



Ancestors West

A quarterly publication for the members of the
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
Fall 2026 Vol. 51, No. 3

America 250 Years

**American History
Hiding in My Closet**

Our Patriot Ancestors

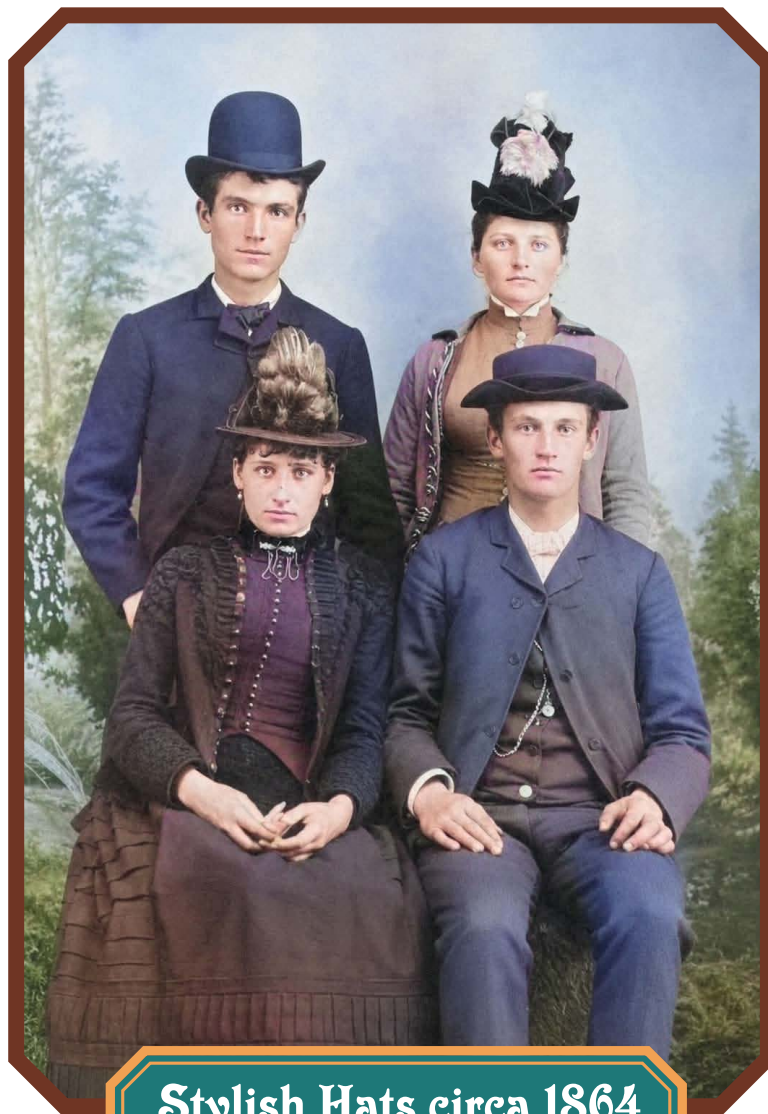
**All Aboard the
Freedom Train!**

**A Patriotic Kentuckian
From British Soldier to
American Patriot**

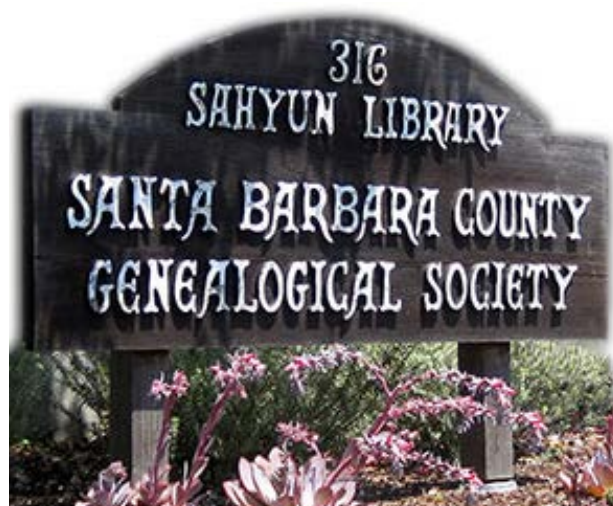
Fashion Through the Ages

**Anneke Jans: A
Change in Fashion**

**From Bare to Bedecked
A Hat of Public Service**



Stylish Hats circa 1864



Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

www.sbgen.org

E-mail: info@sbgen.org

Sahyun Genealogy Library

(SBCGS facility)

316 Castillo St., Santa Barbara 93101

Phone: (805) 884-9909

Hours: Tuesday, Thursday

10:00 AM–4:00 PM

Sunday 1:00–4:00 PM

Third Saturday 1:00–4:00 PM (Except August)

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 Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church, 909 N La Cumbre Rd, Santa Barbara, California. At 9:30, special interest groups (SIGs) meet and may include the following: Writers, JewishGen, Genealogy and Technology, Civil War, New Member and Beginning Genealogy.

The Mission Statement of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

The Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society helps people, wherever they are from, discover, document, share, and preserve their family histories.

Vision Statement

We are a premier genealogical resource inspiring discovery of ancestral, cultural, and ethnic roots.

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 plus 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

Charmien Carrier
charmien2940@gmail.com

WHILE VISITING a close friend, I noticed a framed photo of an elderly woman wearing a cap (pictured right). It caught my eye because I knew the suggested theme for *Ancestors West* was “Fashion Through the Ages,” and this cap was once in fashion. As it turned out, many of the stories submitted by our members include photos of a variety of head coverings worn by their ancestors, such as bonnets, caps, coifs, top hats, bowler hats, derby hats, and campaign hats.

Photos have a wonderful way of telling stories. A photo collage inspired Teresa Newton-Terres to write about the campaign hat in “A Hat of Public Service.” Rhonda McFarlane’s Irish ancestors appear on our cover, all wearing stylish hats from 1864, while Judy Sahm’s Pennsylvania relatives are pictured wearing flamboyant hats from the 1900s. Kathryn Field solves the mystery of a photo of her grandfather in a fur coat of unknown origin: raccoon, muskrat, mink, fox, beaver...or bison?

In “From Bare to Bedecked,” Kristin Ingalls examines the evolution of clothing and boy does she have some surprises to share! According to Kate Lima, seveneenth-century apparel revealed a person’s social status. She offers examples of what it was like.

Not only do we have fashion photos, but we also have photos from Cathy Jordan’s home showing a 14” Railroad Gun from World War II, now hanging in the Gledhill Library. In this case, the photographer’s death in a duel adds to the story.

A recent presentation by the DAR Mission Canyon chapter to our society brought some interesting stories about our patriot ancestors – all in keeping with our other theme: “America 250 Years.” Several other stories also feature patriots, including Kate Lima’s passionate Kentucky ancestor who fought in the War of 1812. Chris Klukkert’s ancestor began fighting for the crown and later became an American patriot, essentially



PORTRAIT OF ANNA ROGERSON SHAW, 1799–1894, the third great-grandmother of member Diane Wallace Wolf. On the back of the photo is written the following: “At age 40, all women began to wear these white bonnets. If they went visiting or even just calling, they took a white bonnet and immediately put it on, after removing the black bonnet used when traveling.”

fighting two wars. “All Aboard the Freedom Train,” by Anneleise Ulrich, made me wish I had been able to visit the historic exhibition on rails in 1976. What an enriching experience that would have been!

Many thanks to the members who submitted stories for this issue. **The suggested theme for our winter issue is “Then and Now.” We ask you to compare the lives of ancestors with those of today’s generations. Stories are due by October 15.**

USE OF AI (ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE) IN AW

The *Ancestors West* editorial team would like to inform authors about the use of AI (Artificial Intelligence) in writing their stories. The following statement addresses the use of AI in AW.

Regarding the use of Artificial Intelligence (AI) in articles submitted to *Ancestors West*, the editorial board distinguishes between **assistive tools** (language editing, grammar checking, and foreign-language translation) and **generative tools**

(content creation and data analysis). Authors do not need to document their use of assistive tools. If an author uses a generative AI tool to create some or all of their content, analyze data, or generate an image, they must document this use with a short statement that describes what was generated and the name of the AI tool or program used. Images created by AI should include the name of the AI program used, either in the image or in its caption.

Questions About Grandfather's Coat

By Kathryn Field

THIS STUDIO PORTRAIT of my grandfather, Le Roy Stanton Reeve, was dated 1904, the year he turned 22. It always caught my eye when I came across it in the bin of old photos, though I'd never studied it closely.

But after it was scanned and added to Grandpa Reeve's "gallery" on *Ancestry.com*, I received some information. Clicking "Discover 3 Insights" confirmed that this type of men's coat was "consistent with turn-of-the-century styling." Furthermore, "the studio portrait setting, lighting, and sepia-toned finish match professional photography practices of about 1895–1910." Ancestry also reported that such photographs often marked a significant stage in adulthood.

Although winters on the North Fork of Long Island, where Le Roy lived, can be snowy, long fur coats weren't typically worn. Why was he wearing one, and what kind of fur was it?

Knowing raccoon coats had once been popular among men, the photo was compared with images online. Raccoon pelts, however, tend to be stitched vertically, creating a striped effect absent from Le Roy's photo. They peaked in popularity in the 1920s, later than my photo.

Muskrat, perhaps? Or mink? Those pelts were also typically sewn together to create patterns, unlike the uniform light brown fur in my photo. The color is wrong for chinchilla, and the texture is too rough for fox. Beaver coats are dense, like the one in the picture. However, they are smoother and were uncommon until around 1920.

Upon closer inspection, an almost curly texture is visible in Grandpa's coat. Sheep shearling, perhaps? But the coat isn't uniformly curly. It looks like it belongs on... an American Bison! An online search for "vintage men's buffalo coat" returned a photo nearly identical to the coat in my photo, with toggle closures, slash pockets, and contrasting cuffs and collar. The copyrighted photo notes it was taken at the C.M. Russell Museum (motto: The Art and Soul of the American West) in Great Falls, Montana. These coats were typically made from 2-3 bison and weighed 10-15 pounds.

So, what was Le Roy doing in a bison/buffalo coat in New York in 1904? By then, few bison remained in the U.S. They numbered 30-60 million just fifty years earlier, but fewer than 1,000 remained by the turn of the century. At the time of this photo, many Americans were beginning to view bison as a nostalgic symbol of the Wild West, including President Theodore Roosevelt. Having hunted bison in the 1880s, Roosevelt later became a conservationist and co-founded the American Bison Society in New York in 1905. It was the first animal reintroduction effort in the U.S.



Le Roy Stanton Reeve, 1904.

Was the coat a novelty prop at the studio? Could it have belonged to him or a relative? Did he borrow it from a friend for the photo? Just as importantly, did it impress Clara Lewis Fleet, whom he married the following year? Regardless, his granddaughter appreciates learning a bit more about him and the iconic bison.

Kathryn is the Membership Director of SBCGS, and has been researching her genealogy since inheriting boxes of family photographs in 2012.



Anneke Jans: A Change in Fashion

By Kate Lima



"Stel greets a lady at the door of a country house." By Gesina ter Borch, 1659. www.rijksmuseum.nl

AMERICAN FASHION CHANGES as swiftly as clouds on a windy day. This is as true today as it was in Colonial America, though in the seventeenth century social customs and even laws governed people's attire. I found some fascinating articles while researching my ninth great-grandmother, Anneke Jans. She lived in two social strata: first as a humble farmer's wife, then as the wife of a wealthy minister. This change meant that her clothing went from simple and spare to elaborate and, quite possibly, spectacular. At a time when laws could dictate a person's apparel, the Dutch were more progressive, allowing people the freedom to choose. Still, a person's social status in the seventeenth century was revealed in their apparel. Anneke's status changed, and so did her dress.

Anneke arrived in New Netherland in 1630 along with her husband Roeloff and their three young children as tenant farmers of the Van Rensselaer patroonship.¹ Under the laws of the patroonship, they contracted for four years to pay rent in the form of goods, labor, or crops to the patroon, Kiliaen Van Rensselaer. Poor farmers they were, Anneke and Roeloff, without two florins to rub together. They knew how to work hard, and so they thrived, living what we now call "The American Dream." They put in long hours, mixed their sweat with the dirt of the land, and successfully completed their contract term. In 1634, Roeloff



Jan Luyken, Farmer, 1694. Hollandfinearts.com

began a new job with the Dutch West India Company (WIC) in New Amsterdam. He was given 62 acres, and they lived comfortably. Then, within just a few years, Roeloff died, leaving Anneke a widow with five young children.

Anneke lived a comfortable life in New Amsterdam. She owned the land given to Roeloff and was considered one of the wealthiest women in town. Within a year, she married the minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, Everardus (Evert) Bogardus. Suddenly she was part of the upper levels of society.

Fashion: Working class versus Wealthy

Moving from the poor class to the elite meant

changing her attire. While researching, I found two items that demonstrated the difference in social status: the coif (pronounced "kóy-f") and the ruff.

The Coif

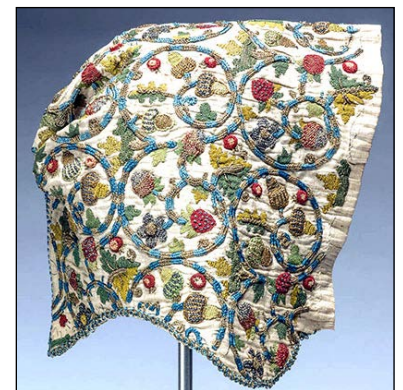
When she first arrived in 1630, Anneke wore a coif, a small piece of linen that protected her hair. Most women in the colonies (and across Western Europe) donned a coif. As one from the poorer class, Anneke would have worn a simple coif whose purpose was to protect her hair from lice and other insects found in her humble dwelling. It also kept dirt from her hair, more of a problem for the poor than the wealthy. For rich and poor alike, the coif was worn to keep the hair neatly in place. When women went out and needed more protection on their head, the coif remained in place, keeping hair oils from staining the more expensive outer hat, bonnet, or hood.²

By this time in history, wealthy people added ornamentation to the coif. Instead of the simple white linen headpiece, it became a vision of artistry. Either a woman embroidered the piece herself or had the means to pay someone to do it. This head covering became an outward show of luxury, serving as an elite status symbol.

While working as a farmer, Anneke would not have had the time to embroider or buy fancy threads, let



Coif with a bit of lace
History of American Costume
- Book One 1607-1800



Fitz Museum, Coif from 1650s.
fitzmuseum.cam.ac.uk

alone pay someone to do the work. Later Anneke lived more comfortably, but did that mean she should wear more expensive clothes, perhaps a coif with artistic needlework? It may have been difficult for her to switch to those fancier items. Perhaps she thought others would look at her as if she were putting on airs, dressing above her station. By marrying Evert, her social standing had elevated. Still, chins would wag.

I imagine Anneke's change came slowly; perhaps she started by simply buying some lace and sewing it to the edge of her coif. As time went on, she chose to elaborate more. It was a status symbol to have a richly embroidered coif, and the embroidery was so pretty. Who wouldn't want that?

The Ruff

I cannot think of an item that looks more uncomfortable than the ruff. This Elizabethan-era collar wound around the neck, forcing it to elongate and hold the head high. A bit of research, though, offers some important information as to its function. The ruff kept food and dirt off an elaborate doublet or gown. It could be removed and washed while keeping the wearer's gown from becoming soiled. The working class also wore ruffs that were small, simple, and easily laundered. Commoners lacked starch and fancy lace, so their ruffs simply served a practical purpose.³ For those with money, the ruff grew to heady proportions and became so large, elaborate,



Trevelyan Miscellany, 1602.
Archive.org

and confining that its impracticality made it a symbol of wealth and status.

Anneke and Evert were married from 1638 to 1647, when Evert died at sea. Both began life as poor, humble people, but the years and hard work pushed them into the wealthier class. Wealthy people had their portraits taken to demonstrate their status, so both had their portraits painted. In Anneke's



Frans Hals, *Portrait of an Elderly Lady*, 1633.
sophieploeg.com



Portrait of Anneke Jans
Online Dictionary of Dutch Women, resources.
huygens.knaw.nl

portrait, she wears a ruff and looks so uncomfortable. The ruff appears very confining. Who knows, maybe she was thrilled to have enough to show off such finery. Maybe. It is also possible that she could not wait to get the thing off.

Sumptuary laws

Anneke Jans was able to wear whatever clothing she desired. In contrast, if she had lived in New England, just a day's ride away, her mode of dress would have been dictated by strict moral codes and even by the government. New England had sumptuary laws that were meant to regulate people's spending. The Puritans did not want people wasting money on clothes they could not afford. In 1634, they enacted a sumptuary law that stated, "Noe person, either man or woman,

shall hereafter make or buy any apparel, either wollen, silke, or lynn, with any lace on it, silver, golde, silke, or threed, under the penalty of forfeiture of such cloathes, etc."⁴ These laws also insisted people wear clothes that showed their social rank.

As New England clergyman Cotton Mather wrote, the intent of their dress laws was so "the Ranks of People should be discerned by their Clothes." He wrote that the woman who wore the same clothes as "those above her, shows herself to be as much out of her Wits as out of her Place.... She that will have more on her Back than can readily come out of her Purse, deserves to be stripped as the Fine Jay was of her borrowed Feathers."⁵ As an aside: Puritan leaders certainly felt they had to regulate their women. Although these laws applied to everyone, women — especially those worth less than 200 pounds — were the ones who were fined most often for excess apparel.⁶

Back in New Amsterdam, some of the Dutch may have cast judgment on those who dressed outside of their station, but the majority did not. The Dutch certainly did not enact laws that dictated what people wore. They espoused freedom of religion and women's freedom to own property. They also believed in the freedom of dress.

Reading about colonial fashion is more than just a study of dress and accessories; it is a lesson about social mores, early economics, and class division. Sumptuary laws in the British colonies were not adopted in New Netherland, another sign of how progressive the Dutch



"The Trial of Mrs. Hutchinson"
The New York Public Library
Digital Collections.



Anneke Jans' Daughter, Sarah, interpreter for Stuyvesant and Lenape-Munsee Leaders. www.njwomenshistory.org

were. Still, even in New Amsterdam, there was a distinct difference between what the poor wore and what the wealthy wore, as seen in their coifs and ruffs. Their outfits displayed their station in life, wealthy or poor. We all have immigrant ancestors who came to America, and we all love telling their stories. I love telling Anneke's story. My ninth great-grandmother was a hard-working woman her entire life; she made a good life for herself and her children. Her fashion changed with each decade, as she became a woman of substance. She lived the American Dream.

End Notes

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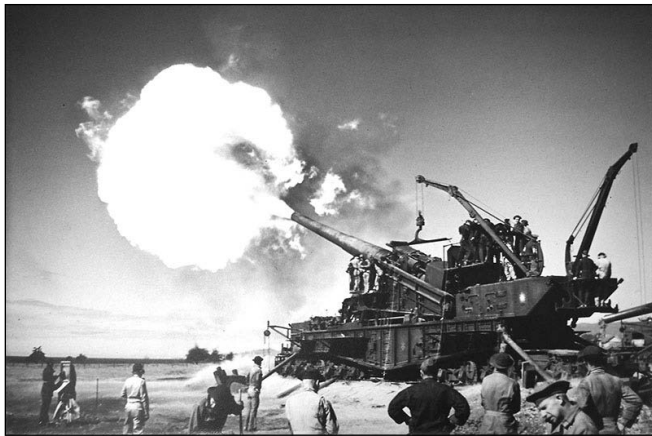
Kate caught ancestor fever in 2014. She joined the society and spent hours digging up her roots. She currently volunteers as the society's president as well as on many wonderful committees. There's nothing better than that wonderful combo: being with like-minded friends and helping others.



American History Hiding in My Closet

By Cathy Jordan

BECAUSE OF MY FATHER Murl Ray "Mac" McDuffie's job at County National Bank and Trust, he met and became acquainted with numerous people in town, from the famous (e.g., Fess Parker) to the not-so-famous. I suppose that may be how he came to possess two interesting black-and-white photographs: one of early Santa Barbara, circa 1938, recently hung in my house, and another labeled '14" Railroad Gun Firing'. They have both resided in the closet for years. In 2011, I had both professionally rematted with acid-free materials and replaced the glass with UV-protecting glass to better preserve them; back into the closet they went.

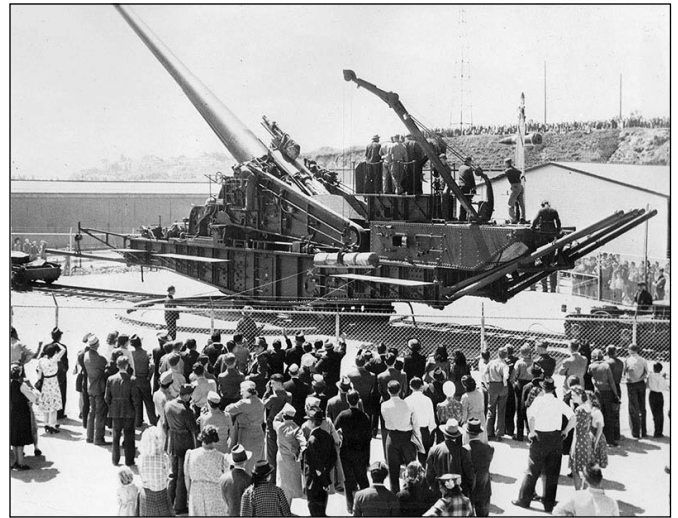


McDuffie, Wenstrom photo - out of frame.

I have been engaged in a gradual downsizing project, and after determining that my sons were not interested in the Railroad Gun photograph, I began wondering who might be interested. I did a bit of genealogy research on the photographer, William Holmes Wenstrom, but did not go in depth. I found that he was not local but moved to Santa Barbara around 1938. More time passed until I recently went on a field trip to the Santa Barbara Historical Museum and the Gledhill Library. I met the library's archivist, Chris Ervin, and it struck me that he might be interested in seeing this photo. When I showed it to him, Chris became immediately enthusiastic and began his own research. I have incorporated that research with what I have since done to tell the fascinating story of this photograph. There are two parts to the story really: 1) the 14-inch railroad gun and where the photo was taken, and 2) the photographer's story. It is truly part of American history.

The 14" Railroad Gun

During World War II, Fort MacArthur in San Pedro was the only fort in California where railroad guns were stationed. The first arrived in October 1925, and the second gun arrived in



14 inch gun at Fort MacArthur

June 1930. There were only two at that location. Early test firings of the first gun caused severe damage to local windows and homes even though advance warnings were given and precautions were taken. Firing concussions were so great that the flatcars attached to the railroad gun car sometimes jumped off the tracks! By the time the second gun arrived, test firings were banned. Remote places for testing the guns had to be found, and special railroad spurs had to be built to access those sites. One site was Point Don on land that is now Camp Pendleton. The second site was Naples, which is now Dos Pueblos Ranch north of Goleta. Rail spurs were built so the gun would face out to sea. This second 14-inch railroad gun was test-fired at Naples in October 1940, and that is what is pictured. No wonder the archivist was excited; it is a piece of local history as well as American history.

These guns had a range of up to 27 miles with a 1,450-pound shell. Both 14" guns were in service through World War II but were processed for salvage in June 1946 and cut up for scrap.

News articles in the 1940 *Santa Barbara News-Press*, now at the Gledhill Library, detail preparations for

And Preparations Are On Scale Matching Size Of Guns

Tent City Astir With Activity at Nearby Naples

When a lad with a .22 goes out to pop a few tin cans for target practice, that's one thing. But when Uncle Sam goes out for a bit of target practice with his railroad guns, it's quite another matter. Just to give you an idea, it takes 220 men and 16 officers, a small city of 60 tents, including two mess halls and a kitchen, a commissary that can handle—

(Continued on Page 25, Col. 1)

The big coast defense railroad gun shown above at Naples will break their four-year silence sometime when the weather is favorable during this week, as the Third Coast Artillery conducts target practice. The view above shows the artillerymen preparing the emplacements for the guns on special sidings.

Naples, which normally consists of an abandoned railroad station, has become a bustling "city" of 60 tents during the target practice. The Company Street is shown here.

Favorite Salad Recipe May Win

Salads are the subject for this week's section of the Recipe

This is the "eye" of the big gun. Actual sighting is done "blind", since the target is out of sight below the horizon. Spotters with instruments like this one are located on the hillside back of the guns, where they can see the targets, and instruct the gunners by means of field telephones.

the residents for the testing events. The first of these articles notes that the degree of physical shock for Santa Barbara residents was unknown but that there was hope that the ocean would dissipate it. The article also noted that firing would depend on the weather being clear of fog. The next article announced that there would be a 'preview firing' first to pack the earth in the embankments against which the guns were braced and ensure their accuracy on subsequent shots. These were called 'settling shots.' Again, there was the mention of the possibility of fog causing delays. A fourth article focused on the huge cost of the test firings. Evidently, the firings were not completed on the first day of testing, so a second day was required. It claimed two guns were being tested and that a crowd of several hundred watched. Targets were a canvas structure representing the forward funnel of a battleship. There was an expectation that the guns would be dismantled at the end of day two and returned to Fort MacArthur. The last article commented effusively on the community's confidence after experiencing the whole test scenario, the pleasantness of the Army staff, and the hope that the guns would not have to be used in defense of the country.

The Photographer

The man who recorded this local event, W.H. Wenstrom, is just as fascinating as the subject of his photograph. William Holmes Wenstrom was born on July 28, 1898, in Sala, Sweden. He came to the U.S. with his parents in 1901. Records for his early years are sparse. However, he entered West Point and earned his MA in 1916 at the age of 18. In the 1920 U.S. Census, he is listed as a 21-year-old naturalized citizen, a 2nd lieutenant in the U.S. Army stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas. In the 1930 census, he is a 31-year-old lieutenant in the U.S. Army, living with his parents in Boston and still single. On December 14, 1934, he married Edith Evelyn Bicknell, who was referred to as Evelyn, and together they moved to California. He completed his education with an M.S. at Yale and an M.S. at Caltech. In the 1940 U.S. Census, he is listed with his wife living in Santa Barbara. He is 41 and says he is a writer of non-fiction. He retired after 19 years of service as a Major. Wenstrom published a non-fiction book in 1942 titled *Weather and the Ocean of Air*.

During World War II, Wenstrom served in the Home Guard. The Home Guard was formed for local defense out of the Office of Civilian Defense, and was the predecessor of the state national guard. Wenstrom was only 44 at this time, a husband and father of two boys, 3 and 17 months. He joined the Home Guard as a retired Major. And this is where the story takes a very unexpected turn.

I am guessing that because of his years of being an officer in the Army, Wenstrom was accustomed to having his orders/ideas listened to or obeyed, and then

being placed in a civilian/quasi-military organization with little authority was difficult for him. Or perhaps it was a massive personality clash. Whatever it was, he had increasingly divisive disagreements with the head of the Home Guard, Major Buell Hammett. According to the *Santa Barbara News-Press*, the quarrel was over whether the Santa Barbara Home Guard unit should be trained as a guerrilla force or integrated into the state guard. This feud escalated until Wenstrom wrote a pointed letter to the editor of the News-Press that was published. Hammett took offense, telephoned Wenstrom, and threatened him, telling him to stop. According to the news article, Wenstrom told the City Editor that Hammett had called him and that he had told Hammett, "You come over here and tell me that to my face, and I'll punch your God-damned beak in." Wenstrom repeated the scenario to the Night Reporter word for word. Twenty minutes from this phone call, disaster struck.

Hammett arrived in his Home Guard uniform, which could only have inflamed the situation. He brought two guns; Wenstrom had one; both were packing an overabundance of testosterone. Gunfire was exchanged. It was a duel! Wenstrom ended up dead with five bullets in his body. His wife was shot too and near death! And Hammett was shot in the leg. Evelyn died the next day. Thus, two little boys were orphaned in the same evening in a duel shot on the porch of their home on the Riviera. Here I thought duels were only fought in the 1800s a la Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton!

Later News-Press articles claimed that Wenstrom had a violent temper, but considering he had five bullets in him, one in his wife, and Hammett had a single bullet wound from which he would recover, I think there was plenty of blame to go around. Hammett had also brought a hammer with him because he "knew Major Wenstrom to be hot-headed." It was not clear who fired first. Again, it seems to me the hot-headed comment might be the pot calling the kettle black when the kettle couldn't defend himself anymore.

Wenstrom died on April 2, 1942, and his wife died the next day, April 3. Both are buried in Common Street Cemetery, Watertown, Massachusetts. Their children were taken in by relatives and given different last names to disassociate them from this tragedy as much as possible. Hammett was in the hospital for a lengthy period.

Unbelievably, Hammett was cleared of any blame in the deaths. The case was submitted to a grand jury, which ruled it self-defense and justifiable homicide. He had to pay each Wenstrom child \$8,250. In the News-Press article, this settlement was called the "best solution." There is another sad footnote to this story. Three years after the shooting, Buell Hammett committed suicide and was buried in the Santa Barbara Cemetery. The article recounting his death said the wound he received caused him frail health, but I wonder if the whole incident didn't affect his conscience too. Sad story surrounding a single photograph!

Please note: The photograph that generated all this research is hanging on the wall in the Gledhill Library. My thanks to archivist Chris Ervin for his enthusiasm, research, encouragement, and professionalism.



WILLIAM HOLMES WENSTROM
Boston, Mass.
Wilhelm, William

MAJOR WENSTROM SLAIN IN GUN DUEL

England Dealt Heavy Blow

Many Persons Killed, Wounded; Scores Trapped in Smashed Homes As Raiders Pound 'Invasion Coast'

By Associated Press
Strong units of the German air force struck heavily Thursday night and early Friday at the southeastern "invasion coast" of Britain, killing and wounding an undisclosed number of persons and trapping others in the debris of their smashed homes. Observers in one English coastal town said the raid was the worst yet suffered in the area, and these observers had undergone the previous Nazi blows administered in 1940 when all Britons expected German attempts to land on their island.

The invasion specter is still held up to all Britons by their officials, but there were no indications that these latest raids were a prelude to such an attempt by the Germans.

The attacks were short but sharp, the raiders unleashing their bombs in bright moonlight, and shunting back across the channel for additional loads.

But the British airmen were striking back. Authorized sources revealed the R.A.F. had struck for the second straight night at the Matford Automotive Works at Polway, eight miles west of Paris on the Seine, where they "got in some good licks."

The Matford works, Nazi-directed, were reported turning out equipment for the German army and the Wednesday night R.A.F. attack on the plant was (Continued on Page 2, Col. 3)

New President Of Chile Sees No Axis Break

Hints Rupture If 'National Will' Calls It

SANTIAGO, Chile, April 2.—(P)—President Juan Antonio Rios indicated in his inaugural address Thursday night the new administration of Chile plans no immediate diplomatic break with the Axis.

He hinted he would make the break only if "the national will" calls for it.

Then the 71st president of the republic promised that Chile would "faithfully carry out her duties of continental solidarity." Chile had worked jointly with Argentina to stall off attempts at the Rio de Janeiro conference last January for a solid American break with Germany, Japan, and Italy.

The American republics eventually compromised on a joint resolution recommending all break with the Axis and Chile and Argentina made it unanimous.

However, neither has broken off relations, and Rios' statement Thursday night on Chilean foreign policy was overshadowed by the presence of Argentine Foreign Minister Enrique Ruiz Guinazu at it—Rios' inaugural ceremony.

Moreover, Ruiz Guinazu made a speech to the chamber of deputies Wednesday after which half a dozen Communist deputies walked out in protest.

Navy Confirms Plane Deaths

Crash Near Here Kills Two Fliers

Two navy men were killed when their plane crashed off Hendry's Beach Wednesday night and sank. Capt. Richard H. Coffman, naval operations base commander at San Pedro said Thursday night in the first official naval announcement concerning the tragedy.

The dead are Ensign Weldon A. Baird, pilot of Kibbourne, O., and Morgan M. Atwood, radio man, third class, of New Orleans, La.

ON ROUTINE FLIGHT

The navy announcement stated that the two men, based at San Pedro, crashed while on a routine patrol flight. No cause

Buell Hammett, Mrs. Wenstrom Critically Wounded, Fight for Life

FEUD ENDS TRAGICALLY



MAJ. WILLIAM H. WENSTROM Killed in Gun Duel



MAJ. BUELL HAMMETT Fighting for Life

Feud Between Two Retired Army Officers Ends in Fatal Shooting

Bullets Fly As Men Meet Outside Riviera Residence; Tragedy Climaxes Dispute Over Home Guard Policies

Tragic climax of a feud between two Santa Barbara retired Army officers was written last night when Maj. William H. Wenstrom was shot to death in a duel which left Maj. Buell Hammett and Mrs. Wenstrom critically wounded.

The shooting occurred at the home of Maj. Wenstrom, 1807 Mira Vista avenue, on the Riviera, near El Encanto hotel.

Hammett, president of the Santa Barbara Museum of Art and a leader in many other civic activities, was given a fighting chance for life. Physicians said Mrs. Wenstrom's condition was "very critical."

Challenge by Telephone

The tragedy, which was the outgrowth of a long-standing dispute over the policies of the Home Guard, occurred at 7:20 o'clock and followed a challenge by telephone. The shooting took place on or near the Wenstrom home's front porch.

Hammett was found lying on the walk about 20 feet from the front door. Just how they met, who fired first or if the shots were fired simultaneously, police were unable to determine last night, pending further interviews with Hammett, Mrs. Wenstrom and other investigators.

Wenstrom apparently was killed instantly from three bullets in his chest, near his heart. Five bullets altogether were found in his body in a preliminary investigation. Hammett was shot in the groin, breaking his thigh, and doctors said his critical condition resulted from loss of blood and shock. Mrs. Wenstrom was shot in the face, the bullet going through her jaw and out her temple, police said.

Three Guns Found

Just how Mrs. Wenstrom was hit was another part of the tragedy police did not know early this morning, but it was believed a ricocheting bullet struck her.

Police said Hammett apparently was carrying two .45 caliber automatics. In Major Wenstrom's hand was a .38 caliber revolver. A hammer was found on the porch.

Major Wenstrom and Hammett were organizers of the Home Guard and worked closely together on it for several months up to a few months ago. Disputes flared and were climaxed by Wenstrom either being ousted or resigning from the Home Guard. Since that time he had been outspoken in his criticism of the organization.

This criticism came to a head yesterday with a letter signed by Major Wenstrom and published in The News-Press.

Indicating that the feud was nearing its breaking point was a telephone call Major Wenstrom made to the newspaper office at about 7 o'clock last night.

"Is Mr. Pierce (City Editor Ardie Pierce) there?" Wenstrom asked.

"No, he works on the day side and I suppose he's home now," was the reply.

"Well, I'll give you a message for him," Major Wenstrom said.

"I'm Major Wenstrom. I had a letter on your editorial page today. Buell Hammett, leader of the Home Guard, called me and said, 'Listen, Wenstrom, I'm warning you you'll have to stop those attacks on the Home Guard. I told him, 'You come over here and tell me that to my face and I'll punch your God damned back in.'"

Major Wenstrom then repeated the conversations so Night Reporter Tom Kleveland could take them down verbatim, then added:

REPEATS CONVERSATION

"I gave him half an hour to get over here and tell me that, and he didn't show up for five minutes left."

Kleveland answered: "All right, major, I'll call Mr. Hammett."

The shooting took place within 20 minutes after the telephone call.

Corp. M. L. Wheeler of Camp Roberts, dinner guest of Mr. and Mrs. Michel A. Levy, who live across the street, was the first to reach the scene, accompanied by Levy.

LYING ON WALK

Corporal Wheeler said they found Hammett lying on the walk about 20 feet from the front door at a slightly higher level. He had his gun in his hand, Wheeler said, and he took it away from him before he started to administer first aid.

"I told him I was an Army man," Wheeler related, "and if he had anything to tell me, I'd be glad to hear it. He said he had come to see the major, but (Continued on Page 3, Col. 4)



Born and raised in Santa Barbara, Cathy McDuffie Jordan returned in 1981 after nearly 14 years in Eugene, Oregon, to raise two sons and care for her parents.

Cathy retired from the Santa Barbara County Sheriff's Department in 2008 after a career in computer programming and support, and plunged headlong into genealogy after a visit to the 2009 Open House during Family History Month. She has been a member of SBCGS since that visit and has served on the Board of Directors as Membership/Outreach Chair. She has been a long-time member of the Ancestors West editorial team, librarian, and occasionally a genealogy teacher focusing on the Civil War.

Runaway Balloon Rests on Mountain

HUNTINGTON, Pa., April 2 (P)—A giant sausage-like barrage balloon ended a runaway flight of several hundred miles from near Akron, Ohio, Thursday against the side of towering Tussey mountain and sagged helplessly among a clump of trees.

T. Roy Morton, district forester, of Petersburg, Pa., came upon the balloon as it rested across a fire path about one-half way up the desolate mountain above what is known as Diamond valley.

A crew of the Goodyear Tire

Tax Agents Deny Extortion Charge

SAN FRANCISCO, April 2 (P)—Federal income tax agents Frederick John Moran and Wallace S. Thompson denied in a federal district court Thursday they extorted \$1,000 from elderly Joe Fernandez, and said they were innocent dupes of a third agent—William W. Shestek.

—Shestek, 40, who pleaded guilty to the extortion charge when the trial started, stated at their trial from a courtroom spectator's seat as the two testified.

Citrus Pulp Now Makes Alcohol

The subcommittee had been told, the report commented, "that the WPB still does not have a single topnotch aircraft production man in its organization."

The report recommended also that "instead of wasting its energies on a generalized plea for

Our Patriot Ancestors

Mission Canyon Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution By Celeste Barber



Mission Canyon Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, from left to right: Cecilia Harris, Kathy Greene, Gretchen Murray, Colleen Pizarev, Celeste Barber, and Jane Frederick.

IN COMMEMORATION of the 250th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the Mission Canyon Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was honored to present a special program for the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society: "Our Patriot Ancestors." On Saturday, July 18th, we shared three of our family stories – in period costume – about our ancestors who contributed to the founding of the United States. These are three of many thousands of stories.

Imagine America as a great tapestry, through which our common heritage is woven and continues to this day. Its "Warp" is the historical documents of the Revolutionary period, notably the Declaration of Independence,

the Constitution, and its Bill of Rights. Warp threads run lengthwise, top to bottom. The Warp is our taut underpinning. Even a civil war and two world wars could not tear that foundation – that is the strength of those documents.

Then there's the Weft, the American people. You and I, our forebears and our children, our neighbors. Those threads run crosswise, forming varied, colorful patterns. Weft threads are woven over and under the Warp yarn, the lengthwise threads malleable enough to add new patterns to the tapestry. As a people, we are like those crosswise threads, colorful and varied yet bound together as one people. No other nation can boast such a heritage.

We would like to share the stories of three Revolutionary Patriots who represent the diverse nature of the American people, unique among all other countries because we are a global union, one begun well before 56 patriots signed their names to the Declaration of Independence.

First will be Private Mentzer of Pennsylvania. His community spoke only German and was part of a religious sect whose followers were pacifists. Yet many took up arms and fought for liberty alongside their fellow colonists. Next, at 86 years old, Solomon Sturges was not expected to serve alongside his Connecticut neighbors, but he did, sacrificing his life in a horrific assault. Colonial patriotism was not restricted to the 13 Colonies, nor to those who rejected allegiance to King and Country for self-determination and freedom. 3,000 miles away in Alta California, Spanish "Donativos" contributed to the Cause, including soldiers like Ignacio Vicente Ferrer Vallejo.

Also, as part of the program we include a fascinating look at the fashion of Martha Washington.

Private David Mentzer and the German Migration to Colonial America

By Gretchen Murray

DAVID MENTZER'S FATHER and uncles were German immigrants who arrived in the New World in 1734 and 1735, settling in Ephrata, Pennsylvania. The family belonged to a pacifist sect, the Anabaptists – not Amish nor Mennonite. They spoke German and, if literate, wrote in it. Many family members may have lived at the Ephrata Cloister. During the early 1750s, the Cloister was home to nearly 80 celibate Brothers and Sisters who lived in striking Germanic-style log, stone, and half-timbered buildings. Alongside the celibates, nearly 250 family members, known as Householders, lived in nearby homes and on farms. David Mentzer was a Householder. He owned his own land and farmed it.

In 1771, David Mentzer married a Lutheran woman. Although the Anabaptists were pacifists, he strongly believed in religious freedom and sought to defend that liberty. David enlisted in the Continental Army and served in the 9th Pennsylvania Regiment under Colonel Butler throughout the war.

After the war, David joined his extended family in the Waynesboro area, where they had emigrated and where the Schneeberger society had been formed. The Nunnery was the main part, but there were at least five families in the Householder group – Secrist, Foreman, Schneeberger, Wiles, and Mentzer. David Mentzer died in 1818 without applying for a War Department pension. He left an estate that included a "plantation" of 200 acres on Big Antietam Creek, a grist mill, a sawmill, a hemp house, several small dwellings, and other holdings.

The original Ephrata settlement was founded in 1732 by Conrad Beissel, who sought to live as a hermit in accordance with his religious beliefs. Beissel emphasized preparing for a spiritual union with God, which he believed would occur imminently at the Second Coming.

"The celibate members of the Ephrata Cloister led lives marked by discipline, balancing labor with private prayer. Dressed in white robes, they observed sparse diets and limited sleep as part of their spiritual practice. Their work was diverse, including farming, papermaking, carpentry, milling, and textile production—all essential to sustaining the community as they prepared for their anticipated heavenly existence."¹

The Ephrata Cloister closed in 1934 and was designated a historic site in 1941. Today, the Cloister is 1 of 26 state historic sites on the Pennsylvania Trail of History, administered by the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission.

You can learn more at <https://ephratacloister.org/>¹



The Story of "Old Solomon" Sturges

By Jane Frederick

"OLD SOLOMON" STURGES was 86 years old when the war came to his Connecticut town. Although too old to serve as a fighting soldier in the militia, he was still nimble, strong, and capable for his age, and he rode his horse with good authority. So he volunteered as a scout.

Solomon's ancestors helped found Fairfield in the 1600s. Well before the Revolutionary War began, the Sturges clan were ardent patriots who despised all forms of tyranny and supported independence. Later writings describe them as "sturdy New England folk, frugal, industrious, God-fearing and law-abiding."

Under cover of night in early July 1779, British warships arrived with Hessian troops, German mercenary soldiers known for their brutality. Heavy summer fog sat along the coast, so the British had to wait until late morning for it to lift before sending their men ashore. During the night, a cannon blast from across the water served as an alarm that the enemy ship had been spotted. Fairfield made ready, and everyone gathered their belongings to evacuate. Militia were stationed along the shores of the cove leading to town, ready to engage the enemy, fire on them, create cover, and provide a distraction while people escaped.

Old Solomon and another scout rode out to the beach to watch for the small boats. When they arrived, they found the soldiers already onshore, so they turned back to alert the town. They were spotted, and Solomon took a musket ball in the back. It didn't kill him, but he fell from his horse and crawled under some bushes to hide. His horse arrived in town with the saddle empty and covered in blood; everyone feared the worst.

As the enemy troops arrived, they found that all the bridges leading into the town had been destroyed and

burned. The town was abandoned; people had fled. In anger, they looted and burned every building: the town hall, the churches, all the homes and farms, barns, stables, fields, and animals. Scorched earth.

Fairfield burned all night.

Enemy troops stayed only one day and were gone the following afternoon. As they left, the Hessians took delight in destroying what still stood or lived. When the townspeople returned, some went out to look for Old Solomon and found him under the bushes, dead, with a musket ball in his back, and bayonet slashes through his neck and heart.

Only three Fairfield citizens died in that attack. Old Solomon was one of them. Of his three sons, only Hezekiah, a Captain in the militia, survived the war. Joseph died on a prison ship in New York Harbor, and Judson, one of the first Marines under Captain Brewster, was killed in a skirmish with British whaleboats on Long Island Sound.

Hezekiah's house and farm had been gutted and burned to the ground. He got to work, cutting timber from trees in the forest behind his land, milling his own lumber, and rebuilding his home. The house was large enough to offer to neighbors as a place of worship until theirs could be rebuilt. The offer was especially generous, given that its minister had been a Loyalist and Hezekiah was not a member of that church.

The Sturges family of Fairfield, Connecticut, sacrificed everything for their country, including their 86-year-old patriarch.



The Donativos of Alta California: Revolutionary Patriots

By Kathy Greene

NOT ALL PATRIOTS SERVED in the Revolutionary Army, nor were they residents of the thirteen colonies. Patriot Ignacio Vicente Ferrer Vallejo was born in Guadalajara, New Spain, in 1748. When he was old enough, he enlisted in the frontier militia as a "soldado de cuera," and his first posting was to the presidio in San Diego. This was during the Seven Years' War in Europe, known as the French and Indian War in North

America. When his ten-year enlistment ended, he reenlisted, was transferred to the presidio in Monterey, and was promoted to "cabo," or corporal. It was here that he performed his patriotic service to the American cause.

Because Spain had lost its battle against England in the Seven Years' War, King Carlos III decided to support the American Colonies in their fight for Independence. To do this, he issued a Royal Decree requiring all soldiers in the Spanish presidios to "do-



King Carlos III of Spain.
Portrait by Anton Raphael Mengs,
c. 1761. Wikipedia.

nate" two pesos from their wages and Native Americans working at the missions to "donate" one peso. Two pesos doesn't sound like a great deal of money to us. Placed in perspective, the soldados were paid only the equivalent of \$6.67 per month, and they were responsible for paying for their weapons, ammunition, horses, and mules. After the funds were collected, the donated pesos were transferred to Hispaniola in the Caribbean and subsequently forwarded to the colonies. Thus, the soldados and Native Americans became known as "Donativos."

In 1791, Ignacio was sent to the Santa Barbara Presidio, where he met and married Maria Antonia Isabela Lugo, born in San Luis Obispo. They returned to the Monterey Presidio shortly thereafter, and Ignacio was promoted to sargento (sergeant). They eventually had 13 children, including Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, who followed in his father's footsteps and enlisted as a soldado. Mariano eventually attained the rank of Commanding General of Alta California and was instrumental in creating California's first Constitution. The city of Vallejo was named after him.

Ignacio Vicente Ferrer Vallejo died in 1832 and was buried in the old cemetery at Mission San Carlos. Because of his "donation" of two pesos, along with the donations of the other soldiers and Native Americans, these Californios earned the right to be called true American patriots.



Martha Washington Trendsetter and Fashion Plate

By Colleen Pizarev, DAR

MOST AMERICANS LEARNED only that Martha Washington was George Washington's wife. Few biographers delved into her complex history. Born into privilege, Martha Dandridge Custis Washington embodied the traits, traditions, and excesses of her class. Her surviving portraits and wardrobe also show that she followed fashion closely and, as First Lady, set the tone for the new Republic.



Martha Washington. Wikimedia Commons.

Fashion in the late 1700s for women of means, while not as restrictive as in the Victorian Era, trended toward rich silks, satins, and brocades, with large cage-like hoops to support the many skirts women wore at the time.

Undergarments were simple – a corset made of linen or cotton was not intended to create a wasp waist but to provide support and serve as a foundation for the several layers of clothing required. A chemise made of linen, wool, or fine lawn, depending on the season, went on top of the corset. It served as a washable base layer and wick away sweat and oils to protect the gowns, which could not be washed. On top of the chemise was pinned a stomacher – a triangular piece of embroidered fabric or one with decorative bows attached. The pins were straight, which made hasty movement unwise. Next came the panniers – a double half-oval or single-oval cage constructed of wooden hoops and cloth tapes that tied at the waist and held the skirts out at the sides while remaining flat in front and back. A ruffled petticoat or a series of petticoats was then tied around the waist to prevent the bones of the panniers from showing through. Next came the decorative petticoat, which was usually ruffled, embroidered, or appliquéd in the front. Finally, the top layer was added – either in the form of an open-front jacket with a split overskirt attached, or separate layers of overskirt and open-front jacket. The jacket would be pinned to the stomacher to keep everything attached.

Jewelry was usually limited to what was readily available in the colonies and the Caribbean. Pearls and garnets were Martha's favorite jewels, and you can see her collection at Mount Vernon. A simple gold wedding ring was worn, with pearl or garnet rings on other fingers for special occasions. Hair was styled in elaborate arrangements and, during the day, partially covered with a lace or fine cotton lawn cap. In the evening, flowers, feathers, or fabric decorations were mostly used.

There was no way a fine lady would have been able to dress herself. Ladies of means in the 18th century were dressed by servants, or, in the case of Martha Washington and her Southern lady friends, by slaves. Martha would usually train a young girl, 9 or 10 years old, to be her personal maid, responsible for dressing her, mending and caring for her garments, and dressing her hair. When the girls reached 18 or 19, they were considered trained and were either given to family members or sold at a good profit. Martha's most famous slave was a young girl named Ona Judge, who caused a scandal when she escaped to freedom during George Washington's second presidential term. A young adult book that addresses the subject very well is "Never Caught: The Washingtons' relentless pursuit of their runaway slave Ona Judge" by Erica Armstrong Dunbar. It is well researched and appropriate for ages 10-16.

Martha Washington was a very private person and left little behind. If you wish to learn more, "Martha Washington: First Lady of Liberty" by Helen Bryan is the only real biography available. It is a decent story built on scant material and relies heavily on her correspondence and anecdotal evidence, but it is entertaining nonetheless.

All Aboard the Freedom Train!

By Anneleise Ulrich



WHERE WERE YOU on July 4th, 1976? I was in New Cumberland, Pennsylvania, celebrating our country's bicentennial aboard the Freedom Train! Just after my ninth birthday, my parents and grandparents took my brother and me to see this historic exhibition on rails which showcased our nation's history. Being so young, neither my brother nor I remembers much beyond the fact that we were there. Wanting to know more now, I did some research, and here is what I found.

The 1976 Freedom Train was the second one. The first steamed across America from 1947 to 1949. World War II had finally come to an end and Communism was on the rise. Aboard the train was a traveling museum created to bolster patriotism and remind people of our democratic values. What better way to do that than by giving Americans the opportunity to see many of our most cherished founding documents, including the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights, and the Emancipation Proclamation?

"The Freedom Train stopped in more than 300 cities across 48 states... By the time it reached its destination in Washington, DC, more than 3.5 million visitors had viewed the exhibit." (NARA).



Fast forward to the 1970s. Our country was in crisis. The United States had just pulled out of Vietnam, and Richard Nixon would soon resign from the presidency due to the Watergate Scandal. The energy crisis forced Americans to fill up their tanks only on certain days according to the numbers on their license plates. Unemployment was growing, and inflation was driving up the cost of living. Americans needed something to celebrate. Enter the Freedom Train.

The Bicentennial Freedom Train was a grassroots effort to celebrate our nation's 200th birthday. The federal government was in disarray and had nothing planned, so a man named Ross E. Rowland, Jr., a steam train engineer and Wall Street broker, decided to see what he could do. It wasn't easy! (*Wikipedia - American Freedom Train - AFT*)

First, he needed to find steam engines that could be used to pull the museum across the country. He found three that fit the bill in Oregon, Florida, and Texas. All of them needed some pretty major work, and all of it was done by train enthusiast volunteers from around the country.

Next, he needed money and organization. This was, after all, a huge undertaking! He created a non-profit foundation and began reaching out to corporations for sponsorship. After almost 50 companies turned him down flat, he finally convinced Pepsi-Cola to help. Its CEO spread the word, and soon came sponsorships from General Motors, Kraft Foods, ARCO, and Prudential Insurance Company.

As months of work on the locomotives continued, the American Freedom Train (AFT) foundation began mapping routes and assembling exhibits. More than 500 pieces were borrowed from private citizens, collectors, and smaller museums as well as the Smithsonian Institution, the National Archives, and the Library of Congress (*YouTube, 2023*).

Finally, in April of 1975, the Freedom Train pulled out of the station bound for the first state to ratify its Constitution, the state of Delaware. Consisting of a total of twenty-six cars, including ten display cars, this traveling exhibit was visited by more than seven million people across 25,000 miles during stops in all forty-eight contiguous United States. It visited 138 cities, not including Indianapolis, Denver, and Los Angeles, which declined a visit citing the expense.

Perhaps you were in the crowd when it stopped in Santa Barbara, California in early January of 1976. If so, you would have seen historic American documents including a copy of Thomas Paine's pamphlet *Common Sense*, the Declaration of Independence, Benjamin Franklin's handwritten draft of the Articles of Confederation, George Washington's copy of the Constitution with his handwritten notes, the Bill of Rights, the original Louisiana Purchase, and the Emancipation Proclamation.

In the car dedicated to sports, you would have seen memorabilia including Joe Frazier's boxing trunks, tennis rackets belonging to Chris Evert and Billie Jean King, and baseball bats swung by Lou Gehrig, Joe DiMaggio, and Hank Aaron.

The performing arts were represented by such iconic items as Judy Garland's dress from *The Wizard of Oz*, Fred Astaire's top hat and cane, Bing Crosby's gold record of "White Christmas," Alfred Hitchcock's director's chair, and Charlton Heston's staff from *The Ten Commandments*.

To celebrate America's ingenuity, you could view an original diagram of the Wright Brothers first biplane, the first Polaroid camera, some of the earliest telephones and radios, and Thomas Edison's first incandescent lamp.

Art lovers could enjoy paintings and sculptures including Georgia O'Keeffe's *Black Place*, Remington's *Bronco Buster* bronze sculpture, and the *Spirit of 76* painted by Archibald Willard that depicts three men (one looking much like George Washington) marching with fife and drums.

Other Americana items featured were Abraham Lincoln's stovepipe hat, a piece of the original Star-Spangled Banner that inspired Francis Scott Key's poem, a lunar roving vehicle, a moon rock, and artifacts honoring the many cultures from which this nation of immigrants descends.

While in 1976 my nine-year-old self took in all of these items and more, I couldn't wait to visit the gift shop! My choice? A Freedom Train charm bracelet complete with a miniature gold train. I displayed it for many years with my Madam Alexander "Betsy Ross" doll.

You may be thinking that since we're now celebrating our country's 250th birthday, we should be able to visit the Freedom Train once again. Sadly, we cannot. As in 1976, our country is in turmoil, and the government has no big plan to commemorate the founding of our country other than what has been offered in Washington, DC.

Ross E. Rowland, Jr., American railroad preservationist, attempted to bring back the Freedom Train for another steam-powered trip across America. Others took up the torch after he passed away last year, but to no avail.

"In spite of committed efforts by the AFT (American Freedom Train) Foundation 250's Board and its supporters, and despite a great appetite on the part of the American citizenry to see the train, and to experience its planned onboard exhibits, this ambitious project unfortunately could not be brought to fruition. The team was unable to secure the necessary operating agreements with railroads, and there was insufficient interest on the part of corporate America in sponsoring the train. These challenges, in combination with the tight timelines involved, proved to be insurmountable" (Franz, Justin, 2026).

Despite not remembering much about my Freedom Train experience, I am glad I had the opportunity to visit this historic museum on rails with my family.

Maybe in another 50 years, our country will be in a different place, and the Train can ride the rails again!



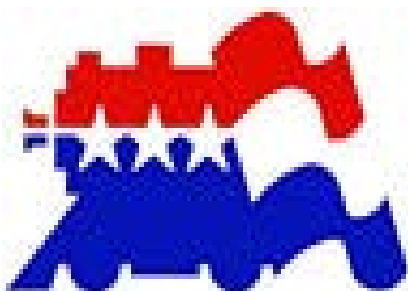
Freedom Train charm bracelet complete with a miniature gold train and Madam Alexander "Betsy Ross" doll.

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Anneliese Ullrich began her genealogical journey almost fifteen years ago. She is a teacher and a self-confessed history nerd!



From Bare to Bedecked

By Kristin Ingalls

HAVE READ ENOUGH STORIES in *Ancestors West* to know that I would have nothing to write about my ancestor's fashions.

Farm folks where I grew up wore denim. Jeans, overalls, plaid cotton shirts, mud boots, old hats, and bandanas to wipe away the sweat. For kids, shoes were optional.

Just a few hundred miles away, where my mom's family lived, was quite a different world. In downtown Salt Lake, the ladies were dressed to the nines. Women wore dresses, hats, gloves, nylons (seams straight), and high heels. Men wore suits, ties, hats. Thankfully, we were too young to feel out of place. Secretly, I wondered if they were uncomfortable in all that finery.

And then...There ahead was a Rabbit Hole! Whoop-ee, and I jumped in.

Initially, it was just wondering about clothing. Starting with: When did humans start wearing clothes?

Turning to He/She Who Replaced Encyclopedias, Dr. Google was a little help. From 83,000 to 190,000 years ago. Some sources suggest 300,000 years ago. Now that is quite a time span, so let's just say a long time ago.

And how do we know this? Lice!! And here is a fact you won't want to miss:

Genetic analysis of clothing lice reveals they diverged from head lice, indicating this is when humans consistently began wearing garments. Who knew there were people studying lice that were 190,000 years old? How can they do that? I did not stick around to find out but plowed ahead.

The conclusion is: Because body lice require clothing to survive, they could not have existed before humans began wearing garments. By using a genetic molecular clock method, evolutionary biologists sequenced the DNA of both lice lineages to estimate exactly when they split from a common lice ancestor.

There is a third type of lice that inhabits another region of the human body. For modesty's sake, however, I shall not delve deeper into that subject. Details are easily found for anyone wanting the complete lice story.

All sources agree that humans started wearing animal skins to stay warm as they migrated out of Africa into cooler climates. Skipping ahead many thousands of years, past the time humans were mainly vegetarians and later scavengers, the hunters arrived. They could not stay warm huddling in a shelter all winter. Food must be found! The first use of body coverings was likely a fur draped across the shoulders to keep warm, often fastened with a hook of some kind. Running with a spear in one hand, chasing a herd of large animals with your fur cape flying in the wind, could not have been highly successful. Did the hunters have a eureka moment when they realized the skin or fur of an animal was as useful as what that skin was covering — food for humans? Just rending the raw hides useable would have been a long, trial-and-error process — Not to mention smelly.

Thankfully, some creative soul invented the sewing needle, enabling them to fashion and sew hides into pants and then shoes, using strips of hide or vegetation as thread. The oldest known sewing needle looks

pretty much like the needles in my sewing box. And here again, we have a span of 17,000 to 60,000 years ago; many countries vying for the prize of having the oldest human-made needles. These early needles were made of wood, bone, ivory, stone, serpentine, and other minerals.

Anyone who has sewn clothing knows each garment is a lot more complex than just sewing two pieces of fabric together. Learning how to fit clothing to the human body must have been a trial-and-error endeavor. Thinking about it too long will give you the giggles.

May I digress to one important item of clothing — shoes! The more prestigious research tool, *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, tells us that people were probably protecting their feet from frigid conditions by about 50,000 years ago. The first shoes were little more than a simple wraparound of leather, held together on the foot with rawhide lacings. Well, everyone to their own, but I would have opted for shoes first — way before clothing. Just imagine how hard on your feet any terrain at all would be.

Most early clothing did not survive the thousands of years humans wore it. In 1991, that changed with an astonishing find. Two German hikers spotted part of a body sticking out of melting ice in the Otzal Alps. It was a 5,300-year-old natural glacier mummy, providing



Reconstruction of Ötzi's neolithic clothing, including hunting and other tools, possibly with a superimposed face. *Wikimedia Commons*

a rare look into Copper Age human life. Researchers named him Otzi. His age is estimated at 45 years; he was 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighed about 110 pounds. Otzi had some of today's health problems: arthritis, Lyme disease, worn teeth, and whipworms. Like many young folks today, he was heavily tattooed, although it is thought his tattoos were used as early acupuncture. His clothing was quite a surprise! He wore well-designed cold-weather clothing with a coat of goat and deer leather, a grass cape, bearskin cap, and smart man, leather shoes stuffed with grass. Obviously a hunter, he was found with copper-bladed tools, an axe, dagger, and bow and arrows, as well as a backpack and tools to start fires. Alas, all this did not protect him from an arrow found in his side, which most likely caused his death. Sad to say, scientists chose not to leave Otzi on the mountain. Instead, he now lives (resides?) in a tightly controlled high-humidity cold storage cell at the South Tyrol Museum of Archaeology in Bolzano, Italy.

Thinking about Otzi and his complex wardrobe. I wonder if clothing and shoes were used communally or if everyone had their own set of shirts, pants, and shoes? Did women wear skirts or pants?

When did rules of who could wear what evolve? Until recently, I was unaware that in the not-so-distant past it was against the law for women to dress as men (and probably vice versa). Now and then you read a story about women who have passed as men in the wild, wild west or in the military, and when they died – Surprise! Ernie was really Edna. Wouldn't you love to be a fly on the wall when that happened? Hilarious!

All of this has little to do with the fashion of my ancestors, but it was a lot of fun to research. There is a lot more to say about the evolution of people and fashion, but that is a rabbit hole I will encourage someone else to jump down.

Fashion! What an evolution.

Kristin retired from the UCSB bookstore in 2000 and has been a member of the Society for 25 happy years. She's a library volunteer in charge of the library's Book Nook, a former editor of Ancestors West, an avid quilter, and a writer of silly rhymes.



Stylish Hats circa 1864

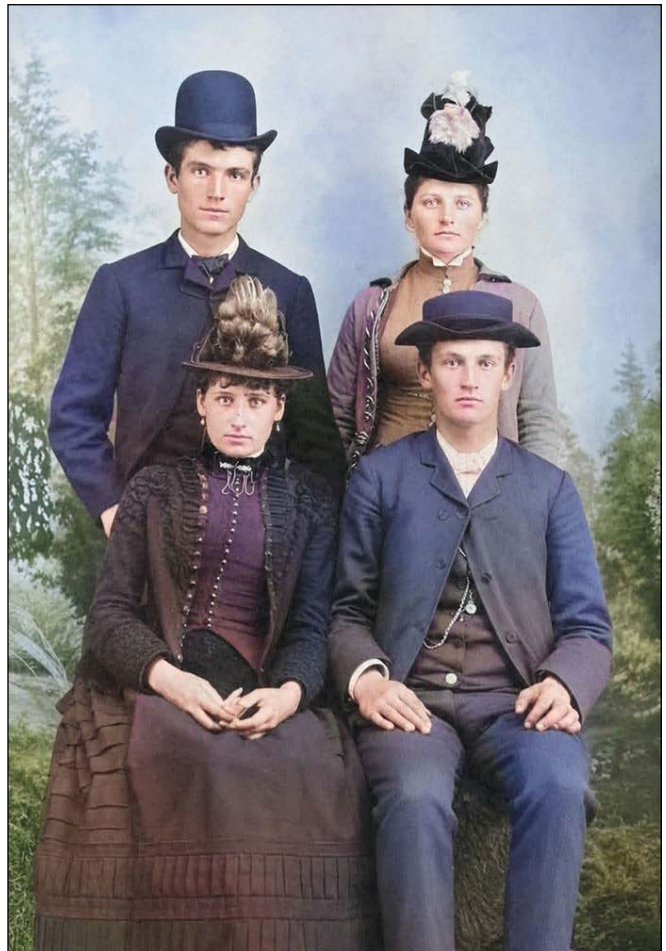
By Rhonda Dornblaser McFarlane

THIS FAVORITE FAMILY PHOTO shows everyone wearing a hat.

These are my Irish ancestors around 1864. On the right are my 2nd great-grandparents, Edmund Gaughan (1836 – 1866) and Mary Ann Lally (1833 – 1926). Also in the photo are Edmund's brother, Anthony Gaughan (1839 – 1904), and his wife, Mary Short (1839 – 1924). This photo was likely taken in Schuylkill, Pennsylvania, where they lived at the time. The Gaughan family originated in Belmullet, County Mayo, Ireland, and had only been in the United States since 1863.

So, more about the hats. Even in 1864, hats made a fashion statement. Most are familiar with the classic top hat worn by Anthony Gaughan. His wife, Mary, wears a flat-brimmed ladies' hat decorated with plumes. To the right, Mary Ann wears a bonnet adorned with ribbons and plumes. On the right, Edmund wears a bowler or derby hat.

This photo is from a tin type found among the keepsakes of John Vincent Gaughan (1910-1977), Edmund's grandson. My cousin, Connie Kay Staley, now has the tin type and passed this photo on to me.



A Patriotic Kentuckian

By Kate Lima

AH, KENTUCKIANS! These spirited, vigorous pioneers are known to fight for what's theirs and for their strong convictions. Many first arrived in Kentucky with a land grant, given for their service during the Revolutionary War. They were passionate patriots, so when the call came from Brigadier General William Henry Harrison, commanding officer of the Northwest Territory during the War of 1812, thousands of Kentuckians across the state kissed their loved ones, grabbed a knapsack, and hit the road.

Edward Dyehouse, my 4th great-grandfather, walked among them. He had shouldered a musket for more than three years during the "old war." He was at the Battle of Stony Point, New York; the surrender of General Cornwallis in Yorktown, Virginia; and the evacuation of Savannah, Georgia, in 1782. After that, he finally returned home. A neighbor recalled that his wife Polly shed many happy tears, knowing her husband wouldn't leave again. There would be no more fighting. Well, 30 years later when the "new war" began, Edward didn't hesitate.

He was 60 years old.

War of 1812

The bugle sounded in June of 1812 when America declared a new war against our old adversaries. Britain had been hindering America's sea trade; they thought they could still govern us. During the Napoleonic Wars (1807-1815), they didn't want us trading with France, so they tried to restrict it. They repeatedly captured American merchant ships, then forced American sailors to serve in their royal navy ("impressment").



Frederick Coffay, Battle during War of 1812 (Courtesy of fineartamerica.com)



Artist Don Troiani's 2012 "Frontier soldier in the War of 1812." Image from [WikipediaCommons](https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Frontier_soldier_in_the_War_of_1812.jpg).

The war was fought in three main theaters: the Atlantic coast, the Gulf Coast, and the Great Lakes Region. The latter region is where Edward Dyehouse fought.

How were the Kentuckians drawn into this war? They didn't live in any of these places. First and foremost, Kentuckians were passionate patriots. Also, they had endured many Indian attacks since moving to Kentucky; they knew the British were colluding with the natives, which threatened their frontier homes. When the call came, they enlisted by the thousands.

Battle of Frenchtown and Raisin River Massacre

The Battle of Frenchtown in Upper Ohio territory was a British victory. Most American soldiers were from Kentucky, and they fought long and hard. By the end of the day, January 22, 1813, more than 300 were killed and 500 prisoners captured. When the British



Portion of political cartoon by Charles Williams, 1812. [Wikimedia Commons](https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Scalp_and_King.jpg).

moved north with their prisoners, they left roughly 80 Americans – Kentuckians – who were too wounded to walk. They remained behind, grouped in two houses along the Raisin River. Two British soldiers guarded them. They may have heard some unsettling noises in the surrounding forest and, fearful, left the scene. Early the next morning, 100-200 Native warriors – Shawnee, Potawatomie, Miami, and others – returned.

The Indians were understandably bloodthirsty: Harrison and his army had burned Indian villages, killing men, women, and children, on his march to Frenchtown. They wanted revenge. Now, before the sun rose, the Indians entered the homes. First they took the prisoners' clothes, watches, blankets, anything they considered valuable. They then set fire to the two houses with the prisoners inside. Men trying to escape were either shot or tomahawked. By the end of the day, about 60 Kentuckians lay dead.¹ All told, roughly 400 Kentuckians died in this battle and massacre. "Remember the Raisin!" became the rallying cry for Kentuckians throughout the rest of the war.

One-Month March

After hearing of the massacre, Edward and other Kentuckians couldn't wait to fight. He and 1,200 others in this area signed on for a 6-month tour of duty. This newly formed brigade was led by General Green Clay; he split his forces into two regiments, led by Lieutenant Colonels William Boswell and William Dudley. The month-long march wasn't easy. They started out on March 31st; as soon as they crossed into Ohio, rain fell in torrents. The soldiers were soaked through, and the roads became a sludgy morass, hindering the men and burying cartwheels to their axles. Rain pelted them, at times with a blind fury, and the mud sucked at their boots, pulling them into a thick, brown slush. Day after day, they endured more harsh pelting, and this pulled at their enthusiasm as much as mud pulled their feet.

To make matters worse, the Kentuckians lacked training and discipline and tended toward insubordination. For many, this was their first tour of duty. They were new to military life and not used to the rigors of service. "The men who filled Clay's ranks were ill suited by training or temperament to conform to the strict regimentation required by military discipline."²

Finally, a measles outbreak spread through the units. By the time they made it to Fort Meigs, they were spent, both physically and emotionally.

Siege of Fort Meigs

All this may have slowed them, but it certainly didn't stop them. On May 5th, when they arrived, the Americans had already engaged with the enemy for four days. Harrison immediately ordered a detachment of 800 Kentuckians to the north side where the British and Indians were en masse; the remaining 400 would move to the south side and make their way through enemy fire toward Fort Meigs. The order was for Dudley to land on the north shore, spike the enemy's cannons, and quickly retreat back to the boats." Something happened, though. "Dudley and his officers failed to communicate Harrison's intentions fully to their men. Not a single junior officer or enlisted man landing on the north shore understood that they were to disable the enemy's guns and return to their boats."³ This lack of communication proved disastrous. Many blamed Dudley, but it is unclear whether he received the entire order.

Dudley made it to the north shore with his group of about 800 men. His troops quietly approached the enemy; they were soon discovered and so commenced with a tremendous shout. The yell ran down the whole of the line "like fire put to trains of powder."⁴ It so startled the British that they abandoned the batteries without offering any resistance. Dudley's men swept over the British position, cut down the British flag, and disabled their battery without a single man killed or wounded.

Then, without any other direction (the original order was to retreat to their boats, but they didn't know this), Dudley's men remained in place. Indians returned and engaged in battle for three hours. During this time, the Indians continued to fall back; they would return and fight a bit, then they fell back again. The Kentuckians, hell-bent on victory, followed them each time they retreated. Little did they know that the Indians were not retreating out of fear; they were leading the fighting Kentuckians into a carefully orchestrated ambush. Dud-

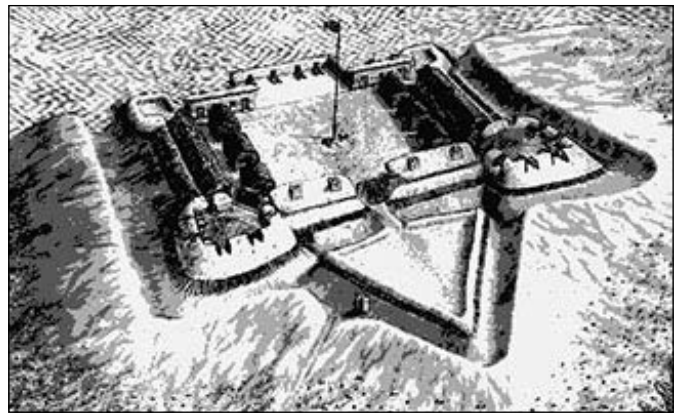
ley's men "pursued the Indians into the woods until about 200 of them fell into the enemies' hands and 100 were supposed to be killed."⁵ It was during this battle that Dudley was killed: "scalped, his breast cut open, and his heart taken out."⁶

Dudley's Defeat

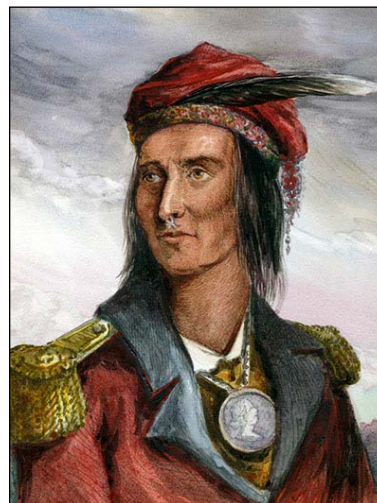
The British proceeded to corral the prisoners and march them to Fort Miamis, the British stronghold. As they neared the fort, the Indians formed two parallel lines about forty or fifty feet long and forced the prisoners to run the gauntlet as they entered the fort. There, the Indians were "shooting and tomahawking the men as they passed the line to gratify their vengeance."⁷

"I saw ten or twelve men, lying near, stripped naked and scalped. Near them were two lines of Indians ... of forty or fifty feet. The idea immediately struck me that all of the prisoners ahead of me had been massacred."⁸

Those who made it into the fort saw dozens of their fellow men brutally cut down. Indians were randomly



Fort Miamis, where Dudley's soldiers ran the gauntlet outside and others were slaughtered inside. Courtesy of Metroparks Toledo



Tecumseh, based on an 1808 sketch, Courtesy of Wikipedia

and viciously killing the prisoners. A number of Ojibwe entered the fort and joined the Shawnee, Miami, Potawatomie, and other tribes in the carnage. All of this happened while British soldiers and even their commanding officer, Henry Procter, stood watching. Shawnee war chief Tecumseh, who had participated in the battle but not the ensuing massacre, came charging through the fort on horseback, yelling

and screaming for his men to stop. The Indians stopped when they heard their leader. Seeing Procter at a short distance, Tecumseh thundered toward him and asked why he had not put a stop to the inhuman massacre. "'Sir,' said Procter, 'your Indians cannot be commanded.' 'Begone!' retorted Tecumseh, in the greatest disdain; 'you

are unfit to command; go and put on petticoats.”⁹

The carnage outside the fort was tremendous, and inside the fort was dubbed “a slaughter pen.” One day later came the prisoner exchange; four days later the British withdrew, unable to secure a victory. Roughly 220 Kentuckians were killed during this siege; an additional 400 Kentuckians were wounded or captured.

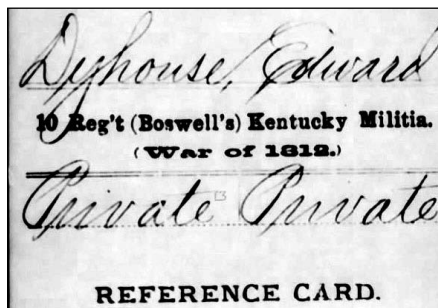
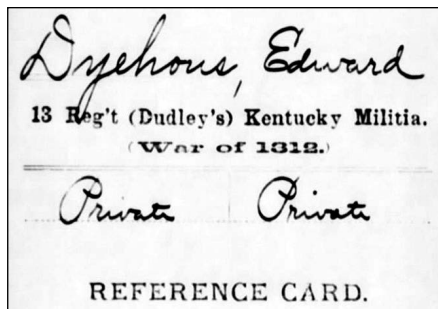
Edward Dyehouse, Mysteries

Edward made it through the siege. Four months later, though, he died. What happened to him? He is listed as dying at Fort Meigs on September 26, 1813. This is almost five months after the bloody massacre and also two days before his 6-month tour would have ended. Chances are high that he contracted one of the many diseases: dysentery, malaria, measles, mumps. I wish I knew more.

I’ve looked at websites, read first-hand accounts, listened to podcasts, and read books, trying to unravel what soldiers did after the siege.

I know that Edward was in both Dudley’s and Boswell’s regiments (I have enlistment cards for both), so he was part of the siege of Fort Meigs. My belief is that he enlisted with Dudley, but after Dudley’s death, Edward and his regiment, what was left of it, joined Boswell. I found him on a Register of Enlistments on August 31, 1813, in Sandusky, not too far from Fort Meigs. One month later, he died.

The War of 1812 was a draw. The Treaty of Ghent was signed on December 24, 1814, by both American and British negotiating teams. This returned things to a “status quo antebellum” (return to the way things were before the war). After 2 ½ years of brutal fighting, it might seem anticlimactic to have no clear winner, but this war was important to our developing nation. It proved America could defend its freedom. It crushed native resistance in the West, opening more lands for white settlers. Once again America stood toe to toe with one of the greatest nations in the world, this time breaking all remaining shackles that tethered us to them. British soldiers left our shores for good.



War Cards from Fold3.com

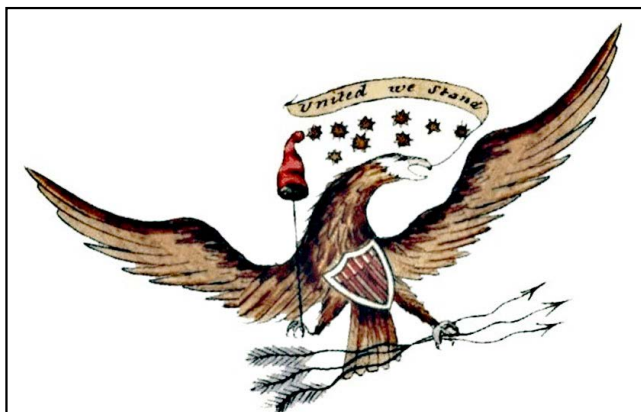
This treaty brought 200 years of relative peace and harmony to our two nations. My 4th great-grandfather, Edward Dyehouse, was part of the work to bring this about. Kentuckians as a whole played a tremendous role, supplying more than 20,000 soldiers to the war effort. The state should be proud; my hope is that all of these men can be honored and remembered for generations to come.

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The flag that Kentucky Troops carried at the Battle of Frenchtown, Jan. 18-22, 1813 (Courtesy Jason LeMay)

From British Soldier to American Patriot

Major Jonathan Stickney of Billerica, Massachusetts *By Christine Ordway Klukkert*

WHEN JONATHAN STICKNEY marched off to war in 1759, he was not fighting the British. He was fighting for them.

Sixteen years later, he would take up arms again—this time against the very government he had once served.

That transformation is one of the things I find most fascinating about my ancestor Jonathan Stickney's life. We tend to look back at Revolutionary War soldiers already knowing how the story ends. We call them "Patriots," put flags beside their names in our family trees, and perhaps proudly note their service in a lineage society application. But Jonathan did not know how the story would end.

When he answered the alarm in 1775, American independence had not yet been declared. He was a Massachusetts farmer, husband, and father with property, livestock, a home, and a place in his community. Rebellion against the Crown was an enormous gamble. If the rebellion failed, men like Jonathan could lose far more than a battle.

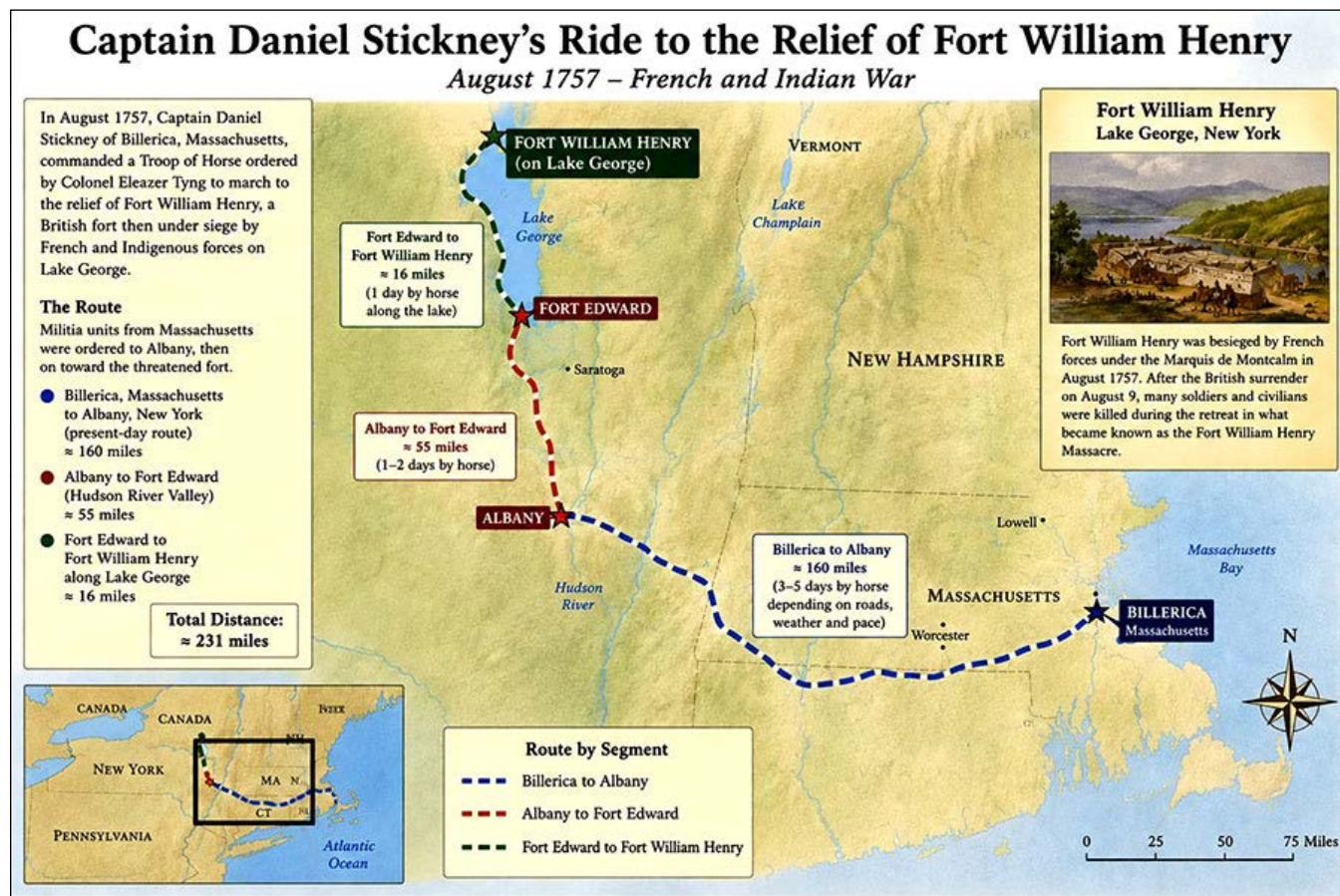
And Jonathan Stickney appears to have had quite a lot to lose.

A Billerica Family

Jonathan was born on August 17, 1736, in Billerica, Massachusetts, the son of Daniel and Mary Hill Stickney. The Stickneys had lived in New England for generations, and Jonathan grew up in a family firmly established in the life of its community.

His father, Daniel Stickney, was a militia officer and a man of some local standing. In August 1757, during the French and Indian War, when Jonathan was twenty, Captain Daniel Stickney commanded a "troop of horse" ordered by Colonel Eleazer Tyng to march toward the relief of Fort William Henry in northern New York. A "troop of horse" was the term then used for a mounted militia unit—horsemen who could travel more rapidly than infantry and serve as messengers, scouts, escorts, or emergency reinforcements.

Daniel and his mounted men rode fifty-two miles from Billerica to Marlborough in just four and a half days as part of the colonial response to the French attack on the British fort during the French and Indian War. If this rings a bell, it was the setting for James Fenimore Cooper's 1826 novel, *The Last of the Mohicans*, and the movie adaptations that followed.



ChatGPT

Daniel's troop apparently never reached the fort before it surrendered. Still, I cannot help imagining what it must have been like to ride away from Billerica, knowing that somewhere ahead men were fighting and dying – and not knowing what awaited you upon arrival. Jonathan grew up watching his father's example. And before long, he too was a soldier.

By then, Jonathan had married Silence Taylor of nearby Concord, and their daughter, also named Silence, was born on August 13, 1758.

Fighting for King and Country

On April 6, 1759, sixteen years before Lexington and Concord and just two years after his father's service, twenty-two-year-old Jonathan enlisted from Billerica in Colonel Eleazer Tyng's regiment for service during the French and Indian War. As a loyal British subject, Jonathan was among the Massachusetts colonists helping Britain secure an empire in North America.

Tyng's regiment joined the British forces moving north through New York toward Lake George, Ticonderoga, and Crown Point. The campaign was successful. As the much larger British army advanced, the French abandoned Ticonderoga and Crown Point and retreated toward Canada. The British took control of the area, and Montréal fell the following year, ending French rule in Canada. After his service, Jonathan returned home to Silence and their young daughter in Billerica.

As I dug deeper into Jonathan's life, I found him listed in the 1771 Massachusetts tax valuation, which offers an unusual glimpse into his circumstances just a few years before the Revolution. Jonathan appears to have been quite comfortably established for the time, and prosperity seems to have extended throughout the Stickney family. His father, Daniel, appears separately in the same 1771 valuation with property and livestock of his own, as does Jonathan's brother, David.

The valuation lists Jonathan as owning two horses, three oxen, three cows, seven sheep or goats, and two swine. His agricultural holdings included pasture, tillage, and meadowland that produced grain, hay, and cider. Before the war, Jonathan was also deeply involved in Billerica affairs. He is even recorded in 1774 Boston newspaper notices as an agent handling local financial rewards and legal matters for regional landowners.

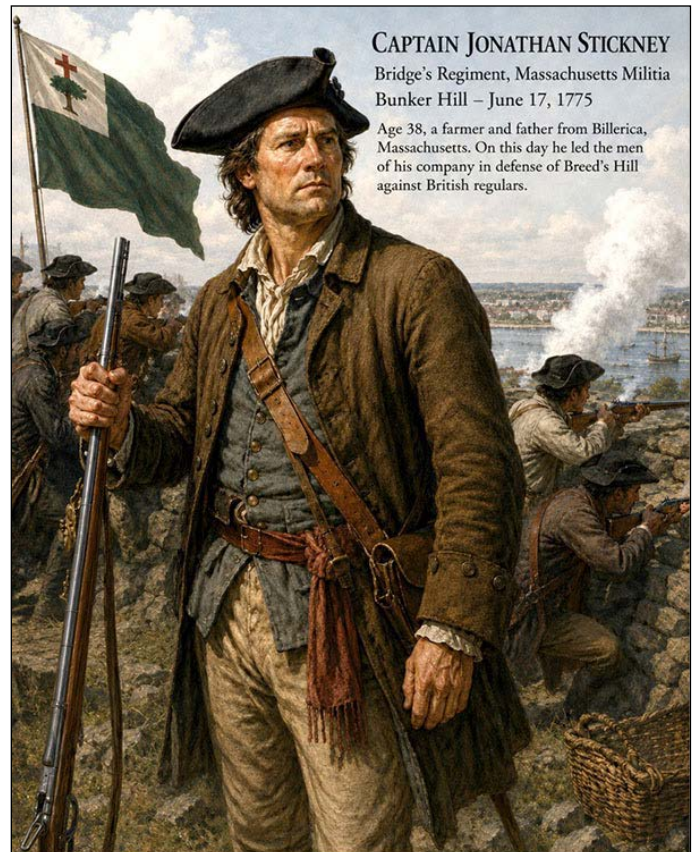
This is where genealogy has changed how I think about Jonathan. The 1771 tax valuation showed that he had something very real to lose. It is easy to encounter these men only as names in Revolutionary War records. Still, they had lives in Billerica long before the fighting began – as farmers, landowners, neighbors, husbands, and fathers.

And that makes Jonathan's next decision more meaningful to me.

The Shot Heard Round the World

By the spring of 1775, relations between Massachusetts and the British government had deteriorated sharply. On April 19, British troops marched from Boston toward Lexington and Concord to seize colonial military supplies. Alarm riders spread the word across the countryside, and militia companies hurried to the fighting.

Jonathan Stickney was no longer the twenty-two-year-old private who had enlisted in 1759. The young soldier who had once served Britain's cause had be-



ChatGPT

CAPTAIN JONATHAN STICKNEY

Bridge's Regiment, Massachusetts Militia
Bunker Hill – June 17, 1775

Age 38, a farmer and father from Billerica, Massachusetts. On this day he led the men of his company in defense of Breed's Hill against British regulars.

come Captain Jonathan Stickney of the Massachusetts militia. At thirty-eight, he commanded a company in Colonel Ebenezer Bridge's regiment. He was taking up arms against his lawful government.

Captain Stickney assembled his company and marched roughly nine miles southwest toward Concord. By the time the Billerica men arrived, the fighting at Lexington and Concord had already set the countryside in motion. British regulars were retreating toward Boston as militia companies poured in from surrounding towns, harassing the column along the way. Stickney and his men joined the rapidly growing colonial response, and Jonathan received wages for six days of service.

What had begun on April 19 as a local alarm did not end when the British reached Boston. Militia companies remained mobilized, and within weeks thousands of New England troops had gathered around the city. The confrontation was turning into a war.

Two months later came Bunker Hill. Jonathan was there. On June 17, 1775, Stickney and his Billerica company were at Charlestown during the Battle of Bunker Hill. Colonial forces occupying the heights overlooking Boston faced repeated assaults from British regulars. The Americans were eventually forced to withdraw, but only after inflicting devastating casualties on the British.

For Jonathan, this was not simply a battle involving anonymous soldiers. The men around him were from home.

One of them was thirty-five-year-old Billerica private Asa Pollard, who was struck and killed by a cannonball early in the action. According to an account later preserved in *The Stickney Family Book*, when a subordinate asked Colonel William Prescott what to do with Pol-

lard's body, Prescott replied simply, "Bury him." When the astonished officer asked, "What, without prayers?" Prescott reportedly ordered the men to disperse and return to their duties.

Whether every word of that exchange survived exactly as spoken is impossible to know. But the story captures something easily lost when we reduce a battle to dates and troop movements. Jonathan and the men serving with him came from the same community. They were neighbors, civic peers, and, in many cases, undoubtedly friends and relatives. Asa Pollard's death was not merely another casualty on a military return; it was the violent death of a man from home.

Soldier, Citizen—and Farmer

Jonathan's military involvement did not end with the Revolution. By 1785, he had been promoted to Major and had taken command of the Billerica Artillery. In 1786, Massachusetts faced another crisis—this time from within the new nation. Shays' Rebellion shook Massachusetts. It was an uprising fueled largely by farmers, many of them Revolutionary War veterans, who were struggling under heavy taxes, debt, and foreclosures. On November 3, Governor James Bowdoin ordered Major Jonathan Stickney and the Billerica Artillery to Cambridge to protect the Supreme Judicial Court. At fifty, Jonathan led his men the entire distance from Billerica in a snowstorm.

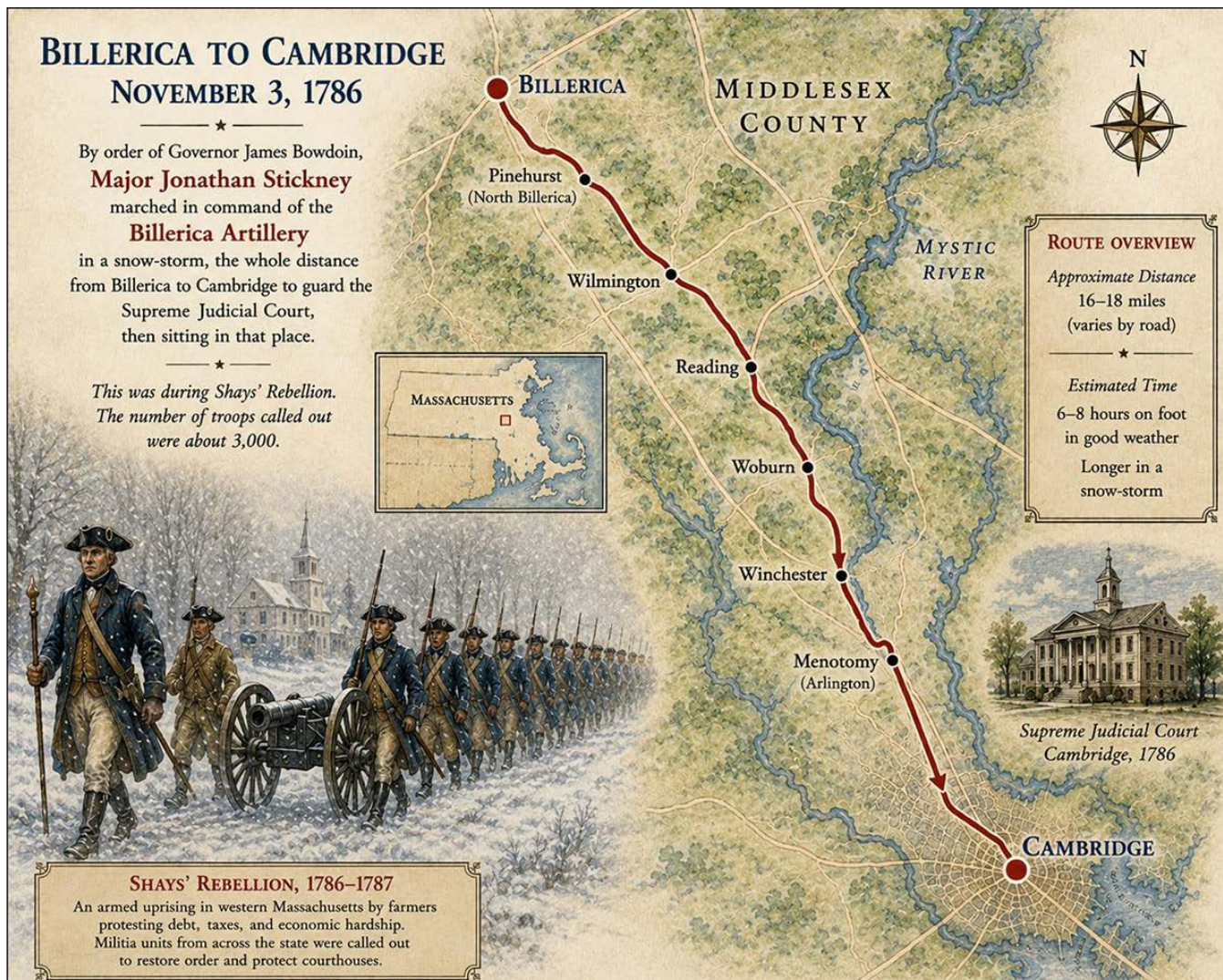
I find this episode particularly striking. The irony is hard to miss. The young Jonathan had served the British colonial government. The middle-aged Jonathan rebelled against it and helped create a new nation. Now, as an older man, he was being called upon to defend the authority of the government that had emerged from that Revolution. His life had come almost full circle.

The Man Behind the Soldier

Jonathan died in Billerica on April 30, 1802, at age sixty-five. His widow, Silence, survived him until 1807.

His probate records offer a final glimpse of the man behind the military record. Described as "Maj'r Jonathan Stickney" and a "gentleman," Jonathan left a substantial estate, including his twenty-acre Billerica homestead, pasture on Bear Hill, land along the Concord River, and several other parcels. His household inventory included livestock and farm equipment, a sleigh and harness, saddles and bridles, silver teaspoons, a desk, and "a large Bible and sundry other Books."

The probate records also show that Jonathan had numerous financial dealings with his neighbors. Several people owed him money, but he also left behind a surprising amount of debt. His estate remained unsettled for years, and in 1813—eleven years after his death—his administrator was still seeking authority to sell real estate to pay his creditors.



ChatGPT

For me, these records add another dimension to Jonathan's story. The soldier who marched toward Concord in April 1775 was also a husband, farmer, and landowner with a home, property, and an established place in his community—all he stood to lose when he chose to take up arms against the British government.

The Two Wars of Jonathan Stickney

Jonathan Stickney's story spans a remarkable era in American history.

As a young man, he served as a British colonial soldier in the French and Indian War. Sixteen years later, he marched with his Billerica neighbors against British troops at the start of the Revolution and later fought at Bunker Hill. Still later, as Major Jonathan Stickney, he was called upon to defend the government created by that Revolution during the unrest of Shays' Rebellion. That, perhaps, is what I enjoy most about genealogy. A name on a muster roll can tell us that a man was there. But when we bring together tax lists, newspapers, town records, probate papers, and the stories preserved by his family and community, we begin to understand something of the life he left behind.

Author's Note: Jonathan Stickney's wife, Silence Taylor, had long been one of my genealogical brick walls. Identified in both The Stickney Family and my DAR application papers simply as "Silence," her maiden name had remained unknown. While researching this article, I finally found the 1768 deed identifying her as Silence Taylor—a truly exciting breakthrough! It was a wonderful reminder that even after years of research, an old family mystery can suddenly be solved.



Elizabeth Lineaweaver (McMeen)
Photographer William Amos Fulton Studio, 19 East King
Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

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Middlesex County, Massachusetts, Deed Records. Vol. 43, p. 392, deed dated April 15, 1768, concerning the heirs of Jacob Taylor of Concord; names "Jonathan Stickney of Billerica & Silence his wife," providing the evidence identifying Silence as a daughter of Jacob Taylor.

Christine Ordway Klukkert is a lifetime member of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society, where she serves in several volunteer roles, including Book Acquisitions Chair and as a member of the Education and Programs Committee. She is also a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution through another Revolutionary War patriot and now looks forward to proudly adding Major Jonathan Stickney to her list of qualifying patriot ancestors's.



Mabel Emily Edwards (Sahm)
about 17 years
Photographer Fred Ernst, 15 E. King
Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Millinery Madness?

MABEL AND ELIZABETH were born in 1891. They were friends and neighbors who lived in Penn Township, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Source:

Photo Collection of Judy D. Sahm from Mabel Emily Edwards Sahm Collection
1900 U.S. Federal Census Penn Township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania

A Hat of Public Service

By Teresa Newton-Terres

MY PATERNAL GRANDFATHER, Arthur Richard “Art” Streeter (1890–1966), was rarely still. On the rare occasions when he sat in a chair, he might hold a pipe gently in one hand. In earlier years, he was a seasonal Forest Service Ranger. That is why we grandchildren called him “Smoke Poppy.”



Art on right.

More often than not, he was on his feet with a hat squarely on his head. In the mountains, he also carried a pearl-handled six-shooter tucked into a leather holster. “For the snakes,” he reportedly explained. “I hate snakes.” That always amused me. A man willing to work in remote forests and face the hazards of mountain life apparently drew the line at snakes.

I knew Smoke Poppy from childhood visits between Santa Barbara and Walnut Creek, California, where my mother, Marian Helen Streeter (1928–2002), had grown up. Our best visits, however, were to the small cabin my grandparents built at Pinecrest Lake in the Stanislaus National Forest.

My mother was four years old when her parents secured a U.S. Forest Service recreation-residence permit and built the cabin in 1933. Years later, she brought each of her four children there for summer and winter adventures. We swam, sunbathed, gathered around campfires, and slept beneath the stars. Smoke Poppy fished and hunted, while my grandmother, Edna Elizabeth Barger Streeter (1898–1971), whom we called Nanny, baked, cooked, and handled the less glamorous duties that kept cabin life running. In winter, Mother brought us back to ski and build snowmen. Those mountain experiences became a foundation of my childhood.

The Photographs on the Wall

Long after my grandparents had passed, my mother arranged a collection of tiny black-and-white photographs on poster board. She glued each one down and had the collage framed.

“I enjoy being reminded of my family,” she said.

Mother intended the collage for the cabin, but for many years it hung in her condominium in Rossmoor,

near the community where she had been raised. By then, her parents and two siblings had passed, and the photographs offered a quiet connection to the people and places of her heritage.

After Mother died, I carried the collage to the cabin, where it had always been meant to hang. She had once told me stories about many of the images—identifying people, describing locations, and recalling events that had occurred long before I was born. “This is somewhere in Idaho, Montana, or Yellowstone,” she said about several photographs.



Edna on far left, Art on right, cooking over a campfire

Unfortunately, I had not recorded her stories. Many family historians share this regret. We assume the people we love will always be available to answer one more question. We also assume our memories will remain reliable filing cabinets. Neither assumption is particularly wise.



Art, on far left likely Wallace Idaho railway.

A Journey to Missoula

In July 2026, I attended the grand opening of the National Museum of Forest Service History in Missoula, Montana. My journey there began, in part, with my mother’s photo collage.

While preparing an earlier article for *Ancestors West*, I took the framed photographs to a shop. Because the pictures had been thoroughly glued to the poster board, removing them was impossible. The adhesive had apparently taken its archival duties very seriously. The framer opened the frame and removed the glass so I could photograph each tiny image as clearly as possible. Those photographs helped me document my grandfather’s Forest Service story.

After my article was published, I sent a copy to the organization developing the museum. Eventually,

Arthur “Art” Streeter was inducted into the museum’s Forest Service Honor Roll in recognition of service that included the historic Big Burn of 1910. Seeing his name on the museum’s Honor Roll kiosk was deeply moving.

Architect Tom Chung designed the museum as a “cathedral of trees.” Its soaring structural columns are crafted from different species of wood representing forests across the country. Because each species carries weight differently, each column had to be individually engineered. Even the architecture is doing some heavy lifting... literally.

Inside, photographs, artifacts, oral histories, short films, and interactive exhibits guide visitors through America’s conservation story. The displays explore the distinction between preservation and conservation and celebrate the diversity of our National Forests, from towering trees and mountain landscapes to grasslands and open plains.

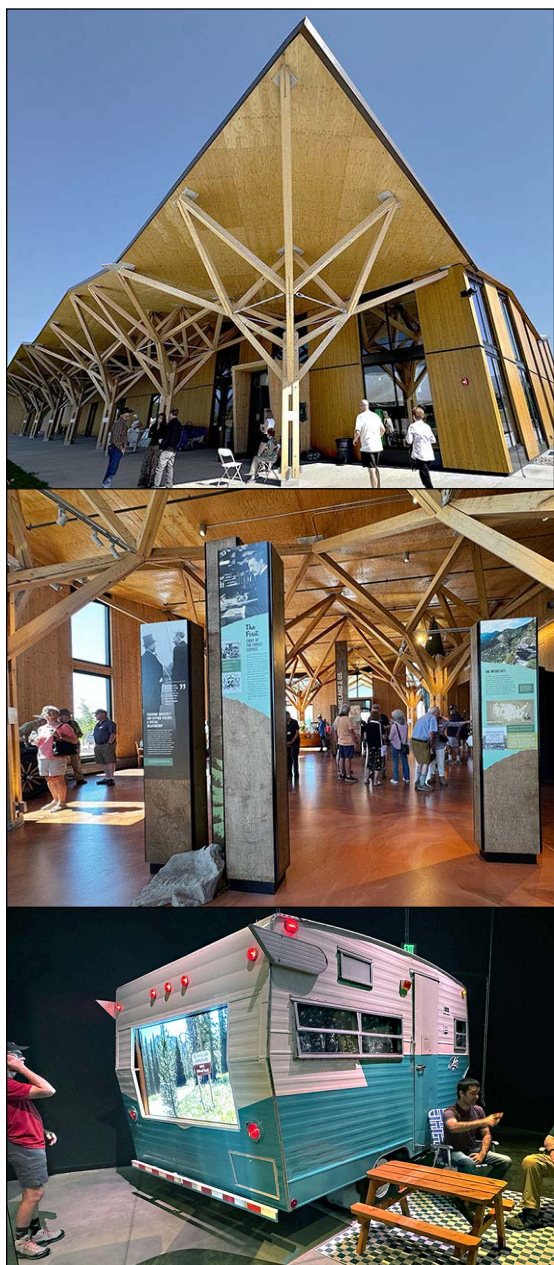
Near the back, a quieter family-camping display features a vintage trailer, camp chairs, family photographs,

and old films. It captures the familiar joy of generations gathering in the forest. The trailer reminded me of an image in Mother’s collage and of my own experiences: swimming in a mountain lake, telling stories by a campfire, preparing meals on a tiny stove, and creating memories that somehow expanded far beyond the forest.

When I found my grandfather on the Honor Roll, the threads came together: Forest Service history, family heritage, and recreation residences and experiences passed from one generation to the next. I had driven about 1,700 miles from my home base in Little Rock, Arkansas, to attend. It was worth every mile.

The Hat I Had Not Really Seen

Among the museum displays, I was delighted to see Smokey Bear. His appearance has changed since he became the symbol of a national wildfire-prevention campaign in the 1940s. His face, expression, and proportions have evolved, but his broad-brimmed ranger hat has remained instantly recognizable.



Photos of the National Museum of Forest Service History in Missoula, Montana.



During a tour of the artifact collection, I also came across a photograph of a woman standing at a fire lookout. “Who is this?” I asked. She was Hallie Morse Daggett, the Forest Service’s first woman fire lookout. Beginning in 1913, she served at the Eddy Gulch Lookout in California’s Klamath National Forest.

Museum reenactor Nancy Gipson, who also serves on the museum’s board and owns a cabin in a National Forest near Lake Tahoe, helped me appreciate how unusual Daggett’s choice was. Although Daggett had ties to a more privileged social world, she felt drawn to the mountains and pursued a life different from what society might have expected. Yet before I grasped the larger meaning of her story, something familiar caught my eye.

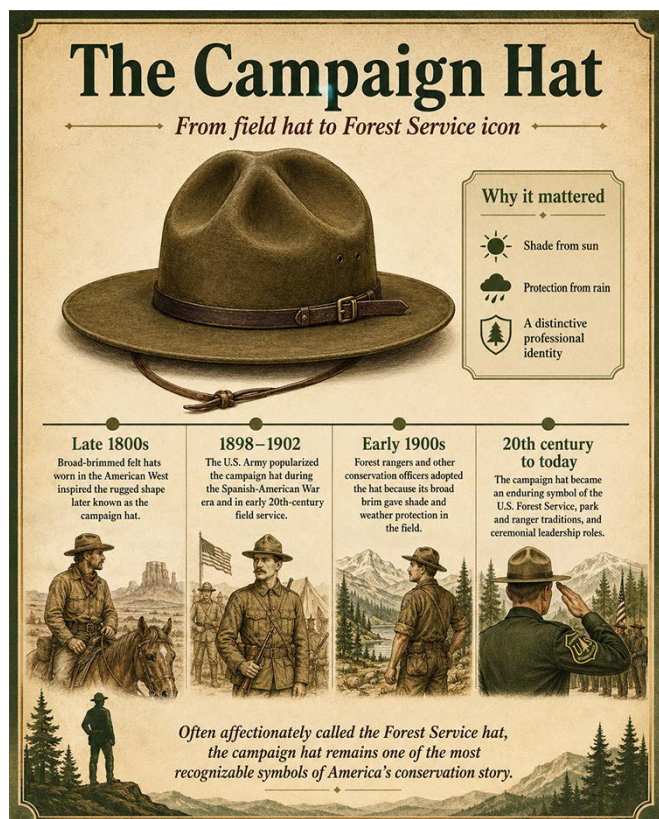
Her hat.

Daggett wore a broad-brimmed, campaign-style hat with a creased crown. It belonged to the same general hat family later associated with Forest Service rangers, park rangers, military personnel, and Smokey Bear. She also carried a revolver, just as Smoke Poppy did. I



Hallie Daggett. U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, [FWS.gov](https://www.fws.gov)

had looked at my grandfather's photographs for years, but until that museum visit, I had not fully grasped the meaning of the hat on his head. Sometimes a family photograph waits patiently for us to gain enough knowledge to understand it.



The Campaign Hat. Created by [GhatGPT](#)

Rangers, Mounties and Stetsons

After leaving Missoula, we traveled to Waterton Lakes National Park in the Canadian Rockies. There, another familiar hat appeared: the broad-brimmed Stetson worn by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The RCMP Stetson belongs to the same extended family as the American campaign hat. Its light-tan felt, broad brim, tall crown, leather band, and chinstrap make it immediately recognizable, especially when paired with the Mounties' scarlet tunic.

The original Northwest Mounted Police did not adopt the Stetson as standard headgear. Early uniforms featured British-style helmets that looked impressive but were poorly suited to long mounted patrols. Officers began buying broad-brimmed Western hats for better protection from sun, rain, and wind. The Stetson eventually became an official and enduring part of the uniform.

The campaign hat also shares its Western ancestry with the broad-brimmed hats worn by Texas Rangers. Both offered protection from the weather, but their forms gradually diverged. The Texas Ranger's hat retained the more individualized shape of the cowboy hat, while the campaign hat developed a stiff, flat brim and a distinctive four-dent crown associated with military service, Forest Service rangers, and other uniformed public servants. The common ancestor was the Stetson.

In 1865, John B. Stetson introduced the "Boss of the Plains," a durable fur-felt hat with a broad, flat brim and an uncreased crown. Western wearers shaped their hats to suit their preferences, creating a variety of crown creases and brim styles. Familiar forms included the cattleman crease, center crease, pinch front, and four-dent Montana Peak.

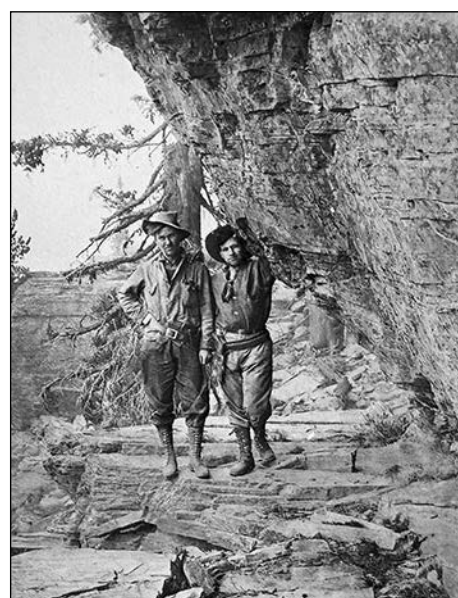
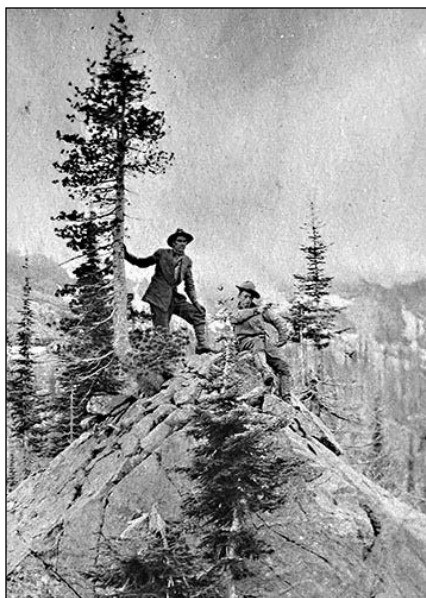
Because the Stetson company became so dominant, "Stetson" eventually became shorthand for almost any high-quality Western hat, even when another company manufactured it. That is why someone may refer to a Texas Ranger's hat or a Canadian Mountie's hat as a Stetson without specifying its exact style. The four-dent Montana Peak eventually became standardized in military campaign hats and was later adopted by Forest Service personnel, park rangers, Mounties, and Smokey Bear. The Stetson is therefore an important link in this story. It began as practical Western headgear, and its descendants became distinct branches of the public-service tradition.

Boy Scouts and the Campaign Hat

The campaign hat also appeared in another influential American uniform: the Boy Scouts' uniform. Early Scout uniforms borrowed heavily from military and outdoor clothing. For generations, Scouts wore broad-brimmed campaign hats with creased crowns. The hat offered protection from the elements and gave a boy an unmistakable appearance of being prepared to hike, camp, serve, and—at least in theory—remain cheerful while doing so.

Many Americans therefore encountered the campaign hat not through a soldier or a ranger, but through a Scout troop, summer camp, or a family photograph.

The Scout hat carried the campaign hat's meaning into civilian life. It became associated not only with au-



Art in the high country somewhere near Yellowstone, Montana, or Idaho.

thority but also with preparedness, citizenship, outdoor skills, and service to others. The familiar Boy Scout motto, “Be Prepared,” suited the hat perfectly.

The Mountie, Forest Service ranger, military instructor, Smokey Bear, and Boy Scout each wore a slightly different version. Yet all shared a recognizable silhouette: a wide brim and a tall, creased crown.

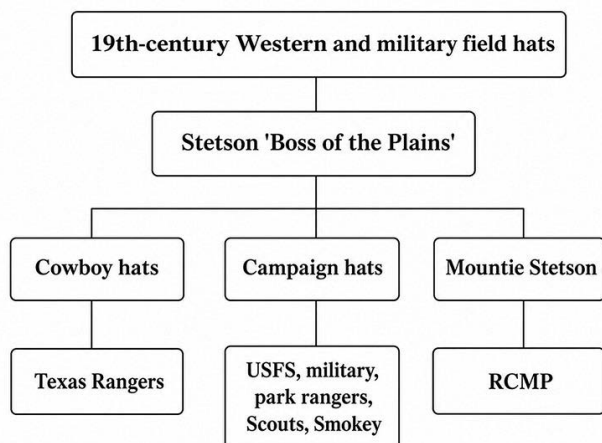
The hat offered protection from the weather, but it also communicated something at a distance: This person has responsibilities.

The campaign hat developed as the Western field hat became more standardized and military in appearance due to its adoption by the military. It then spread to organizations whose members worked outdoors or represented disciplined public service, including the U.S. Forest Service, park rangers, state police, drill instructors, Boy Scouts, and Smokey Bear.

Smoke Poppy’s Forest Service hat was therefore not merely a cowboy hat. It was a formalized descendant of the same Western tradition.

The Family Tree:

The branches overlap, and not every hat fits neatly into a single category. Crown shapes were copied, altered, and standardized by different organizations, but there is a family tree:



Reading the Collage Again

After returning to my mother’s photographs, I began examining Smoke Poppy’s hats more closely. There he was, as a young man, on a bandstand with elegantly dressed men and women, wearing a hat that made him look quite stylish.

There he was again in the mountains, with men and pack animals heading into the back country.

Many figures remain unidentified. Was one a Forest Service official, a relative, or a colleague? Could one have been an important conservation leader? I do not yet know, and family historians must learn to live with both discoveries and question marks.

In later photographs, my grandfather stands beside Nanny and their two-tone travel trailer. During retirement, the sixteen-foot trailer served as guest quarters at the cabin or as a winter base camp wherever they wished to wander.

His hats changed as his life changed.

Yet the campaign hat now stands apart. When Art Streeter wore it, he belonged to a broader North American tradition that encompassed rangers, fire lookouts, soldiers, mounted officers, and generations of Scouts.

The campaign hat began as practical outdoor gear. Its brim shielded the wearer from sun and rain. Its stiffened crown held its shape, and its distinctive outline was recognizable at a distance.

Over time, it came to symbolize readiness, discipline, stewardship, and a commitment to public service.

Many stories in my mother’s collage may never be fully recovered. No one remains to identify every face or to explain what happened immediately before or after each shutter click.

Yet one hat has given me a story I did not know I had.

Smoke Poppy’s campaign hat was more than something he wore. It connected him to the lands where he worked, the public he served, and the conservation tradition of which he was a part. The evidence had hung on the wall for years.

All I needed to do was look under the hat.



Written by Teresa Newton-Terres, with lively conversation and editorial input from Mel Sahyun, and with editorial and research assistance from ChatGPT.

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Newton-Terres, Teresa. Photograph of the exhibit "Evolution of Smokey Bear," showing changes in Smokey Bear's appearance and campaign hat from 1944 onward. Personal photograph, 2026. The National Museum of Forest Service Museum.

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Updated February 2026

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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.

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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.**

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

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Ancestors West Suggested Theme – Next Issue

Due October 15

Then and Now

*Compare the lives of ancestors with those of
current generations.*

**We are happy to accept any stories
related to genealogy!**

*Please send to Charmien Carrier, editor
charmien2940@gmail.com*

- *Communication*
- *Travel*
- *Food*
- *Child-rearing*
- *Education*
- *Courtship & marriage*
- *Work*
- *Money*
- *Medicine*
- *Entertainment*
- *Holidays*
- *Home life*