

The Livermore Roots Tracer



Livermore-Amador Genealogical Society

P.O. Box 901, Livermore, California 94551-0901

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/Livermore.Amador.Genealogical.Society/>

Membership Report

April, 2016

New Member Information

Jim & Sandra Aberer, Caroline Chavez, Gary Constable, George Fulton, Craig Kelso, Carol Matson Langer, Les Leibovitch, Jim Waldron, Carolyn and John (Mike) Watson

Thanks to the generosity of the following L-AGS members:

Patrons

Dick & Jean Lerche, Bill & Marlene Silver, Kay Speaks, Duncan Tanner & 1 anonymous patron

Benefactors

Kristina Ahuja, Marilyn A. Cutting, Linda Driver & Walt Crawford, Gail Fairfield, Richard & Wanda Finn, Cindy McKenna, Patricia Moore, Peggy Weber & Bob Whitlock

Total L-AGS Members as of April 11, 2016: 108 Memberships and 128 Members

Meeting News

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

Map: <http://tinyurl.com/BethEmek>

Pleasanton Genealogy Center is jointly supported by L-AGS, the Friends of the Pleasanton Library, and the Pleasanton Public Library. A L-AGS docent is available from 10:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. at the Pleasanton Public Library, 400 Old Bernal Avenue, Pleasanton, California. Or by appointment, e-mail: docents.chair@L-AGS.org.

The L-AGS Writing Group — Meets monthly in Livermore. The encouragement to write your ancestors' stories and your own comes from this enthusiastic group. To join the email list, please

send a note to mail to: changes@L-AGS.org with "Add me to the Writing Group list" in the subject line.

Let's Talk Genealogy — Meets monthly in Livermore. To join the email list, please send a note to mail to: changes@L-AGS.org with "Add me to the Let's Talk Genealogy list" in the subject line.

The Master Genealogist Group usually meets on the third Saturday of the month, from 9 a.m. to 12 noon. Location: Contact the group chair for directions (tvtmg.chair@L-AGS.org).

TV-TMG Chair (Kay Speaks)

tvtmg.chair@L-AGS.org

TV-TMG Forum

tvtmg.group@L-AGS.org

L-AGS Leadership for 2016

President	president@L-AGS.org	Julie Liu
First VP and Program Chairs	program@L-AGS.org	Marilyn Glass and Diane Wiedel
Second VP & Membership Chair	membership@L-AGS.org	Tom Mathews (Temp)
Corresponding Secretary		Nancy Southwick
Recording Secretary		Leora Frise
Business Manager	business.manager@L-AGS.org	Duncan Tanner

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President's Message

As long as I have been a member (2006), okay, not that long, the name tags have been laid out on the table for each member to retrieve. As I became more involved, I was eager to help with something to get the meeting started. I chose to assist in setting up the name tags on the table in alphabetical order. Enter **Bob Dougherty**; he saw a need and filled it. He constructed wooden nametag holders. No longer will the first job before a meeting be to alphabetize the name tags so members can find their name. Each name tag will have its own spot. Each member will find it before the meeting and return it to the same spot after the meeting. Of course, each member will also mark their name on the attendance sheet.

We recently were featured in another newspaper article by "*The Independent*" newspaper, *Searching for Family Connections Can Be Rewarding*, <http://tinyurl.com/zdc2mdt>. Carol Graham interviewed several L-AGS members **Gene Block, Caye Johnson, Dick Finn** and **myself**. I hope you saw it. Carol was able to highlight some of the activities of our society. Our last meeting had several visitors that attended because of the recent newspaper articles. When you see one of our visitors, say hi and ask him or her where they are in their genealogy.

Debbie Mascot, Duncan Tanner and **Patrick Lofft** have been working on bookmarks for our organization. The idea is to have something readily available for librarians to hand out, for our annual Heritage Happenings and other genealogical events. It will have all the important information about what we do and how to contact us.

Spring is now upon us and many of us will be planning family trips this spring or summer. Talk to your family members when you visit. Bring some of your research to share with family members. You will be surprised at the memories it may stimulate or interest it may generate among some family members that you thought were previously disinterested.

Patrick Lofft, rootstracer.chair@L-AGS.org, continues to depend on members to provide a paragraph or two describing one or more of your successful genealogy research finds. Also consider telling Patrick about the ancestor whom you are experiencing difficulty locating. Patrick may ask you to recommend opportunities when the two of you may confer on the phone.

Have fun this spring!!!

Sincerely,
Julie Liu

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 sent via e-mail to:

managing.editor@l-ags.org or mailed to L-AGS, P.O. Box 901, Livermore, CA 94551-0901. Want ghostwriting help? Just ask!

The Roots Tracer Staff

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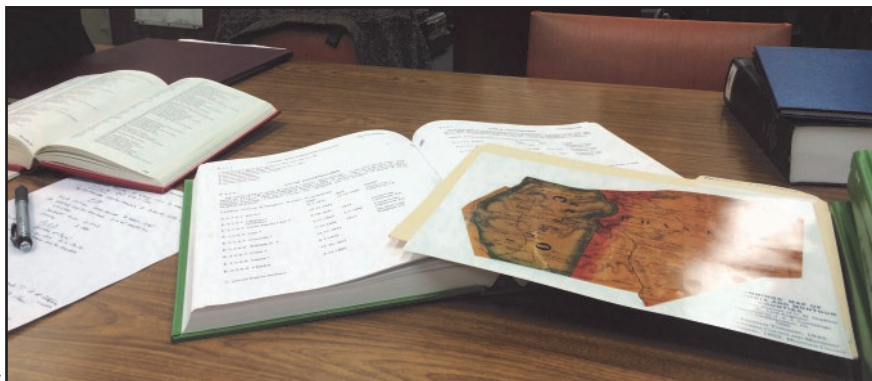
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My Pennsylvania Visit to Catawissa and Ancestral Ghosts (maybe... who really knows)!

By Deborah Elaine Conner Mascot

A business trip took me to Pennsylvania this past fall and I was able to also make a couple of personal side-trips. One was to see the (probable) birth place of my 3rd great grandfather, Miles Franklin Price.



He had already pulled a number of items.

I had a whole day in Columbia County, so I'd contacted the Columbia County Genealogical and Historical Society in Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania a few weeks before my extremely brief visit and gave them what I knew of Miles Price, my 3rd great grandfather, in Pennsylvania:

He was born 21 October 1837 in Catawissa, Columbia County, PA.

He lived in Franklin, Montour County, Pennsylvania in 1850 with another family, the Kastenbauder family. This family had no relation to him that I could find.

He left Pennsylvania with John C. Davis and family in 1857 to go to Illinois.

That was all I knew of his time in Pennsylvania. And really, the first two bullet points were not verified. I could find no record of his birth and no definitive proof that the Miles Price in 1850 was my Miles Price. But assuming those were true, this was all I knew of his Pennsylvania time.

Because of my prior contact with the library, I was forewarned that they really didn't find much other than possibly a map or two. But we genealogists never hate hanging out in libraries, so I explained that

I'd be visiting anyway.

I arrived at the library when it opened and George was expecting me. He had already pulled a number of items and Bill was also

around to assist. It was a lovely

comfortable genealogy center much reminiscent of ours. Together we reviewed things and, as expected, we did not find any proof that Miles Price was not, in fact, dropped from the heavens or an alien spaceship. We really just confirmed that a Miles Price was living with the Kastenbauder family at the age of 13 in the 1850 census in Franklin, Montour County, Pennsylvania.

Together George and I researched the Kastenbauder family and pulled all we could on any Prices. He is going to make a trip to the courthouse for me sometime and keep looking for clues, but what he gave me was local knowledge that I'm



Columbia and Montour counties

sure I could have figured out if I thought of it, but I never did.

My assumption had always been (from looking at a map) that he was born in Catawissa and something happened and then he had to live with the Kastenbauers and moved to Franklin. But what you learn from talking to people who know the area is that

Franklin was created in 1843 from Catawissa. So he may not have moved at all; the address may have just changed. This was extremely helpful information.

But what helped more? This map that shows the Jacob Kastenbauder family in 1860.

Then Bill made a map to get me to that farm.

And this is where my Columbia County adventure really began.

First I got lost by taking the first big road instead of the second. This took me past Shakespeare Road. I smiled because I know why it's named that and I bet the people living there don't. While I was at the Library, we checked the original deeds/grants map. This is the map for each township showing the people who originally owned the land -- the land they bought from William Penn or the land they were granted. On it, Shakespeare jumped out at me for obvious reasons and I'd apparently made a mental note of it.

To get to Catawissa, five miles south of Bloomsburg, you drive up a big mountain and then down it and then up over a bridge into town. As I came down to the bottom that first time, I nearly crashed my rental car. On the right before a big turn tucked into the side of the mountain is a house. This is a house that I've seen in dreams. The same house appears in my dreams from as far as I can remember.



Jacob Kastenbauder farm

Nothing special about the house except it's there and in nearly every dream I ever have. It reminds me a little of a house that we rent for summer vacations in Pinecrest, except that I dreamed it before I visited Pinecrest. I didn't crash the car, but I did turn around and go all the way back up the mountain, turn around

and come all the way back down the mountain to try to get a picture, but I just couldn't. It was too windy and scary and no place to pull off except their driveway or a steep road across the street.

I drove into Catawissa and walked up and down the main street (appropriately called, "Main Street") and felt nothing. Drove to the genealogy library in the nearby town and visited with the aforementioned. After learning where the house was, I realized that the road to where they lived in the farmland was directly across from The House-- that really steep road. Very odd! I turned and drove up the other side of the mountain driving forever, because Bill at the library left off a step, I later learned. I sometimes forget to plug my phone into the car speakers and then Siri speaks my directions to me from between the seats. Right when I was starting to realize that there was something wrong and we were missing something, I heard this, like it was far away between the seats, "Turn right at the apple". I quickly thought that it was Siri between the seats, but then realized that while Bill gave me a map, he did not give me an address to plug into Siri, so I wasn't sure how Siri knew where I was going. I pulled over and found my phone in my purse but not set to any address. I decided that I was hearing things from the heater in the car and when I looked around, I was on the corner of Apple and Mt. Zion.

This wasn't on the map Bill made for me. I went

out and turned right and I found the small cemetery with hooded graves¹ and then the Kastenbauer farm. I intended to stop and introduce Grampa Price, but then I chickened out when I saw the nice people relaxing quietly on their porch. I didn't want to interrupt their time. I passed the farm, turned around, and planned on driving by.

But I yelled at myself (in my head). "NO, DEBBIE! You are in Pennsylvania. This may be your only chance EVER." My arms obeyed the yelling person in my head and disregarded my fear and swerved to pull over to the side of their driveway. Now they'd noticed me so I couldn't back out (literally) without causing a ruckus. I calmly grabbed my keys and phone and got out. I walked the long driveway and the woman walked to greet me. I kept my eyes on her smiling to make sure she knew I meant no harm. Her little dog was barking, but wagging his tail, so as I said

hello, I reached down to pet the pup that licked me and smiled at me. I looked up and the woman was smiling, too. So I told my story.

She was so wonderful and friendly. Maryellen was her name and I thought of cousin Maryellen and wondered if I should tell her it's a special family name. But sometimes we genealogists get weird with explaining relationships so I skipped it. She told me the history of the farm and then she introduced me to her husband, Dick, who reiterated it. The house was built in 1842 and Dick and Maryellen were born in 1942. Dick's grandfather bought the farm from the Kastenbauers and Dick's father was born and raised there, as was he. Maryellen moved in when they married and they raised their family there. They toured me around their house and yard and told me about their lovely lives there. I hope that my grandfather's time in that house was even half as lovely as my time was.

¹Cages on Graves (<http://colcohist-gensoc.org/wp-content/uploads/Cages%20on%20Graves%20Explained.pdf>)



Maryellen waving goodbye

New Member – Introduction

My name is Annette Breingan [pronounced Bringan] and I have been doing family history research for over 30 years. I began because I was curious about my unusual surname and the only other Breingans I knew were my immediate family.

My grandfather, William Niven Breingan, emigrated to the U.S. after serving in the RAF in WW I from Glasgow, Scotland. While working as a draftsman for Bethlehem Shipbuilding in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, he met my grandmother, an emigrant from England. They married in New York City in 1921 and had children. The family moved around a lot but stayed in the Philadelphia area. Unfortunately, my grandfather died during the Depression when my father was a young boy, so I never knew him. Although my father knew his Scottish grandparents and aunt, that was all we knew of, and so, the search was on.

I now have a large database on the Breingan (Braynion) family going back into the 1700's in Alva, Stirling, Scotland. Over the years I have made many Breingan connections and have cousins all over the English-speaking world. I have researched many family names in lowland Scotland but the primary ones in my grandfather's line are Breingan, Niven, Bow, and Fairney. I have also researched my grandmother's line from the English Midlands, with prime names being Blackwell, Collins, Masters, and Eden. I have worked on my mother's line in the Italian part of Switzerland with main names of Bernasconi, Ressegatti, Indemini, and Palli.

On this side of the pond, I have researched my husband's family's deep roots in Mathews County, in the Tidewater area of Virginia, with family names of White, Hudgins, Brownley, Drisgill, Stuart, Miller, and others. I have worked on lines for in-laws in places like Tennessee and eastern Pennsylvania and have done research for friends and other people in several different areas of the U.S. and Europe. For the past 5 years, I have been a volunteer at the Oakland Family History Library where I did my first research many years ago. I enjoy helping researchers work on their family lines and I learn something new every week. I look forward to getting to know folks in the genealogical society and to continuing to learn and to research interesting family histories.

BRAYNION-BREINGAN Lineage

William BRAYNION

b.

d. ? 9 Jan 1822, Tillicoultry, Clackmannan, Scotland

m.

Isabella BENNET

b. 1757/1762

d. ? 7 Mar 1821, Tillicoultry, Clackmannan, Scotland

David BREINGAN

b. 8 Jul 1798, Rottearns, Dunblane, Perth, Scotland

d. 9 Aug 1879, Orwell, Kinross, Scotland

m. 19 Dec 1824, Kinross, Kinross, Scotland

Jean MACDONALD

b. 1802, Cleish, Kinross, Scotland

d. 17 Jan 1862, Beggburn, Kinross, Scotland

William BREINGAN

b. 28 Sep 1825, Kinross, Kinross, Scotland

d. 17 Jan 1897, Old Kilpatrick, Dumbarton, Scotland

m. 1 Oct 1850, Orwell, Kinross, Scotland

Magdalene FAIRNEY

b. ca 1822, Kinross, Kinross, Scotland

d. 9 Apr 1878, Old Kilpatrick, Dumbarton, Scotland

William David BREINGAN

b. 4 Oct 1865, Renfrew, Renfrew, Scotland

d. 24 Jun 1945, Lansdowne, Delaware, Pennsylvania

m. 24 Sep 1891, Old Kilpatrick, Dumbarton, Scotland

Agnes Bow NIVEN

b. 14 Oct 1866, Blythswood, Glasgow, Lanark, Scotland

d. 4 Jul 1951, Springfield, Delaware, Pennsylvania

William Niven BREINGAN

b. 31 Aug 1892, Partick, Lanark, Scotland

d. 6 Mar 1933, New Jersey

Genealogy Challenges Facing L-AGS Members

Please consider how L-AGS can work with you to match your talents with the needs of L-AGS. We rely on our members to step forward and create articles for the Livermore roots Tracer. Contact Patrick Lofft at rootstracer.chair@L-AGS.org.

My primary goal is to find out information about my Great Grandfather Jacob Sommer's mother Joidweiger who was born in Prussia around 1814 and died in Chicago, Illinois.

Barbara Hempill

In Tracing Our Family's History, We Should Always Try To Verify Our "Facts" If At All Possible

By Gene R. Block

Genealogists hear the advice all the time. Don't assume that everything you find on the Internet is true; try to verify everything. It turns out that this advice is not limited to information we find on the Internet. We should always try to verify all information we obtain when tracing our family history, no matter where this information was obtained. I have discovered on a number of occasions when tracing my family and my wife's family history that information I had every reason to believe was accurate turned out not to be true. Examples listed below illustrate this point.

Leo Kipping's Country of Birth

Shortly after I began tracing my family's history I obtained the birth certificate for my maternal grandmother, Cecelia Kipping, who was **born in St. Louis in 1886**. The certificate listed Leo Kipping as her father and listed his country of birth as Russia. Since I was relatively new to genealogy at the time, I immediately placed this information on my Pedigree Chart. Fortunately, I used pencil when placing the information on the chart and not pen. Sometime afterwards it occurred to me that possibly the listing of Russia as my great grandfather's country of birth might not be accurate. Kipping certainly didn't sound like a Russian name. In addition I remembered my grandmother telling me once, that she went all the way through the 5th grade in public school in St. Louis speaking only German. I knew that my great grandmother was Irish, so my grandmother didn't learn to speak German from her. And if her father was Russian, where did she learn to speak German as a child? The more I thought about it the more convinced I became that Leo probably wasn't born in Russia. But why did my grandmother's birth certificate list Russia as Leo's country of birth? And one day it dawned on me, I bet that Leo wasn't born in Russia, he most likely was born in PRUSSIA!

I remembered that my grandmother had told me that her father had come to this county as a teenager and he spoke English with a strong accent. I suspect that the clerk who was recording the information on my grandmother's birth certificate asked Leo where he was born and thought Leo said Russia, when in fact Leo said Prussia. Sever-

al years later I met some of my grandmother's relatives who provided me with documents showing that Leo was indeed born in that part of Germany that was then Prussia, in a town called Herdorf now in the district of Altenkirchen, Koblenz, Rhineland-Palatinate, Germany, about 100 miles east of Cologne.

On a trip to Germany in 2002 my wife and I visited Herdorf. We discovered a book about the history of the town written by Otto Kipping a distant relative.¹ He wrote that the Kipping name originated in the area from a Swedish soldier who stayed in Herdorf at the end of the Thirty Years War. He went on to state that the original spelling of the name was Kopping. With the help of a local German genealogist I now have information on the Kipping family from the town's records going back to the mid 1600's.

I believe that as I became more experienced in genealogy I would have eventually discovered Leo's country of birth was Prussia, not Russia. But by questioning the misinformation early on, I'm sure I saved a lot of time trying to trace Leo in Russian records.

Mildred Oldeg, date of birth

I have another example that information must be verified. It comes from my research of my wife's family. My wife's maternal grandmother, Mildred Mozer, was born in Germany. She came to America with her family and siblings in 1887.² The family settled in Batesville, Indiana³ where her mother's sister and her family resided. In the early 1900's Mildred moved to St. Louis to enroll in secretarial school. After graduation she went to work as a secretary. In 1914 she and my wife's grandfather, Harry W. Oldeg, were married in Moberly, Missouri. I found a number of records for Mildred after her marriage. All of the records list her name as Mildred. Those that list her year

¹Available in German from Getty Research Institute Library, Los Angeles, CA 90049

²Mozer, Emilie; Ancestry.com. Wuerttemberg, Germany Emigration Index [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations Inc, 1997. Original data: Schenk, Trudy. Wuerttemberg Emigration Index. Vol. I-VIII. Salt Lake City, UT, USA: Ancestry, Inc., 1986.

of birth all **list the year as 1886**.

Mildred passed away in St. Louis on May 8, 1947. When I obtained a copy of her death certificate it listed the **year of her birth as 1880**. Her husband, who was a doctor, was the informant providing the information for the death certificate. Since all the records I had obtained subsequent to her marriage listed the year of her birth as 1886, I assumed there was a typing error as her husband certainly would know the year she was born.

Sometime later I obtained a copy of the 1900 census for Batesville town, Laughery Township, Ripley County, Indiana⁴ where the family settled after arriving in America. Two items immediately caught my attention when I reviewed the information for the Mozer family. First, Mildred was listed in the census under the name of Amelia. Also the **year of her birth was listed as 1880**. That is the same year that was on her death certificate. At this point I was really confused. I had two different first names for my wife's grandmother and two different birth years.

In 2002, on the same trip when we visited Herdorf, we took a river boat trip on the Rhine River. At the conclusion of the trip we rented a car and drove to a small village in southern Germany called Kusterdingen in the state of Baden-Württemberg about 20 miles southwest of Stuttgart. This is the village where Mildred's parents and many of her parent's direct blood line ancestors were born; one line going back to the early 1500's. Prior to leaving on the trip we made contact with some of my wife's relatives who still lived in Kusterdingen and made arrangements to visit them in their home. During our stay there they provided us with a number of family records including church records and a copy of the government permission received by the Mozer family to leave Germany and immigrate to America. Mildred's name on these records was spelled Emilie and her **year of birth was listed as 1880**. So at this point I was very certain that the year of her birth was 1880, not 1886 as she had reported on all the records after she was married. Her husband it turned out, had reported the correct year

of her birth on her death certificate, but had the year 1886 carved on her tombstone. But why was this?

After returning home subsequent conversations with older family members revealed that Mildred was embarrassed by the fact that she was 6 ½ years older than her husband. So to make it appear that they were closer in age to each other, on every record after her marriage she reported she was **born in 1886**. This made it appear that she was only 6 months older than her husband. No one in the family seemed to know for sure why she changed her name to Mildred. It is possible that she was Americanizing her name as a nickname of Emilie is Millie, and Millie is also a nickname of Mildred. She must have liked the name Mildred as that is the name she gave to her daughter, my wife's mother.

Postscript to Mildred's Story

After my wife's mother passed away in 1992 she was cremated according to her wishes. She requested that her ashes be buried in the cemetery plot in St. Louis where her parents were buried. Several years after this was accomplished my wife and her brother decided to replace the existing tombstone on the family plot with a new stone which included their mother's name on stone. It



Headstone showing Mildred's birth year as 1886, not 1880.

was felt that as long as a new stone was being placed on the family plot, we would include the right year of Mildred's birth, 1880, on the new stone. After some discussion it was decided to leave the name on the stone as Mildred as that is the name she was known by the majority of her life. Since neither my wife nor her brother lived in St. Louis, their uncle, Mildred's son who did live in St. Louis agreed to handle the acquisition and placing of the new tombstone and the removal of the old stone.

³Batesville, Indiana straddles the county line of Franklin and Ripley counties.

⁴Amelia Mozer, Ancestry.com. 1900 United States Federal Census [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations Inc., 2004.

Several years later my wife and I were in St. Louis on a visit and decided to stop by the cemetery. To our great surprise, the new tombstone listed Mildred's year of birth as 1886, not 1880. We knew we had given my wife's uncle the correct year of his mother's birth, so we wanted to know why the wrong year of Mildred's birth had again been carved on the new stone. When questioned about this, my wife's uncle admitted that he had the date changed back to 1886 from 1880 because this had been so important to his late mother. He did this even though his mother had passed away nearly 50 years prior to the new tombstone being placed on the family plot!

SUMMARY

I believe the above examples point out that the information we discover about our ancestors should always be verified if at all possible. Sometimes if we have the wrong information it may not be critical. As an example, whether one of our

ancestors was born in May or June in the early 1880's isn't that important as long as we have identified the right individual. Other times however, as in the case cited above about the country where Leo Kipping was born, whether we search for him in the records of Russia or Prussia makes a huge difference. It can mean the difference between continuing back in time on our family tree or forever hitting a brick wall when searching in the records of the wrong country.

How often wrong information is intentionally provided for records as was the case involving Mildred Oldeg and her year of birth isn't known. But unraveling these types of situations, while being frustrating and time consuming is very satisfying once the mystery is solved. For anyone tracing the Oldeg family history in the future, if they don't try to verify the information on Mildred's tombstone and accept it as accurate, they will be making a big mistake.

Tracing Name Origins-Did my 'Johns' surname originate in Germany or in Wales?

By Danielle Forestier

Some researchers claim that my fifth great grandfather, John Johns, emigrated from Wales, whereas my research places him in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Lancaster County was settled in the late 1600's and early 1700's largely by German settlers.¹ The Welsh who settled in Pennsylvania came in August 1682; the Welsh Quakers arrived in what are now Lower Merion and Narberth,² suburbs of Philadelphia, not Lancaster County.

So do I continue the search for information about

him in Germany or in Wales? As every document I had indicated a German background, I needed to disclaim a Welsh origin to satisfy myself that this anomaly was indeed an error.

The Johns's in my family gave many of their offspring the first name 'John.' Nowadays we are not in the habit of giving children two names that duplicate one another, but it was part of an accepted system in past times.

'Johns' in German started out as 'Schantz'. Our pronunciation of 'Johns' is strongly reminiscent of our pronunciation of 'Schantz'. Schantz does not seem at all like a name from Wales. So I decided to do some very cursory research in name origins, all online, from Wikipedia and easily available online sources, with a simple search 'family name origins.'³

The Welsh version of the surname 'Johns' descends from the Irish 'MacSeain'. MacSeain means 'son of John'. Spelling variants are McShane, McShain, MacCieyn, McShaney, etc. In Wales the version of Gaelic pronounces 'c' as 'p' or 'b'. Thus Mac becomes Map or Mab. The Welsh version of the name also drops the opening

¹Germans - Thousands of Germans were also attracted to the [Pennsylvania] colony and, by the time of the Revolution, comprised a third of the population. The volume of German immigration increased after 1727, coming largely from the Rhineland. The Pennsylvania Germans settled most heavily in the interior counties of Northampton, Berks, Lancaster and Lehigh, and neighboring areas.
http://www.pacapitol.com/vc/visitor_info/pa_history/whole_pa_history.htm

²http://www.lowermerionhistory.org/texts/325_for_web_small.pdf

³The German, Welsh and English surname of Johns comes from the name John and Johannes.

<https://www.familytree.com/surnames/Johns;>
<http://www.surnamedb.com/Surname/Johns>

(Hans) John Johns/Johntz/Schantz Sr. b. 1720 at d. bef 19 Jul 1799 at Leacock, Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania m. c 1747 at +Catherina Erb b. 1731 at d. 1810 at Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania
(Johannes) John Johns Jr. b. 29 Feb 1748 at Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania d. 19 May 1830 at Leola, Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania m. c 1774 at +Catherine Elizabeth Miller b. 10 Apr 1755 at d. 13 Sep 1829 at Leola, Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania
Susannah "Susan" Johns b. 31 Oct 1796 at Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania d. 31 Mar 1884 at Sterling, Whiteside Co., Illinois m. 1814 at Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania +(John) Jacob Ruth b. 14 Mar 1792 at (possibly) Reamstown, Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania d. 1830 at Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania
Peter Ruth b. bet 1817-1818 at unknown d. 19 Apr 1895 at Toutle, Cowlitz Co., Washington m. 16 Mar 1841 at unknown +Maria Mary Gibboney b. 1822 at Pennsylvania d. 4 Apr 1907 at Toutle, Cowlitz Co., Washington
Edmund Sylvester Ruth b. 28 Apr 1849 at Cherry Tree, Indiana Co., Pennsylvania d. 2 Feb 1909 at Grants Pass, Provolt, Jackson Co., Oregon m. 15 May 1881 at Phillipsburg, Phillips Co., Kansas +Marie Antoinette Garvey b. 23 Oct 1861 at Bedford, Lawrence, Indiana d. 24 Jan 1940 at Kansas City, Jackson Co., Missouri
Earl Francis Ruth Sr. b. 2 Oct 1883 at Phillipsburg, Phillips Co., Kansas d. 5 Mar 1936 at Kickapoo, Leavenworth Co., Kansas m. 21 Feb 1920 at Cavernes-St. Loubes, Croix-d'Hins, Gironde, France +Marie Germaine Forestier b. 20 Sep 1900 at Petit Bourdieu, Izon, France d. 26 Dec 1988 at Sarasota, Sarasota Co., Florida
Earl Francis Ruth Jr. b. 12 Aug 1921 at Ft. Leavenworth, Leavenworth Co., Kansas d. 29 Mar 1997 at Oakland, Alameda Co., California m. 2 May 1942 at Kansas City, Jackson Co., Missouri +Dorothy Margaret Steil b. 11 Dec 1919 at Mason City, Cerro Gordo Co., Iowa d. 7 Jan 1999 at Norwalk, Fairfield Co., Connecticut
Danielle Forestier b. at Ray, Pinal Co., Arizona

letter 'M'. Therefore Mac, from Irish (dropping the 'm'), then becomes 'ap' or 'ab', meaning 'son of' in Welsh as 'Mac' does in Irish.

In Wales in the 1600's a child's baptismal or given name could only be one of the approved names, mainly names of the Saints. In the Welsh patronymic system each child's surname included his father's given name. Due to the rule of using only approved baptismal given names and the patronymic system, the list of Welsh surnames is very small. So a child's given name was chosen, from the approved list, then 'ap,' or 'ab' followed the given name of the father. Thus John, son of Evan, became John ap Evan and John ap Evan's son would be 'Thomas ap John.

An 's' was often added to facilitate pronunciation: John ap Evans. In America and the 'ap' often became contracted and melded with the father's given name, making John ap Evan 'John Bevans'. If the 'Mac' or 'ap' was dropped, and it often was, 'MacSeain' from Wales, through Ireland, could become Johntz or Johnz or Johns when coming to America.

In spite of others saying John Johns had emigrated from Wales, and even some claims that he came in William Penn's party, I was suspicious due to other clues suggesting a German origin. The clues suggesting a German background--location in Pennsylvania, consistent first names of Johann, non-Quaker church membership suggest that he could have been German: The German background was confirmed when I found an old family will. It was written in German.

Genealogy Challenges Facing L-AGS Members

In response to this inquiry I have to admit that I had not yet published a family history of my husband's paternal grandfather. We have collected oodles of material about him and his ancestors. Perhaps too many, and that may be what is stopping me. A sketch of him would include that he was born in Leipzig, Saxony in 1829. He told his family that he was an orphan but when "the Wall" came down and the LDSers got in to the Leipzig records in 1993 they presented a whole history of him and his ancestors. We learned that

Continued on page 19.

Did Richard Shanahan have a brother or a nephew named Michael?

By Julie Liu

I knew that Richard Shanahan and his wife, Mary Ryan, took care of my grandmother, Margaret Madeleine Shanahan, as a toddler after her father died in a horrific train accident leaving my great grandmother, Hanora Ryan Shanahan, with 6 small children and a farm to manage in Axtell, Nebraska.¹

I first started looking at Richard Shanahan because someone had listed him as the brother to my great grandfather, Thomas Shanahan, on a genealogy website. It turned out to be faulty genealogy. That investigator had linked Richard and Thomas because they both had the same last name and were of similar ages. On checking that lead, I learned that Thomas was born in Iowa to Thomas Shanahan and Nora O'Brien. Richard Shanahan was born in Ireland to John Shanahan and Johana Root. Because he briefly participated in the care of my grandmother, I had more than a passing interest in finding out about him. Besides, Richard was a civil war veteran and, as far as I know, he may be my only ancestor who was a Civil War veteran.

Richard was born January 24, 1839 in Cappamore, Limerick, Ireland.² Richard came to this country at 20 years of age in 1858.³ I have not yet found him in the 1860 census, but in August 15, 1862, at 23 years of age, Richard was in Wisconsin where he enlisted in the 22nd Wisconsin Infantry regiment.⁴ The first signs of war were already present. [There were 36 battles in 1861.] The draft had not yet been instituted so he either felt a great deal of patriotism or the 3 square meals a day sounded good or maybe both. His obituary did say "His pride in life was having had the privilege of serving his country."⁵ The regiment was organized at Camp Utley, Racine, Wisconsin and then dispatched to central Kentucky. The first battle was at Thompson's Station March 5, 1863. By the 25th of March, the Wisconsin 22nd was forced to surrender at Brentwood, Tennessee. Luckily, in the early part of the war, prisoners were exchanged. There had been an informal arrangement between generals but by July 22, 1862 the Dix-Hill Cartell formalized this arrangement. Prisoners were to be returned within 10 days.⁶ Richard and the rest of the Wisconsin 22nd were able to regroup in St. Louis in June.⁷ Richard was

wounded at Peach Tree Creek, Georgia on July 20, 1864 and hospitalized at Lookout Mountain, Tennessee. Later he was transferred to Wisconsin to convalesce further and was discharged June 13, 1865 at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin 11 months after his injury.⁸

His wound was not life threatening but would follow him the rest of his life needing care throughout his lifetime. According to my family sources, Mary's "nursing care" was frequently required. Because of this injury, Richard received a \$6.00 monthly pension. The equivalent amount in today's economy is approximately \$80-90. The pension payment was eventually increased to \$75.00 per month,⁹ but his left arm had gradually become useless. In the 1880 and 1900 census, there are male family members also living on the farm which contributes to the notion that he needed the help.^{10, 11} By the time he was 77 years of age, he had little use of the left arm with signifi-

¹US census, 1910, Blaine, Kearney, Nebraska; roll:T624_849; Page: 5B Enumeration District:0138;FHL microfilm:1374862

²Richard Shanahan, Certificate of Death, State of Nebraska, Phelps County, #3135.

³Richard Shanahan obituary, undated clipping from unidentified newspaper held in the Ryan Family book. Pg. 16 held by Julie Liu

⁴22nd Wisconsin Infantry Regiment <http://genealogytrails.com/wis/22ndWInfReg.html>

⁵Richard Shanahan obituary, undated clipping from unidentified newspaper held in the Ryan Family book. Pg. 16 held by Julie Liu

⁶Alan Axelron, *The Complete Idiot's Guide to The Civil War*, 2011, pg. 238-239

⁷Wisconsin Veterans Museum; www.Museum.dva.state.wi.us/CivilWar/Regiments.aspx

⁸Richard Shanahan pension file #108523. Feb. 03, 1870 Surgeon report NARA Washington DC

⁹Richard Shanahan pension File #1085223 letter increase pension notice effective Nov. 30, 1920.NARA Washington, D.C.

¹⁰US census, 1880, Divide, Phelps, Nebraska; sheet 110B, film number 0753, NARA publication T9, NARA, FHL 1,254,753.

¹¹US census, 1900, Anderson, Cottonwood & Williamsburg Townships, Phelps, Nebraska; sheet 1A, film number 1240936, NARA publication T623, FHL 1,240,936.

cant atrophy of the muscles on that side.¹² Both pictures that have survived of Richard are of a bearded man. I never thought too much of it. I just assumed that he preferred beards, I didn't think too much about it. In researching the Civil war, I discovered that it was partly a fashion that had started in Great Britain after the Crimean War and migrated to the United States.¹³ That style setting trend continued throughout his lifetime. I also cannot help but think that his beard made his grooming easier for him.

Although I have not yet found Richard in the 1870 census, his first pension application is made in April 1870. Richard's residence is listed as Juda, Green, Illinois.¹⁴ I went page by page on Heritage Quest for the little town of Juda. The problem may be that the census taker came through in August 1870 and Richard may have relocated or he may have simply been missed.

Richard married Mary Ryan on 21 Feb. 1871 in Mendota, LaSalle, Illinois.¹⁵ Mary, a young Irish girl from Cappamore, Limerick, Ireland¹⁶ was working as a domestic servant for a retired farmer. My search for their marriage certificate was elusive. It was eventually found in Richard's pension file in NARA Washington D.C. By 24 Mar. 1879, Richard and Mary were homesteading in Phelps County, Nebraska.¹⁷

In 1880, Richard is living with his wife, Mary, mother, Johana, age 73 and brother, Michael. Richard is 50 years old and his brother Michael is a mere 22 years of age. With no children of their own, Michael's help must have been welcomed.¹⁸ This brings up a whole new question; did Johana at age 51, give birth to Michael? While this MAY be possible, another possibility is Michael's age may be stated incorrectly. Or it could be either Michael's name or his relationship to the head of household are incorrect.

Three years earlier Richard and Mary were able to celebrate their golden anniversary before Richard passed away on 07 Mar., 1924 of complications of pneumonia and old age.¹⁹



Picture that has survived of Richard is of a bearded man.

¹²Pension file Richard Shanahan, Medical examination Nov. 30, 1920, NARA Washington D.C.

¹³John Keegan, *The American Civil War*, publisher Alfred A. Knopf 2009. Pg. 41.

¹⁴Pension file Richard Shanahan, pension application, Apr. 8, 1870, NARA Washington D.C.

¹⁵Marriage certificate. Mendota county, Illinois-Maintained in civil war pension file on Richard Shanahan, #108523, NARA, Washington D.C.

¹⁶Obituary Mary Ryan Shanahan, in the Ryan Book, privately held by Julie Gilliland Liu.

¹⁷Homestead application #7080 for Richard Shanahan Land Office Bloomington, Nebraska, 5 June 1879. www.fold3.com/image/#301520312

¹⁸US census. 1880, Divide, Phelps, Nebraska, United States, 15; sheet 110B, film number 0753, NARA publ. #T9, GS 1254753, digital folder #004242036, Image #00773.

¹⁹Richard Shanahan, Certificate of Death, State of Nebraska, Phelps County, #3135

The Remains Of James McGoey

By Mary Caroline Chunn

In 1879 someone named James McGoey sent a letter to John Donlon in care of Peter Murray at the Amador Hotel in Dublin, California. This letter made its way to John's cousin, another John Donlon, in El Rio, Ventura County. For years I've been wondering which John Donlon was the intended recipient, and who was James McGoey?

The eight-page letter is very entertaining and entirely filled, top to bottom, with exceptionally beautiful, almost decorative, hand-writing. James shares the news about himself and his circle of friends and acquaintances in the neighborhood of Minna Street, San Francisco, where there was no shortage of Irish immigrants. He speaks affectionately of his brother, and he complains about being a bachelor. He also mentions "Mary Anne Donlon and her brother" and wants to be remembered to them. This seems to indicate that they are in Dublin, not San Francisco. James is probably referring to Mary Ann, the daughter of John Donlon of Dublin. Even so, the letter could still be written to John Donlon of El Rio (my great-grandfather).

It occurred to me that there would be some clues in whatever records might exist for James. The first database I visited was the Colma Cemetery Index on SF Genealogy.com¹. I entered McGoey in the search box and got one result. It was himself. He was buried on September 5, 1880, only 18 months after he wrote the letter. Very sad. Then I clicked on his removal record which had nothing but bad news. He was only 33 years old when he died. Terrible. When his grave was opened there was "no find". I suppose he disintegrated which is not surprising if the attempted removal took place around 1940. That's when San Francisco emptied most of its cemeteries. The only good news is that the purchaser of the grave was Mary Donlon. Mary is another over-worked given name in Irish families, so I couldn't be certain of her identity. After a few more clicks I arrived at the registration of James' burial. The cause of death was pneumonia. Mary Donlon paid Mount Calvary Cemetery \$18. When there is no Mrs. before the name it might mean the per-

son is unmarried. I went to the California Digital Newspaper Collection² database to find a marriage announcement for Mary Ann Donlon and George FitzGerald. It appeared in the December 15, 1881 issue of The Livermore Herald. Her middle name is not included. So it's not impossible that the Mary Anne Donlon who is fondly remembered by James in his letter is the same person who paid for his burial, and also the daughter of John Donlon of Dublin.

With the burial date I could get an obituary from the main branch of the San Francisco Public Library. I filled out the online request form, and a few days later I received by email an image of a death notice which said that James died on September 5, 1880. That's the same day he was buried. There's something extra sad about that. The death notice gave his native townland and parish. They were misspelled. I found the correct place names with Google. They are Abbeyderg, Moydow Parish, County Longford. It's very likely that James knew some Donlons in the old country. My Cashel Donlons are related to the Moydow Donlons, although their common ancestral couple has not been identified...yet.

At this point I postponed the question of "which John Donlon" and began to fret over James dying in his early thirties and having no grave to be visited. So I called Holy Cross Cemetery in Colma in hopes that I had misinterpreted the burial and removal records. A very kind and patient person double-checked every detail, and helped me decipher the notations re James' gravesite. Unfortunately, he was indeed buried in that place where there was "no find".

There is consolation in the fact that something does remain of James McGoey. A glimpse of his life, as told by himself, in an old letter.

SFGenealogy.com, <http://www.sfgenealogy.com/php/cemetery/cemeteryindex.php>

The California Digital Newspaper Collection is a project of the Center for Bibliographical Studies and Research (CBSR) at the University of California, Riverside. This collection contains 132,960 issues comprising 1,290,418 pages and 14,418,937 articles.

The San Francisco Main Library provides a free, five (5) per month, obituary search service. Obituary Search Request Form, <http://sfpl.org/index.php?pg=2000049301>

¹ SFGenealogy.com, <http://www.sfgenealogy.com/php/cemetery/cemeteryindex.php>

² The California Digital Newspaper Collection is a project of the Center for Bibliographical Studies and Research (CBSR) at the University of California, Riverside.

³ The San Francisco Main Library provides a free, five (5) per month, obituary search service.

What Was He Thinking?

By Frank Geasa

My paternal uncle, Edward Geasa, was born October 16, 1893¹ in a tenement at 21 West Street between Battery Park and the later location of the World Trade Center in lower Manhattan, New York City. Uncle Ed was the second of five boys in the family and remained a bachelor all his life. Before my family moved some 50 miles north of the city after World War II, he would make an annual trip from his home in Brooklyn to the Bronx to join my family for Thanksgiving. Other than during those visits I do not remember ever seeing him. From random family conversations I understood he had served overseas along with his 2 younger brothers, my uncle, Paul, and my father, Frank, in World War I. They all served in the New York National Guard's 105th Infantry which saw heavy fighting in both France and Belgium. It appears that Ed was originally in Co. D of the 105th Infantry with his brothers, but at one point he was moved to Co. C of the 102nd Field Signal Battalion which supported the entire 27th Division, also known as the New York Division. After getting interested in genealogy I later learned that Paul had been severely wounded and evacuated to a hospital in England to recover.

When Uncle Ed passed away at the age of 61 in March 1955, my father took care of the burial arrangements. As part of the conversations at the time I learned that Uncle Ed had served in the Canadian Army as well. I believe my father contacted the Canadian government to see if there might be any benefits due from them. This topic never came up again and Uncle Ed's final resting place is in Long Island National Cemetery,² Farmingdale, New York.

When I started doing my family genealogy I found Uncle Ed listed in the Canadian Army lists on the Canadian National Archives³ and sent for a copy of his records. After seeing them I was quite surprised and understood why the topic of Canadian benefits was never again mentioned. It seems he enlisted in the Canadian army 5 Feb 1916 and went permanently AWOL 22 June 1916. The Ca-

Geasa, Edward; New York National Guard, Mexican Campaign 1916-1917.

nadians were already in World War I in 1914 as part of the British Empire forces. This was quite a shock knowing his later U.S. Army service in World War I,⁴ after which he was discharged as a corporal. I was further surprised to find he wasn't anywhere in the Canadian Army court martial files and I found no indication they ever even tried to get him back.

Recently I had another surprise when I found a list of soldiers enlisted into the New York National Guard's 71st Infantry which was being mobilized for the punitive campaign against Mexico after Pancho Villa's excursions into US territory. There was Uncle Ed. The very next day after going AWOL from the Canadian Army he was enlisting in the 71st Infantry on 23 June 1916. He remained in the New York National Guard through the end of World War I. I do not have any picture of Uncle Ed. Interestingly there are pictures of Paul and my father in an online book, "*A Short History and Illustrated Roster of the 105th Infantry, United States Army*,"⁵ page 66. Unfortunately Uncle Ed was apparently already moved to the 102nd.

I'm still pondering what Uncle Ed's had been thinking and why the Canadian Army apparently just let things be.

¹Edmund Geasa, Ancestry.com. 1900 Manhattan, New York, New York; Roll: 1082; Page: 1B; Enumeration District: 0057; United States Federal Census [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations Inc., 2004.

²Edward Geasa, Long Island National Cemetery, FindAGrave.com

³Edward Geasa, Ancestry.com. Canada, Soldiers of the First World War, 1914-1918 [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations, Inc., 2006. Images are used with the permission of Library and Archives Canada.

⁴Edward Geasa; Ancestry.com. New York, Abstracts of World War I Military Service, 1917-1919 [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations, Inc., 2013.

⁵*A Short History and Illustrated Roster of the 105th Infantry, United States Army*
https://ia802607.us.archive.org/26/items/roster105thinfan00philrich/roster105thinfan00philrich_bw.pdf

Willard Edgar Chandler

1860-1960

By Helen Elizabeth Chandler
& Thomas Mathews

Some called him Uncle Will, some called him Pop, but I called him Grandpa. He was the father of my dad, Stewart Curtis Chandler (1899-1971). Grandpa was the youngest of fifteen children of Jonathan (1812-1879) and Vashti (Lamdin) Chandler. My great grandparents and their oldest child were born in England. Three of their ten daughters died in infancy. One son, Horace Greeley Chandler, died after being bitten by a rabid dog when he was eleven years old. All the others lived to maturity, became well educated, and added much to our society. Some of the inventions of Grandpa's brother, Charles, are still important today. Even though "Uncle Charlie" was born January 15, 1850 I knew him personally when I was a child. The family all kept in touch with each other by mail and visits.

Grandpa's and Grandma's bodies were sent to Pontiac, Michigan, to be buried in the cemetery where the family of Jonathan Chandler's line are buried. I was told by the manager when I visited there that this cemetery is a National Cemetery and will, therefore, always be maintained.

Grandpa and most of his siblings studied at the University of Michigan. They are on the list of university information of graduates. Willard E. Chandler was graduated in 1882. The picture of the six young graduates with white top hats, was taken at the "Beta" Fraternity on the day of graduation. That fraternity is still at the university. My grandfather is the first one on the back left of the picture. Grandpa's father had very little formal education and he made certain that his children did. Jonathan Chandler was a shoemaker and brought apprentices over from England (shown on the censuses) while his children were in college.

"Sister Eva," the 12th child, was born in 1855, she graduated from Michigan in 1878 and became a math professor at Wellesley College, teaching there in the college's first years. She taught there until she retired as a full professor in 1920. The letter offering her the position said they were looking for the "Cream of the Crop." I have a copy of her application. When it got to the question of other family members who were



In this group of top-hatted graduates of the University of Michigan, Willard is the one standing at left.

well known or famous, she answered, "Too many to mention."

Willard Chandler married Ina Blanch Curtis in Pontiac in 1886 in the town where he was born.

His first job was principal at Fenton High School in Michigan. Later, he became County Superintendent of Schools in Superior, Wisconsin. After he retired from that, he became an ordained minister, but I only knew him as a substitute in the country church, in Boskydell, Illinois, just south of Carbondale, where I grew up. I always went with him when he preached there. The church is still active after 100 years.

Grandma and Grandpa Chandler had a blessed, loving marriage. They were always thoughtful of each other. Their children were my father, and his two sisters; Fleeta and Evelyn. I don't think I ever knew a couple or family that 'fit together' better. My grandmother wrote a valentine about Grandpa after the children were gone and I have it in her handwriting. I found it in his things many years later. It is as follows:

by Ina B. Chandler

Children of Jonathan and Vashti Lamdin Chandler

Ann Chandler b 24 Nov 1836 Hampshire ENG
 George Chandler b 23 July 1838, New York USA
 James William Chandler b 23 Sep 1839 New York USA*
 Sarah Chandler b 30 Nov 1842
 Jane Chandler b 8 Apr 1844 Michigan USA
 Augusta Chandler b 20 Feb 1846 Michigan, USA
 Frances Chandler b 8 Sep 1848 Michigan, USA
 Charles W. Chandler b 15 Jan 1850 Michigan, USA
 Julia Chandler b 9 Mar 1851 Michigan, USA
 Susannah Chandler b 1 Mar 1852 Michigan, USA
 Emily Chandler b 28 Sep 1853 Michigan, USA
 Eva Chandler b 25 Mar 1855 Michigan USA
 Horace Greeley Chandler b 21 Oct 1856 Michigan USA
 Alice Chandler b 1 Mar 1858 Michigan USA
 Willard Edgar Chandler b 11 July 1860 Michigan, USA

From files of Tom Mathews
timathews@sbcglobal.net

* For the purpose of DNA testing and determining to which Chandler DNA group this family belongs, we are searching for a living male Chandler descendant of James William Chandler born 1839 in New York.

My Valentine

Five and thirty years well nigh,
 One day in May Sunshine
 The bonny blue bird soaring high
 Brought me "my valentine."

The children with their sunny smile
 Made life so sweet and fine;
 And tho they've flitted many a mile
 I have "my valentine"

In youth we count our conquests o're
 Which later, we resign;
 But as for me, what want I more?
 I have "my valentine"

Grandma died when I was seven but I remember her well. I stayed with them quite frequently. Every Saturday, Grandma made baked beans and brown-bread as her ancestors did in New England. We spent our Saturdays at my grandparents' house. I also, stayed at their house if anyone was very ill in my own home. I had my own bed there. The house was built for them by my father on the farm. We lived in a house next door on that property until we moved into town (Carbondale). . My grandparents' house still looks new, because it is so well taken care of by

the present owner.

Grandpa didn't live there alone very long after Grandma died in 1939. He came to live with us in town. His room and closet looked like a library. He read all of the books. His eye sight was excellent, even at the end of his one hundred years. His striking blue eyes served him well. Some of his favorite books were about chess puzzles. He was one of the best players anyone knew in town and passed some of the time playing the games/puzzles from the books if he couldn't find a partner. He played a guest professional chess player who played 25 people at one time at the university. Grandpa was in his mid-nineties, but was one of the last players who hadn't lost yet--until the professional chess expert finally beat them all. Like many of the activities of Grandpa, the picture of him playing chess with the champion, was in the local newspaper.

Grandpa drove a Model A Ford into his mid-nineties. When he didn't renew his last driver's license, it was reported in the newspaper. He was well known and easy to spot in his car, named Jezebel. When I asked him why he called his car that, he told me that the Jezebel in the Bible was a wicked woman, as the car could sometimes be. Grandpa added that she made King Ahab move farther and faster than he ever had before. When I was in high school, I had to crank the Model A for him once in a while--when he got older--as did the car.

More bits and pieces of his life as I knew him

Fortunately, Grandpa was very interested in family history and recorded information about all of the family members he knew of; the names of the spouses and their addresses, and often their occupations. Family members also sent letters with information. The papers he left, were handed down to me and I still have the originals. Little did he, nor anyone, know how important they would be so many years later. It probably would be difficult and expensive for a frugal man like W. E. Chandler to get them all copied. I have the originals. I wish I could thank him for all he did. A lot of the information could not be found now if it weren't for him writing it down and saving things written to him--and talking about his life.

My Grandpa walked around several blocks every

evening for exercise and pleasure when many old people were sitting in a chair, at best just “twiddling their thumbs.”

He was an avid reader. There were very few days in his life that he didn't learn something and he often pointed it out to me.

He never missed Sunday school or church, and never missed a meal. Sunday dinner was special.

He was easy to live with and a pleasure to me every day.

He always said, happily, “Good morning, Lovie,” and it always made me smile.

His life spanned from when there were no cars to riding in an airplane. He wanted to make sure he didn't miss anything if he could help it. He took his little satchel and went by himself on a commercial plane flight from our town by train to the airport and back again.

He and our family followed World War II on maps on the wall in the dining room. Grandpa listened intently to the news. He had lived through five wars: the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, World Wars I & II, and the Korean War.

He owned many businesses and then would sell them and start another one.

We lived in a coal mining area and he had a coal delivery business. He sued a big coal company because of a bad batch of coal, representing himself and won. Again, it was in the paper for several days. I still have an original copy of that.

He was a notary and had a small office downtown that he drove to and from every day.

His biggest business, probably, involved buying and selling land in Cuba on the Isle of Pines to Americans before Teddy Roosevelt's presidency. At that time they thought The Isle of Pines would belong to the United States. He wasn't happy with this president, because it was the end of his biggest venture when Teddy Roosevelt destroyed his most profitable era--when the island was given to Cuba.

Grandpa was a sharp businessman for several reasons. I realized that when I could ask him for a small amount of money (a nickel or dime) and he'd give it to me, but if I asked to borrow it, and hadn't paid him back, he'd ask me if I hadn't forgotten something. He didn't charge me interest,

though.

He loved to chat with me, and when I'd pass his door, he'd say, “Won't you come into my parlor, said the spider to the fly. We haven't had our little chat in a while.”

When he was in his eighties, I asked him if he could whistle through his fingers. He said, he supposed he could, but hadn't done it in about fifty years, but guessed he still could. I told him I wanted to learn how. He put his fingers to his mouth and whistled so loudly that people came to see what was going on. He was a good teacher. I can still whistle loudly at eighty-five.

There were very few days that he didn't learn something new. There was never a chat that wasn't amusing, as well as informative.

He had a hereditary type of color blindness. Red was green and green was red to him. It was passed down to, at least a couple of his grandsons. Grandpa picked green raspberries and it peeved Grandma every time he brought them in.

He cooked quite well and reminded people that the major chefs were men. He took good care of Grandma her last year when she was not very strong because of her heart condition. She just didn't wake up from her regular afternoon nap one afternoon and had died in her sleep.

He lived in an era when people thought that if things were in print, they were probably true. He had a discussion with my mother and they didn't agree. She was going to put it in the paper the next day, and did. Grandpa came out of his room and told her, “You were right. It's in the paper.” He certainly never learned how it got there.

The newspaper reporters interviewed him on his 97th and 98th birthdays. The picture of him in his room was in the newspaper with an article written about him. The articles were in the Carbondale Free Press in great detail and often with photos. They must have thought that each birthday would probably be his last one and gave up until the 100th. On Grandpa's 97th birthday, the paper said the family would go to the university (SIU) cafeteria for dinner to celebrate, and that Mr. Chandler (Sr.) would stand in line like everyone else—and he did. We never thought otherwise. The 100th birthday was commented on in the paper, of course—as was his obituary a month after that. At 100, his sharp wit and mind were still intact. A month after his 100th birthday, he was lying down and my mother was sitting beside



My nephew Tom Mathews with Willard Edgar Chandler, his great-grandfather, in 1957. Tom is also a CFA member and has helped with our family genealogy research.

him, talking with him. He said with a smile, "I almost made it last night!" She asked him, "Made what?" He answered, "I almost died in my sleep." A few hours later, he reached up and patted her on her arm, and he died.

He will always be in my memory and heart, of course. Anyone who knew him would not forget him, but the difference is, he was my Grandpa CHANDLER.

There is a moral to this tale...if you are still young enough to have living grandparents, know them and ask them all the questions you might think of, and record the answers afterwards. They will add things you never thought to ask them, when they know you are interested. If you are a grandparent, be sure that your grandchildren know you. It is a treasure for both of you.

If there is anyone you know that could be in this Chandler line with my father, Stewart (1889-1971), my grandfather Willard Edgar (1860-1960), Jonathan (1812-1870), James (1778-?), I have more pictures, letters, newspaper articles, and other information I'd be glad to share.

First published in The Chandler Family Association *Newsletter*, Autumn 2010, Volume XXI, Issue 3.

Touring the exhibit "Beautiful Data" with Carlo Abruzzese

By Alex Flegel, age 12

On October 27, as a member of the Del Arroyo 4-H Genealogy project I went to the de Young Museum to see the exhibit "Beautiful Data." When we arrived, the exhibit was closed and we thought it would open later, so we went to have lunch and see some of the other exhibits in the museum. At 1:30 it was still closed, so we asked one of the staff when it would open and she said it was closed on Tuesdays. I think we looked depressed because she said she could take us in for a little bit. It turned out that the artist, Carlo Abruzzese was working despite the fact that it was closed. He was fine with us looking around for a bit and said we could ask him any questions that we had. So we kind of got our own private tour by the artist. How he made the art was by taking the ethnicity data from the 2010 census and grouping them into five different colors. It was also geographically correct. Even though the artist only used the geography, population, and ethnicity from the census, the census provides a lot more information than just that. A genealogist can learn a lot about one family, household, city, or country. We were satisfied and lucky with what we learned at the de Young Museum.

Genealogy Challenges

Continued from page 11.

he was one of two boys born to a plumber and that his grandfather had been a wig-maker. We had data on where each of them lived in that city and birth and death records for all their relatives. Besides the official documents this grandfather wrote a book about himself and left photos that had to be some of the first photographs done in 1840. I have sat on this material since 2002, watching the collection grow but never putting it in a form that others could read. Consequently, my current Genealogy goal in to pass this on to my descendants.

I hope you will be receiving emails from others who have guilty admissions.

Virginia Loewe

Future General Meetings

Congregation Beth Emek, 3400 Nevada Court, Pleasanton

Visitors are always welcome.

June 13, 7:30 p.m.

Ralph Severson Family Search Wiki

July 11, 7:30 p.m.

Kathy Marshall Researching Your 1812 Ancestors

August 8, 7:30 p.m.

Linda Okazaki The Angel Island Experience

The Livermore-Amador Genealogical Society is exempt from Federal Income Tax under Section 501(c)(3)(public charity) of the Internal Revenue Code and California Taxation Code 2301g.

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