



Ancestors West

A quarterly publication for the members of the
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
Summer 2022 Vol. 47, No.2



About the 1950s

Random 1950s Memories

Thoughts About the 1950 Census Party

Land Acquisitions

Free Land! Revolutionary War Bounty Lands

Learning from Land Grants



Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

www.sbgen.org

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Sahyun Genealogy Library

(SBCGS facility)

316 Castillo St., Santa Barbara 93101

Phone: (805) 884-9909

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10:00 AM–4:00 PM

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Membership: Benefits include *Tree Tips* monthly newsletter and *Ancestors West* (quarterly publication).

Active (individual)–\$40; **Family** (2 same household)–\$60; **Friend**–\$50; **Donor**–\$75; **Patron**–\$150; **Life**–\$1000 (one-time donation)

Meetings: Regular monthly meetings are held on the third Saturday of each month except August. Meetings begin at 10:30 a.m. at the First Presbyterian Church, 21 E. Constance Ave. at State Street in Santa Barbara. At 9:30, special interest groups (SIGs) meet that include the following: Writers, JewishGen, DNA, German Ancestry Research, Genealogy and Technology, Italian Roots, French Canadian Genealogy, Civil War, New Member and Beginning Genealogy, and Scandinavian Roots.

The Mission Statement of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

Established in 1972, the mission of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society is to foster an interest in the study of family history through educational programs, the operation of a genealogical research library, and the preservation of local genealogical records to enhance our understanding of ourselves and our heritage.

Ancestors West is currently published quarterly in February, May, August, November. Articles of family history or of historical nature are welcomed and used as space permits (see inside back cover for submission details). As available, current and back issues are \$6.00 each including postage. Library subscription to *Ancestors West* is \$20.00 per year. *Ancestors West* is indexed in the **PERiodical Source Index (PERSI)** published by the Allen County Public Library, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

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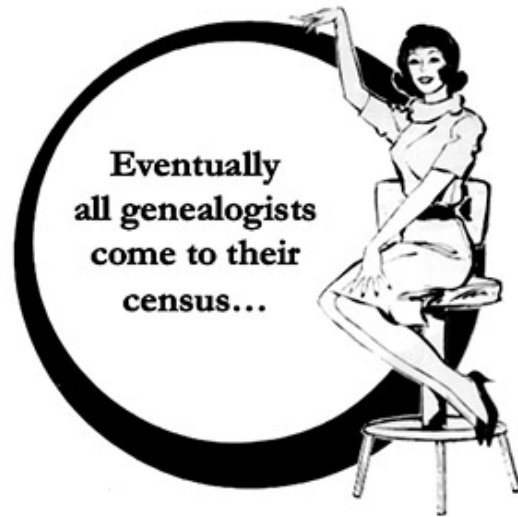
Land Acknowledgment Statement:

"The land on which many of us live and where our library is located is part of the ancient homeland and traditional territory of the Chumash people. We recognize and respect the Chumash Peoples past, present, and future and their continuing presence in their homeland as we join in stewarding this land which we all cherish."



FROM THE EDITOR

Kristin Ingalls
antkap@cox.net



This well-dressed, well-groomed child is your editor, Kristin Ingalls. The photo was taken on a school field trip in December 1950, when I was six. I loved suspenders. You can see where my love of clothing started. What a stunner!

LOVE HELPING NEW VISITORS who come to the library. We volunteers usually start with the most common genealogy research tool – the census. It is easy, and almost immediately finding family for visitors makes us look so smart! After years of locating other people on the censuses, many of us at the library were anticipating finally locating ourselves for the first time with the release of the 1950 census. As the release time grew near, we were all doing a count-down. I had a terrible thought that I might die before April 1, 2022. Happily, I did not. With very little trouble, because in 1950 my family lived in a rural area outside a small town in Wyoming, I was able to find my family. I waited for bells to chime, rainbows to appear, a chorus of Census Angels to burst into song. Nope, nothing. Just a list of people. Once I got over no trumpets, I was happy to see that all four generations of my family were listed: My great-grandmother, my grandmother, my parents,

and their four children. Although we were all listed in the same household, both the grandmas had their own homes on the same property we lived on. Early granie-units.

Paging through the census, I came across familiar names of my parents' friends, our neighbors, and some of my schoolmates.

I know I will visit these pages even more once the census is indexed. There are people I remember that I want to find out more about.

For the bells and whistles accompanying the release of the census, our incredible Outreach Committee outdid themselves with the recent Celebration of the 1950s. This small but mighty group work tirelessly to keep us connected, providing fun, excitement – and food! Their article and photos follow – and don't forget to thank them next time you see them.

Over the years, I have seen researchers, like myself, spend years finding as much as they can about their own genealogy. But there is another type of genealogist among us. Those are the folks who become interested in something and research the subject, not just the people, and become quite expert in a field. I think of our DNA experts, beginning with Mary Hall and Paul Cochet, and today's most visible spokesperson, George LaPlante. I have attended perhaps half a dozen lectures on DNA

1950	19 - No. 6	Ingalls, Herbert A. Head	M	M	35	MAR	Utah
		—, Dolores Wife	M	F	35	MAR	Utah
		—, Sheron's Daughter	M	F	8	NEV	California
		—, Kristin Daughter	M	F	6	NEV	California
		—, Steven Son	M	M	2	NEV	Utah
		—, Kelly B. Son	M	M	June	NEV	Wyo.

and, sad to say, after about 16 minutes I am somewhat lost. By 22 minutes I am looking around the room to see if there are others like me who have that stunned, confused, “what the heck is he talking about?” look. I am happy to have George’s email so I can contact him with specific questions about things I find on DNA reports.

In this issue of *Ancestors West*, Debbie Kaska and Sharon Summer not only researched homesteading and land grant records, they practically wrote us a “How-To Manual.” It was not enough that they traced down the many ways of finding records for themselves, they were generous enough to share what they found.

Suggestions for submissions to our next issue:

- Land grant or homestead records of your ancestors.
- Surprises or revelations found in the 1950 census.
- Your paternal line – tracing your surname back across the years.
- Keeping the home fires burning – tracing your maternal line.
- Any other story about your ancestors you would like to share.

Keep in mind, our readers like to hear how you found your information. Letters, DNA, online research, travel...

Send your submissions to me at antkap@cox.net by **August 1, 2022.**



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CAN YOU HELP KEEP THIS WONDERFUL PUBLICATION IN PRINT? The rising costs of printing and postage may necessitate providing *Ancestors West* to our members and other organizations in **digital** format only.

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Contact me, Kristin Ingalls, with questions: antkap@cox.net

A TOUCH OF OLD SANTA BARBARA

The Great House Detective *By Betsy J. Green* A Stunning Swiss Chalet

TUCKED BEHIND A HEDGE on upper Laguna Street sits an unusual home that looks very European, but definitely not Spanish. The only other home here that is similar is the Glendessary mansion at 2620 Glendessary Lane in Mission Canyon. Both were built in the late 1890s by the same builder – Christoph Tornöe. Both have light-colored stucco walls framed with dark brown boards which form decorative patterns.

The Glendessary house is Tudor style, which is based on a style derived from homes in England. The 1910 Laguna Street home is Swiss chalet style, and resembles picturesque homes in the Alps of Switzerland. There is still a sandstone hitching post in front of the house, and there was originally a stable at the back of the property.

A Master Builder

Tornöe was known for building homes that were sturdy as well as attractive. It was said that one house inspector, who found Tornöe's name on the rafter of a house said, "You can't wreck this house, it was built by Tornöe."

Tornöe came from a Danish family and grew up in Germany, where his father was a shipbuilder. In addition to building homes, he was also a talented metalworker. He was known for his hand-hammered articles, which he produced in his art metal studio in Mission Canyon. The studio was located north of Foothill near present-day Tornoe Road.

The first family known to have lived in the home was a retired British Army officer and his wife. Colonel Thomas O. Wingate had served in India many years. He and his wife rented the home when they first settled in Santa Barbara. In his obituary, it was mentioned that the colonel "leaves a long and stainless record of service for his country."

One of the most interesting features of the home is the sculpture of a face set into a stone wall. Because Tornöe was Danish, I headed up to Solvang to the Elverhøj Museum of History & Art to see if they could tell me more about the face. "It's the Green Man," the staff told me. He is sort of the male equivalent of Mother Nature.





oil interests, and was also a member of the Santa Barbara City Council in the 19teens.

In 1907, after settling in their new home, Michael and Jane Fox celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. The local paper reported, "The house had been appropriately decorated with golden-hued blossoms and foliage."

The current owners, who asked that their names not be published, have lived in the home since 1998. They told me they enjoy the home's lovely vintage metalwork and carved wood features. They also pointed out the Roman numerals that are carved on the home's wood trim.

Please do not disturb the residents of 1910 Laguna Street. This article originally appeared in the *Santa Barbara Independent*.

Photos by Betsy J. Green

In 1902, Christoph Tornöe sold the home to Joseph F. Smart and his wife Alice. I found the deed for this transaction, which mentioned that the property sold for \$100. This was not a typo, and it was not the actual price either. Because deeds are public records that are available for anyone (like me) to look at, many people put a token amount on the deed. The actual amount of money paid for the property would have been in a contract of sale, which is not filed with the county.

The Long-term Owners

After a few years, the Smart family sold the home to Michael and Jane Fox in 1905. Members of this family lived here for more than 75 years. Michael and Jane were Irish immigrants who had a 500-acre farm in the northern part of the county. The local paper wrote that they were "one of the pioneers of Santa Barbara County." They had arrived in the county in

the early 1850s, and were ready to retire and enjoy their golden years in the Laguna Street home with their son Basil, their daughter Katy, and their four grand-kids.

The Fox family also owned the Fox Oil Company that had wells in the Lompoc area. Basil was in charge of the family's

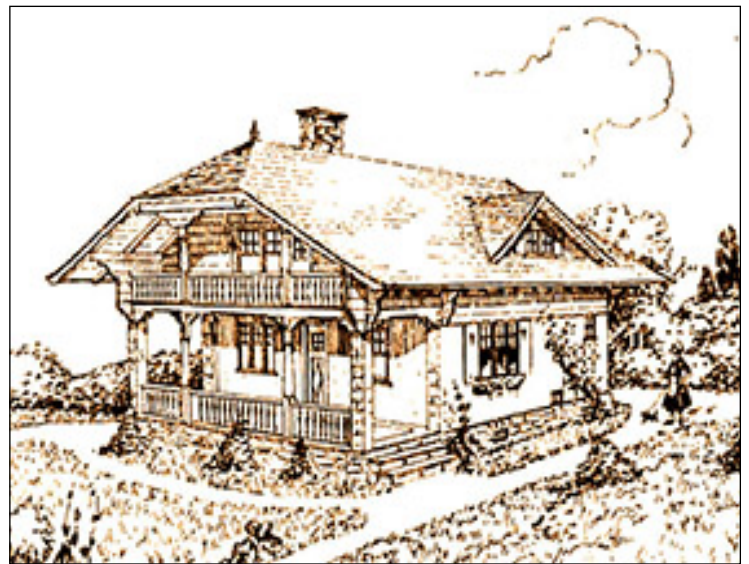


Illustration from: *The Swiss Chalet in America*, Fritz Ehrensam, 1916



WHAT'S THE HISTORY OF YOUR HOUSE?

Betsy is always looking for older homes (1920s or earlier) in central Santa Barbara for her **GREAT HOUSE DETECTIVE** column. Get in touch with her through the contact page of her website—betsyjgreen.com

Hannah Hollett and Her Quest for Bounty Land

By Mary Jacob

WHEN THOMAS IRELAND HOLLETT married Hannah Aldrich in March 1815, he did not know that his military service in the War of 1812 would benefit his wife some 38 years later. Thomas was just grateful he had survived the fighting in the New York City area during the war. When he was discharged, his friend, Simon Aldrich, who was Hannah's brother, had brought him home to Newburgh, New York. Two years later as Thomas and Hannah began their marriage, they probably envisioned a life of farming in the Hudson River valley where Newburgh is located. As Newburgh residents, they would have been aware of the bountiful lands to the west in New York state and those beyond in Ohio. The crops and goods from those places flowed into Newburgh by wagon where they were loaded onto ships and sent down river to New York City. However, the steady flow of this commerce was interrupted with the completion of the Erie Canal in 1825. Crops and goods were now shipped to Buffalo and other cities along the canal and sent via Albany down the Hudson River to New York City, bypassing Newburgh entirely. Whether it was the push of deteriorating economic conditions in Newburgh or the pull of potential opportunities further west, Thomas and Hannah decided to move to Ohio in the mid-1820s with their four small children. Simon Aldrich joined them. They located together in Richland County, Ohio, just south of Lake Erie.

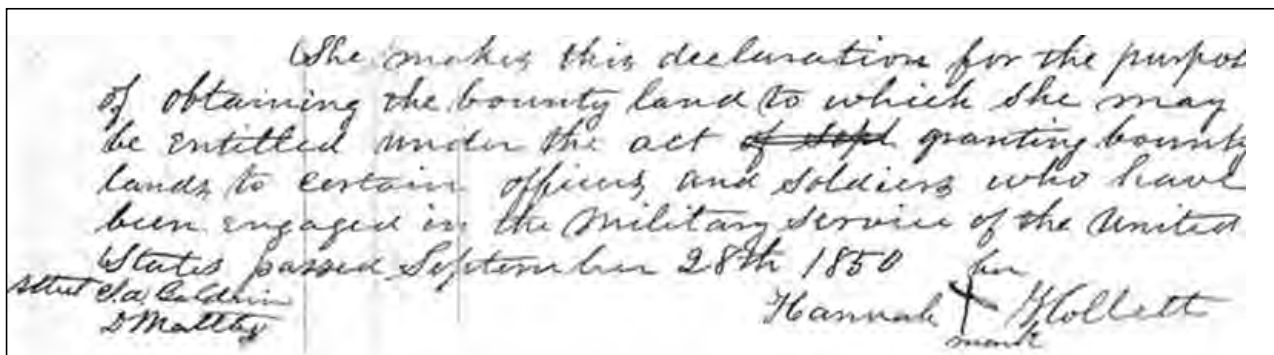
The Holletts, with the help of Simon Aldrich, who lived in their household, appear to have started building their wealth despite the challenges of pioneer life in Ohio. Thomas Hollett was assessed taxes on his cattle, not land, which suggests he was squatting until his circumstances improved enough that he could purchase the land he was working, a common practice at that time and place. The growing prosperity of his household might be measured by the fact that his cattle holdings increased from four in 1826 to nine in 1831. In fact, his household also grew with the addition of a son, Amos

Hollett (b. 1827), who was my 2nd great-grandfather, and a daughter. Then tragedy struck. Thomas Hollett died intestate at his home on June 14, 1832. Suddenly, Hannah Hollett was a widow with five children to support. Fortunately, she had her brother to help her as well as the assets of the family cattle and whatever grain was in her granary. However, she did not own the land on which her livelihood depended. As a woman, Hannah did not even have the right to bid at public auction on the land that she, her husband and brother had settled.

The following year, her brother, Simon Aldrich married and bought land near Hannah. No doubt he helped her and her children throughout the next two decades. According to the 1850 census, Hannah Hollett was the head of household on land valued at \$500. Two of her daughters had married and the third was about to do so. Her two older sons appear to have died by this time. Her sole surviving son, Amos, who was 24, farmed the land on which she lived. Hannah, who could not read or write, had managed to raise her family and secure a modest livelihood under difficult circumstances.

Although both were illiterate, Hannah and Simon were informed about the events of their day. Specifically, they heard about the bounty land program for veterans of the War of 1812 and their widows that the government created in September 1850. No doubt this news was widely shared in Richland and surrounding counties where many veterans of that war had settled.

Bounty land refers to tracts of land the federal government set aside under various Congressional acts for veterans of the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and some Indian Wars. Initially, bounty land was offered as an incentive to serve in the military, later as a reward for service. Qualified applicants received a warrant (a numbered document specifying the amount of acreage to which they were entitled) from the federal government that they could turn in at a public land office and receive a patent (equivalent to a deed) for land in the public domain. Some recipients



The image shows a handwritten document, likely a declaration for a bounty land warrant. The text is written in cursive and reads: "She makes this declaration for the purpose of obtaining the bounty land to which she may be entitled under the act of ~~the~~ granting bounty lands to certain officers and soldiers who have been engaged in the Military service of the United States passed September 28th 1850". The name "Hannah Hollett" is written at the bottom right, with a large 'X' mark over it. On the bottom left, the names "Attest C. A. Baldwin" and "S. Matley" are visible.

Hannah Hollett's X on her initial application for a bounty land warrant.

preferred to sell their warrants for cash rather than move further west to claim land in unsettled areas of the public domain.

In September 1851, Hannah initiated her application for a bounty land warrant based on Thomas' service in the War of 1812. However, the process was a challenge because Thomas Hollett's written honorable discharge had been lost. Furthermore, Hannah did not have a record of her marriage to Thomas. David Maltby, a Notary Public in Richland County who had been helping others apply for War of 1812 bounty land, helped Hannah with her application, as did her brother Simon. Maltby recorded Hannah's testimony that she had married Thomas Ireland Hollett on March 11, 1815, in Newburgh, New York, although there was no public or family record to document the marriage. She recounted Thomas' 13 months of volunteer service in the company commanded by Captain Jonathan Gidney of Newburgh in the Regiment commanded by Colonel Hawkins of the New York Militia. Simon recorded a statement that focused on the details of the marriage between Thomas and Hannah. Hannah and Simon signed their respective documents with an X.

For more than a year, Hannah had no response from the government, despite the fact that David Maltby sent several inquiries requesting a reply. Documents in Thomas Ireland Hollett's military pension file reveal the government was actively, albeit slowly, working on Hannah's application. Apparently, the payroll roster for Captain Gidney's company had been burned or somehow destroyed. Hence, the decision on Hannah's application was delayed. Finally, just before Christmas 1852, Hannah received a bounty land warrant from the Commissioner of Pensions for 80 acres of land. But Hannah was not happy. She knew that veterans who served a year or less were entitled to 80 acres, while those serving longer were eligible for 160. Hannah maintained she was entitled to the larger amount because Thomas Hollett had served 13 months.

Illiterate, widowed but undaunted, Hannah Hollett decided to fight the decision made in Washington, D.C. with the help of David Maltby. On January 20, 1853, Maltby returned Hannah's bounty land warrant along with an affidavit from William Stanton of Montgomery, New York, who was a friend of Thomas Hollett and had served with him in Captain Gidney's company. Stanton's sworn statement attested to the fact that Thomas had volunteered for one year but continued in actual service with Captain Gidney for 13 months. Maltby highlighted the fact that Thomas' actual service was for more than a year and, therefore, his widow was entitled to 160 acres. The government did not respond. Maltby sent another letter in February restating Hannah's case. He also asked that if her application was denied that the government provide evidence for such a denial.

Finally, a response was sent March 14, 1853. Hannah had won her case and secured a warrant for 160 acres of bounty land! The question is, what did she do with it?

Since there is no record in the pension file that Hannah patented the land, it appears that she sold it to someone else. Likely Hannah used the money from the sale of the warrant to finance a move to Michigan and the purchase of land there. She moved to Berrien County, Michigan, with her son Amos and her brother Simon's family, apparently sometime before June 1853, shortly after the warrant was sent to her in March.

Why move to Michigan? No doubt the relative cost of land in Ohio and Michigan influenced the decision. With cash from the sale of the warrant Hannah (or more likely Amos), could buy twice as much land in Berrien County, Michigan (\$11 per acre), compared to Richland County, Ohio (\$22 per acre). Furthermore, much of the land in Berrien County had been cleared of trees and most swampy areas drained by the early 1850s. In other words, the Holletts were able to purchase land ready to be farmed at a comparatively low price. They were not moving into pioneer conditions. In 1860, just seven years after arriving in Michigan with his mother, Amos Hollett owned 90 acres of improved land, 40 acres unimproved. The cash value of his farm was \$1,880, and the value of farm implements and machinery was \$25. He also had livestock valued at \$350. His holdings and wealth were a product of his own hard work that which was built on an inheritance that came directly from his mother and indirectly from his father via a government program. The bounty land warrant system was among the first in a long American tradition of government benefits for military service that continues today with GI Bills that have helped veterans and their families to get a step up on the economic ladder.

Mary Jacob joined SBCGS in 2016 shortly before she retired from UCSB. She is secretary of the Board of Directors of SBCGS and also president of a non-profit that supports seed saving and regenerative, ecological farming. She is currently working on a book about her maternal grandparents and their ancestors going back four generations.



Homesteading in Elkhart, Kansas

By Sharon Henning

MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER, Daniel Spencer Welsh, was born August 23, 1872, in Hillsdale County, Michigan. According to his obituary, he was born in a little log home to Anna Boone Welsh and Spencer Welsh. Dan was the oldest of six children. He was named Dan as he was a distant relative of Daniel Boone (Dan's great-grandfather and Daniel Boone's father were brothers, as far as I can figure).

Dan's early life was spent clearing the woods from his father's farm and farming. By 1880 the family had moved to Eaton Rapids, Michigan. Eventually he met Arletta Boody and they were married on December 23, 1890. They had four sons and one daughter, Bessie, who is my grandmother.

In 1906 the Dan Welsh family moved to the Indian Territory in the Oklahoma Panhandle. The family came on a settler's excursion train. One of their sons traveled in the boxcar with their household goods. Dan established and operated a general store and post office on his claim at Postle, Oklahoma.* His merchandise came from the railroad town of Guymon, Oklahoma. At that time, there were homesteaders on every quarter (160 acres) of land in the area, trying to "prove up." At times Dan had more charges on his books than merchandise on his shelves.



Dan Welsh and granddaughter Marion Keinath, Floyd (Jim) at wheel, Guy McClung, and Louie Keinath.

traded his half of the grocery store to Noah Sherrel for Sherrel's homestead claim of 160 acres, 12 miles southwest of Elkhart. In 1915 he sold his quarter (160 acres) to a Mr. Thompson for \$2,150. Next, he and George Woods bought a bankrupt furniture and hardware store



Welsh and Tucker was the first grocery store in Elkhart.

When the railroad was built from Dodge City to Elkhart, Kansas, in 1913, Dan Welsh was considered to be one of the town's first founders. The story goes that his building was on wagons sitting at the Oklahoma/Kansas state line the day the lots were sold. As soon as he purchased the lot, the building was moved to his lot and groceries were sold the very first day. Welsh and Tucker was the first grocery store in Elkhart. He later

from a Mr. Code. In 1916 they took over the undertaking business. What a combination! In 1918 Dan bought Mr. Woods' share for \$4,500. Dan sold the undertaking business and took his son in as a partner until 1934.

Times were bad – the dust storms and drought that became known as the Dust Bowl began in 1931-32. Dan lost his home and the store building as he didn't have the money to pay the taxes or keep up the payments

on the store. No one had money to pay their bills. By 1937 he was bankrupt. He and Arletta stayed in Elkhart doing whatever they could to survive. Arletta even sold Avon products!

Dan and Arletta celebrated their 65th wedding anniversary in 1955 with an open house at their home. All of their children were in attendance: Don H. Welsh of Antonito, Colorado; Bessie Mae Keinath of Pasadena, California; Floyd A. Welsh of Pueblo, Colorado, and James E. Welsh of La Puente, California.

My grandparents, Ludwig (Louie) J.A. Keinath (August 16, 1887 - August 29, 1961) and Bessie Mae Welsh (May 15, 1900 - April 22, 1981), met in Elkhart and married in Guymon, Oklahoma, on May 17, 1918. They lived in Elkhart and had their three children there: Marion C., Louie Jack and my dad, Floyd L. In the late 1930s the family moved to Pasadena, California.

*Postle is in northwest Texas County, 19 miles northwest of Guymon. A post office named after George W. Postle, a local rancher, operated from July 6, 1905 to June 15, 1915.

Sharon Keinath Henning started working on her family history in the late 1970s when everything was done with paper and pencil. Now that she is retired, she is trying to find time to get back to the "family." Sharon is a native of Santa Barbara and an active member of the Santa Barbara High School Alumni Association.



WELSH AND TUCKER (second store), left, Dan Welsh, Mr. Besterfelt, L.L. Hogan, Chet Tucker, Mr. Richterberg, and Wood Walsh

Free Land!

Revolutionary War Bounty-Lands

By Debbie Kaska

ONE THING AMERICA had in abundance during and after the Revolutionary War was land. Long before the American Revolution, the practice of governments giving land to citizens for military service was well established. Thus, as a reward for enlistment or continued service in the Continental Army, soldiers were offered bounty land by the Continental Congress. This cost the colonial government nothing and, of course, the offer was only good if the colonies were victorious. It was a win-win for the Continental Congress.

The scope of United States military bounty lands is wide and deep. By 1855, the government had transferred more than 60 million acres to more than a half-million veterans, widows and heirs. And this was before the American Civil War. This article will cover only land claims based on Revolutionary War service.

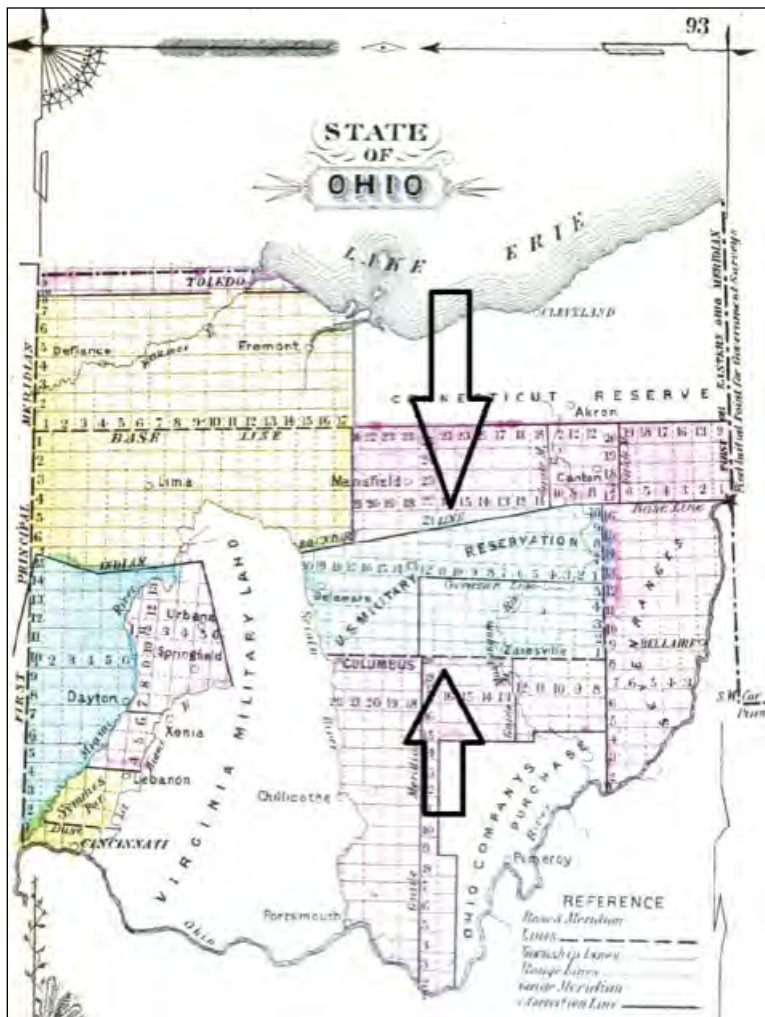
Why are These Records of Interest to Genealogists?

These bounty-land records prove military service and locate people in time and place. The applications may contain letters from commanding officers or their comrades-in-arms that vouch for their identity and service during the Revolution. These often include many details of the unit and the events in which the individual participated. Marriage records may be included, as well as letters from genealogists seeking information and copies of replies from the Pension Office. Family records from Bibles may have been used to support marriage claims. If the soldier died in battle or later, the widow could claim the bounty land. The file may provide the name of a second husband. These files may contain even more detailed family information if heirs claimed lands.

The search for these records is a bit complicated since they are spread between the National Archives and the archives of several states. Various university libraries also have bounty land records. However, many of the records have been microfilmed and digitized and are available online. In addition, several authors have published extensive lists of soldiers who were issued bounty lands after the Revolutionary War. Those that are available at the Sahyun Library in Santa Barbara, California, are highlighted in the footnotes. A comprehensive book on this topic available at the Sahyun library is *Military Bounty Land 1776-1855* by Christine Rose.¹

The Promise of Bounty Land

On September 16, 1776, the Continental Congress promised free land in order to recruit men to serve in the Continental forces, to the soldiers and officers who were already serving during the Revolutionary War, and to their heirs if they were killed. The bounty land



U.S. Military District in Ohio

ranged from 100 acres for privates on a sliding scale through the officer ranks to 1,100 acres for a major general. However, between the promise and the day the veteran could start plowing his free land lay a gap of many years.

How to Obtain the Land: Warrants

In 1788 Congress issued bounty-land warrants to eligible Revolutionary War veterans who applied to the Secretary of War. Evidence of service was needed and this was often the veteran's discharge certificate. The land was located in the Northwest Territory that became known as the U.S. Military District in Ohio. However, due to conflicts with Native Americans, this district did not actually open until 1796. Twenty years had passed since 1776!

Veterans who did not want to wait to take the land could sell the warrant for cash, and most did exactly that. The warrants were sold and resold and this developed into a big business.

For those who did want to take the land, the warrant was exchanged for a patent at a federal land office.

The deadline for distribution of the lands was January 1, 1800. For those applicants who missed the deadline, extension acts in 1803 and 1806 were issued. Extensions were continued until 1833. Until 1830, the warrants could only be used to purchase land in the

U.S. Military District in Ohio, but after 1830, the warrants could be exchanged for land script that could be used to buy any land in the public domain in Ohio, Illinois, or Indiana. After 1833 there was no restriction and the script could be used for any land in the public domain.

Most early applications for warrants (those before 1800) were burned in various fires, but some information was later placed on reference cards and preserved on National Archives and Records Administration (NARA) microfilm M804 (2,670 rolls) entitled *Revolutionary War Pension and Bounty Land Warrant Application Files 1800-1900*.

This set of historical records is described on Familysearch.org. Search under "Records" for *United States Revolutionary War Pension and Bounty Land Warrant Applications 1800-1900*. An index created by Fold3.com can be accessed on Fold3.com or on Ancestry.com using the following URL: *U.S., Revolutionary War Pension and Bounty-Land Warrant Application Files, 1800-1900*.

Virgil D. White has published abstracts of the Revolutionary War Pension Files that are included in NARA microfilm M805.² This work in four volumes is in the collection at the Sahyun Library. The warrants that have not been lost or destroyed appear on NARA microfilm M829. This can be accessed on Ancestry.com. Under "Search" choose "Catalog" and then use the title *U.S., War Bounty Land Warrants 1789-1858*. It is searchable by an individual name or one can browse the collection.

Bounty Land Warrants
Registered under the Acts for regulating the Grants of Land, appropriated for Military Services, passed the 1st

WARRANT NUMBER	BY WHOM REGISTERED	FOR WHOM REGISTERED	NUMBER OF ACRES	NAME OF THE BUREAU	DATE OF WARRANT	NUMBER OF ACRES
400	Thomas M. Washington	Johnston & Jones	100	Continued	20 Feb 1790	100
1781			100	George Smith (Jr)		100
1784			100	James Adams	10 July 1790	100
7050			100	Barnard Dutcher	4 Oct -	100
7051			100	Samuel Bennett	5 Oct 1791	100
7052			100	Israel Phelps	2 Nov 1791	100
7053			100	James S. Allen	21 Feb 1792	100

Collection with Dutcher Warrant

Warrantees of the United States Military District are listed in Volume II of the *Federal Land Series* by Clifford Neal Smith³ and included in the collections of the Sahyun Library.

The issuing of Revolutionary War bounty land warrants continued until 1885 when Congress offered bounty land of 160 acres to anyone who had served at least 14 days during the Revolution or had fought in any battle! Widows and minor children of the soldiers, sailors or marines were also eligible.

State Bounty Lands

Not only the federal government, but some states too offered bounty land. Double-dipping was common, i.e., qualified veterans could apply for land at both the federal and state levels. (One exception to this was Massachusetts.) The land offered was in the western reserves of Massachusetts, Georgia, Maryland, New York, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, South Carolina and Virginia. The number of acres offered and the application process differed with each state.

A list of those who applied for state bounty land is compiled by Lloyd D. Bockstruck⁴ in a master index to approximately 35,000 persons named in the grants from these states. This is the first place to start a search for a Revolutionary War veteran who might have received state bounty land.



Dutcher warrant

One complication in using the warrants in the U.S. Military District of Ohio was that the minimum quantity initially was quarter townships of 4,000 acres. Since privates were only entitled to 100 acres, this meant they had to pool their warrants with an agent who then got the land patent and distributed the land to each member of the pool. Thus, Barnard Dutcher sold his warrant to agents who assembled 4,000 acres. In 1800 an act provided for the quarter townships to be divided into lots of 100 acres.



Map of the 13 original colonies including the Northwest Territory.

Virginia

Virginia distinguished between service in the State Line or in the Continental Line. Bounty-land was available to veterans from Virginia in a tract in Ohio known as the Virginia Military District (VMD) (see image 1), or in the western part of Virginia in what is now the state of Kentucky. However, only those from Virginia who served in the Continental Line were eligible for land in the VMD. Virginia land warrants were generous: 300 acres to privates who served from 1881 until the end of the war; officers were given warrants on a sliding scale up to 15,000 acres for a major general.

As with the Federal warrant applications, the Virginia veterans submitted proof of their service of three years when they applied for the Virginia bounty-land. This could be letters from their comrades or officers or discharge papers. If the application was sufficient they were issued a warrant. If the land was in western Virginia, the patent was issued by Virginia. After 1792, when Kentucky became a state, the patent was issued by Kentucky. Images of applications for bounty-land warrants for Virginia can be found at virginiamemory.com. Under "Digital Collections" choose "Collections A to Z," then scroll down to "Revolutionary War Bounty Land

Wm. Daniel

Isaiah Corbin son of Peter W. Daniel Esq. Lieut. Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia To all to whom these presents shall come greeting, Know ye that in conformity with a survey made on the fourteenth day of April 1818, by virtue of a Land Office Treasury warrant Number 6039, issued the 11th October 1817, there is granted by the said Commonwealth unto Isaiah Corbin Senr. A certain tract or parcel of land, containing one hundred and fourteen and situate in the County of Bullitt and bounded as followeth to wit: Beginning at a chestnut oak stump and pine stump shown as corner of the said Corbin, thence with said Corbin's line North sixteen degrees West one hundred and eighty nine poles, thence South forty two degrees East twenty six poles to William Majors line, thence with the said Majors line South thirteen degrees West seventy four poles to a red oak and box oak, thence South fifty one and three fourth degrees West sixty four and a half poles to a post and white sapling, thence South nineteen and a half degrees

114 acres
Bullitt
Co. Ky.
No. 24. 26192063
Isaiah Corbin

Corbin land grant of 114 acres with metes and bounds.

Claims." Enter the name of a veteran to see if there are any records.

Isaiah Corbin, brother of my Revolutionary War ancestor, George Lee Corbin, was listed in this collection along with a document. From this record I learned that

Isaiah was wounded in 1777 at Quibbletown in New Jersey! Quibbletown? A search on Google.com revealed that the former name of a village that later became part of Piscataway, New Jersey, was indeed Quibbletown. The quibble was about whether Saturday or Sunday should be considered the sabbath. The Battle of Quibbletown occurred during the Revolutionary War on February 8, 1777.

Then scroll farther to "Virginia Land Office Patents and Grants." There I found a survey of the land Isaiah Corbin was granted "to have and to hold the said tract or parcel of land with its appurtenances to the said Isaiah Corbin and his heirs forever."

The Kentucky Secretary of State website, www.sos.ky.gov/land/military, provides the opportunity to search for warrants issued to Virginia veterans who were awarded land in Kentucky, both before and after Kentucky became a state in 1792. Click on the "Revolutionary War Warrants" link and then on "searched" to begin a search for a name. In the *Federal Land Series*³ by Clifford Neal Smith, Volume 4 and in Lloyd D. Bockstruck's *Revolutionary War Bounty Land*,⁴ the names on Virginia's warrants surrendered in the Virginia Military district of Ohio are listed.

I do hereby certify that Isaiah Corbin served as a soldier in the Continental Army in the year 1776 and that he was wounded in 1777 at Quibbletown in New Jersey & that I granted his discharge from the Continental Army in consequence of his being laid up with the palsy by the said wound which discharge I obtained from Benjamin General the Wardens & that the said Corbin was a soldier in the Eleventh Virginia Regiment in Continental service when he was laid up with the palsy on the 8th of February 1777

Wm. Daniel
Lieut. Governor

It does not appear that Isaiah Corbin has drawn his bounty in Kentucky

Land Office
6 Dec. 1818

Corbin doc. and translation.

Georgia

Georgia issued military bounty land to enlisted men who served in the Georgia Line, to Minutemen, and to members of the State Militia. They could submit a petition indicating the county where the veteran wanted land. A voucher from the veteran's commanding officer was necessary. If the petition was accepted, a certificate was issued. Then a survey was made and the grant was issued. The minimum number of acres granted was 230 for privates in the Georgia Line and increased up to 1,955 for a brigadier general. Some records are available at www.sos.georgia.gov/archives. Type "Revolutionary War" into the search option for more information on land lotteries.

Maryland

Recruits who served for three years during the war were entitled to 50 acres of land. The land was located in the farthest west corner of the state. More information can be found on the website of the Maryland State Archives.

Massachusetts

Soldiers from Massachusetts who served a full three years and were honorably discharged were awarded 200 acres of bounty land or \$20. The land offered was in the area of the state now known as Maine. Widows and heirs were likewise entitled to the land. Officers, or their widows or heirs, were granted 600 acres. More information is available at the Maine State Archives website. Massachusetts did not allow veterans to double-dip. That is, they could not claim both state and federal bounty land.

New York

The New York bounty land was located in the Finger Lakes region. Privates were eligible for 500 acres while major generals could receive 5,500 acres. Many veterans sold their rights instead of accepting land in central New York. Consult the New York State Archives for additional information. The archives has an index to the New York State Department of State Military Patents. At the New York State Archives website, type "Revolutionary War bounty land" into the search field and you will be taken right to it.

North Carolina

The most generous state in terms of state bounty land was North Carolina. A private was provided with 200 acres at first, but this was increased to 640 acres. Officers received more, with a brigadier general entitled to 12,000 acres. All this land was in what is now the state of Tennessee. Only those who enlisted for the duration of the war were eligible, but that was later changed to two years.

The Secretary of State of North Carolina from 1777 to 1798 was James Glasgow, the perpetrator of the Glasgow Land Fraud. He conspired with land speculators to defraud the veterans of their claims. Their activities were discovered and the men were prosecuted. James Glasgow and two others were found guilty, paid fines and were replaced. Microfilms of the North Carolina warrants, surveys and documents in the Tennessee Territory are held at the North Carolina and Tennessee State Archives.

Pennsylvania

Revolutionary War bounty lands in Pennsylvania were known as Donation Lands. This land was distributed by lottery starting in 1786 and the program continued until 1810. As in the other states, the number of acres was determined by rank in the Revolutionary war. The minimum was 200 acres for privates up to 2,000 acres for a general. The URL <http://www.phmc.state.pa.us/bah/dam/rg/di/r17DonationLandSeries/r17-168DonationClaimantPapers/r17-168MainInterface.htm> will take you to an index of donation claimant papers digitized by the Pennsylvania State Archives.

South Carolina

Bounty land in South Carolina included all the lands in the forks between the Tugaloo and Keowee Rivers up to the "new Cherokee Boundary Line." This was reserved for South Carolina soldiers who completed their term of service, or his heirs if he did not survive. While the claims for Revolutionary War bounty lands in South Carolina do exist in four bound volumes, they have not been scanned. However, an index was printed in 1906 in the *South Carolina Historical and Genealogical Magazine Vol 7* p173-78, 217-24. The URL for this magazine is: mailto:https://www.carolina.com/SC/eBooks/SCHGM/The_South_Carolina_Historical_and_Genealogical_Magazine_Volume_VII.pdf.

The states of Connecticut, Delaware, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Vermont did not provide state bounty land for military service. Most did not have land available within their boundaries.

The Sahyun Library has a number of other books in the collection that provide information about Revolutionary War bounty lands. Searching the library using the title "Revolutionary War Bounty Land" lists several other references I have not cited here.

Genealogy is a deep look into our ancestry, the people who came before us and who shaped our lives in many ways. It is also a history lesson. Examining these Revolutionary War Bounty Land records ensures a deeper appreciation of the thousands of men who fought to found our country, their sacrifices and their lives after the war. The documents record a time when America was a small group of states hugging the Atlantic coast, and the gradual westward expansion of our young country.

1. *Military Bounty Land, 1776-1855*, Rose, Christine, CR Publications, San Jose, CA, 2011. 973 M2 ROS
2. *Genealogical Abstracts of Revolutionary War Pension Files, Vol I-IV*, White, Virgil D., National Historical Publishing Co. Waynesboro, Tennessee, 1990-1992. 973.3 M2 WHI v. 1-4.
3. *Federal Land Series, Vol 1-4*, Smith, Clifford Neal, Genealogical Publishing Co., Inc. Baltimore, Maryland, 1972-82, 1999. 973 R2 SMI v. 1-4.
4. *Revolutionary War Bounty Land Grants*. Bockstruck, Lloyd D., Genealogical Publishing Co., Inc. Baltimore, Maryland, 1996. 973 R2 BOC

Learning from Land Grants

By Sharon Summer

MANY OF OUR ANCESTORS received land grants from the United States government. Much can be learned from these grants about where our ancestors lived and the circumstances of their lives.

To find land grants online

Go to the website of the Bureau of Land Management, (Department of the Interior) <https://gloreCORDS.blm.gov/>. Enter your ancestor's surname in the "Search Documents" box, and you may see a list which could include the name you are hunting for. If so, click on one of the codes beside your ancestor's name, under the heading "Accession." This will give you specific information about your ancestor's land, and a map. Above the map, check the box beside the word "Map" to show the perimeter of your person's land grant and its exact location. On this same page near the top, you will see the brown field that says "Patent Image." Clicking on this field will give a view of the actual handwritten grant, if it is available. Additionally, familysearch.org has instructions and other information on land patents, as they were called.

What is a land patent or land grant?

A land patent is a government document showing official ownership of a particular tract of land that was formerly owned by the U.S. government, and which has gone through various legally prescribed processes, such as surveying and documentation. Once a patent is granted to a person, it is treated as a deed.

When did most land patents start being granted?

President Abraham Lincoln signed the Homestead Act on May 20, 1862. The purpose of the act was to accelerate settlement of U.S. Western Territory by allowing any adult American citizen, including freed slaves, or intended citizen, who had never borne arms against the U.S. government, to put in a claim for up to 160 free acres of federal land. Once an application was approved, the named person was granted 160 acres of public land provided they lived on it continuously for five years, improved it, and paid a small registration fee of about \$20.

"The Civil War-era act, considered one of the United States most important pieces of legislation, led to Western expansion and allowed citizens of all walks of life – including former slaves, women and immigrants – to become landowners." <https://www.history.com/topics/american-civil-war/homestead-act>

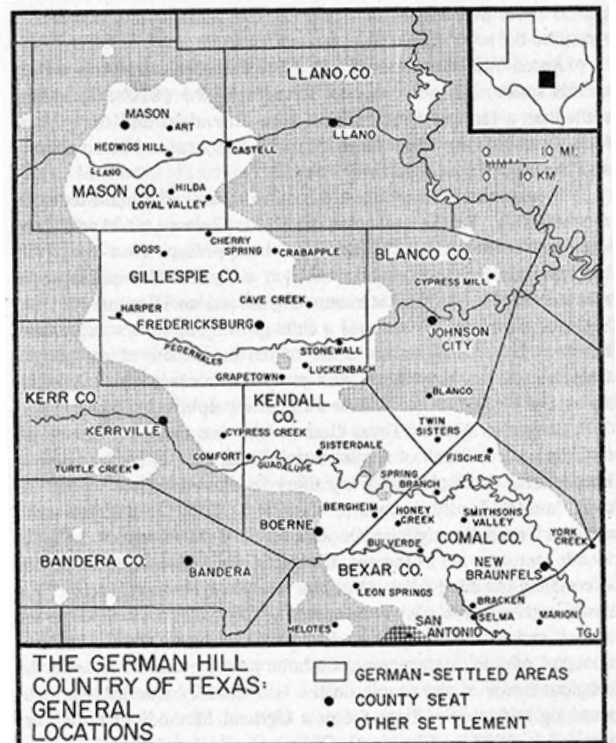
Imagine how appealing this act must have sounded to immigrants who could not own land in their native country! Four lines of my family applied for and received land grants. Three of them homesteaded in the Dakota Territory. Interestingly, two had land grants in adjacent counties, but it wasn't until decades later that those two lines would join when my mother married



Fredericksburg, Texas map: This map of Fredericksburg shows the South Grape Creek junction with the Pedernales River, the site of the Vater land grants.

my father. One of these deeds was issued to a woman, Anna Kees Knickrehm, while another was issued to a Civil War veteran named Frederick Knickrehm. From these land patents, I learned of the location of my families and the hardships they endured in Dakota Territory: blizzards, drought, locusts, crop failure. My fourth family line, the Vaters, who were my great-grandmother's family, received land patents outside the Hill Country in Texas in 1858, even before President Lincoln's country-wide Homestead Act.

On the website, <https://gloreCORDS.blm.gov/>, a surname search produced a list showing three Vater grants. Two were grants issued in Bexar County, Texas, for land outside Fredericksburg, Texas, in what is now known as the Hill Country. One of the grants was signed in 1858



Hill Country map: This map shows the areas in the Texas Hill Country settled by Germans.

by Friedrich "Fritz" Vater, my 2nd great-grandfather who was killed in the Battle on the Nueces in the Civil War. The other was also signed in 1858 by Fritz's father, Emanuel August Vater, my 3rd great-grandfather. A third grant showed land obtained by Fritz's brother, August Jr., in 1879 in Mason County, north of Fredericksburg. That was an exciting day for me!



Vater, E. land grant page 1: This is the first page of the seven-page handwritten land grant. Under the file number is Bexar, the location of the county land office. Under the word Bexar is the name of my 3rd great-grandfather, Emanuel August Vater, who received 160 acres in 1858.

The Vater family had come from an area of Germans living in Lower Silesia which is now in Poland. At the time they emigrated, their village was ruled by Prussia. As linen weavers they most assuredly lived in constantly increasing poverty and political unrest. The family of seven fled Prussia in 1853 with another family of weavers from their village, my great grandmother's Heubaum family. The Heubaums opened a successful general store in San Antonio, Texas, while the Vaters tried their luck living off the land.

Why did Texas issue land grants and what were the requirements?

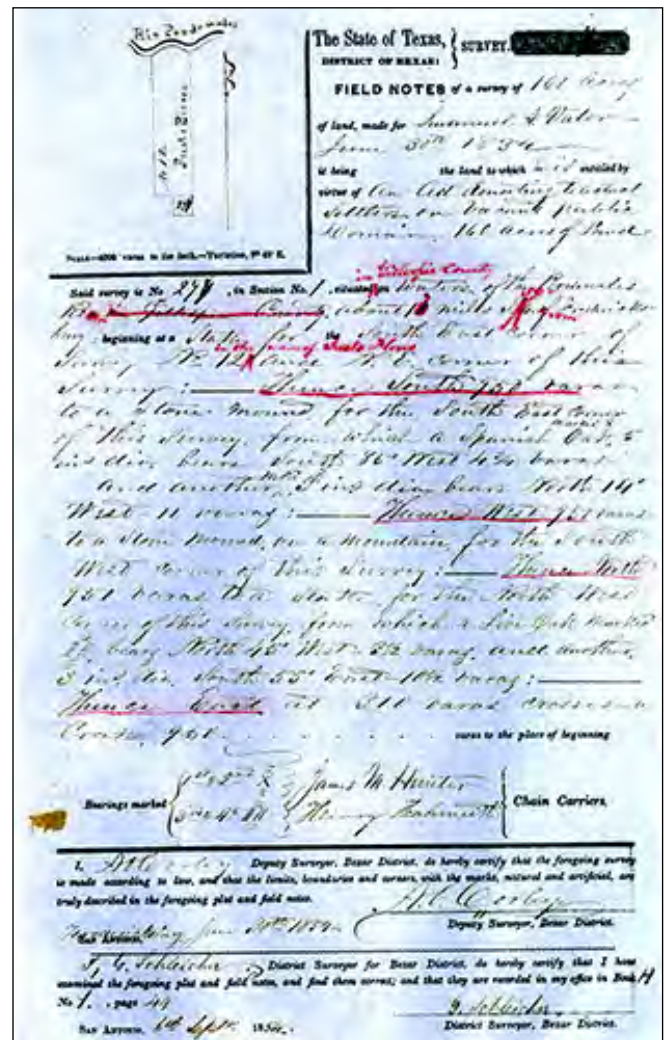
In 1853, in order to populate the land and to create a larger tax base, the state of Texas granted public land to settlers. The 1853 Texas Homestead Act offered up to 320 acres of public domain land. This act was replaced by the Homestead Act of 1854, which reduced homestead grants to 160 acres and required a residency of three years. A homestead was defined as "a place of family residence or the property dedicated as such."

Fritz Vater and his father August Vater each settled on adjacent, vacant, unclaimed lands soon after they came to Fredericksburg, Texas. They began living on their lands, which were about twelve miles southeast of

the town, within three months of their arrival in 1853. Their land was previously "vacant and unappropriated," as required. Like many others, they would have been interested in beginning the required three-year residency as soon as possible. A further requirement for a grant was that they make "improvements," which meant building a home and cultivating part of the land. After three years, both Vaters went to the Bexar County land office to apply for their land grant, although their property was in neighboring Gillespie County. Both received their documents showing ownership.

What can be learned from the land grant?

I learned the precise location of where my grandfathers and their families lived. The grant required that the land be surveyed, and this survey information was handwritten on the grant. Further, as required, two people duly swore that August Vater resided "on tributary of the Pedernales River in the County of Gillespie, that he settled there in good faith, and believing the land on which he has settled to be vacant and unappropriated." August and Fritz made their affidavits saying they had the land surveyed in accordance with the act granting



Vater, E. Survey from land grant 1854: Emanuel A. Vater, my 3rd great-grandfather, had his land surveyed in 1854, as a requirement for receiving his land grant. This is the surveyor's report, one page of the seven-page handwritten land grant. Though the survey is difficult to read, it describes the land, mentioning a "stone mound," a "Spanish oak" [tree], and "live oak" [tree] as boundaries.

Preemption Privileges to settlers, which means no other person could claim the land once the grant was recorded. Both the grants gave a careful description of the location of their land.

The grant describes the boundaries. Although the handwriting was difficult for me to read, on one of the grants some phrases stood out, for example "A stone mound for the South East corner," ... "from which a Spanish Oak [tree] divides..." and "... the North West corner of this survey from which a Live Oak [tree] marks..." I found the location from the map on the website showing the area of their lands by finding where the Pedernales River and the tributary South Grape Creek came together. This place was about twelve miles out of town.

Way of life

Topographical data for the surrounding land shows that my Vaters would have had a hard time. The area where they settled was arid and normally dry. However, being next to the large Pedernales River, it was subject to flooding. The land was rocky and not suitable for growing crops. These German weavers would not have had experience with such conditions. Since there were many German settlers in the greater area, perhaps they learned from their fellow immigrants, ways to survive on this land.

From locating those land grants, which showed the years that the Vaters lived near Fredericksburg, I was able to look up quite a bit of information about the town, the customs of the many Germans who lived there then, and what everyday life was like. One account noted that the Germans who settled in the Pedernales Valley were fun-loving, hard-working Lutheran Germans. One charming example of their way of life was the "Sunday Houses" in Fredericksburg. Sunday houses were small second dwellings maintained near a church as a weekend place of residence. They became popular in the late 1800s among farmers and ranchers who lived in areas too remote to permit traveling to services and back in one day. The families owning such houses normally left their farms and ranches on Saturday morning, journeyed to town, took care of shopping and business, attended an evening dance or party, and spent the night in the Sunday house so they could attend church the next morning. Today some of these small houses have been turned into Bed and Breakfast cottages.

Family lore gets a context

Fritz Vater's daughter, Augusta Vater Knickrehm (1861-1955), told a tale which makes more sense to me now that I know the location and time period that her father and grandfather lived. Augusta told of Indians coming onto the property where she lived outside the neighboring town of New Braunfels. She was eight years old when she opened her back door and came face to face with Geronimo, the famous Indian chief, and his men. As she told it, he did not hurt her, they only wanted the meat the family had hanging in the shed or barn. She said that if her family let the Indians have their food they would not be hurt. I heard this story from my father when I was a young girl. It makes a colorful story but it could be true.



Sunday House plaque



*Sharon Diane Knickrehm
Summer enjoys multiple aspects of genealogy. Among them she likes doing research, writing articles and vignettes for her memoir, creating pages for her family history books, and learning more about the history of the world in the process.*

Tacked to the Back

By Debbie Kaska

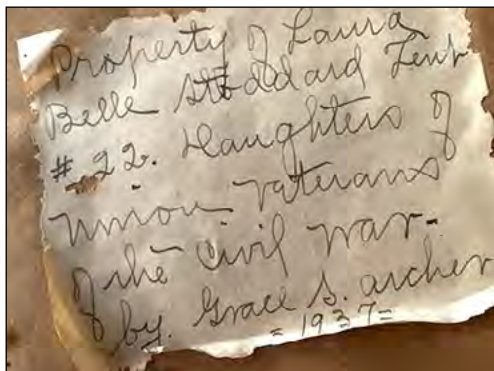
ALARGE PORTRAIT in an ornate frame that hung for eons on the wall at the historic Hope House in Santa Barbara, California, was gifted to the Daughters of Union Veterans Tent 22 at our Centennial Celebration here in March by Dale Hoeffliger. As it was a lovely drawing of our namesake, Laura Belle Stoddard, it was welcomed and treasured. And that should have been the end of the story.



Framed portrait of Laura Belle Stoddard

But it wasn't. For on the back of the portrait was a worn scrap of paper stating the portrait belonged to our Tent 22. The note was handwritten and signed by Grace S. Archer with the date 1937. Who was Grace Archer—the artist, the donor, Laura Belle's daughter?

Since a name and a date are all that is really needed to activate a genealogist, I thought I'd take a "few moments" to answer the question. Needless to say—one thing led to another. The rabbit hole opened and I tumbled right in.



Working backwards from 1937, I found Grace Archer in the 1930 census. She was 55 years old (hence born about 1875), the wife of Orson Archer, and lived on Los Olivos Street in Santa Barbara. Her birthplace was listed as Minnesota. Curiously, in 1940 she was still 55 although her husband had aged 10 years as expected. Time really does stand still for some people! The marriage in 1917 of Orson Archer to Grace Maude Stevens, age "38" (she was actually 41), was recorded in the *Santa Barbara Daily News* (*Newspapers.com*). (Note to self: ages are not always entirely accurate.)

Grace's maiden name of Stevens was confirmed on Findagrave.com. Grace Stevens Archer died August 5, 1945, and is buried at the Santa Barbara Cemetery. The California Death Index 1940-1997 yielded her date of birth in Minnesota as July 31, 1876, as well as an unexpected detail. Her mother's maiden name was Stoddard!

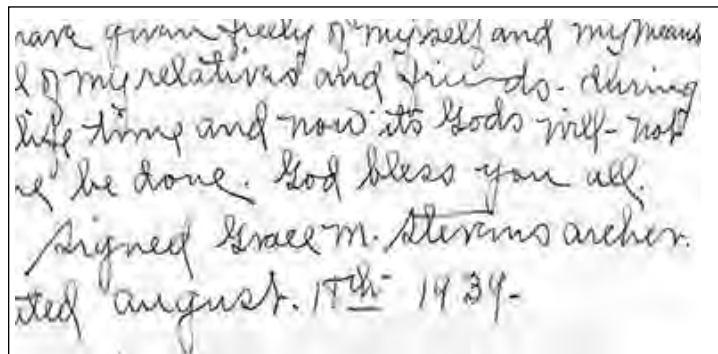
Was Grace Stevens Archer's mother related to our Tent namesake Laura Belle Stoddard?

Working further backwards—the Stevens family, including Grace, age five, and seven siblings were living in Castle Rock, Minnesota, in 1880 according to the census of that year. Grace's father Barney Stevens and his wife Martha were listed as 46 and 39, respectively. An obituary of Martha Jane Stevens in 1933 published in a Washington D.C. newspaper (*Newspapers.com*) indicated she died in Santa Barbara in 1933 at the age of 93. The Minnesota Cemetery Inscription Index on Ancestry.com included the comment that she was "buried-Santa Barbara, CA. Beside her brother, Charles." The marriage date, April 12, 1857, of Barney Stevens and Martha Jane Stoddard was found in the Millennium File on Ancestry.com, which also listed Martha's parents as Charles Stoddard and Catherina Adams.

In the 1850 census, the Charles Stoddard Sr. family, Charles, 45, Katherine, 34, Martha, 10 and Charles, 4, were at home in Elgin, Illinois, where Charles Sr. worked as a tanner.

Now the two lineages began to intersect, because Martha Jane Stoddard's little brother, Charles Sidney Stoddard married Laura Belle Gossard in 1875. Thus Grace Stevens Archer was the niece of Laura Belle and Charles Stoddard. Incidentally, Charles S. Stoddard was a Civil War veteran, a physician and Commander of the GAR Starr-King Post #52 in Santa Barbara, California.

Grace S. Archer's handwritten will appears in *California, U.S., Wills and Probate Records, 1850-1953* (*Ancestry.com*). The handwriting matches that found in the note on the back of the portrait. Grace's signature also appears on our Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil



Will of Grace S. Archer.

War Charter along with those of her sisters, Minnie Stevens and Laura Belle Smith.

This investigation revealed only part of the answer to the mystery of the Laura Belle Stoddard portrait. The artist, date of origin and the first owner of the portrait are still unknown. It can be surmised that it hung in the Stoddard house and passed down to the daughters after the deaths of Laura Belle and Charles Stoddard.

Laura Belle Stoddard was the wife of a Civil War veteran, a mother of two and a prominent member of Santa Barbara's charitable, church, musical and hospital circles. Her nieces and the other co-founders of our Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War Tent 22 chose to honor Laura Belle by designating her our tent namesake. Her legacy of community service and patriotism will always be remembered.

Debbie Drew Kaska has served as secretary of the Board of Directors of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society, with the team-teaching beginning and intermediate classes at the Sahyun Library, and was editor of Ancestors West. She is the current president of Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War, 1861-1865.



A Centennial Celebration with Surprise Guests!

By Cathy Jordan

ON MARCH 4, 1921, seventeen women in Santa Barbara signed the charter for Laura Belle Stoddard Tent 22 of the Daughters of Union Veterans. They were Emma J McCabe, Alice McIlroy, Caddie L. West, Lilian H. Tracy, Sarah J. Ricketts, Etta Lee Ricketts, Minnie M. Stevens, Grace Stevens Archer, Martha Morris Durfee, Francis J. Hayward, Nettie G. Bateman, Edna M. Vandever, Laura Belle Smith, Myrtle M. Kramer, Mildred E. Robertson, Nellie G. Allen, Fomia Stella Fowler. This lineage society later became known as Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War, 1861-1865. In the early days they were closely connected to the local GAR (Grand Army of the Republic) Post 52 of Civil War veterans. The Tent was named after Laura Belle Stoddard (1854-1915), the wife of Charles Sidney Stoddard (1846-1928), a medical doctor, prominent citizen of Santa Barbara, and member of the GAR post 52. She gave generously of her time and efforts to veterans' causes, assisting her husband in patriotic endeavors and often providing the social atmosphere in which events took place. She



1215 Anacapa Street, home of Laura Belle Stoddard—second from left then C.S. Stoddard, courtesy of Kirk Stoddard



Charles Sidney Stoddard

was a singer in her local church. She and Charles raised two sons, Thomas Albion (also a doctor), and Harry LeRoy. Their home, and his medical office, were at 1215 Anacapa Street, the site of the Granada parking garage today. They are both buried in the Santa Barbara Cemetery. Every year on Memorial Day, members of the Tent place flowers on her grave to honor her as our namesake.

Our lineage society, made up of direct descendants of Union Veterans of the Civil War, was due to celebrate its 100th birthday on March 4th, 2021. Planning began with an unprecedented brainstorming meeting in February 2020 at the Sahyun Library, where we discussed all of the details that would go into planning this significant event. The session was a huge success, and the decisions made that day governed how we would proceed. One of the most important decisions was that we would have a memorable in-person luncheon. A month later the global pandemic hit, and we were shut down. However, like the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society, we held our meetings via Zoom to carry on our regular business.

The Centennial Celebration had to be postponed, but for the actual 100th anniversary in March of 2021 I prepared a Zoom Power Point program on Laura Belle Stoddard and why she was chosen as our namesake.



Laura Belle Stoddard and family inside Anacapa St. house. Photo courtesy of Kirk Stoddard



Gravesite of Charles S. Stoddard and Laura Belle Stoddard

Herein lies the essence of the genealogical tale: As our President, Debbie Kaska, said when talking about this at the celebration, genealogists are known for "... disturb[ing] the dead and provoke[ing] the living." In preparing the program, I became curious, never a safe environment for a genealogist. I wondered if possibly there were living descendants of the Stoddards. I began searching public trees on *Ancestry.com*. My heart began to pound when I found one with what I knew to be very complete and accurate data. The owner of the tree was even someone with the last name of Stoddard! I used the email feature of *Ancestry.com* to contact the owner of the tree beginning in December of 2020. I tried to contact this person again with the same method in February 2021, issuing an invitation to our Zoom meeting in March 2021 about Laura Belle. I received no response, so the program went on as planned.

Completely out of the blue in February 2021, I received an email via *Ancestry.com* from the owner of the tree, Sue Stoddard, providing me with the private email address of her husband, Kirk Stoddard. And we

were off to the races! I began communicating with Kirk and learned he was the great-grandson of Laura Belle and Charles Sidney Stoddard. He had attended UCSB to honor his Santa Barbara connection, and I invited him and his wife to attend our long-awaited Centennial Celebration to be held on March 11, 2022, at the Santa Barbara Club. Although they live in San Jose, California, they were very eager to attend. We exchanged many emails and they agreed to bring family memorabilia to share with us.

When they arrived, they were very excited and enthused. They truly made this event extremely special. Finding them was actually like finding a needle in a haystack, although I didn't realize that fully at the time. After visiting with Kirk at the event, I learned that Laura Belle Stoddard's son, Thomas Albion, had no children. Harry Leroy Stoddard had three children, but Rolph, Kirk's father, was the only one who went on to have children. So, finding them was indeed serendipitous! As the chair of the event, I followed the plans set out in February 2020 by the members, but the presence of the Stoddards was a special surprise, and purely the result of my genealogical curiosity. It could not have turned out better for all of us. Plus, there was the added bonus; I learned that Sue Stoddard, the owner of the tree on *Ancestry.com*, is as enthusiastic a genealogist as I am. I cannot wait to show her our wonderful genealogical library should they visit again.



Susan and Kirk Stoddard. Photo courtesy of Susan Cook

Cathy Jordan retired from the Santa Barbara County Sheriff's Department in 2008. She has been a member of SBCGS since 2009 and has served on the Board of Directors as Membership Chair. Cathy is past president of Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War, 1861-1865.



1950s Revisited

By Outreach Committee member, Kate Lima

I KNEW THAT SUNDAY, April 24, would be a good day as soon as I awoke. The sky was a soft but brilliant blue, and I stepped outside to feel a light breeze cooling the otherwise warm air. I also knew it would be a good day because, for several weeks I'd met with dozens of people in preparation for the day. I worked with them on Zoom, on email, in person, and at their homes. People wanted to participate; people had memories; and people wanted to share. On Sunday, people were ready to break free from any Covid fears and seize the day!

After two years of keeping indoors, of masking to keep away diseased air particles, Sunday, April 24, 2022, might very well be remembered as The Grand Emergence.

People came early to help with the final touches. Then Pam Boehr drove in with her 1957 T-Bird, and sparks flew. What a site! I don't even know when the official start time of 11 o'clock arrived; I was in the library with some volunteers, then went to the courtyard and saw a multitude of people already in happy congregation. One group stood outside the Education Room, and couldn't help but inch closer to the open door as they talked. The room's surprises called to them. Others stood with Dorothy Oksner at the Welcome Table, and still others eyed the food that filled a large swath of the courtyard.



Gary Shumaker with his hot dog pan

Gary Shumaker stood at the ready, doling out hot dogs - I tumbled into childhood when I took my first bite. Vast delights from the 1950s filled the tables, including chicken salad, deviled eggs, Jell-O salads, and icebox cookies. Visions of my mom in her apron popped into my head when I saw the pineapple up-

side-down cake! I overheard two women talking about the orange carrot Jell-O salad, one commenting, "My mom always made this with mayonnaise," while another said, "My mom used Dream Whip!" I looked at my hands holding the dainty paper plate covered with goodies, and again I was transported - as others were - to an earlier time.

Many people came to research the newly-released 1950 census, and fortunately we had lots of volunteers on hand. Librarians and long-time genealogists helped, friends helped friends, and most people found their families! At times the computer stations were full; some people brought their own computers as well. Imagine



Pam Boehr's 1957 T-Bird

all those people, each one with visions of long-ago memories as they traipsed through censuses and websites. People carried their own unique and individual memories, but all were connected by the thrill of the hunt.

The Education Room was also filled with people enjoying the vibe of the 1950s. One wall held pictures of our members and their families in the 1950s, and another wall showed Santa Barbara, complete with ads for businesses that people remembered fondly. Filling most of the room was a collection of items, from a child's horse and buggy to yearbooks, dolls, clothing, and kitchen items. The room was a mini-museum, offering a rich vision of life in the '50s.

As people filled the library, their childhoods came alive as stories spilled into the atmosphere. The decades slipped away and it was 1950 once again. I heard the story of Sharon Summer making a skirt in



Memorabilia and Sharon Summer's Jr. Hi skirt



Tans and Hula Hoops

One day two girl friends and I drove to the Balboa Peninsula in Orange County, California. We three were classmates at Pasadena High School in Pasadena, Los Angeles County, California, about to begin our senior year. We met up with a boy who was in our class. Always having his camera with him, he took this picture of me with a hula hoop. Balboa was a place that many from Pasadena would frequent, though usually to nearby Balboa Island, but not on this day. My friends and I would sit or lie on the sand, getting as much sun as possible for a fast tan. No one used sunscreen or if they did it was Coppertone. ~ Sharon Summer

her junior high school Home Economics class, and soon others were remembering the skirts they'd made in school. The Wild West was a major theme among our members. I talked with Marie Sue Parsons who loved wearing her cowgirl outfit; Karen Ramsdell went to Knott's Berry Farm when it was free, and she got her picture taken riding in a covered wagon; Charmien Carrier remembered a photographer and a pony showing up at her home, and she got her picture taken in chaps and hat astride the pony. In her picture, Hattie Beresford wore her cowgirl outfit but wore roller skates instead of boots.

Connections formed, like an electric current that jetted from one person to another. Many people remembered their mothers or grandmothers wearing fur, others remembered *Howdy Doody* and *Hopalong Cassidy*. Smiles ran from one to another at the memory of the Helms bakery truck - the excitement of hearing the bells, smelling the bread, and racing down the street to get a donut. One person's memory sparked a memory in others, and soon the rooms were charged with enough energy to transport us all.

All too soon the day came to an end. As shade blanketed the courtyard, volunteers began to close down the party. The library, electrified only a short while earlier, still buzzed in the aftermath. It had come alive again after the Covid years. Many people filled its walls, and I felt the library stand a little taller, excited that perhaps many more such days were in its future.

For our society and our library, The Grand Emergence was indeed a grand success.



Prom Night in Pasadena, 1959

Ready for my prom at Pasadena High School in 1959, I was waiting for my date to pick me up. My mother made this dress for me and I loved it. Though it looks like a skirt and blouse it was all one piece. She sewed the top out of black velvet and the skirt of pink fabric. It had an underskirt and a sheer overskirt, worn over my crinoline. The dress was more memorable than the prom. ~ Sharon Summer



My "guy" friends at SBHS 1950-1953. Cars were a big part of the high school scene and also with this group. They became a car club known as "The Igniters" that are still in existence today. ~Patti (Davis) Ottoboni

Thoughts About the 1950s Census Party

By Anneliese Ullrich

ANYONE WHO KNOWS ME is aware that I am a party person and I am very glad that I attended the 1950 Census party. What a great day for everyone! Many volunteers, and especially Kate Lima, my best friend and partner in crime, really made it a special event. Wasn't her outfit great? Right out of *I Love Lucy*!

There were no cute little party games or dancing contests. But there was 1950s music and lots of food made by volunteers, including hot dogs, Jell-O salads, German chocolate cake, and other yummys. Some people wore masks and some did not. There was also a room with memorabilia from the 1950s, complete with decorations, photographs of members and their families, childhood toys, records, magazines, prom and wedding dresses, furs, and even a Brownie Scout cap. Talk about a blast from the past!

Close to 100 people attended, including volunteers, members, and community members who were curious about the 1950 census. The room was abuzz and computer stations were full for much of the day as volunteers helped people find their families "back in the day." Working on the computer with a friend, I overheard discussions about resurfaced memories and stories of where people were and what they were doing the year the census was taken. The man sitting next to me enthralled everyone around him as he remembered escaping with his girlfriend from a country taken over by the Soviet Union. He told of old haunts, hiding out, being shot, and his girlfriend's passport being stolen. My friend and I had a hard time focusing on her census search as we listened to his amazing tale! I hope to see it written up in *Ancestors West* one day soon. (hint, hint!) People were also searching the library stacks for information about their latest family tree finds.



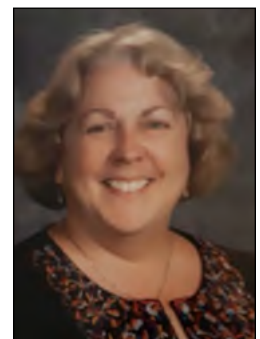
Kate Lima in her 50s costume.



Library FULL

What struck me the most was the excitement, joy, and friendliness that permeated the day. It felt more like a gathering of old friends who were catching up, sharing stories, and helping one another with their shared passion for genealogy. I am so very glad that I did not miss this wonderful experience! Thank you to everyone who helped make this party a success.

Anneliese Ullrich has been interested in genealogy for over 10 years. She lives in Oxnard and teaches the 5th grade. She endeavors to interest her students in learning about our nation's history as well as the roles their families played in it.





Memorabilia

Poodle Skirt Day

Most poodle skirts usually had poodle or dog appliques, but many sew-your-own patterns show the skirts with telephones, the Eiffel Tower, cats, and various other designs. Since my mom made this skirt, it doesn't surprise me at all that she chose ballerinas. She was an excellent seamstress (she made my wedding dress!) and appreciated dance and ballet. She also made the crinolines that went under the skirt. My friends and I would coordinate "poodle skirt day" and showed up all at once at school facing the problem of dealing with tucking all the crinolines under our desks. ~ Diane Sylvester



Diane Stubblefield, 1956, Glendale HS, Glendale, California



Kathie Morgan and her prom dress



Hattie Beresford wore her cowgirl outfit but wore roller skates instead of boots.

Random 1950s Memories

By Arthur Gibbs Sylvester

THE 1950 CENSUS TAKER found me living with my parents, two younger sisters, and paternal grandfather in a house built in 1908 in South Pasadena. That house had just one bathroom with one sink and tub for the six of us. We managed.

Our house had a fireplace that we stoked every winter evening with wood my father would collect from the neighbors' fallen trees, split, and cut to length for me to stack. Uncommon for southern California homes then and today, the house also had a basement with a lot of space where I had a Lionel electric train layout and a big cupboard where we stored the canned peaches and plums we put up each summer.

In thinking back to those years, I am reminded of mundane things that we don't have, or experience, today, such as how we put our household garbage into a colander in the sink and later emptied it into a covered bucket that two men would collect in an open dump truck once a week. We incinerated the burnable trash in the backyard. No Marborg Waste Management System in those days, but plenty of smog that was so bad it was difficult to take a deep breath after football practice and track workouts.

Usually, once a week the Helms man came by with baked goods to sell from his truck – similarly, an independent vegetable man, the Good Humor ice cream man, an ice man, and the milk man worked the neighborhood once a week. We didn't have a car, so we procured all other groceries and supplies from Our Market, a three-block walk from our house. We walked to the bank, to the drug store, to the hardware store, and when we wanted clothing and household appliances, we took the Big Red (street) car to go to the Broadway department store in Pasadena.

I attended high school and college in the 1950s, and my dim memories of those times, 60-70 years ago (!), were jarred recently when going through yearbooks and moldy photo albums, trying in vain to find some photos that typified those years of people and times long forgotten.

My high school yearbooks are replete with pithy classmate notes scribbled throughout like: "To a great guy, see you next year..." and "It was fun getting to know you this year, have a great time in sports next year," etc. Some few are considerably more personal causing me to wonder "whatever became of so and so?"

I rode a bicycle to junior high school, but carpooled with an upper classman to high school until I bought my own car – a 1941 Chevy coupe – at the local car dealer for \$300 and drove it until I went to college, when my father took it over. I earned money for that car as a "paperboy" delivering the *Los Angeles Times* newspaper on a bicycle early mornings seven days a week. No such paperboys like that today. When in college in Claremont, I would borrow a friend's car to go home now and then to do my laundry, same as my granddaughters do today.

Quite vivid is the memory of going to an Italian restaurant in Pasadena for pizza after a high school football game. It was a very special occasion because it was my first such venture with the "in crowd," including some of the most popular girls, and because pizza was a novelty available only at that one restaurant in all of Pasadena – no Domino's, Rusty's, Shakey's, or Woodstock's in those days!

We didn't have a television in our home but we listened to the radio news by Edward R. Murrow, Walter Winchell, and Gabriel Heatter; comedies included *Fibber McGee and Molly*, and *The Great Guildersleeve*. The fruit frost warnings at 8 p.m. were a must every chilly winter evening. On weekend afternoons, I would run my electric train in the basement, or make model airplanes at my bedroom desk while listening to *Batman*, *The Lone Ranger*, *Sargent Preston and his dog Yukon King*, and *The Green Hornet*. I also listened to *The Lone Ranger*, *The Cisco Kid*, and *Hopalong Cassidy*. Some evenings, while doing homework, I would listen to the boxing matches from Madison Square Garden with boxers Rocky Marciano, Sugar Ray Robinson, Jake LaMotta, Carmen Basilio and others.

In high school I wore Levi's with the hems turned up and white T-shirts with the sleeves carefully rolled up a couple notches, a Hawaiian shirt during warm weather, a long-sleeve Pendleton shirt in winter. At one time, fluorescent pink or green socks were in vogue together with blue suede penny loafers.

The 1950s were tense times with the Cold War in full swing. American Presidents Harry Truman and Dwight Eisenhower traded barbs with Russian Premier Joseph Stalin until Stalin's death in 1953. Each nation was actively testing its nuclear bombs, and the Russians ominously lofted Sputnik in 1957. The Korean War started in 1950, causing many of us young men to worry about being drafted one day, and so, causing many of us to work harder and more seriously in school to retain our 2-S draft classification. Still and all, we participated in school sports and government and naively carried on as if all were hunky dory with the world. Some of our classmates did go to war and didn't return.

For me, the 1950s was also a time to think about my future and what I would do after high school. Fortunately, a four-year, full-tuition scholarship to any college or university of my choice aided my eventual decision – Pomona College in Claremont, a choice that I value ever more as each day goes by. The *Los Angeles Times* awarded the scholarship annually to five of its outstanding "paperboys" on the basis of their scholarship and performance as a paperboy. I was fortunate to be one of those chosen in 1955.

Arthur Sylvester is a past President and currently President pro-tem of the Society. He's retired but still working by writing and publishing popular books about the geology of Southern California. He also transcribed and published the Vital Records to 1892 of both Etna and Hampden, Maine.



Fun, Fun, Fun: Rolling into the Fabulous Fifties

Pamela Jameson Boehr

THERE WAS LITTLE MY MOTHER, Helen King Jameson, couldn't master. The granddaughter of early Montecito settlers, she was a seamstress, an artist, and an antiques dealer with a flair for acquiring unique properties.

As a child, I simply knew that wherever we lived was wonderful, whether it was with my grandmother in Montecito, a house in Ventura during World War II or a small beach cottage on Miramar Beach.

As the fifties began, my life turned into something from a storybook. Due largely to my mother's clever eye, she and my father purchased a Moody Cottage. It was a perfect spot for us. We were the Jamesons on Jameson Lane. It was there my dad hollered one school day that we had snow. It was there when we got our first TV and when a prized Christmas gift was a portable radio. During our stewardship, we had croquet on the back lawn, two family wedding receptions, and a noisy Halloween party with my seventh-grade Santa Barbara Junior High School classmates. Life for me was a kaleidoscope of dance and singing lessons that was always shared with dogs, cats, and a pony. It was a time for road trips to Illinois in 1951 and Florida in 1957.

Life at home, as I knew it, was about to change in 1954. We were informed about a freeway expansion. Numerous homes were



1950 Pam Jameson and her dad, Cliff, at home at 1377 N. Jameson Lane, Montecito

to be demolished or moved. Our property was condemned by eminent domain to make way for the 101.

It was Alexander Graham Bell who said, "When one door closes, another opens." In 1954, my parents purchased our San Ysidro Road home located just around the corner.

How fortunate I was to continue living in the same neighborhood where my great-grandparents had set-



1955 Santa Barbara Junior High School, Eighth Grade rock 'n roll dance party in Jameson garage on San Ysidro Road
In foreground: Leland Leonard, Patsy Austen, Janet Smith



1953 Montecito Union School, Sixth Grade classmates Hawaiian party. Standing l to r: Stephanie Foster, Kathy Putnam, Lynne Gillham, Pam Jameson, Margaret Mattinson. Sitting l to r: June Fletcher, Virginia Ridge

tled in 1905. I was a third-generation student at Montecito Union School where in grade six we girls enjoyed a Hawaiian-themed party. Most of my classmates went on to experience three years at Santa Barbara Junior High School. One of our teachers organized some of us girls to march with our band as pom-pom girls. Many of us walked to the Rec Center at Carrillo and Anacapa Streets after school to learn ballroom dancing. We cleared our garage for my eighth-grade class to have a rock 'n roll dance party. After ninth grade, I became a member of the Santa Barbara High School Class of 1959. That meant football games, proms, drive-ins, and parties at our beach cottage.

And my daddy didn't take the T-Bird away. Just by chance, we felt special to take delivery of our '57 Bird



1958 Santa Barbara High School, "Top-Yers" at the YMCA building
 Standing l to r: Judy Blocker, Margaret Mattinson, Pam Jameson,
 Kathy Putnam, Margy McKnight, Judy Saperstein
 Sitting l to r: Prudy Tevis, Rosemary Cormack, Cinder Barnes, Roxy
 Gorham, Mona Montgomery

on Valentine's Day, 1958. As a senior, I was allowed to drive it to school twice a week, but my parents didn't want to raise a spoiled only child. I enjoyed riding the bus on other days. After football games at Peabody Stadium, I would often enlist a friend to go cruising with me on State Street where my great-grandmother had owned a restaurant in 1914. It was the thing to drive through the parking area at the Blue Onion Drive-In Restaurant to see who was there and sometimes pull up for tray service. State Street was four lanes then. It was a place for traditional parades and memorable shopping trips with no franchise chains. No one had heard of credit



Santa Barbara High School pin (which was always worn at athletic functions)



Menu cover, Blue Onion Drive-In Restaurant

cards yet. Most of the businesses were locally owned.

Our neighbors owned Trenwith's.

During the holiday season tall pine trees adorned with colored lights stood in the center of State Street down to Stearns Wharf.

It was the age of jazz and rock 'n roll. It was cool to see the Dave Brubeck Quartet perform on stage at the Santa Barbara Junior High auditorium. A popular student activity was to join a "Y" Club. Our club was the "Top-Yers." Meetings were at the YMCA building where Ralphs stands today at Carrillo and Chapala Streets.

As for my talented mother? She and two other ladies were in business for a while making poodle skirts which they sold to high-end stores like Saks and Neiman Marcus.

Those fabulous fifties!



1959 Pam Jameson and the 1957 T-Bird



Pamela Jameson Boehr is a native of Montecito and a long-time SBCGS member whose maternal great-grandparents settled in Santa Barbara County in 1896. She is past regent of the National Society, Daughters of the American Colonists, Santa Barbara Chapter, and a member of NSDAR, Mission Canyon chapter, Colonial Dames of America, Chapter XXXVIII, Santa Barbara, and United States Daughters of 1812, U.S.S. Constitution Chapter.

My 1950s Christmas Memories By Larry Basham

MY STORY BEGINS when I was four years old, and like many boys in the early 1950s, my heroes were cowboys. Many Saturday mornings were spent watching Western “B” movies on our first television, a small black-and-white Admiral my parents had recently bought. My favorite good guys with the white hats were *Hopalong Cassidy*, the *Lone Ranger* and *Roy Rogers*. These shows fueled my imagination and often I could be found hiding behind our living room chairs or under the dining room table shooting it out with the “bad guys” using my double black leather holsters, Lone Ranger six-shooter pistol cap guns with genuine white plastic grips!

This particular Christmas, my mother took me to our small-town toy store, which was actually a dark, musty smelling hardware store the rest of the year. But at Christmas its upstairs storage room was converted to a magical Santa’s Toy Shop, complete with Santa who gave candy canes to children who were brave enough to sit on his lap. Holding my mother’s hand, I climbed the narrow wooden stairs to the second floor which was strung with colored Christmas lights and paper decorations. As I reached the top step, my eyes grew wide: there were more toys than I had ever seen before! A Lionel Train set, its engine whistling and puffing smoke, ran in a circle around the room, children’s pedal cars (the red fire engine and blue police car caught my eye), metal Tonka trucks (I liked the bulldozer best), Erector sets, dolls and various stuffed animals, along with all other types of toys.

Then I saw it, standing alone...a horse just my size. Not a real horse, but a metal horse that you could ride on, painted just like the Lone Ranger’s horse, Silver. There were small wheels mounted under the hooves, so when you pushed down on the stirrups, the front legs would roll forward and when you let up on the stirrups, the rear legs would move forward. By pushing down and letting up, you could actually move forward, and if you leaned right or left, the front wheels would turn and the horse would move in that direction. Instantly I could see myself as a real cowboy with my faithful horse chasing those bandits. No longer would I have to hide behind chairs and tables. I would have the power of being on horseback! I showed it to my mother, told her it was what I wanted for Christmas, and went off to tell Santa too and get my candy cane.

I could hardly wait for Christmas and my horse. I’m sure the days must have dragged on for me, but at last it was Christmas Eve. After dinner, we gathered by our brightly decorated Christmas tree with colored bubble lights and lead tinsel I had helped hang on the lower branches. Its sweet pine scent filled the darkened living room. I sat on my mother’s lap near the fireplace hearing the wood crackle and feeling the fire’s warmth as my dad in his rocking chair read *The Night Before Christmas*, as was our family tradition. Then it was off to bed for my older brother and me to await Santa. Visions of riding my new horse, not sugar plums, must have danced in my head.

The next morning, I was the first one up and ran to look under our Christmas tree. To my dismay there was no horse. There were leather cowboy chaps and Roy Rogers boots, and a new western shirt my mother had sewn for me, and that Tonka bulldozer I had seen at Santa’s Toy Shop. But there was no horse. I was so disappointed!

After playing with my new toys and eating breakfast, I dressed up in my new western clothes and went next door to see what Santa had brought my friend. No one could hear my knocking and I couldn’t reach the door bell, so I walked around to the back of his house where French doors opened onto the patio. They were closed but I peered thru the small glass panes into the living room where their Christmas tree was. My heart froze ... there in the middle of the floor next to the tree was MY horse! I couldn’t believe my eyes. How could Santa, that “jolly old elf” who had given me a candy cane, make such a terrible mistake?

I went running home with a lump in my throat and tears in my eyes, and told my mother that Santa had left my horse at Tommy’s house. My mother comforted me and said Santa probably thought my legs were too short to reach the stirrups but assured me there would be no mistake next year. I didn’t go to Tommy’s house much after that, and by the following Christmas we had moved to a new house across town. As always, my mother was right. Santa Claus brought my “horse” the next year, carefully placing it behind the tree so just its head was peeking out between the tree limbs. I climbed on and it was just the right size: my feet reached the stirrups! I quickly got dressed and moved it outside and rode it up and down our sidewalk all day long. It was my best Christmas ever! My faith in Santa was restored!



Christmas 1951 (4½ years old)

I learned to ride “Silver” through our house, leaning left or right to “steer” it around doorways and down halls, chasing imaginary bandits. At night I tied its reins to my bedpost so it wouldn’t wander off to someone’s house.

Years later my mother confided that the day after Christmas, she went back to the hardware store and ordered a horse for the following Christmas and kept it hidden away all year long. She never wanted to see me that disappointed again.

Many Christmases have come and gone since then, and my mom and dad passed away, but I will always remember those two Christmases. The first for the disappointment I felt, but learning that I couldn’t always have what I wanted, but good things are worth waiting for; and the second for the love my parents had for me in making my wish come true. Those were wonderful lessons which I have carried throughout my life and warm my heart as I remember them today.

I still have Silver and my grandchildren have ridden him to imaginary places just as I once did.



Larry Basham, DDS, is a new member of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society. He was born and raised in Taft, California. After attending the University of California at Santa Barbara and University of the Pacific Dental School in San Francisco, he began his dental practice in Santa Barbara in 1974 and retired in 2014. He has been married to his wife, Julie, for nearly 51 years. They have five children and five grand-

children. Larry inherited his mother’s passion for genealogy and has been doing research for over 30 years. Since his retirement, he has served on staff in the Santa Barbara LDS Family History Center and, prior to Covid-19, co-taught weekly classes on a variety of genealogy topics with SBCGS member, Terry Marks. Larry is a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, an affiliate of Evalogue.Life. He is currently helping people record their family stories through his business, Forever Yours Life Stories.

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The Golden Girl

Elizabeth Jane “Bessie” Eaglesfield

By Christine Klukkert

“This election will determine whether you men are fit to run the country or not. When you are not able, we women will come in and help you.”

THOSE BOLD WORDS were spoken at the 1896 Silver Republican Party Convention in Grand Rapids, Michigan, by my great-grandaunt Elizabeth Eaglesfield. She was known then as “the Lady Lawyer from Grand Rapids.” Indeed, she was for a time the first and only practicing female attorney in Michigan. She was among the first 15 female attorneys in the nation. She had a long and notable legal career in a time when women were challenged to even graduate from universities. She was a tenacious fighter for women’s legal rights and an enthusiastic suffragist. She later became a Great Lakes ship captain and the owner of a fruit shipping business. Her amazing life story shows an unshrinking audacity for challenging the order of the day and for forward thinking.

Elizabeth Jane Eaglesfield was born into a well-to-do Indiana family on her father’s impressive farm property in Van Buren Township in Clay County, Indiana. The area and railroad stop there had become known as Eaglesfield, named after her father, William Eaglesfield, a successful lumber merchant. William had come to Indiana from Ohio, and married Margaret Elizabeth Townsend in 1836. Margaret was also from a prominent family with early pioneer roots in Indiana and Kentucky. William and Elizabeth had nine children, starting with my 2nd great-grandmother, Martha Jane Eaglesfield, born in 1837, and their last child, Caleb Scudder Eaglesfield, born in 1860. Elizabeth was the last of the seven daughters, born June 29, 1853. She was known as “Bessie” by family and friends.

All the Eaglesfield children were encouraged to broaden their intellectual and cultural abilities. They were all sent to private schools and also had extensive tutoring. During the Civil War, William Eaglesfield moved from Clay County into Terre Haute so all his children could be near better schools. Bessie graduated from Terre Haute High School in 1871. She then added a year at Union College in Ann Arbor to prepare to enter the University of Michigan.

Bessie entered the University of Michigan in 1872 to study literature. It must have already been on her mind to practice law, for before she formally finished her studies, she returned to Indiana and started work-

ing with a Terre Haute attorney, William Mack. Mack was so impressed with 22-year-old Elizabeth’s skill, and with Elizabeth’s father’s approval, he petitioned a Motion to the Court to have her admitted to the Indiana State Bar and allow her to “practice on all the courts of justice.” At that time, a law degree was not a requisite by the Indiana bar to practice law, but since she was a woman, and therefore not able to vote, which WAS a requisite to be an attorney, it was necessary for her to have the support and push of her father and Judge William Mack. So, Elizabeth made legal history, when

in 1875, she was the first woman admitted to the Indiana State Bar, three years before earning a law degree. The September 23, 1875, Columbus Indiana newspaper said this:

“Miss Eaglesfield has been admitted to the bar in Terre Haute. No doubt but that she will soar high above the low and sordid propensities that the male lawyer is prone to.”

Elizabeth kept up her law work in Indiana and also returned to school in Ann Arbor to graduate in 1876 with a degree in literature. She then returned to the University of Michigan and entered law school as one of only two women in the program in a class of 300 students.

Since Elizabeth was already a licensed practicing attorney in Indiana, she made her first argument in court in January of 1877. The *Indiana State Sentinel* commented:

“Miss Bessie Eaglesfield, of Terre Haute, made her first argument before the judge and jury of the criminal court last Thursday, in the case of the state vs. White, charged with grand larceny. She examined witnesses and made an excellent and able argument showing marked talent in the line of her chosen profession.”

Elizabeth graduated in 1878 as the first female graduate to complete a law degree in that program and would also be the first woman attorney admitted to the bar in Michigan. The few women that completed their law degrees around that time usually did little more than work in the back office of, say, their husband’s law offices. It was highly unusual for a woman to get her

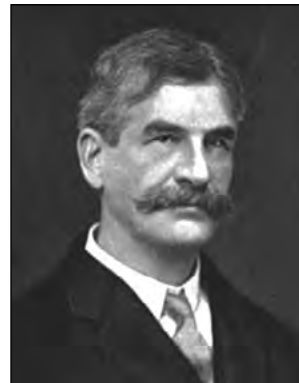
degree and set her shingle out as an attorney as Elizabeth Eaglesfield did.

Upon graduation, Elizabeth first returned to Indiana and worked as an attorney in three towns: Brazil, Terre Haute and Indianapolis.

Elizabeth most likely met her future husband, James Mitchell Ashley, Jr., at the University of Michigan Law School, where he received his law degree after he grad-



Elizabeth’s student portrait taken at the University of Michigan School of Law



James M. Ashley, Jr.



THE EAGLESFIELD FAMILY

Left to Right: Mary Margaret (seated) Isabel (seated), Elizabeth "Bessie," Harriet "Kate," James Theopholis, and Jenny Lind. Lower row: Caleb Scudder (seated), Margaret Townsend and William Eaglesfield, Marth Jane (seated), and Helen Scudder (seated). Circa 1868, Terre Haute, Indiana.

uated from Cornell. James "Jim" Ashley was the son of Montana Territorial Governor, former congressman, abolitionist movement leader and railroad owner, James Ashley, Sr. Jim Ashley, Jr., now a law school graduate, went into the railroad business in Michigan and was the builder of the Ann Arbor Railroad starting in 1878. Elizabeth Eaglesfield married Jim Ashley on the 12th of August in 1879, at her family home in Eaglesfield. They then settled in Ann Arbor together.

August 16, 1880, Bessie and James' son, Phillip Robbins Eaglesfield, was born in Ann Arbor, Michigan. Like his mother, Elizabeth, and not at all typical for the times, Philip was to keep Eaglesfield as his given surname.

Elizabeth, who thereafter was known as "Mrs. Eaglesfield," did not give up her career, and in May of 1885 she was admitted to the bar in Marion County, Indiana, and was the first woman to open an independent law office in Indiana. Perhaps that caused marital problems, for by March of 1888, Elizabeth had asked for a divorce from James, and had brought suit in court for child support for son Phillip, then aged eight. She represented herself in the case. After the divorce was granted, Bessie and son Phillip moved to Grand Rapids, and Elizabeth set up her a law office. She was the first practicing female attorney in Grand Rapids.

The 1889 City Directory of Grand Rapids lists "Ms. Eaglesfield" as a Lawyer and her residence as 22 South Prospect in Grand Rapids. That home was owned by a Margaret Parsons, single, originally from Seneca

Falls, New York, and who was also an avid suffragist and who shared Elizabeth's literary interests. The two women were to live together, with young Philip, for a number of decades.

Elizabeth continued with her busy practice and legal representation in both state and federal courts. She focused on legal assistance to minors and widows. She specialized in litigating cases involving property disputes, divorce and violence. In 1894, she was also an aspirant to the Kent County Michigan Clerk of the Justice Court. (She did not succeed). It was during this period that Elizabeth became more involved with the suffragist movement, in particular, giving women the right to vote. She was on several committees and made some

ELIZABETH EAGLESFIELD,

Attorney-at-Law and Counsellor.

—

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speeches, such as the one she gave to the 1896 Silver Republican convention. However, because she was a working woman, and a single mother busy raising Phillip, she did not take on a leadership role there. Some of her correspondence from the Library of Congress places her among several other powerhouse women such as Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony.

Elizabeth might have paid for her political and public women-rights battles in her private life, as her kerfuffle with a literary group she started and was a member of illustrates. As a literary scholar and avid reader, Bessie had started the Eaglesfield Literary Club in Grand Rapids. It met monthly, and had elected officers and various topics of discussion and lectures. In 1898, a row in the club caused a storyline on the front page of the April 23rd *Grand Rapids Press*:

"There has been trouble in the organization for some time, and it is charged to Elizabeth Eaglesfield, after whom the club was named. . . members complained that although she is in no sense an officer of the club, she took the attitude of a dictator, and when she could not control the members, it is charged that she treated them shamefully, abusing them in a manner and in language not entirely fitted for a literary club. She finally ordered the president out of the chair, accusing her in no complimentary terms of such unparliamentary conduct and rulings, her language finally became so vigorous, it is said, that the president not only left the chair, but left the meeting and sixteen others followed her out."

In another Grand Rapids newspaper covering the Literary Club brouhaha, the now resigned president said this:

"The members had tolerated her participation in politics as long as they could and when she started out speech-making in the recent campaign, she put the finishing touches on the uprising which was building against her."

The group then split, with about 40 members going their own way and renaming their new literary society. Elizabeth and Margaret Parsons went on with the Eaglesfield Literary Club under Elizabeth's leadership and a December 1898 article tells of a pleasant meeting at Mrs. Eaglesfield's and Miss Parsons's home. Son Phillip, then 18, provided mandolin selections for the group. Elizabeth was undeterred in her pursuits, no matter what they were.

Elizabeth's son, Phillip, who turned 20 in August 1900, was drawn to what Michiganders call "The Lakes," and took an early interest in ships and sailing the ports of Lake Michigan. It was during this time that Elizabeth got more and more involved with her son and his boating business. They would buy fruit on the Michigan side of the Lakes and sail it over to Milwaukee or Chicago and sell it there. At some point, Elizabeth became the first woman to get her "captain papers" on the Great Lakes; perhaps the first in America. In 1909, she had a steamboat built for \$10,000, (\$316,000K in today's currency) that she named *The Golden Girl*. It could carry up to ten thousand cases of fruit from Benton Harbor to various ports around the Great Lakes.

In the 1910 census, Elizabeth, 56, although listed with Margaret Parson in Grand Rapids and working as a lawyer, had also branched out her legal practice to include maritime law. That served her well, for in June of 1910, Elizabeth represented herself in court when the

city of Milwaukee challenged her right to sell produce from the harbor. She won that case.

In August 1910, while she and Phillip were on one of their fruit-selling trips sailing the ports of Lake Michigan, they were caught in a large storm and for a while, thought to be drowned:

Thankfully, the sea-worthy mother and son made it safely to the Sheboygan, Wisconsin, harbor and the news of their safe passage was widely reported and



lauded from Michigan to Ohio to New York.

To supplement her income as an attorney, Elizabeth also became a real estate mogul, buying properties, either in foreclosures or poor condition, and then selling them at a profit once they were improved.

By 1920 Elizabeth, 66, had moved up to Benton Harbor, Michigan, was still captaining fruit boats and had her shingle out as a General Practice Lawyer. Her son, Phillip, married, with two daughters, was living nearby.

August 18, 1920, must have been a grand day for Elizabeth, for that is when the 19th Amendment was ratified and women were finally given the right to vote.

Elizabeth continued her maritime career until her retirement in 1930 at age 76. She left Phillip a lucrative fleet of five fruit boats for him to operate.

Elizabeth made a splash in March of 1930 when she made a solo car trip from Michigan to Florida and back to visit one of her granddaughters.





On June 24, 1940, Elizabeth Eaglesfield died of heart failure at her home in Benton Harbor, Michigan, at 86 years of age. She had outlived all her siblings. Surviving her was her son, Phillip, a successful stock broker and member of the Chicago Board of Trade, and her three granddaughters.

She was buried in the Crystal Springs Cemetery there in Benton Harbor, with seemingly exact instructions as to what should be on her tombstone.

Elizabeth made sure to have her two university degrees embossed on her gravestone: Literature 1876 and Law 1878. Furthermore, she concludes with this:

"I found life difficult, but wonderful, beautiful and worth living."

Elizabeth "Bessie" Eaglesfield was one of those spirited women who defied the times in which they lived and became a pioneer for women's rights.

In 2013, Elizabeth was inducted into the Michigan Women's Hall of Fame to honor her accomplishments in the fields of business and law.



Christine Ordway Klukkert is fulfilling her promise to herself to write up her family members' biographies for posterity. Bessie's life story helped Chris understand why her Robbins grandmother was downright snobby about her Eaglesfield line. Chris is beyond thrilled to have a bona fide suffragist in her line. When not at home writing, you'll find her at the library seeking the answers among our amazing collection of books. Chris is the current Sahyun Library Book Chair and also a member of the Board of Directors.

BOOK REVIEW

from our BookNook

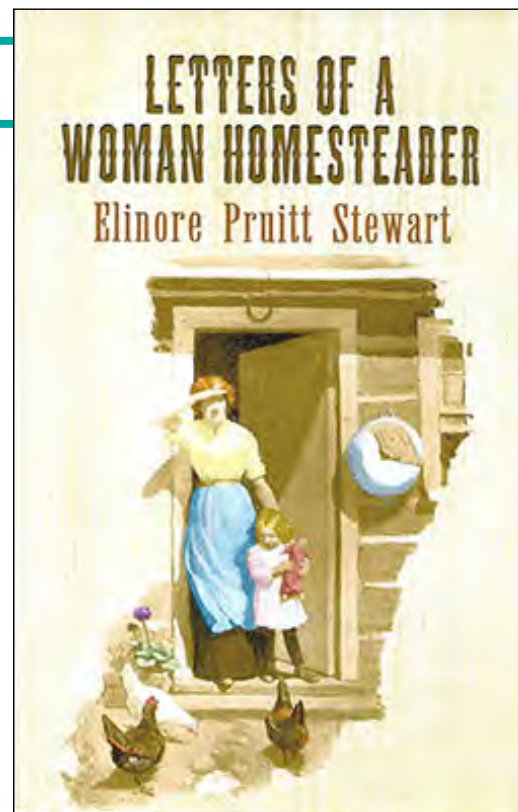
May I recommend...

LETTERS OF A WOMAN HOMESTEADER, the true story of Elinore Pruitt Stewart, a young widow [later disputed] with a small child who was determined to prove that a lone woman could survive the hardships of homesteading. Answering a newspaper article, she traveled to Wyoming, where she initially worked as a housekeeper and hired hand for a neighboring bachelor, whom she eventually married.

The 1979 movie *Heartland*, starring Rip Torn and Conchata Ferrell, was based on the book.

In 1985, the Elinore Pruitt Stewart Homestead, where she and her family lived, was added to the National Register of Historic Places.

~Kristin Ingalls



Author Guidelines - *Ancestors West*

Updated February 2022

ARTICLES FOR *ANCESTORS WEST* focus on useful genealogy or research sources, helpful research strategies, compelling historical accounts, and interesting case studies. The items represent the mutual interests of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society membership. Each issue follows one or more themes that are meant to draw together a selection of content within the journal; submissions are not limited to the themes, however.

Manuscripts

Suggested length is from 250 to 2500 words. Longer pieces or serial pieces are also published. Submit your document in Word format if possible. If not, please submit in text format. Endnotes are recommended, especially for books, articles and websites. Please follow the *Chicago Manual of Style* and the *Merriam-Webster Dictionary* for usage.

Ancestors West reserves the right to edit and revise submissions as necessary for clarity, substance, conciseness, style, and length prior to publication.

Images

Any piece is enhanced by images. Please provide images if you can to support your piece. The images in general must be over 1 MB, and preferably over 2 MB, with good quality resolution (300 dpi)—clear and sharp to the naked eye when printed at a reasonable size (e.g., 3" x 4" - plus). Please include a caption for each picture, a photo credit or source, and insert the caption in the location in the document where it should appear. The images must be sent as separate files and not included within a word file.

Author information

Provide one or two sentences about the author(s) along with author(s) photo.

Deadlines

Submissions with images are due the 1st of the month in February, May, and August, and October 15 for the November Issue. Address submissions to Kristin Ingalls, antkap@cox.net

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Weekend genealogy library time returns!

BEGINNING IN JUNE, we plan to open on Sunday afternoons, from 1 – 4 pm. We're now open weekdays on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 10 – 4 pm, and the Saturday afternoon of monthly meetings from 1– 4 pm. That's several times a week to use our premium online subscriptions, and our books and journals that hold facts and stories not yet digitized. Some of them may never be online.

Here is a way to learn even more about ancestor hunting: **join the library volunteers.** Trained volunteers assist library patrons find relatives, stories, facts, sort out fiction, and more. We'll provide training, good company, and time with fellow researchers. Trade strategies for web searches, book and journal searches, even planning travel for research purposes.

And it's fun!

In a few weeks, we'll set up training for new volunteers and refresher classes for experienced and returning librarians.

To express interest or sign up, please contact Ann Dwelley at 805-897-3339 (land line) or <camagagram@yahoo.com>