



Columbine Genealogical & Historical Society Newsletter

Vol. 47 No. 3

3rd Quarter – July, August, September

Summer 2020

Columbine Genealogical and Historical Society Newsletter

P.O. Box 2074

Centennial, CO 80161-2074

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Est. 1976

Cultural & Educational Organization

501(c)(3)

Newsletter Published Quarterly

Subscription included in
membership dues.

CGHS Website

<https://columbinegenealogy.com/>

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From the Editor: This quarter not all our stories are about ancestors and genealogy. Our lead article, by Ginger Van Zyl, is about travel, ingenuity and “making-do” during a difficult period in recent history. A later article, by Sylvia Burnside, a member we haven’t heard from in a while, is about plants that thrive and provide beauty in a difficult environment. As we live through these difficult times, I hope stories like this might give us inspiration.

Moving to Washington

By Ginger Van Zyl

One day in the summer of 1943, when I was five years old, my mother told me we were going to leave Westcliffe, Colorado, (the only home I’d ever known) and move to Washington. I was so excited.

“I’ll get to see the President,” I exclaimed. My mother explained that we would be moving to Washington State, not Washington, D.C.

My disappointment was short-lived. The year before I was born Mother and Dad had attended summer school in Seattle and talked about what a beautiful place it was. I was fascinated by their small sea shell collection that resided on an upper shelf in the front closet. It was a treasure I was occasionally allowed to play with and I looked forward to finding more sea shells in Washington.

Before I relate my memories of that trip, I’ll explain how we came to be moving west -- details that I, as a five-year-old, didn’t know at the time. I do, however, have vivid memories of certain events and my reactions to them. The next few weeks were full of new experiences for me – some fun and exciting; others not so good.

Dad, who had taught at Custer County High School for over fifteen years, decided to change careers. Close family friends, Larry and Rose Alexander had sold the local newspaper, The Wet Mountain Tribune, and recently acquired a small-town newspaper in Washington. The two families decided to become partners in the paper and we prepared to move in tandem with them (and their daughter Pat) to Winlock, Washington.

See Washington on Page 4

Meetings at Columbine

Note: The information listed below is our normal schedule and location, however due to the current Covid-19 restrictions, until further notice, please see our website for meeting information. www.ColumbineGenealogy.com

Meeting Times:

Regular Meetings 1:00 pm - 2nd & 3rd Tuesday each month (except June, July, Aug. & Dec.)

Board of Directors Meetings 9:30 am - 2nd Tuesday of each month (except June, July & Dec.)

Columbine Writers' Group Meets following the afternoon program on the 3rd Tuesday of the month

Meeting Place:

Lutheran Church of the Holy Spirit, 6400 South University Blvd, Centennial, CO 80121

Program Previews

Upcoming CGHS Programs

By Anita Burbank-Jenkins, 1st Vice President, Programs

We are currently in our summer break period and we don't yet know how or where we will be meeting this fall. However, the Board is considering conducting some virtual programs over the next few months. Stay tuned for future updates by email and via the website.

Columbine Seminar American Church Records

Featured Speaker: Dr. David McDonald

POSTPONED INTO 2021

Due to the uncertainty we are facing due to the Covid-19 crisis, the Columbine Board has decided to postpone this seminar until at least 2021. Many decisions will need to be reevaluated. The Denver Library will be doing extensive renovations and will not be hosting seminars and conferences until 2022.

We will assess the situation after January 2021 and will then review alternate locations or other seminar options. We will keep you updated as we determine how and when this seminar can be held. Thanks for your support!



Changing Times

By Bob Jenkins

Times are changing. This pandemic is the most recent disruption of the status quo of all the other changes occurring, especially in technology. The effect on genealogy is tremendous. I have watched Family Search grow from the IGI and a few other resources into its current enormous resource for genealogists. Ancestry.com is incredible and also increasing in features to help us in our research. There are so many others.

The pandemic has been a force for change. Our in-person meetings have been suspended for a while. Virtual meetings are becoming the norm. There were 17 Board members at our first virtual meeting on May 12. Our planned symposium on "American Church Records" has been postponed until 2021. The Board plans to meet virtually several times in the next few months.

Smithsonian Provides Public Access to Millions of Images

The Smithsonian has released 2.8 million images from its various collections for open access and download.

Take the time to review this collection and understand more about their availability at the link below.

<https://www.smithsonianmag.com/smithsonian-institution/smithsonian-releases-28-million-images-public-domain-180974263/>

FAN Club Principle

Episode 324 of *ExtremeGenes* features Rachel Popma of Legacy Tree Genealogists discussing use of the FAN principle (Friends, Associates and Neighbors) to help find some of those more elusive ancestors. Sometimes we tend to forget just how far this principle can extend. This podcast will remind you of places to look.

Listen at: <https://extremegenes.com/2020/04/19/episode-324-the-fan-club-principal-cracks-open-brick-walls-the-possible-location-of-your-lost-civil-war-pension-records-revealed/>

CGHS



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Washington from Page 1

Dad built crates for the furniture and some other non-essential household goods which would be shipped by train to Washington. Mother insisted he crate her up-to-date, coal/wood burning, white kitchen range. It was good steel, she said, and since it was wartime, where would she get another. She was correct that new consumer goods weren't available, but she never needed it and sold it after the war. There were also other crates with nonessential household items. Since war materiel had preference on the railroads, we couldn't be certain when our goods would arrive.



Leaving Cañon City; headed for Washington

Of course, we couldn't take everything and Mother held a yard sale. I was devastated and shed many tears when she sold my bed! None of us could have known then that for the next two years, I would sleep on a canvas camp cot in my parents' room. At least, I got to take most of my toys.

For the remaining essential and personal items, Dad bought a well-used two-wheeled trailer. The local ration board had allowed extra gasoline stamps and four new tires for the car, but their lenience didn't extend to new trailer tires to replace the existing well-worn ones. So, Dad hitched it to the back of his beloved first car, a 1931 Nash sedan. We loaded our things and left Westcliffe.

Before we joined the Alexanders, we drove to Olney Springs to say goodbye to Grandma and Grandpa (Mother's parents) and other relatives in the area. Coming back west through Pueblo, Dad's car just quit running. The timing had given out on that 12-year-old car. The bad news was no replacement part was available in the entire state of Colorado. Because of the war effort, repair parts for older cars had become increasingly scarce. Mother and I took a bus to Cañon City to stay with her sister and family while Dad found whatever used car might be for sale in Pueblo. I was most unhappy. My bed had been sold, the house was no longer ours, and now my domain, the back seat of the car where I had placed a few favorite playthings, was to be abandoned! My parting admonition to Dad was to make sure all my toys got transferred from the old car to the new.

I don't know for certain how Dad and Mother felt about moving to Washington. Did they view it as a big adventure or the best they could do in the circumstances? I do remember the car problem as a significant worry. The proceeds from the sale of our house were to be a financial cushion to help get established in the new job and new locale. A sizable amount of that money now had to go to replacing the old car.

When Dad joined us in Cañon City, it was with a 1938 Chrysler four-door sedan. The trailer with the bad tires was hitched behind, and yes, all my things were in the back seat of the "new" car. The old car had been playfully referred to as "Sadie," so I felt it was important to give this new car a name. I christened it "Martha" because we were going to Washington. We said goodbye to our relatives and continued west on U.S. 50 over Monarch Pass to the Western Slope to say goodbye to Dad's relatives, and meet the Alexanders in Grand Junction on a pre-arranged day.

I remember the trip itself as a great adventure. My first exciting time happened early in the trip. Told we were approaching the Colorado state line, I looked eagerly out across the open land to spot the white line I expected to see. I think I pictured it like a line on an athletic field, going off in the distance over the hills. What a disappointment to find there was only a marker beside the highway telling us we were leaving Colorado and entering Utah.

Another memory I have is staying at a tourist court in Price, Utah, which consisted of a series of small white cabins with lean-to-like garages arranged around a large U-shaped drive. I remember the large grassy area at the center of the drive. It was a lovely place for a child to run around and play after being in the car all day.

We crossed desert areas of Utah and southern Idaho on a dry, hot September day. At one gas station, Mother and Rose bought us something called “7-Up.” I didn’t know what it was; I’d never had a soda pop before! Pat rode with us as we continued and we drank our 7-Up. She was three years older than I and much worldlier. Giggling, she told me it was called 7-Up because it would make you burp – seven burps for every bottle. So, we proceeded to count our burps. I don’t recall if either of us reached seven.

Not all experiences on the trip were fun, however. Dad’s big headache was those terrible trailer tires. One or the other went flat several times a day. With no spare, he had to pull off to the side of the road and patch the flat tire, pump it up again, and pray. I’m sure by the time we arrived in Washington, those tires were more patches than original rubber.

Mother’s great tragedy wasn’t apparent until we were in Washington and our household goods were unloaded from the train two months later. She discovered almost all her dishes were broken. Uncertain how long it would take for the train shipment to arrive, she had naively reasoned she could get along without her good china but would need pots and pans right away. She really wished she had shipped the pots and pans and carried the good dishes in the trailer!

My worst time was losing my tricycle. I had only recently “graduated” from a small trike to a larger three-wheeler. It was my pride and joy! It was tied onto the rear of the trailer. Somewhere in eastern Oregon we came to a one-lane tunnel. A traffic light above the entrance controlled the flow of traffic through the tunnel. The light was red as we approached, so we stopped. As we waited for the green light, a car bumped into the back of our trailer. Fortunately, it was only a bump, but it smashed the right back wheel of the tricycle. All my tears would never make that lovely trike good again. Because of the war effort, there was no hope of finding a replacement wheel, let alone being able to buy a new tricycle.

We were five days and nights on the road for our move to Washington. We arrived in Winlock in late September. Our little rental house was waiting for us. We were “home,” but I would miss Colorado for years and years.



My War Ration Book & Ration Coupons

Virtual Potluck

Since we couldn’t have a potluck in May, here are some photos from last year’s potluck. Make one of your favorite dishes to share with your family and we will share with you in spirit!



Will Terminology

Administrator – person appointed to manage or divide and distribute the estate of a deceased person.

Bequeath or Legacy – property or money left to someone in a will.

Codicil – an addition to a will after it has been written.

Executor – person appointed to carry out a will's provisions.

Guardian – person appointed to care for and manage property for a minor orphan or an adult incapable of managing their own affairs.

Holographic Will – one written entirely in the testator's own handwriting.

Intestate – person who dies without a will.

Nuncupative Will – one declared or dictated by the testator, usually in a last or sudden illness or in a military situation. It is dependent on oral testimony from witnesses for proof.

Probate – the official proving or validating of a will.

Testator – person who makes a valid will before death.

Witness – person who is present at the signing of a will who can testify that the signing took place.

Journaling During Historic Times

During these turbulent times where we don't know what the next year or so will hold for us, I'm sure many of you have stories about how you are handling your current situation. You may have heard that journaling is a great way to record your thoughts and experiences or to get something off your chest. Individual journals of those who lived during the 1918 Spanish Flu epidemic have provided us with insights as to what went on in people's lives and how they got through that difficult period.

Libraries get many questions about documents on everyday life during that epidemic and without the individual stories written by those who experienced it, there are only newspaper articles and books. This period too is going to go down in history and having stories and real-life experiences will be important to future generations and particularly to genealogists eager to learn how their ancestors fared.

Here are some ideas:

- What has social distancing meant in your life?
 - Do you have any special memories of how you are keeping in touch with relatives?
 - Have you come up with innovative ideas to get things accomplished while sheltering at home?
 - What are you doing to keep your spirits up?
 - How are you sharing your experiences with family and friends?
-

From FamilySearch - Censuses Taken During Crisis Periods

The 1920 census was taken shortly after the Spanish Flu pandemic. The 1940 census was taken as the U.S. came out of the Great Depression and before we became involved in the World War II. Use the three tips found at this FamilySearch link below to learn how to find your ancestor's stories in census records.

https://www.familysearch.org/blog/en/how-to-use-us-census-records/?et_cid=1694313&et_rid=117518877&link-id=CTA&cid=em-cen-9775

Trees of Saguaro Park

By Sylvia Burnside

I think in terms of "my tree," which, in my past, was a one-hundred-foot sugar maple tree with a five-foot diameter, about fifteen miles south of Boston. It was an exquisite tree, with huge, muscular limbs that held up its bulk to the sky. Its leaves were typical maple leaves, familiar as a worn book. Its seed pods flying in the wind were wonderful additions to the noses of small children. As a teenaged tomboy, I spent a lot of time in my tree. As I swung up into it I could lie there, completely screened from the driveway below and from prying eyes at the windows of my ancestral home. Wondrous thoughts were conjured up in my tree. I would go west when I grew up and I would have a ranch, with horses....

Later I would go west -- Benson, Arizona was west for me -- in an R.V. park called "Saguaro Co-op." There was no ranch, and there were no horses, but who actually did what they dreamed when they were fourteen? There were horses nearby; I was happy.

I was told that there weren't many trees there in 1989 or '90, when the park was new, that most were planted by people who stopped by there for a period of time on their way through life. Many of the trees were mature -- some aging, like the casitas that they shaded or decorated; like the people who lived there. Some had been thoughtfully pruned, others left to their own devices.

The trees ranged from tall cacti to mesquite and Palo Verde to pines and Italian cypress. They were all an expression of the desert where they lived. They told when the wind was blowing and how hard. They provided shade to our little casitas and a respite from the heat of the day when one was walking the streets in summer. They provided purple shadows on walls, and hiding places for birds -- to nest, to sing, to feed upon. Trees hold moisture to keep the dust down; they provide places for cacti to be born and to grow. In death they provide places for desert creatures to live. Before our time, they provided food, firewood, and wood to build with. Now they provide material with which to make crafts. Trees indicate a land where there is water. We had a riparian neighborhood with the San Pedro River running below us; trees there grew well.

Trees are not emotional and they are not inanimate. Many protect themselves with thorns. They stay put where they are planted or where they have volunteered because they "know" when it is right for them. Our trees at Saguaro would never be a forest; the high desert wouldn't permit it. It was too cold in winter and too hot in summer for many trees, and too dry, certainly for the likes of my maple tree that I climbed as a child. The sight of trees provided us with a sense of balance in that rocky habitat of natural elements; an artful balance of color, shape, size, and texture. Along with the cacti and the flowers, they were gifts to welcome us and our visitors; to say to humans that this was a comely and embracing place.

Many people moved about, not content to stay in one spot long. They liked to add another dimension to their enjoyment of life there -- the sight of the Dragoon Mountains to the east.

Some people said that the trees got in the way of that enjoyment and wanted to chop them all down. But what about seeing beyond the mountains to the sky and the prairies? Must there always be the same sight? Why not just chop down the mountains so that those that wanted to see beyond could do so?

Mountains, too, provided their own beauty, the sunset reflected back to us, a sight to behold, mountains disappearing into mist or snow -- lovely. That view was larger than life; the trees in the park provided us with our mini environment that we could take in during every minute of our time there.

We could see beyond our trees, in little snippets of views, if we stepped to the left or to the right. Our enjoyment of those tiny glimpses would stay with us, like the flash of color from a bird or butterfly, and give tremendous satisfaction in the moment. I had great respect for the trees there, and in our need for them.

Who is Catherine

By Maggie Schmidt

The genealogists in my family didn't have much to go on..... or so we thought.

My second great-grandmother, Catherine Ellinger, had no family. Well, not really, it was just that nothing was known of them. She and her husband migrated from Pennsylvania, lived in several states, and finally homesteaded in Sumner County, Kansas in 1874. During all those moves, she lost contact with her brothers and sisters. She died in 1881 at about age 50, giving a calculated birth year of 1831.

Her daughter, Mary Emma, my great-grandmother, evidently had some basic information about Catherine's family, and began sending letters to locate relatives to notify them of Catherine's death. In 1890, Mary Emma finally received a letter from Catherine's brother, William Ellinger, who lived in Nebraska. He said that he and his siblings had been out of touch with Catherine for at least 20 years, due to westward moves made by each member of the family. In his letter, he shared the status of other family members, mentioning his sisters, Sessy and Leah, and said they had all left Pennsylvania 18 years before.

It is not known if Mary Emma and her Uncle William kept in touch after that, but she kept the letter. In 1920, Mary Emma died, and her youngest daughter then kept the letter until her death in 1991.

At that time, family members found the letter and shared it at a large family reunion with cousins like me who were budding genealogists. From 1850 census information, we found a Catherine Ellinger, who was age 17, living in Dauphin County, Pennsylvania. Was this the correct Catherine, with a birth year of 1833 instead of 1831 as was believed? Of course, we knew that ages given on a census are not always correct. It appeared that this Catherine worked for the family with whom she lived, perhaps to help care for their two young children.

We were able to locate William Ellinger in the 1900 census, living in Gage County, Nebraska, as he mentioned in the letter. A 13-year old William Ellinger was living in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania in 1850, but it wasn't clear if this was the same one. None of the sisters mentioned in the letter could be found in censuses because we did not know their married surnames.

In 2019, I pulled out the forgotten letter as I was doing some other research. When checking DNA matches, I found connections to Catherine's siblings - William, Leah, and Mary A. (probably Sessy). I learned that their parents were Thomas Ellinger and Susan Kuntz. With this start, I was soon able to learn more, using traditional research techniques.

I located records which had eluded us because of the early death of Catherine's father, Thomas, and the remarriage of her mother, Susan. I have been able to locate information about Susan's parents, who were immigrants from Germany. Susan's father was a Revolutionary War Patriot.

On Catherine's paternal side, Thomas Ellinger's family has been more difficult to locate. I have found that her mother, Susan, had a sister who married a Jacob Ellinger. I suspect that Jacob is Thomas's brother, but can find no proof.

Thanks to DNA matches and online information, along with the letter that was saved from 1890, one brick wall came tumbling down - leaving another brick wall to be pursued.

You Never Know Where a “Rabbit Hole” May Lead You

By Becky Clark

While on FamilySearch Books researching one of my family lines I was reading the compilation, *“Elders & Livers: our British Isles ancestors,”* by Walter F. Emmert and a sentence in that book said there was a very close connection between the colonial Maryland families of Elder, Litzinger and Liver.

William Elder was my six-times great-grandfather and his second wife Jacoba was a Liver. I also had a connection to the Litzinger family through my Clark family line in Ohio and Pennsylvania, so I was intrigued that the Elders and the Livers of Maryland had a connection to some Litzingers as well. Were those Litzingers related to the Ohio and Pennsylvania Litzingers?

I went to Google Books to see if there were any books on the Litzinger family that might help me with understanding their tree. I didn't find anything there, but on FamilySearch Books I found another public compilation by Walter F. Emmert, *“The Litzinger (Lutzinger) family in/around Reading Township, Perry County, Ohio.”*

In that book I found a family chart for my two-times great-uncle Miles Clark and his 1832 Ohio marriage to Apalonia Litzinger. I discovered her Litzinger lineage led both to Pennsylvania and to Maryland, but this didn't quite tell me enough to piece together the Litzinger connection to the Elders and Livers.

So, I went to Ancestry and started looking for Litzinger family trees. On one tree I found a profile whose attached documentation had a baptism that I thought might shed some light on the connection.

That started me down a rabbit hole when I found that baptism record was part of a Catholic sacramental register that I have wanted to research for a long time. The register was for the Sacred Heart Basilica, Conewago Township, Adams County, Pennsylvania and contained early baptism, marriage and burial records dating from 1791.

I have numerous family connections to this early Catholic parish and had been wanting to visit this church for a long time to research family sacramental records. Here was the early written book of sacraments right there on Ancestry!

Suddenly finding how the Litzingers were involved with the Elders and Livers was no longer important. That rabbit hole led me to a better one -- one I had been eager to find!

I spent the next half day flipping through every page of that register looking for all my family names. I did not find the baptisms or marriages for any of my direct ancestors, as I had hoped, but I did find other family members, as well as a list containing family buried in the Conewago cemetery.

So, the moral of the story is that some days rabbit holes will sidetrack you with irrelevant data or make you forget your original task, but other days they can lead to information that will enlighten and delight!

**COLUMBINE GENEALOGICAL &
HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Inc.**

P.O. Box 2074

Centennial, CO 80161-2074

**Columbine Genealogical &
Historical Society, Inc.**

Est. 1976

Meetings 1:00 pm

2nd and 3rd Tuesdays each month

January through May and

September through November

Board Meetings:

2nd Tuesdays at 9:30 am

No meetings in June, July, and
August

Holiday Event,

2nd Tuesday in December

Location: South Wing Entrance
Lutheran Church of the Holy Spirit,
6400 S. University Blvd.,
Centennial, Colorado**Annual Dues:**

Individual - \$25.00

Couples - \$35.00

BAD WEATHER PROCEDURE

If the President postpones a meeting due to an emergency or bad weather, the VP of Publicity will send emails to members, and a sign will be posted on the door of the church. *Please do not call the Church office.*

Visit Columbine online at:
www.ColumbineGenealogy.com/

Find news updates at:
[www.Facebook.com/ColumbineGenealogy/](https://www.facebook.com/ColumbineGenealogy/)

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