



RUSSIAN RIVER RECORDER

FALL 2013 • ISSUE 122

An Official Publication of the Healdsburg Museum & Historical Society

History Mystery

What Happened to the Scotts?

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In This Issue

It always starts with a question. Each article within this "History Mystery" issue of the *Russian River Recorder* details a historical quest, beginning with an author's initial curiosity about a subject and following the twisting path of historical inquiry. Frequently, the questions multiplied, branched off and got even more intriguing on the way. These authors have used every tool we could find to unlock the mysteries of the past: personal interviews, census records, burial records, newspapers, photos, diaries, directories, maps and published genealogies. We visited graveyards, combed libraries and scrolled through microfilm seeking clues. We did background research to better interpret the findings and place them in a historical social and political context.

Local history research is our passion at the Healdsburg Museum and has been since the beginning. In addition to articles by regular contributors Ann Howard, Janet Sbragia Pisenti, Jane

Bonham and me, we introduce three authors not previously published in the *RRR*: writer/author Marie Butler, attorney/pioneer descendant Edward McCutchan and Museum intern/SSU graduate student Thomas Armitstead. We are also feature history mystery articles by former Healdsburg Museum curators Ed Langhart and Hannah Clayborn. Their scholarship and many years of service to the Museum and Healdsburg community contributed a wealth of material to our body of local knowledge. The Museum's research center with 16,000 historical photos and the priceless historical newspaper index owes much to their dedication.

We hope you enjoy reading about the mysteries of the past in this issue as much as we enjoyed delving into them. Perhaps these articles will even inspire you to explore a "history mystery" of your own.

Holly Hoods, Curator



RUSSIAN RIVER RECORDER

The Official Publication of the

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Is It Witchcraft?

Aaron Wager Tells of His Wife's Strange Malady

Professor Steen Called Upon to Drive Out the Evil Spirits—A Curious Case
reprinted from the Sunday Sacramento Union, 25 January 1891

A reporter for the *Record-Union* listened to the narration of a story a few days since which in its various details outrivals the most fanciful flight of fiction. Yet, strange as the story undoubtedly is, it is claimed to be true in every statement. "In 1883," said the narrator, "there came to the little town of Healdsburg, Sonoma County, a young physician named Maurice H. Strope. He seemed well educated in his chosen profession and was soon famous for the cures he effected among the sick in the little hamlet and in its vicinity. But there was something about the man that made people fear him, and it was a brave man who could look him in the face.

"A few months ago Mrs. Ruth Wager, the wife of Aaron Wager, an estimable citizen of the village, fell ill with violent headaches. It was probably due to neuralgia or some similar complaint, as she was not otherwise indisposed and had been in the best of health before that time. The headaches continuing, young Dr. Strope was called to attend her. He left some medicine and departed. The suffering was not abated in the least, and he was sent for a second time. What he did at that visit I cannot say. He made some cabalistic signs on her forehead and said some words over her and the pain left her at once; but she followed him around like a child, and from that time forth knew little or nothing other than what the doctor told her or pointed out to her. She would obey his commands implicitly and he could do anything with her, but to everyone else she was as deaf as a statue of marble.

"The members of her family became alarmed and wondered what the trouble could be. She got no better, nor in fact did she change for the worse, but from that day to this she has remained in exactly the same condition. She isn't sick and she isn't well. She lives and sleeps and eats, but her faculties have all left her, yet, strange to say, she has none of the symptoms of insanity. What is the matter with her? I have no idea, but if you will see Mr. Steen in this city he can give you further information, as he is in correspondence with the husband of the woman at

this time, I believe."



Advertising poster for the Steens, 1890s

Charles N. Steen, the great spiritual exposé, mind-reader and second-sight artist, who, with his wife has created no little wonder and comment by their wonderful performances on the coast of late, was found at the Western Hotel and asked if he had heard of the strange case of Mrs. Wager and Dr. Strope. "Yes, I have heard of it," replied Mr. Steen, smiling, "and perhaps know more about it than anyone else, for the reason that I have the story from the lips of her husband, or rather from his pen, and if you will come up to the room I will show you what he writes."

The reporter accompanied him and the letter was produced. It was as follows:

Mr. Charles V. Steen

Dear Sir: I telegraphed you yesterday from Healdsburg and write you today from my home. Had I known sooner that you were in Healdsburg I could have seen you, and it would have saved me this trouble.

What I want to know is this - My wife having been mesmerized (or psychologized, as the clairvoyants call it), and then turned into a witch, I desire to know whether or not you can be of any help to her. This was done by a German doctor and his

wife. His name is Maurice H. Strobe and his wife's name is Tillie. Of course I do not know what powers you or Mrs. Steen have, or whether you can read minds at a distance or not. If you can, and can do her any good, I am willing to pay a fair price therefore. Must I meet you at some place or can you write to me, so I can show it to people, as there are some here who believe in such things? I am convinced that there is some reality in it, and for the sake of suffering humanity I write you. I cannot tell by the play-bill in my possession whether the lady with you is your wife or sister, but it makes no difference, as she is very good. If she is, the stranger and I will leave it entirely with you to do the business.

Yours respectfully,
Aaron Wager, Healdsburg,
December 14, 1890.

"It is a surprising thing to me," said Mr. Steen, "that people will never abandon such foolishness as witchcraft, spiritualism and such things. This is only one case out of several that have come to my personal notice during my last season's work. I am advertised as a mind reader; or rather Mrs. Steen and myself are so advertised together. People who see our work and talk about it believe that our powers are more than natural, but that is all stuff and nonsense. Do you suppose Mrs. Steen

could do her act on the stage and tell all the queer things people want to know if I were not there? Could I do so if she were not there? Well, not much. It is nothing but clever study and trickery, and I have always plainly said so. This second-sight seventh-son-of-a-seventh-son business is all rot. No, it's only sharp memory and a well-planned programme, with endless variations that enables us to do what we do. Now, I have made this explanation to you and I don't care what you do with it, to show you how absurd it would be for me to go to this man's house, humbug him into the idea that I was a materialized spirit or a bean-eating witch-killer from Boston, and to make him believe that I could cure his wife. It's nonsense."

"How do you account for the strange condition of his wife?"

"Simply that this doctor, whoever he was, was a man possessed of animal magnetism to a high degree, and having the so-called mesmeric power, which is the same thing. He probably found her a very weak-minded woman, and used this force experimentally. Once he subjected her will to his own, he couldn't release her to save his life and left her in that sad condition."

"And what is to follow? How will she get out of it?"

"I give it up. Ask me an easy one. Perhaps it will wear off in time, and then she'll be relieved of the witch that is bothering her."

Witch Hunt

by Holly Hoods

This intriguing 1891 article about Ruth Wager's mysterious affliction, published in the *Sacramento Union* newspaper, contained enough information to form the basis for an interesting Healdsburg history mystery. Was this incident the disturbing end to Dr. Strobe's career? Whatever happened to Ruth and Aaron Wager? Did she recover? A combination of Healdsburg Museum records, U.S. census records, cemetery records, published genealogy and historical newspaper articles helped answer that question. Much of the trail led away from Healdsburg and back to an old Dutch village in New York. Many curious aspects of the Wager witch story remain forever buried with Ruth

and Aaron Wager in the Brunswick, Renssaeler County, New York Cemetery.

Background of the Afflicted Family

Born in June 1838, Mrs. Wager was the daughter of Caroline Gould and John S. Wheeler of Sand Hill, Renssaeler County, New York. Ruth was the seventh child in a family of 11 children and was raised in a Lutheran home with parents who valued education and culture. Her father was a blacksmith and church elder and spoke several languages. At the age of 22 in 1860, Ruth married 24-year old Aaron Wager (sometimes spelled "Wagar"), a wagon maker and native of nearby Grafton.



Poestenkill village oil painting by Joseph Hidley, 1870s

The Wagers settled into domestic life in Poestenkill, Rensselaer County, New York. They raised five children in the quaint rural village and led a relatively prosperous quiet life. For reasons unknown, Aaron and Ruth left New York and were living in Healdsburg by approximately 1885. Here Aaron plied his trade as a wagon maker, constructing and repairing carriages and buggies; Ruth kept house. It was likely a difficult move for Ruth. She would have been isolated at home facing the tedious repetitive domestic chores of the 19th century housewife, untold miles away from her children, grandchildren and friends. Ruth was a devout Lutheran without the spiritual and social comfort of a parish. A Lutheran Church was yet to be established in Healdsburg. Perhaps the blinding headaches that Ruth suffered were triggered by stress and despair. In 1890, Ruth was 53 years old and seemingly in good physical health when the treatment of her headache by the commanding Dr. Strope resulted in this strange trance-like state described in the newspaper article.

Magicians and Mind Readers

The worried husband and frantic family searched for answers. Was it witchcraft? Demonic possession? Hypnosis? Lunacy? It does not appear that anyone speculated that she could be faking or seeking attention. As evidenced in the article, Aaron was willing to pay anything to restore his wife to normalcy. When the Steens, a traveling husband and wife magic act, came to the West Coast on a tour circuit, Aaron jumped at the hope that the Steens might possess true insight into mysterious matters of

the mind. He had missed their performance in Healdsburg and tried to catch them in Sacramento. Unfortunately for the worried husband, Charles and Martha Steen were just entertainers using slick tricks to appear to read minds and perform magic. A description of Charles Steen from the magician's website, "Magicktricks.com" reports that he started in 1888 as an illusionist, specializing in escapes. After marrying his first wife, Martha, they began performing a two-person second-sight act, billed as "The Steens." Charles divorced Martha in 1904 and immediately remarried, continuing the act with his new wife, Rose. Fortunately Charles Steen did not exploit Aaron Wager's vulnerability for his own financial gain.

Within a year of the onset of Ruth Wager's curious affliction, Dr. Morris Strope moved back across the country to Poestenkill, New York. So did Aaron and Ruth Wager! This was an unlikely coincidence, but what did it mean? Did Aaron feel that he needed to keep Ruth under the "care" of Dr. Strope? Did Dr. Strope want to keep Ruth as a patient? Research of medical licenses indicated that Dr. Maurice (Morris) H. Swope had graduated from medical school in Albany, New York in 1880. The young doctor was practicing in Healdsburg by 1883 and was in Poestenkill by 1892. The incident with Ruth Wager evidently did not result in the loss of his medical standing or his license. Perhaps he was able to eventually affect a cure. *Albany Medical Annals*, vol. 31, contained the following "Medical News" announcement in 1910: "Dr. Morris H. Strope has been appointed coroner by Governor White." Dr. Strope's obituary, published in 1925, indicated that he died a respected physician with two terms of service as Albany County Coroner.

Ruth outlived her husband, Aaron, by nearly a decade. Aaron's obituary, published October 14, 1901 in the *Troy Daily Times*, Troy, New York describes the circumstances of his death two days earlier:

Injuries Caused Death

"Saturday occurred the death of Aaron Wagar, [sic] a highly respected resident of Poestenkill. His death was a shock to his family and friends. Thursday he was using a circular saw propelled by water power in his wagon shop, when the saw caught the stick and threw it with great force,

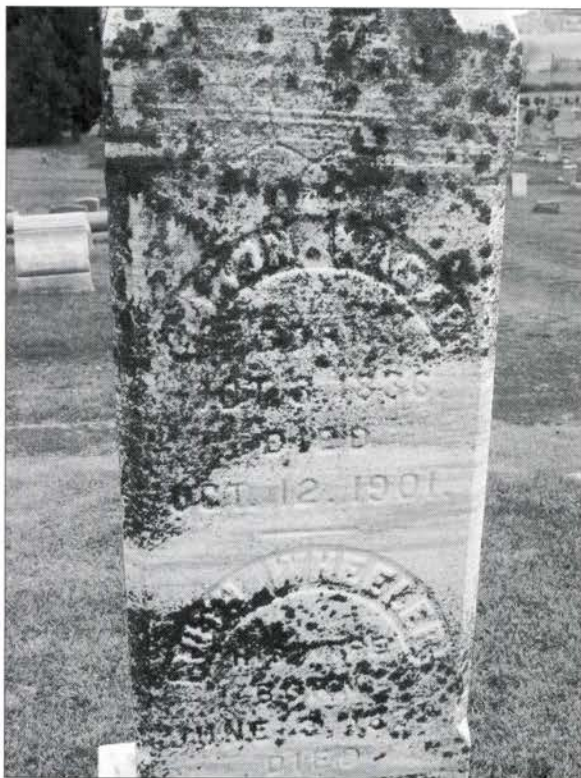
striking Mr. Wagar across the stomach. Internal injuries were received, from which he died Saturday evening. Mr. Wagar was about sixty-five years of age, and had resided in Poestenkill many years. He was of a genial disposition, and his demise will be mourned by many. Mr. Wagar leaves his wife, one daughter, Mrs. W. Clickner and four sons. The funeral will be held at 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon from the Lutheran Church."

Aaron's obituary made no mention of a catatonic invalid wife at home or the widow needing to be taken in by the children. Ruth must have recovered. The couple were shown living together back in their home village of Poestenkill in the 1900 census. So it seems that their relationship endured, but mysteries remain. Ruth lived for 20 more years in Poestenkill after her unexplained episode. No obituary was located for her, but her date of death is carved in her tombstone, January 1910. The couple is buried together in the same plot in Eagle Mills Cemetery in Brunswick, Rensselaer County, New York.

Ruth Wager may not have been a witch, but perhaps her perplexing affliction was actually her own sleight of hand to create a desired outcome. Within a year of her spell, the Wagers were back home in Poestenkill. What happened to Ruth? Her actions may have been the quiet desperation of a homesick housewife. We will probably never know.

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Medical Society of the County of Albany, New York, *Albany Medical Annals*, vol 31, 1910
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U.S. Dept. of Commerce. Bureau of the Census
1870, 1880, 1900, 1910



*Aaron and Ruth Wager gravestone,
Eagle Mills Cemetery, Brunswick, New York*

A Tale of Two Brothers

by Jane Bonham

A Seed Is Planted

Mourning the loss of a loved one is difficult, particularly when that person has been woven into the fabric of daily living. The holes rent in that fabric cause familiar places and activities to become disorienting and confusing. So it is that I imagine my dad entering the church on Sunday following Mom's passing, alone and confronting the challenge of seating: Sit in the familiar place without the familiar companion? Oh so distressing. But if not there, where?

I can visualize the consternation and uncertainty on his face and in his step before salvation appeared in the form of Mrs. Roberta Alexander, another long-time member of the congregation. "Come sit with me, Bill. It is only right that we should sit together now. You know, our two families built this church." He later would tell us of this kindness with a hint of wonderment; she had extended a lifeline to him through her friendship.

I too was warmed from listening to him recall the encounter and was gratified that this offer reaffirmed for him his sense of place in the church community. I was also quite intrigued by what she had said. The Federated Church had been an integral part of our family life during my childhood and youth, but this was news to me. What was this about a Bonham amongst the church founders? A seed was planted, ready to bloom in good time into a family history hunt.

Tracing Roots and Solving One Mystery

Researching my Bonham family history was made difficult by death and discord in recent family history. When my father was nine years old, Grandfather Willard Clifton died of septicemia following a rainy night train/auto collision after work.⁽¹⁾ His father, my great-grandfather James B., divorced his wife Rosella⁽²⁾ when Willard was about the same age. In both generations the son, at a young age, experienced both a profound emotional loss and an immeasurable discontinuity with part of the family roots and historic sense of place in community. To find answers I needed help to go further back in time.

Fortunately for my quest, we live in an age of

sophisticated software resources and internet access. I piggybacked on a wealth of research already completed and shared online by distant relatives. The branches of my tree began to take shape including a few suggestive hints. I learned that the father of Great-Grandfather James B. and founder of my Healdsburg Bonham line was Baxter Newton Bonham. He was a minister from an active ministerial family. Benjamin, Jr., his father, was a Methodist preacher with 11 children, four of them ministers.⁽³⁾

To my surprise, one query I posted to an online forum produced a message from a cousin living here in Sonoma County who had a wealth of family history to share and a wee bit more information about Reverend Baxter Newton and the early days in Healdsburg.

"In 1854 he [Baxter Newton] moved to Healdsburg, Sonoma County, and was installed pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in that community, conducted the first camp meetings in this part of the state, and organized the first school. He labored diligently and faithfully here until his health began to fail and he sought rest in Santa Clara where he passed away in less than a year."⁽⁴⁾

"He taught the first district school in Healdsburg and, with the assistance of his brother, Dr. B. B. Bonham, built the first Presbyterian Church in Healdsburg. He and his wife lived in Healdsburg many years and later moved to Sebastopol."⁽⁵⁾

A Shock and a New Set of Questions

With the work to date, I thought I had found the answer to my quest for information about the Bonham family and building of the early Federated church. With a certain amount of pride and excitement I sought to learn more about my 2nd Great-Grandfather Baxter Newton, his brother Benjamin Blackman and their other contributions to the community.

Happily I made my first trip to the research library of the Healdsburg Museum & Historical Society, expecting to add more detail to the laudable contributions made by the two brothers Bonham. There I was fortunate to meet Curator Holly Hoods

and researcher *par excellence* Charlotte Anderson. Very quickly I had a small stack of publications to review. But wait, what's this? The picture that grew before me was not the one I expected -- of brothers joined in establishing the foundation for a new community -- but quite the opposite!

I had imagined Baxter and Benjamin riding circuit together, holding camp meetings and ministering to the growing settlements along the Russian River and Dry Creek Valleys. In my mind's eye I found them meeting with other founders to build schools, public and private, to educate the young. However, this new research effort raised questions about my heartwarming historical scenes.

"November 7, 1857, the Presbyterian Church secured lot #84 [in the new town of Healdsburg]... For some reason this lot was not built upon for many years."⁽⁶⁾ "We know that of the board of trustees who received this lot for the church, at least two were of the new school... Since the two schools [new and old] formed separate assemblies and held property separately, it may be readily seen that where property deeded simply to the Presbyterian church, there might be a question as to which church was meant... that may be the reason the lot lay idle till 1876.

"The old school held very strictly to the tenents (sic) of the old Scotch (sic) church... The new school was more liberal... The breaking out of the Civil War introduced a new difficulty. The new school denounced slavery while the old school did not feel called upon to pronounce upon the matter. Healdsburg was ... well represented by each of these two schools.

"Of the two Bonhams who were then living at Healdsburg, Dr. Byron (sic) [Benjamin] B. Bonham, besides being a physician, was a preacher of the old school. Baxter Bonham, a school teacher, was a preacher of the new school."⁽⁷⁾

In 1866, the two Presbyterian assemblies, Old and New, met together in St. Louis, followed by a formal reconciliation in Pittsburg in 1869 -- finally united after a stormy 30 year separation.

But What of the Two Bonhams?

In 1861, Reverend Dr. Benjamin Blackman Bonham left California for Virginia City, Nevada. Three years after Dr. Bonham set out for Nevada, brother Baxter Newton arrives in Galena, Nevada.

In 1866, both men returned to California. Benjamin settled in Yolo County by 1869. Baxter traveled to Santa Clara Township and San Joaquin County from 1868 to 1879; then he returned to Sonoma County (to Analy Township).

Were the brothers able to maintain cordial family ties while holding radically differing religious beliefs at a time when those same differences found Presbyterians embroiled in a tumultuous division in their church, which washed across the nation with acrimonious and venomous exchanges?

What drove the brothers from Healdsburg? Was it this intense discord or something less ecclesiastical-- perhaps the lure of mining riches?

Both men returned to California in the same year. Was it by coincidence or mutual agreement? Is it significant that this is the same year the two factions of the church came together?

The original seed has borne fruit.

One mystery has become many.

The hunt is on!

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- (1) Santa Rosa *Press Democrat*, January 15, 1930, p. 2 and January 17, 1930, p. 8
- (2) Santa Rosa *Press Democrat*, November 18, 1902, p. 4, col. 5
- (3) "Bonham, 1631-1908" by Dr. Emmet L. Smith, 1911, reprinted by Higginson Book Co., p. 43
- (4) "The Rev. John M. Camron and Descendants, 1790-1962" by Alice Purvine Murphy, 1962 p. 47
- (5) "Camron/Cameron Family History" oral history audiotape circa 1986 by Mary Riddell Martin, transcribed by daughter Carolyn Martin Winters, pp. 5 and 10
- (6) Research notes of Charlotte Anderson, Initial properties sold in Healdsburg. Viewed by author in HM&HS research center, 2009
- (7) "The Heald Family who Settled Healdsburg" by William Thomas Heald, 1920, Chapter VIII, p. 2
- (8) "Good News on the Frontier" by Thomas H. Campbell, published by Frontier Press, Memphis, TN, pp. 10 and 14
- (9) "Differences between Old and New School Presbyterians" by Lewis Cheeseman and John C. Lord, Wipf & Stock Publishers, Eugene, OR, p. 18
- (10) Cheeseman and Lord, p. 9
- (11) Campbell, p. 16



William A. and Martha Scott and family in front of Scott home, 1873

What Happened to the Scotts? Seeking Healdsburg's First African-American Family

by *Ed Langhart (1976) and Holly Hoods (2013)*

During the 1970s, Healdsburg historian and Museum founder Ed Langhart wrote a popular local history column that was published in the Healdsburg Tribune. As keeper of the City Archives, he possessed great knowledge of, and passion for, sharing local history research. One of Ed Langhart's articles that had always intrigued me was published 15 April 1976. Reprinted here in its entirety, it introduces the Scotts, a family believed to have been the first black family in Healdsburg. Inspired by the story, I have spent years trying to find answers to the mystery of what happened to the Scotts. --HH

Part I: The Rear View Mirror

by *Ed Langhart*
reprinted from the *Healdsburg Tribune* 15 April 1976

W.A. Scott was in Healdsburg in 1866, this we know from an advertisement in the *Democratic Standard* for his tonsorial parlor which noted that he "can shave, shampoo and dress hair in the most artistic style" and that "particular attention is paid to dressing ladies' hair." His barber shop was on the main floor of the Sotoyome House hotel.

When he arrived here--from where is unknown--his was the first black family we know of to settle in our town.

ART TONSORIAL!

I THE UNDERSIGNED RESPECTFULLY
informs the citizens of Healdsburg, that
he has opened a
Shaving & Hair Dressing Saloon,
at the Sotoyome Hotel, and guarantees to exe-
cute his work in the best style--as he has a
thorough knowledge of his profession. You
would do well by giving him a trial as he guar-
antees satisfaction.

W. A. SCOTT,

P. S.--Particular attention will be paid to
cutting Ladies Hair.

Scott's barber ad in Democratic Standard, 1866



Barber shop interior, 1880s

play with them; stay all day at their house; eat at their table with them, but the California custom says that they may not learn to read and write under the same roof as white children. In all other countries of the world, and in most cultured and enlightened portions of the United States, colored children are admitted into school on equal terms with white children.



Scott home at 424 Matheson Street

The Civil War had just ended and feelings ran high in the little community. An article in the *Russian River Flag* of Aug. 12, 1869 stated: "Healdsburg has but two brick dwelling houses — Gilmore's and Smith's. The third one is now building on Matheson Street. The proprietor belongs to that class of mankind, which according the Democratic writers, are unable to provide for themselves, unfit to vote, unfit even to be classed as human. But W.A. Scott knows enough to improve his property and to make and save money, to provide for his family, to take and read the *Flag* and pay for it. He can teach many a Republican and Democrat useful lessons in industry and economy."

Denied Admission

Three years later the conflict was still real for the Scotts. An 1872 editorial by John Howell in the *Russian River Flag* pointed up a travesty of the times and a calamity for the family.

"Mrs. W.A. Scott sent her little girl to the Healdsburg Public School this week, but she was refused admission. The child belongs to a family that is as decent and well-behaved as any in town, yet in the eye of prejudice, these people have one grave defect—their parents were not all white.

White children visit Mrs. Scott's children,

The laws of California provide that where there are ten or more colored children in a school district, a separate public school shall be established for them; but if the number is less than ten the children are left to grow up in ignorance. No teacher of a private school can admit them, for the white patronage would be withdrawn.

No matter how intelligent and respected a colored citizen may be, or how much taxes he may pay, his children are debarred by the white man's prejudice from receiving an education. Is this enlightenment? Is it justice? Is it Christianity?"

Unfortunately, this story is incomplete because further references to the Scott family have yet been found. Civil rights for blacks was a hotly debated topic in many parts of California during the time. Since many of Healdsburg's first settlers were from Missouri, it was of great interest here also.

Part II: What Happened to the Scotts?

by Holly Hoods, 2013

Free People of Color in Ohio, 1843

The record of William and Martha Scott's parentage is not clear, nor with certainty can we say

how the Scotts got to Ohio, but that is where their trail begins. We can tell that they had left the South by at least 1843, since their oldest daughter, Susan,

age 7 on the 1850 census, was born in Ohio. In 1850, William A. and Martha Scott were shown living as Free inhabitants of Tiffin, Seneca County, Ohio. William, age 28, had been born in North Carolina in 1822 and Martha, age 26, had been born in Virginia in 1824. On the census they were classified as "Mulatto," as were their three young children, Susan, Charles and William, all born in the free state of Ohio. As "Free People of Color," they enjoyed highly favored legal status for their race at the time. They had many of the same rights as white residents, though they were required to carry papers identifying themselves as free. It is unknown whether William and Martha were themselves the offspring of Free People of Color. Because of their mixed-race heritage, their mothers could have been slaves.

Tonsorial Artist Arrives in Healdsburg in 1866

The Scotts were Healdsburg's only African American family in a town of approximately 600 when they arrived here from Tiffin, Ohio in 1866. As Free People of Color in Ohio, they had been accustomed to mixing socially and professionally with whites, so they settled comfortably in Healdsburg, evidently undaunted by the lack of a community of other people of color. Articles about the Scotts revealed them to be confident, educated people with professional skills: William was a barber and Martha was a dressmaker.

Barbering was among the top professions open to African-Americans in the 19th century and it was prestigious and well-paying. It was (and still is) an honorable family business and trade that was frequently passed down from father to son. The fact that William Scott was a successful barber to white men (and women!) in the mid-1800s indicates that he was adept socially as well as proficient with his razor and comb. As his business ad notes, the gentlemanly W. A. Scott prided himself on his work as a "Tonsorial Artist" with "special attention to the grooming of Ladies' Hair." The 1875 Great Register of Voters showed that W.A. Scott had a partner in his barber shop: his 23 year old son, Charles Taylor Scott. By 1880, Charles was operating his own barber shop in Lower Lake, Lake County.

Racial Politics and Pride

Martha Scott, a dressmaker and seamstress, operated her shop out of their residence, advertised

by a small tasteful sign on the front of the house. Both Martha and William could read and write, so naturally they expected their children to enjoy the advantages of literacy. The fact that blacks paid taxes with no guaranteed access to public schools was one of the rallying issues for outspoken African Americans striving for better lives and opportunities after the Civil War. Such strivers characterized themselves as wanting to "uplift" or "elevate" their race from the degradations of slavery, ignorance and poverty. The Scotts were definitely uplifters. They subscribed to the *Elevator*, San Francisco's black political and social newspaper. There is even mention in the *Elevator* of W. A. Scott as an orator at a political conference in 1872. The most eloquent clue to their politics was evinced in the name of their second daughter, "Harriet Beecher Scott." Harriet was born in 1853, the year after Harriet Beecher Stowe published her groundbreaking novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a sympathetic account of heroic African American slaves and an evil master in the South. Ironically, this child who was named after a white author could not enter a white public school to learn to read 20 years after the book was written!

William and Martha had daughter Martha, age 14 and Bell, age 11, living at home when John Howell, the outspoken liberal editor of the *Russian River Flag*, wrote about the injustice of the Scotts being denied admittance to school in 1872. They could have moved to Santa Rosa, which had attracted enough students to justify the expense of building of a separate "Negro" public school by 1866. Instead the Scotts chose to remain in Healdsburg and tutor at home. By 1870, the oldest children, Susan and Charles, were grown and living on their own. In 1873, Harriet ("Hattie") married Benjamin Franklin Johnson, from a politically active African American family in Watsonville, Santa Cruz County. Benjamin was the first black to vote there.

The Call of Washington Territory

In April and May of 1878, reports of wonderful prospects in Washington Territory began circulating in Healdsburg. The terms for homesteading land were generous, as the Territory wanted to promote new settlement by non-Indians. The *Russian River Flag* reported: "Very encouraging reports come from a number of settlers in Washington Territory and Eastern Oregon. The

prospects there seem to be excellent.” W. A. and Martha Scott decided to sell the barber shop, sell their house and move to Washington Territory in 1878. Daughter Hattie and her husband Benjamin Johnson, a drayman, moved with them, as did Ben's brother Charles. Walter Wiscombe, formerly of Healdsburg, wrote to the *Healdsburg Enterprise* in June 1879 to give an update on 20 former Healdsburgers who had also moved to Washington Territory. In his letter he praised the opportunities and noted “W. A. Scott, the barber, has a shop at Dayton and is doing well.” Unfortunately Martha Scott, age 57, died June 15, 1879 at the Scotts’ new home in Dayton. The obituary did not report how she died. After his wife’s death, W. A. Scott met and married an African American woman, Pauline Cockrell, a native of Alabama. In 1883, they moved to Seattle.

The last census in which W.A. Scott appears is 1900. The indomitable tonsorial artist was still working as a professional barber and living outside of Seattle with Pauline at age 81. He died at the age of 89 in April of 1908. William A. Scott is buried with Pauline at Saar Pioneer Cemetery in Kent, Kings County, Washington. She died in Yakama, Yakama County, Washington in February 1930. The inscription on their tombstone reads “Gone but not forgotten.” Healdsburg should not forget the Scotts.

Finding the Scotts

Historical research tools are now more readily available and accessible than they were in first Museum Curator Ed Langhart’s day, both in the Healdsburg Museum and on the internet. I was able to follow the trail of the Scott family before and after they were in Healdsburg, but there are still questions.

Most helpful in my research into the Scotts’ activities locally was the Museum’s historical newspaper index, a project which was initiated by Ed Langhart in 1977 and is continued by volunteers to this day. There were articles indexed about the family moving, a daughter marrying, etc., that led to other productive avenues of inquiry. The other crucial aid to illuminating the history of the Scotts was the historical photograph collection by photographer Joseph Henry Downing. Downing’s records of Healdsburg are invaluable to our understanding of our town’s history. He took pictures of the Scotts in front of their substantial brick home on Matheson

Street in 1873. Historical photos show the attractive two-story, brick Greek Revival home that they built at 424 Matheson Street, on the south side of the street, below University. What happened to the house when the Scotts left town in 1878? It was so well built that it survived the 1906 earthquake -- unlike most every other brick building in town-- and was still standing in 1929. Maps show that it was no longer standing by 1941. The apartment building there today shows no trace of the Scott home.

Ancestry.com has searchable census records online, so it is possible to readily track people across state lines over time. However the census records of the 1840s list the number of males and females in a head of household’s home, but do not give the names. African American genealogical research presents special challenges to the historical researcher, because there are obstacles of difficulty added by slavery. The sad and unavoidable fact of our country’s history is that black people were once viewed, recorded and owned as property. The slave census schedules, when available, are frustratingly short on personal details, with names such as “Joe” and “Johnny.” Few ancestral names and dates are provided.

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The Long Ranch Family Cemetery on the Live Oak Ranch of Tim and Kathy Boatman, Independence Lane, Geyserville

The Long Family Homesteaders Pioneer Graves No Longer a Mystery

by Janet Sbragia Pisenti, Assisted by Tim Boatman

Zippering along the 101 Freeway between Healdsburg and Geyserville, one would never know that just a stone's throw from the freeway, near Independence Lane, are more than 14 bodies 'a-mouldering in the grave' like John Brown's body in a Civil War song. The earliest burial was in 1883 and the latest in 1958. The burial place is one of those small family cemeteries found throughout the county on personal property, in this case - Live Oak Ranch of Tim and Kathy Boatman. Although listed as the Long Ranch Family Cemetery, it was called the Pioneer Cemetery by its Geyserville neighbors. The cemetery has always been visible from the Boatman's front yard and living room window, with very little known about each burial. No photos were found of this good family, but we have strived to bring them back to life, if only for a moment.

Isaac Long, b. July 1, 1827, died May 26, 1893
 Sarah Frances Beach Long, wife of Isaac Long, b. 1827, d. June 21, 1887
 John Snoddy Beach Long, the first son, b. April 7, 1852, d. Feb. 13, 1918
 William H. Long, the second son, b. Sept. 12, 1854, d. Dec. 14, 1885
 George Washington Long, the third son, b. Jan. 27, 1860, d. Jan. 3, 1925
 Mary Ellen Long, wife of George Long, died in 1940
 Elmo Long, son of John and Mary Long, b. Feb. 3, 1883, d. Oct. 10, 1883
 Sarah F. Long, daughter of George Long, b. May 17, 1887, d. Feb. 15, 1888
 John H. Haub, Sr., son-in-law of George Long, died Dec. 30, 1958
 John H. Haub, Jr., son of John and Winifred Long Haub, b. 1921, died 1925
 Wyman Nijoce Bellah, b. Jan. 24, 1858, d. September 12, 1920
 Infant daughter of B.F. & T.F. Snelson
 Snelson, b. and d. unknown
 Oliver Wilson, died Sept. 4, 1920

Covered Wagon and Horse and Buggy Days

It all began in 1820 when William Long, born in North Carolina in 1798, married Mary Polly Gregg, born in 1802. Her ancestry dated back to Antrim and Waterford, Ireland, and one of her ancestors came to America in 1682. They lived in Ross County, Ohio, but left that area in 1837 for Cass County, Missouri, where they lived for the next 16 years. Yet, when gold was discovered in California, like many others, they began to think of heading west. In 1853, they had the right team of oxen, various provisions, and all of their minds set to go.

"The family made it to Sonoma by covered wagon," wrote Dr. Cheryl Bly-Chester, the great great-granddaughter of Jennie Long, William's daughter. "The wagon train included the parents, son Isaac and wife Sarah, and Isaac's sisters, Rachel and Jennie. A baby was born along the way. They settled on three adjoining parcels along the Russian River, presumably where the cemetery is now."

The baby born along the way, according to birth dates, was William, son of Isaac and Sarah, while their son, John (JSB) Long had been born in Missouri.

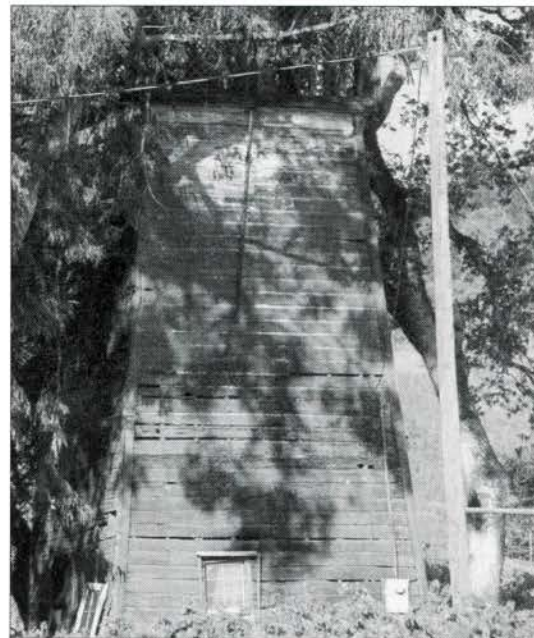
After reaching the town of Sonoma, it appears that the elder William Long had his eye on property in the Litton area, as it was described then, so approximately 240 acres were homesteaded north of Litton Springs in an area written on an old map called The Plains, the flat area west of the Russian River. East of the river was called Alexander Valley. Clarville, which became Geyserville, was just up the road, and Healdsburg was just a trading post called Heald's Store with a post office attached to it. Stagecoaches drove daily through the Long's property from town to town, to the mercury mines, and to the Geysers on a road that was nothing but dirt and the railroad was not going to reach Healdsburg until 1871.

The Long homestead has been known throughout the years, not just as the Boatman property, but as the Fredson, Meyer, Lampson, and Coppola Winery properties. Part of the homestead included a country road, eventually called Independence Lane. "Independence Lane was the last remaining stagecoach route leading to the Mercury mines at Pine Flat," Tim Boatman remarked. "There was a blacksmith shop on the

property and since I was always interested in metal work, I decided to peek inside. I could hardly contain myself with seeing all those tools, but I could never buy any of them, since eventually they were stolen and the building burned down. Since this was a stage stop for repairs and team replacement, a blacksmith shop there made sense."

When Tim began roaming around the surrounding hills, he also discovered a small cabin way back in the forest behind the Coppola Winery property. "I believe it was one of the first structures that had to be built while homesteading - the process of proving that one was taking up some form of residence and would take care of that land, usually 160 acres. That person could ask for an adjacent 160 acres, and another cabin had to be built there. My grandfather's portion also included a small cabin when it was purchased," Tim added.

Tim also discovered and looked into the well that still exists near the water tank and windmill and was impressed with its construction and classic design. "They did an exceptional job on that well," he added.



The stately wooden water tank still exists

Family Life (and Death) on the Long Ranch

Sarah Long, wife of Isaac, gave birth to two more children, George Washington Long and Mary Alice Long, called "Alice." They were well acquainted with Grandfather William by the time he

died in 1874. He had lived on the ranch 20 years and was 76 years old. He was buried, not on the ranch, but at the Hall family cemetery, probably due to his acquaintance with the original Lieuallen Hall (there were three of them), who owned over 1,000 acres in the Valley. William's wife, Mary Polly, died and her tombstone has not been found, but while visiting the Hall cemetery, Tim discovered the impressive burial site of two brothers, John and William Long, ages 19 and 22, inscribed as the sons of William and Mary Long. Due to their birthdates, it is possible that they are the brothers of Isaac, William, John (JSB), Rachel, and Jennie.

Viticulture records of 1889 list William's son, Isaac, and Isaac's son, George, as having 20 acres each of zinfandel grape vines, producing 40 tons of grapes from each plot. Tim Boatman often wondered about those gnarly old vines down by the road, which must have been planted then, possibly some of the oldest remaining vines in the county. "Vine spacing in that old vineyard is five feet between vines and ten feet between rows, even though it was customary to space them eight feet by eight feet," he recalled.

Friendships grew with other settlers, like the Feldmeyers and George and son Obed Bosworth, who provided mortuary supplies from 1900 on, plus other necessities from the Bosworth General Merchandise store.

Isaac's son, John Long, married first Mary Frances Brians, called "Mattie," of Bodega. It was said that the Longs and Brians met during their trip west. Their child, Justena Long (Kelly), was born on the ranch. John later married Mary Copple, born in North Platte, Nebraska, and they had six children: Frances, Byrd, William, Alfred, Harry, and Elmo, who died at eight months. Baby Elmo might have been the first to be buried in the Pioneer Cemetery and it had to be a terribly sad day at the ranch. One of the 12-year old boys broke his leg in a surrey wheel accident and it is also written that John had bought the Webb place at Lytton Springs. He and Mary Copple Long were divorced some time later and Mary went to live in Healdsburg on Mill Street.

Isaac's son, George Long, married Mary Ellen Davis, pioneer resident of Geyserville, and they had six children: Josephine Belle (Miller), Anna May (Geiselman), Hattie Irene Long, Sarah F. Long (died at nine months and buried at the cemetery), Hazel Gertrude (Heitz), and Winnifred Lenore (Haub). She

and John Henry Haub had a daughter, Fern, and a son, J.H. "Johnny" Haub, Jr., who was buried at the cemetery at age three.



Three of the infants and children's burials: Elmo, Snelson's Infant Daughter and John Henry Haub, Jr.

Isaac's daughter, Alice Long, married John Stone, born in Arkansas, and they had five children: George C. Stone, Sarah (Sturgis), Lola (Kirkbride), Lula (Smith), and Eva (Hugo). About 17 children were growing up on the property and a school was needed for them and for the neighbors' children. The Longs saw that it was built and they named it Independence School. Ruby Ferguson was found to be one of the teachers.

A Bold Robbery

From the Sonoma County Tribune of 1892.

Isaac Long, who lives five miles north of Healdsburg on the Geyserville Road, had an experience last Wednesday that might never wear from the minds of anyone who knows about it. He was made the victim of as cool and as daring a robbery as was ever committed in this part of the state and there is no doubt that the perpetrators were conversant with the surroundings and Mr. Long's customs.

The old gentleman is the only occupant of his domicile. [Sarah had already died in 1887.] He retired at the usual time and an hour or so later, about 10:30 o'clock, he was awakened by a loud rapping at the door. In response to interrogating the visitors of their mission, one of them replied that he was the deputy sheriff and had a subpoena for him as a juror. The host complied promptly, and as the door was thrown open, he was blinded by cayenne pepper, which was thrown in his face, and as this was done the brigands placed the muzzles of their revolvers to

his head and demanded all his money. He replied that all he had was on his person. The robbers were not to be convinced of the evidence that they knew their man. And they were determined to force him into submission.

They rudely tossed him upon the bed, bound him hand and foot, and covered his head with a blanket to subdue his voice, thereby preventing an alarm. They then told him they would not release him unless he disclosed to them the whereabouts of his treasure before they counted to thirty.

Mr. Long realized his perilous predicament and yielded, saying: "You will find all I have in a bureau drawer in the next room." They followed his directions and disinterred from the drawer \$158 in coins. A gold watch was with the money, but they left it so as to avoid being detected. As soon as they had obtained the plunder, the robbers departed. It was 4:00 o'clock in the morning when the venerable gentleman extricated himself and raised the alarm.

The neighbors then began pursuing the outlaws, but found no trace of them. The news telegraphed to Sheriff Mulgrew who, being informed that two suspicious persons were seen in Alexander Valley, started on their trail only to be doomed to disappointment. However, the search is by no means abandoned.

Sisters Rachel Long and Jennie Long

The robbery and the children's deaths weren't the only disappointments in Isaac's life. Hannah "Jennie" Long, his sister, married Charley Taylor, a.k.a. Jasper Jones, and they had three children, the first being William, named after Jennie's father. Mr. Taylor was accused by Isaac of poisoning the Long family, possibly in order to inherit the ranch, it was said. When Mr. Taylor was asked to appear, he decamped! It is not known if he was ever found. Jennie remarried Jasper Jones as soon as she discovered that they had been married under a false name and later went to live with his family in Illinois. She died before Isaac in 1883. Her sister, Rachel, married a Mr. Ward and lived past her 90th birthday.

Death of Isaac & the Farm Divided

Excerpts from an 1893 newspaper.

Isaac Long died at his home near Litton Springs. He was 65 years of age. He was a man of

integrity and sterling worth and one who was ever ready to assist and encourage any laudable and worthy enterprise. He left two sons and one daughter to mourn his loss. The funeral took place on Sunday last under the auspices of the Masonic Order of this city and his remains were interred in the family burying plot on the premises where he had lived for many years past.



Isaac Long

"After Isaac's death, the farm was divided between J.S.B Long, George Long, and their sister, Mary Alice Long (Mrs. John Stone). Three generations were born on the ranch before it was sold during the 1920s and 1930s," added Kathy Moulthrop, the great granddaughter of John Long. "The portion that was owned by my great grandfather is at the southernmost end and in 1974 was owned by Tim and Kathy Boatman at 18723 Independence Lane, Geyserville. It is on this property that the Long Family Cemetery is located."

George W. Long, son of Isaac

George died in San Francisco in 1925, where he was taken that day to have an operation performed in the hope of prolonging his life. He had been ill for some time at his Alexander Valley home. His body was brought back to his home on the highway near Geyserville for burial in the family cemetery. He was 65 years old. His father and his brother, John, also died at age 65 years in 1918. George was a member of Sotoyome Lodge No. 123, F&AM, the Free and Accepted Masons, established in 1857. His wife, Mary Ellen, died in 1940 and was also buried at the Pioneer Cemetery.

Another burial of note at the cemetery took place between 1935 and 1940, when Tim's mother,

Marie, and grandmother, Amelia, were living on that portion of the ranch. They welcomed the hearse that had arrived up their driveway one day and watched expectantly as pallbearers began carrying the coffin up to the burial site. Amelia and Marie followed along in respectful silence for the deceased . . . possibly Mary Ellen Long.

Alice Long, Daughter of Isaac

It was 1947 when Alice died, ten years after her husband, John Stone. They were married 50 years, and enjoyed the addition of five children. Tim's mother and one of Alice's daughters attended school together and spoke to each other often. The white two-story "Stone house" no longer exists, but the windmill, water tank, and Independence School are still there. Alice was not buried at the Pioneer Cemetery, but like most people since then - at Olive Hill Cemetery in Geyserville.

Josephine Fredson recalled that the truly last burial at the Pioneer Cemetery was that of George Long's son-in-law, John Haub, Sr. in 1958. She remembered it involving a pickup truck delivering his casket up to the cemetery on a road that circled up and around the Fredson house, making its way to the burial grounds, because there was no other access for a hearse to safely deliver the body to that area bordering the Fredson and Boatman properties. John Haub's wish to be buried near his son, who died at age three in 1925, had been granted.



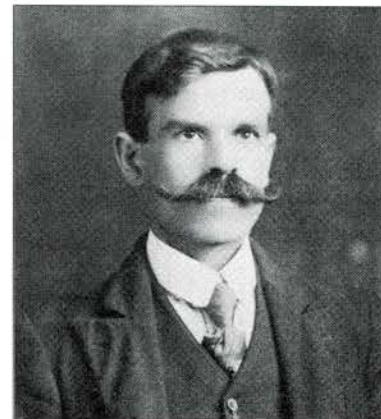
Three burials with one thing in common – they all died at age 65! Left is father Isaac Long; right is Isaac's son, J.S.B. (John) Long; and rear is Isaac's son, George Long.

The original settlers have died and this is the end of our research into the early days of their lives in early California. It was not intended to be a complete family history, but it does continue with

the new owners of their homestead, specifically Tim and Kathy Boatman.

Tim and Kathy Boatman

Tim Boatman is the grandson of Eugenio Moretti, who bought part of the Long ranch in 1935 after his arrival from Tuscany, Italy. He married Amelia Cia Baldi, widow of Adriano Baldi and the mother of: Frank Baldi, Jennie Baldi Sodini, Lena Baldi Howard, and Neoma Baldi Rochioli. Eugenio and Amelia had one child, Marie Moretti. She married Jake Boatman and they had one child, Tim Boatman, who purchased the ranch.



Eugenio Moretti, Tim Boatman's grandfather, purchased part of the Long ranch in the 1930s

"Boatman was originally the German name *Bachmann*," Tim added, "but the patriarch of the family changed the name from *Bachmann* to *Boatman* just prior to his death at the Battle of Gettysburg. My grandmother, from a Pennsylvania Dutch family, married into the *Boatman* family and travelled to Missouri by wagon and oxen. During the Dust Bowl era, they migrated from Texas to California. Kathy Boatman is the daughter of Doug and Florence Fiege Badger of Healdsburg. Her father was of English ancestry and the Fieges, of German ancestry, while her ancestors, the *Murphys*, were pioneers in Santa Rosa's Rincon Valley.

Tim's grandfather took good care of his small vineyard adjacent to the cemetery, but Tim has transformed, with earth-moving equipment, irrigation and fertilizer, the original acreage into terraces where additional healthy zinfandel grapes are growing in that rocky soil. "Just like those terraces in San Pellegrinetto," he added, recalling the area of his grandparents' homes in Italy. Acres of forests make up a large part of his 50-acre property, and Tim has

graded miles of roads through those fresh-smelling pine, redwood, and pepperwood trees.



Tim and Kathy Boatman, have enlarged the vineyard and keep an eye on the Long family cemetery.

“Crossing the prairies was nothing compared to the pioneers working their way through the mountains while entering California,” Tim added, “and with no equipment, it had to be tough.” Since he spent 13 years as a self-employed heavy equipment operator, it was a predominant thought. Tim and Kathy, daughter Sarah, son Jake, and Sarah’s husband and children all live on the property. Jake is getting more interested in its history. Over time, like the Longs, Tim and Kathy have decided that the ranch will be their forever home.



Independence School is still standing

The Lampsons of Independence Lane

As one leaves the Pioneer Cemetery, it is an easy stroll down Independence Lane to the property of Claire Lampson. When Everett Lampson, her father-in-law, bought part of the Long ranch, there was a large barn and a house from the original homestead on the property. Behind the Lampson house still sits the old one-room Independence School. It was independent from the other schools in

the district, it is said, but it is all shuttered and quiet now.

We also recently discovered that Bob Meyer was one of the last graduates of the class of 1922. “Our place was always considered to be part of the Long ranch,” he added.

Francis Ford Coppola

Just around the corner of the Lampson property, where Independence Lane runs into Via Archimedes, is the vineyard and winery operation known as Rosso e Bianco (red and white wine) owned by Hollywood movie director Francis Ford Coppola. His extensive renovation of the former Chateau Souverain Winery has created a new tourist attraction in the Independence Lane area. It includes the vineyard and winery, the restaurant called Rustic, and the beautiful pool and cabanas that tourists, especially children, find so enjoyable.



Entrance to Coppola Winery

The Coppola, Lampson, and Boatman vineyards appear to belong to one owner. They do not, but a long time ago they did belong to the William Long family from Ross County, Ohio. A touch of the past and a touch of the present are all present in the vineyards of Independence Lane.

Sources:

Tim Boatman, Geyserville property owner
Marjorie McEtchell, cemetery photos
Kathy Moulthrop, Long family descendant
Kathy Foster, Long family descendant
Healdsburg Museum & Historical Society Archives
History of the Sonoma County Viticultural District
Ernest P. Penninou, 1998
History of the State of California and Biographical Record of the Coast Counties of California, 1904
Dr. Cheryl Bly-Chester, Long family descendant



Albanian Literary and Military Society, 1885 - Back Row: Marie Sullivan, Ann O'Connor Wattles, Minnie Reynolds McMullin, Mary Ryan Swisher, Emma Fried Haigh, Mary Corbaley, Mamie Swains Morgan, Millie Emerson Phillips, Kate Ryan Byington, 2nd Row: May Shaw, Artie Griest, Mary Madeira, Mabel Lee, Laura Cavanaugh Whitney, Mildred Sewell Hilgerloh, 1st Row: Lou Madeira Powell, Emma Logan Beeson, Sara Sullivan Ross, Nellie Brown, Emma Truitt Petray



Albanian Literary and Military Society, 1885 - Front row: Minnie Reynolds McMullin, Emma Truitt Petray, May Shaw, Artie Griest, Standing: Emma Logan Beeson, Millie Emerson Phillips, Sara Sullivan Ross, Drummer May Proctor

Mysterious Sect of Albanians in Healdsburg?

by Hannah Clayborn, 1994

For years I was intrigued by a mysterious pair of aging photographs that I found in the Healdsburg Museum archives. One showed a group of prim young ladies in the tight-fitting street costume of the

1880s. The other showed some of these very same ladies in military uniforms, solemnly posed with very real looking firearms. On the back of both photographs was written, "Albanian Literary and

Military Society.”

Albanians? In Healdsburg? These ladies looked in every way like WASPs to me, and affluent ones, at that. Literary and military society? That certainly seemed like a queer combination of interests. What were these young ladies up to?

Unfortunately the club was formed in the early 1880s, a time period for which there is no complete set of local newspapers. That gap in Healdsburg’s historical record has caused many problems for local research, and threatened to leave the “Albanians” forever a mystery.

I developed a sort of curious affection for this oddball group, and so a few years ago I published the pictures in the Historical Society periodical and asked for information from readers. Nothing came of the query.

But just recently Addie Marie (Mrs. Emerson) Meyer of Healdsburg was looking through an old family scrapbook and came across a pair of undated newspaper articles about the club. Apparently having an excellent memory, Addie Marie recalled my ad from long ago and sent them on to me.

Those articles read as follows:

“Twenty-five young ladies in this city have organized a literary club called the Albanian, which meets every Tuesday night to study and discuss the work of some noted author, musician, or poet. These young ladies do not confine their exercises entirely to the musical and literary, but have taken up the practical study of Upton’s Tactics as a means of sustaining health and physical vigor, and they drill every Saturday afternoon. Their literary entertainments have proved very successful; making hosts of friends and admirers, and old soldiers who have seen years of service claim the Albanian drill is remarkable for its excellence and timely regularity.

Last Friday night the Albanians, fully uniformed, in the presence of hundreds of friends and admirers, swept into line from side to side of Truitt’s large hall in perfect alignment and with but one perceptible footfall, the ladies on the right and the no less comely and stately ones on the left, marched to the cadence of France’s delightful music, creating a furor of applause not often witnessed or heard in the quiet little town of Healdsburg...”

The unusual group caused interest as far away as San Francisco, where the *Alta California* newspaper carried the following information:

“Healdsburg has a club of twenty-five bright-eyed young ladies who have adopted the name of Albanians and make a practice of Upton’s Tactics, a specialty for callisthenic exercises. The association is really a literary organization, with a military feature embodied. The uniform of this club is very modest and pretty, being a combination of the national colors, red, white, and blue; a scarlet liberty cap, scarlet waist sash, scarlet zouave jacket with white cloth cuffs and collar, sky-blue vest with gold buttons, close fitting, white merino skirt reaching to the ankles, and black, high-topped walking shoes complete the drill costume.”

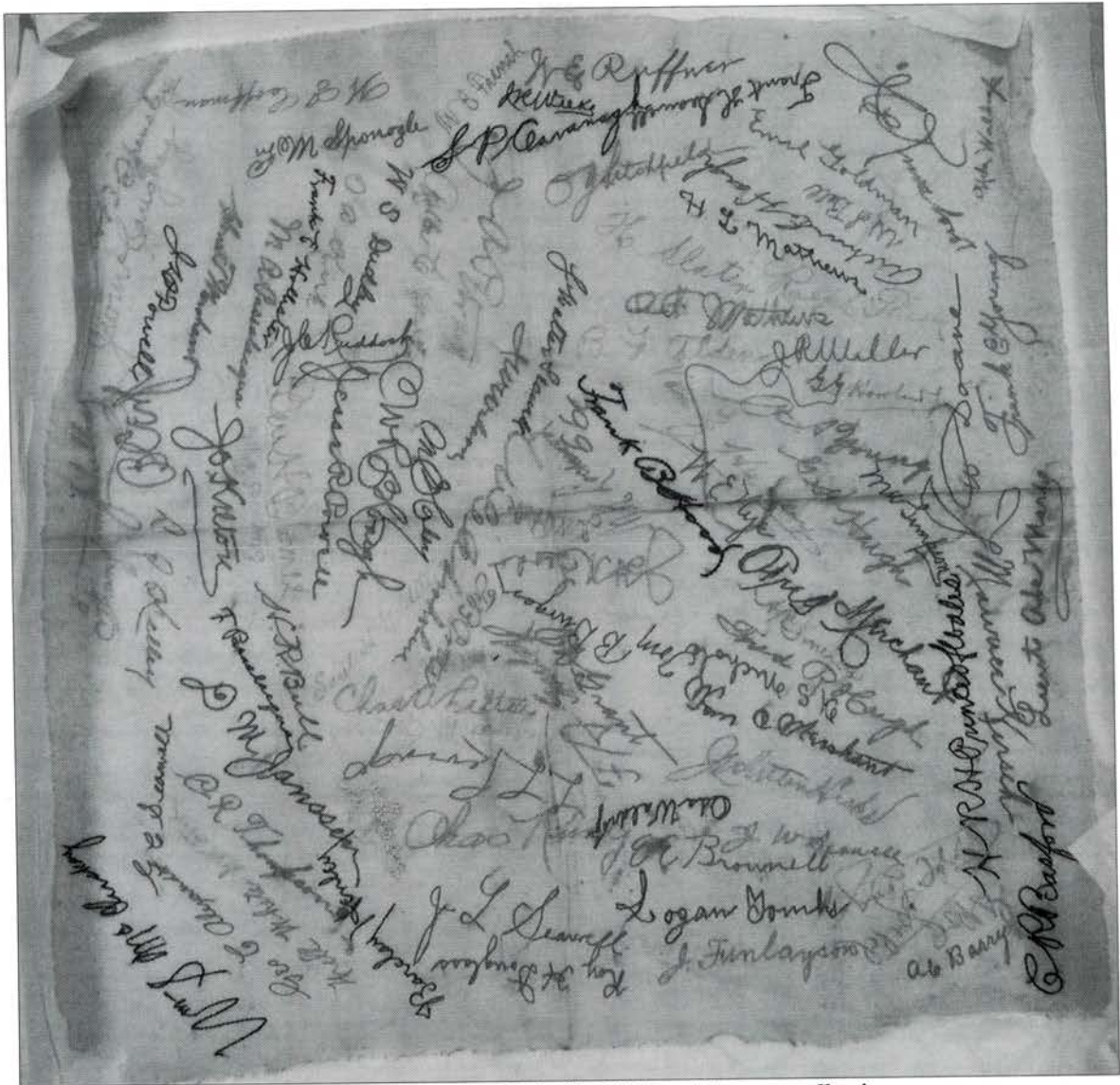
Except for the weird aberration known as the bustle, and the ever-present corset, it was much easier for women to move about in this new fashion.

A group of Healdsburg girls were obviously in the forefront of this new attitude for women: the revolutionary idea that girls could exercise without damaging their psyches, their bodies, or their sterling reputations!

I salute the Albanian Literary and Military Society of Healdsburg for originality in linking the idea of books to bayonets; for having the courage to get up and exercise (possibly even sweating, in public, on the stage of Truitt’s Theater in downtown Healdsburg in the 1880s); and for designing such a dashing colorful military costume.

These articles shed new light on the mysterious club and place them in historical perspective. Many people think that the women’s rights movement, including the fight for the right to vote, is a phenomenon of the early Twentieth Century. Actually, the struggle for equal rights for women extends much farther back, even to the Civil War. In the 1880s, however, there was a very visible change, both in women’s attitudes and women’s dress. In the 1880s ladies got rid of the huge hoop skirts that had incapacitated them since the 1850s. Instead they began to wear long skirts with matching jackets, tailored very much like a man’s suit.

I have at least one remaining question; one that Mrs. Meyer’s newspaper articles did not answer. What could all of this possibly have to do with Albania?? If you have information about the Albanians, or any subject related to the history of northern Sonoma County – facts, corrections, comments, or first-hand experiences – please send them to the Healdsburg Museum.



Signature cloth dated 1899 in Healdsburg Museum collection

His Royal Highness in Healdsburg?

by Thomas Armitstead

Did Healdsburg host the heir apparent to the British throne? That's just one of the many questions surrounding this signature cloth, which includes the John Hancock of over eighty notable Healdsburgers. Being unfamiliar with many of the city's prominent historical figures, I'll admit I was a bit intimidated when Curator Holly Hoods asked me to see what I could find out about it, especially when she mentioned that previous efforts had come up dry. Well, after a few days of research I'm sorry to say that I can't offer any definitive answers about how or why this particular signature cloth came to be. On

the other hand, I'm happy to report that the assignment turned out to be a great opportunity to familiarize myself with the who's who of nineteenth-century Healdsburg, as well as the many resources available through the Museum's research center.

What little we know about the cloth is that it was identified as a "sampler" and attributed to the Isabelle Simi House. A pioneer of Healdsburg's wine industry, Simi inherited the family winery in 1904 when she was just eighteen. In 1908 she married Fred Haigh, who worked as a cashier at the Soyotome Bank until he resigned in 1911 to manage

the Simi Land Company. The Simi Winery was one of the few to survive Prohibition and Isabelle remained involved in the business even after it was sold in 1970. She passed away in 1981.

Based on my research, I'm of the opinion that the cloth has been misidentified. A "sampler" refers more correctly to a methodically organized piece of needlework intended primarily as a demonstration or test of skill. I propose the object is actually a "signature cloth." Signature cloths gained popularity in nineteenth century as fundraisers and visual representations of community ties, making them unique records of social history. In the case of this particular cloth, it appears that most of the signatures were written in ink and then embroidered. Some internet sources claim that signature cloths written in indelible ink were more common in the nineteenth century, while the embroidered variety were more prevalent in the twentieth, but I was unable to find a reliable source to verify this claim. In any case, an embroidered "'99" near the center of the piece gives some clue as to its age, although it's unclear if this refers to the year the signatures were collected or the year the embroidery was started, if indeed those years are separate. The fact that some of the signatures are un-embroidered suggests this might be the case.

Aside from the embroidered "'99" and the eighty-eight signatures, the cloth doesn't have any distinguishing title or label, so I decided my first task would be to comb the newspaper index in search of a common denominator that might tie some of these folks together. Of the individuals whose records were readily available, all were respected and influential members of the Healdsburg community. Among the names are at least ten business owners, four doctors, four dentists, four teachers, two school trustees, a Healdsburg High School principal, an assistant fire chief, a city marshal, a city trustee and deputy sheriff, an accomplished pianist, and a U.S. Congressman. Healdsburg's fraternal organizations are also well-represented, with at least three members of The Knights of Pythias, including a future Chancellor Commander, as well as two of the three founding members of the Grand Army of the Philippines.

For dating purposes, I found the most useful signature to be that of W. E. Nye. On April 18, 1895, Dr. Nye set sail from San Francisco on the passenger ship *Colon* for what was to be a three and a half

month "tour of the Christianized world." By all accounts the trip got off to a good start, and by November Dr. Nye had established a large and profitable practice in Guatemala. Unfortunately the good times didn't last. Dr. Nye died of yellow fever in Quetzaltenango in December, giving us a start date for the cloth of no later than April 18, 1895.

The signature of Arthur E. Haigh is also illuminative, as records show he graduated from Healdsburg High School in 1898 before passing the State Board of Pharmacy in 1900. If the purpose of the cloth was merely to collect the signatures of Healdsburg's most distinguished, it stands to reason that Haigh wouldn't have been asked to add his name until he'd passed the Board. This would suggest the signatures may not have been collected all at once, but rather over the course of several years. Of course it's also possible the signature cloth is related to a fundraising event, of which a high school-aged Haigh could have very well been a contributor.

Which leaves the most intriguing "signature" of all: "HRH Prince of Wales." As exciting as the prospect of visiting royalty may be, my research suggests that it's highly improbable the signature refers to the man himself. Albert Edward, later Edward VII, visited the U.S. only once, in the fall of 1860, becoming the first member of the Royal Family to do so. Huge celebrations welcomed him wherever he went and crowds followed him in the streets. In New York, the prince received several parades and an exclusive ball at the Academy of Music. In Washington, he was President James Buchanan's guest in the White House. Given the fanfare he received elsewhere in the nation it seems unlikely that his presence in Healdsburg would have gone unnoticed by the city's press, which makes no mention of any Royal visit. His successor, George V, didn't visit the U.S. until 1939, at which time he had already been crowned King. Adding further doubt, there exists a centuries-old custom that Royals only sign official documents and refrain from signing autographs in any form. The prospect that His Royal Highness would allow his title to be included among the residents of Healdsburg on a signature cloth, especially in a position of no real prominence is, in my opinion, dubious.

So there you have it. The mystery of the Healdsburg signature cloth continues...



Hand-tinted, 30" panoramic photograph taken by N. E. Gray in the spring of 1931 purchased on eBay.

It Started with a Photograph...

by Ann Howard with Lou Colombano

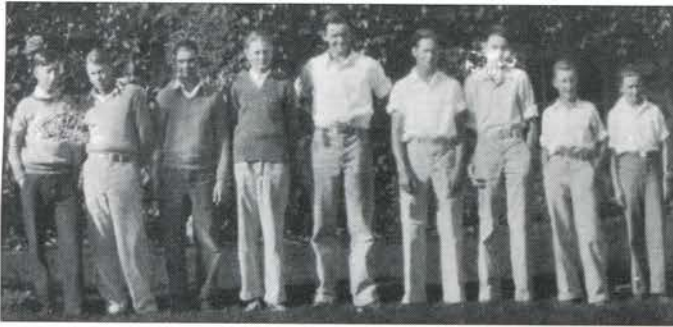
When Holly Hoods, Curator of the Healdsburg Museum, told me that there was a 30" color-tinted panoramic photograph of students standing in front of the Geyserville Union High School dated circa 1929 available on eBay, I was eager to have a look and I was fortunate to "Buy It Now." It arrived rolled up in a tube with a note from the seller that he had more information about the photographer who had signed his name "Photo by Gray," and invited me to call him.

I went right from the post office to show it to Harry Bosworth, and we spread it out on the counter in his store in Geyserville. Harry went to the basement where he stores a collection of old *The Geyserville* yearbooks and brought up the ones dated 1929, 1933 and 1934. "Professor" O. H. Richardson, principal and math teacher, was quickly identified along with teacher Miss Clarisse Duckett, who taught Spanish and commercial.

We poured over the panorama with a magnifying glass for an hour or more, trying to compare the tiny faces to those of graduates in the yearbooks. We were quite certain the second from the right was Robert "Bob" Meyer who graduated in 1934. (Bob passed away on August 6, 2012 at age 96. He would have enjoyed seeing this panoramic photograph of his schoolmates.) Harry was

interrupted occasionally to make sales and finally said, "Lou Colombano will know who they are." Before visiting Lou, I photographed and printed pictures of groups of five or more students to enlarge their faces. Lou is always eager to look at old photos and solve history mysteries. He just celebrated his 98th birthday on February 17th!

Lou immediately named all but a couple of boys while I looked through *The Geyserville 1931*. He had that yearbook because he was a freshman in 1930 until February 1931, when he as the eldest son had to quit school to help his father on the farm. Lou said that Professor Richardson had come to the family farm to convince Lou to return to school, but Lou's father (almost 60 years old at the time) needed his help. Looking at the senior boys' pictures in the 1931 yearbook, we were able to identify four of the boys; the other five were freshmen. Because the ivy on the wall was leafed out and tinted green along with the grass in front and roses tinted pink, we could date the panorama as taken in late spring 1931, before graduation and after Lou left school. More than sixty students were enrolled in the high school that year, but not all were included in the photograph. The reason this photograph was taken is unknown. Maybe these students had high grades?



Left-right: Walter Leroux, Arthur Feldmeyer, William Black, Raymond Brackett (Jr.) were seniors. Stanley Barr, Wilber Heitz, Raymond Brandt, Robert "Bob" Meyer, and Clemens Feldmeyer were freshmen. Feldmeyer had joined the class in February 1931, according to The Geyser.



Not yet identified.



Fourth from left wearing white sweater could be Ellen Petray.



Left to right: Miss Clarisse Duckett, teacher and Miss Marjorie Bixby, teacher.



Not yet identified.



Rose Stefani on left. Fourth from the left thought to be Amelia Trusendi next to Professor O. H. Richard, principal and math teacher on right.

I asked Lou what he remembered about his freshman year at Geyserville Union High School. "The initiation," he said. "Each of the freshmen had to do something crazy." Lou remembered too well what he had to do. "I had to roll a tire down the street from the high school to the hotel," about two blocks. "Then one evening everyone in town came to the school to watch what each freshman had to do. I had to wear a white gown from head to toe. I was given a whiskey bottle and had to give a talk about bootlegging, and every once in a while I had to take a drink from the bottle. I was told that it was apple juice, but it tasted awful."

Lucille Curtis, in Lou's Class of '34, described the initiation well in the Freshman Notes in the *The Geyser* 1931 yearbook. "On September 22, 1930, after our summer vacation, we began our career at the Geyserville Union High School. By the end of the first week we were getting accustomed to the high school work and we were living in dread of the upper classmen who, whenever they got a chance, initiated us. The seniors set October 10 as the date for the final initiation. When it finally came, however, we struggled through with many embarrassing moments that had been prepared for us by the seniors."

Then I decided to call Joe in San Antonio, Texas, the fellow who had sold me the photograph on eBay. He had purchased 78 panoramic photographs taken by E. N. Gray, dating from about 1928-1931, from an antique dealer. Only ten were tinted, four were taken in California, two in Kansas, and the rest taken in South Texas. Of those, many were of the "movers and shakers of south Texas standing in front of their homes." Others were of "groups of visitors from Wisconsin invited to invest in citrus property to get away from the cold winters" and some were of bullfights.

Joe said that he met with the wife of a grandson of E. N. Gray in San Antonio, the only family member left. She had met Gray only once and had no idea why he had traveled to California. She did mention that Gray's wife tinted the photographs. Joe decided to take the panoramas to the Museum of South Texas History in Edinburg, a four-hour drive south of San Antonio. There he sold some and donated a few, and a museum board member bought the rest.

Of the four panoramas Joe kept that Gray had taken in California, two were of the Windsor Inn and midget golf course, a wayside stop along the road south of Healdsburg. These photographs are not tinted. The third panorama was taken of the midget golf course in Healdsburg located where the CVS Pharmacy parking lot is today.

Ironically, the Healdsburg Museum has two framed tinted panoramas of the Healdsburg midget golf course signed by Gray along with a score card donated by Jack Relyea in 1970. They hang in Holly's office.



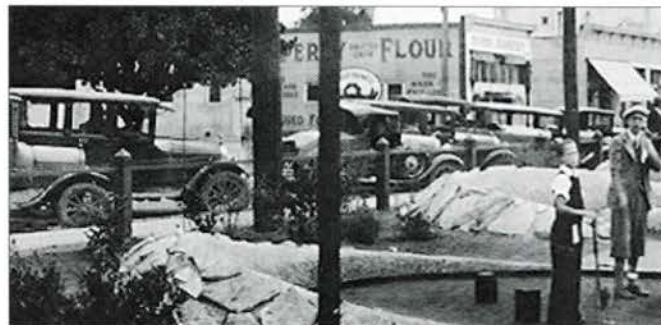
One of two panorama photographs of the Healdsburg midget golf course 1930-1933 donated to the Museum by Jack Relyea in the 1970s. (Healdsburg Museum collection)

Joe had learned from the curator at the museum in South Texas that building midget golf courses during the Depression was a get-rich-quick scheme. Joe thought Gray might have traveled to California with the intent of photographing the two midget golf courses.

Holly provided more information found in the museum files. The midget golf course existed on the west side of Center Street between North and Piper streets from 1930-1933. According to the July 16, 1930, article in the *Healdsburg Enterprise*:

"Plans were made today and actual work started in Healdsburg on what the sponsors declare will be the finest miniature golf course in the entire state of California. It will be located on the Strehlow property fronting on both Center and North streets and extending almost the entire block to West Street [Healdsburg Avenue today]. Ross Poole and Santi Catelli of Windsor Castle are the backers of the project. They have retained Vernon Peck, manager of

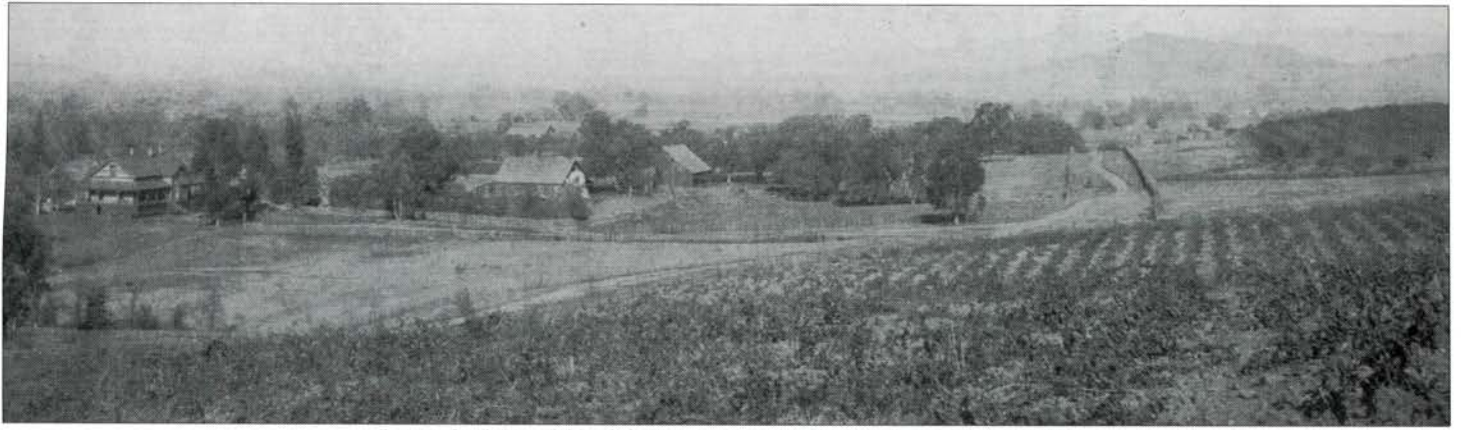
the Berkeley Country Club, to lay out the golf course, while landscaping of the property will be in charge of Adolph Heintz, formerly of Denver, where he held high reputation for work of this kind. The golf course will include among unusual features glass covered fish ponds over which the players will drive their balls while playing. A driving net will be another feature."



Enlargement of the left side of the panorama. Notice the "Flour" sign for a bakery painted on the side of the building in the center of the photograph at the corner of Center and North streets. Zin restaurant now occupies that building.

Santi Catelli, as noted above, built the Windsor Castle, the first auto court in the area (according to his son Richard's 1995 oral history) with a restaurant and a midget golf course, as shown in Joe's two panoramas taken by Gray south of Healdsburg. Bootlegging was common during this time, and "it is common knowledge" among those close to the family that the Windsor Castle was a "speak-easy," an establishment that illegally sold alcoholic beverages during Prohibition (1920 – 1933). Catelli, one of the owners of the short-lived midget golf course in Healdsburg, moved on to purchase property with his second wife Virginia (Sodini) Catelli in downtown Geyserville and opened Catelli's The Rex bar in 1936 and restaurant in 1941 later operated by their son Richard until 1994. Under different owners, Santi's restaurant operated from 2000 through 2010. Today two of Santi's grandchildren own and operate Catelli's restaurant.

But how and why did N. E. Gray arrive in Geyserville in the spring of 1931 to take a panoramic photograph of half of the students and then have his wife tint the ivy and grass green and a couple of roses pink? Maybe Gray or his wife had a family contact in Geyserville? (Santi Catelli's sister Guilia "Julia" married Paola "Paul" Solari, and their family was living in Geyserville....) Another mystery to be solved...



Legendre/ Hotchkiss/ Calhoun Ranch, Eastside Road, c. 1880s

Legendre's Legend: The Frenchman's Mysterious Murder

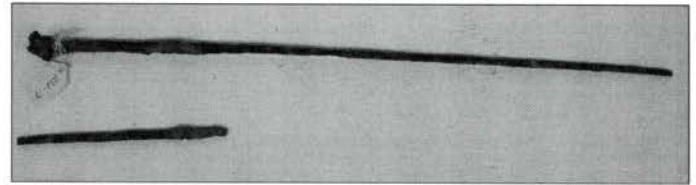
by Hannah Clayborn

In 1849 Louis Legendre, a Frenchman, built a cabin of rough hewn logs near the current Eastside Road, a few miles northwest of Windsor. This same land would later be known as the Hotchkiss Ranch. Legendre had arrived in the vicinity in 1847. Louis later had the honor of building the first house from the milled redwood planks produced by March and Heald's pioneer sawmill in 1850. This structure stood for many years on the old J.W. Calhoun ranch, also off Eastside Road due west from Windsor. Louis Legendre and his neighbor Lindsay Carson grew the first large-scale wheat crops in the region, which brought enormous profits in the early 1850's.

Despite his early success, the Frenchman came to a sordid and mysterious end. He kept a large sum of money in his house, perhaps the proceeds of his bumper wheat crops. According to an 1880 history of the County, this money, "aroused the cupidity of a Mexican, who murdered him [Louis] for the booty, and compelled some Indians to bury him in one of his own fields. This Mexican was afterwards arrested but, effecting his escape, was never caught."

Legendre's land eventually came into the hands of J.W. Calhoun, and Legendre's 1850 milled plank cabin formed one part of the Calhoun home for many years. When Calhoun's descendants tore down the old farmstead in more recent years, they found a rusted relic buried six inches under the original

cabin. It was an ancient rapier, a slender sharp-pointed sword usually reserved for fencing, severely corroded by the passage of years.



Rusted rapier found buried on Calhoun Ranch

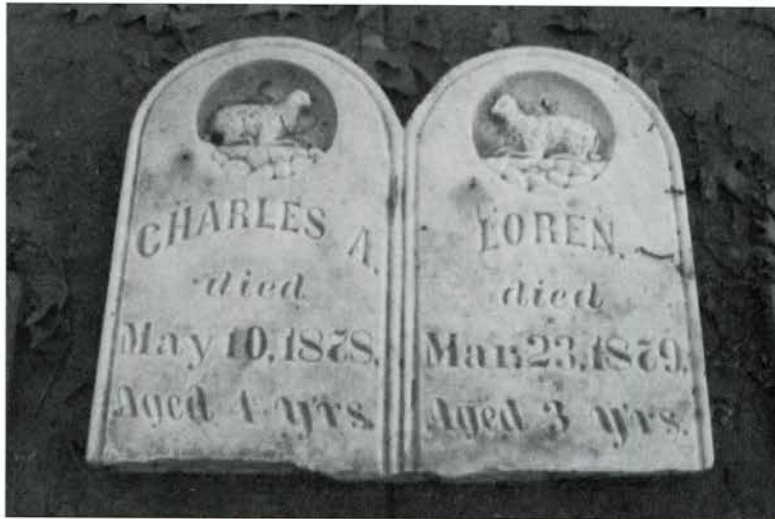
The Calhoun family passed down the legend that the man who allegedly killed Legendre was actually his business partner, and that he had dragged Legendre's body to the River. They speculated that this rapier might be the hastily discarded murder weapon. That assertion can never be proven, of course, but just in case, the Healdsburg Museum added that rapier, a gift from Mary Calhoun Graham, along with the documented portions of Legendre's Legend, to its fine collection in 1989.

Bibliography:

Munro-Fraser, J.P., *History of Sonoma County, CA*, 1880.

Thompson, Thomas H., *Sonoma County Atlas*, 1877.
Information given by Mary Calhoun Graham, 1989, and Sara Lee Calhoun, 1992;

Accession numbers 292 and 513, Healdsburg Museum.



Moore boys' tombstone rededicated, January 2013

Healdsburg's Boys

by Marie Butler

In solitude on one of the higher spots in Healdsburg, under a far-leaning silk tree, are the graves of two little boys, brothers who died in 1878 and 1879. Their young lives may have ended over 130 years ago, but the mystery of their missing headstone and the quest to restore it to them is a tale for now.

It was a chilly day in January, 2013 when three local citizens stood together to pay their respects to Charles and Loren Moore. There, in the oldest section of Oak Mound Cemetery, among the toppled monuments, gnarled oaks and leaf-strewn earth, Healdsburg Museum Curator Holly Hoods, student Arnold Silva and safety trainer Eric Peterson gathered. Each had a part in returning Charles' and Loren's double-tombstone to its rightful spot in this forgotten part of the cemetery. It was a moment uniting the present with the past. And, how the three came to be there is an unlikely story.

It was in 2006, when the late local landscaper Bill Hill came upon a weathered headstone in the ravine behind his Healdsburg house at River View. Obviously old and deeply impacted in the brush, it bore the carved mirror engravings of two lambs and the ornately scrolled names and legends: "Charles A., died May 10, 1878, Aged 4 yrs." and "Loren, died March 23, 1879, Aged 3 yrs." "It almost looked like it was placed there purposefully," Bill's widow, Kathleen Ponzo, recounts. "It was in an isolated and

odd spot." Bill had always wanted to find the stone's rightful place, but things, life, had a way of interfering. "Bill was very protective of it, though," Kathleen said, "and he even brought it with us to our new home."

When Bill became ill in 2012, he contacted his friend, long-time local Eric Peterson, to finish solving the mystery. It became very important to Bill that the tombstone was placed where it belonged. "Find the home for it," Eric recalls Bill telling him. Eric took on the challenge and brought the headstone back to his house. He was intrigued. Was it an influenza epidemic that had caused the brothers to pass so young and so close together? Did it belong in Healdsburg at all?

After two months in his possession, Eric decided it was time to contact Holly Hoods. This needed to be resolved, he felt. "She was intrigued by the story," Eric says, "and told me to bring the headstone to the Museum."

Once there, Holly treated it as a "History Mystery." At the time there were two students, Caia Dolan from Summerfield Waldorf School and Arnold Silva from Healdsburg High School, working at the Museum for their community service hours.

"I gave them an opportunity to do research and solve a mystery," said Holly.

Eric had provided some clues: the first names of the boys and the dates of death. Using the

Museum's microfilm files, Caia spent time looking through old newspapers for any mention of the boys.

Picture our town then. Demographic info from the *Historical Atlas of Sonoma County, CA 1877*, Thos. H. Thompson & Co. shows that Healdsburg had around 2,500 residents. There was one bank, five hotels and seven churches. Commerce flourished; businesses included fifteen dry goods and grocery stores, six blacksmith and wagon shops, a flour mill, planing mill, glove factory, tanneries and soap factory.

Caia found an article on Loren in *The Healdsburg Enterprise*, tucked amid heated editorials about California's "new constitution." According to *The Enterprise*, the day little Loren had his accident was a drizzly, cloudy early spring morning. It is a tragic story, and not for the faint of heart. In florid Victorian style, the March 27, 1879 edition of *The Enterprise* reported on the "Frightful Accident." It reads, in part: "*On Sunday, About 11 o'clock a.m., Robt. D. Moore; who slaughters for the Sotoyome Market, accompanied by a lad named Dennis, his brother-in-law, went to the slaughter to kill and scald some hogs. They were followed unbeknown to them, by Mr. Moore's little boy, Loren, a boy about three years old. The child climbed up in the scaffold near the large kettle of boiling water and, losing his balance, fell headforemost into the scalding water...*"

The article continues that Dennis grabbed Loren almost immediately. Dr. Swisher was sent for and "did all in his power to alleviate suffering." It adds that Loren lingered until past midnight and that his grief-stricken parents were almost inconsolable. Loren was the fourth child they had lost within a few years.



Robert Moore in meat market, c. 1910

Caia researched further. With these known details, a record of burial was found, and lot and grave numbers along with it. Curiously, the gravesites for Loren and his brother Charles (also known as Carl) were purchased by a Mr. John

Dudley, who was later determined to be Robert Moore's employer. A photo was also discovered showing a robust Robert Moore behind the counter at the Sotoyome Market. Coincidentally, the Museum's exhibit "Healdsburg: 100 Years Past and Present" was on display at the time of their research, and it featured a large sign from that market. "It's as if it was all meant to be," said Holly.

Holly then set Arnold on the mission to find the exact location in the cemetery where the boys were. "I told him, 'here's the map, here's the description, see what you can find'," she said. "I believe they deserved to have their headstone."

Accompanied by a friend, Arnold hiked up to the old cemetery and found two small plaques within a raised, plain plot denoting the site. "He called me right away, very excited," Holly said. She met him up there immediately.

There they also saw another grave in that same plot, dating from after 1879. Apparently the family of whoever was buried there later had cemented over the entire plot and then installed simple, flat plaques to mark where the boys were buried. Charles' and Loren's larger, more ornate carved stone just wouldn't have been able to fit there anymore. Holly believes it was purposely removed at that time. How the stone came to sit deep in the brush at River View will have to remain part of the mystery.

It was time to return the headstone to its original place. Eric, Holly and Arnold met at the cemetery. Arnold helped place the headstone on the spot where the plaques are set. The three said some words honoring the children and Holly placed a few mementos that would be special to little boys: marbles and stuffed animals. From Healdsburg - from us - she placed a little quartz heart. Loren and Charles are, after all, our boys...our town history.

All is settled now. The nearby headstones read like the "who's who" of Healdsburg's founding fathers and mothers. Oak trees encircle graves and the once-grand, now rusted 1876 fountain stands sentinel in the center of the cemetery. Overgrown shrubs and trees sigh in the wind. The residents are long settled in their resting places.

"It was wonderful to be a part of this. It was a tender experience," Holly said. "These are our pioneers," she added, "and I'd like to see them honored."



"The City of Healdsburg, California" P-47D-5-RE in 1943 stateside

"The City of Healdsburg, California" and "The Flying Scot!"

by Edward McCutchan

I was intrigued by a photograph of a P-47 Thunderbolt named "The City of Healdsburg, California" that I had seen in a book about Healdsburg, California entitled "Images of America Healdsburg." This book was published in 2005 by the Healdsburg Museum & Historical Society and was given to me one Christmas. The brief article in the book stated that our township, through its elementary school in 1943, participated in a war bond drive that raised over a hundred thousand dollars. The goal was \$75,000. As a symbolic "thank you," the United States government "christened" a P-47D-5-RE Thunderbolt "The City of Healdsburg, California." This airplane went on tour throughout the United States promoting the purchase of war bonds. When the tour was over, the "City of Healdsburg, California" was sent to the United Kingdom.

I have always had a fascination with "war birds" from the Second World War and wondered

whatever happened to "The City of Healdsburg, California" and began a quest to ascertain its history and what ultimately became of it.

P-47D Thunderbolt

A P-47D Thunderbolt was a short to mid-range escort fighter manufactured by Republic Aviation. The Republic P-47 Thunderbolt was the largest, heaviest, and most expensive fighter aircraft in history to be powered by a single piston engine. It was heavily armed with eight .50-caliber machine guns, four per wing. When fully loaded, the P-47 weighed up to eight tons, and in the fighter-bomber ground-attack roles could carry five-inch rockets or a significant bomb load of 2,500 pounds; over half the weight the B-17 bomber could carry on long-range missions, although the B-17 had a far greater range. The P-47, based on the powerful Pratt & Whitney R-2800 Double Wasp engine, was to be very effective as a short-to-medium range escort fighter in high-

altitude air-to-air combat and, when unleashed as a fighter-bomber, proved especially adept at ground attack in both the World War II European and Pacific Theaters. 15,686 of these airplanes were manufactured. It was nicknamed "the jug" due to its jug-like shape.

The P-47 was one of the main United States Army Air Force (USAAF) fighters of World War II and served with other Allied air forces, notably those of France, Britain, and Russia.

Naming Rights for Second World War Aircraft

America's war effort during the Second World War demanded millions of dollars in funding. One way to raise such funds was through the sale of war loan stamps and war bonds. These were used to expand facilities and their subsequent production of every item of war from liberty ships to motorized equipment and aircraft. The "Buy a Bomber" campaigns were created to enable communities or groups to contribute to the purchase of an individual aircraft. The aircraft would be named, depending upon the criteria of those communities with the name of a particular township. The amount of money raised through the sale of war bonds or stamps determined the type of aircraft that could be "purchased."

Initially, \$275,000 enabled a community group to "buy" a heavy bomber such as a B-17 or B-24. Lesser amounts allowed for a fighter plane or other aircraft. In the early months of the war, an aircraft was flown to the local airfield and a naming ceremony was carried out with a full publicity effort. However, as the pressures of the war increased, it became impossible to continue that practice so the aircraft was painted as it left the factory or a modification facility and a photograph was sent to the representatives of the community or the local newspaper. This is what happened with "The City of Healdsburg, California."

Many of these aircraft have disappeared from history and very little is known of what became of many of them. Some remained in the United States as training ships and some flew combat missions bearing their original name. Others were re-named by combat crews overseas with a more relevant name or artwork reflective of the pilot assigned to the aircraft. This is what happened to "The City of Healdsburg, California" tail number 42-8460. Its first combat pilot was Lieutenant Murdock R.

Cunningham. Cunningham was of Scottish heritage and was nicknamed "Scotty," so the aircraft became known as "The Flying Scot!"

"The City of Healdsburg, California"

In early 1943, a war bond sale for a bomber campaign was initiated in Healdsburg at the elementary school by Principal Byron Gibbs who was assisted by Smith Robinson. These two individuals were active in many Healdsburg community activities. By February 12, 1943, the students at the Healdsburg Elementary School had surpassed their goal of \$10,000 with plenty of patriotic community support. By July 16, 1943, the Healdsburg Elementary School and the Healdsburg community had obtained pledges of \$105,000 in United States War Bonds for the American war effort. As a reward, the United States Signal Corps stenciled the name "The City of Healdsburg, California" on a P-47D-5-RE.

The "City of Healdsburg, California" was initially assigned to the 8th Air Force's 352nd squadron, the 486th fighter group stationed in Great Britain. The unit was later known as "The Blue-Nosers" when the squadron was assigned P-51 Mustangs.



Lieutenant "Scotty" Cunningham of the 486th FS in the "The Flying Scot!" formerly "The City of Healdsburg, California." (352nd Fighter Group Facebook)

"The City of Healdsburg California" received new paint to comply with the "colors" of its assigned squadron. Its first assigned pilot was 1st Lieutenant Murdock R. Cunningham and the aircraft was renamed, "The Flying Scot!" tail number 42-8460. (A second "The Flying Scot!" was named, "The Flying Scot II." It was a P-51 Mustang also flown by

Lieutenant Murdock R. Cunningham.) Nose art on the P-47D, "The Flying Scot!" depicted a steam engine pulling a set of train cars.



The City of Healdsburg, California #28460, rechristened "The Flying Scot!" (www.cieldegloire.com/fg_352.php)

On June 1, 1944, Lieutenant Everett E. Booth Jr. of the 512 Squadron, 406 Field Group, while trying to land "The Flying Scot!" at Ashford Station Air Base in England, crashed and damaged the aircraft beyond repair. Most likely the aircraft was then parted out for other P-47D's and the balance smelted down after the war was concluded. At this time Lieutenant Cunningham had been assigned to a P-51 Mustang.

The following is the official entry of the crash

of "The City of Healdsburg," late known as "The Flying Scot!":

Date: 01-JUN-1944

Time: Unknown

Type: Silhouette image of generic P47 model; specific model in this crash may look slightly different

Republic P-47D Thunderbolt

Operator: United States Army Air Force (USAAF) Lt. Everett, E. Booth Jr.

Registration: 42-8460 (incorrectly stating 42-8480)

Fatalities: Fatalities: / Occupants: None

Airplane damage: Written off (damaged beyond repair and to be parted out)

Location: Ashford/Station 417 - United Kingdom

Phase: Landing

Nature: Military

Narrative: None

Landing accident.

Sources:

James E. Young

Healdsburg Tribune, February 12, 1943.

Healdsburg Tribune, July 16, 1943.

www.aviationarchaeology.com/src/db.asp



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