It’s that time of year again – Happy Halloween, and Happy All Saints’ Day too! This episode is full of delicious stories and delicious recipes. Dai Davies of GenealCymru and Andrew Martin of Family Histories Podcast contributed their own stories to the episode, as have I. I’m also providing you family and historical recipes for chocolate orange bars, apple crisp, apple cake, burnt butter icing, and three different kinds of pumpkin pies or tarts. Join me, Andrew, Dai, and assorted ghosts and monsters as we celebrate our ancestors and brace for the Pumpkin Spice Season.



From the Rutland Daily Herald (Rutland, Vermont), 30 October 1950, page 1

CHOCOLATE ORANGE BARS

For Chocolate Bars: 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon baking soda, 1/3 cup butter or margarine or other shortening, 2/3 cup firmly packed brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 1/4 cup rolled oats, 1/2 cup milk, 1 six-ounce package semi-sweet chocolate.

For Hot Orange Syrup: 1/2 cup sugar, 3 tablespoons orange juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind.

Bars: Sift flour with salt and baking soda. Cream shortening; add sugar gradually, blending together until light and fluffy. Add egg, beat well. Add flour and rolled oats alternately with milk, mixing well after each addition. Mix in semi-sweet chocolate. Turn into greased 11 x 7 x 1/2 inch pan. Bake in a moderate (375 degrees) oven 25 minutes.

Hot Orange Syrup: Mix sugar and orange juice in a small saucepan; bring to a boil. Remove from heat and add grated orange rind. Pour over baked mixture before cutting into bars. When cool, cut into 24 bars.



APPLE CRISP



ANDREW MARTIN’S STORY

It begins, on, yes, 31st October, in 1866, in the cathedral city of Ely, which is about 12 miles north of Cambridge, here in England.

On this night, Jeremiah Newell (that’s a common local surname) had been drinking in the Royal Oak public house on Back Hill. He’d had a great time, and had got drunk, and made his way around the corner to Potter’s Lane. This was quite a poor part of Ely at that time, and he chanced across a nice soft warm bed. In the street. It was a steaming warm heap of manure. It’s reported that he slept here, ‘was seized with cramp, and died suddenly’. An inquest was held, and he was buried a couple of days later.

By the 17th November, according to the residents of Potter’s Lane, Jeremiah was back, and was even reported in the Cambridge Chronicle newspaper. Jeremiah’s ghost was first seen by an elderly lady, who then told her neighbour, but the neighbour didn’t believe her. The next night they looked again, but this time they both saw him.

Again, the Cambridge Chronicle reports that one of the ladies fainted, but the other, more emboldened, called out to him. ‘The ghost shook its head and beckoned her to follow him; but as she states ‘twasn’t a bit likely and a most indecent thing to require’. Apparently a cockerel crowed and Jeremiah vanished.

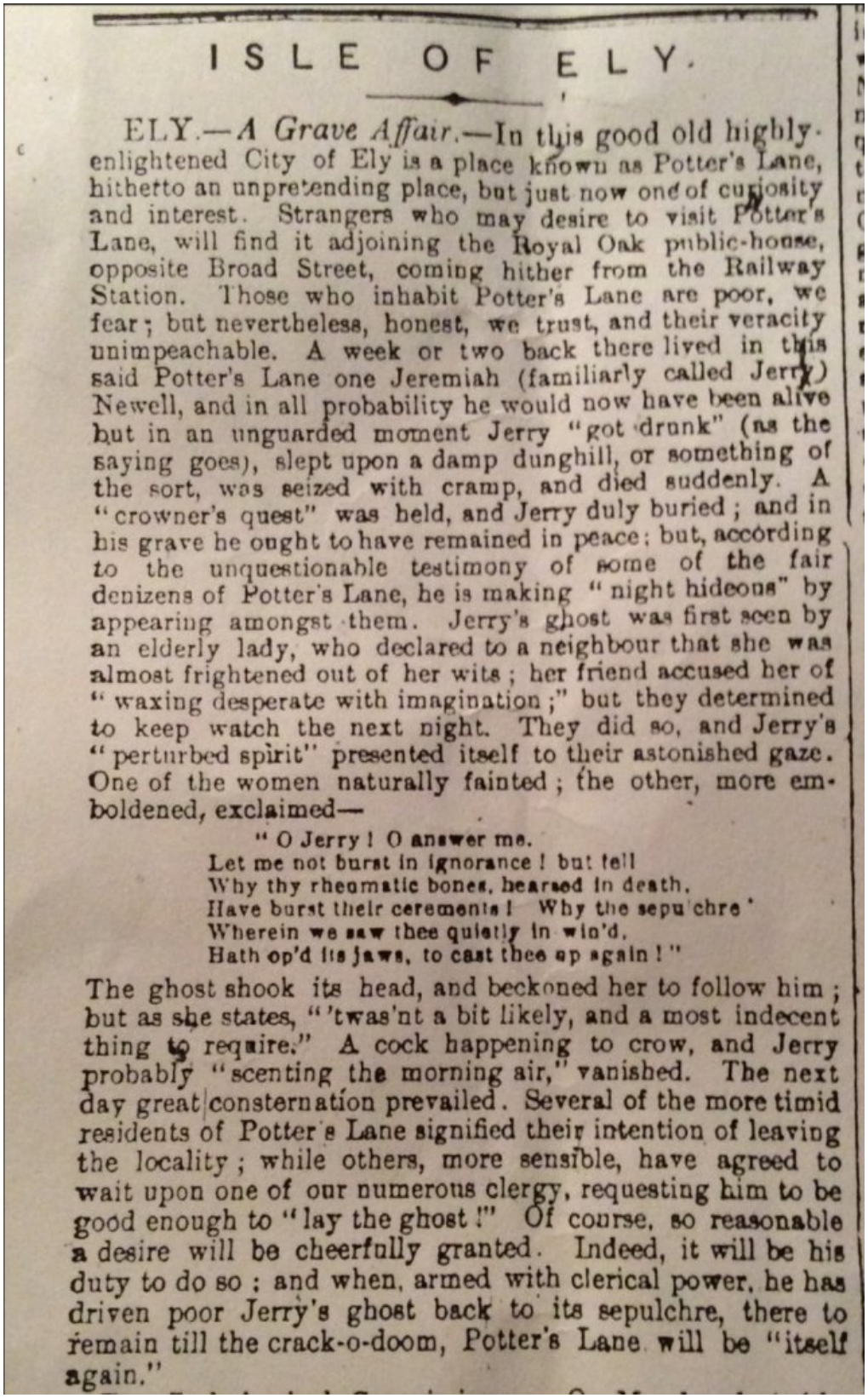
Apparently the next day, Some of the residents of Potter's Lane were threatening to leave, so plans were made to call for a member of the clergy to 'lay the ghost'. There's no report to say that it did happen.

Obviously, as a genealogist I can't leave this story at that – and so I bought a copy of the death certificate:

Jeremiah Newell did indeed die on 31st October 1866, at Ely, aged 50yrs. Sadly the location of the death isn't noted. Not even Potter's Lane. It does state that he died of "congestion of the brain occasioned by drunkenness, exposure to cold, and a fall while in a state of intoxication". Sadly, the inquest has not survived.

Whilst I'm not 100% sure that he is a relative, his location, time period, surname, and even his name Jeremiah Newell, makes it highly likely that this supposed ghost, is somewhere haunting my tree.

from "The Cambridge Chronicle," 17 November 1866.



ISLE OF ELY.

ELY.—*A Grave Affair.*—In this good old highly-enlightened City of Ely is a place known as Potter's Lane, hitherto an unpretending place, but just now one of curiosity and interest. Strangers who may desire to visit Potter's Lane, will find it adjoining the Royal Oak public-house, opposite Broad Street, coming hither from the Railway Station. Those who inhabit Potter's Lane are poor, we fear; but nevertheless, honest, we trust, and their veracity unimpeachable. A week or two back there lived in this said Potter's Lane one Jeremiah (familiarly called Jerry) Newell, and in all probability he would now have been alive but in an unguarded moment Jerry "got drunk" (as the saying goes), slept upon a damp dunghill, or something of the sort, was seized with cramp, and died suddenly. A "crowner's quest" was held, and Jerry duly buried; and in his grave he ought to have remained in peace; but, according to the unquestionable testimony of some of the fair denizens of Potter's Lane, he is making "night hideous" by appearing amongst them. Jerry's ghost was first seen by an elderly lady, who declared to a neighbour that she was almost frightened out of her wits; her friend accused her of "waxing desperate with imagination;" but they determined to keep watch the next night. They did so, and Jerry's "perturbed spirit" presented itself to their astonished gaze. One of the women naturally fainted; the other, more emboldened, exclaimed—

"O Jerry! O answer me.
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell
Why thy rheumatic bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements! Why the sepulchre
Wherein we saw thee quietly in wind,
Hath op'd its jaws, to cast thee up again!"

The ghost shook its head, and beckoned her to follow him; but as she states, "'twas'nt a bit likely, and a most indecent thing to require." A cock happening to crow, and Jerry probably "scenting the morning air," vanished. The next day great consternation prevailed. Several of the more timid residents of Potter's Lane signified their intention of leaving the locality; while others, more sensible, have agreed to wait upon one of our numerous clergy, requesting him to be good enough to "lay the ghost!" Of course, so reasonable a desire will be cheerfully granted. Indeed, it will be his duty to do so; and when, armed with clerical power, he has driven poor Jerry's ghost back to its sepulchre, there to remain till the crack-o-doom, Potter's Lane will be "itself again."



MY GRANDMOTHER'S APPLE CAKE (mix by hand, not in a mixer)

1 1/4 cup vegetable oil (NOT CORN OIL), 2 cups sugar, 2 eggs, well beaten, 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking soda, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon, 3 cups diced firm red apples (your favorites)

Mix oil and sugar. Mix together the dry ingredients and add to the oil/sugar mixture. Add remaining ingredients. The batter will be quite stiff. Bake in a greased loaf pan or oblong pan or tube pan. Cake freezes well. Top with powdered sugar or cream cheese icing, or…

MY MOTHER'S BURNT BUTTER ICING

1/3 cup butter, 1 lb powdered sugar, 2 teaspoons vanilla, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 5-6 tablespoons milk

Melt the butter in a saucepan and heat until golden brown, stirring constantly. Remove pan from heat. Stir in the powdered sugar, the salt and the vanilla. Then stir in enough milk to make the icing spread easily.



Our final story is that of my 2nd great-granduncle, Chrysostom McLaughlin. It's not a ghost story, but it is a sad story of a life wasted.

Chrysostom was born on October 12, 1846 in Farmington, which is in the northwest corner of Pennsylvania. His parents were Irish immigrants from the north of Ireland. Chrysostom's father Charles and first wife, my 3rd-great-grandmother, Elizabeth McCall, had arrived in the

area in about 1830, as did five of Charles' brothers and one of Charles' sisters, eventually. Charles had three children by Elizabeth, who apparently died in childbirth in 1838, and then had six more with his second wife, Margoretta Downey, who died in 1848, also in childbirth. The oldest sibling was Sarah, a sister born in Ireland before the crossing who never married. She served as Charles' housekeeper and right hand, helping to raise her siblings. Clarion County was mountainous, lush with forests and rivers, and ripe for farming. Charles was a farmer and a lumberman, as were many in the area. Others worked in smelting and, when the boom arrived, in pumping oil. Chrysostom started on the farm, but was a coal miner for most of his relatively short life.

The first notable fact of Chrysostom's life is that, in 1877, he fathered a daughter with a single woman named Margaret Walsh. She was 20 years old, he was 31. Margaret named their daughter Mary, and remained with her own parents, while Chrysostom's father, Charles, adopted Mary (or so says the 1880 Census). Chrysostom was living in the same household, but apparently, may not have been personally claiming responsibility. It looks like his father and his sister, Sarah, who was also living in the household, were answering for Chrysostom's actions. Later in life, Mary carried the McLaughlin name as her middle name, and went by Walsh until her death.

In 1886, Chrysostom, whom my cousins refer to as a "ladies' man," had a son with another single woman, Mary Magdalena Steiner. He was 40, she was 19. Their son, Peter, was raised by Mary Magdalena's parents, and did not carry the McLaughlin name, either. There is no evidence that Chrysostom was involved in his son's life in any way.
Chrysostom's birth family suffered the loss of one son, Marcus John, in the Civil War, two mothers, both in childbirth, and another son, Chrysosten Christian, to disease at age 16. They obviously knew sorrow, but for the era, no more so than other families. I've never understood, then, why Chrysostom's life was in such disarray, and why he continued to live with his father even after his 30th birthday. But recently, I found items about his death that clarified his life a lot.

My family knew that Chrysostom challenged his father's will in 1890, two years after his father's death. There was some speculation that Sarah, eldest sister and executrix, was trying to break the will to benefit her full-brother Charles, my 2nd great-grandfather. Perhaps there had been hard feelings between the two sets of half-siblings. Perhaps Charles had PTSD. Charles had fought for Pennsylvania in the Civil War, was wounded, and returned to battle just in time for Gettysburg. But it turns out, reading between the lines of newspaper accounts, PTSD was not the problem. Chrysostom was.

Sarah wanted to prevent Chrysostom from receiving his inheritance because, in addition to fathering two children out of wedlock, Chrysostom had the disease of alcoholism, and she thought he might drink the money away. Much to Sarah's dismay, I'm sure, Chrysostom won the case, receiving an inheritance that he'd likely put to waste. I didn't know this until I found two local newspaper articles, but Sarah was right to be concerned about his fate.
According to the local paper, "The Clarion Democrat," there had been almost 15 inches of snow in the forest-covered hills of Clarion in December of 1893, so it must have been cold on December 30, when Chrysostom died.

"The Clarion Democrat" printed two reports on Thursday, January 4, 1894. The first report, on page 5, states "Chrysostom McLaughlin, a coal miner by occupation, who lived alone in a shanty near Fryburg, was discovered in his quarters in a dying condition last Saturday morning and although prompt effort was made to resuscitate him, he did not regain consciousness, but died the same day. His death is attributed to strong drink and exposure."
The other account, not as kind, was in the gossip section on page 8, and read: "A rumor came to town on last Sunday evening that Chrysostom McLaughlin was found dead in his bed last Saturday morning. It is reported that he was under the influence of liquor for several days before his death. He lived near Snydersburg."

Chrysostom's will was executed by his full brothers, Thomas and Edward McLaughlin. I haven't seen the will, so I don't know how he disposed of his property, or indeed, how much was left by 1893. I don't know whether he acknowledged his children, or left anything to

them. I hope to see that, along with Chrysostom's death certificate, soon.

Once his father died in 1888, Chrysostom had to move out of the family farm. Unfortunately, there is no extant 1890 census for the area, so it's hard to know some of the finer points of who lived where in the year of the court case. But by living alone in Fryburg, he remained a stone's throw away from most of his siblings and all of his cousins, even as he had alienated some or many with his choices, and in his disease. But not all relationships surrounding Chrysostom were bad, apparently. His son Peter Steiner had an aunt, Margaretha Steiner, who was a year younger than Peter. Peter and Margaretha grew up together as siblings, and Margaretha married one of Chrysostom's nephews, George Edward McLaughlin, whose father, Thomas, was one of Chrysostom's executors. This tells me that overall, the families did get along.

As a researcher, I like the morbid, I have to say. It's one of my strengths and one of my failings. My main take-away from this story is that Chrysostom was an alcoholic who couldn't stop drinking, who made bad decisions throughout his life that deeply affected others, and who ultimately was too drunk to keep the stove lit in a cold and snowy Winter. As a result, he died just three years after winning the court battle that awarded him an inheritance worth $64,948.17 in today's money.
In my work, always focus on the family members who were single, or who lived deeply tragic lives. I'm particularly intrigued by those with alcoholism or mental illness. My cousin shared a photograph with me – it's a portrait of Chrysostom from roughly 1870, and he looked to be quite the dandy. But the paper trail shows that he was a mess. His daughter, Mary McLaughlin Walsh, never married, and never left the area. She was a nurse. His son, Peter Steiner, married Ida Schill, and had five children. He never left the area, either. He only seems to have taken after Chrysostom in one way: he too was a coal miner. Both Mary's and Peter's death certificates show that Chrysostom was their father, but beyond that, his effect on his children's lives is unclear. Such was the life and legacy of Chrysostom McLaughlin, died at age 47, one of many tragic figures in my family tree.



From The Cincinnati Enquirer (Cincinnati, Ohio), 11 October 1935, page 1

PUMPKIN PIES AND TARTS

Caramel Pumpkin Pie Or Tarts: Combine 1 1/2 cups canned pumpkin, 1/3 cup sugar, few grains nutmeg, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon ginger and 1/2 teaspoon salt in top of double boiler and heat. Add 3 beaten eggs. Caramelize 2/3 cup sugar, then dissolve in 1 cups hot milk and add to the pumpkin. Pour into pastry-lined pie tin or tart shells. Bake in 450-degree oven for 10 minutes, then 325-degree oven for 30 minutes or until knife comes out clean. Serve topped with whipped cream if desired. Makes one pie or 8 to 10 tarts.

Pumpkinmallow Pie: Mix 2 cups canned pumpkin, 7/8 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and 1 1/4 teaspoons ginger in top of double boiler, and heat until sugar dissolved. Add 3 beaten eggs and 1 1/2 cups hot milk. Cut 16 marshmallows in quarters and spread in bottom of pastry-lined pie tin. Pour hot pumpkin mixture over and bake having oven at 425 degrees for 5 minutes, then at 325 degrees for 30 to 35 minutes or until knife comes out clean. Makes one pie.

Brazilian Pumpkin Tarts: Heat 1 1/2 cups canned pumpkin, 3/4 cup maple sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 3/4 teaspoon cinnamon and 1 teaspoon ginger in top of double boiler. Add 2 beaten eggs and 1/2 cup hot milk and 3/4 cup chopped Brazil nuts. Pour into pastry-lined tart tins and bake, 450 degrees for 5 to 10 minutes, 325 degrees until knife comes out clean (30-35 minutes). Eight to 10 tarts.



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