

Ranches of Bodega Bay

Thomas Van Winkle - Bodega Township

Thomas Van Winkle, born: 4 Apr 1817 Perry County Indiana, died: 28 Aug 1885 Sonoma County California, married: Polly Ann Faught 18 Jun 1849 Davis County Iowa (she was born: 24 Nov 1831 Hendricks County Indiana, died: 18 Aug 1909 Sonoma County California) children: Amanda 1849, Samantha 1850, William Pierce 1852, Nancy 1855, Louisa 1857, Ida May 1857, Isaac Milton 1859, Alica Mayme 1863, Oliva 1866, James Thomas 1869, Evelina 1875

Parents

James Van Winkle
1792-1875

Elizabeth Devers
1793-1822

Thomas Van Winkle

Iowa, Select Marriages Index

Name:	Thomas Van Winkle
Marriage Date:	18 Jun 1848
Marriage Place:	Davis, Iowa
Spouse:	Polly Ann Faught

Thomas Vanwinkle

in the Iowa Census, 1838-70

Name:	Thomas Vanwinkle
State:	IA
County:	Davis County
Township:	Salt Creek Township
Year:	1852

Thomas VanWinkle

BIRTH 4 APR 1817 • Perry, Indiana, USA

DEATH 28 AUG 1885 • Sonoma, California,

When Thomas VanWinkle was born on April 4, 1817, his father, James, was 25 and his mother, Elizabeth, was 24. He married Polly Ann Faught on June 18, 1848, in Davis, Iowa. They had 11 children in 25 years. He died on August 28, 1885, in Sonoma, California, at the age of 68, and was buried in Santa Rosa, California.

Thos Vanwinkle in the 1860 United States Federal Census

Name:	Thos Vanwinkle	
Birth Year:	abt 1816	
Birth Place:	Indiana	
Home in 1860:	Petaluma, Sonoma, California	
Occupation:	Farmer	
Personal Estate Value:	1500	
Household Members:	Name	Age
	Andw McNoma	40
	Thos B McNoma	8
	Thos Vanwinkle	44
	Polly Ann Vanwinkle	29
	Samotha Vanwinkle	9
	William Vanwinkle	7
	Nancy Vanwinkle	5
	Larissa Vanwinkle	3
	San Vanwinkle	1

A native of Perry County, Indiana, where he resided until 1842, when he moved to Jefferson County, Iowa. Residing here one year, he moved to Davis County, Iowa and remained until 1854. In April of this year he emigrated to California, crossing the plains with an ox-team, being nearly 6 months on the road. He first settled in this township, near the town of Windsor where he resided one year. When he moved to Santa Rosa Township, residing two years, and thence to Petaluma Township where he remained three years.

In the fall of 1860 he settled upon his present ranch comprising of 320 acres of land. Married Polly Ann Faught, June 18, 1848. She was born in Hendricks County, Indiana, November 24, 1831.

Thos Vanwinkle in the 1870 United States Federal Census

Name:	Thos Vanwinkle	
Birth Year:	[1817]	
Birthplace:	Indiana	
Home in 1870:	Russian River, Sonoma, California	
Post Office:	Santa Rosa	
Household Members:	Name	Age
	Thos Vanwinkle	33
	Polly Ann Vanwinkle	38
	Samantha Vanwinkle	19
	Wm P Vanwinkle	17
	Nancy Vanwinkle	15
	Louise Vanwinkle	13
	Isaac M Vanwinkle	11
	Ida M Vanwinkle	9
	Alice Vanwinkle	6
	Olive Vanwinkle	4
	James F Vanwinkle	

Thomas Van Winkle in the 1880 United States Federal Census

Name:	Thomas Van Winkle	
Birth Date:	Abt 1817	
Birthplace:	Indiana	
Home in 1880:	Russian River, Sonoma, California	
Spouse's name:	Polly A. Van Winkle	
Father's Birthplace:	Indiana	
Mother's Birthplace:	Indiana	
Occupation:	Farmer	
Household Members:	Name	Age
	Thomas Van Winkle	63
	Polly A. Van Winkle	49
	Isaac Van Winkle	21
	Ida May Van Winkle	18
	Alice Van Winkle	16
	Ollie Van Winkle	14
	Evelena Van Winkle	5
	Nancy Faught	75

A Trip Across the Plains and Early Life in California by Amanda Ellen Faught

Thomas Van Winkle, A native of Perry County, Indiana; Born April 4, 1817, where he resided until 1842, when he moved to Jefferson County, Iowa. Residing here one year, he moved to Davis County, Iowa and remained until 1854. In April of this year he emigrated to California. In the month of April, 1850, after considerable thinking and planning, my father, William Faught, with my brother, James, and a party of about six or seven other men decided to make a trip across the plains to California. In those days the only means of travel was by wagons drawn by horses and oxen, and provisions for the whole trip had to be carried with them.

The week before they left was full of excitement in the neighborhood, as well as in our home. Everybody for miles around gathered at our house to hear my father tell his plans and to watch his preparations to start for the new country. My father wanted to eave very quietly, without saying good-bye to anyone, and especially to his own children, as he said he could not stand to do so. But the night before he started there was no sleep in our house, and early in the morning, about daylight, we heard him talking with mother, telling her good-bye, and leaving messages for all of us. I was ten ears old at that time, and can remember plainly how we felt – almost as though he was leaving never to return, as he was starting on a long and very dangerous trip, and we had no way of hearing from him until long after his arrival in California, his first letter being received just about one year from the time he left. It had come around the horn by steamer and then be carried by ponies to where we lived. After that we would hear from him once in six months. We were living at that time about four miles from Drakesville, Iowa, and hen my father had his wagons all packed and ready to start, he drove to Drakesville to see Uncle Willis Faught, and from there took his final leave and began his trip across the plains, which took him just six months.



Amanda Ellen Faught

BIRTH 19 APR 1840 • Hendricks Co., IN

DEATH 28 SEP 1921 • Petaluma, California

On the way they saw many Indians, but had no serious trouble with them. On one occasion they narrowly escaped an attack by my Father unconsciously giving them a sign in response to one from them, which proved to be a Masonic sign and was instantly recognized by the Indians, who, it seems, were Masons. The chief approached my father and in broken English said: You heap good man; you go. He instantly signaled the Indians, who were dancing the war dance and making the peculiar yells which mean trouble, and everything became quiet and peaceful. The chief then ordered them to go on across the river, which they were glad to do.

The cause of this outbreak, it seems, was some injury done them by a previous train, and they were ready to avenge themselves upon any white man, no matter how innocent. My father always felt that Masonry saved their lives, and as soon as possible joined the Masonic Order and remained a true Mason until death. Arriving in California, they went directly to Sonoma County and took a claim of 160 acres about four miles from Petaluma, afterwards known as Liberty and Iowa districts, our home being just between the two districts. He remained in California about three years, visiting the miners in Placer County, where he left his teams and returned with my brother, Jim, and John Laughlin in October, 1853. They crossed this time with pack mules and made the trip in about the same length of time. He was welcomed home as a hero from the war, and our house became the center of attraction for miles and miles around. We were crowded night and day with relatives, friends and strangers, listening to my Father's wonderful tales of the Golden West, and preparations were soon begun for another trip to take his family and any relatives and friends who cared to join our party, which has to leave in the spring of 1854.

Our party consisted of nineteen wagons, oxen and horses, and about twenty-five people; among them were Uncle Willis and Aunt Ellen Faught, Mollie (Mary Jane Goodman), Cass (Cass Ann Gilman) and Sallie Faught (Mrs. Sarah E Tucker), John and Matilda Laughlin, Uncle Jabe, Aunt Rena (Lurena Faught), Armstrong, Job and (Louis) Cass Faught, William, Elizabeth (Nancy Faughts daughter by her first marriage), Frank Benton, Jane and Anise Dalton, Nan Carter, **Thomas & Polly (Faught) Van Winkle**, Samantha and Bill Van Winkle, my Father and Mother (William and Nancy), Brother Jim, William, Jeff, Sister Nancy, and myself. If any others were along, I have forgotten their names. We left Drakesville April 19th, 1854, which happened to be my birthday, went to Uncle Willis Faught's, where the party all gathered, and from there we started on our trip to the New World, it seemed to us. Our provisions consisted of all kinds of dried meats, ham, bacon, salt pork & dried fruits, rice, and meals of all

kinds, eggs packed in salt, the salt being feed to our cattle on the way. We also drove cows, so had milk, cream and butter, the butter being made by putting cream in the churns in the morning and simply allowing it to stand.

The constant motion of the wagons churned it into butter. We also had tea, coffee, sugar, all kinds of spices, dried beans, and plenty of flour to make bread, which we backed in ovens over camp-fires. We lived well and had very little sickness in our train. Our only sick person, I remember, was Nan Carter, who had a very severe case of Erysipelas and we had to take turns watching and nursing her day and night. I will never forget my turn at night. We were crossing the desert and it was a beautiful bright moonlight night, so I could see all around me and could imagine ourselves attacked by all kinds of wild animals as well as Indians, and it seemed to me the night would never end. In the morning we crossed the river and were in much pleasanter country.

During the trip across the desert we would often stop and camp for a few days to rest our teams, and the men would give the oxen and horses a drink of water in small canteens, as my father said, to encourage them. If they became too tired they would lie down and refuse to go on. My father understood how to care for his teams and we lost none on the way.

Indians often came around our wagons and camps and begged for food, principally sugar they were very fond of sweets. We always gave them a little to keep them friendly, but could not spare much as we had a long trip ahead and no way of renewing our supplies.

My father saw large Indians, called the Blackfoots, walk across the rivers, only sinking down a short distance. Uncle Willis Faught was very anxious to bring an Indian boy to California with him and finally persuaded a handsome young Indian to come with him. He stayed about three days with us, and one morning, Indian boy and Uncle Willis best gun had disappeared. He decided not to adopt an Indian boy.

We carried lots of guns and ammunition on our train and occasionally killed wild game, although it was scarce along the trail, having been frightened away by previous trains. We would see buffaloes in the distance, but never killed any. We girls walked a great deal on the trip and often wandered a long ways ahead of the trains, coming to rivers and, taking off our



shoes and stockings, would wade and play in the water for a long time. This was going on for some time before my Father knew of it. One evening he called us all around the camp-fires and told us of the danger of our being carried off by Indians, and it wasn't necessary to repeat his warning, we stayed close to the wagons after that and sometimes were allowed to ride on the horses, but I always feel and say that I walked to California.

My Father would often fish in the rivers and I remember one day of seeing him come to camp with a pole on his shoulder and two fish speckled trout on each end, that reached almost to the ground, and my Father was over six feet tall.

We usually traveled from ten to fifteen miles a day, varying according to the kind of country we were passing through. On the mountain roads we had to go very slowly, resting our teams very often, and when we reached a nice grassy place, would stop and let our horses and cattle eat green food, and it was an interesting sight to watch them, after so many weary miles of travel across dry and barren country.

We were shown a tree where the Indians had hung and skinned a innocent white man because of some supposed injury done them. When death occurred on the plains, the corpse was rolled in a blanket and put in a rough wooden box and buried in the road to prevent the Indians from discovering the grave and digging into it for blankets and clothes, which was their custom.

I remember one morning my sister, Polly Van Winkle, got up from her seat at the table, the seat being an oxen yoke, and an old squaw instantly took her place. My Father, who was a quick tempered man, was angry in a minute and picked up a large whip to strike her. Had he done so we would have no doubt been instantly massacred, but fortunately someone grabbed the whip in time to prevent trouble? It was necessary to be on guard continually, night and day, as it was impossible to tell when Indians were ready to attack a train. On my Father's first trip they had an epidemic in cholera and one death, but we had nothing of that kind at all. My Mother was quite sick with mountain fever, but soon recovered.

We crossed the line into California in August, 1854, and Aleck Laughlin was born (in Woodland, Ca) just as we arrived in California. There was a great deal of rejoicing over the arrival of a baby in camp. We drove down the valley, camping all the way, until we reached my Father's claim in October, 1854, and continued to camp during the winter, while the men went to the redwoods near Gueneville and hauled back lumber to build a house. It was a beautiful warm winter, very little cold weather, and we felt we had surely reached the land of eternal sunshine. At that time Petaluma was only a small village. As near as I can remember there were two or three Blacksmith shops, the American Hotel, a small dry goods store, one grocery store, kept by Messrs. Hill and Dodge. It was there we took our eggs, butter and produce and exchanged them for groceries. There were a few dwellings houses, among them the home of I. G. Wickersham.

The only way to reach Petaluma at that time was by the Creek Route; later a small car ran up from Donahue, where the boat landed at that time. There were no gas, electric lights, water system, or telephone. The William Hill who kept the grocery store was the same who afterwards owned the Hill Bank, and we were always firm friends until his death.

Messrs. E Denman and H. Meacham were there, living on ranches near Petaluma. About three years after I arrived in California, I became acquainted with James L. Dinwiddie, who had just returned from the mines in Placer County, where he and Chas. H Dillion, now Police Judge of Petaluma, were boys together, Mr. Dinwiddie, who was living in Petaluma then, came often to our house.

We were married on November 11th, 1858. We then moved to Salmon Creek. It was a dairy county, but not thickly settled as now. We often had trouble with bears and other wild animals carrying off our stock, and I well remember how frightened I would be when the men would take the guns and start off on a bear hunt. I can recall one man being killed, but the bears were great fighters when attacked.

We lived there about three to four years, then moved to Windsor. A short time later my father and mother came there and lived in Mr. West's house, while they went to Nevada. From that time a warm friendship sprang up between our two families and has continued to grow stronger as the years have gone by, having always kept in close touch with each other and having passed through many bitter and sweet experiences together. Mrs. West, now Mrs. M.G.W. Stedman, and I still cling to that sacred tie of early friendship and we were always Uncle Jim and Aunt Mandy to her children.

After a few years we returned to Petaluma and took charge of the Revere House on Main Street, then one of the best hotels in the town, and owned by Mr. Stockdale. While living here the first railroad was built through Petaluma and when finished to Guerneville the whole town and country celebrated by going on a basket picnic to the redwoods. It was a day of great rejoicing and we all had a glorious time in the heart of the big trees. Before the railroad was built all produce from Petaluma had to be hauled by teams to the old haystacks, from where it was shipped to San Francisco. The jingle of bells on the teams could be heard night and day, as the road was thickly lined with them all the time.

The rest of the party who came to California with us scattered about Sonoma county. Wm. Dalton and family moved to Petaluma and afterwards to a ranch near Petaluma.

The first death in our family was my half-sister, Elizabeth Dalton, who was the first person buried at Liberty Cemetery. After her death, my mother took the four children, Frank, Benton, Anice, and Jane, and kept them three or four years, until Wm. Dalton married again, when he took them to his home near Petaluma.

None of the party who came with us ever settled very far from the spot where our faithful oxen landed us in October, 1854.

MRS. DINWIDDIE CALLED TO REST

Mrs. Amanda E. Dinwiddie, beloved Petaluma pioneer, widow of the late merchant of Sonoma county and postmaster of Petaluma, James L. Dinwiddie, passed away Wednesday at Casita, where for the past several years she and her daughter, Miss Nellie, have been residing. She had been expected here for a visit very shortly, so that the news of her death coming so suddenly has proved a severe shock to relatives and friends alike and the whole community mourns her loss.

At 8 o'clock Wednesday evening, word came that Mrs. Dinwiddie was seriously ill and at 10 o'clock a dispatch announced her death, so that she had been ill but a short time, the details of her illness not having as yet been learned.

Frank L. Blackburn received a message asking him to meet Miss Dinwiddie, who will bring the body of her mother to San Francisco Friday morning and he will bring the casket here to the Frank L. Blackburn funeral parlors where the funeral will be held on Saturday under the auspices of Morning Star Chapter, No. 61, O. E. S., with interment in the family plot at Cypress Hill.

Mrs. Amanda Dinwiddie was born in Iowa 32 years ago and as a girl accompanied her late parents, the pioneer freight family, to California, coming by sea leaving the journey occupying six months time. She has often

the entire lifetime as her people could not keep her in the slow going vehicles. The family resided in Sonoma county, where the daughter was reared and in 1833 at Santa Rosa, she wedded the late James L. Dinwiddie, who died in 1904 in this city after a long and honorable career.

Mrs. Dinwiddie was a charter member of American Women's Relief Corps and of Morning Star Chapter, O. E. S., and a just woman. She was a kind hearted woman, liberal and charitable and a devoted member of the Presbyterian Church, doing a vast amount of good during her long and honorable life and being beloved by all. She was always high spirited and sunny, unswerving, making light of her troubles, and has enjoyed a beautiful, fruitful life, the favorite of all, an ideal pioneer wife and mother, who up to her death was still young at heart and enjoyed life. She has long made her home with her daughter, Miss Nellie Dinwiddie, who devoted her life to her mother's comfort and welfare.

Mrs. Dinwiddie is survived by her daughter, Mrs. H. V. Albinson (Miss Dinwiddie) of this city, Miss Nellie of Casita and James L., also by several grandchildren and many other relatives. Two sons, W. J. and Clarence have passed away and near their graves and that of the late husband, she will be reverently laid at rest on Saturday.

Mrs. Dinwiddie was for many years one of this city's best known women in every sense for good and her death will cause general sorrow and regret.

James L. Dinwiddie, who has been with his family at Geyserville, was summoned to this city Thursday by the death of his mother.

Spouse & Children

Polly Ann Faught
1831–1909

Amanda VanWinkle
1849–1853

Samantha VanWinkle
1850–1942

**William Pierce van
Winkle**
1852–1921

Nancy VanWinkle
1855–1935

Louisa van Winkle
1857–1926

Ida May Van Winkle
1857–1936

**Isaac Milton van
Winkle**
1859–1883

**Alice Mayme
VanWinkle**
1863–1935

Olive VanWinkle
1866–1912

**James Thomas
VanWinkle**
1869–1878

Evelina VanWinkle
1875–1956

Pollie A Van Winkle in the 1900 United States Federal Census

Name: Pollie A Van Winkle

Birth Date: Nov 1831

Birthplace: Iowa

Home in 1900: Santa Rosa, Sonoma, California

House Number: 118 Hewitt Street

Marital status: Widowed

Father's Birthplace: Iowa

Mother's Birthplace: Iowa

Mother: Number of
Living Children: 9

Mother: How Many
Children: 11

House Owned or
Rented: R

Farm or House: H

Household Members:	Name	Age
	Pollie A Van Winkle	68
	Eva L Van Winkle	25

Parents

William Faught
1802–1879

Nancy Jane Sears
1805–1897

When Polly Ann Faught was born on November 24, 1831, in Hendricks, Indiana, her father, William, was 29, and her mother, Nancy, was 26. She married Thomas VanWinkle on June 18, 1848, in Iowa, Iowa. They had 11 children in 25 years. She died on August 18, 1909, in Sonoma, California, having lived a long life of 77 years, and was buried in California.

Polly Ann Faught

BIRTH NOV 24, 1831 · Hendricks County, Indiana

DEATH AUG 18, 1909 · Sonoma County, California,

Polly A Vanwinkle California, Death Index

Name: Polly A Vanwinkle

Birth Year: abt 1831

Death Date: 18 Aug 1909

Age at Death: 78

Death Place: Sonoma, California, USA

Thomas Van Winkle Find A Grave Index

Name: Thomas Van Winkle

Birth Date: 4 Apr 1817

Birth Place: Perry County, Indiana

Death Date: 28 Aug 1885

Cemetery: Faught Cemetery

Burial or Cremation Place: Santa Rosa, Sonoma County, California

Father: [James Van Winkle](#)

Spouse: [Polly Ann Van Winkle](#)

Polly Ann *Faught* Van Winkle

BIRTH 24 Nov 1831
Hendricks County, Indiana, USA

DEATH 18 Aug 1909 (aged 77)
Sonoma County, California, USA

BURIAL [Faught Cemetery](#)
Santa Rosa, Sonoma County, California, USA

Thomas Van Winkle

BIRTH 4 Apr 1817
Perry County, Indiana, USA

DEATH 28 Aug 1885 (aged 68)

BURIAL [Faught Cemetery](#)
Santa Rosa, Sonoma County, California,

Polly Ann Van Winkle Find A Grave Index

Name: Polly Ann Van Winkle

Birth Date: 24 Nov 1831

Birth Place: Hendricks County, Indiana,

Death Date: 18 Aug 1909

Death Place: Sonoma County, California,

Cemetery: Faught Cemetery

Burial or Cremation Place: Santa Rosa, Sonoma County, California

Father: [William Faught](#)

Mother: [Nancy Jane Faught](#)

Spouse: [Thomas Van Winkle](#)

