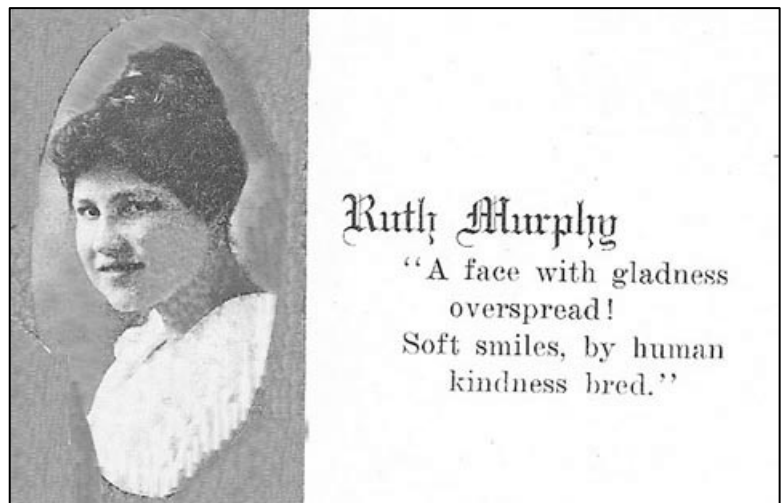
babies, giving us bibs and meager eats when time for refreshments came."

As Sophomores, "September 14 1914, the class came back strong, only a few members named left the class. We had vowed to avenge ourselves for the punishment we had received when we were Freshmen, but the School Board, much to our disappointment, very grimly interposed itself between us and our intended victims, the Scrubs.

"As Juniors we lorded it around all we pleased. We were the biggest class in school and so we had special privileges. We thought we were a green bunch of Freshmen but the Scrub class of 1915 had us beaten a mile. Our president had an awful time organizing them into a class. Instead of entertaining the Seniors with the customary banquet, we invited them to a hayride out at the Fowler Switch. We took plenty of soda water, buns and frankfuerters along for them to eat and every one had a good time."

As Seniors, "this year has been one round of good times. All the class took part in the Class night operetta. We had a Valentine party and a progressive party. One day the whole Senior class left school and went to a picnic to Trimmer Springs. None of the teachers knew anything about it. We had a good time but had to go to school the following Saturday to make up our recitations."

The next section of the book is the "Senior Class Will." There were some general



HOROSCOPE					
Name	Nickname	Noted for	Favorite Expression	Favorite Occupation	Redeeming Feature
Loreen Murphy	Reen	Flirting	"Oh, Joy"	Asking for gum	Psyche
Ruth Murphy	Sis	Giggling	"Say, kid"	Talking	Eyes

things bestowed on the faculty and other classes, and then there were some very specific things bestowed from each of the graduating students. An example would be "my liking for girls," "my musical talent," "my being late to school," etc. My Aunt Ruth bestowed "my attraction for visiting college boys to any other girl who cares to undertake it next year"; and Mother bequeathed "my perpetual psyche to Ruth Elliot." A psyche is not a psychological thing; it is a hair style in which a topknot is worn on top of a head. It was very popular at that time.

A really fun part of the book was the "Prophecy." It was prophesizing that two students, Donald and Lucille, were married and visited by Loreen Murphy and her husband. The husband was a Mr. Everts who was a traveling salesman for the Russel Wollen Co. (Note: in fact, Loreen married a naval officer.) While visiting they talked about everyone in the class and what they were doing. When Lucille asked Loreen about Ruth, Loreen said "Why, you know she was a vocal teacher in San Francisco but about two years ago she married a doctor whose work is exclusively on a ocean steamer between Japan and the United States. She makes her home in Japan and comes to America to visit once a year. She came over for my wedding, but now she has started back to Japan." (Note: Ruth never did marry. At one time she was a teacher, but not a music teacher.) What was written was all guess work, but it was fun to read what they thought of their fellow classmates.

Another fun thing was a page entitled "Horoscope," and what it contained was a chart with headings Name, Nickname, Noted for, Favorite expression, Favorite occupation, and Redeeming Feature.

A feature of this book was a description of the activities of the different classes. Two of the parties held by the Senior class were at the Murphy home. In February, Loreen and Ruth entertained the senior class with a Valentine party. Then in April, the home was the scene of the first leg of a progressive dinner. The house represented the City of Boston with historical points of interest such as the Boston Tea Party, Paul Revere's statue, and Plymouth Rock. Boston beans and wafers were served.

This yearbook contained literary works, both fiction and non-fiction, written by the students. Maybe that is why they entitled their yearbook Litoria. However, when I looked up Litoria it was the name of an Australian tree frog.

The book also contained a description of the different clubs and sports activities similar to the present day yearbooks. Mother and Aunt Ruth were in the glee club. The club provided music for the schools entertainments such as plays and operettas.

One of the interesting things I saw was an Alumni Register going back to 1901. It listed many of the former students, gave married names and occupation, where they had gone to college, and where they lived now. That is great information for a researcher.

Yearbooks, both High School and College, are great sources for a researcher. Many libraries and local history museums have yearbook collections for the schools in their vicinity. There are many names and places mentioned, and it can reflect a way of life. This one helped me see my Mother and Aunt at a certain point of their life, and what society was like at that time.

New at the Pleasanton Genealogy Library

Courtesy of Julie Sowles, Administrative Librarian

Added to our library from October 15, 2008 through January 29, 2009

1. Epperson, Gwenn F., **New Netherland roots**. 929.3747 EPPERSON.
2. Beller, Susan Provost, **Roots for kids : a genealogy guide for young people**. J929.1 BELLER and 929.1 BELLER
3. Kvasnicka, Robert M., **The Trans-Mississippi West, 1804-1912**. 016.978 TRANS MISSISSIPPI

My Busy, Busy Three Week Vacation

By Jim Waldron

I had a three week vacation in the fall of 2008. For the first two weeks I decided to go on a genealogy trip to look for my Waldron and Keeney ancestors. My first stop was Michigan. While there, I planned to visit the County Clerks office,

<http://tinyurl.com/ag7a4l>

the Historical Museum, the cemetery, and also visit relatives in Lenawee County. In the County Clerk's office, the birth records within 100 years by state law were unavailable, I was able to make connections with other records; and the will I was able to find was helpful. At the cemetery, I was given the name of one of the sextons, and when I called her I found she was related to the person I was looking for! We were able to meet on the last day I was in Michigan, and we exchanged information. She filled in some gaps in my family history and told me where I could find more information. When I visited the Lenawee County Historical Museum in Adrian I found my Waldron in an obituary, and was able to find more information about my grandmother's family. I was happy to visit cousins who still own a 230 acre farm that has been in the family for 150 years.

My next stop was in the State of New York. I flew into Rochester and visited Leroy, Seneca, and Schuyler Counties. In Leroy, I visited the Leroy Historical Museum; it happens to be in the same building as the Jell-O Museum. Leroy's claim to fame is that Jell-O was invented there.

<http://www.jellomuseum.com/index.html>

My grandmother's Keeney family lived in Leroy before moving back to Michigan. The Museum had a file on the Keeney family, and evidently a Keeney had done some research and contributed it to the Museum. Before I left this county, I visited a cemetery.

In Seneca County, I visited the government office of the Surrogate Court in Waterloo and looked at wills of family members. When I was finished, I asked about vital records. I was told they were kept



Bill Cosby, famous for his comedy routine about Jell-O, visited the Jell-O Museum in Leroy, New York. His opening remark to the crowd was, "I declare myself the Mayor of Leroy."

in the townships. I visited Romulus and was referred to Willard. There were vital records there, but they started in 1872 and I was looking for earlier records. I had been talking on the phone with a lady in Ovid for the past six years, and now I had a chance to visit her. When I arrived there was another gentleman there. The lady needed help with a cabinet in the living room, and with her lawn mower, so the gentleman and I were able to help her. Then I looked up information in her books.

The next day, I visited the Seneca County historian, and spent two and a half hours researching many

family surnames. Much of this information was a duplication of what I already had. I then visited a historical society in Montour Falls in Schuyler County and found information about my ancestors and their descendants. I was also able to find the cemeteries in which these people were buried. To finish the day, I returned to Ovid, to find more information from my friend. I told her I couldn't stay long because I had to wash clothes. She allowed me to use her washer and dryer while I copied the information I needed.

My grandmother's Keeney family emigrated from Europe in 1600s and settled in New London, Connecticut. So, two days later, I was in the New London City Hall looking for whatever records I could find. In the probate clerk's office I photocopied the many indexes for the Keeney family. I wanted to look at wills but I felt my time was better spent looking at very old vital records, of which there were many.

The next day, I visited the Connecticut Historical Society,

<http://www.chs.org/>

which was established over a hundred years ago. My relatives were listed in a journal written by a lady who had worked on the Keeney name. I was able to copy this information. The Society had a record of the cemeteries in New London. I visited the cemetery in which members of the Keeney fam

ily had been buried in a period of three hundred years. I need time and future research to connect them all.

When I traveled to New York City I had one and a half days left for research. The afternoon was spent at the New York Public Library

<http://www.nypl.org/>

in which I found information about the Waldron family and the Dutch Reform Church. That evening I took the time to see a Broadway show. The next morning, I went to the City Hall and visited a couple of departments. In the Surrogate Court I asked about wills. I was told that old wills are archived in Albany, New York. If a request is made for them, it

takes three weeks to arrive at that court. I obviously did not have time to wait. In the Vital Records department, the records did not cover the time frame I was looking for, but I was referred to the New York Genealogical and Biological Society on the west side of Central Park. I visited that Society in the afternoon, and they were quite helpful.

I visited many places and found a lot of genealogy information. Because I work for an airline I am able to fly for free in the United States, so I plan to make future visits in order to do genealogical research.

By the way, after my two weeks of research, I decided to take a non-genealogical vacation and flew to France for a week. I had a great time.

Why Did I Seek the Study of Family Genealogy?

By David Steffes

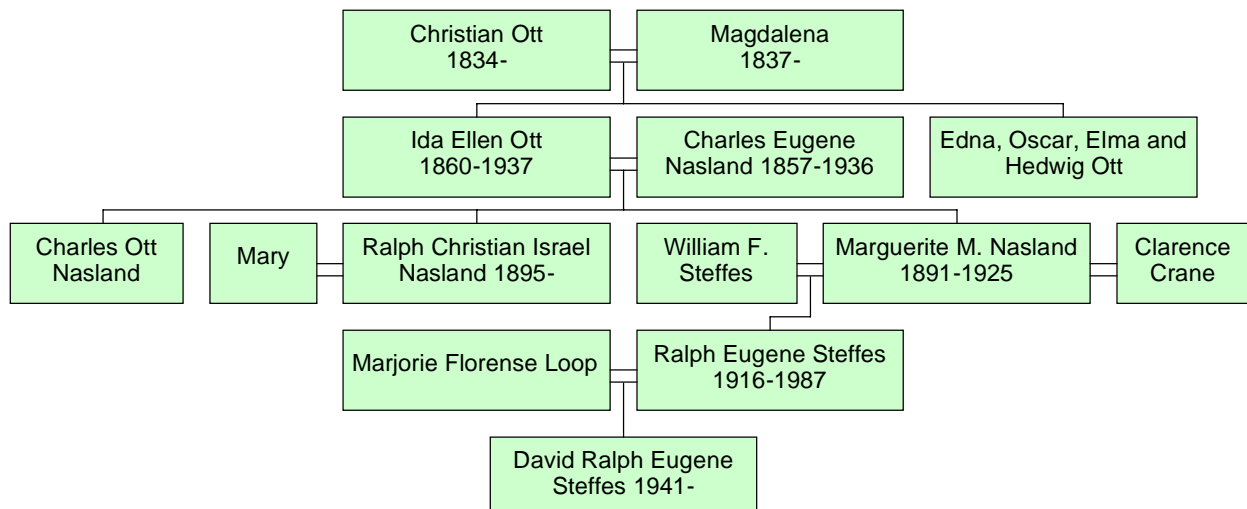
Over the years my father and I witnessed the passing of many relatives. Before dad died, he gave me some furnishings from Uncle Ralph's home (he was Uncle John to me). These furnishings were a large black wooden box full of handwritten letters and a trunk full of old keepsakes. My Father said the trunk and box belonged to him and he had carried them with him throughout his life.

After my father's death, I opened this trunk, and the large wooden box of letters and pictures, and the revelation began. These were letters and pictures nearly 100 years old, written by or to my great grandparents, great aunts, and uncles. Had my dad even read the letters? Then and there, I decided to

study this family's history and that is when I joined L-AGS.

As a child I was blessed with good cognitive faculties and a memory that goes back to a very early age. I was a pre-WWII baby and my teaching was a product of the depression years. My first memories are of Southern California with my mother, Marjorie, and father, Ralph Steffes. We lived with my great Uncle John and Aunt Mary Nasland. They were older than my Father. Dad worked as a supervisor at Consolidated Aircraft Co. in San Diego and he found a job for Uncle John at Consolidated, so John could work in the "defense industry" and avoid the draft. We shared the Naslands' home, lo

Descendants of Christian Ott



cated near the tip of Point Loma, during the closing months of WWII. I started kindergarten in a small school on the cliffs below their home, overlooking the ocean. I still remember that home as a castle and I have some of lamps and pictures that adorned it in my house here in Hayward, California. I did not know my aunt's birth name. I called her Aunt Mary, and to me at the time she was a queen.

I learned as a child that Great-great Aunt Headie, who helped raise me, had two sisters Alma and Ida Ott. Ida was my great grandmother who married a wealthy Chicago ward boss, Charles Eugene Nasland. Charles was a land developer and politician during the turn of the 19th century. They had three children, two sons, Charles Ott and Ralph Christian Israel (John), and a daughter Marguerite M. who was my grandmother. Marguerite married William F. Steffes, my grandfather in 1915, and I was told he went to Europe to fight in WW I. I never had a chance to meet my grandmother Marguerite, or my grandfather William. My father, Ralph Eugene Steffes was born to them in 1916.

By the depression my great-grandfather, Charles Eugene Nasland, and his wife, Ida Ott had lost all their wealth, and their children, and grandson (my father Ralph Steffes), became migrant farm laborers in California. My grandmother, Marguerite, remarried in Bakersfield, in 1924. She married a man named Clarence Crane and they had a daughter. Do I have a half-great aunt somewhere?

Charles and Ida with their sons finally settled in the small town of Bella Vista, now a wide spot in the road near Redding California. They had a farm there. I learned that my father grew up in Bella Vista, was raised by his uncles, aunts, and grandparents, after my uncles Ralph and Charles rescued him from a step-father when his mother (Marguerite) died during childbirth. Dad was about 8 years of age at the time of his mother's death. As I grew

up, I recall occasions when my mother and father visited Uncle Charlie and old family members in Bella Vista.

I think my father had a problem with trusting others. My mother and dad separated when I was 10 years old. I lived with my mother and was not able to form a close bond with my father. After graduating from high school in Los Angeles, I worked for a short period for my father in his TV sales and repair business in the town of Cambria, California. That is when I began to connect some of our family history.



Uncle Ralph Christian Israel Nasland. He was "Uncle John" to me.

I have a book to write about this family, beginning with the marriage of great grandfather Charles Nasland to Ida Marguerite Ott. My story will extend from their marriage on February 24, 1889 to my birth, January 19, 1941. (I have the original leather bound marriage

license signed by Reverend Ott, Ida's father.) I think this story will make good reading for my grand children and maybe a few historians of this period of American history.

Thanks to the help of L-AGS I have learned how to properly trace some of my family mysteries and exchange genealogy facts with others. I found a lost cousin, "Mara," who also spends spare time searching these same family mysteries and is the granddaughter of my Uncle Ralph (John) who had a son from a previous un-disclosed marriage.

Mara and I found each other through our genealogy quest. We visit now and then, but most of all, we enjoy hugging and laughing about secrets we are now uncovering together. And we do cry sometimes! And yes, THANK YOU L-AGS, I finally found my Grandpa Steffes and Grandma Marguerite Nasland-Ott.

You don't choose your family. They are God's gift to you, as you are to them.

Desmond Tutu

Ancestors Without Names? DNA May Be the Answer

Enoch J. Haga, PhD, Folsom CA

[Editor's note: Enoch is a longtime L-AGS member who moved to Folsom a few years ago.]

What do you do when you've about run out of places to look for your ancestors with names? Instead of hunting in centuries, you may want to get back thousands of years to find your nameless cousins. Yes, they were out of the trees by then. As you may have heard, we are all out of Africa and all related to the same family of Adams and Eves (there are some scientists who have reason to believe that there may have been simultaneous origins in more than one place). Whatever the truth, and whether or not other earlier humanoids have lived before and been wiped out by celestial catastrophes of one kind or another, we now have DNA to assist us in our searches. You may have seen the recent article in the AARP magazine and noticed the mention of

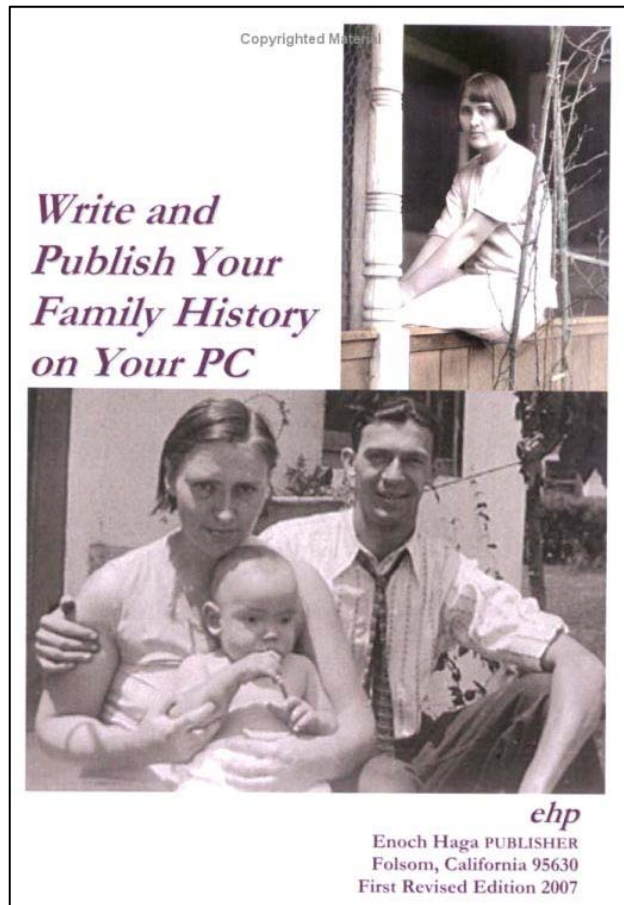
<http://www.familytreedna.com>

If you're interested in your DNA and that of your family, that's the organization I recommend. They have the largest database of completed tests. Others, even Ancestry.com (to which I belong and am a full service member), are now trying to horn in on the action, but go for the best. DNA testing is a bit pricey, but not out of reach for most of us, and they do have sales. Always do the FGS, full genealogical search, or you're likely wasting your money if you expect to find a live match. Matches are currently difficult to find for some of us because more samples are needed.

My interest in DNA stems from the fact that my mother, Esther Bonser Higginson, was adopted. Supposedly (no birth record has been found), she was born in Denver on or about 19 Jun 1908, and was adopted by the Higginsons in 1909. She never knew a thing about her biological parents. I'm hoping for a DNA hit before my number comes up—not likely as I'll be 78 this year. There were Bonser's in Denver at the time, and maybe there is a relationship to be found if I can find a suitable descendant for a DNA test. The Denver Higginson was the only sibling in his large family from Shropshire who was not a Mormon (missionaries had induced the family to relocate in America).

As you may know, yDNA goes father to father, and

mtDNA (mitochondrial) proceeds mother to mother. Only a male in the direct line can do the y-test, but luckily a male or a female child of the mother can do the mt-test. For a long time I was unaware of this fact and assumed I'd waited too long as my mother is now deceased. It happens that



The cover of my book in the Pleasanton Genealogy Library shows my mother, above, before marriage and below, after marriage in 1931. Below, she is holding me as a child while my father, Enoch Haga, has his arm around us.

mtDNA mutates slowly, so the test goes back further in time than the yDNA.

I could say more but for authentic detailed information you'll do better on:

<http://www.familytreedna.com/>

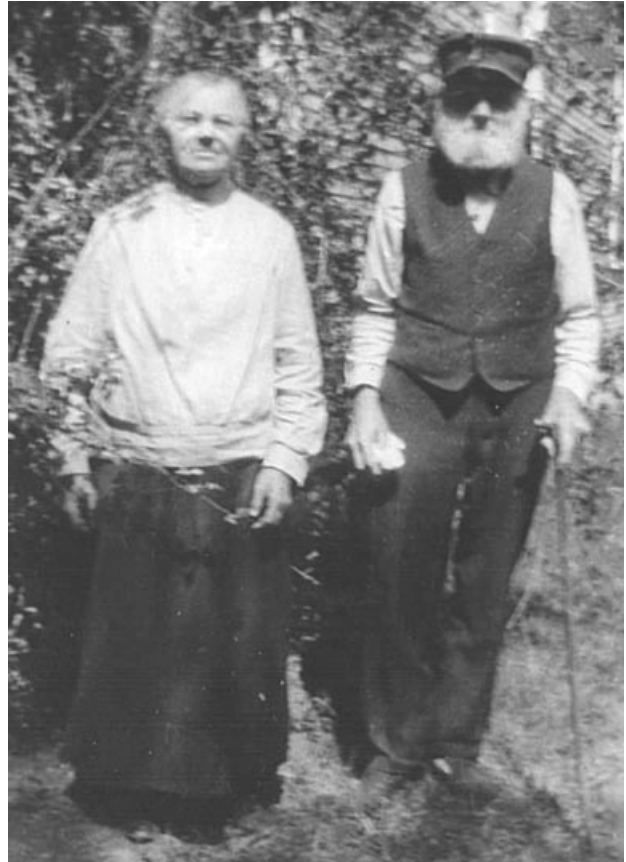
Click on the link for Genetic Genealogy Tutorials. I've purchased tests for family and friends. Lately I had a big surprise: My last remaining aunt on my

father's side, born Naomi Esther Haga in 1920 in Los Angeles, with solid German ancestry, came up Native American! I immediately thought of applying for tribal status and opening a casino! Her mother, Mary Krick, born 15 Jan 1882 in Mulhouse, France, married my Norwegian grandfather in Chicago in 1902. Mary was the daughter of Ernestine Keller, born 5 Dec 1865 in Mulhouse (in the Alsace region, which often changed hands between Germany and France). While I have not carried the Keller line back very far, I have exhausted the Krick line of Kaiserslautern, Germany. Ernestine divorced her husband, Christian Krick, and came to America in 1890 alone with her daughter Mary. Christian had fathered a child by the sister of his brother's wife. No one in the family knew this, including an aunt who had lived with Ernestine until her death (she apparently had never told anyone). I made the discovery on a trip to Mulhouse, a few years ago. Ernestine had two boys after Mary; both were named Joseph and both died in infancy.

Upon enquiring into the details of how a European could acquire Native American ancestry, I learned that out of Africa the route lay through the Middle East - some turned left into Northern and Southern Europe, and others turned right into North and South Asia, Australasia, and the Polynesian islands. We are talking thousands of years ago. Our ancestors, we are learning, were on the move, as they are today, and did know how to cross oceans. They populated North and South America via the Aleutians and directly by sailing across the Pacific. They became "Native Americans." Some kept going, across the Atlantic, North and South, and some arrived back in Europe - explaining how a German can become a Native American and then a German again! There were also switchbacks!

As to my mother, she appears to be of European origin. Whether she was related to a Bonser or a Higginson is still unknown and may remain so forever. If I find a likely candidate, I'll pay for the testing.

My mother had many stories to tell about the arguments between her adoptive parents, her English father and her Prussian mother, about who was right and who was wrong in the Great War (WWI). There were many Americans of German ancestry at the time, and had it not been for the Lusitania incident and German submarine warfare, they might have been strongly sympathetic to the German side.



My mother's adoptive parents, Augusta Amelia von Radke Mueller, of Prussia, and her husband, Samuel Smith Higginson, of England.

If you spend some time exploring the *familytreedna* site I'm sure that you'll become interested in going back in time yourself—even without names to go with the people.

Research Guidance Is Now a Wiki

The *FamilySearch Wiki* is a large, on-line library where you can find thousands of articles and how-to instructions about doing family history. If you are familiar with the Research Guidance section of familysearch.org, *FamilySearch Wiki* will be its replacement. If you have a question about how to start doing family history, go to *FamilySearch Wiki* at

<https://wiki.familysearch.org/en/>

From this page you may choose from a myriad of instructive articles.

SOURCE: Ohana Insights, Wed, Oct 08, 2008

How to Avoid Being Hoaxed

By Dick Finn

If you are like me, you must receive some kind of e-mail telling or warning of something very important just about every day. They tell us or warn us of all kinds of things about politics, religion, safety tips, fraud scams, legal problems, business, etc.

Before you believe or pass on any of these urban legends, folklore, myths, rumors, and misinformation you should check with one of the many hoax investigation sites on the internet. My favorite is

<http://Snopes.com>.

Like most of the other hoax investigation sites, they repeat the rumor—but then proceed to dissect it:

what parts might be true, what is clearly false.

I think before believing or passing on what might be harmful to you or damaging to a person's reputation you need, as a good citizen, to check with one of the hoax investigation sites. You can use Snopes but there are also many other sites out there with good information. For example:

<http://www.hoaxbusters.org/>

<http://urbanlegends.about.com>

For an interesting afternoon go to Google and in the search box type in "hoax websites," "truth legend," and "email myths." You might be amazed what you will find. WARNING - some of the sites are just for people *generating* hoaxes so take them with a grain of salt.

The Livermore Roots Tracer

The Roots Tracer is the quarterly publication of the Livermore-Amador Genealogical Society. The mission statement of the Roots Tracer is:

"Instruct. Inspire. Inform."

We encourage members to submit articles for publication. Material can be e-mailed to: tracer@L-AGS.org or mailed to L-AGS, P.O. Box 901, Livermore, CA 94551-0901. We offer ghostwriting help to inexperienced writers.

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