

Casto Connections

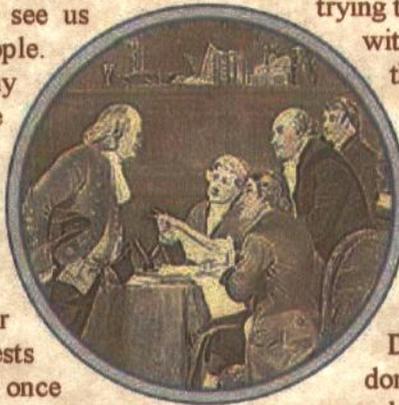
Issue 20

July, 2002

How Much Would You Pay For Freedom?

As our nation celebrates it's 226th Independence Day, I have been thinking about what it must have been like for the Founding Fathers of our nation to stand up to the King of England, leader of the most powerful country in the world, and say, "We Are Independent!" What was it like for those men to know that their actions would result in war, and lead to the death of many of their fellow citizens? These were men and women who believed in the ideal of freedom so strongly that they were willing to risk death in order to guarantee that their children and grandchildren and generations of children after them would be able to know a life without tyranny. The freedom our country fought so hard for time and again is threatened yet again by evil-doers who would like to see us destroyed rather than live as a free people.

For whatever faults we as a nation may have, I personally believe that we are indeed the greatest nation on the planet and that we only came to be that way through the sacrifices of our ancestors. Those brave men and women who left their homes to travel to the new world in hopes of creating a better place for their children. The ones who cleared the forests and built great cities where only trees once stood. (The debate of cutting down trees can be left to other newsletters!) The men who had the task of creating towns where there were none and the women who tended the families while their men labored. These immigrants came from countries that had been established for centuries to a land that had nothing to offer but raw materials and potential. Only the strongest, toughest, hardiest of men and women could survive the challenges they faced. And, yet, they not



only survived, but thrived! We are all children of those brave men and women, whether we are descendants of immigrants of the 17th century or the 20th. We are a strong nation because they were strong people. It takes an incredible amount of bravery to leave your homeland to start all over again in a place you've never seen before and an incredible amount of hard work to create a home there.

We do not know who the first Casto in America was but we know that Castos were in New Jersey by the end of the 17th century. It could have been an immigrant whom we have yet to discover or it could have been a small boy brought to America by pirates. Imagine trying to forge your way in a new country as a boy with nothing but the clothes on your back and the will to survive. Our Casto ancestors were part of the creation of this great nation. They fought for freedom in the American Revolution and every conflict since. They worked with their neighbors to clear the lands, built the towns, write the laws, and maintain the peace. The Castos may not have signed the Declaration but they did what needed to be done, day in and day out, not for fame or reward, but so that their families would have a better life. We should be proud of our ancestors for their contributions to America and the help they gave in making America what it is today. I hope this generation will do its part in keeping this country great and make our descendents proud of us!

Until Next Time!

Danita

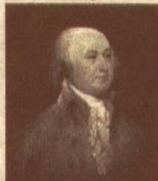
Some of the men who signed the Declaration of Independence



Jefferson



Hancock



Adams



Whipple



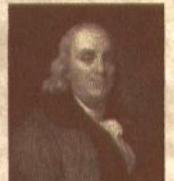
Gwinnett



Chase



Stone

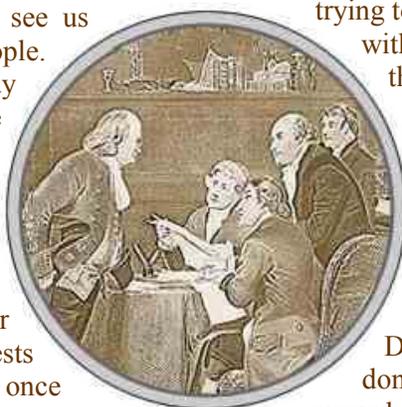


Franklin



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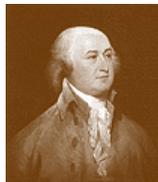
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Casto Connections—Keeping You Up-To-Date

Reader Response to our last issue:

As you may recall, the April 2002 issue had an article on Hiram Rasburn Casto, son of Daniel Taylor Casto and Mary Elizabeth Shamblin. Here were some of the comments I heard:

[Gordon C. Ralls, Jr. \(gcralls@attbi.com\)](mailto:gcralls@attbi.com): You said it was coming, but I had *no* idea that your 'Hiram and Sarah' article would be so well done and thorough. I showed it to Bernice, and she was just thrilled. It will be a lifetime keepsake for her family. And, you also provided us with Hiram's middle name, which nobody in the family ever had. Now we have to find out where that came from [ugh-another project:-)].

We are both saddened that her mother, Jessie Ann Casto died last Oct 31, and 'just missed' something that would have been one of the most exciting things in her life. We know so, because when I bought her a copy of Eileen Vicker's book years ago, she read it cover to cover, and just loved it.

Thanks so much for your tireless effort and providing this 'gift' for the family.

Danita's Note: On behalf of all of us who have corresponded with you over the years and count you as a friend, I wish to express our sympathy to you and Bernice on the passing of her mother. I was so pleased to hear that you liked the article. As to the middle name, you may wish to contact Nancy (see below), because she has referred to the middle name in her correspondence with me.

[Nancy McLarry \(cte96534@centurytel.net\)](mailto:cte96534@centurytel.net) : Got the news letter and I want to thank you so much. Where did you get the photo of my ggggrandparents? Also, how were they related when they were married?

Danita's Note: The photo I used in that article came from the book, History of Benton Co., Missouri, Vol. 2, and was sent to me by Homer Ficken of the Benton Co. GenWeb (<http://members.aol.com/hrfx/index.htm>). As to the relationship Nancy mentioned, Hiram and Sarah Casto were second cousins, once removed.

Reader Articles:

One of our subscribers, Martha Thompson, has submitted an article for this issue which I hope you will enjoy reading. It's a very special story about someone's search for their roots. I am always open to submitted articles so if any of you budding authors out there would like to share something with us, please send it in!

Any new subscribers out there???:

I am afraid to admit that our readership has fallen off and is at an all-time low. If anyone knows of Casto researchers who may benefit from the newsletter, please have them contact me for more information. We are still published 4 times a year for \$10. I understand why people would not wish to continue to subscribe to a newsletter of just one family surname if their research has moved in another direction. However, we need to round up those who are new to Casto research and include them in. As far as I know, this is the only publication still devoted to Casto research in the entire country and the research is being published as quickly as I receive it! I'm afraid I may be my own worst enemy in this case because people like finding things on the internet so much and my own **Casto Connections** web page has almost 200 pages of information. But the newsletter is still unique in its articles and those readers I do have wish it to continue as a print publication, not another internet magazine. I really enjoy the work I do and hope that it is still helping people in their search and has not "run its course"....

Happy Birthday to Casto Connections:

We started on this wonderful journey five years ago this month—July, 1997! Since then, we've published 200 pages, 38 subscriber lineages, hundreds of birth, marriage, and death records, and information on Castos from the 1600's right up to 2002. We've lost several friends along the way—Jim Casto, Jo Ann Litton, and now Nadine Schroeder—to name a few. There were times I've struggled for ideas and times when I've had too much for a single issue. I never dreamed of creating a newsletter and now I wouldn't dream of doing anything else. Thanks for sharing the journey with me!

Note from the editor: One of our subscribers recently contacted me with an amazing tale of her research into her Casto family. Her story was so fascinating, in fact, that it made the front page of both *The Salem Evening News* of Salem, Massachusetts and the *Ludington Daily News* of Ludington, Michigan. I am more than happy to allow her to tell her story in her own words here:

MIRACLES DO HAPPEN

Martha E. Thompson

This story is dedicated to everyone who has researched their family tree for information about their ancestry. The questions of WHO, WHAT WHEN AND WHERE seem to appear every day at some point in the mind of a genealogist. Sometimes we find the answers, and we are all pleased to share our results with others. Then again, there are always bumps in the road and hurdles to cross.....but everyone seems to manage and support each other to get the final results. Genealogists have a special bond that is unbreakable. We all share our good times and bad times, and it seems so natural to want to share with others, others who may help, or those who are searching the same lines, or just the support that encourages you not to give up.....I would like to take a few moments of your time to share with everyone about my NEW CASTO FAMILY, and share my dream come true with all of you...

I had started to research my CASTO family line about four years ago. Just bits and pieces and finally a family tree started to grow. I guess my first clue that my father, Oley "LeRoy" Casto, had some secrets in his past was when he was dying in 1985. He asked me to go and get two red polished glass hearts from his workshop that he had always carried in his pocket for as long as I could remember. When I brought them to the hospital for him to see he told me to keep them with me. When I asked who they were for, his reply was, "There are two hearts, one for you and one for someone JUST like you." Soon after that statement he died, and I never gave to much thought to what he had said until years later. Then I began to wonder what he meant.....it wasn't until I became involved in genealogy that I remembered the statement he had made, but

could not connect it with any information that had been gathered and I didn't want to mention it, afraid that people would not take it seriously. Or that I just wanted it to be something special, for me to remember him by.

To go back a little in time for you, he would continually talk about his grandmother, Ella AAgard, who brought him up after his mother Carrie's tragic death in 1926, just two weeks before Dad's 11th birthday. He loved her very much, and he would reminisce about his short-



Oley, 6, Martha, 1, Albert, 4

lived childhood, his brother, and his "baby", which is how he always referred to his sister, Martha. Through my research I had learned that my father's brother, Albert Casto, was deceased. Then I located my Dad's sister, Martha E. "Martie" Rucker, in Oklahoma, happily married to a wonderful man named Harvey. Aunt Martie and Uncle Harvey are the nicest people anyone could want to know. I had always heard a lot about Aunt Martie, because I was named after her. So now to actually **know** her is a blessing.



Aunt Martie & Uncle Harvey

But, still, the person I was wanting more information on was my Dad, Oley LeRoy Casto. Just as in life, in death he still had a secret. I decided a good place for me to start would be with a copy of my parents marriage certificate from 1945. When I posted queries on different

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web sites pertaining to a marriage certificate, it didn't take long before I was notified of a marriage certificate listed in Oregon for Oley LeRoy Casto and Susie Irene Manning. This was a real shock to me since I knew my parents were married in New Jersey and my mother was Dorothy Mae McCarthy. Was there another Oley LeRoy Casto? Could this be another marriage for my father? I just had to find out! I sent off for the Oregon marriage certificate and there it was in black and white, my Dad had been MARRIED BEFORE.....what a shock! A search of the city directory led to the discovery of a listing for a Mrs. Susie Irene Casto and daughter Carol Kaye, age 1.



Susie Irene & Carol Casto

I later found out that after my father had left his grandmother's home, he began working on a farm and as he grew older, he traveled on to other states, holding down farm jobs, short-term railroad work, and finally settled in Oregon. He was working as a milkman and living with the Albers family of Albany when he met Susie Irene Manning. They subsequently married and had a daughter, Carol Kaye Casto, when he left to go into the Navy. The marriage dissolved and Carol was brought up never knowing her father, being told he died during the war.



However, when I first learned of Carol's existence, I knew none of this. I was so excited I didn't know what to do, or better yet, how to find her. The question of where is she, how soon can I talk to her, and the realization that I was no longer an only child was just beyond my wildest dreams. The search began, and it took almost six months to find her through her mother's obituary. Then, getting her half-brother's address in Washington, telling him that Carol had family looking for her and would he give her the message as her phone number was non-

published. This was very nerve-racking. I had her number now, all I had to do was dial. It took me three days to get up the courage to call. I was so afraid of rejection. Every one I knew had a horror story to tell, I was just a wreck.



But the call was made on April 23, 2001 at 1:30 p.m. It took me at least five tries to finally complete the number and I asked, "Is this Carol Donahue?" She screamed, "Is this my sister?" I replied yes and we both cried and talked for about three hours. Neither one of us know what was said that day, all Carol remembered was that her lifelong sense of separation was draining away, and I felt that the dream I had always wanted had just come true. And now for the rest of the story:

As a young child I would always ask why didn't we ever have a baby brother or sister for me to play with. And the answer was always the same.....maybe someday. Then, as the years past, I remember again pleading with my Dad for a sister or brother. His reaction was to give me a hug and start to sing "Daddy's Little Girl" and we would dance and dance and sing it together. By the time we finished the song, I just thought I was a princess and didn't need anyone but him in my life.



Martha & her Dad

Carol's mother remarried, and Carol soon had a new family. At the age of 17, Carol changed her last name out of respect for the man she had grown to call Dad, from the age of 7. But in her heart she always honored her real Dad, LeRoy Casto at Memorial Day services and other special occasions in her life because she had been told he had died during the war. Carol was always told by her family members that her Dad was a good man and he loved her very much. This is how Carol always dealt with how it would have been to have him with her. Little did she know how close Dad really was during her young

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life of growing up, graduating and her marriage, and what a surprise was in store for her.

Even as youngsters, we both received the same teddy bear that had a matching dress. As we were reminiscing about Dad, and looking at pictures we had mailed to each other, I noticed that she was holding a teddy bear just like mine. Was this a coincidence, or Dad??? Dad's secret trademark was a white carnation tied with a pink ribbon. At the age of 5, we each received Bibles with our names written in them. When Carol received her Bible, it was wrapped in white paper with a pink ribbon, with the inscription "Carol Kay Casto". When I received my Bible, it was wrapped the same. Then upon graduation from high school, as she entered the ceremony, Carol received an anonymous gift of a white carnation tied with a pink ribbon and an unsigned card. The card was a very special card which Carol always wondered, who was this person that was so caring? She heard someone call her name as she entered the hall, but didn't recognize anyone. Was this Dad again???



Carol at graduation

Later, when Carol married, upon leaving the church she noticed a man sitting in the rear of the church crying, and upon reaching that pew, this man reached out and handed her a white carnation tied with a pink ribbon. Carol responded with a thank you, but wondered if this person had lost someone dear to him, because of his tears. Again, could this have been Dad???



I had never mentioned to Carol about Dad's tradition of the white carnations/pink ribbons. But as we grew to know each other over the past year, she would tell me something that would have happened and I would shock her by telling her that I have received the same things, for the same occasions. That the flower and ribbon was a tradition of Dad's.

We also discovered that our birthdays are only one day and eight years apart. Mine is December 17, and Carol's is December 18. Every year on my birthday Dad would place a little pink and white candle on the corner of my cake. I would always question it, and the reply was, "This is for Daddy's love." Never connecting it with anyone else, I just thought it was another special little token that Dad did. As I look back, I remember he always had trouble remembering if my birthday was the 17th or the 18th. I would tease him about this, because I thought I was the only child. Little did I know what was in store for me.

When Carol and I discussed our weddings, we discovered we had had the exact same bouquets, which seem so odd, and I had received a carnation and card upon my graduation, too...Now we were beginning to realize how much our lives had crossed many times over the years.

Dad was a cattle buyer for a local farm and always told me to keep a diary while he was away. This way I wouldn't miss him so much while he was away. So when I dug the diary out of the old trunk in the attic, I could prove that our Dad was away from home at the time of Carol's graduation and wedding. I also had postcards of the areas he was in and the dates matched with Carol's special occasions. For some unknown reason that only Dad and Carol's Mom knew, he never made himself known to her -- but always showed his love and made sure she was alright. This is a secret that both parents took with them to the grave. Why they did this we will never know but what is important is that have each other now and years of memories to share.

I am reliving my life with Dad, and sharing it with my sister, as she had never even seen a picture of Dad, or any pictures of herself before the age of 7. Upon further investigation I found that an unidentified baby picture Dad carried in his wallet next to mine was now found to be a baby picture

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of Carol at the same age. I brought with me, when I went to visit recently in Michigan, an album of pictures of Dad through the years, and Carol's Aunt Florence from Washington is now sending her lots of pictures and information. Aunt Florence never realized Carol had no pictures or stories of her life before the age of 7. Well, problem solved! Now there are many pictures and information being sent her way so we can compare our childhoods. It was with Aunt Florence's help that we were able to identify her baby picture in Dad's wallet.

We don't consider ourselves half-sister's but full sisters could never be closer than we have become. We have lost our mothers and our father but we found each other. We each have our families and there are many cousins, aunts and uncles but nothing compares to having a sister!

Many strange things have happened during the past year, almost as if our Dad was still trying to keep his secret life to himself. Upon passing a local church one day, I stopped and looked up at the beautiful cross and said "Well, Dad, I found your secret. I am so happy, thank you so much for my sister." It wasn't 20 minutes later that the wiring in the old wooden cross atop of the church short-circuited and caught on fire. "Well", I said to myself, "I guess Dad isn't quite as happy as I am." Many other times strange things would happen. I would talk to Carol and the pictures of Dad would move from side to side and no matter how often we straightened them, every time we looked at Dad's pictures they had moved again.

When I began my relationship with my sister Carol I took two white carnations tied together with pink ribbon over to Dad's grave, and taped them to the gravestone. I stayed and talked about how much Carol and I have in common and asked, "Why did you keep her from me?" Suddenly, a gust of wind came and took the flowers right off the stone, never to be seen again. So I guess there was a message there that day, but now whenever I take our special flowers over to him, no tape is needed, they just stay in place. Carol and I think he is happy for us now. Maybe he is finally at peace..... no more secrets to hide.

We have so many hobbies in common and it is almost like having a twin or mirror image of myself. If I hurt on one side she calls and asks what's wrong, because she has the same pain on the opposite side. Many times we have bought each other the exact same gift unknowingly. Or called each other at the same time with the same thought. Or just finish each others thoughts or sentences. It's so strange...



Sisters Forever—Carol & Martha meet for the first time, May 2002

After many phone calls and much planning, Carol and I decided it was time for our first face-to-face meeting. We decided to get together around Father's Day in memory of our father. When we arrived in Michigan, we pulled into the motel and Carol and her husband, Leonard, drove in right behind us. They hollered, "Hi!", and I saw this woman climbing out of a moving car. I never even checked to see if it was my sister, I just knew it was her! We just hugged and hugged. We didn't want to ever let each other go. It's a bond of love that I had only heard people who have sisters talk about. What a feeling! We both feel very blessed!!

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The only thing that Carol and I were afraid of was that our husbands might not enjoy each others company, and then what would we do. We had planned our whole week out—an interview with the *Ludington News*, having our hair done, and a professional portrait taken. Then off to purchase rings, we call them our “Sister Rings”, they are eternity bands for the never-ending life we are now sharing.

Well, our worry about our husbands was very short-lived. They were as excited to meet each other as Carol and I were. My husband, Gordon "Sonny", and Carol husband, Leonard "Len", never stopped talking for a moment. We all went sight seeing each night, and the rest of the time

Carol and I got to spend the days together as our husbands left early each day and returned for dinner. The best night was when Carol's whole family was there and my husband cooked a roast pork loin dinner. It was like our first Thanksgiving.

We all hated to leave, it took me two tries to leave her house, but it's not going to be to bad because the new brothers-in-law have planned a fall fishing trip and Carol and I will be together again.

As soon as I got home, I called Aunt Martie and Uncle Harvey to tell them the good news and to share with them the wonderful sister I have, and I now have two nephews and a niece and a brother-in-law, too! Now, Carol and I feel complete. Just think how surprised Aunt Martie and Uncle Harvey were to find that they had two more complete families to love, and two terrific nieces that love them so much. I thank God every day for the blessings he has given me.

One Final Note from the Editor: For Father's Day 2001, Martha sent Carol one of the two glass hearts her father had always carried with him. Whereas Martha did not mention a lot of genealogical information in her story, she has done research on George Washington Casto (1849-1935) and wife Mary Martha Thornton (1861-1943), son of Jephtha Mason Casto & Ameline Jane Cunningham. She would love to share with others of this line, especially the photos she has found. She can be contacted at: Martha Thompson, 119 Western Ave., Essex, Mass. 01929-1156 or gordonthompson@earthlink.net.

God granted me a Sister and Aunt but without the help of these people it would never have come to be : Kaye Watkins, Dorian Smith, Delbert King, Carol Thompson, Ina Tuft, Danita Smith , Walter Casto, Debbie Wafford, Wilma Flinn, LeRoy Stewart, my many new cousins and friends I met along the way. I know I have miles to go before I rest, but as of today I feel am so blessed. I feel my search is complete. And all the secrets are put to rest.

I purposely did not mention in depth any of the deceased members of my CASTO line, or the many relatives that I have met. I have great respect for them all, and treasure the stories of their lives, but I wanted this story to be of the story of a union of two sisters. As our lives have just begun...DO YOU BELIEVE IN MIRACLES???.....WE DO!!!

Thank you for letting me share my joy and happiness with you. If I had one wish, it would be that everyone experience the happiness that Carol and I feel. It's like being "Touched by an Angel".

In closing I would like to dedicate this poem to my sister Carol and Leonard and Aunt Martie and Uncle Harvey:

OUR FAMILY

Is a circle of love and strength.
With every union, the circle grows.
Every joy shared more love is added.
Every crisis faced together makes
the family circle stronger.
Our roots remain as one,
Each of our lives will always be
a special part of the others.





Casto Marriages Jackson County, West Virginia 1831-1949

This material was originally published in five books I now own which list marriages from Jackson County from the years 1831-1949. I have been given permission by Wes Cochran to use the material from his books on Jackson County records but later realized that some of the books were published by another person. All records originally came from the Jackson County Courthouse records. I'm going to publish the Casto records in alphabetical order (by Casto name, male or female) instead of chronological, and I am sure this will take several issues to complete. If you need any other surname than Casto, don't hesitate to drop me a line. I'll be glad to look it up! I cannot make any guarantee as to the accuracy of these records. I recommend that if you find a marriage you're interested in, you write to the Courthouse for a copy of the certificate (don't forget a SASE). (Jackson Co. Courthouse, Ripley, WV 25271) Without further ado, here are the records:

CASTO	AGE	PARENTS (not always listed)	SPOUSE	AGE	PARENTS (not always listed)	DATE	BOOK, PAGE
Casto, A.A.	71		Casto, Rosa	53		Mar. 31, 1927	1926-1939, p. 9
Casto, A.B.			Parsons, Margaret			Nov. 19, 1846	1831-1879, p. 11
Casto, A.B.	25		Hunter, Lura	19		Nov. 25, 1916	1901-1925, p. 155
Casto, A.H.	27	Levi & Hannah	Dawkins, T.P.	20	T J F & H	Oct. 1, 1871	1831-1879, p. 93
Casto, A.L.	23		Fields, Tillie	20		Jan. 23, 1916	1901-1925, p. 148
Casto, Abe B.	27		Sharp, Flora	21		Nov. 1, 1896	1880-1900, p. 235
Casto, Abraham			Slaughter, Rose Anna			Mar. 19, 1843	1831-1879, p. 8
Casto, Abraham			Crites, Rebecca			Jan. 25, 1847	1831-1879, p. 11
Casto, Ada	19		Stalnaker, Roy	21		Apr. 20, 1919	1901-1925, p. 173
Casto, Ada	32		Harrison, W.E.	32		Sep. 17, 1919	1901-1925, p. 177
Casto, Ada E.	21		Austin, Robert Henry	24		Oct. 15, 1902	1901-1925, p. 19
Casto, Addie	24		Parsons, George W.	26		May 28, 1882	1880-1900, p. 144
Casto, Addie	26		Harvey, George A.	29		Aug. 14, 1915	1901-1925, p. 143
Casto, Addison	25		Thomas, Virginia	22		Jan. 8, 1881	1880-1900, p. 137
Casto, Adelia Jane	16		Oldham, Oley O.	22		Mar. 12, 1887	1880-1900, p. 171
Casto, Albert	22	A G & R	Hayes, Jane	17	J Hayes	Dec. 24, 1872	1831-1879, p. 99
Casto, Albert	33		Hayse, Mattie	32		Mar. 22, 1884	1880-1900, p. 156
Casto, Albert	29		Balsler, Iona	25		Nov. 16, 1903	1901-1925, p. 31
Casto, Albert S. (w)	22	Isaac & Elizabeth	Thomas, Mary	21	George & Susan	Sep. 26, 1869	1831-1879, p. 82
Casto, Alena	25		Staats, E.M.	42		Sep. 28, 1892	1880-1900, p. 206
Casto, Aley	19		Westfall, Nellie	19		May 9, 1920	1901-1925, p. 182
Casto, Alfred Lee	23	Luther G. & Oma M.	Hall, Susie Gay	21	A.W. & Jessie	Sep. 4, 1948	1940-1949, p. 90

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Casto Marriages (continued)

CASTO	AGE	PARENTS (not always listed)	SPOUSE	AGE	PARENTS (not always listed)	DATE	BOOK, PAGE
Casto, Alice	31	E H & Phebe	Moore, S W	33	Archer & Rebecca	Feb. 20, 1870	1831-1879, p. 86
Casto, Alice	20		Staats, Riley	21		Jul. 17, 1881	1880-1900, p. 139
Casto, Alice	20		Merrill, Samuel Tilden	28		Dec. 17, 1905	1901-1925, p. 53
Casto, Allen Asbury	23		Pinnell, Lona May	20		Jan. 8, 1893	1880-1900, p. 208
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Casto, Alma Leottus	19		Cain, Jasper Vernon	21		Nov. 6, 1931	1926-1939, p. 42
Casto, Almeda	24		Randolph, A.P.	25		Feb. 15, 1911	1901-1925, p. 103
Casto, Almedia	19		Young, Benjamin H.	24		Aug. 9, 1886	1880-1900, p. 168
Casto, Alpha Nicholas	18	Holly & Judy	Casto, Helen Adele	16		Apr. 2, 1949	1940-1949, p. 95
Casto, Amy	17		Smith, Herbert	21		Sep. 10, 1911	1901-1925, p. 107
Casto, Ann Eliza	19		Fisher, Perry D.	23		Jan. 16, 1886	1880-1900, p. 165
Casto, Anna			Rodes, James C.M.			Oct. 8, 1840	1831-1879, p. 6
Casto, Anna	17		Anderson, Benjamin	18		Jan. 3, 1883	1880-1900, p. 148
Casto, Anna	21		Scarberry, Noah	24		Jul. 26, 1911	1901-1925, p. 106
Casto, Anna	20		Hopkins, R.S.	28		Jul. 5, 1914	1901-1925, p. 132
Casto, Annie	21		Bowyer, William G.	26		Dec. 27, 1907	1901-1925, p. 73
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Casto, Arden D.	19		Painter, Pearl	18		Feb. 2, 1936	1926-1939, p. 82
Casto, Arliage	21		Barr, Nellie	17		Jun. 23, 1929	1926-1939, p. 24
Casto, Arminta Susan	16		Tolley, William Jordon	21		Jul. 25, 1880	1880-1900, p. 134
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Casto, Arthur	21		Humphreys, Maggie	18		Sep. 14, 1904	1901-1925, p. 40
Casto, Arthur	21	Early & Dove	Richard, Dorris	16	Ray & Marvella	Jun. 4, 1949	1940-1949, p. 98
Casto, Audra	28		Winter, William Clyde	27		Oct. 6, 1928	1926-1939, p. 18
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Casto, Augustus Early	43		Sheppard, Martha	37		Dec. 23, 1886	1880-1900, p. 170
Casto, Aulene Mae	21	Owens & Sarah	Casto, Otta Lee	26	OJ & Della	May 1, 1943	1940-1949, p. 32
Casto, Austin	27		Mawcir, Alice	19		Dec. 24, 1899	1880-1900, p. 257
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Casto, Ava	25		Munday, Brady Albert	28		Dec. 27, 1927	1926-1939, p. 13
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Casto Reunion 2002

**YOU ARE INVITED TO THE *THIRD ANNUAL*
CASTO FAMILY REUNION
ON
SUNDAY, JULY 28, 2002
AT
SENIOR CITIZENS CENTER
121 S. COURT STREET
RIPLEY, WEST VIRGINIA
11:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M.**

Please join us for a WV Casto's Family Reunion and help us make this a GREAT EVENT! Bring a covered dish to share and a baby picture for a pretty baby contest. The winner will receive a great prize!

We will also have a White Elephant Gift Exchange (\$3.00 limit).

Please don't forget your genealogy books and old pictures. Bring any WV data such as pictures, locations, web sites, and maps to WV cemeteries, etc. This would help us have good documented information.

Danita Smith, Editor of Casto Connections, will be our guest speaker!

RSVP to:

Wanda Vicari—218 Port Comfort Dr., E. Palatka, FL 32131—Wand1der@bellsouth.net

HOPE TO SEE YOU THERE!!!