

# *The Livermore Roots Tracer*



*Livermore-Amador Genealogical Society*

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

<http://l-ags.org> & <http://facebook.com/Livermore.Amador.Genealogical.Society/>

# Membership Report

July, 2018

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

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*Total L-AGS Members as of July 9, 2018; 116 memberships and 126 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://www.L-AGS.org/maps/Pls-BethEmek.html>

**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 <mailto: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 <mailto: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 TV-TMG Chair (Kay Speaks) [tvimg.chair@L-AGS.org](mailto:tvimg.chair@L-AGS.org); TV-TMG Forum [tvimg.group@L-AGS.org](mailto:tvimg.group@L-AGS.org)

**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 each Wednesday 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](mailto:docents.chair@L-AGS.org).

**Livermore Family History Center** — Several L-AGS members, both LDS and non-LDS, volunteer as docents at the Livermore FHC. They are available to assist you in your genealogy research. The FHC has several subscription research sites not readily available elsewhere and is open Mondays 9 a.m. – 3 p.m., Wednesday and Thursday evenings 6 p.m. – 9 p.m. and Saturday 1 p.m. – 4 p.m. If the parking in front of the building is full, there is a large parking lot in the rear of the building. [Map](#).

## L-AGS Leadership for 2018

President	<a href="mailto:president@L-AGS.org">president@L-AGS.org</a>	Tom Mathews
First VP and Program Chair	<a href="mailto:program@L-AGS.org">program@L-AGS.org</a>	Kay Speaks
Second VP & Membership Chair	<a href="mailto:membership@L-AGS.org">membership@L-AGS.org</a>	George Fulton
Corresponding Secretary		Ken Bredlau
Recording Secretary		Susan Davis
Business Manager	<a href="mailto:business.manager@L-AGS.org">business.manager@L-AGS.org</a>	Duncan Tanner

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## President's Message

I find it fascinating how traditional genealogical research is appearing with increasing regularity in stories about the arrest of suspects wanted for crimes that took place decades earlier. What's even more interesting is that this is happening because authorities are increasingly relying on collaboration of old and new procedures and that one of those procedures is old-school traditional genealogical research.

Thirty years ago, few of us knew much about DNA beyond what we learned in biology class. Gradually, through articles about ancient ancestors in National Geographic and television shows like CSI, genetics has come to be recognized as a powerful tool in the quest for knowledge.

Somewhere along the line someone got the idea that money could be made by marketing DNA test results to amateur genealogy enthusiasts. For a continually decreasing amount, Ancestry, 23&Me and a number of other companies will tell you what part of the world you are from. They will also provide you with a long list of relatives whose names and faces are totally unfamiliar to you. I have occasionally managed to figure out how I am related to some of these distant cousins by corresponding with them and discovering that we both have an ancestor named Winkelheimer but, for the most part, these relatives remain as unfamiliar to me now as they were before I learned of their existence. The end result was that I knew that these people were related to me somehow, but I didn't know how to figure out how they were.

And that is where things remained for a long time. Genealogists would do all that they could to fill in their family trees by traditional means using censuses, wills, birth and death records, and all of the other means that we use in the search for our roots. Once we have done that we send in a vial of spit and get back evidence that so-and-so is a relative. It almost seems like cheating, like getting the answer before working out the problem.

Recently, two things happened that changed the way I looked at the relationship between genealogy and DNA data. The first was that I discovered that my 23&Me data has a section listing not only my relationship to the unknown cousins but their relationships to each other. It occurred to me that, by figuring out whether Cousin A was related to Cousin B, or not, I could narrow down the branch of my family tree one or both of them was on. In addition, the ability to identify someone's place in any family tree becomes more precise with each dollop of spit that 23&Me receives. The game was afoot!

The second thing that changed my perspective is the recent arrest of the Golden State Killer and at least six other suspects from cold cases dating back decades. All of these have been solved using similar methods, the collaboration of traditional genealogy and DNA. Law enforcement agencies usually start with the DNA as that is often the only clue they have to a killer's identity. For decades they have had to wait patiently until someone was arrested for something else and whose DNA was a match. But then Parabon NanoLabs, a small company in Reston, Virginia, had the same idea that I had. The identity of the killer may not be known, but the identity of family members likely was. By searching GEDmatch.com, an online DNA sharing database, they were often able to identify many people whose

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### *The Livermore Roots Tracer*

*The Roots Tracer* is the quarterly publication of the Livermore-Amador Genealogical Society. The mission statement of the Roots Tracer is: **"Instruct. Inspire. Inform."**

We encourage members to submit articles for publication. Material can be e-mailed to: [rootstracer.chair@L-AGS.org](mailto:rootstracer.chair@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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## A 1925 Iowa Murder Mystery, Part 2

Donna Tolle

(continued from *Roots Tracer*, May 2018)

The mystery started with a news item from a Newspaperarchive.com entry from an Iowa paper in 1925.

In the May 2018 *Roots Tracer* we learned about a confession said to have been obtained by a detective who was "thrown" into the jail with Flickinger. Continue now to learn the rationale and decision of District Judge Henry Wagner as well as the surprising genealogical connection discovered through publication of this saga on the World Wide Web.

The following is from: **1926 Jan 15, LeMars Semi-Weekly Sentinel, P1-2, LeMars, Iowa**

Youth Unmoved Under Sentence

Judge Says Best Remedy to Break up Crime is Punish Speedily

*Edward[sic] Flickinger, 18 year old farm boy, who confessed he shot and killed Morris Hardy, a former convict, because he was jealous of Hardy's attentions to Miss Gertrude Weaver, country school teacher, who roomed at the Flickinger home, was sentenced to fifty years in the state penitentiary Tuesday by District Judge Wagner, presiding at the Cherokee county district court. The only emotion shown by Flickinger was when asked to stand before sentence was pronounced. He brushed a few tears from his eyes, but stoically stood unmoved as the court read the sentence.*

*The convicted man's father, mother and two sisters broke down and sobbed audibly during the talk, in which Judge Wagner tartly commented on Flickinger's case and its relation to existing social conditions. <snipped> In part, the presiding judge said: "This world is going to seed on entertainment. Mr. Flickinger, it is not because the crowd is interested in you that they fill this courtroom, but it is because they are curious and want to be entertained. Now people have gone so far as to get entertainment even if it means the cost of a human soul. I heard today that if the Methodist minister of this town announced a scandal in this church for next Sunday, he wondered if the crowd would be as large as in this courtroom. There is no justification for you to do this deed – perhaps the whole truth is not out – but at any rate you are guilty. The court gave you the benefit of the doubt*

*when it decided on second degree murder, which carries a sentence ranging from 10 years to life imprisonment. In order to make an object lesson to others this court must stand firm.*

*"You cannot be a murderer and get by with a light sentence, even though you are only 18 years old. While, perhaps differing from others as to the question of punishment, the causes of crime and so forth, I feel that the best remedy to protect society is to break up crime and then speedily administer punishment, as will be done in this case. The duty and responsibility rests on the court to pronounce judgment on a fellowman. The court must do what it believes its duty on the facts and circumstances surrounding this case.*

*"There are three motives for punishment"*

*"There are three motives for punishment: (1) To reform wrongdoers; (2) that punishment may be the object lesson of others, and (3) that society may be protected against criminals. I do not place a great deal of importance on the first mentioned factor. As to the second, I think it should bear most consideration. I have little faith that men and women are made better by going to the penitentiary, and I do not know why Mr. Flickinger committed this deed. There might be several reasons. I would not give this boy a light sentence for fear others would do the same thing."*

The following is from: **1926 Jan 14, LeMars Globe-Post, P1, LeMars, Iowa**

Flickinger Gets 50 Years in Pen

Washta Youth Retains Composure as He Hears Fate – Sister Cries When Penalty Read

*Cherokee, Ia., Jan. 14 (Special) – Judge Henry Wagner of Sigourney late Friday afternoon sentenced Edward[sic] Flickinger, 18 year old son of a Washta, Ia., farmer, to spend 50 years in the state penitentiary at Ft. Madison for the murder of Morris Hardy, a farm hand. Judge Wagner*

*fixed the guilt as second degree murder at the conclusion of the hearing of testimony to measure the degree of the crime. Flickinger entered a plea of guilty yesterday to "homicide as charged in the indictment."*

As I kept researching, I found more articles on the Flickinger family which had more than its share of tragedy.

The following is from: **1930 Apr 17, Hawarden Independent, P14, Hawarden, Iowa**

*Mrs. Frank Flickinger of Cherokee was fatally injured the evening of April 5th when the automobile in which she was riding turned over in a ditch, pinning Mrs. Flickinger underneath. She suffered an injury to her neck which caused partial paralysis and this is thought to have been the cause of her death. Mr. Flickinger was driving and he believes that he applied the brakes too quickly when a rear tire went flat, causing the front wheels to lock. Mrs. Flickinger lived four days following the accident. The other occupants of the car escaped with minor injuries. Mrs. Flickinger, who was 44 years of age, is survived by her husband, two daughters and one son.*

\*\*\*\*\*

In July of 2011 I decided to post this interesting story on my blog, there not being any living descendants that I could find to object to this story being published.

In February of 2013 a Henderson, Nevada resident named Maggie, who was researching the background of her deceased father, Clifford Lamont Nordstrom, contacted me. Maggie had seen the Flickinger name in my blog. Her father had been secretive about his life prior to marrying her mother and had left no trace of a previous life after his death. But Maggie had found a 1929 marriage record online which appeared to be for her father to an Aris Thomas. After seeing my blog entry, she wrote to ask me if I had any further information on the Flickinger name because it appeared that this possible first wife, Aris, had married an Edwin Flickinger in 1952, and it sounded suspiciously like the same person from the same area of Sioux City, Iowa who was named in my blog.

I began deeper research on Mr. Flickinger as well as on Aris and her earlier marriage to Maggie's father. Aris Dillon was listed in the 1940 census, having remarried and divorced again, living with her parents, Roy and Evelyn Thomas, with a daughter by the name of Patricia Nordstrom, born in 1931. Thus we learned of a daughter who had to be Clifford and Aris' daughter, a half-sister that Maggie never knew about. Maggie was stunned!

Together we began the hunt for the current location of Maggie's half-sister, Patricia. She had been living in Bergen County, New Jersey. More research revealed that Maggie's half-sister was a leading doctor in the area of sickle cell anemia and her husband a well-known contract lawyer. The couple had three children and Patricia had had vague memories of her father walking away when she was three years old. She kept his last name as her middle name, hoping over the years that he would find her. The family had never located him – partly because he had shortened his last name to Nord. The family believes that this early divorce in his life would not have been acceptable to his second wife, a devout Catholic. Thus, he had hidden the information his entire adult life.

Unfortunately, Patricia died in September 2011 and Maggie never got to meet her half-sister. But Maggie did locate her new nieces and contacted them, unsure of their reception of this information. They were so thrilled to hear from their aunt, after years of hunting for relatives, that they flew to Nevada for a tearful and thrilling reunion. Out of such a tragic story, came such a happy reunion of a family that might never have happened had I not posted the story on my blog.

*A more recent search for Mr. Flickinger yielded an obituary on Newspapers.com. Clearly some facts have been altered. ☺*

The following is from: **1988 Mar 8, The Sioux City Journal, P8, Sioux City, Iowa**

Edwin J. Flickinger

*Edwin J. Flickinger, 80, 1614 Virginia St., retired auto body man, died Saturday in a Sioux City hospital. Services will be private. Nelson-Berger Northside Chapel is in charge of arrangements. There will be no visitation at the funeral home. Mr. Flickinger was born Sept. 11, 1907, in Quimby,*

*Clearly  
some facts  
have been  
altered. ☺*

Iowa. He was raised in Quimby and lived in Cherokee, Iowa, for a short time. He married Aris Thomas Aug. 29, 1925, in Sioux City. They moved to Sioux City in the middle 1930s. He was employed as a body man at Ace Body Shop, retiring in 1973. Survivors include his wife; a step-daughter, Dr. Patricia Farnsworth of Englewood, N.J.; four step-grandchildren and one step-great-grandson.

This obituary states that Edwin J. Flickinger married Aris in 1925. However, Mr. Flickinger was sentenced to prison in 1925 and Aris was still living, unmarried as yet, with her parents in Yankton, South Dakota. I thought perhaps it was a misprint from 1952 to 1925, but the obituary goes on to state that he and Aris moved to Sioux City in 1930. The 1930 census indicates Edwin was in prison in April 1930. Aris was still living with #3 husband, George Conroy, in Sioux City in 1943 and 1944. In fact Edwin and Aris weren't married until about 1952. Aris was married four times: (1) to Mr. Nordstrom in 1929, (2) to a James A. Dillon in 1935; (3) to a George Conroy about 1943; and (4) to Edwin Flickinger about 1952.

I found it fascinating that almost all the facts had been altered for Edwin Flickinger's obituary. He and Aris must have spent their lives together hiding the truth. His step-grandchildren (Patricia's children) did not know the whole story until they met their new aunt. They DID know that Edwin had served some prison time but thought it must have been something minor because he was the kindest grandfather and they had nothing but love for him.

## **“AS FOR THE SCHOOL TEACHER...”**

From what I can tell, Edwin had married another woman prior to Aris. Her name was Evelyn Warren, but this information is murky and still being worked on. It appears they had a son in 1935 and may have been married then because her last name at the “next” marriage to Edwin was listed as Flickinger in 1945. The child is likely still living as I haven't found a death notice or obituary for him, so that research has been tabled for a while. Another mystery to this story that remains to be solved is just when Edwin was released from prison. So far I haven't found any clue – just his marriage in 1945 to Evelyn.

As for the school teacher at the center of this murder:

The following is from: **1929 Jun 6, Aurelia Sentinel, P1, Aurelia, Iowa**

*Ralph Fritz Married Cherokee Girl April 10*

*Ralph Fritz of this place is married but he thinks the cigars are on the other fellow instead of himself, as the wedding has been kept a secret since it took place nearly a month ago until this week when the news finally leaked out. Ralph was married to Miss Gertrude Weaver of Cherokee at Canton, South Dakota, April 10. His bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. O. Weaver of Cherokee, and she has been residing with her parents at that place. She was a graduate of the Cherokee high school with the class of 1923. Ralph is the son of Mrs. B. B. McCarty of this place and has lived here since he was a little lad. He is now employed at the Aurelia Motor Co. garage. The Sentinel joins with friends in extending belated congratulations and best wishes.*

## **Did you forget?**

L-AGS annual membership dues are due and payable now

Please complete the form at

<http://www.l-ags.org/application.html>.

*Dues may now be paid either via PayPal or postal mail.*

## Book Review: The Wicked Trade and The Suffragette's Secret, Genealogical Crime Mysteries

By Patrick Lofft

Author, Nathan Dylan Goodwin, was born, raised and schooled in the town in Hastings, East Sussex. He then completed a Bachelor of Arts degree in Radio, Film and Television, followed by a Master of Arts Degree in Creative Writing at Canterbury Christ Church University. He completed a number of successful local history books about Hastings with other interests that include reading, writing, photography, genealogy and travelling.

This book's combination of a short story, *The Suffragette's Secret*, and a novel, *The Wicked Trade*, are an exceptional bargain for genealogists. These are the seventh and eighth books of the Morton Farrier, forensic genealogist series. As in the former *Genealogical Crime Mysteries*, Morton strives to finalize research for his current clients while immersing himself in historic background events. For both of these narratives Goodwin skillfully combines events encircling his current genealogy research project with flashbacks to the historical events enveloping the persons of his research problem. Morton's investigative techniques provide an informative refresher course for genealogists and historians. Researchers looking for United Kingdom documents will acquire knowledge of many available archives.

Morton and his wife, Juliette, in the short story celebrate the birth of their first child and in the novel prepare for their youngster's birthday party. The intrigues enveloping their current family members juxtapose the historic conspiracies within the stories.

*The Suffragette's Secret's* lead, Grace (née Emerson) Barwise, is an enlightened woman in the first decade of the twentieth century who seeks to participate actively in the Women's Social and Political Union's suffragette crusade. Her initial foray in public political speaking is daunting but quickly her confidence builds and she is onto her

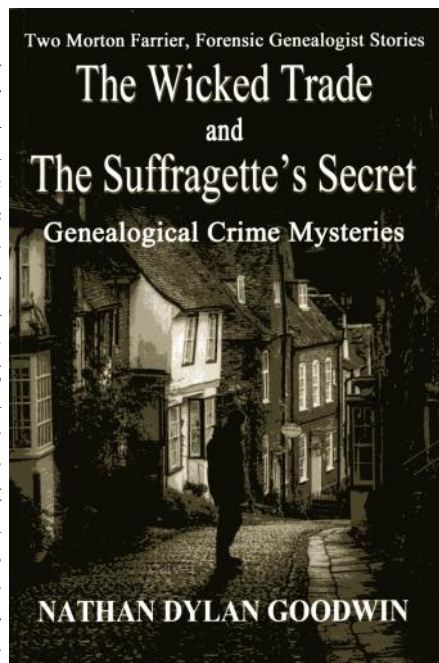
role leading to incarcerations and eventual fulfillment. Morton initiates his research in the churchyard photographing the chiseled facts of life from a marker.

*The Wicked Trade's* lead, Ann Fothergill, during the 1820's self-improves her state in life from her formative years in the workhouse and later years as an illiterate vagrant to a literate property owner with a mortgage. England's expensive forays in the Napoleonic Wars drive up the price of fine wines and brandy. The Little Ice Age has negatively affected the yield of England's vineyards. What alternatives are available for the common folks to satisfy their thirstiness? Hence the *Wicked Trade*.

Both stories are very well written. The book's content relies on historical facts and events supplemented with appropriate dialogue to **put flesh on the bones**. Author Goodwin writes in the gracious, classy King's English and some archaic regional dialect as fitting with the narrative. While the internet has changed how we do genealogy research these days it is good to see that

Morton not only uses the internet but still visits archives and libraries and even does some old fashioned foot walking around the areas he is researching. A beneficial advantage available to Morton is a clear blank wall of his study on which he visually creates his project's timeline with yards of strings connecting the discovered documentation to the event(s).

Disclosure: Author, Nathan Dylan Goodwin, sent me a copy of this book to review. The reviewed copy will soon be available for circulation at the Pleasanton Public Library. You may purchase this book through Amazon, Target and other sites in paper-back or Kindle versions *under \$17*. Previous books in the Morton Farrier, forensic genealogist series are: *Hiding the Past*, *The Lost Ancestor*, and *The America Ground and The Spyglass File*.



## Stories My Father Told

Ileen Peterson

Continuation of the May Roots Tracer article describes Sigurd Peterson's military exploits in North Africa, Southern Italy, Ploesti, Romania, Southern France and his return from Europe.

### North Africa

Before they started the trip from South America someone on the crew picked up a spider monkey as a pet or mascot. While they flew from South America to North Africa the monkey froze to death while a crewmember tried to keep it warm inside his flight jacket.

Because of the stopover in Trinidad, the crew arrived in North Africa much later than the rest of the squadron. They needed to have a short layover to rest, refuel and get the route and authorization to join the squadron in southern Italy.

While there Dad visited a bar (officer's club) and was befriended by a man who wanted to show him how well connected he was. This guy showed Dad a warehouse and offered him anything he wanted. Dad was not as impressed as this guy wanted. The guy ended up loading up a truck with rations and blankets. They went back to Dad's plane and ended up loading four blankets per officer and two each for the rest of the crew. (I may not remember the number but I think the ratio is valid) Plenty of rations were also loaded for everyone. (The character Dad met reminds me of the wheeler-dealer in the book "Catch 22".)

### Southern Italy

When the plane was landing at their base it looked like a snow storm from all of the paper blowing around the field. Dad soon found out that the squadron cooks had been too good. The squadron had been very lucky with a kitchen crew that did a wonderful job. Unfortunately, the general staff in Italy transferred both the cooks, and most of the field-kitchen equipment. By the



CAPT. S. H. PETERSON, JR.

time Dad arrived the cooking was being done by truck drivers. The squadron had so little equipment that trays and utensils had to be shared. After a man finished eating he would dip his tray and utensils in soapy water and hand it to the next guy in line waiting for food. Most of the squadron was sick from this. Dad took one look at the setup and made sure that the rest of his crew avoided the kitchens and stuck to the rations that they picked up in North Africa. This kept his crew healthy while waiting for the replacement mess gear.

Dad found the Italian climate to be very much like that of the Willamette valley. It was very wet, and mud was everywhere. He

and his tent mates found a lot of sheet metal from bomb transport containers was available; although it had a lot of large holes in it. They paved the floor of their tent with these metal plates. This helped a lot. But, mud would still extrude through the holes. They would scrape off these extrusions and toss them outside the tent. Eventually, they had a dry floor. The blankets they got in North Africa helped them stay warm. But heat was still desired. Aviation gas was easily available but not a very safe heat source. Pumice was common at the airfield and could be made into a fire pit and heating element. A fifty-gallon tank would be located outside the tent and piped into the tent to the bottom of a pile of pumice. The gas would vaporize and diffuse through the pumice stone. The pumice would give plenty of surface area to mix the air and gas for combustion. This would reduce the risk of open flame. The pumice also warmed up and supplied a more steady supply of heat. Dad's tent was the first to use the pumice stove and with the metal floor gave them a much drier place to live. It was not uneventful. The pipes leading to



the tents ran the risk of leaking. While Dad was playing cards with some buddies the alarm went up that a pipe was leaking and the leak had caught on fire. (I am not sure if this was for Dad's tent or someone else's.) Everyone evacuated the vicinity as the flames pulsed out of the pipe from a fifty-gallon tank of gas. Dad saw that the flame was located well away from the tank and ran to the tank to turn off the gas. Disaster averted.

### First Mission

When Dad arrived in Italy he was just the navigator for a single plane. His first mission did not go well but it did raise him to squadron navigator. The target was Monte Casino, a monastery on a mountaintop overlooking a valley. The American army was fighting in the valley and the monastery was being used by the Germans to observe everything going on. Dad was not convinced that the planned aiming points were fool-proof because there was a similar configuration of land features that would be crossed a little earlier on the flight path. He turned out to be right. Navigators in other planes identified the premature features as the aiming points. While the rest of the planes were dropping bombs, Dad was kicking his bombardier off of the bombsight controls. When they got back Dad was proven correct when it was learned that all of the bombs were dropped on the friendly troops that they were supposed to be supporting. This turned out to be one of the worst cases of friendly fire for the U.S. army in WWII. Dad turned out to be the only navigator (or one of the very few) on that mission whose log showed that they knew exactly where they were on the entire mission. This is why he was promoted to squadron navigator and ended up in the lead plane on the rest of his missions.

Initially he flew both as squadron navigator and as navigator for his initial crew. This kept him too busy to spend much time on the base thinking about past and upcoming missions — a major source of psychological stress. He worked and slept. Someone noticed that he was adding missions to his count much faster than normal; which would send him home much sooner if he lived through them. His navigation skill was prized too highly to lose him that soon. So, his mission load was reduced. (I am not sure but I think that he was replaced on his initial crew.) His skill was highlighted to him on one mission by the inability of other plane's navigators to tell

the difference between looking at the Danube River and the map markings for an intermittent stream. He credited his college geology class on stratigraphy. It had helped him translate the altitude lines on a map into a three dimensional mental image.

### Ploesti<sup>1</sup>, Romania bombing missions

The perfect mission could not have happened without the aid of a German fighter pilot. The plan was to have a rectangular array of planes drop their bombs on a building complex. The normal air defense used in WWII was with fighter attacks against bombers at long distance from high value targets, followed up with anti-aircraft guns close in. This would reduce danger the fighters might risk from their friendly guns. Dad almost never saw enemy fighters. He often saw flak, but not fighters. He thought he saw a German jet fighter off in the distance on one mission over Germany. But, his only story of fighter attack was this mission. When the bombers were lining up on their target they were in a tight cluster when a German fighter attacked them head-on. Nobody was hurt but the pilots were distracted enough that the formation spread out. This caused the spacing between planes to be wider than planned as they arrived at the drop point. When the bombs hit, they hit target buildings, and missed the empty spaces between! Each stick of bombs hit something important. If that fighter had not been there, more bombs would have landed in a smaller area, and the buildings on the outer edge of the complex would have been untouched. This mission was considered so good that pictures of this bombing mission were distributed as calendar art.

Dad got lucky when he was given a weekend pass to Naples. As he was leaving the base a bunch of crew replacements were arriving. One of his friends invited him over to meet the new guys, but Dad told him that he would meet them when he got back in a couple of days. While he was gone the squadron flew 100% missions to attack Ploesti every day. This meant that every plane that could fly was on the mission. When Dad got back from Naples there was not a single plane left able to fly another mission. None of the replacement crews got back to the base. Dad was glad that he had not

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<sup>1</sup>Ploesti was a vast complex of oil refinery facilities located some 30 miles north of Bucharest, Romania. In the words of Winston Churchill, Ploesti was "the taproot of German might." <http://www.eyewitnesshistory.com/ploesti.htm>

made any short term friends. This also highlighted the "Peterson Luck." Every plane, and every member of Dad's crew, returned when he flew the mission.

### The Worst Mission

In the morning before the mission a new parachute was distributed to the squadron. The old one was a cylinder which, when needed, clipped onto a harness worn under the armored flak vest. Since the vest had to be removed before you could attach the parachute, it was a problem in an emergency. The new 'chute was a relatively thin rectangular package that could be worn under the flak vest. You still had to remove the vest before using the parachute. At least you didn't have to worry about attaching the 'chute in mid-air, or finding it in a burning plane. Dad found that the new 'chute also caused the vest to ride higher on his back when he was sitting at his navigation table. Without the new 'chute, the space between his armored helmet, and the neck opening in his flak vest, was a couple of inches. The new 'chute lifted his vest so that there was almost no space exposed.

On this mission Dad flew with his original crew and his friend the hotshot pilot. They were in the lead plane. The flak was extremely bad over the target, and his plane was hit after the bombs were dropped. One moment Dad was sitting at his navigation table. The next he found himself on the floor of the plane with a pain in the neck. After they got on the ground he determined that a piece of shrapnel had come through the bomb-bay wall, a couple of bulkheads, hit him, deflected a few degrees and went out the wall of the plane. It had hit him right in the back of the neck, in the space now covered by the flak vest because of the new parachute. Without the new parachute it would have taken his head off. He spent the rest of his life with back problems caused by this experience. The day he got recalled for duty in Korea he was immobile on his back from the pain in the front room of our house. (I think he ended up with a medical deferment at that point.)

The flak also heavily damaged his B24. The radio was knocked out, hydraulic systems were shredded, large parts of the control surfaces were missing, and the engines were damaged. Despite the best efforts of the pilot, he could not maintain the normal cruising speed. Without a radio, the pilot could not hand over the lead position to another plane. Although he kept trying to ease out of the

formation lead position, the rest of the formation would not allow it. They waved encouragement to him, and maintained formation behind the damaged plane. The flight back from the target was very uncomfortable with the air blowing through holes in the plane, and hydraulic fluid leaks everywhere. When a mission returns to base the most heavily damaged will try to land last. The logic behind this is to prevent a crash from interfering with the safe landing of planes in better shape. Dad's plane was the last to land. The missing pieces of wing raised the minimum flying speed for the plane. So, the landing was going to be faster than normal. The damage to the hydraulic system meant no brakes. The base runway was located on farmland, and it had a farmer's old rock wall across the far end. This combination produced a very pessimistic expectation of how the landing was going to end. The fire and crash trucks set themselves up to wait near the rock wall, expecting to clean the mess up after the plane hit the wall. Dad and one of the gunners got the bright idea of attaching their parachutes to the gun-mounts in the body of the plane. As soon as the plane touched ground, Dad and his buddy threw their parachutes out the plane. Both 'chutes opened behind the plane and stopped it half way down the runway. This was the first time a bomber had used parachutes as landing brakes. "Peterson Luck" brought everyone home alive.

With the plane safe on the ground, everyone got out and took a close look at the plane. They started counting holes in the nose, working to the back of the plane. (There is a picture of the crew milling around the plane with the parachutes blowing in the wind.) After finding (50/500?) holes by the time they got to the wing-root, they gave up counting. Since his parachute had been over-stressed by the landing he could not use it on future missions. He was able to take some of the silk from the 'chute and had it turned into a nightgown for Mom (and some other stuff?). While he was in Italy some officers came to look at the badly damaged planes that returned from missions. They wanted to find out where the holes were so newer planes could be hardened in those spots. Dad told them that those holes were not important because those planes came back. It was more important to harden the areas that returning planes didn't have holes. It was likely that holes were there in planes that didn't come back.

### Invasion of Southern France

As lead navigator Dad was involved in target selection and mission planning. He knew every target scheduled for the day of the second invasion of France. Some of the mission rules said that:

*No bombs dropped after a specific time. To avoid dropping on friendly troops.*

*Bombs only dropped on visually confirmed, authorized targets.*

The day did not start well. It was overcast almost everywhere, and the various aircraft groups did not form up smoothly. Dad's plane ended up leading a formation made up of a random collection of bombers from all over the place. They went to the primary target to find it covered in clouds. The same was true at the secondary target. All of the targets assigned to Dad's formation were overcast and time was running out. Dad saw nearby a target in the open but it was not on his formation's list, although it was on the invasion target list. The target had not been hit, time was running out, and no one wanted to return without dropping their bombs. Dad directed the bombardier and the formation to attack this opportunity. There must be at least one plane in their mongrel formation scheduled to attack that target - so they rationalized. The formation dropped their bombs on that target before the time limit, and then the planes returned to their respective airfields. When Dad's plane got on the ground everyone was put in detention under threat of court-martial for attacking the wrong target. They were left to sweat until reports came back from the invasion that there was no resistance from their target. Threat of a court-martial quickly changed to promises of medals.

### Return from Europe

Dad's pilot (the hotshot) got into an argument with some fighter pilots about the relative skill of fighter and bomber pilots. To prove a point they agreed to a contest in the air between a B24 bomber and one (Or more. I'm not sure) fighter plane. It ended with Dad's pilot chasing a very surprised fighter (s?) around the sky. This resulted in the hotshot being grounded except for scheduled missions. He returned to the U.S.A. on a ship since he was not allowed to fly back. Dad flew back.

While in Europe Dad was invited to reenlist to make the army a career. At the time his military experiences were positive enough that it did appeal to him. So, he signed the reenlistment papers. When he returned to the States he was assigned to a base in Texas. This was not a pleasant time for him. The officer he reported to had no combat experience and had a nitpicky interpretation of the rules and regulations. The organization of his footlocker and bunk area got Dad into conflict with this guy. One issue was the location and arrangement of socks. To Dad, inspections were intended to verify that everyone had all issued supplies and that they were in condition to keep the owner healthy. To that purpose, Dad would place socks in front of larger items so that it was easy to observe the condition of both. The officer doing the inspections was more concerned about appearances and wanted the socks hidden in back. Many similar irritations caused Dad to sour on the idea of staying in the military. He got lucky. One day he was called in and was asked to sign the reenlistment papers again because the ones signed in Italy had been lost. (He had kept copies of every important document issued to him but for this one. This habit had prevented any interruptions in pay or service credit.) This time he declined to sign. A few weeks later he was a civilian again.

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### President's Message

*Continued from Page 3*

DNA identified them, even distantly, as related to the unidentified subject. By process of triangulation, they were able to narrow the list of possibilities. From there they needed to resort to the type of research that we at L-AGS have been doing all along. Through these traditional means they were able to assign names and then faces to the strings of code. From there it was just a matter of conscientious police work for the case to be closed.

Whether or not this represents a great leap forward for criminal science or an invasion of privacy is a question for others to answer. I'm just glad that I can now point to these events and make the argument that genealogy is more than merely a hobby.

*Tom Mathews*, President, L-AGS

## In Memoriam



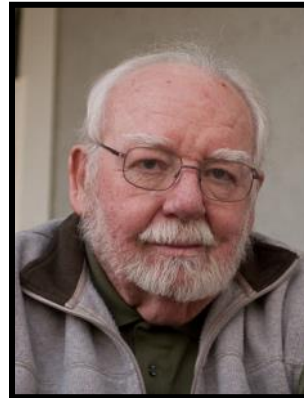
Diane Louise Silva  
George

Aug 3, 1943 – May  
30, 2018

Diane was born in Hayward, in 1943. She graduated from San Lorenzo High in 1961 and as an honor student, entered San Jose State College for two years. Bank teller work in Hayward allowed her to save for more college and graduation from Cal State Hayward with a B.A. in 1966. Diane took a job with Alameda County as a probation officer.

Diane noticed many peers were attending law school. So, she applied to and graduated from UC Berkeley's Boalt Hall, School of Law in Fall 1976 with a J.D. and started working for an attorney in San Leandro. A process server (long time future friend Bill Wakeman) told her that an attorney, Burt Hamel in Hayward, was looking for a woman (women being more reliable) associate, so Diane's 25 year legal career began in marital and landlord/tenant law in Alameda County. Upon retiring in 2000, Diane became restless and began a 2<sup>nd</sup> career in Student Health Administration and retired for good in 2011. Diane was married for 36 years to Bill George after they met in a computer club in Hayward in 1980.

Diane had been a L-AGS member since 2008. Diane documented her Azores ancestry through both parents, with birth, marriage and death sources, for more than 12 generations. She assisted many with advice on Azores research, and more recently DNA testing. Diane, for the past 7 years, led a twice-monthly genealogy workshop at the Castro Valley Library and assisted with a monthly Legacy SIG for the San Ramon Valley Genealogical Society.



Garrett B. Drummond

December 16, 1929 -  
April 6, 2018,

Livermore, California

Garrett B. Drummond, age 88, died Friday, April 6, 2018. Born December 16, 1929 in Starkville, Mississippi to Garrett B. Drummond, Sr. and Frances Rigdon Drummond. Gary was a L-AGS member since at least 1997 and a long time, resident of Livermore.

In his early adult life Gary worked for Carpenter Paper Co in Albuquerque, New Mexico then in 1952 he began working for Sandia National Laboratory. His career with Sandia began as a mail clerk and he later transferred to the Supply Department, which took his family to Maine in the summer of 1957. In 1959 Sandia relocated Gary to Livermore, California where he held many different positions. In 1967 Gary took on a new role managing a Computer Operations group at Sandia. In 1975 he was invited to become a consultant to Energy Research Development Administration San Francisco Operations Office in computer personnel security. His last job assignment was with Sandia's Combustion Research facility, formally retiring from Sandia in 1994.

Outside of work Gary combined his love of history and architectural design. Gary was a member of the Livermore Beautification Committee which led to him becoming one of the founding members of the Livermore Heritage Guild. He was the first to hold the position of Livermore City Historian. Several elementary school groups had the opportunity to learn about Livermore History by participating in walking tours led by Gary, sometimes in his black top hat! Memorial Services were conducted at the First Presbyterian Church in Livermore on Saturday, April 21st, 2018.

## Story About Welborn Tombstones

By Leora Frise

When I saw these tombstone pictures on the FindAGrave website, I thought what a story for Halloween. Since I could not use the picture from Find-a-Grave, my new found Cousin Cynthia from Raleigh, North Carolina who had taken this picture on a recent trip, sent me this picture.

Cynthia is a sister of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who wanted to add a supplement to her membership. She located me because my Patriot is Christopher Dudley and she wanted copies of my line. We have been corresponding since she requested my line.

Cynthia's 2<sup>nd</sup> Great-Grandmother Lenny or Malinda Caroline Welborn Newman is the older sister to my 2<sup>nd</sup> Great-Grandmother, Elizabeth Welborn Newman Riddle. Something else, Lenny's Husband, Thomas Charles Newman, is the brother



*James Welborn, my 3<sup>rd</sup> Great Grandfather, in the front and Elizabeth Dudley Welborn, my 3<sup>rd</sup> Great Grandmother in the back*

of Elizabeth's first husband, Jacob Newman. Their parents were Isaac Newman and Rachael Rhodes.

The gravestones seen in the picture are James Welborn, my 3<sup>rd</sup> Great-Grandfather, in the front, and Elizabeth Dudley Welborn, 3<sup>rd</sup> Great-Grandmother in the back. The article<sup>1</sup> in James' Find a Grave site is from a book *James Welborn of Muhlenberg and His Descendants*, by Gail Jackson Miller. I am attempting to get a copy of this book.

<sup>1</sup>James Welborn (1771-1826) was born in North Carolina. He married Elizabeth Dudley (1774-1842) who was also born in North Carolina. In the early 1800's, they settled in Muhlenberg County, Kentucky, and were both buried there in the Hazel Creek Cemetery.

Here is my line:  
 James Welborn 1771-1826 - Elizabeth Dudley 1774-1842  
 Elizabeth Welborn Newman 1804- before 1875 – Jacob Riddle -1820-unable to locate  
 Jeremiah Riddle 1842-1908 – Sarah Hardison 1844-1910  
 Tedro Riddle 1884-1962–Sarah Humbard 1886-1950  
 Gladys Riddle 1911-1990 – Cleao Jones 1914-2005  
 Leora Jones – Michael Frise

## George Anderson's Research Papers

By Richard Finn & Carol Satterthwaite

***George Watkins Anderson, Jr.,  
Feb. 9, 1924 - Nov. 1, 2015***

A wonderful group of volunteer members came to the Finn's house a while back to review 16 boxes of George Anderson's research papers. Determinations were made as to what to do with all of this information: share to a local archive, ship to George's or Harriett's home towns if interested genealogy societies or museums can be located, discard those which were copied from other sources, etc. Dick extended a big thank you to all who helped and those who wanted to help but

could not make it on that Saturday morning.

Carol Satterthwaite and Gloria Gibbel are friends who met in DAR. Gloria is a terrific genealogist and one of George Anderson's cousins. When Carol realized some of our members were going to determine destinations for George's research papers, she called Gloria to ask what family names she shared with George. The foremost

*Continued on Page 14*

## Let's Honor Our WWII Veterans

By Patricia Northam

Recently I revisited the website <http://wwiimemorial.com/>.

This website coordinates with the WWII Memorial in Washington, D.C. It is designed to honor our veterans who served during WWII. This website allows you to submit information on a

veteran or a civilian who supported our military on the home front. Go to the website's homepage. You will find a link to go to the registry.

On the registry page you can search for a name, edit an honoree record, register an honoree, or upload honoree photos. There is a fee to upload photos. You can search by last name only or by last name, first name, and state. When I searched by last name I found that my one uncle was in the registry, but no other family members. So, of course, I knew I needed to change this.

The next step to register an honoree can be done by mail or email. For mail, simply download the form and mail it in. For email, submit your name, address (with zip code), and email contact. Within 2-3 weeks (usually within a week), you will be sent an account number and password.

Once you receive an account number and your password (mine was my zip code), you can move on to submitting an honoree. Be prepared. You need last name, first name, status, branch, rank, town/state, honored by, and your relationship to the honoree (son, daughter, friend, etc.). A short description of the honoree's activity is great, but not required. Once you submit this information your person will be pending. In 2-5 days you will receive an email notifying you that the honoree's name is on the registry.

If you later gather more pertinent information about your honoree that you would like to include in the description of activity, you can submit an



*World War II Memorial*

edit. It takes about 7-10 days to receive notice that it is completed.

Take note that your posted description might vary slightly from what you submit. Also, if your honoree's name is in the registry from someone else, you can submit one of your own. You may print your honoree's

“plaque”.

The plaque will include a flag for civilian or the seal for military branch.

So far I've honored my father, one uncle, and both grandfathers. I am in the process of gathering information to honor two more uncles and three family friends. For my grandfathers I honored them as civilians who supported the war effort on the home front. One grandfather worked in the San Francisco Bay Area shipyards on liberty ships. The other grandfather worked in an army arsenal checking that the quality of machine parts met the standard for the military.

Before I submitted names for the registry, I summarized the information from the records I studied. Information gathered included enlistment dates, discharge dates, and the names of naval ships found on muster rolls.

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*George Anderson, continued from Page 13*

surname was Flake and Carol knew that George had a bound book about that family that Gloria would really like to have. Dick Finn found the bound book and some notebooks on the Flake family so Carol and Garl went to Dick's house to pick them up. Gloria was able to get all the information when she made a trip from Nevada to the East Bay to see her family. She was very thrilled to get the book, the notebooks and some additional data found by Patrick Lofft. Gloria made a generous donation to L-AGS.

## L-AGS Members are Confounded by Genealogical or Historical Research Problems that Lack a Solution!

By Nancy Helms Rodrigue

My great-great-grandparents immigrated from Ostfriesen, Germany in 1852. They actually left from Bremen, Germany on the ship Amaranth on August tenth of that year. The ship manifest says they came from Wittmund, Ostfriesland, Germany and the citizenship papers of my great-grandfather, Bernard E. Helms (or Helmst), deny allegiance to the Duke of Oldenberg. I have found evidence of my gggrandmother, Catherine Janssen, in that town including her baptism in 1823, but cannot find any records of Bernhard Helms. Their marriage and the births of their two children are not recorded in Wittmund, or at least I have not found them. Contact Nancy [email: Nancy@rmwinery.com]

[The Ostfriesen area of Germany is located in the northwest corner of Germany, bordered by the Netherlands and the North Sea. This area may also be called East Friesland and is now part of the Niedersachsen, or Lower Saxony, state of Germany. The Ostfriesen Genealogical Society of America (OGSA) is a non-profit, all-volunteer member-supported organization committed to helping our members find family connections and better understand the lives of their Ostfriesen ancestors.]

By Louise Walsh Throop

Calling FORREST men with ancestry in Southern Scotland back before about 1800: **Lanarkshire, the Lothians, etc.** Looking for known lineages to connect with other lineages. y-DNA confirmation needed and can be provided to men with lineages. Contact Louise [email: lwthroop@aol.com]

[**Edinburghshire, or Midlothian**, is the metropolitan county of the kingdom of Scotland, bounded on the north by the Firth of Forth (along the shore of which it extends for about twelve miles), on the east by Haddingtonshire and small portions of the counties of Berwick and Roxburgh, on the south by the counties of Lanark, Peebles, and Selkirk, and on the west by Linlithgowshire.

**West Lothian** (or Linlithgowshire until 1921) is a county in the south of Scotland, bounded on the north by the Firth of Forth, on the east and south-east by the county of Edinburgh, on the south-west by Lanarkshire, and on the west by the county of Stirling.

**East Lothian** (or Haddingtonshire until 1921), is a maritime county in the south-east of Scotland, bounded on the north and east by the Firth of Forth, on the south by the county of Berwick, and on the west by Edinburghshire.

By Caye Collins Johnson

I'm looking for the name of the mother of my paternal grandfather Charles Walter Collins. She was the first wife of Asa Walter Collins (b. 14 Dec 1830 South Carolina, d. 17 Sept 1903 San Francisco). Charles Walter Collins was born 10 Nov 1863 Green Co, Alabama, died 17 Nov 1926 El Centro, Imperial, California. Asa's second wife was Diana Jane Coleman. Supposedly the first wife and a brother were drowned, probably in Alabama or Mississippi.

Contact Caye [email: cayej1942@gmail.com]

By Tom Mathews

I had always been told that my immigrant Campbell ancestor was one Laughlin Campbell, "The younger brother of the Duke of Argyle," who purportedly came to America to fight on the side of freedom. Needless to say, I was very determined to track him down and find out the truth of the matter. The truth it turned out is that a Capt. Laughlin Campbell did come to America in 1738 along with 107 other persons, many named Campbell, and secured from the governor a large land grant in upstate New York which they named Argyle. I've ruled out any close relationship with Laughlin but I have been able to trace my lineage back to Argyle to a William Campbell, son of Duncan Campbell. My problem is that in early Argyle, patents were granted to two Duncan Campbells, commonly referred to as Black Duncan and White Duncan. Despite my best efforts, I have not been able to come up with any solid evidence telling me which Duncan I am descended from. Contact Tom {email: tjmathews@sbcglobal.net

[There are many Duncan Campbell sites on WWW: <https://campbellgenealogynotes.wordpress.com/tag/white-duncan-campbell/>, <https://www.geni.com/people/Sir-Duncan-Campbell-of-Glenorchy-1st-Baronet/> ]

## *Future General Meetings*

Congregation Beth Emek, 3400 Nevada Court, Pleasanton

Visitors are always welcome.

September 10, 7:30 p.m.

*George P. Fulton      Austria-Hungarian Roots*

October 8, 7:30 p.m.

*Patrick M. Lofft      Military Service Records Before 1900*

November 5, 7:30 p.m., the FIRST Monday

*Gene R. Block      How to Discover What was Unique about your  
Ancestors Lives*

*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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