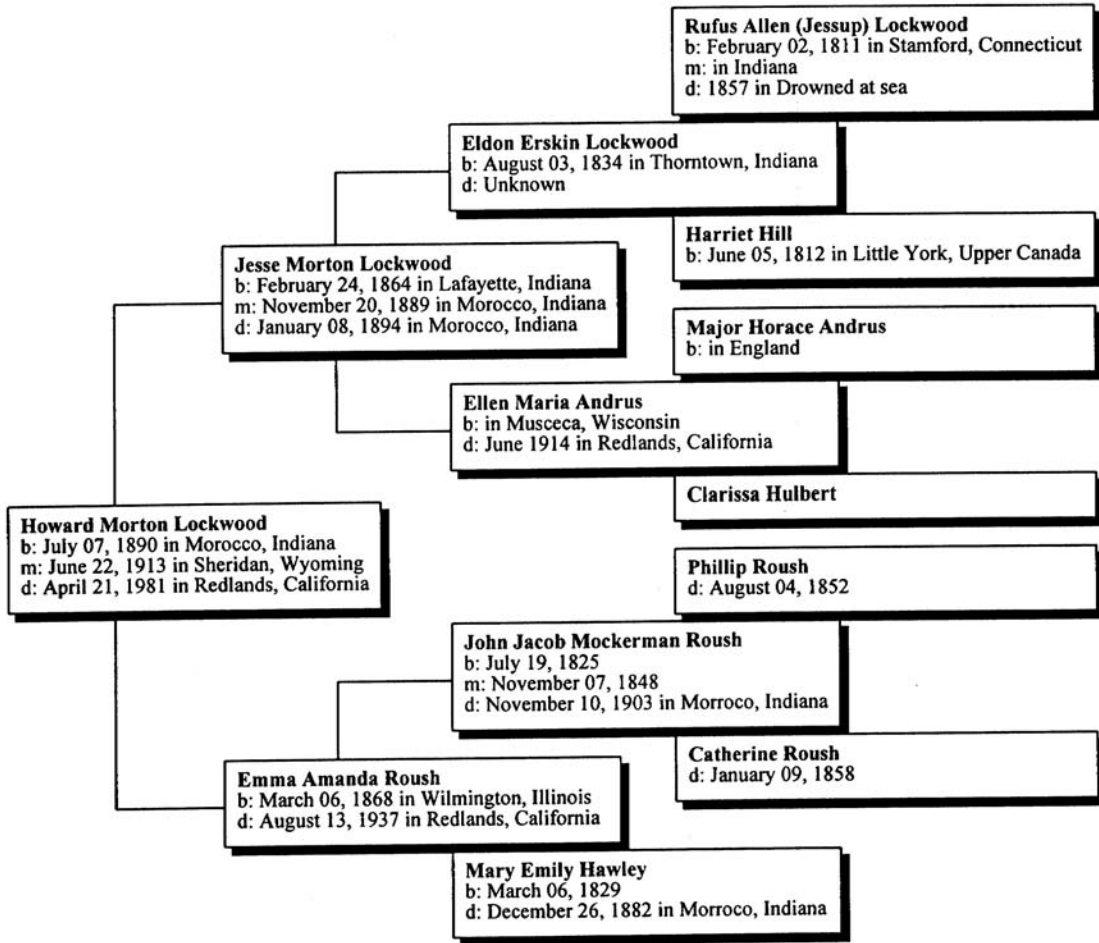


The Lockwood Family

by

Ruth Lockwood Van Vacter

Ancestors of Howard Morton Lockwood



The Lockwood Family

Family Group Sheet

Husband: Rufus Allen (Jessup) Lockwood	
Born: February 02, 1811	in: Stamford, Connecticut
Died: 1857	in: Indiana
Father: Lee Jessup	in: Drowned at sea
Mother: Nancy Lockwood	
Wife: Harriet Hill	
Born: June 05, 1812	in: Little York, Upper Canada
Father: Mr. Hill	
CHILDREN	
1 M	Name: Eldon Erskin Lockwood Born: August 03, 1834 Died: Unknown Spouse: Ellen Maria Andrus in: Thorntown, Indiana
2 F	Name: Zenobia Angelina Lockwood Born: May 02, 1837 Spouses: McKee Wilson, Thaddeus S. Moore in: Lafayette, Indiana in: Crawfordsville, Indiana
3 F	Name: Rose Alice Lockwood Born: November 05, 1842 in: Lafayette, Indiana
4 M	Name: Rufus Albert Lockwood Born: April 05, 1845 Spouses: Bonnie Maine in: Lafayette, Indiana
5 F	Name: Harriet Lockwood Born: September 21, 1848 in: Lafayette, Indiana

Descendants of Rufus Allen (Jessup) Lockwood

Generation No. 1

1. RUFUS ALLEN (JESSUP)² LOCKWOOD (*LEE¹ JESSUP*) was born February 02, 1811 in Stamford, Connecticut, and died 1857 in Drowned at sea. He married HARRIET HILL in Indiana, daughter of MR. HILL. She was born June 05, 1812 in Little York, Upper Canada.

Notes for RUFUS ALLEN (JESSUP) LOCKWOOD:

The Lockwood family history goes back to the House of Hessadernstadt. Some grandmother was a cousin of Queen Victoria and looked a lot like her. Aunt Hattie (Harriet Ellen Lockwood Shepherd) also resembled her. A member of the Lockwood family married a cousin of Queen Victoria.

Rufus Allen Jessup Lockwood was born February 2, 1811, in Stamford, Fairfield County, Connecticut, as Jonathan Alloway Jessup. He had a twin brother who later lived in St. Louis, Missouri, and also a sister, who married a Mr. McCann.

Rufus taught school in Romney and Rob Roy, Indiana. He studied law and was admitted to the Bar of Circuit Court of Crawfordsville, Indiana. He had a stormy, but brilliant, career (see following articles from the State Bar Journal, October and November, 1938 "Lockwood, The Mystery Man").

He went to California in 1848, and in 1851 he was attorney for Palmer Cook and Company, leading bankers in San Francisco. Chief Justice S. C. Hastings said it was the opinion that Rufus Lockwood was the best land lawyer on the Pacific Coast. He won the famous Field vs. Seabury case before the Supreme Court of the United States in 1855.

In 1857 he set sail for the East on business. At Aspinwall he connected with the ill-fated Central America. During a bad storm off the tip of South America, he took his turn with the other passengers at the pumps until he was exhausted. The women and children were saved but he went down with the ship. His picture hung in the State House at Sacramento for many years. He was highly thought of in those days.

THE MYSTERY MAN by John E. Richards (Late Justice of the Supreme Court of California)

Across the colorful annals of the California bar during the first decade of its history there comes and goes and comes again, and finally and all too soon goes out in a most tragic ending the outline of a gigantic figure; of a personality powerful, fitful, strange; of a genius the most masterful, the most original and the most eccentric, among all that notable company of lawyers who came from the world over to form the membership of our pioneer bar; of a man who in his living and in his dying verified the most strikingly the couplet of the poet Dryden:

Great wits are sure to madness near allied, And
thin partitions do their bounds divide

The man and lawyer to whose dramatic career and tragic passing I invite your interest in this sketch bore the assumed name of Rufus A. Lockwood. In the month of February of the year 1850 there was a state of considerable excitement among the inhabitants of San Jose, which had just emerged from the status of a Mexican pueblo to become the first capital of California. This was not so much due to the fact that the first legislature had assembled there, or even that the Supreme Court was then in session; but it was rather due to the fact that an important cause was presently to come on for trial before a jury in the Court of First Instance in that city. It was the case of Sunol v. Hepburn, which involved the right of settlers upon lands within the limits of a yet unconfirmed Spanish or Mexican grant to remain in possession of their holdings, at least until the confirmation of the grant.

The plaintiff's attorney in the case was one James M. Jones, who was a lawyer of much learning and experience in the administration of the Spanish and Mexican laws, and a linguist of perfect familiarity with the Spanish language. The attorneys for the defendants were two young lawyers from the Middle West whose names were C. T. Ryland and John H. Moore, and who were in a large measure unfamiliar with the Spanish language and laws and were thus at great disadvantage against their learned and able opponent.

One day while some preliminary phase of the case was in the course of argument there happened into the courtroom a man named Elias L. Beard, who had settled near the Mission of San Jose, and who was the ancestor of the very well-known family of that name, whose descendants still reside in that region. It was observed that Moore and Ryland were getting badly worsted in the argument, and so he presently went over to Moore and suggested that he should have the assistance of a lawyer who was familiar with the Spanish and Mexican laws. "Where can we find such a man?" asked Moore. "I have the very man you need at the Mission," answered Beard, "and I'll send him down to you. His name is Lockwood."

When the case was called a few days later for trial there walked into the courtroom a large, ungainly, awkward, roughly dressed stranger who took his seat beside the defendants' attorneys, but otherwise took no active part in the trial during its preliminary stages, but listened closely while the pleadings were being read, the jury empaneled and the nature of the cause stated. He thus learned that the case involved one of those clashings between the American and Spanish or Mexican people over land titles which were so common in those early days. He observed that the jury was a "Missouri" jury, whose sympathies would be naturally with the defendants. He also took note of the fact that the only dangerous element in the case apparently consisted in the superior learning and ability of James M. Jones, the plaintiff's attorney.

Presently, however, a question of law arose and Jones proceeded to argue it, with the aid of the Spanish and Mexican statutes which he produced and read in the original and then proceeded to translate to the court and jury. He made a strong and clean-cut argument thereon, as was his wont, and confidently sat down. Lockwood arose and demanded an inspection of the book from which Jones had been reading and when he received it he proceeded to quote from it with the facility of a master of the Spanish language, to translate it luminously, to expound it learnedly and to disclose to the astonished court and jury and counsel that the statute depended upon by Jones had been misinterpreted and that the law, when rightly translated, sustained the defendants' case. From that time forth to the close of the trial, which lasted several days, Lockwood was the master of the situation and the expected victory of Jones was turned into rout which during the remainder of the trial he vainly attempted, with the exercise of all his talents and industry, to check. He worked on his case night and day, but in vain. "This man Lockwood is killing me," said Jones to Moore as the trial drew to its close; and when the cause was presented in argument to the jury it was Lockwood who argued the cause for the defense. Brief snatches of the splendid display of sustained logic and eloquence lingered forever thereafter in the memories of those who were privileged to hear it.

When Lockwood was bringing his argument to its close he reminded the jury that this day was the anniversary of the battle of Buena Vista, wherein General Taylor had on February 22, 1846, gained, with the aid of his Missouri rangers, the decisive victory of the Mexican war, and he called upon this jury of Missourians to celebrate and to reflect that victory in their verdict. The result of the trial was a verdict and judgment in the defendants' favor, and those of you who may be interested in a further study of the issues involved in the trial will find them embodied in the case of *Sunol v. Hepburn*, 1 Cal. Rep., at page 254; and from the pages of that early and leading case, which was twice argued before the Supreme Court, the surpassing powers and learning of Rufus A. Lockwood, counsel for the defendants, clearly shine forth.

Who was this man Lockwood who had thus suddenly emerged from obscurity and mounted at a single bound to a position of leadership at the pioneer bar? Whence had he come and what the history of his life before and after the trial of the case of *Sunol v. Hepburn*? It is, indeed, the strangest life history which the student of the annals of our California bar could undertake to uncover or to relate. As was once written by an annalist, none other than Newton Booth, Governor of and Senator from California:

"His life was, indeed, stranger than fiction. Born under an evil star, with a noble nature, ever to be thwarted; a powerful intellect ever to be set on fire with the fervor

of his blood, it was his destiny to wander over earth and ocean, pursued, as it were, by some fiend of darkness from the outset of his career to that supreme hour when the waters of the Atlantic closed over his body to bring, let us hope, calm to his storm-swept soul."

The true name of Rufus A. Lockwood was Jonathan A. Jessup. Lockwood was his mother's family name. He was born in Stamford, Connecticut in 1811. At the age of 18 he entered Yale College, where he was diligent in his studies, advanced rapidly and was distinguished among his fellows for his proficiency in Latin, in pure mathematics and for his mastery of English classics. Suddenly in the midst of a term, for some reason which no one knew and without his family's consent, he left college and enlisted as a common sailor on an American man-of-war. The vessel made a voyage to the Bahamas. On the way one of his messmates was flogged, as he thought unjustly, and he resolved to desert. He did so when the ship reached New York, and then took the name of Lockwood.

He worked his way to Buffalo on the Erie Canal and went thence to Indiana, where he engaged himself to teach school at a village named Romney. He taught also alternately at Rob Roy, another hamlet about eight miles away, and between times studied medicine. He also joined a debating society at Romney, where his powers in argument excited attention. He began about this time to read law, and it is said, almost literally committed to memory the text of Blackstone. He was soon admitted to the bar of the Circuit Court of Crawfordsville. He then married and went to Thorntown, a new place in Boone County, and began the practice of the law. He had not long to wait for a lawsuit, for he was presently sued by his landlord for his rent and made his first appearance in court as his own lawyer. He was beaten, and his only bed was sold for the debt.

This bitter experience burned into his heart, and he never referred to it without a shudder. He also never forgave the hard-hearted author of the misfortune, and took in after years an ample revenge. Many years after, speaking of this Thorntown experience, he said, "I never knew how my wife lived. I know I lived on potatoes roasted in the ashes." He sought forgetfulness in study as other men often do in drink, but his life was unhappy in the extreme. Lockwood's second case he also lost (though not his own client) and appealed to the Supreme Court of Indiana. It involved only a small sum, but he prepared for the hearing on appeal as thoroughly as though millions were at stake. In after years he often referred to the embarrassment he felt at his first appearance in the Supreme Court. He was morbidly sensitive and oppressed with a sense of his poverty and friendlessness. His appearance, of course, attracted attention which changed to admiration as he exhaustively argued the case and the court took occasion in its decision to refer to the remarkable ability and skill with which his points were presented. He won the case in the Supreme Court and at once became known as a man of preeminent powers.

This admission of his ability, however, did not bring him business, because he did not know or would not practice the arts by which success may be courted. He was not the "next friend" of the clerk nor the favorite of the sheriff, nor the intimate of the judge, nor the manipulator of the press, nor the manufacturer of witnesses. He was at a disadvantage in the small encounters of social intercourse, and he avoided them and became moody, abstracted and reserved. His ardent love and deep study of the law as a science rather retarded than aided his immediate success and for some years he remained obscure and poor. Although but twenty-five years of age, he had lost his youth long ago and found life and fortune enemies to be fought and conquered by a hard and stem struggle. These early experiences affected all his career and he never seemed so entirely himself as when he felt that the court and jury were against him and had to be mastered by the mighty exercise of his intellect and will.

The opportunity of Rufus A. Lockwood came at last. Shortly after the presidential election of 1836 a homicide occurred which shook to the center the foundations of Indiana society. A young editor of a Democratic newspaper named J.H.W. Frank had won a small wager from a merchant named Wood on the vote of New York City in the election. When Frank called for settlement Wood accused him of being in possession of the returns at the time the bet was made. A quarrel ensued in which Wood was killed by a pocketknife in the hands of Frank. The deceased was a man of high social position, and his friends and his party regarded him as a martyr whose death must be avenged. Rufus A. Lockwood, with other counsel, were engaged for the defense of Frank. The other counsel, fearing the result, in the state of public feeling, advised that the case be delayed, the accused gotten out on bail and the forfeiture of his bond. Lockwood urged a speedy trial and claimed that it was better that Frank should try his fate at once rather than be a wanderer and a fugitive on the face of the earth. With this Frank coincided and hence the active conduct of the case fell to Lockwood.

As the trial came on able lawyers and distinguished men were retained on both sides of the case - such men as White, Hannegan, Pettit and Lane, all of whom afterwards represented Indiana in the Senate of the United States. But Lockwood kept his position on the case and mastered its every detail. It was perhaps the most remarkable criminal case ever tried in the State of Indiana, and when it was argued the lawyers all made great speeches to the jury. Lockwood's speech, however, was the greatest and grandest of all. Read long after the case and in cold print it seems declamatory and overwrought but no printed page can convey describe its living effect. It was level with the occasion and fervid with the excitement of the hour. The speaker fairly met and turned back the tide of popular passion by the greater passion of his own breast. At times his delivery swelled to the fury of the storm; at others sank to the moaning of an autumn wind. His invective was terrible. He poured the gall of his years of bitterness into his denunciation of the "society" that demanded, and the clique that had contributed money to secure a conviction. His statement of the law was clear and exhaustive, defining with metaphysical subtlety and mathematical precision the legal distinctions of the case. The speech lasted nine hours, and one who heard it has declared that "it was the best jury speech ever made on this continent or any other." Lockwood's client was acquitted.

Like Lord Erskine's famous speech this one brought Lockwood both fame and clients, and for a few years his professional business was large. He measured up to every requirement of his practice. He studied hard, read everything, but read nothing superficially, and analyzed everything his mind had occasion to feed upon. One of his partners of this period writing of him says:

"Some subjects in connection with Lockwood suggest themselves at the moment upon which I would enlarge if I had leisure. I allude to his strong sense of natural justice; to his conservatism; to his indefatigable pursuit of details; to his hatred of shams; to his contempt of the narrowness of parties and partisans; how he loved his profession; how he identified himself with his clients; how proud in his successes and how gloomy in his reverses. I think I never knew a man of finer impulses. The finest tones of his eloquences were due to his reverence for sacred things - a reverence not paraded for effect but unconsciously permeating his speech and giving him with juries a surpassing power. He seemed almost morbidly attached to the study of such cases upon wills as turned upon the distinction, shadowy and vague, between sanity and insanity. His own mind was an instructive instance of the painful narrowness of this line of demarkation - the boundary between the fine frenzy of the poet and the dark frenzy of the lunatic."

In 1842 Lockwood, having been led into speculation by the then universal fever in the West, found himself involved in debt. By a sudden freak he collected a little money from his business, deposited it in the bank for the benefit of his creditors, placed his son in a Catholic school at Vincennes and disappeared as he had done before from Yale. He told no one his plans and revealed to no one, not even his own family, his whereabouts. But, in fact, he went to Mexico, where he seems to have acquired his knowledge of the Spanish language and the civil law. From Mexico he drifted to New Orleans, where he resumed the name of Jessup and began the practice of law.

At the end of a year he applied for admission to the higher courts of the State of Louisiana. He passed his examination and was about to take the attorney's oath when he saw in the courtroom his old enemy, the landlord who had destroyed his youth and sold his bed at execution. He instantly quitted the room and a few days after was found by a friend on the street, wearing a negro outfit. He wanted to borrow \$20 to redeem his trunk from pawn. His friend had only \$10, but he offered him that. Lockwood refused the offer, and went down to a recruiting station where the sign "Twenty dollars bounty" caught his eye. He went in and enlisted as a common soldier in the army, took his bounty, redeemed his trunk and was sent to join his regiment in Kansas. His friend, however, reported his freak to others, and it came to the ears of his older friends of Indiana. Senator Hannegan went to president Tyler and secured an order for his discharge, which he forwarded to him with \$100 in money. This seems to have brought Lockwood back to reason and he returned to his home in Indiana after three years of wandering.

He found that during his absence his "bad" speculations in western lands had been lifting him out of debt and he resumed the practice of his profession. He seems to have resumed also his mental balance and to even

surpass the efforts of his former years. He struck all who came in contact with him as a pure intelligence. He held his subject as in a vise until he mastered it. He knew no weariness, and if on a trial his faculties began to flag he stimulated them to the utmost with brandy, opium and even more dangerous drugs. He carried the intensity of his genius and the bitterness of his prejudices into his cases, and as time went on these tendencies became more marked as though the tide of his fate was swelling to his overthrow again.

At last in 1848 the billows of his dark frenzy broke once more. He was engaged in the trial of a great will case entitled *Hill v. Holloway*. His argument consumed three days in its delivery. He was confident of the justness of his cause and when the jury came in with a verdict against him he arose in an outburst of passion, struck his clenched fist violently upon the table and swore that he would never try a case in that court again. He never did.

He quit his practice and started at once for California by way of New York and around the Horn. One of the passengers upon the sailing vessel was J. H. Flickinger, an early pioneer of San Jose and the founder of that large fruit preserving industry which operates there under the monogram of "J.H.F." Mr. Flickinger told me that he was a fellow passenger with Lockwood when he came to California around the Horn. For the first month out from New York he said Lockwood never left his cabin, but after that he began to mingle with the others on board and before the voyage was ended the passengers became aware of the fact that they had among them the most singular, brilliant and versatile genius they had ever known. The range of his reading and of his experience, his knowledge of human character, his command of several languages and of their literature, and the infinite variety of his moods were a daily revelation to his shipmates.

When Lockwood reached San Francisco he undertook to find his former friend Elias L. Beard, and hiring a rowboat and a boatman, started down the bay en route for the Mission San Jose. He arrived at the home of Beard upon the following day, having spent the entire night in the marshes. He was a pitiable sight, for he was mudcovered and utterly exhausted, and was very ill, besides, from a fever contracted on shipboard. The only physician in the neighborhood was called in and Lockwood insisted upon being bled. The doctor refused to bleed him and assured him that to do so in his then condition would result in certain death. Lockwood maintained his opinion and demonstrated its correctness by bleeding himself and confounded the physician by getting well.

Before leaving New York Lockwood had forsworn the profession of the law, and upon reaching California seemed utterly rudderless as to his purposes in life. He spent his days and nights at the mission, drinking brandy and gambling at the monte tables, toward which the passion of eccentric nature seemed to draw him. It was from a monte table that he was summoned by Beard to go down to San Jose and assist in the trial of *Sunol v. Hepburn*. But the result of that trial seemed again to arouse him to a return to the profession. Clients almost immediately began to demand his professional services and he opened an office in the then capital city of San Jose and entered upon a practice which must have been considerable, since we find in the first volume of the California Reports no less than six important cases wherein Lockwood appeared as counsel before that tribunal, and in the second volume of California Reports an equal number.

That he strongly impressed that court with his astonishing industry and legal ability is made evident by the fact that upon page 150 of the second volume of said reports there appears an order of court by the terms of which Rufus A. Lockwood, Esq., was appointed reporter of decisions of the Supreme Court; while on page 265 of the same reports appears a note to the effect that the cases of the two preceding terms were prepared for the press by R. A. Lockwood, Esq., who, on resigning the office, handed over to his successor the manuscripts which were ordered inserted in said volume of the reports in compliance with law.

While still in the practice of his profession at San Jose Lockwood tried three notable cases in the local courts, one of which was the case of *Metcalf v. Argente*, which arose in this wise: Argente was a banker in San Francisco and was prominent among the members of the first Vigilance Committee. Metcalf was an arrival from Australia, who, for some reason, fell under suspicion and was roughly treated by the Vigilantes. He brought suit against the leading men composing that body and employed Lockwood and Edmund Randolph as his attorneys. The case was tried first in San Francisco and resulted in a mistrial by reason of the strong prejudice in favor of the Vigilance Committee in that city. It was then transferred to Santa Clara County for a second trial and came on in 1852. Lockwood was very much opposed to the methods of the Vigilance Committee and went into this

case with more than usual zeal and vigor. Those who heard his speech to the jury in that case say that it surpassed all of the speeches they had ever heard before or since. It was published in pamphlet form and may still be found occasionally in the libraries of the lawyers of that time.

The second case was one in which Lockwood was himself a party and came about in this wise: Lockwood had purchased a house and lot in San Jose and had taken to live with him a wandering genius who was an expert in chirography, but who was otherwise a great rascal. The fellow presently disappeared and not long thereafter a man named Harlan sued Lockwood for possession of the property, alleging himself to be the owner thereof by virtue of a deed which he produced and which appeared to be entirely in Lockwood's handwriting. When the case came on for trial and the deed was produced and offered in evidence, Lockwood arose and in a voice of thunder declared it to be a forgery. The plaintiff's attorney was William T. Wallace, later a Justice and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Happening to see Elias L. Beard in the courtroom, Wallace suddenly called him to the witness stand to testify as to Lockwood's handwriting and signature to the deed. Beard, upon being sworn, carefully examined the instrument and felt constrained to testify that it was in Lockwood's handwriting; whereupon the following cross-examination by Lockwood himself took place: "Elias, you think that I wrote that deed, do you?" "Yes, Rufus," reluctantly stammered Beard. "I think that is your handwriting." "Now, Elias," said Lockwood (who always prided himself upon his spelling), "do you think that if I was going to write a deed I would spell 'indenture' with two t's?" Beard again scanned the deed and there, sure enough, was "indenture" spelled with two t's; whereupon he exclaimed exultantly, "No, Rufus, I don't believe you would, and I think this deed is a forgery," and so it was proved to be, since after the case was ended it was discovered that Lockwood's fellow lodger had skillfully imitated the latter's handwriting and had written and sold the deed to Harlan.

In the third case above referred to Elias L. Beard was himself the defendant and employed Lockwood as his attorney. A fellow whose name has escaped immortality had sued Beard for slander and the cause came on for trial in the District Court before Judge Watson, whose name has itself been immortalized in the name of the city of Watsonville. A pioneer lawyer named E. K. Sanford was counsel for plaintiff, and in his opening speech to the jury delivered a very eloquent and flowery address. He quoted extensively from the poets as to the value of a man's character and the outrage of slanderous assaults upon it. He closed his speech with the well-known quotation from Shakespeare, "Who steals my purse steals trash," etc., and sat down well pleased with his address; whereupon Lockwood arose, and, addressing the jury, took also the subject of character for his theme. He dwelt upon the value of character more eloquently than his opponent, quoted again from memory, not only all the poetic passages which Sanford had given, but added to them many more. It was the custom in those early days to place beside the jury box a receptacle filled with pine or cedar sticks which the jurymen were supposed to whittle instead of using the jack-knives upon the seats or rail of the jury box. When Lockwood came to the conclusion of his splendid burst of eloquent and poetical oratory he capped it with the following anticlimax which won his case: "Gentlemen of the jury, remembering all that I have said to you of the value of human character, I solemnly declare that if you will give a down-cast Yankee a jack-knife and a cedar stick, he will whittle out of it a better character in five minutes than has ever yet been established in a court of justice."

With the rapid increase in population and consequently litigation in the city of San Francisco, Lockwood found it expedient to remove his offices to that city, and, having done so, with that strange perversity which seemed to be in his blood, he hired himself out as a clerk in the law office of Horace Hawes for the term of six months at \$10 a day. He received his wages every night and gambled them away, but in the daytime he was a wonderful clerk. He did everything which was to be done about the office and besides tried Hawes' cases with a skill which brought him reputation. One day Hawes told him to go down and carry up a sack of coal. Lockwood went and carried up the coal, but he never forgot the indignity and took his revenge for it in a singular way. When the last day of his term of hiring came he was engaged in the trial of one of Hawes' cases. In the midst of the case the hour struck. "My time's up," said Lockwood and he walked out of the court. Hawes went after him and tried in every way to get him back and even offered him a partnership to return, but Lockwood gave him a tongue lashing which would not look well in print and went away.

Lockwood now opened an office for himself and went into partnership with two other lawyers, whose names do not matter. The fact was that Lockwood soon found that he was doing all the work and dividing the profits. There was just one division of profits after he found out that fact. In the division of Lockwood's share was \$500 in scrip, which he offered to sell to one of his partners at an agreed price. The next morning when he had brought in the scrip the partner claimed that they had gone down in value in the market and refused to take the

warrants. Lockwood deliberately tore them up and left the office. He went straightway to the dock and hired himself out as a wharf-hand at laborers' wages per day. After a month or two a former client sought him out to try an important lawsuit. Lockwood at first refused to go, said he was earning an honest living and did not want to be disturbed. His client

(Story continued under the name of his wife - Harriet Hill)

Notes for HARRIET HILL:

(Story of Rufus Allen Jessup Lockwood continued on this page)

persisted and at last banteringly offered to double his wages if he would go and try his case. This idea struck Lockwood favorably, and after stipulating that he should be paid daily exactly double laborers' wages, and that no other or greater fee should ever be offered him, he went. The case was tried successfully and the client's profit was great, but Lockwood held him to his contract strictly, and his double daily wages was his only fee. It is needless to say that his law partnership did not long continue on this basis of fees.

During the early '50s the firm of Palmer, Cook and Company were the leading bankers of San Francisco and were much involved in the diversified litigation of that period, especially with regard to land titles. In the winter of 1851 Mr. Palmer, the senior member of the firm, was anxious to secure the best obtainable legal talent for his firm in a test case which had arisen touching water lot titles. One evening, while James A. McDougall and Chief Justice S. C. Hastings were in his room, it occurred to him that he would take their opinion as to who was the best land lawyer in San Francisco, and he asked each of them to write the name of the man entitled to that preeminence; whereupon he was surprised to find that each had written the name of Rufus A. Lockwood, of whom up to that time he had never heard. Returning to San Francisco, he sought out Lockwood. To quote the language of his own story:

I found Lockwood in an unfurnished office, apparently absorbed in a black-letter looking law book. I introduced myself and told him the case in which I wished to employ him. There was no need to go into details, as the case was well known by its title, having been freely discussed by the newspapers. Lockwood, scarcely looking up from his book, said, 'I don't think you have got any case.' Piqued by his abruptness, I answered, 'When you have given the matter as much attention as I have, perhaps you will be of a different opinion.' 'If you will come tomorrow morning,' he replied, 'I will give you a final answer.' When I went back he was in the same position. It did not seem to me that he had moved, or turned a leaf of the volume before him. Without addressing a word directly to me, except to acknowledge my presence, he said, as if reading aloud to himself, 'a conveyance that is void is void forever.'

Not relishing that application of the law and nettled by his manner, I remarked that the counsel for the other side would probably be able to find that principle without his assistance. Without heeding my interruption, he went on, in the same measured manner, "but the sovereign power, by a sovereign act, may give validity to the terms of a conveyance which is void." I saw his meaning and its importance as by a flash of lightning, and, applying it to the case, exclaimed, "Then an act of the legislature may refer to a void deed for a description of lands; and it is the law which conveys the title, not the deed?" "Precisely. I will take your case, and win it."

From the moment he announced his position, I felt that he would win it; but when the case was coming on for trial, I was amazed and terrified by the quantity of brandy he drank. I remonstrated to no purpose. Outside the courtroom he became dull and stolid; within, on trial, he was luminous, ready upon every proposition; and I was constantly asking myself, "How long can he hold out?" The case was on trial several days; four lawyers, as able as any in the State, were on the other side; and I do not remember a single instance in which Lockwood was taken at a disadvantage, either in argument, authority or repartee. I recall at the moment one passage between him and Isaac E. Holmes. Lockwood had quoted law to the effect, I think, that, under certain conditions, an easement might be extinguished by a change of the fee. Holmes interrupted him: "Do you state that as law, Mr. Lockwood?" "Yes," replied Lockwood, his manner for the moment slow, almost to drawling, "I state it as law; and I have tried and gained an important case upon that principle." "That case has not been reported, I fancy. It is not in the books, is it? It is Hoosier law, I presume." "No, sir; the case is not in the books which the gentleman has read. It was tried before an Indiana court, at an Indiana bar - a court and bar on which the

gentleman's transcendent abilities would reflect no credit." He held out, made his words good, and won the case. He was immediately retained by Palmer, Cook and Company, as their general counsel.

The abilities which Lockwood displayed in the trial of cases gave him a state reputation as being the greatest lawyer on the coast. Doubtless he was and would have died in the secure possession of that reputation but for that strain approaching insanity in his nature which led him to such extremes in conduct and experiences. Many stories are told of his skill in the courtroom, where he was the wonder and admiration of the bar. In defeat, especially, he is said to have been like a lion at bay, and on such occasions someone was likely to get hurt by his fierce intellectual assaults. An instance of his crushing manner in dealing with lying witnesses is related. He had cross-examined the witness at great length and finally dismissed him. Just as the witness was about to leave the stand Lockwood detained him with "One question more. "; wrote a moment and then looked up and transfixed him with the question: "Would you believe yourself under oath?"

It was Lockwood's passion for gambling which led him to the next great change in his singular career. One day, at war with himself and the world, he left his office, walked down to the wharf and boarded a sailing vessel for Australia. Some of his clients subsidized the captain to delay sailing for a week in the hope of inducing Lockwood to remain, but all in vain. Finally one of them asked him if he had any money for the trip. "Yes," said he, taking \$2.50 out of his pocket, "but I will sail free," and going to the side of the vessel he threw the money into the bay. So Lockwood sailed away from fame and friends and wealth and was lost in the heart of Australia for two long years. When he arrived in Sydney he set out to walk to Melbourne, a distance of seven hundred miles, and did it, a trip which no other white man ever voluntarily made alone before or since.

Arriving there he hired out to a sheep herder, then to a merchant and lastly became a clerk for a firm of Australian lawyers. One day he was given a brief to copy and presently came to a proposition to which he objected. His employers wanted him to copy it anyway, but he threw the brief down, declaring that he would never write in a brief what he did not believe to be law, left their employ and sailed again for San Francisco. After his return, speaking of his trip to his former friends, he said: "I know you thought I was crazy, but I was not. It was the sanest act of my life. I felt that I must do some great penance for my sins and follies. I wanted to put a gulf between me and my past."

It is a notable fact that after this Australian experience the life of Lockwood became more rational, his aims better established and his nature and conduct more subdued. In 1855 one great ambition of Lockwood's legal career was satisfied in his argument of the case of *Field v. Seabury* before the Supreme Court of the United States. That somewhat celebrated case had been brought up to the Supreme Court of the United States by way of error from the Circuit Court in and for the District of California, and is to be found reported in 60 U.S. Reports, at page 323. The cause was argued there by Lockwood for the plaintiff in error and by S. W. Holladay for the defendant in error. A description of that argument and of the appearance of Lockwood upon that occasion is to be found in an article contributed to the "Overland Monthly" in 1870 by Honorable Newton Booth, and reprinted in the "Albany Law Journal" in an issue of that year, and which reads as follows:

"During the term of the Supreme Court of the United States, in December, 1855, a stranger occupied the same seat in the courtroom day after day, until his presence became almost a feature of the place; and even the impassive Taney realized that there was a new fixed object within his visual horizon. His general appearance might have been catalogued as follows: Height, above medium; figure, large and ungainly; movements, awkward; complexion, sallow and tobacco-smoked; eyes, dark and deep, with dilating pupils edged with yellow cat-eyes in the dark; hair, dark brown, sprinkled with gray; head, feet and hands, large - the left hand webfingered; features, not irregular, but without play or mobility, with a fixed expression of weariness; dress, careless, almost slovenly; age, fifty years, bearing the burden of four score.

"Each day, from the opening to the adjournment of the court, he gave to all its proceedings - to its mere routine, to the driest and most technical argument, to the most absurd speech, and to the most finished and cogent reasoning - the same constant, apathetic attention. The last day of the term was reached, and the court was about to adjourn when the stranger arose, and, addressing the court with a trepidation of voice and manner that his will barely mastered, said he had traveled 6000 miles to argue a case that stood next upon the calendar; the counsel for the other side was present and anxious that the case should be heard; if it went over to the next term, it would involve an inconvenience to counsel and expense to the parties that would amount almost to a

denial of justice; and under the circumstances he felt privileged to ask the court to sit one day longer.

"After a brief consultation the judges acceded to the request; and it was announced that, on the following day, the court would hear the arguments in the case of Field v. Seabury. "More than the usual number of spectators were present on the following day; and there was something more than curiosity to hear this lawyer, who had often been heard of, but never before been heard in that court. The consciousness of this curiosity and expectation embarrassed him in the opening of his speech, but his mind fairly in motion soon worked itself free and his phlegmatic temperament glowed to its core with flame less heat. For two hours he held the undivided attention of the court in an argument that was pure law. He had that precision of statement, skill and nicety in the handling of legal terms, which modulate the very tones of the voice and by which lawyers instinctively measure a lawyer - that readiness which reveals an intellectual training that has become second nature - that self-contained confidence that is based on the broadest preparation - that logical arrangement which gives the assurance that back of every proposition is a solid column to support it if attacked - and that strength and symmetry of expression which carry the conviction that behind utterance there is a fullness of knowledge that floods every sentence with meaning and an unconscious reserve of power which gives to every word a vital force.

"Long before he had concluded it was known to all present that the stranger was Rufus A. Lockwood of San Francisco, and he was in that day, in the estimation of at least one of the judges who heard him, the equal of the best lawyers in the United States."

Such was Rufus A. Lockwood when his life was drawing to a close - a close as dramatic as his novel experience had been - a fitting close for such a life. In the fall of 1857 Lockwood sought occasion to go East again on legal business. To one of his friends who tried to dissuade him from the trip, he said: "I will stay if you insist, but I feel I shall go mad if I do." He boarded the steamer Central America at Aspinwall. Going up the eastern coast of the continent the vessel sprung a leak in a storm and all on board were ordered to the pumps. Lockwood labored at the pumps with the rest until he was almost exhausted. He stopped work and went to the cabin, when the captain roughly ordered him back. "Sir," said he, "I will work no more." He lighted a cigar and went up to the quarter-deck of the vessel. The boats were ordered out, and all but Lockwood forsook the sinking ship. He remained sitting on the quarter-deck calmly smoking his cigar when the ship went down. That was the last of Lockwood. I cannot better close this sketch than by applying to this strange and withal fascinating character the last verse of that poem which Colonel E. D. Baker wrote and applied aptly to himself. It was entitled "To a Wave" and it closes:

"I, too, am a wave on a stormy sea;
I, too, am a wanderer driven like thee; I, too,
am seeking a distant land,
To be lost, and gone e'er I reach the strand, For
the land I seek is a waveless shore,
And they who once reach it shall wander no more."

Children of RUFUS LOCKWOOD and HARRIET HILL are:

2. i. ELDON ERSKIN³ LOCKWOOD, b. August 03, 1834, Thorntown, Indiana; d. Unknown.
3. ii. ZENOBIA ANGELINA LOCKWOOD, b. May 02, 1837 Lafayette, Indiana.
- iii. ROSE ALICE LOCKWOOD, b. November 05, 1842, Lafayette, Indiana.
4. iv. RUFUS ALBERT LOCKWOOD, b. April 05, 1845, Lafayette, Indiana.
- v. HARRIET LOCKWOOD, b. September 21, 1848, Lafayette, Indiana.

Generation No.2

2. ELDON ERSKIN³ LOCKWOOD (*RUFUS ALLEN (JESSUP)*)², *LEE*¹ *JESSUP*) was born August 03, 1834 in

Thorntown, Indiana, and died Unknown. He married ELLEN MARIA ANDRUS, daughter of MAJOR ANDRUS and CLARISSA HULBERT. She was born in Musceca, Wisconsin, and died June 1914 in Redlands, California.

Notes for ELLEN MARIA ANDRUS:

Ellen Maria Andrus was born at Musceca, near Richland Center, Wisconsin. The Andrus family lived in Connecticut, then moved to Wisconsin in the early days. Ellen Maria died in June, 1914, and is buried at Hillside Cemetery in Redlands, California. Ellen Maria's mother was Clarissa Hulbert of American ancestry, and her father was Major Horace Andrus. He was English and fought in India. Ellen Maria's brother, Henry, was in the Soldier's Home in Sawtell, California. He had a son, Harry, who was an actor using the name of Harry Dart. Her brother, Horace, lived in Boulder, Colorado. He had sons Jim and Frank, who lived in Medford, Oregon. Horace also had a daughter, Clarissa. He had a son, Milton, who was in the Civil War, and another son who was a banker in Des Moines, Iowa. She also had a daughter, Frances. Ellen Maria also had a brother Milo, and two sisters, Julia and Frances. To the union of Eldon Erskin and Ellen Maria Lockwood were born: Frank, William, and a girl, who all died while small; Harriet Ellen, Annabelle and Jesse Morton.

Children of ELDON LOCKWOOD and ELLEN ANDRUS are:

5. i. JESSE MORTON⁴ LOCKWOOD, b. February 24, 1864, Lafayette, Indiana; d. January 08, 1894, Morocco, Indiana.
6. ii. HARRIET ELLEN LOCKWOOD, b. July 06, 1857, Lafayette, Indiana; d. March 06, 1949, Redlands, California.
- iii. FRANK LOCKWOOD.
- iv. WILLIAM LOCKWOOD.
- v. ANNABELLE LOCKWOOD, b. 1867, Remington, Indiana; d. March 10, 1929, Redlands, California; m. (1) JOE LARSH; m. (2) ALVAH CHAPMAN WADSWORTH.

Notes for ANNABELLE LOCKWOOD:

In the early years Annabelle accompanied her nephew, Robert Albert Shepherd, on the piano while he played the violin.

She later married Alvah Chapman Wadsworth. They had an insurance business in Denver, Colorado and were quite well to do. Annabelle was especially fond of a great nephew, Glen Robert Lockwood, son of Howard and Hazel Lockwood, and on her death, she left money to build the home of Howard and Hazel Lockwood on Victoria Avenue in San Bernardino, California.

3. ZENOBIA ANGELINA³ LOCKWOOD (RUFUS ALLEN (JESSUP)². LEE¹ JESSUP) was born May 02, 1837 in Lafayette, Indiana. She married (1) McKEE WILSON in Crawfordsville, Indiana. She married (2) THADDEUS S. MOORE 1881.

Notes for ZENOBIA ANGELINA LOCKWOOD:

Zenobia Angelina was born May 2, 1837 at Lafayette, Indiana. She married McKee Wilson when she was 17, at Crawfordsville, Indiana. They went to California where she was widowed a few years later. She returned East and was among the first women to practice medicine. She was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania and Hahnemann College of Chicago. In 1872, after the Great Fire, she went to Terre Haute, where she married Thaddeus S. Moore in 1881. They had an adopted daughter, Agnes Parker Moore.

Child of ZENOBIA LOCKWOOD and THADDEUS MOORE is:

- i. AGNES PARKER⁴ MOORE.

4. RUFUS ALBERT³ LOCKWOOD (RUFUS ALLEN (JESSUP)², LEE¹ JESSUP) was born April 05, 1845 in Lafayette, Indiana. He married (2) BONNIE MAINE.

Children of RUFUS ALBERT LOCKWOOD are:

- i. GEORGE⁴ LOCKWOOD, m. BONNIE MAINE.
- ii. RUFUS LOCKWOOD.
7. iii. AMBROSE LOCKWOOD.
- iv. HATTIE LOCKWOOD, m. GUY STOCKTON.

Notes for HATTIE LOCKWOOD:

Hattie Lockwood married Guy Stockton. Dave Stockton, the well-known golfer, is her grandson.

- v. RUTH LOCKWOOD, m. MR. SELIGUE.
- vi. NELLIE LOCKWOOD.

Generation No.3

5. JESSE MORTON⁴ LOCKWOOD (*ELDON ERSKIN*³, *RUFUS ALLEN (JESSUP)*², *LEE*¹ *JESSUP*) was born February 24, 1864 in Lafayette, Indiana, and died January 08, 1894 in Morocco, Indiana. He married EMMA AMANDA ROUSH November 20, 1889 in Morocco, Indiana, daughter of JOHN ROUSH and MARY HAWLEY. She was born March 06, 1868 in Wilmington, Illinois, and died August 13, 1937 in Redlands, California.

Notes for JESSE MORTON LOCKWOOD:

Jesse Morton died when Howard was three years old and Bessie was a year and a half old.

As told by Bessie Lockwood Simms: I never knew my father. He died when I was a year and a half old. He was a surveyor for the railroad out through Kansas. That water just wrecked his kidneys. He was in very bad shape. He came back to Morocco, Indiana (that's where they lived before Howard and I were born). He then went to barbering to make a living. They had a nice little house there and Mama said they got up one morning for breakfast and I went up to him and held up my arms for him to pick me up. He said, "Bessie, I'm so sorry, I can't do it today but I'll pick you up tomorrow." He went back to bed and in a little while he was gone; he passed away. I missed him all my life. He was a slender man of medium height. Carl Lockwood looked a lot like him.

Notes for EMMA AMANDA ROUSH:

Jesse Morton Lockwood was born February 24, 1864 in Lafayette, Indiana. He died January 8, 1894 at Morocco, Indiana. Jesse Morton married Emma Amanda Roush November 20, 1889 at Morocco, Indiana. She was born March 6, 1868 in Wilmington, Illinois and died August 13, 1937 in Redlands, California. Her grandparents were from a wealthy family in Scotland. They came to New York and her mother, Mary Emily, was born a week later on March 6, 1829. (She died December 26, 1882 in Morocco, Indiana). When Mary Emily was six weeks old, her parents died of typhoid fever and the lady with whom they had been staying, a Mrs. Hawley, raised her. She never knew their history of what part of Scotland they came from, as they were too ill to tell the landlady much of anything. Mary Emily died when Emma Amanda was 14, so Emma Amanda never knew what her grandparents names were.

Emma Amanda's father was John Jacob Mockerman Roush, born July 19, 1825, died November 10, 1903 in Morocco, Indiana. He was adopted by Phillip Roush (he died August 4, 1852) and Catherine Roush (died January 9, 1858.). Do not know the cause of the death of his parents, Mr. And Mrs. Mockerman. They lived in Pennsylvania some place and were of Dutch ancestry. Phillip and Catherine Roush and son came from Pennsylvania to Rockville, Illinois, near Wilmington and Kankakee, Illinois. They are buried at De Selem, near Manteno, Illinois.

The following might be other children of Phillip and Catherine Roush: Katherine (she married William Kearney), Sarah (Katherine's twin – she married a Mr. Booker); Levina (she married Robert Smith); Lucinda (she married Henry Muncie); Joseph and David (born July 10, 1848 – died 1896).

Children of JESSE LOCKWOOD and EMMA ROUSH are:

- iii. HOWARD MORTON⁵ LOCKWOOD, b. July 07, 1890, Morocco, Indiana; d. April 21, 1981, Redlands, California; m. HAZEL MARTHA WILSON, June 22, 1913, Sheridan, Wyoming; b. January 21, 1892, Polk Township, Nodaway County, Missouri; d. January 09, 1986, Redlands, California.

Notes for HOWARD MORTON LOCKWOOD:

Howard worked for Mr. Freeman in Sheridan, Wyoming at his paint and wallpaper store. They also did picture framing and Howard did a lot of picture framing for western artists.

Howard and Hazel decided to move to California and they went to Glendale, California where Mr. Freeman was living at the time. That's where Glen Robert was born. Mr. Freeman told Howard he could go back to his old job in Sheridan, and since they could make more money back in Wyoming, they headed back to

Sheridan. However, before they got there Mr. Freeman had sold the business. Howard was heartbroken when he got there and there was no job. He went to work on a ranch for \$1.00 a day, and Hazel and the three children (Maurine, Harold and Robert) stayed with Hazel's folks.

Howard and Hazel later moved back to Redlands, California, where Howard went to work for the Orangedale Packing House as night watchman. He worked there for thirty years, until he retired. Part of his duties were to watch the thermometer and when the temperature reached a certain degree he had to call the orange growers and tell them so they could light the smudge pots in the groves to warm up the fruit so the oranges wouldn't freeze.

Annabelle (Aunt Anna) Wadsworth had taken a liking to Glen Robert Lockwood, and on her death, left provisions for a house to be built for Howard and Hazel Lockwood and their children. They built it on Victoria Avenue in San Bernardino, California.

Howard and Hazel celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary at the home of their daughter, Maurine Knight, in Brownsville, Oregon. The cake was decorated by Maurine and the table decorations were made by another daughter, Ruth Van Vacter, of Barstow, California.

Howard died April 21, 1981 in Redlands, California and is buried at Montecito Memorial Park in Loma Linda, California. Hazel died January 9, 1986 in Redlands, California and is also buried in Montecito Memorial Park in Loma Linda, California. The floral arrangement on the top of Hazel's casket was made up of pink carnations and about a dozen purple orchids that were grown by her son, Carl Lockwood.

- ii. BESSIE ELLEN LOCKWOOD, b. March 24, 1892, Morocco, Indiana; d. May 26, 1987, Redlands, California; m. GEORGE W. SIMMS, February 11, 1912, Sheridan, Wyoming; b. February 02, 1885, Henderson County, Kentucky; d. May 12, 1927, Springfield, Missouri.

Notes for BESSIE ELLEN LOCKWOOD:

Bessie Lockwood, born March 24, 1892 in Morocco, Indiana, moved to Sheridan, Wyoming in 1908 to live with her brother, Howard. She worked as a receptionist in a doctor's office and as a buyer for a store. In 1928, when her stepfather died, Bessie quit to go back to Indiana to be with her mother. When she told the store she was quitting, the owner came down on the floor and begged her to stay. According to some of the women who worked in the store, this was the first time the owner had ever done that.

Bessie married George W. Simms February 11, 1912 in Sheridan, Wyoming. George was born February 2, 1885 in Henderson, County Kentucky. George and a couple of boys he knew left school and joined the Army and were stationed at Ft. McKenzie. He bought the barber shop there for the 18th Infantry and finally ended up in the Medical Corp. George's father was a doctor, and by the time George was ten years old his father took him on trips with him whenever he went out on a call at night. George would wait in the car and then his father would tell him what was the matter with the patient and tell him what treatment he'd given him. George died May 12, 1927 in Springfield, Missouri.

Bessie's stepfather and mother had two houses in Indiana, one of which they rented out. Her half-brother, Roy Biggs, was working in a drugstore in Wheatfield, Indiana and then Roy and Bessie went into Gary, Indiana, and Bessie got a job at H. Berg and Son, the largest store in the city, and Roy got a job at Walgreen's Drug Store right across the street. Gary had a population of about 116,000. Rent was so high, and then came the depression and banks were closing. Rumor had it that the steel mills were closing. The largest steel mills in the world are located in Gary, Indiana. Rents were set according to the wages at the mill. Of course, not everyone worked at the mill.

Bessie's mother's money was in the steel mill bank so Bessie switched the money over to the First National Bank. The steel mill bank never did close, but the First National Bank did. They never got a dime back. They never could get track of about \$32,000. They would have been alright if they could have gotten the money, but it kind of strapped them without it.

People were getting laid off and wages kept going down and down. One boy that had had a good salary at the steel mill was laid off. His mother was a linen buyer at the store where Bessie worked. One day the boy came in and told his mother the only job he could get was at the clothing store across the street, and all he would get paid would be \$1.00 a day. He was heartbroken and didn't know whether to take it or not. She said he had better take it, at least it would put a few groceries on the table. They owned their home so that made it a little easier.

Bessie and Roy's salaries had been cut way down so they decided to go out to California. The doctor had told their mother she should have lots of fruit and fruit was so high back in Indiana so they all went to California in 1929 or 1930, and stayed that winter. Roy went to work in a drug store and then he worked at an orange packing house for a while. Bessie went to college for one year. Roy didn't like it out in California and he got his old job back in Gary, Indiana and H. Berg and Son said Bessie could have her old job back so they took their mother and went back to Indiana. Bessie would go to the Merchandise Mart in Chicago and buy, and then the salesmen came to the store with their samples and she would buy from them for the store.

The smoke from the steel mills got so bad that Bessie's mother was getting real sick and the doctor said she would live longer if they could get her out to California, so Bessie and her mother went back to California on the bus. Roy wasn't married yet but got married December 26, 1936 to Rose Grube. Bessie and her mother went to California in 1935. They got there in July and lived on Eureka Street in Redlands, California. Bessie's mother lived two years longer. Bessie went to work for the Harris Company and worked there for 23 years. They had a man buyer so Bessie couldn't get the buyer's job so she went to work in the linen department or wherever they needed her. Then eventually she was moved to the hosiery, gloves and neckwear department. Fern Riggs was the buyer for that department, but Mr. Harris made Bessie the assistant buyer, and when Fern wasn't there, Bessie did the buying.

Bessie was quite active in the American Legion Auxiliary in Redlands, California. While she was Project President one year, her job was to bring the blood bank to Redlands. Her committee met the people from the blood bank on the steps of City Hall. The blood bank had never been asked out of Los Angeles until Bessie had asked them to come to Redlands. They went out to Redlands expecting to set up in a garage some place, but instead, the auxiliary had a wing of the hospital set aside for them. The auxiliary and the blood bank people had one picture taken on the steps of City Hall and then they took the ambulance and went with them to the hospital, where they had 50 people ready to give blood. This was during the war and the first two people to give blood were Gold Star mothers.

(As told by Bessie Simms) "I went with Don and Lois Hunt in their trailer to Las Vegas, Nevada. We went down in the canyon to see Hoover Dam and we came back up and they said, 'Let's go over to Henderson to see what's over there. They've got a new store over there.' Don said he needed ice for the trailer. Fred and Olive Johnson had a trailer there also. After we got back from Henderson, the men said for us women to go on in the trailer and they would be right in. They had me go in first and they had a great big birthday cake set on the table, with napkins and nut cups and everything. Don always loved to set a nice table. They yelled surprise when I went in and they had birthday cards for me and it was a really nice birthday."

Bessie had a second cousin, Eva Witter. She had a daughter, Kathleen, who had the most beautiful red hair. The movie people in Hollywood wanted her in a movie but the parents said no. The agent from the studio came to the house to get the parents to change their minds. Ray Bolger's wife's brother and Kathleen married. His name was Will. Ray Bolger gave them his house, as he was going back East to do a movie, and when they came back to Hollywood, they wanted a bigger house. It sat right on Malibu Lake and every window looked out on the lake or the mountains. They had come up to Redlands to see Bessie and her mother, and they went out to Howard and Hazel Lockwood's home to visit. Bessie's mother stayed with Howard and Hazel and Bessie went back home with Kathleen and Will. Kathleen took the boat out on the lake with the dog. The pier was right outside the house. You just went right down a little slope and then there was a road and the pier and the lake. Well, the sun shining on her red hair was the most beautiful thing. Several people saw her and they waited until she came back in and begged and begged her to let them take her picture. Bessie wanted to take a walk and she asked the dog if he wanted to go. He looked at her to size her up and he went with her. They were so surprised that the dog went with Bessie because he never took up with anyone, and was always very possessive of Kathleen.

Bessie, in her later years, moved into a rest home in Redlands. She died May 27, 1987. She is buried at Montecito Memorial Park in Lorna Linda, California.

SOME STORIES AS RELATED BY BESSIE SIMMS:

"When I was about six years old, great great grandmother Harriet Lockwood and her two sisters, Aunt Mary Jessen and Eunice, came to visit us and she told us the story of a bad storm and their rescue. They were off a small island where only some fishermen were living. They helped remove the women and children and a small box of gold great grandfather was taking with him. He went down with the ship. The fishermen had only overalls and shirts, so the women put them on while the fishermen built a big bonfire and strung a line to hang their clothes on to dry while they got warm. In a couple of days a vessel came by and rescued them and brought them to the coast where they went by train to Indiana." "My great great grandfather's picture was hung in the Capital building at Sacramento for a number of years. The Banking Company held him in the highest respect."

"I remember great, great grandmother very well. She was rather a heavy set woman with snow white corkscrew curls all around her head. I had never seen a woman with curls like that and couldn't help but look at her. She would laugh at me."

"In 1910 one of the Rufus Lockwood's, father of Nellie Patterson and Hattie Stockton, chartered a railroad car and brought 32 of the Lockwood family to Redlands. He later bought a lot of land in Mentone and raised oranges. The land was later divided between his children. Aunt Hattie and Uncle Billie and grandmother Ellen Lockwood came out on that train. I was little, but I went to the depot and saw them leave."

6. HARRIET ELLEN⁴ LOCKWOOD (*ELDON ERSKIN*³, *RUFUS ALLEN (JESSUP)*², *LEE*¹ *JESSUP*) was born July 06, 1857 in Lafayette, Indiana, and died March 06, 1949 in Redlands, California. She married WILLIAM SHEPHERD 1875 in Remington, Indiana.

Notes for HARRIET ELLEN LOCKWOOD:

When Harriet Ellen Shepherd (Aunt Hattie) was 16, she was horseback riding and was thrown off. Her hip was broken and it never healed properly. All of her life she had to be on crutches or in a wheelchair.

Aunt Hattie had a Japanese houseboy when she lived in Redlands, California. Following is a letter she received from him. (During the war the Japanese in the United States were all rounded up and sent to camps. Kubota was rounded up and we never saw him again).

November 27, 1933

"Dear Mother:

I am very glad to hear from you again. It is very nice of you to write me when you are rather nervous. I know how hard for you to write a letter. I have never expressed my feelings as your people do but you might have to know that I understood you quite well. There is no doubt that you were the one who thought of me most and who have done most for me, during my staying in your country. I can never thank you enough but I am so sorry that I am broken down like this and can not do anything for you. I do not know when I will be able to work but I want to, someday.

Did Ormond get job and married? He is really good fellow and his girl is pretty. I saw her once at runch. How is your Round's girl: Is Maurine as skinny as before? You have many young girls to look after. No girl for me as you know. I tried to get one very hard for four years but failed, for no girl paid attention to me. You and Gene used to joke me that you saw me talking to pretty girls on the campus. It was a good joke to me, such a homely person. However, I am glad to have such pleasant memories.

How is your conscience these days? Do you need any help? Let any strong person catch your arm and pinch hard the sore spot - it may release your pain although it really needs a religious mind.

I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Please remember me to Lockwoods and my friends around you.

Lovingly,

Y. Kubota"

Aunt Hattie had a cabin at Oak Glen, California. It had a screened in porch on two sides, and on a clear day you could see all over the valley. There was a tennis court and a little stream ran behind the house. It was a beautiful place to spend the summer.

Children of HARRIET LOCKWOOD and WILLIAM SHEPHERD are:

- i. ROBERT ALBERTS SHEPHERD, b. January 18, 1877, Remington, Indiana; d. February 01, 1956, Los Angeles, California; m. PEARL KELLER.

Notes for ROBERT ALBERT SHEPHERD:

Robert Albert (Bert) Shepherd was born January 18, 1877 in Remington, Indiana. He died February 1, 1956 in Los Angeles, California. He was a brilliant musician. He had his own orchestra in Chicago when he was 14 years old. He was with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra for 19 years and helped establish the Hollywood Bowl. He conducted the first or second Easter Sunrise Service at the Hollywood Bowl. He was Music Librarian for KHJ in Los Angeles for 9 years.

Bert's wife, Pearl Keller, had a dance studio in Los Angeles. She and Mary Pickford were very interested in a children's orphanage in Los Angeles. Bert was on the train coming back from the East and he wrote the song, "California Here I Come." Bert and a friend went up to Aunt Hattie's cabin at Oak Glen, California and Bert finished the song there, playing it on Aunt Hattie's little old pump organ. The man told Bert he really liked the song and would trade him something for it - he would trade him his hat. Bert told him it was a deal. The man took the song and had it published but never gave Bert the credit for having written it. Bert was so hurt that he never contested it. The orphanage never received any money from the song.

(As told by Bessie Lockwood Simms) One evening Bert was conducting the orchestra for a play that Loretta Young was in. Aunt Hattie and Bessie went down to Los Angeles to see the play. Russell Goodwin worked for Aunt Hattie as a driver, and brought her fresh fruit and vegetables. He later became a lawyer and then a judge. He drove them to Los Angeles and they stopped along the way so Aunt Hattie and Bessie could change into their formals. (This was Bessie's first formal.) Bessie's was a beautiful blue velvet formal and Hattie's was a purple velvet. They got to see Loretta Young that night in the play and enjoyed it very much.

- ii. ERNEST STANLEY SHEPHERD, b. March 30, 1879, Remington, Indiana; d. September 29, 1949, Washington, D. C.

Notes for ERNEST STANLEY SHEPHERD:

The second son of William and Harriet Shepherd was Ernest Stanley. He was born March 30, 1879 in Remington, Indiana. He died September 29, 1949 in Washington, D.C. He was a great scientist and studied volcanoes, and later atomic energy. It took two years to train his replacement at the Geophysical Laboratory in Washington, D.C. He blew his own glass test tubes and made his own testing apparatus. People from all over the world sent specimens to him for testing.

Ernest went down in a volcano in Hawaii to take specimens of gases and take pictures (he had a gas mask on.) He was so busy he didn't realize it was getting dark outside and suddenly it was too dark for him to see to climb back out so he had to spend the night on a ledge down in the volcano. There is a shed on the rim of the volcano which has his name on it - Dr. Ernest S. Shepherd.

When he died, the New York Times had a full page story about his life; he was that prominent a man. However, he was just a plain, ordinary man, with a great sense of humor.

When Ernest's mother, Harriet Shepherd, was in a rest home in Mentone, California, he was afraid she wasn't being fed properly so he would go and buy a couple of chickens, take them to Bessie Simms' house and cook them, and then take them up to the rest home for his mother.

7. AMBROSE⁴ LOCKWOOD (RUFUS ALBERT³, RUFUS ALLEN (JESSUP)², LEE¹ JESSUP)

Child of AMBROSE LOCKWOOD is:

- i. PAUL⁵ LOCKWOOD.

8. NELLIE⁴ LOCKWOOD (RUFUS ALBERT³, RUFUS ALLEN (JESSUP)², LEE¹ JESSUP) She married ARCH PATTERSON.

Child of NELLIE LOCKWOOD and ARCH PATTERSON is:

i. OLIVER⁵ PATTERSON.

Notes for OLIVER PATTERSON:

Oliver Patterson drove the bus on the old Mill Creek Control Road in Mentone, California. He later worked in the bus depot in San Bernardino, California.