

Past Tracks



A Publication of the Southern Arizona Genealogy Society

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**Articles and stories for May
Past Tracks are due April 24.
See page 15 for tips.**

Contributors

Mike Day
Darillyn Doss
Debra Einweck
Susan Hulbert
Marie Mattson
Becky McCreary
Bob Pitcher
Ann Richwine
Ed Storey

Southern Arizona Genealogy Society April Meeting

SAGS's April Membership meeting will be different from its usual format. *There will be no Zoom option this time – the meeting will be in-person only.* And while there will be a long program, with two interesting speakers, there will be no short program. Instead, the second half of the meeting will be an open discussion among the SAGS members of the future direction of the Society.

Once again, SAGS finds itself at a crossroads, uncertain about its future. (See the following pages for details.) The SAGS membership needs to decide what things they want from SAGS and how they will go about getting those things.

The April SAGS Membership Meeting will be from 1:00 to 3:00 on the afternoon of Thursday, April 17, at the usual location, the Recreation Center at La Posada. Directions to the Center are on page 30.

THE FUTURE OF SAGS

*Bob Pitcher, Secretary, Southern Arizona Genealogy Society
Speaking to the SAGS Membership, March 20, 2025*

Good afternoon.

I addressed last March's membership meeting to say that SAGS was at a turning point, with only two Board members continuing – Debbie Einweck and me -- and a critical lack of new volunteers from the membership. It seemed there might not be enough hands to allow the organization to continue as it had.

Following that meeting a year ago, and for much of the ensuing year, the membership gave enough for SAGS to squeeze by: you the members approved new by-laws reducing the size of the Board; Deb Kabinier and Mike Day volunteered as President and Vice President; and Ed Storey signed on during the year as interim Treasurer. Deb Kabinier, in particular, provided more than her share of what has been accomplished. After all, in various capacities with SAGS over the years, Deb had done it all before, and she had determination.

After Deb Kabinier's death, the Board has continued with only four members, just enough for a quorum to hold meetings and to make the decisions necessary to continue these membership meetings, to arrange the seminar and workshops, and to conduct the Society's ordinary business. And much of that depended on work that Deb had already begun.

The terms of three of the four current Board members are up at the end of May. Of the four, only Mike Day will continue, either to fill out his term as Vice President or, if you the members elect him to the job, as SAGS President. There is currently no one else after May to fill the other six positions on the SAGS Board. A complete Board, including officers, would be seven members. The Board can, as it has, scrape by with four members, but it's precarious, and it's unhealthy for the Society for so few to make the decisions. Nor, while it is possible, is it likely -- or to be expected -- that new volunteers will be able to devote themselves as wholly to the business of the Society as Deb Kabinier did over this last year.

Moreover, during the past year, while SAGS has some new members, overall the Society has lost fully a third of its membership – the count is down now to about 150. That makes finances tight – though not critical -- yet.

It's clear that something's not working right with SAGS. SAGS would seem to need major changes in the way it operates.

The Society has some fine assets, programs that it seems would be well worth continuing:

The Newsletter

The SAGS website

The Special Interest Groups, the SIGs.

And SAGS has its federal certification as a charitable organization, which allows it to take in dues and donations free of income tax – that is, to operate as an educational institution. That's valuable.

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Of the programs I've just mentioned, the newsletter continues with interim staffing; the website is competently managed and full of content. While the mix of SIGs changes over time, each one reflects the enthusiasm of its leader and the members who participate in it.

What, then, are the problem areas? Keeping the membership rolls and collecting membership dues. Membership communication on approaching events and educational opportunities. Promoting the Society and recruiting new members and volunteers. And the arrangements and management for these membership meetings. These are essentially the same gaps SAGS had at this time last year. We currently have no volunteers to fill these roles, and it seems unreasonable to suppose that such volunteers will somehow magically appear. Once again, SAGS is at a turning point.

The Board is currently at its minimum to make any decisions at all: four members. Four is not enough to make the important decisions on SAGS's future that are necessary, especially when three of those four are not continuing in their roles for more than a couple of months. At this point, it's up to the SAGS membership as a whole to decide how to proceed.

The Board has considered the situation, and believes there are at least three possible courses of action:

First, SAGS could dissolve, and disappear as an society. Some provision would have to be made to share out the net of its assets among the membership, after SAGS's small debts are paid, but that could be done. Some programs might be able to continue on their own – the SIGs, for instance. But no one wants to dissolve SAGS.

A second option would be to cut back SAGS's operations: hold monthly, in-person meetings, without Zoom and with a reduced budget for speakers, sometimes no speaker, just discussion among the members of their research approaches, successes, and problems. Education and promotion of SAGS would be stressed, the SIGs would continue; the newsletter would be reduced in scope, made public, and used for communication among the membership and for promoting the Society. The website would continue to be maintained.

Third, a barebones version of the second option might see the elimination of the membership meetings, except for a spring business meeting. The Society would then consist of the SIGs, the website, and a much reduced newsletter.

There are certainly other possibilities for SAGS besides these three.

We – the SAGS membership – have to decide. The Board can't decide that for us the members – the Board members are too few, and three aren't continuing. It must be the membership as a whole. Do we want SAGS to continue? Do we want that enough to make it happen? We don't have to decide today what to do – we should distrust any decision that we make in such a hurry. But we can start.

Southern Arizona Genealogy Society at a crossroads

Becky McCreary

This was published in December 2022 Past Tracks. It is as relevant today as it was then.

The Society is facing a decision in which all members should take part.

My membership in the then Green Valley Genealogical Society began in 2012 and two years later, I took on the task of newsletter editor and became a member of the board. In the ensuing years I saw the introduction of a permanent library at Posada Shoppes, a restructuring of board positions, a newly-designed website, a membership surge to well over 300, a large meeting space at Valley Presbyterian Church, a new logo and society colors, and a new name — Southern Arizona Genealogy Society.

The new name embraced a wide area of Southern Arizona that included folks interested in genealogy, other genealogy and historical societies, and libraries. We had a better identity to include those outside Green Valley. It would be a community of genealogists.

We had visitors from other areas attend the monthly meetings and visit the Library to do research. In addition to the monthly meetings, of which there were a few times over 100 in attendance, there were always nearly a dozen member-only Special Interest Groups (SIGS), classes, and workshops on a variety of topics offered each month, field trips, webinars in the Library, Past Tracks grew to include more members writing articles, and there was a planned group trip to Salt Lake City. It was exciting to see energy and growth!

Then in March 2020 Covid-19 hit. The monthly meetings, SIGs, classes, field trips were cancelled and the Library closed. We moved into the new world of Zoom and emails for meetings, SIGS, and classes; the Library re-opened with Covid safety procedures. We have come through the worst part but things are different and will no doubt ever be as we once knew it. But, the needs of the members and Southern Arizona genealogists have not changed.

In this light, it is time to stop using Covid as an excuse — it is time to move on. If a bridge collapses, it is not left to float in the river with people standing on the bank saying, “We used to cross that bridge. Now we can’t. Oh, well.” Instead, they say, “We will build a new bridge. It won’t be like the old one. It will be different . . . a better bridge!”

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The SAGS Mission Statement (found on the website under About Us) focuses on education and research. Are we connecting with the community, other societies, libraries, etc.? Do people know that we still have monthly programs and SIGS/classes? Are we again becoming a more closed group? What is the “face” of the Society today?

The Green Valley - Sahuarita Genealogy Library continues to operate with the goal of education and research and will definitely endure. Will it be the only source of genealogy community in the area? Or can SAGS reclaim its focus and direction and once again follow a path to fulfilling its stated mission?

A successful society or club is one in which all members can adopt and share a “we’re in this together” attitude, which is something that requires passion. I invite all the members, new and old, to stand up and be counted — help to recreate a SAGS in which the entire membership can proudly take part.

Let’s Talk!

Your opportunity to speak up



A society’s strength is its member participation. As we face possible changes, your concerns, questions, and ideas about the future of Southern Arizona Genealogy Society are important.

After the main program and a short refreshment and social time, the remainder of the April 17 meeting will be an open discussion about the future of the Society. The discussion will be led by a member who is not part of the board.

We would like as many members as possible to attend. There will be no Zoom for the April meeting. If you are unable to attend in person, you are invited to email your comments to Mike Day or Bob Pitcher before April 14 and they may be addressed during the discussion. michaelhday@me.com or rpitcher1040@gmail.com

Southern Arizona Genealogy Society

April Meeting

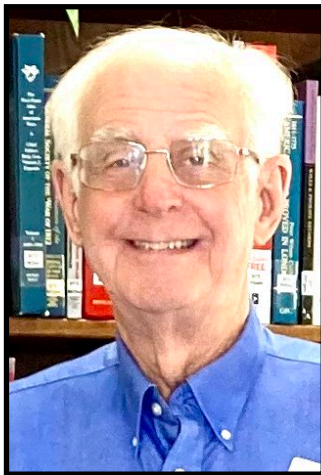
**In-person only.
No ZOOM.**

April 17

1:00 - 3:00

La Posada Recreation Center
(Directions on page 30)

Sharing Research Stories



Jon Otto
SIG leader and
Library staff



Ed Storey
SAGS board
treasurer

Jon had conflicting reports of what his Dad's brother did while serving in the U.S. Navy during World War II. "My search included Cousin Jill, online searches, and the National Archives. I initiated a request for records from the National Archives. This is a summary of what I discovered."

Ed uses resources like City Directories and Sanborn maps in his research. "My presentation will cover the time from about 1879 to 1920. I will show how the information from those and other resources helps my research."

Join us for this informative program!

Message from the Interim President

Dear SAGS Members,

Welcome to April, the first full month of Spring. In my family history, the overwhelming occupation of my ancestors was farming and spring was time for planting. My father introduced me to gardening at scale when I was a boy. He would rent a plot from a farmer friend and the family would drive out to the plot to plant and weed once a week in spring and summer. I remember a lot of grumbling from my brothers and sister about this but we enjoyed wonderful vegetables at our table. I particularly recall lima beans and succotash.

Later, when I was a graduate student at the University of Wisconsin - Madison, I too rented a plot at a nearby farm and put in a large garden. My wife and I produced enough food that we had to buy a small freezer for our apartment. My wife's sister Janet came to stay with us one summer and I put her to work weeding the garden... more grumbling. Janet claimed that my passion for gardening went beyond obsession to a kind of religion. When I lived in New Jersey, working at Bell Labs, we put in a large garden at our house in Lincroft. We had a big plot of strawberries and got one good crop before the Japanese beetles came to stay. I also remember the thrill of the Burpee seed catalogues arriving mid-winter and firing desire for exotic vegetables that I had never grown before.

Please join us in person at our April monthly meeting on April 17 at 1:00 pm at the Rec Center at La Posada. We will feature member stories from Jon Otto and Ed Storey and then convene an important discussion about the future direction of the society. See you there and Happy Spring!

Michael Day



Upcoming Southern Arizona Genealogy Society meetings/programs

April 17

Main Program: Research stories from Jon Otto and Ed Storey

Short Program: "Let's Talk" Member discussion about the future of SAGS

May 15

Main Program: Mark Hester (Quail Creek author) "A Sterling Life: John Danz, Seattle Theatre Pioneer and a Grandson's Journey"

Short Program: Chris Arundell "The Cuban Missile Crisis"

SAGS business meeting

Education Opportunities

Let's Talk Genealogy (SIG) — New SIG this year!

April 2

9:30 - 11:30

In-person Meeting

Genealogy can be confusing. Sometimes, you just need to be with some friends to talk about a research problem. Maybe you want to share a breakthrough you have been working for years. That's the purpose of "Let's Talk Genealogy"— friends talking about genealogy and family history. Meetings will be held the first Wednesday of the month from 9:30 am - 11:30 am; meetings will be in-person. Mike Day will facilitate this month's meeting. Meeting location: La Posada Pavilion, Building #670, 2nd Floor, Synergy Room.

Storytellers: Writing Family Stories

April 8

10 - noon

In-person Meeting

The Storytellers class for SAGS members meets from 10:00 am - 12:00 pm on the second Tuesday of the month from October through May at the *Friends in Deed* location. This is a class for those who want to write to preserve their personal stories and those of ancestors in a written format. **This is not a drop-in SIG; you must register in advance to join the class.** For more information, please contact the instructor, Becky McCreary: rebeccamccreary764@gmail.com

Family Tree Maker SIG

April 9

9:30 - 11:30

Explore the features of FTM with a hands-on approach!

An email with the Zoom meeting link will be sent out approximately 5 days prior to the meeting to those on the group email list. To have your name added to the group list, send an email to webmgr@azssags.org.

Regular meetings are held on the second Wednesday of each month.



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Beginning Genealogy SIG

April 24

3:00 - 4:00

* Hybrid Meeting: Green Valley Genealogy Library, and via Zoom. This meeting is open to non-members & members. It is a great way to get started with researching your family tree. This group meets the 4th Thursday of the month from 3:00pm-4:30pm at the Genealogy Library at La Posada and via Zoom. For more details, contact Jon Otto, Group Leader, at jonotto48@yahoo.com and check the SAGS Events Calendar for future meeting dates. Regular meetings are held on the fourth Thursday of each month.

* In-Person Meeting location: Green Valley Genealogy Library, 665 S. Park Centre Ave., Green Valley, AZ

DNA Special Interest Group — New SIG this year!

April 25

9:00 - 11:00

In-person meeting

This SIG will start with the basics through the experience of its leader, Mike Day. Mike is a former teacher and technologist who brings a decade of experience as a user of DNA testing services and a career of understanding technologies. If you have questions or would like more information, contact Mike Day at vicepres@azsags.org. The meetings are held at the same location as the SAGS monthly meetings: at the La Posada Recreation Center, 685 S. La Posada Circle, Bldg. #37, Green Valley, AZ. Regular meetings are held on the fourth Friday of each month.

Thinking outside the box for research sources

Becky McCreary

After you have checked the online (azsags.org) catalog or the shelves of Green Valley-Sahuarita Genealogy Library, consider these ideas for enhancing your family history. Some ideas are Southwest-specific but it may give suggestions for visits to other areas of the United States.

Joyner-Green Valley Library
Sahuarita Library
Caviglia-Arivaca Library
23 more Pima County
Libraries
Patagonia Library
City of Nogales Library

Tubac Library
Tubac Presidio
Santa Cruz Valley Historical Society
U of A Libraries
U of A Special Collections Library
Area special interest museums
Interlibrary Loans

Westerners La Frontera Corral
(westerners-international.org)
Book stores — New and Used
Books in museum gift shops
Annual Tucson Festival of Books
.....and many more!

MISSING BOOKS

The following books are missing from the shelves of the Genealogy Library and there is no record of them being checked out. They are likely wandering our neighborhoods searching for a route to return home. If you have seen any of these titles, would you please offer them your help by returning them to the Library so they can be among friends again.

National Road: Main Street of America

973 H2snf

Norris Franz Schneider

Twenty-Six Great Migration Colonists to New England & Their Origins

974 D2thj

John Brooks Threlfall

Historical Collections of the State of New York

974.7 H2b

John W. Barber,
J. Henry Howe

1860 Census Of Noble County Ohio

977.195 X2e 1860

Will Records of Decatur County, Indiana 1822-1906

977.216 P28h

Maurice Holmes

Map Book of Michigan Counties

977.4 E7mn

Dept of Michigan Natural Resources

Iowa: The Home For Immigrants, Being a Treatise on the Resources of Iowa, and Giving Useful Information with Regard to the State, for the Benefit of Immigrants and Others

977.7 E6

The State Historical Society of Iowa

You may also call 520-648-4384 for a private consultation and pickup.

Thank you!



News from the Green Valley - Sahuarita Genealogy Library

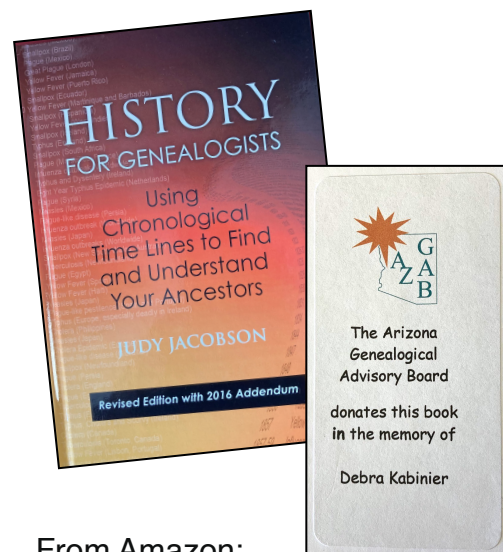
Becky McCreary

Arizona Genealogical Advisory Board (AZGAB) worked with their Historian and SAGS Treasurer Ed Storey and Library Team Leader Darillyn Doss to donate a book to Green Valley-Sahuarita Genealogy Library in memory of Deb Kabinier, who passed away February 12, 2025. Deb was a genealogy researcher, teacher, speaker, reader, and writer and knew the value of history timelines. Ed said, “Darillyn recommended a book by Judy Jacobson that is a particularly useful chronicle of the things that were going on in the World. The Library has an older copy and it seemed that an updated version, in Deb’s memory, would make a good memorial.”

“Thank you” to Ed and to AZGAB, an organization whose charter is to help coordination and communication among societies in Arizona.



SAGS Treasurer and AZGAB Historian Ed Storey present *History For Genealogists* to Library Team Leader Darillyn Doss.



From Amazon:

This book uses a vast array of historical time lines to help flesh out your family history. The 2016 edition has been completely revised and edited, and it contains two entirely new chapters. Readers of the original 2009 edition will enjoy the new timelines concerning (1) life on the homefront during America's 20th-century wars; and (2) fashion and leisure in America from its beginnings through the middle of the 20th century.



*For
your
Reading
Pleasure*

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What My Father Knew of His Family History

Michael Day

In the early 1980s, civic leaders of Adams County, Iowa, decided to capture county history in a large volume of essays and memoirs, resulting in the *Adams County History* published in 1984. The volume of 673 pages documents the history of families, churches, towns, schools, businesses, *etc.*, and includes a contribution from my father, Arthur Day, who was in his late 60s when he wrote everything he knew about his Day and Roberts family. This was before the internet and he never had the resources to do extensive travel and research. His knowledge goes back to his grandparents. I have corrected some of the details in red. Here is what he knew:

From *Adams County History* (1984):

DAY-ROBERTS

Herman Foster Day, son of James Day and Marian Aldrich was born on a Jones County, Iowa farm April 11, 1875. He had five sisters - Florence, Diantha, Daisy, Alberta, and Nellie and six brothers - Park, Scott, James, Henry, Ell, and Frank. His father died in ~~1887~~ 1895 and the family moved to Adams County by covered wagon and settled on a farm west of Carbon. On September 21, 1904 he married Fannie M. Roberts, born September 28, 1879, whose father William Roberts emigrated from Lincolnshire, England in ~~1863~~ 1872 and married Ella Haney of Carbon in 1878. The settled on a farm west of Carbon near the Day farm. Ella Haney was born in 1887 on a farm near Lewistown, Illinois. Fannie Roberts had three brothers - John B., Frank Wm., and James Isaac. She had one sister Anna.

Herman and Fannie lived on the Day farm which was bought from his mother who lived with her children, but finally moved to Corning and died in 1929. For many years Herman ran a coal mine on the farm and worked in neighboring mines most of his life. He died in 1933. Fannie died in 1941. They had five children; - Mabel Belle born August 17, 1905, William James born February 26, 1907, Ella Evelyn was born October 25, 1909, John Francis born December 16, 1911, and Arthur Alvin born January 19, 1915.

On January 27, 1933 Mabel married Carl Bixler, born August 8 1899 and they live on the old Bixler farm west of Corning. They have three children; Samuel Day, Born September 6, 1934. He has a Colorado Forestry degree and works maintaining power poles. Carol Fannie, born March 2, 1936 is a nurse, married James O'Neill. They live east of Corning and have six children - Jerrald, born April 15, 1957, married to Joni Browning and they have a daughter Tonya born April 15, 1983.

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Terry, born April 29, 1961 who married Yvette Stacey. They have a son Damyn born July 11, 1977 and a son Aaron born October 13, 1982. Carol's other children are: - Patrick, born November 27, 1964; Jon, born October 17, 1969; Jennifer, born October 13, 1976, and William born February 6, 1979.

Mabel and Carl's third child is Sarah Ellen, born August 14, 1940. She has a BA Degree and works in Los Angeles for ABC.

William Day married Hester Houchin of Corning. They lived in Burbank, California during World War II where he assembled airplanes. Hester died there in 1945, and in 1947 William married a Kansas girl named Florence Reese. They have one son Dean who married Rosemary Bagby. They live in Wichita, Kansas. William passed away in 1981 in Salina, Kansas where they had lived for many years.

Ella Day married a next door neighbor, Lester Strait, on September 1, 1935. They had one son John Alvin, born February 26, 1939. They moved to Gallatin, Missouri until they moved to Altamont where Lester died in 1971. John and Ella moved to Hamilton where they now live. John served four years in the navy, stationed in Japan. John Day served in the Army in World War II and returned to the family farm.



The author's father,
Arthur Day, in 1946

Arthur Day served in the Army in World War II and returned to get a degree in engineering at Iowa State where he met and married Grace Hardy of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada (Born September 14, 1924) on July 31, 1948. They settled in the St. Louis area and had four children - Michael Hardy, born April 4, 1950. He has a PHD in Physics, married Rose Bahr of Sainte Genevieve, Missouri. They have a son Matthew born May 17, 1980 1981. He works at Bell Labs in New Jersey. Evan Arthur, born February 28, 1952, married Dolores Ruiz of the Philippines and is a Tech-Sergeant in the Air Force at the North Little Rock, Base. Patricia Ann, born August 11, 1953 has a B. S. degree and is married to Michael Bieser. She works for the State of Missouri at Springfield. Donald Richard, born May 2, 1955 has an engineering degree and is married to Kathy Benson of Milwaukee. They have a daughter Samantha born January 20, 1983. Donald works for Champlin Oil in Denver. *Submitted by Arthur Day.*

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Editorial Corrections in red by Michael Day, May 2013.

Notes: This was written by Arthur Day in early 1984, before the birth of three of his grandchildren: Rose and Michael Day's daughter Juliana Rose, born August 3, 1984, son Colin Michael, born April 29, 1987, and Kathy and Don Day's son David Pirie, born November 13, 1984, died April 24, 2011, in Badghis Province, Afghanistan. SSgt. Day was a recon Marine and EOD tech who had served two previous tours in Iraq. He was married to Nichole Makins of Gaylord, Michigan.

Juliana Day married Wolfgang Schmidt of Altmünster, Austria. in September 2009. Their son Anselm Sebastian was born February 18, 2012, in Graz, Austria. Their second son, Moritz Rüdiger was born April 1, 2014.

My father's family history was the foundation for my genealogy research 25 years later when I had access to online databases and search engines. I was able to take this history back to the 17th century within a few weeks of starting my research. His history was based on oral history and some primary documents, but as you can see was quite accurate.

Your story could be here!

Everyone has a story. After all, you are genealogists and you most likely began researching because you were curious about a family story that you heard or read. You wanted to learn more about the person or place or event, so you dug deeper. And it was fun! So is writing! Submitting stories and articles to *Past Tracks* is easy and there are only a couple of requirements.

Past Tracks Submissions

How to submit your family stories, research and genealogy tips, book reviews, and any other genealogy or family history materials to be published in the newsletter. If you use people and places in your articles, be sure to give them names. For example, do not say "my grandpa" or a "small town in Arizona." Readers like to identify with names. Plus, you might find another person researching the same family name or location.

Articles should be saved as a Word.doc file only and attach the file to an email. Please do not place your text within the body of your email. Photographs add interest to an article. If you do not know how to place them in your piece, save them as a jpg and email them separately. Articles and stories are printed as they are submitted unless there is a question, then you will be contacted. Email us if you have questions.

Submissions for May *Past Tracks* are due by April 24. Please email to both Bob Pitcher rpitcher1040@gmail.com and Becky McCreary rebeccamccreary764@gmail.com.

Knocking on Great-Grandpa's door

Susan Ruzler Hulbert and Patty Ruzler Smith



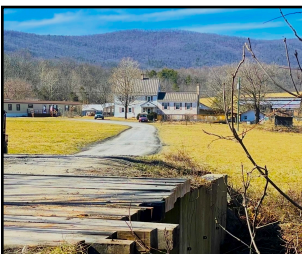
Last fall my family and I learned of the existence of a house built by our fifth Great-grandfather, Lewis Shuey. Built in 1795 near Swoope, VA it is on the National Registry of Historic places. Recently, a death in the family brought us within two hours of the house with a few hours available to explore.

After spending the night in Harrisonburg, my sister Patty and I set out on a two-lane road into the countryside in the direction of Swoope. Although it was winter, the view was magnificent. Rolling hills, tiny creeks, winding roads and bare branches against the beautiful blue sky. I thought “my DNA is at home here” and I can see why my ancestors chose this for their home.

We stopped frequently to catch a photo for future viewing. Most of the farms had cattle, mostly black. Had Great-Grandpa raised cattle? The hilly land suggested it would be likely. Finally, we found the road to Swoope. Having done no research on Swoope, we were surprised that it was a house, a post office and a marker for a now-missing railroad station.

Armed with our pictures of the Lewis Shuey house and the marker for his grave in the Glebe Burying Grounds, we set the GPS to lead us down Trimbles Mill Rd. to Shuey Rd. We rounded a bend and there was the house! To get to it we would have to cross a wooden bridge over a small creek that parallels Shuey Rd. But workers were replacing a railroad tie on the bridge.

We parked and waited, wondering if we should ask them about the repairs when one of the workers walked over to our car. We explained that our Great-Grandfather had built that house, and he was very excited. He told us that Teresa and Joel would absolutely love to talk to us. The Wikipedia page regarding the house discouraged us from disturbing the owners, but we planned to anyway!



Soon we were able to drive over the bridge. We snapped a few pictures as we walked to the front door. After a few knocks, the lady of the house answered the door. I presented a copy of my DAR certificate for John Ludwig Shuey and explained that he was our fifth great. When she asked us if we would like to see inside, we nearly melted with excitement!

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Inside the front door we immediately saw a massive fireplace adorned with the plaque saying it was a Virginia Historic house. Patty and I were transported to the late 1700's! For the next hour and a half Teresa took us into room after room and allowed us to take pictures.

We were surprised to hear that no other descendants had ever come knocking! The house had been renovated as it had been abandoned at one point, but the beams, staircases, fireplaces and structure were original. In 1810, the family added a living room wing and a kitchen under it, basically in the basement. Teresa joked that it is the first Virginia split-level.

Standing in the house were some of our ancestors took their first breaths, their first steps and some their last, was surreal. We looked out windows and saw scenes similar to what they saw. Teresa kept saying how sorry she was that Joel wasn't there because he had more stories. We were sorry too, but we were feeling closer to our ancestors than before.

The cemetery was about a mile away, up Glebe School Road, another winding road on a wooded hill. Teresa gave us the names of the couple who lived near the cemetery in the remodeled schoolhouse. Those names proved invaluable. The sign on the road told us they burying ground and the schoolhouse were down another winding road and steep hill. We found the schoolhouse but were perplexed as to the cemetery. Claire (the lady in the schoolhouse) was happy to explain how to get to the cemetery...Down to the gully and up that hill, turn right into the trees and look for a marker that led to the top of the hill. And there it was!

Our photo of Lewis Shuey's marker helped Patty quickly find him near the front of the cemetery. We took a moment to introduce ourselves and enjoy the beauty and quiet in this completely abandoned cemetery. No new residents for almost 200 years. The Col. Thomas Hughart Chapter of DAR has erected a tablet naming the six Revolutionary Soldiers buried there, including our ancestor. As we drove away, we considered that several of our ancestors probably attended that one room school.

That evening, I got a voice mail from Joel (the owner of Shuey House) inviting us to return for more stories and pictures of the renovation. Our time didn't allow that, but he kindly gave us a "raincheck" for whenever we are in the area again. We intend to take them up on that!!!



Teresa, Patty, and Susan



Susan honors her great-grandfather

THE SHRINE OF SANTA RITA AND ITS CONNECTION TO DR. JOKICHI TAKAMINE

Marie Mattson, CG®

Guest writer Marie Mattson is an annual visitor to Vail and wrote about the Shrine, which many pass and seldom stop to learn the history. She is a certified genealogist.

The Shrine of Santa Rita in the Desert sits in Vail, Arizona, just south of Tucson. Construction of the pretty but modest chapel began in about 1932 and finished in 1935. Caroline (Hitch) Takamine Beach funded the project, hoping to give area Catholics, especially local Hispanics, a place to worship. She dedicated the Shrine in memory of her first husband, Dr. Jokichi Takamine, a Japanese chemist and converted Catholic. The Shrine of St. Rita in the Desert is the only Catholic church in the United States built as a memorial to a Japanese citizen.

CAROLINE (HITCH) TAKAMINE BEACH



Caroline (Hitch) Takamine Beach, the daughter of Ebenezer and Mary (Fields) Hitch, was born 5 August 1866 in Falmouth, Massachusetts. By 1869 the family had moved to New Orleans, Louisiana, where Ebenezer worked as a bookkeeper and, eventually, at the U.S. Customs House.

New Orleans hosted the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition which began 16 December 1884 and ended 1 June 1885. Dr. Jokichi Takamine, age 33, attended the Exposition as a Japanese emissary and rented an apartment in the French Quarter from E.V. Hitch, Caroline's father.

Caroline (Hitch) Takamine Beach, ca. 1888, posted on Find a Grave by Bobby Kelly.

Caroline and Jokichi saw each other during the Expo. On 10 December E.V. Hitch hosted a party at his home. Both Caroline and Jokichi attended. The next evening a group of youth that included Caroline and Jokichi, attended a presentation at the St. Charles Theatre. Jokichi returned to Japan after the Expo but continued to court Caroline sending her lavish gifts from Japan.

DR. JOKICHI TAKAMINE.

Dr. Jokichi Takamine was a celebrated and eminent chemist and had earned degrees in Japan and Scotland. During his lifetime he held over twenty U.S. patents. He helped develop a chemical fertilizer and an enzyme used in sake that could have made the whisky-making process more economical. In 1900 his lab in Manhattan isolated adrenaline that eventually led to epinephrine, a product that is used today to treat severe allergic reactions and helps treat respiratory and heart issues.

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Dr. Jokichi Takamine,
(1854-1922), ca. 1905
posted to Ancestry by
Marina Helinsky

On 11 August 1887 Jokichi and Caroline married in New Orleans and honeymooned in the U.S. touring fertilizer plants in South Carolina and visiting Washington, D.C., where Jokichi researched the U.S. patent process. Eventually, the Takamines traveled to California and from there sailed to Japan.

The couple's two sons, Jokichi and Ebenezer, were born in 1888 and 1889, respectively, in Tokyo; however, in 1890 the family moved to Chicago, Illinois, and remained there until December 1897. While in Chicago, Dr. Takamine worked with the whisky-producing industry promoting his enzyme that would have replaced the malt process. Although the whisky-making venture failed, his product, Taka-Diastase, was eventually manufactured into a powder by a Detroit drug company and sold as a digestive aid. Takamine became wealthy from the royalties.

In December 1897 the family moved to Manhattan where Takamine set up a laboratory. In June 1900 a Japanese chemist, Keizo Uenaka, working in Takamine's lab was able to crystallize adrenaline.

In 1912 Takamine purchased the first cherry-blossom trees that were planted in Washington, D.C. He also sent fifty trees to the Detroit pharmaceutical company, Parke-Davis, showing his gratitude for their business relationship.

Before his death in July 1922, Takamine adopted Catholicism. At his funeral the Rev. Mr. Martin said that Jokichi told his wife six weeks earlier, "...the one thing missing in his life he felt could be supplied only in a belief in God...." Several hundred attended his funeral held at St. Patrick's Cathedral in Passaic, New Jersey.

AFTER THE DEATH OF DR. TAKAMINE

After Dr. Takamine's death, Caroline traveled to Vail, Arizona, where her son, Jokichi, Jr., had moved for health reasons. Jokichi, Jr., was living with a ranch laborer, Charles Pablo Beach.

On 16 August 1926 Mrs. Caroline Takamine and Charles P. Beach married in St. Augustine Cathedral in Tucson, Arizona. The deputy clerk registered his age as 39 and hers as 46; but while he was likely 39, Caroline was actually 60.

On 25 February 1930, Caroline received tragic news from New York City. Her eldest son, Jokichi, Jr., fell to his death from the Roosevelt Hotel's fourteenth floor in New York City, leaving a wife and two children.

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In December 1928 the Beaches bought 320 acres near Vail and started ranching, calling the ranch El Rancho de los Ocotillos. By 1932 they had begun work on the Shrine of Santa Rita in the Desert. Still living near Vail, the couple appeared on the 1950 census. The record reported Charles age 60 and Caroline as 60+. although she was 84.

The couple continued to live on the ranch in Vail until Caroline's death on 26 November 1954. Caroline is buried in the family mausoleum in the Bronx, Bronx County, New York, along with Dr. Takamine, her two sons, and daughter-in-law.

The Shrine of Santa Rita, sits in a small courtyard surrounded by trees next to a small garden with a statue of St. Rita. The still-growing congregation has moved to a building on the same property to worship but still uses the shrine for private baptisms and weddings. Although a place of worship, the Shrine is also connected to the fascinating lives of famous Japanese chemist, Dr. Jokichi Takamine, and Caroline (Hitch) Takamine Beach.



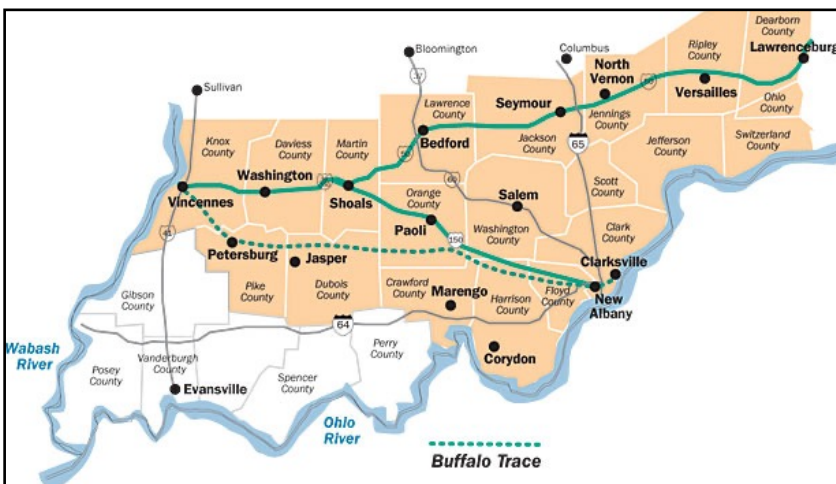
Santa Rita Shrine in Vail, Arizona

I was unable to transfer Ms. Mattson's citations from her format to my newsletter template. If anyone would like a copy of her sources, email me and I will email her original copy to you. rebeccamccreary764@gmail.com

Bob Pitcher

In the March 2025 issue of *Past Tracks*, I wrote about Orange County, Indiana, where some of my ancestors settled, in particular the Sorrells family. My grandmother, Annie Sorrells Pitcher, was born in the northwestern part of the county in the last days of 1877, but there had been Sorrells in Orange for some sixty years before that, arriving about the time the county was established, in 1815 and '16. Orange County has remained a rural place, but its history is not without interest. In last month's article, however, I omitted mention of a feature that served to lead early American settlers directly to and through Orange County – the Buffalo Trace,

Roads in early America were awful. Outside of cities – and often inside them – even the best ways were unpaved, rough, dusty, or, often, impassably muddy. In the Old West -- that is, beyond the Appalachians -- roads were often called traces, the Natchez Trace being the most famous of these. They were indeed no more than tracks or traces. This included the Wilderness Road over the mountains at the Cumberland Gap and through Kentucky to Lexington and Louisville, travelled by so many settlers in the half century after the Revolution. Daniel Boone left it a blazed trail only; for most of its length it remained impassible for wheeled vehicles. Those who used it carried their possessions or put them on packhorses or mules. Even the Great Pennsylvania Wagon Road from southeast Pennsylvania down as far as Georgia, followed by even more tens of thousands than the



Wilderness Road, was unsuitable for wagons for nearly all of its 600 or more miles. The Wagon Road had been a long-established Indian trail, but of course the Indians hadn't had wagons – or, in the old times, even horses. The same story prevailed across America.

But the Buffalo Trace was an exception. It ran through southern Indiana from the north bank of the Ohio, across from Louisville, to the Wabash at Vincennes, the old French town that predates the State of Indiana by a century. The trace was straight, wide, and

packed solid – no problem for wagons there! The Indians had used the Trace, but it had been made by migrating buffalo herds. Hold on there!, you'll say: surely there weren't any buffalo east of the Great Plains. But there were, lots of them, throughout the East and Midwest, even down into Florida. They were scarcer beyond the Appalachians, but they were plentiful enough in Indiana before, by about 1810, they were hunted out. Indiana's state seal has a buffalo on it.

These were plains buffalo (bison, to pacify the science-nags) which formed herds for the most part, and migrated seasonally. They came through Indiana on their way from – might it have been the Kentucky Bluegrass Country around what became Lexington? – to the Illinois prairies beyond the Wabash.

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The herds followed the same route year after year, pounding it flat and wearing it twelve feet below the general level of the land in many places, according to the settlers who came after. Perfect for settlers headed west, in other words.

The buffalo crossed into Indiana at the Falls of the Ohio, that is, at Louisville, and then headed northwest, along the line of the present U.S. Highway 150 through Floyd County and corners of Harrison and Washington Counties before entering Orange County and turning straight west across Orange, Dubois, and into Pike County, where they again turned northwest to Vincennes, in Knox County, to ford the Wabash into Illinois. If they felt the need, a herd might take a side trip to salt licks either in Orange County to the north (around French Lick and West Baden) or in Crawford County to the south (Lick Fork). It is said buffalo congregated around these licks. And there was also salt along the Wabash near Vincennes.

A real road such as the Trace have been a godsend to settlers coming across Indiana, whether they were looking for land in that state or farther on in Illinois or Missouri. And the Trace was much used in Indiana's early years, before railroads. So was the salt settlers found along the way – the one item of diet that couldn't be supplied by hunting rifle or a settler's fields.

Today, the Trace is mostly forgotten, and can be hard to find in the countryside, now forested again. In places, modern roads still follow its course – Route 150 apparently does for some of its eastern length in Indiana. In Orange County, the old Trace lies mostly in the Hoosier National Forest, deep in the woods. The Forest Service and local Hoosier organizations are perpetuating the memory of the Trace, so important in the early settlement of Indiana.

The buffalo that used the Trace are all gone from Indiana, of course, and nearly from the Great Plains as well. Although there is a northern subspecies of the American Bison, the Wood Buffalo, those in the Midwest were Plains Bison. And, so they say, these buffalo only began to venture across the Mississippi to points east during the 1400s, possibly only after 1500. It's been conjectured that a decline in the population of the southeastern Indian tribes, and thus in hunting pressure, allowed this expansion of the buffalo herds. Could herds of buffalo have trod out so deep and straight a gouge in the heavily wooded Indiana landscape in only some three centuries – or might the eastward-roving herds have found a trail already there for them?

What follows is pure speculation on my part. Buffalo were not the first large herd mammals to migrate through Indiana. Mammoths were there during the Ice Ages, and traveled, best they can tell, in herds. It is thought, though, that mammoths didn't migrate, or not far. But mastodons, more common in the ancient Midwest than mammoths, did migrate over great distances. Both mammoths and mastodons died out about 11,000 years ago, but they'd been in Indiana for thousands of years before that, not just a few centuries. Might the Buffalo Trace have been their way east and west, just south of the southernmost glaciers, which never reached Orange County? If so – and it's only speculation -- there's no wonder the Trace was so wide, so straight, and so very well-packed!



Three Letters to Emeline Darrow

Bob Pitcher

My maternal grandmother's mother was born Emeline Amelia Darrow on August 6, 1847, in Alburgh, Vermont, on the shores of Lake Champlain, where her grandparents on both sides, Darrow and Babcock, had settled after the Revolution, thinking the place was in Canada. Emeline's mother, Emeline Babcock, had died when little Emeline was five and her sister Frances not quite one year old. Their father, William Dwight Darrow – always called Dwight – was having a bad time of it in Vermont, burned out at one point, and not good health.

I explain these circumstances in more detail in the February 2023 issue of *Past Tracks*, in “How They Got to Cresco, Part II,” along with the chance that enabled Dwight, about 1858, to leave Vermont for Iowa, where he had a federal warrant for land. Initially, Dwight had to go west alone, leaving his children farmed out among the many Vermont relatives in the Alburgh vicinity. After several years, he sent back for son Job, now old enough to help on the Iowa farm, and after another year or two he sent for his two girls. It was now 1864, and Emeline was about seventeen, Franc (as she was called) twelve.

America was much on the move in those days, and Americans who could write wrote letters to one another to keep in touch. Emeline surely wrote and received her share. I have a few of those sent to her over the years, things my grandma kept, including the three transcribed here, all written from the end of 1864 to the beginning of 1868 – from toward the end of the Civil War, that is, and into the long peacetime that succeeded it, when westward movement was energized as never before – all themes to be found in these old pages. I've not edited anything in them.

Letter I



I know practically nothing of the author of this first of the letters, John W. Truman, writing in October 1864 from a Union Army Hospital in St. Joseph, Missouri. Emeline had Truman cousins in Vermont, and the same Truman family had representatives nearby in Iowa, but I think if John had been a cousin he would have mentioned it here. In any case, the two appear to have met at a gathering of some sort in Howard County, where Dwight's farm lay, or in the adjoining Winneshiek County, both in northeast Iowa. John is clearly a soldier, and had been on leave from the War. And now he's going back into it, and sick, and homesick as well, writing to a pretty girl he'd met a few weeks before. He doesn't say much about the fighting itself, though it was hot and nasty in Missouri at that time (see Wikipedia, under Centralia Massacre, for a contemporary sample). I think he survived, as someone of the same name was receiving a Union pension in a couple years more.

Truman's letter is in pencil, and in tiny, very neat but now fading handwriting, on three sides of a sheet of good paper, about 4" x 6.5", folded once across. (I haven't an envelope for any of these letters.)

Continued on next page

St. Joseph Post Hospital, Missouri Oct. 10th/64

Ever remembered Friend

Please excuse a few lines from a soldier and forgive me for this if I do wrong in writing to one I am so little acquainted with. When you left me at Mr. Scotts, I intended to go up to your place the next week and make you a short visit but could not. I had word from the Regiment and they were about to move for the South and I thought it best to get back if possible before they started but failed to do so and reported to the Hospital where I found two of my regiment. I was well pleased to see them. I had a very pleasant journey down the river, if you can call it pleasant traveling alone, and reached here in safety. The day before I came to Macon City the train was taken on the North Missouri rail road by the guerillas and seven of our regiment was killed. I stayed at Macon City two days and then came here to St. Joseph. My regiment is now at Jefferson City. I shall join them soon if nothing more happens than I think of now.

Well, Miss Darrow, how do you like your new Prairie home – as well as you expected or not, and the Society. You may not find things quite so pleasant at first until you get acquainted and then I think you will enjoy yourself much better than you did in Vermont. You may think of friends that you have left as near and dear to you as the ties of nature yet it was not home where a kind Father was and a Mother's love was always smiling on you.

Please write to me when you have time would you and let me know what has happened since I left. I should be very glad to hear from you and Frances. How did you get home that day. Did you get wet – it rained like fury there about night to Scotts and I was afraid that it would over take you before you got home. I suppose that Miss Scott and Miss Flury has been up and made you a visit. That was the calculations when I left.

I never wanted to go any where so bad in my life as I did up to Winneshiek or in that neighborhood but perhaps the day will soon come when I can come and make you all a long visit. You must not get homesick if you wants ever so bad for that would make you unhappy. I would like to call in the evening and see how you are all seated around the fireside at home. There are many things that I wold like to write but will not this time. Excuse this and receive it from your friend and well wisher. Give my best respects to your Father and Mother and all inquiring friends.

Please write soon. Direct to St. Joseph Post Hospital
Missouri

Yours with respect, John W. Truman

To: Miss Emeline Darrow

Continued on next page

Letter II



The second of the letters is from Emeline's uncle Hiram Babcock, her mother's oldest brother. Hiram never married, and seems to have lived and farmed around Alburgh all his life, but now, at 59, he's off on an Adventure, prospecting for western land. He writes from a steamer going up the Missouri River -- at the moment, November 4, 1866, between Missouri and Nebraska. I don't know where he was bound, though he says he has a destination in mind, nor whether he found suitable land when he got there. If he did, though, he had no chance to settle on it, for he died, back home in Alburgh, some ten weeks after writing this letter. The death certificate notes "presumed heart disease."

Addressed to both Emeline and Franc, the letter is in pen, on a sheet of paper similar in size to the one John Truman used. The writing is clear enough, though blotted here and there, as Hiram says he feared it would be, from the shaking of the boat.

On Steamer Colorado on Missouri river Nov 4th/66

Dear nieces (as this must answer for both at this time)

I have been thinking I would write to you for some days past but have neglected it until the present and now the boat shakes so I fear it will trouble you to read it.

To begin, I will give an account of my journey since I left there. We went to Conover in the stage the next morning after I saw you. From there we went on foot; the first afternoon we walked twenty miles to West Union. The next morning went to Fayette, stopped at an old neighbors for dinner, in the afternoon started again for Independence on the Dubuque Sioux City road. Arrived at eight o'clock AM on Saturday, took the train east to Earlville and stopped over Sunday with Mr Norths sister. Monday went to Dubuque took passage on steamer for Hannibal Missouri. Some of the way we had a small steamer and plenty of passengers consequently we were badly crowded besides having one insane man on board who had to be kept in irons but he was very noisy; they were taking him to an insane asylum. We went from Montrose to Keokuk by rail on account of the water being so low on the rapids of the Miss river. From Keokuk down the Miss river we had a very fine boat. Then we took the Hannibal and St. Joseph R.R. to the latter place arriving there Friday night. Yesterday morning we started up the Missouri river with Kansas on our left and Missouri on our right; last night we had crossed the Nebraska line so that now we have Neb on the left and will soon have Iowa on our right. We have had very pleasant weather since we left Dubuque. It was so warm through Missouri that we kept the car windows open all the evening and on this river I have not needed an overcoat even in the evening.

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I think we will reach our destination tomorrow. This is a singular looking river. In many places the banks are one mile apart but it is so shallow that the boat often hits the sand bars. At this time she is just backing off a bar and then she has to hunt until they find the channel as the sand keeps changing so that they cannot tell one day where the channel will be the next. The water looks as muddy as any place where the pigs have been wallowing and it is so crooked that in an hours' time we run at every point of the compass. The wild geese are very plenty on this river. I think I never saw so many before in my life. A short time since we passed a steamer sunk but the water was not deep enough to cover the boat so I think there is no one drowned in it.

I have often thought that perhaps you had both taken cold by standing in the evening air so long the night I left. If you see Phineas tell him I will write to him soon. I wrote to Saphronia since I saw you. The sheet is about full and I think you will be glad by the time you read to this so goodbye.

Hiram

Letter III

The third of the letters, again quite different in tone, is from Emeline's first cousin, Philyer Babcock, the son of her mother's brother Ichabod. Philyer is 22 years old, and teaching school across the border in Sutton, Quebec, which he seems to like. The border was hardly a factor in those days, and most of the settlers in that part of Quebec were descended, as were Philyer and Emeline themselves, from loyalists in the Revolution. I know little of Philyer besides what's here. I know he married a Canadian girl a few years later, and is shown in the 1881 census still in Sutton. And he was buried there in 1926. Of all these letters, Philyer's seems to me the most foreign, most clearly from a different time. I should note that his overdone sympathy for Franc is due to her handicap, a club foot. Franc never married, and lived in Cresco to the end of her long life, loved by everyone who knew her.

This letter is also in pen, on a thin, 8.5" x 11" sheet, now tearing at the folds. Philyer's penmanship is possibly not all that would be expected of a schoolmaster (though a world better than mine).

Sutton, PQ Jan 29th 1868

Miss Emeline Darrow

Dear Cousin

Your kind letter was received some time ago. I was not expecting it, had given up all hope of ever hearing from you, and thought you had forgotten me entirely. Was very much pleased to hear from you and so was all the rest. We are all usually well. Father and Mother came home from Alburgh last week. Alburgh folks are all well. Melissa kept house for me while they were gone and she has been here since last Sept – she went home last week.

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I am teaching this winter in our own District. I have a nice school, rather small, only twenty-eight scholars. I like teaching very well. I find it is hard work and that it wants a good deal of patience.

You wished to know how I spent Christmas. I will tell you. Christmas day I spent at home and the eve I spent at Sutton Flatts at an illumination of the Episcopalian Church also attended midnight mass at the Catholic Church. There was a barn burned here that night with 12 cows and quite a number of sheep and the man that set it on fire all burnt up. The man had been insane for about three months. I was well acquainted with him. He lived within about two miles of us and his family still reside there.

New Years I attended a party at Mr. Ira Mandigo's[?] in the eve. Was at home during the day. Thus passed away the year of eighteen sixty-seven and by its exit we are again admonished of the rapid decline of time, that our years are fast numbering, that we (like the rest of our fellow beings and friends) will soon be disrobed of our mortal life and our memory (like theirs) pass into oblivion. This is a world of change, we are here today, tomorrow we may be in eternity. In the midst of life we are in death. It becomes us then, to live lives of virtue, to lay up treasures not to be corrupted. Since I wrote you last I have been bereft of an only Brother and am left alone (with the exception of two sisters which I dearly prize).

But for a change of subject, I am so much obliged for your picture and would be more so for a photograph. I intend to have some taken before long and will send you one. Please tell Frances to write me and that I want her picture. Sad, sad indeed is her lot. Poor girl how I pity her.

I received a letter from Aunt Ann not long ago. They were all well.

I must now close. Please excuse such horrid writing and next time I will try and write better. Write me soon as convenient. Give my love to Job, Frances and your Father when you see them and reserve a good portion for yourself. Farewell. Ever your affectionate

Cousin Philyer

As for Emeline herself, a few years more and she married my great-grandfather, James Freeman Patterson, a Cresco boy trained as a bookkeeper. They presently had two girls, Frances and my grandmother, Ruth May, moved around Iowa for a few years following James's work, and then came to Chicago about 1891, where Grandma soon met Grandpa, Robert Work....

In an age like ours, which is not given to letter-writing, we forget what an important part it used to play in people's lives.

Anatole Broyard

The United States Census: Its Glory & Pathos

Author: Ossian Backhouse

Bob Pitcher

Imagine my astonishment on finding *this* book on the Library's shelves! What serious genealogist is unfamiliar with Backhouse's name – and we have all consulted his works with benefit and with appreciation for his learning, dedication, and the elegance of his exposition. But this, in some respects Backhouse's finest work, has long been out of print (Whole Cloth Publ., Opia, UT, n.d.). One knows of it by reputation (what genealogist has not heard of it?); one almost never hears of an actual copy of the work. And here was the Book Itself on the shelves of Green Valley's very own Genealogy Library!

So did *Glory* fulfill my expectations? Indeed it did – surpassed them, in fact! Talk about a book you can't put down: once home, I opened the tome to Backhouse's magnificent preface, and read enthralled, pausing only for brief naps, for the fourteen hours it required me to finish the volume. This was an experience to rival any in my many decades of literary exploration, combining as only Backhouse can the masterly analysis of P. G. Wodehouse and the poetic sublimity of the great McGonagall. One is of course familiar with these Backhouse hallmarks from perusing his many other masterworks, but, I would argue, he weaves them more artfully in this book than in any of those much more easily available.

It is beyond my limited abilities to distill the essence of *Glory* in so short a review. I can only mention a few of the more exalted peaks of this gem of American literature. There is the pathetic tale (Chapter 47) of the Chalmers-De Soto love affair, the *scandale* of the 1870 Enumeration: Lucy Chalmers, disguised as a man to engage her passion for the census, and unhappily wed Perseus de Soto, veteran Enumerator, the pair eloping on the morrow of their classic compilation of District 7, Yell County, Arkansas, and the inevitable tragedy that pursued their illicit love.

And Backhouse's's exhilarating retelling (Chapter 63) of the momentous decisions surrounding the all-important final wording of the 1840 Instructions for Census Enumerators – which, the reader will surely recall, led to three days of riots in New York City and Baltimore, with many fatalities and significant damage to property. I can only hint at the majesty which Backhouse has brought to those scenes of violence, exaltation, and despair.

In Backhouse's final crowning chapter, his argument, bolstered with a wealth of classical allusion, is that that the 1890 Census, so long thought irretrievably lost in that tragic conflagration in a Maryland warehouse, was instead sequestered "by reason of National Security," for a period of 135 years following its initial submission to Congress.

This poor review of so magnificent a work as the Backhouse *Glory* must suffice, supplemented by an earnest exhortation to my readers to hasten to the Library (I have now returned this precious *opus*) to see for themselves.

And a Happy April Fool's Day to you all!

PRISONERS OF WAR IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY WAR

Ann Richwine

My patriot ancestor, Ebenezer Buck (1765-1837), stated in his Revolutionary War pension application that he joined the New Hampshire Militia in March 1781 and took his post in the Company then stationed at Fort Washington near Portsmouth, New Hampshire. His duty was to guard the public stores and to take charge of and conduct to Boston the prisoners brought in by the American privateers.

I knew nothing about prisoners of war on either side and wanted to find out more.

The Continental Congress authorized certain privately owned armed merchant ships to attack enemy ships to help the small Continental Navy. Based in the larger New England towns such as Boston and Philadelphia, privateers avoided warships and targeted ships that were resupplying British troops fighting in America. In the 1780s privateers numbered in the hundreds and inflicted substantial damage on British shipping. In addition they transported needed supplies and arms to the Americans.

Once they were captured, America had few facilities in which to house prisoners. The Continental Congress had the authority to place prisoners and put the responsibility for their care on individual towns and settlements. They could impose strict penalties on a town for refusing to take prisoners. Americans resented having to feed and care for them. If a town could not build barracks, prisoners were housed in other buildings, churches, or in individual homes. To help with their care, prisoners were put to work in the fields or with tradesmen. Officers were housed separately from enlisted men and treated as gentlemen. The majority of British and German prisoners were held in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, and northern Virginia.

A large group of British and German prisoners known as the Convention Army was forced to move to locations in several states during their captivity. Due to lack of resources they had to live off the land. The group of almost 6,000 British and Hessian soldiers surrendered to the Americans in October 1777. Generals Burgoyne and Gates were unable to agree on terms for the prisoners, so the Americans decided to retain the prisoners and not return them to Europe until the end of the war.

The Continental Congress viewed prisoners of war as enemy combatants and therefore they were not to be treated as criminals. General Washington ordered his troops to give prisoners humane treatment, and not follow the brutal example of the British army. However, American Loyalist prisoners were hated and sometimes treated as criminals.

Unlike today, provisions for the care of prisoners of war in the 18th century were to be supplied by their own army, not their captors. This caused problems for both sides because of difficulties in the supply chain. The British depended on supplies coming by sea and American supply ships were often blocked. In reality, the captors provided provisions to their prisoners.

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Prisoners had few options for freedom. They could desert, be exchanged, or be paroled. Parole and exchange were primarily options for high-ranking officers. Parole was given on an individual basis by state and local governments, but exchange was a slow process negotiated by Congress.

Americans captured by the British were considered criminals and not prisoners of war. Because the United States was not recognized as a country, Americans were considered traitors. Harsh treatment was seen as a way to discourage anyone from joining the American cause. For a time the British thought about executing American prisoners; however, because a high number of soldiers had been captured, the British feared retribution and abandoned the idea.

Around 25,000 Americans were captured during the war and their treatment was dire. Because the British controlled little territory on American soil, they relied on provisions delivered by ships to the ports they controlled at New York City and Philadelphia. From 1776 to 1783 American prisoners were held mostly on old or damaged ships in the harbors. Conditions were terrible and over 10,000 prisoners died from starvation, disease, and trauma. In addition, some American prisoners were shipped off to other British Empire locations in Nova Scotia, England, Ireland, and Antigua.

The final major battle of the Revolution occurred at Yorktown, Virginia, in 1781 and ended with the surrender of the British.

On September 3, 1783, the Treaty of Paris was signed and Great Britain recognized the United States of America as a separate nation.



Directions to La Posada Recreation Center

- If heading North on Continental Rd., turn left onto La Posada Campus
- At the 4-way stop sign, turn left onto Morningside
- At the next 4-way stop sign, turn left onto La Posada Circle
- Continue on La Posada Circle until you see the sign for La Posada Recreation Center
- There is parking in front of the Recreation Center.

Southern Arizona Genealogy Society 2024-2025

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Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

*Email _____

#2 Name _____

#2 Email _____

#2 Phone _____

Who encouraged you to join SAGS?

Thank you!

Society use:

Date paid _____

Cash/Check # _____