BY AN OREGON PIONEER FIRESIDE

WILKES
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FIRESIDE

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CONCLUSION

FAMILY HISTORY
INTRODUCTION

When this work was begun by my brother and me, the central idea was to commit to permanent record the lives and achievements of our grandparents Peyton and Anna Wilkes, in order that the episodes, yet remaining in our memories, gained in casual conversation around the family firesides, might live as fond memories for those who shall remain after we, too, shall join the great emigration across those plains, whence none returns to point a better road.

The main part of the history of these people was thus written by Thomas S. Wilkes, who was born October 2, 1858; was the second oldest descendant yet living (seven years older than I), and certainly the one best qualified to perform that work. But just as we were getting started on the subject, he, too, was called across those eternal plains, leaving the unfinished task to less skillful hands and less extensive memory.

As this work has preceded and information obtained, the conviction has grown that most of the political history of Old Oregon, has already been written; but that very much that is of real importance, that which may, more properly, be termed the folk lore of the pioneer times, has been permitted to die with the actual participants. But that much of the inside stories which depict the true lives of the pioneers yet remains to be committed to records in order that the succeeding generations may be permitted to view a type of the Oregon Pioneer as he actually was.

Upon our State House stands an artist’s conception of a typical pioneer, which but slightly resembles any true pioneer that the writer
ever saw. To correct such misrepresentations, to a large extent, is a leading motive for this volume.

Therefore, the personal history of these people has been subordinated to depiction of the type of which they were true representatives with the hope that those who follow us may see them in their true light and gain some inspiration from the lives and accomplishments of those hardy people whom we delight to honor, and commend to the coming generations, as worthy of their emulation, respect and gratitude.

LINCOLN ELLSWORTH WILKES.
By An Oregon Pioneer Fireside

The following poem is copied from an old Sanders Fourth Reader, which was copyrighted in 1858. It seems to be as appropriate today as it was 80 years ago.

FIFTY YEARS AGO
By W. D. Gallagher

A song for the early times out west, and our green old forest home,
Whose pleasant memories freshly yet across our bosom come;
A song for the free and gladsome life in those early days we led,
With teeming soil beneath our feet, and a smiling heaven o'erhead;
Oh! the waves of life danced merrily, and had a joyous flow,
In the days when we were pioneers, fifty years ago.

The hunt, the shot, the glorious chase, the captured elk or deer;
The camp, the big bright fire, and then the rich and wholesome cheer;
The sweet, sound sleep at dead of night by our campfire blazing high,
Unbroken by the wolf's long howl, and the panther springing by,
Oh! merrily passed the time, despite our wily Indian foe,
In the days when we were pioneers, fifty years ago.

We shunned not labor; when 'twas due we wrought with right good will;
And for the home we won for them, our children bless us still,
We lived not hermit lives; but oft in social converse met;
And fires of love were kindled then, that burn on warmly yet.
Oh! pleasantly the stream of life pursued it's constant flow
In the days when we were pioneers, fifty years ago.
We felt that we were fellow men; we felt we were a band,
Sustained here in the wilderness, by Heaven's upholding hand.
And when the solemn Sabbath came, we gathered in the wood,
And lifted up our hearts in prayer to God, the only Good.
Our temples were the earth and sky; none others did we know,
In the days when we were pioneers, fifty years ago.

Our forest life was rough and rude, and dangers closed us round,
But here amid the old green trees, freedom we sought and found.
Oft through our dwellings wintry blasts would rush with shriek and moan;
We cared not—though they were but frail, we felt they were our own.
Oh! free and manly lives we led, mid verdure or mid snow,
In the days when we were pioneers, fifty years ago.

But now our course of life is short; and as from day to day,
We're walking on with halting steps, and fainting by the way,
Another land more bright than this, to our dim sight appears,
And 'on our way to it we'll soon be pioneers!
And while we linger, may we all a backward glance still throw,
In the days when we were pioneers, fifty years ago.
CHAPTER I.

Origin in America

The beginning of the Wilkes family in America is obscure. There was a tradition that three brothers came from Scotland, or England, before the Revolution; that they, or their sons, were soldiers in that war and that at least one or two of them settled in Virginia, and that one of these became the father, or grandfather, of Peyton (or Payton) Wilkes, the subject of this sketch.

Mrs. Eugenia Johnson of Danville, Illinois, writes me, saying: "In our line Sabra's father was Joseph, he had a son Mills, who had a son John, who had a son Samuel." She thinks that Samuel had brothers named Frank and John.

From war records we find that Samuel Wilkes (father of Peyton) was born in Loudon County, Virginia, October 24, 1764, and while a boy moved to Bedford County and enlisted late in 1780 or early 1781; served three months in Captain Trigg's company; Colonel Mерiweather's Virginia regiment; re-enlisted in the fall of 1781 and served six months in Captain Newell's and Captain John Slaughter's companies; discharged in March 1782; married Margaret Witt October 11, 1826. There were no children by this, his second, marriage. We presume that Peyton and Archibald were fruits of his first marriage but we have no information as to dates, or the wife's name.

A letter from Oscar E. Witt of Huddleston, Virginia, (we presume a relative of Margaret Witt) dated September 10, 1929, says: "Samuel Wilkes was the original Wilkes to settle in Bedford County just prior to the Revolutionary War. He came from Loudon County. He settled on Crab Orchard Creek and died there. All his children were by his first wife. His second wife was Peggy Witt. She had no children by him . . . Henry Wilkes and Samuel Newman Wilkes were sons of Samuel Wilkes, (I). What became of S. N. Wilkes I do not know . . . A daughter of Samuel (I) married Abner Dobyns who lived and died in Huddleston, Virginia."

This leaves me somewhat puzzled as I never have heard any of
these names mentioned as brothers of Peyton, though I have had the impression that he and his brother “Arch” were youngest of the family.

Once grandfather causally spoke of meeting cousins who were total strangers to him. This had been in his boyhood.

M. Penn Wilkes, now living in Portland, told me that his grandfather’s name was Benjamin Wilkes. I told grandfather of this and he said, “Ben Wilkes was my cousin,” and no more was said on the subject.

Captain Shields of Virginia knew a Jesse Wilkes whom grandfather identified as a cousin fourteen years his senior.

Miss Corinne Wilkes of Cordele, Georgia, writes me that she thinks that Samuel Wilkes was a brother of her great grandfather, Frank W. Wilkes. With this I am inclined to agree though the proof is not complete.

She says, “Frank Wilkes went from Chilicothe, Ohio, to Virginia, in 1800.” (Another version sets the date about 1780). I am inclined to accept the earlier as being the more nearly correct. With this very unsatisfactory data we have to leave the origin of the family in the limbo of uncertainty and proceed with the more nearly certain history of our hero.

Peyton Wilkes was born in Grayson County, Virginia, in February 1791. Left an orphan (or motherless) at an early age, he was “bound out” to learn the trade of tanner.

Of his early life we have but little information. His home must have been near Lynchburg. We have heard him tell how they packed tobacco in large hogsheads, built rims around them, attached shafts between which a horse was hitched, and rolled them into Lynchburg; hence the distance must not have been very great.

From records of the War of 1812 we find that he enlisted as a private at Shingle Blocks on Goose Creek in Bedford County, Virginia, in Captain Wiley Jones’ Company of Virginia Volunteers and served from September 8, 1813, to March 10, 1814. He was first a drummer and later was in artillery. He was married to Anna Dallas in Grayson County on March 18, 1815, her eighteenth birthday. This union continued uninterrupted till her death, March 15, 1888, three days less than 73 years.

He followed his trade for several years in Virginia where their
three eldest children were born—Henry (who died in infancy), William G., and Archibald G. In or about 1820 they emigrated to Kentucky where they remained but a few years during which a son, Marmaduke, and a daughter, Florentine, were born. We are not sure, but believe that another son, Columbus was older than Florentine.

About 1828 the family again moved westward settling in Hendricks County, Indiana, where sons Jabez and George were born. In 1837 they continued westward to southwestern Missouri where each of the parents had a brother already settled. Here they soon accumulated a fair competency for those days.

An amusing story is told of these Missouri days which illustrates the perfect balance between the natures and dispositions of this couple. She was a high-strung, nervous spit-fire, and needed the calm, philosophical nature of such a man as her spouse to keep her in check. The cattle were stricken with murrain which carried off a large share of their herd. One morning one of the boys came in and reported that one of the work oxen was dead. Grandfather's only comment was, "Well, take his hide off, it will make good leather" (he pronounced it 'luthah'). Soon they reported that a heifer was dead. "Well, skin her, her hide will make good shoe leather." Next the bull succumbed and he said, "take his hide off, it will make good sole leather." This was more than grandmother's thrifty soul could contemplate with anything like equanimity and she exclaimed, "Old man, it's a judgment God has sent on you for your sins." "Well," he replied, "if he's got a judgment agin me and will take it out in cattle, I can pay it that way cheaper than any other for I've got more of them than anything else."

He was gifted with this calm, unruffled nature which is such a blessing to mankind and which enabled him to carry a load that would have broken a fretful and irritable man many times over.

Note—It is but justice to relate that with all grandmother's fiery temper and sharp tongue, when times of real distress came, she could, and did, meet them with the calm fortitude of the true pioneer woman.

Like most of the frontiersmen of his day grandfather liked his "likker" but curiously enough when under its influence it was impossible to say or do anything to make him cross or quarrelsome. Through a life of extraordinary hardship he found many things to bring smiles
to his own face and to endear himself to all with whom he came in contact.

With all his equanimity he was a human dynamo and his rapid walk enabled acquaintances to recognize him as far as he could be seen. Grandmother was often heard to exclaim, "Here comes the old man just a rarin' and cavortin'."

Grandmother was of a deeply religious nature and her pious soul was, no doubt, sorely tried by her convivial and irreverant mate. She was without education, but in her later years took up the, all but insurmountable, task of learning to read and (says T. S. W.) "the most grateful kisses I ever received from her dear old lips was when I first was able to help her to read in her old 'book of common prayer.'" Grandfather never learned to read.
CHAPTER II.

Start to Oregon

Adverse health and fortune soon revived the "Oregon fever" and they started on the last long lap of the journey to the land of their dreams in the spring of 1845 without any regrets at leaving old Missouri.

When they announced their intention of starting for Oregon one of their nearest neighbors declared his intention of going along, but the Wilkes did not much desire their company on account of the family's propensity for frequently indulging in "free-for-all" fights in which the rest of the family were generally pitted against the "old man." Grandfather hurried so as to get away before his neighbor could get ready, but on arriving at Independence, Missouri, (which was the outpost of civilization) the commandant of the army post refused to permit them to pass on account of adverse conditions on the plains. By taking possession of the only ferry on the river he held the advance guard of emigrants for two months. Thus, before grandfather could get away his belligerant neighbor overtook them and they started from Independence together.

While waiting at Independence grandfather had occasion to go to St. Louis, on which trip he saw a railroad and cars but never saw a moving train until the O. & C. railroad was built into the Tualatin Valley in 1871.

The present wisdom of the commandant's move was amply proved, for by the delay of two months the emigrants were just in time to reach the Rocky Mountains when feed for man and beast was at its best. However, as will be later explained, they reached the Cascade Mountains at about the worst possible time.

From the best we have been able to learn, they traveled for some distance in a train commanded by Captain Blankenship who settled in Polk County, near Independence.

The history of the Cornelius family states that that family traveled in a train commanded by Sol Thetherow and it is known that the two
families were in the same train part of the time. The Wilkes and Cornelius families were acquainted before starting to Oregon. (On another page is a list of families with whom they traveled.)

In 1845, the Indians gave the emigrants but little trouble; feed was plentiful along and near the road so the trek afforded but little of adventure that these hardy people considered worthy of note.

Such commonplace features as crossing the Platte River with its treacherous and deadly quicksands, which made it imperative to keep moving to avoid being engulfed; the 1800 miles of prairie, mountain and desert between Independence and Fort Hall in Idaho with its attendant desolation and hardships; the fierce windstorms, thunder and lightning, swollen streams with their treacherous quicksands; the all night drives across waterless deserts, the grim forbidding mountains lifting their huge barriers across the way as if to say "they shall not pass," the cactus covered plains hiding the deadly rattlesnake, the sneaking coyote, the blood thirsty Indians and the but little less dangerous renegade white man—all of which were but a part of the day's work worthy of no special mention by these hardy heros and heroines.

(Says T. S. W.): "One must read of Fremont's 'Pathfinding Trip' thirteen years afterwards to realize what a great task it was to cross the Rockies. What a great achievement to plant the Stars and Stripes on the highest peak where the emigrant boys, no doubt, raced their ponies, unconscious that they were on the roof of the world. How cheap is fame."

On this long stretch our father Jabez Wilkes, then in his fourteenth year, drove two yoke of oxen hitched to a typical prairie schooner. Many of the pioneer women drove horses and mule-teams. What an inspiring example of natural selection it all was.

Joaquin Miller aptly phrased it when he said "The faint-hearted never started and the weak died on the way," so that only the unflinching and stout-hearted came through. Could any other nation have furnished such a brave and hardy band? Well might the Hudson Bay employees exclaim, "Well, well, look at that Yankee driving an ox team where an Englishman couldn't drive a pack-horse."

One great adventure of the trip across the plains was a buffalo stampede. In this, to protect themselves, they had to park their wag-
ons and use every means to keep the wild herd from overrunning their wagons and stampeding their stock. One authority says that this continued for three nights and days, but I, (L. E. W.), believe that this was an exaggeration. However, there is no doubt that there were so many buffaloes as to, at times, seriously impede their travel. An old emigrant song describing them used the expression, "Far as our telescopes could reach one thick and clustered band." Mrs. Dailey told of a buffalo jumping over the wagon tongue between the oxen and the wagon.

One most distressing event of the long journey was the death of "Duke" Wilkes near mouth of the Malheur River caused by what they called mountain fever, probably the tick fever of today. He must have been about eighteen years old at that time.

Although the usual precautions to conceal the grave were taken by burying the body in the road and driving over it, it is probable that the grave was violated by the Indians, and grandmother believed that she afterwards saw an Indian wearing a handkerchief that she had tied around his head as a last token of motherly love.

Several years later father returned to the place but was unable to find the grave, as landmarks he had noted had been disturbed in improving the road. Another version of the story is that the Indians stripped the body and left it nude and it was re-intered by another emigrant party. We don’t know, but it was known that the Indians did such things till by bitter experience it became known that some of the white corpses carried the germs of smallpox, cholera and other contagious diseases that were most deadly to the aborigines. After that, they were more respectful of the white corpses but more resentful of the intrusion of the whites into their territory.

Too bad that one race of people can’t feel more respect towards those objects which are sacred to another race, or age; for our own people have been far from faultless towards the aborigines of this country.

Up to the time of the Civil War scarcely any work had been done on the emigrant road except that done under compulsion by the emigrants themselves to get their wagons through, yet boys of tender age and women previously uninjured to such hardships had the skill and hardihood to guide their teams across that trackless waste with few
accidents, no complaints, and very little idea that they were doing anything difficult or remarkable, and entirely without thought that theirs was an adventure without a parallel in history. Yet all this did not diminish the tenderness of these women nor coarsen the sweet charm of womanhood.

From Malheur they crossed into the Grande Ronde Valley where they rested a few days to gather strength for the long and perilous trip across the Blue Mountains. Instead of taking the usual route across this range they took the more southern route along the ridge toward Pilot Rock, know as "Meek's cut-off". But a few weeks before father died (1917) I, with my surveying crew, camped for a few days at one of the springs where they had camped on this trip. Father's memory was clear and lucid so that he was able to describe the place so minutely that we were quite sure of this. The small spring is situated about thirteen miles west of Kamela.

But with the Blue Mountains behind them their perils were by no means ended. From Pilot Rock to The Dalles the travel was extremely difficult on account of scarcity of feed for the teams and the rough traveling along the stream. There were vast stretches of the finest bunchgrass on top of the bluff but no water so they had to keep along the low lands where feed was scarce and the wheeling difficult.

Fred Lockley's book "Captain Sol Tetherow" tells some exciting experiences of their trip over this route but I never heard father relate any of the episodes therein recorded. He often spoke of Tetherow and they must have been for a while, at least, in the same train; but not on this part of the trip.
CHAPTER III.

Crossing the Cascades

Arriving at The Dalles they found it would be impossible to subsist there through the winter and as the river passage was perilous in the extreme, grandfather, ill-advisedly, undertook to cross the Cascade Mountains, and here came near being the end for all concerned. A snow storm rendering progress by wagon impossible caught them at the summit just on the south flank of Mount Hood and here came very near being enacted another "Donner Lake tragedy." For three days all progress was out of the question. Had it not happened that Dr. McLoughlin had heard that a party had started across the mountains and knowing that fate must be waiting them, in his greatness of heart, sent "Noble Ellis," a sub-chief of the Klickitat tribe and two of his braves to their rescue. But for this humane act the party must surely have perished. Ellis and his men were mounted on ponies and rode ahead to break the road, making two or three trips in the most difficult places so that the poor travelers could get through.

They had left most of their outfit to be brought on the next season but we have no reliable details of this though I do believe they did recover part of it. They attempted to bring part of their oxen across the mountain with packs on them, but the cattle, packs and all, were lost by falling over cliffs and were never recovered. Thus were lost all of their written records and everything else but the few clothes they wore.

Columbus Wilkes was a cripple and being unable to walk they kept one horse for him to ride and fed it the bread they so badly needed for themselves. The party now consisted of the old folks, their oldest son, William, and his wife, Betsy; Archibald and his wife, Mahala; their son Samuel P., in his second year; Columbus, Florentine, Jabez, and George W., the latter about 10 years of age. Grandmother had kept a little bread for the children but the rest of the family had only coffee for about three days. Grandmother said that Sam's little
plea of "beadie, Grannie," wrung her heart, but George, the little hero, never whimpered in all that time.

Down the deep canyons of the Zig Zag and the Sandy the little band picked their painful way, fording the Sandy seventeen times wading in the ice cold water, in some places up to their armpits. Columbus, with the horse, rode ahead, the rest forming a line by hanging to the horse's tail and joining hands to keep from being washed away. At night they slept by campfires without covering of any kind except one quilt which William carried through and which, as he told me, with one iron wedge, comprised his earthly possessions. Grandfather made no pretense of sleeping on the whole descent of the mountain but walked back and forth in front of the fires, keeping them bright and warm so that his loved ones might have all the comfort possible to be secured by his fidelity and vigilance. If there were any others besides the Wilkes in this party I do not know of it but believe there must have been a few others with them.

In all this period of exposure and exertion it is the remarkable fact that no one had colds, nor any of the women had toothache, from which several of them had been suffering. After they arrived in the valley and got into houses, these afflictions resumed their distressing sway.

This description of crossing the Cascades seems to not fully coincide with description of Barlow's trip as given by Joe Meek in "The River of the West," nor with Horner's "History of Oregon," but with due allowance for some forgetfulness by each of the three there is no doubt that they are all substantially correct.

Although I don't remember of ever hearing father mention Barlow as a member of their train, the clipping quoted hereafter names Barlows as members of their train. Also, the circumstances of crossing the Cascades, very closely coincide, and the date of arrival at Oregon City, Christmas day 1845, is positively stated for both parties, yet none of the histories mention both names, for that day's arrivals.

I am inclined to believe that the Wilkes preceded Barlow by a few days and that Barlow overtook them soon after their arrival at the settlement on the Sandy, and that they came on to Oregon City together.
The next season Samuel K. Barlow cut and made passable "The Barlow Road."

Here it seems fitting that we should read the poem by Rev. W. S Gordon.

"THE OLD BARLOW ROAD"

Tread softly boys, 'tis sacred dust,
Though only a mountain trail,
And every tree is a monument
And each stone a coffin nail.

We stand on the famous Barlow Road,
Cut deep in history;
For o'er it came the immigrant train,
From "the states" to the western sea.

This mile or more is abandoned now,
As a better route was found;
No modern wheel or automobile
Has defiled the holy ground.

From Sherer's bridge across De Chutes
Moved many a famished crew,
Around Mount Hood, down Zigzag Gulch
To the town of Revenue.

Thence onward to Willamette Falls
Slow crept the caravans,
Or southward to Chemeckety
Where now a state house stands.

And o'er this trail for centuries gone
Had the muffled moccasin passed.
But the white man took the red man's road—
And his wide domain at last.
Here are footprints, too, of the weary feet
Of the Indian, mother or maid,
Who bore in pain her merciless load
And her merciless lord obeyed.

So the dust we tread is eloquent dust—
See, here is an arrow head,
And these whispering trees are telling the tale
Of the battles of white and red.

There's the skull of an ox by yonder rocks,
And here a bit of leather—
Relics, perchance, of the pioneers
Defying wind and weather.

That cedar root, all worn and torn,
Is a legend of many a line
It was written there in human blood
By the wheels of "forty-nine."

And see! This bone is a woman's arm
Unearthed by the rains, no doubt,
They buried her here beneath the road
So the wolves wouldn't dig her out.

And yonder slab, rough-hewed and rude,
Was placed by a woman's hands;
She buried her husband there, they say,
Then drove on o'er the sands.

Alone, she chiseled the name and date—
With love and an axe 'twas done;
Ay, the women that trod the Oregon trail
Were mothers and men in one.

And to journey on, what a lonesome way
For her and her little flock!
And every camp was farther away
From the little sacred rock.
BY AN OREGON PIONEER FIRESIDE

And here they swung the wagons down
With rope and chain and stay;
For every wheel was a wheel of fate
And could never return this way.

On better wheels of progress they,
In civilization's march,
And the Zigzag on the Barlow Road
Is the great triumphal arch.

So this to me is sacred dust,
Though only a "Witches Trail,"
And every blaze an epitaph
And each clod a coffin nail.

If the author, who had the story from casual passers-by could be moved to such thoughts, how much more of that spirit should be felt by us who heard it from the very lips of our own loved ones who actually participated in those distressing adventures.

Reaching settlements on the Sandy they were supplied with salmon and some staples and after a little recuperation they continued to Oregon City, which was reached Christmas day 1845. I have often heard father name this date but other historians mention a caravan reaching Oregon City on that day but they make no mention of the Wilkes.

Their first winter was spent on the Clackamas about where Milwaukie now stands. Grandfather took the first work that offered itself, that of shaving shingles for Dr. McLoughlin. Without change of clothing he sat at the shaving horse all through the day, and at night kept up the fire with shavings until overcome by want of sleep and exertion when he would lie back in the shavings, catch a few moments of sleep till the chill night air would rouse him to his task again. With tears in his eyes and choking voice I have heard father tell how his father kept this up until the coat moulded on his back.

Of this good doctor, John Minto says: "As time ripens, the history of his life and labors in Oregon appears in the highest sense, the pioneer of it's highest form of civilization."

It is needless to add that around the Wilkes fireside criticism of Dr. McLoughlin did not prosper.
BY AN OREGON PIONEER FIRESIDE

CHAPTER IV.

First Winter in Oregon

Among the original notes by T. S. Wilkes I find the following paragraph, doubtless inadvertently omitted from a copy submitted to Dr. Horner.

"Arrived in the valley, their life was less extremely severe, for the Hudson Bay Company's stores were well stocked with the necessities while the fatherly care which Dr. McLoughlin extended to the newcomers helped materially to soften the hardships of those pioneer days.

However, their fare that winter must have been extremely simple and the principal "piece de resistance" was boiled wheat.

Dr. McLoughlin was a British subject and his personal interest, as well as his patriotic duty, would have prompted him to leave the newcomers to their fate. This country was then claimed by Great Britain and these people came with the avowed purpose of wresting it away from his Sovereign, yet he put away all selfish and national feeling and worked for the pure love of humanity to ameliorate the sufferings of the newcomers. Yet there were some who would smirch his fair name to gratify a little, contemptible narrowness and spite and deprive him of the praise so justly his due. In his later years his donation claim was arbitrarily wrested from him in a large measure to build up the fortunes of a few at Oregon City.

Some day, it may not be in our time, we hope that some Homer will write the epic of the Oregon trail and give the pioneers and their unselfish benefactor and friend who was in a position to do so much, and the scarcely less praiseworthy Indians, the meed of praise and honor which is their due. Seeing these people coming, the Indians knew that it meant the loss of their birthright, yet they permitted their humanity to rise above their own self-interest and did much to befriend their ignorant and fanatical haters who knew no good Indians, except dead ones. The poet will have to draw upon much that will be legendary and inaccurate, much colored with the ignorance and prejudice of the time, so let us all unite to compile as much as we can to preserve the facts in their richest and most comprehensive
aspect, so that his work will be an Iliad worthy of the great subject."

All through the year 1846 grandfather labored to gather the means to start a home of his own and in the year 1847 he moved onto his donation land claim where the town of Banks, Washington County, is now situated. Much rich prairie land was to be had for the taking, but he, being a Tanner, passed these all up and settled on the west fork of Dairy Creek where oak timber abounded so that he might have a plentiful supply of tanbark. Here, with the exception of two short intervals, he spent his declining years in the crude but substantial comforts of an Oregon pioneer's home. The old log cabin was a haven of refuge for all who chose to avail themselves of its hospitality and here reigned Grandma Wilkes undisputed queen whose hands were never idle. In all the time I knew her, up to the time of the loss of her eyesight, I do not remember of ever seeing her idle. Her knitting was always at hand and when not engaged at something else her needles were flying with the quick, nervous energy that reared and started her family on their way.

With the crude appliances of the frontier she was an excellent cook and I have never tasted biscuits that surpassed those she made from Willamette Valley flour, ground in a burr mill and baked in a Dutch oven before the open fireplace.

These ovens resembled a deep cast iron skillet with a close fitting lid, which was larger than the skillet, thus preventing coals and ashes from falling in, when the lid was lifted. Placed over a bed of live coals and the lid covered with a like mass of coals, the heat gave an even bake to whatever was placed inside. Reflectors were sometimes used for baking. These were built of bright tin with flaring sides, top and bottom, the cut biscuits being placed on a shelf on the inside and the reflector set before the open fire. The heat being directed on the biscuits and in plain sight the skillful cook could give just the right shade to her baking.

A most delectable viand that Grandma was especially good at making she called "peach lather" which was made of dead ripe peaches worked up into a paste by beating and then spread upon papers on the low kitchen roof to dry in the sun. Wild blackberries she treated in the same way at times but generally spread them on papers without working them into a lather, unless they were too ripe to hold their
BY AN OREGON PIONEER FIRESIDE

shape. Another of her dainties was baked Beaver tails which was the only part of that animal I ever knew of being eaten. They were first placed in the hot ashes until the skin popped open. The skin was then removed and the flesh baked in the Dutch oven and it made a dish fit for an epicure.

Grandfather was quite successful as a raiser of peaches and other fruit. His trees were generally heavily laden and in the homes of the pioneers, the neighbor, or the casual wayfarer always found rude, but sincere, welcome to anything not in immediate need by the owner.

One night he heard an unusual noise in the orchard and on going out to investigate found two or three of his neighbors busily sampling his stock and bagging the choicest. Knowing them by their voices he quietly climbed up a step-ladder lighted his pipe and waited. Soon they came along below where he sat and seeing him in the dim light supposed it was a scarecrow. One made a low bow and said "How do you do." Grandfather answered, "Pretty good, are they?" Dropping their loot they beat a hasty retreat while he called "Come back boys, and get your peaches." But they didn't return. The next day there was a log rolling in the neighborhood and he had a lot of fun reciting the details of the episode in their presence and watching them wince though he did not divulge that he knew who they were.

He was expert at grafting and it was not uncommon for us boys, when roving the woods hunting pheasants to run across wild crab-apples on which he had grafted tame apple scions.

Having made the whole trip from the shores of the Atlantic ocean to the Willamette Valley, the old couple wanted to continue to the shore of the Pacific, so, in the summer of 1870 several of the neighbors formed a caravan to go to the coast. The writer was not yet five years of age, hence remembers but few of the incidents of the trip, but can vouch for the statement that it took more time than it does at present. There was a toll road from Sheridan down the Salmon River and ending at the mouth of the Siletz. We had no trouble with the bridges, but some difficulties where bridges should have been. One incident that remains in memory was when, in one of the fords of Salmon River, one of the men was thrown from his seat into the river, and several of the men sprang to his aid.

My father was the only one in the party who had ever seen the
ocean and he told them that he would see it half an hour before they would. After driving for some time over the open hills he asked them if they had seen it yet. They hadn't so he called attention to dark lines along the horizon and they would not believe it was the water they were seeing, insisting it was a cloud.

Not long after their settlement, Isaac Leicey (well known about Hillsboro for many years) took a donation claim about two miles further up the creek and as the Wilkes' were his nearest neighbors, and he a bachelor, was about them quite frequently. Being a recent immigrant from Germany, unaccustomed to the ways of the country, and of an ingenuous and trustful nature, the boys of the family often had great sport at his expense. Every trick they could devise was played on him, till he'd declare that he'd never visit them again; but these resolutions were short lived and he was soon again at their mercy.

Once I heard him talking to some of his neighbors about the old folks. He said "When I first come to this country, I couldn't have lived if it hadn't been for those old people. That's the way to talk it, I couldn't have lived."
CHAPTER V.

Disposition of the Family

William Wilkes and his family took a donation land claim on what is now known as Sandy Boulevard on Columbia Slough, a few miles east of Park Rose. This he afterward traded for the Milton Frazier donation land claim, a few miles further east, about one mile north of Rockwood.

The wife of his youth died childless. A few years later he married Sarah Rowen, a widow with four children. Of these, Thomas Rowen alone survives, living nearby. Of his own children, Annie Wright lives in Gresham and Edward lives on the home place. Three sons, Peyton, Grant and Harry died in youth.

Archibald G. Wilkes (Uncle Arch) and Aunt Mahala took a donation claim where Greenville was long the name of the post office and crossroads store. They left this in a few years and lived in several different localities. His family consisted of Samuel P; Jesse C.; Polly; A. J. (Long Arch); L. T. (Thurston); Florentine Jr.; William A.; George W.; and Annie.

All except Florentine Johnson left families and all have joined the great emigration to that bourne from which no traveler returns.

Copy of clipping, presumably from the Fossil Journal of September, 1905, concerning Aunt Mahala.

"DEATH OF AN EARLY PIONEER"

Wife of Archibald ‘Uncle Arch’

"Died at the home of Wm. Thompson on Alder Creek, Wheeler County, Oregon, September 9, 1905, Grandma Wilkes, a pioneer of Oregon, who crossed the plains with an ox team from Missouri in 1845. She was 81 years of age at the time of her death.

"Thus passeth away another of the pioneer people of Oregon and none other of the writer’s acquaintances has filled a larger, or better, place in the pioneer history of Oregon than she."
MAHALA GLENN WILKES

ARCHIBALD G. WILKES (from an old print)
"After an eventful experience of seven months she arrived in Oregon, late in November, settling near where the town of Hillsboro now stands.

"Of the notable party of emigrants that composed this train were the Barlows, Cornelius', Avery's, Boones, Durbins, English, Allens, T'Vaults, Chambers, Claytons, Statts, Riggs, Hembrees, Green Berry Smiths, Packwoods, Rinearsons and a number of other equally conspicuous characters in the early history of Oregon; and from this rarely gifted old pioneer lady much information that was valuable and interesting was obtained in the camp and at the campfires at the Wheeler County Pioneer Association, of which she was a beloved member, respecting these worthies, and the events incident to the journey across the plains and the early settlement of the country.

"She had a retentive memory and was an interesting talker and was always listened to with interest and respect.

"She was the mother of eight living children, two of her sons, Horace and Jesse Wilkes, living in this county and the others in the Willamette Valley."

(Note—Horace, above, is a misprint. Probably Samuel is meant. —L. E. W.)

Florentine Sr. married T. R. Cornelius (Colonel Tom) in February, 1850. Her family consisted of Benjamin P.; Thomas Scott; Elizabeth; Olive; her twin brother, Oliver, and Florentine, called "Duck." Oliver died when about twelve years of age. All the rest reared families and none (1938) are among the living.

Columbus married and had one son, Andrew P., who now lives near Sherwood, about 86 years old, the oldest living grandchild of Peyton and Anna Wilkes. Columbus was killed in the destruction of John B. Jackson's mill in 1857, about eight miles north and two-and-one-half miles east of Hillsboro, a little above what is now known as the Jackson quarry. Columbus and a man named Huff were grinding wheat to take to Oregon City to trade for goods. This was against the advice of Jackson, who warned them that the mill was in a dangerous condition and begged them to stay out of it. It was raining very hard, the stream was swollen, and the dam had shown signs of giving away. The mill pond was full of logs, the flour mill being directly below the sawmill. About 11 o'clock at night, Jackson, who was unable
to sleep, but sitting by the fire heard the crash and said to his wife, "My God, Sarah, the mill has gone." Nothing could be done in the darkness except to send messengers to rouse the neighbors and by daylight all the people for miles around were at the scene. The wreckage was strewn for miles down the ravine. Of the heavy mill frame no two timbers were attached and few were left whole. A box of burr picks was found sitting on a stump a hundred feet above the bottom of the gulch. The bodies of the men were found almost two miles below and a water soaked kitten was plaintively mewing in a tree hard by. I visited the scene but a few years ago and plentiful evidence of the appalling disaster was still to be seen.

Jabez (Jabe) Wilkes married Mary Jane Jackson and bought part of the original donation claim where the family consisting of Thomas S.; L. E. (Ellsworth); J. B. (Bruce); Elsie (Schulmerich) Dannen, and Orville G., were born and raised.

George Wilkes married Mary McBee and lived on the home place, till his death in 1866. They had three daughters, Diena, married very late in life and died childless; Betty married Pete McCallum and raised a large family; Clara married Joseph E. Beeks and had a large family.

Uncle "Arch" Wilkes enlisted and took part in the Cayuse Indian War of 1848. We have been unable to get the details of this enlistment, or service, further than that he served about a year.

In 1849 or 1850, Arch, Columbus and Jabe became afflicted by the gold fever and went overland to California. We have but few details of that trip. There was a considerable party and they had trouble with the Indians on the Rogue River, but I think none of the party was killed or seriously injured. Nor do we know how long they remained in the land of gold. Father (Jabe) returned by sailboat and had a long, stormy passage of thirty or forty days. How long "Arch" and "Lum" remained or how they returned we are unable to say.

Some years later, about 1853 or 1854, Arch and Jabe explored the upper Nehalem Valley. Probably the hope of finding another El Dorado lured them thence. Their route lay up the west fork of Dairy
Creek and continued northwestward, probably striking the Nehalem Valley somewhere near Sunset Camp. They followed down stream to a point near Mist where father climbed on the top of a butte and cut his name and date. Thomas S., years later, located the butte from father's description but could not identify the marks father had made some thirty odd years before. In this trip, from two to three miles from their home, they saw no mark of human hand and believing they had made a genuine discovery after determining that they were not following the Clatskanie. An old timer of that country told my father that another man had explored the lower reaches of that valley and from the best the two could make out, about the same year of father's visit.

Upon the call for volunteers to suppress the Yakima Indians in 1855, Jabe and George enlisted October 17 of that year, but here again, we have no record of the length of service.

In this they had as comrades James and Samuel Wilkes, who were supposed to be distant relatives but the exact relationship was never positively traced. We have the impression that they were grandsons of Henry Wilkes, probably the one mentioned at the beginning of this article. One of these settled near Sacramento, California, and the other in Washington, in the vicinity of Yakima.

A characteristic story of pioneers of indirect interest to the Wilkes family refers to the McBee family. They started across the plains in 1852. On the route the parents died of cholera leaving four children; Barbara, aged sixteen; Isaiah, aged fourteen; Caroline, who married a man named Beeman; Mary, eight, and Rebecca, still younger. Isaiah continued to drive the ox team, and kind hearted people took charge of the girls and provided them with good homes. Mary became the wife of Uncle George Wilkes. They had three girls and one boy, the latter choked to death when about two years old. After Uncle George's death Aunt Mary married William Radcliff by whom she had several children, reared mostly in Klickitat County, Washington.
CHAPTER VI.

Home Life of the Pioneers

After having settled in their new homes the lives of the people became a matter of routine. Some of the pioneers were thrifty and immediately began to build substantial homes and fortunes; others, as some are now, were profligate, taking no thought for the morrow, but letting the morrow take thought for the things of itself, and many were downright lazy. I often hear it said of the pioneers, "They were the best people that ever lived." With this I have never fully agreed, excepting as expressed by Joaquin Miller, "The faint-hearted never started and the weak died on the way."

"There never was another such set of people on God's green earth as the Oregon pioneers."—Dr. Harry Lane.

My impression is that the Oregon pioneer was a type of the product of the American frontier, differing little in general character from the people he had left behind.

Close personal acquaintance with many of the pioneer people prompts me to believe that many have placed too high an estimate on the aspect of moral character. It is true that natural selection; the very evident hardships of the long journey deterred the faint-hearted from making the start, and the exigences of the trip itself, weeded out those who had not a large amount of physical and mental stamina. But of those who made the start, there were many different forces at work and to be reckoned with. Many were already pioneers in the land they were leaving. Pioneering had been their habit for generations back. They knew the rules of that game, better than any other, and were almost as much at home when on the move as at any other time, or occupation. Then there was the lure of distant fields, which always appear the greenest. They had heard of this country, it's wonderful climate, it's fertile soil, with its plenitude of game, doubtless all much exaggerated, and some had even guessed at its future. One gave as his reason, that "It wasn't fenced in and there was no one to keep me out."
Then, there was the promise of adventure,

“For if a path be dangerous known,
The danger’s self is lure alone.”

Men feel the call of the wild, the urge to attack the open world, often for the mere zest of the battle, in which they believe they can win. Some believed that, in the new country, the competition would not be so keen, and they would stand a better chance to succeed in a sparser settled country. Like Ponce de Leon of old, they hoped to find, one or all, of youth, gold and glory. Then there were some who had worn out their welcome where they lived and wanted to go to a new place and start anew. Happily, these were but a small share of the emigrants. So, therefore, the true cross section of the pioneer character falls pretty much into the general character of the people as a whole. But the surrounding circumstances tended to make them all feel a community interest, more binding than mere kinship.

Common sorrows and common joys; common friends and common foes; common weal and common woes; common dangers and common protection, all combined to weld them into a common family. And this is not confined or peculiar to the Oregon pioneers alone.

Peter H. Burnett paid them a questionable compliment by saying:

“They were the best people in the world.”

“They were honest because there was nothing to steal;
“They were sober, for there was no liquor to drink;
“They were not misers, for there was no money to hoard;
“They were industrious for they had to work or starve.”

Indeed, there was but little of outlawry among the earliest settlers and not entirely because there was no law, but when put to the test, they were about the same as other people. Probably the poorest as to value to the community, were those who came as hunters—I don’t mean the mountain trappers who came here with that as a business, but those who attempted to make their living from the products of the chase alone. Most of those did not succeed in life, as well as those who practiced industry.

All of the foregoing applies mainly to the male side of the population. I believe that the women were immeasurably better than the men; certainly they were braver, else they never would have come here. With all of the virtues and fewer of the frailities of their hus-
bands and brothers, they fought the battles of life. Alas! too often alone. Of the men, there were many whose characters were questionable; but of the women few indeed were not of the purest and sturdiest of womanhood.

THE MOTHERS OF MEN

The bravest battle that ever was fought;
    Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
    It was fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
    With sword or nobler pen;
Nay not with eloquent word or thought,
    From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
    Of woman that would not yield,
But patiently, silently bore her part—
    Lo! there is that battlefield.

No marshaling troops, no bivouac song;
    No banners to gleam and wave;
And oh! those battles they last so long—
    From babyhood to the grave.

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
    She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
    Then silent, unseen, goes down.

Oh, spotless woman in a world of shame;
    With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came—
    The kingliest warrior born.

—Joaquin Miller.
However much we of the succeeding generation owe to our fathers, we can see in the mothers of us the moral as well as the intellectual, and it may be the physical uplift that fulfils the law of nature, that delegates to the female, the uplift of the species.

May I now take occasion to say a word in defense of the rising generation of our people. How often do we hear an elderly man, or women, say that the young men and women of today are frivolous and fickle, "not like it was in my day." Indeed, just the same sentiments that was heard freely expressed in my youth.

Conditions have changed very materially, but character and human nature seem to me to be about the same as when I was so criticized, and I doubt not that when another two-thirds of a century has gone by, those who are young today will be dinning into the ears of their progeny that same old evidence of forgetfulness.

Let us teach that virtue is its own reward and sin its own retribution, and may we hope that the rising generation will profit by our best example. I am inclined to believe that the young people of today are just about the same in character, integrity, morals and industry as were those contemporary with me fifty to seventy years ago.
CHAPTER VII.

Living in the New County

But the country was new and strange to the pioneer. He who would till the soil found it occupied by strange trees, bushes and weeds, his crops attacked by innumerable and strange pests of the bird, animal and insect kingdoms. To protect his poultry from raids by hawks, owls, crows, jays, weasels, skunks, mink, raccoons, wildcats, coyotes, etc., required eternal vigilance. Gardens and fields were raided by jays, raccoons, beavers, gophers, squirrels, deer, wild and domestic hogs and cattle. His flocks, poultry, sheep, pigs, etc., the prey of bears, wolves, wildcats, and what not. His stores were raided by rats, mice, squirrels, crows, jaybirds, and the like. Even the plentitude of wild game was sometimes a nuisance when deer would raid the fields and gardens, ducks and geese would destroy the growing grain.

Of the latter—wild game—a chapter might well be written but we will make it short. The writer’s memory only goes back to about 1870, but does believe it is not too much to say that at one look over the twenty-acre field just to the southwest of the old home, ten thousand ducks were often seen and at other times hundreds of geese had alighted there. At the times of migration, for weeks at a time, there would scarcely be a moment when passing geese could not be heard; also flocks of swans and sand hill cranes were not at all uncommon. On the ground mentioned probably not a duck, or goose, has alighted in the last fifty years.

One very foggy night, probably in 1869, while mother was washing dishes something struck the window by which the light was sitting. Going out to investigate she found a Mallard duck on the porch floor, which, of course, she properly disposed of. They had noticed that geese appeared to be flying around the house and it was suggested that if a fire were started outside the geese might alight around it. Scarcely had they acted on this suggestion when the fire was surrounded by geese. Father shot one and as he did so mother cried, “I’ve got it,” but she was wrong. He had killed the one he had shot at and
BY AN OREGON PIONEER FIRESIDE

she had caught one that was unhurt. A wild duck and a wild goose in her bare hands in one evening. Those hands so tender and loving where tenderness and love were in order were about the most dangerous thing that a mouse, rat or squirrel ever encountered.

There were deer, but they, too, had enemies. Wolves and panthers also abounded and not until the settlers had thinned the ranks of the predatory animals by poisoning, and hunting, did the deer become very common.

I have heard father tell that when they wanted to make a systematic fight on the wolves they had to send a man to Vancouver to get the necessary poison. A deer was killed and a man on horseback dragged a piece of it over the country, and grandfather followed placing poison bait occasionally. The next morning he had to go over the route and take in the bait so as not to kill the dogs of the neighborhood. But few of the baits remained and there were fewer wolves in the country, as the other settlers were acting in unison. The effect was immediately noticeable, as the deer at once became more plentiful.

The early settlers had a unique method of hunting the deer of the brushy lowlands. When there would come a light snow fall, several of them would start out, one of whom would carry a loud bell. Finding fresh deer tracks, the one would follow it ringing the bell, while the others would take stands ahead of them and would easily get a shot as the deer would be watching the one with the bell.

Many of the hunters kept hounds. One of the hunters would go into the deer range with the hounds and continue till the dogs would strike a track. As soon as the deer was "jumped," that is, started to running, the hunter would hurry to the creek, or nearest water, along which the other hunters had taken "stands." Generally it would not be long till the quarry would go to the water and the holder of one of the "stands" would get the game.

This manner of hunting was never very popular being unsportsmanlike and the victims were generally does.

Panthers, later called cougars, were plentiful. An episode will show the extent they affected the lives of our people. One day grandma went to a wild blackberry patch, about half a mile from the house, taking with her a small dog. She noticed that the dog was uneasy and alarmed and stayed by her feet. Filling her pail she went home to
get dinner for the boys. Afternoon, the daughter, Florentine, going back to the same place for more berries, was advised by grandma to take the big dog along. Scarcely had she reached the berry patch till the dog flushed a panther and soon had it up a tree. She hurried home and told her brothers who came and killed the varmint and she lost only a short time in getting her pail full of berries.

Such was the contempt which the pioneers held for the awful cougar, or mountain lion, which was never known to attack an adult; though they have been known to attack small children and they often followed men at night. No one has testified that he felt entirely comfortable knowing that he was being stalked by one of the cats, but no one was attacked.

On one occasion Uncles Arch and Lum had a panther treed. Lum shot it, but it was not disabled. It came to the ground apparently aggrieved by the treatment, and in a very belligerent attitude. Uncle Arch grabbed it by the tail and between himself and the dog they kept it entertained till Lum could load his gun and give it another shot. Uncle Arch said he “had to step around pretty lively to keep the kinks out of him,”—the panther.

Bears were numerous but were always easy prey for the skilled hunter. One fall my father was working at his trade (carpenter) away from home. On week ends he would sally forth “loaded for bear” as he had as somewhat famous bear dog. In that season he killed eleven bears, only one of which required a second shot from his trusty rifle. It must be remembered that the gun he used was a muzzle loader, single barrel and small caliber; not much more effective than the twenty-twos which we of today reckon as mere toys fit only for squirrels, or target practice. The hunter of that day knew that he had but one shot and that he must make that one effective.

With all the plentitude of game, in the country, those men who attempted to make any major part of their living by hunting, were not often very successful. While every man had a gun and knew how to use it, the most of the successful citizens kept their guns for occasional protection, rather than for constant use.

The white tailed deer were to be found in the lowlands and numerous bands of wild pigs that had escaped from the settlers and Hudson Bay Company’s men, furnished the settlers with meat, and the
short trip to Willamette Falls during the salmon run afforded a much
needed change as they could supply themselves with, the king of all
fish, the Chinook salmon. In the struggle to get above the falls liter-
ally hundreds of these salmon could be seen in the air at once, as they
made their almost incredible jump and, strange as it may seem, large
numbers actually succeeded in overcoming the rise of about forty feet.
The commercial fishing of later years has sadly curtailed the salmon
run. The smelt runs continue, with considerable abatement, 'tis true;
but yet enough to give some idea of what it was in the old days. Trout
abounded in all the streams while grucole, pheasants and quail were
plentiful and easy to capture.

After one cropping season had passed the severest hardships of
the settlers were somewhat abated, but still existed.

The nearest flour mills were at Oregon City, and the roads, poor
at the best, were, in the winter, all but impassable. The roads to Salem
were much better and a great deal of the grain was hauled over fifty
miles to that point.

It will not be possible, with my command of language, to convey
to the reader, any adequate picture of the roads of this valley, in the
early days. The soil was in its virgin condition, not even settled by
pasturing, was entirely undrained and soft. The routes were just
where one could drive around among the trees and stumps, so that
what roads existed were just a succession of stumps, roots and mud
holes. Long deep ruts, such as we sometimes now see, were not possi-
ble, on account of the frequency of roots with soft ground, or mud-
holes between. In summer they were correspondingly dusty.

Such bridges as had been made, were often floored with round
poles, some with split poles, which were but little safer, as either were
likely to roll from under the horses hoofs, or wagon wheels.

It must be remembered that our soil will not afford a road bed,
under any conditions. To prepare a road-bed for proper surfacing,
to make adequate drainage, grub out the stumps and roots, to make
the necessary bridges and fills in the low places, have been a tre-
mendous task. Then to prepare the necessary rock for surfacing for
an all-weather road, and to place it there have been such a task that
the pioneers could not conceive of it's magnitude.
It might be interesting to some who may read this, for me to describe the guns used in the days of the pioneers.

The memory of the writer does not go back to general use of the flint-lock, though there are some yet to be found among the relics of early days.

Breech loading guns had been invented and at least two types were in not very general use before the late seventies.

Powder was usually carried in a powder horn. This was a cowhorn pared down thin so that the powder could be seen through it. The large end was closed by a wooden peg. A small hole in the tip allowed the powder to pour through. A charger to measure the charge of powder dangled from a strap, a pouch held the bullets, or shot, as suited the gun used. The bullets were round, usually molded by the hunter.

To load the gun, he filled the charger, poured the powder into the barrel, then produced a strip of muslin for patching, rubbed on some tallow that was carried in a small box in the gun-stock, which box was covered by a more or less, ornamental cover. This patching was placed on the muzzle, the bullet over it, and pressed into the muzzle and the surplus cloth cut off with a knife, the ramrod drawn from its place under and along the barrel, and the bullet driven down on to the powder, and the ramrod returned to its place.

I don't know what, if any, good the "patching" did, but I always used it because all others did.

Next, and last, a small box of caps was brought out, opened, a cap taken out and placed on the tube, and the gun was loaded, then set the triggers and cock the hammer, and shoot again.

Practically all the rifles were "double triggered" requiring a very light touch to release the firing hammer.

During the Civil War many paper cartridges were used in the army. In these a proper charge of powder and a bullet and cap were done up in a small paper package. The gun was loaded by breaking the package, pouring in the powder, ramming the bullet down, the cap then placed on the tube and the weapon ready for another shot.

Shotguns were a little more trouble to load as two wads had to be rammed down, and the charge of shot also measured. Another move-
ment cocked the gun ready for firing.

Nearly all rifles were single barreled, but most of the shot guns were double barreled.

It is very important that the gun be kept dry, as damp powder would not explode and many a life was permitted to continue because of a single drop of rain, and it was often quite difficult to discharge a wet gun.

A far cry from that routine to the automatic of today, or even to the repeating guns of recent times.

Of all the inventions of modern times, this is the only one, I think of that has, to my mind, been a backward step for civilization. I believe this would be a better world had the great improvements in fire-arms stopped about the time of the Civil War.

One item which we, of today, would consider a great privation, was the lack of mail facilities and communication with the folks back home, as the pioneers phrased it, "back in the states." There were no organized, or regular mail routes west of the Missouri River for many years after this country was settled. "Oregon," by J. B. Horner, says "John Minto sent a letter to his father... who was living in Pennsylvania and it went by sailing vessel to Sandwich Islands and thence across the isthmus reaching its destination six months later. The elder Minto answered at once and his letter was delivered a few days more than one year afterwards.

During the winter of 1852-53 Salem had no mail arrival for three months. Scott's History says that news from eastern centers was from four to six months in reaching this country in the years 1858 to 1860, coming by sea twice a month. The admission of Oregon to the union was published in The Oregonian thirty-three days after the event. The news of Lincoln's nomination, in 1860, was published thirty-six days after it took place.

During the civil war our people living at what is now Banks got mail at Hillsboro every Saturday. For a while thereafter their mail came to Centerville, now a ghost town, about three miles north of Cornelius. About 1871 Greenville was founded five miles north of Forest Grove whence mail was carried, generally on horseback, every Saturday. Except in "busy" times of the year, nearly every family served, would be represented at the post office when the mail arrived.
and as Frank Pierce would read the names, a hand would be reached to receive the missive, and few of them ever got into the box. Ere many years twice a week mail was established, and in the early eighties it was made daily.

Prior to 1855 (when the Panama railroad was completed) the usual time required for mail to cross the continent was five months.
CHAPTER VIII.

Incidentals of Life

The pioneers, abandoning their old homes for the trek across the plains, had to leave many of their cherished possessions behind them and many that they started with they had to leave by the wayside. Grandfather Jackson was advised to "bring nothing that's worth less than a dollar a pound." But their characters, their faults, frailties, virtues, shortcomings and nobility were only accentuated by the hardships through which they passed. These tended either to make a great man, or a great rascal, of a man, but of the women the quality of character of very few appeared to have suffered by the grilling. When suffering renders one in need of the kindliest help, one need to ask no greater blessing than to look from the pillow into the angel face of a pioneer woman of Oregon.

In due course of time the pioneers began to provide a few of the luxuries that we now regard as indispensable necessities. Grandmother Jackson told of the first cook stove she had ever seen. This was before they came to Oregon. The proud possessor had kept it for some time but hadn't yet ventured to build a fire in it. She said that she had found a place for all of the parts but one little piece of iron. Grandmother, after looking the things all over, took this up and at last poked it into a hole in the lid, saying: "Now it might be for this," lifting the lid as she said it.

Travel was mostly by ox teams in dead axle wagons with the passengers seated on common chairs placed in the wagon beds. Many were the miles the dear old pioneer ladies rode in their chairs with their knitting needles busily clicking away while the driver walked beside the team, guiding the wagons around the stumps, stones, and chuckholes, which had to answer for roads. The back-seat driver and the spring seat were inventions which the future was yet to provide. If you saw a buggy or light spring wagon, you might know that it belonged to one of the more affluent families.

The first spring seats were made by bolting a springy pole to each
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side of the wagon bed, with a board across the free ends. Very effective as a spring seat; but in the way when loading, or unloading the wagon.

The wagons were not provided with brakes. When a hill was too steep for the team to hold the wagon, a wheel would be locked by passing a chain, which was attached to the side of the wagon bed, around the felloe, and holding it to prevent the wheel from turning. When the hill was too steep for this to hold the wagon back, the chain would be lengthened, an extra turn taken around the felloe so that the chain dragged on the ground. This was called a rough-lock. Either method was tedious and caused much delay.

The joy riding of those days was on horseback, the lady on a side saddle, and often single file, where the roads were narrow. If, however, the swain had but one horse, or with desire for closer contact, the lady would ride behind him on one horse, she holding to the cantle of the saddle. No lady of those days would have been seen riding astride.

'Twas thus (with two horses) that my father and mother eloped from a camp-meeting, stopping on the way to his home, at the home of William Wilson, who, as Justice of the Peace, made them man and wife and sent them merrily on their way. Marriage license was not required in those days. Theirs, however, was not a real elopment as father was past twenty-four, and mother was about twenty-two, but her parents did not approve the match.

The last ten years of the lives of Peyton and Anna Wilkes were spent in our father's (Jabe's) home. Grandma had been very deaf as far back as I can remember. This increased till it was almost impossible to make her understand, unless she happened to know, or guess, the subject beforehand. Added to this she had entirely lost the sight of one eye and the other was very poor indeed. Grandfather had better use of his faculties, as well as his body, but there was very little that either of them could do to while away the time. Both smoked, using the same pipe (many of the women smoked pipes in our grandfather's day) and sat by the chimney corner calmly awaiting the call with quiet composure.

At meals grandmother sat beside father. He would show her a dish and ask her if she'd have some of it. She may, or may not, have
known what it was, but her answer almost invariably was, "monstrous little will do me."

Grandfather's quiet, peaceful nature was even more accentuated as he grew older but when annoyed he often gave vent to expressions much more forcible than elegant. Once we had a most hearty laugh to which he treated us without knowing it. When the family moved into the new house in 1886 it was supplied with the (new to him) Hartshorn spring roller shades. On retiring at night he pulled down the curtain as had always been his custom. On releasing, it snapped to the top much to his surprise. With much more force and contempt than I can put into a whole page, he said, "Damn you, go," and the rest of us had hysterics then and there.

Ours remained to the last a pioneer home where the wayfarer was always welcome. None ever passed by if he wished to stay. In the later years it became necessary to make a charge for hospitality to those who were not in a position to reciprocate, but all who passed that way knew that they would be welcome at Jabe's.

In the evening, when gathered around the fireside, the entertainment consisted of the common discussion of politics, religion, or whatnot. We took but few periodicals except the Weekly Oregonian; but story telling, pioneer and other reminiscences, and singing were perhaps the most common. Father had a great fund of the folk-songs of his day and with a good voice and an exceptional memory his repertoire was almost inexhaustible.

As time went on we obtained better lights and could read more and books and periodicals became more common, the violin and organ came in affording greater diversin. One often hears the remark "I believe people enjoyed themselves better than they do now." Indeed they lived and loved as people do now, they smiled and sighed; they ate and drank; they rejoiced and cranked; they were grave and gay at work or play, much as people are today; but creature comforts were far fewer than now. We have better houses, better beds, better clothing, food and comforts. Our aches are soothed at once; life is more secure and better in almost every physical manner. Think of the anxiety, forget, if you will, the physical discomforts of the Wilkes' on the occasion of crossing the Cascades; or of the Jacksons on getting first-hand news of the Ward massacre (described later). Who would
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for one hour endure the torture and anxiety that must have gripped them then, for the sake of a lifetime of ease and pleasures? We can and do honor them but we do not envy them. Surely they paid an awful price for the small need of praise or honor that we can now bestow.

We may note that with all the romance of crossing the plains to Oregon, but few songs or poems were based on that greatest of all similar movements. Father had but few and merely none others had many, or else we would have heard them.

I am able to reproduce but two of the Oregon songs, and these are of questionable value as poetry, although they express noble sentiments.

THE PIONEER'S LETTER

When first I parted away from you, in sorrow, grief and trouble too. You gave to me your parting hand, and wished me safe in Oregon. On our journey we did steer over prairies wide and rivers clear. Through desert, plain, and barren land we steered our course for Oregon. Ten thousand Indian graves we found built up with sticks and stones all 'round, Which made me think some Indian race, in the days of old, had passed that place. When we got there was ice and snow, it rained, it hailed, the wind did blow; While some of us did weep and cry, saying, here with cold we all shall die. But, thank the Lord, our health we found, we're landed here both safe and sound. To a healthy place and fertile soil, our milk is sweet, no wine or oil. I've nothing new to write to you; religion's dull and preachers few; We're living here the same as one with the Indian tribes of Oregon. My love to you I can't unfold, my love is like a ring of gold. It's round, it's pure, it has no end, my love to you; my bosom friend.

Note—It is probable that there were other lines in the original song, as the above is reproduced from memory, after many years in
which it was not in mind. The same is true of the following, which is said to relate to the naming of Scotts Bluff, Wyoming.

Of a smiling land where wealth abounds, we heard the travelers tell,
So we called our lifelong friends around and bade a long farewell;
Three cheers they gave for Oregon, our fears to disengage,
Fearing that we might find our graves, amidst the sand and sage.

Midst solitude on every side, no one to hear his cry,
Beside a spring, at a rude bluff, we left poor Scott to die.
With heavy hearts and tearful eyes, we went upon our way,
The fate of poor deserted Scott, lies wrapt in mystery's clay.

O'er mountains high and prairies wide, our weary teams we drove
Midst whitening bones, the train beside, and treacherous foes we strove.
At last we've reached a bounteous land, no more we'll need to roam.
Where plenty smiles on every hand, for Oregon's our home.

Upon plains, the buffaloes were seen on every hand,
Far as our telescopes could see, one thick and clustered band
The rocks on Platte like battlements were towering tall and high;
The frightened elk and antelope before our trains did fly.

No withering heat, nor dangerous storms, to chill our hopes, we find;
A smiling land, where peace abounds; a climate always kind.
While here in peace we spend our days, yet oft our thoughts return,
To Scott's dire fate in those dark days of which we never learned.

In striking contrast are the songs, poems and stories of the mines, and mining days, of California. The poems and short stories of Bret Harte are yet music to anyone who loves the old west. Mark Twain, and others, have drawn pictures on the printed page, that will last as long as men love the freedom of the great outdoors.

The songs "Joe Bowers" and "Sweet Betsy from Pike" treat of these times in a serio-comic vein; "The Miner's Dream," "The Dying Californian" (there are two of this name) and many others will con-
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tinue to delight the hearts of those who can find romance (and who can't?) in the rough and ready days of '49.

Having never seen it in print I'll insert just one here. I presume that father brought it back in his memory from the mines of California.

Come all ye noble emigrants who are inclined to roam
Into some western country to seek yourselves a home;
If you will be advised by me, I'll tell you for the best,
Stay with your family, and never travel west.

In eighteen hundred and fifty, I left my native shore,
I left my friends and neighbors, I ne'er shall see them more;
Likewise my aged parents I left among the rest,
And steered for California, the lily of the west.

And when I reached this country it filled me with surprise
To see those lofty mountains and gold diggings, likewise
To see those noble miners a-toiling with their tongs,
And the cold, sparkling water a-gliding down the stones.

Some they came to stay two years, and others came for life,
And some returned to their homes again, to seek themselves a wife,
But I'll settle on some prospect claim and here forever rest
In this lovely California, the lily of the west.

Tennessee is not the place, nor Iowa the same,
Nor neither is Missouri for raising of the grain;
Here are gold in every mountain stream and game in the forest,
In this lovely California, the lily of the west.
The first houses which the settlers prepared for their shelter were made with the most available material, which was, in nearly all cases, logs of various sizes, according to the most common varieties and sizes close at hand. Small logs made the neater buildings, but were more tedious to build, as every log made a joint to be closed up, to keep the wind from passing through. It took experience and skill to get the logs into shape to lay up to the best advantage, and to notch them so as to have a minimum of crack to chink up. After the pen was built, it was necessary to chink the cracks. This was usually with mud, though sometimes moss was used for that purpose. After the mud, or moss, was put in a three cornered piece was nailed, or pegged, into the crack to hold the chinking from falling out by action of wind and rain.

Some places, where cedar was available, the houses were built of split lumber, as some of the cedar would split almost as the builder wanted it. Practically all of the doors were made of this material. The builder would get some of the harder woods, maple, ash, oak, vine-maple, etc., and make his cross bars; through one end of which a hole was bored for the hinges, and with holes bored in the logs to receive the other member of the hinge a fairly good door could be made to swing freely. Then a latch made of similar hard wood attached to the inside of the door with a proper catch completed the door and lock. A string from the latch was passed through a hole a few inches above the latch, and hanging down permitted the door to be opened from outside. To effectively lock the door, it was only necessary to pull the string back inside and the door was rendered invulnerable. Thus came the symbol for hospitality, "The latch string is always out," as indeed it was at the pioneer home.

Next in importance to the shelter was a fireplace. Very many of the earlier settlers had no stove of any kind, and the bare land had to provide the materials of which everything was made. Usually the fireplace was made in much the same manner as we would make con-
crete buildings today. A form would be made of either split boards or small sticks, built into the shape desired and this filled with mud, and sometimes mud and small stones. The jamb was usually supported by a piece of iron, but where that was not available, an arch of stones would be placed to sustain the chimney.

To form the chimney, two or more systems were in use. The one most used of those which I have observed was a double pen of small sticks placed about four inches apart for each wall of the chimney, and the space between the pens filled with mud. A fireplace and chimney, thus constructed, dried and properly burnt made a very effective heating plant, and cooking place besides. An iron bar across, above the fire, with iron hooks, to hold the kettles, sufficed for all cooking done by boiling.

So long as fuel was cheap and plentiful, the fireplace was a very effective heating plant in most of the homes. Their heating effect was principally by direct radiation, as there was usually too much circulation from the outside for it to have much effect toward warming the air inside; hence the radius of the family circle was governed by the amount of heat coming from the fire. Less heat, sit closer. Not only was it the source of warmth, heat for cooking, but often it did further duty as light plant as well. If you, dear reader, grew up in a pioneer home, you have often been admonished, in terms, more or less emphatic "get out from between me and the fire." But, no doubt, memory has played one of her tricks on you, and you recall more of the pleasant pictures of "the old family circle," beaming faces of mother, father, sister, brother, sweetheart, or friend illuminated by that "dear old hearthstone fire."

Another way of making a chimney was to make a sort of ladder for each side with the rungs about six or eight inches apart. Then, over these rungs would be hung mats of mud and straw, just enough straw to hold the mud till it would be sufficiently stiff to hold its place and shape.

It was not many years before bricks were available for those who could afford to buy, or trade, for them; provided, there was a road over which to transport them.

At several points sandstone was available from which blocks of any desired size and shape could be quarried. This was fireproof, but
not weatherproof, and so long as they were in use no trouble came from that source, but where a house stood vacant for a good while, the fireplace would be found to have disintegrated, and to require repairs.

It was not many years after the country was settled up till sawmills were in operation and rough lumber could be had as needed; but it was several years before planning mills supplied dressed lumber. However, the Hudson Bay Company had a planer setup and in use in 1841. Foundations and frames were made of hewed logs, often mortised together and braced with the same material. Indeed, many of the barns in the early days were put together more substantially than the mills are now constructed.

If you will examine the finishing of some of the old houses, yet standing, you will find that the smooth lumber was dressed by hand and the rough lumber sawn by a reciprocating saw. Circular saws did not come till later. Practically all the mills were operated by water power of which there was but a small amount available.

Nearly all the farm implements used, were made by hand. My grandfather Jackson, also my father, made wagons, doing the woodwork but hiring a blacksmith to do most of the iron work. Hubs, spokes, axles, felloes, hounds, tongues, etc., were made from the tree. Plows, harrows, cultivators, fanmills, hoes, pitchforks and many other implements and tools were also produced as needed. The same is true of household furniture.

For several years my father made nearly all the coffins that went into the local cemetery. Each coffin was made to fit the body, and of the shape so well known in the olden times. They were covered with velvet outside and lined with bleached muslin.

During an epidemic of diptheria he was kept busy; in several cases two, or more, in the same family, and once, a double coffin for two small brothers. At the same time it was very uncertain whether or not two or more of the same family would survive.

Shoemakers actually made boots for the men, but seldom made shoes. That is, in those days, a shoemaker was really a bootmaker, besides repair man. The leather was sewed with wax-ends attached to bristles and soles were held with wooden pegs.
With the advent of the transcontinental railroads, pretty much of this local, small shop, manufacture ceased.

Nearly every house in the Tualatin Valley was provided with water by a well, as sufficient supply of water was found but a few feet below the surface. Very many of these were dug at some distance from the house, so that the housewife could get plenty of exercise in the frequent trips thereto. Most common of the methods of drawing water was by the old fashioned "Sweep."

'Tis years and years since I've seen an old-fashioned well-sweep, such as were quite common in my young days; hence may be entirely strange to many of my readers. If the well were not over 12 or 15 feet deep, at about that distance from the well was set a post of about that height. In the top of the post, either a natural crotch, or else a mortise was cut in which the sweep was pivoted. This was a long pole with the larger, heavier end resting on the ground and the light end extending nearly over the well. To the upper end connected with it by a short chain, a small pole extended down to the well where the well bucket was attached. The lower end of the sweep was weighed down enough to balance and lift a full bucket of water. Being much easier to pull downward than upward, it was an easy matter to obtain a drink from "the old oaken bucket." Many used windlass and rope, or a well-pulley and rope. If the well was quite deep, there often were two buckets, one at each end of the rope, so that as the full one came up the empty bucket was going down and helping in the lift. Pumps were scarce. At my old home was a pump that was made on the ground by an itinerant who bored the pump and pipes by hand. A fir log, about 15 inches in diameter, was bored for the pump itself and the handle set in a mortise and pivoted on a wooden pin. The pipes were made from smaller poles. At the joints the outer member was strengthened from splitting by wooden hoops, skillfully bound round it. Ours was under the porch roof, handy to the kitchen door. Such a convenience was uncommon and water supply inside the house was very rare.
CHAPTER X.

Home Conditions, Resourcefulness of Women

The matter of cookstoves and of clothing are mentioned elsewhere. My mother kept house for two years (1856 to 1858) before she had a cookstove. The old saying "If hungry mouths must be fed women's brains must first be roasted," must have originated from cooking by an old fashioned fireplace.

It is beyond the power of us modern mollycoddles to imagine the resourcefulness of those old timers. No stoves, very few cooking appliances and canning fruit and vegetables fifty years yet in the future. No millinery except the product of the deft and busy fingers of the wearers themselves, yet the sweet faces and lovely forms that go with splendid health and hopefulness well bore out the old adage "Unadorned, adorned the most." "In my young eyes," (says T. S. W.) "the prettiest head-dress I ever saw was composed of a turtle-like hat made of a mink skin trimmed with the feathers of an artic owl." They made straw hats by braiding rye straw and sewing strips together to the proper shape. "One of my most cherished possessions was a hat of this kind that mother made for me to wear to a Fourth of July celebration at Portland, where I remember the fireworks and the steamboat. This must have been in 1862 or 1863."

The men wore buckskin and other homemade clothing and boots with the trouser legs stuck into the tops. Shoes were worn only by women and children. Hats were of "coonskin" (skin of the raccoon) or the felted fur of beaver or otter and were made up in little shops near the streams where the furs were caught. For overcoats most of the men used a Hudson Bay blanket with a slit cut in the center so that it could be slipped over the head, poncho fashion. Rubber blankets, coats, trousers, etc., came into use quite early. One of father's most cherished possessions was a pair of "gum elastic overalls" without any opening at the front, and drawn together with a puckering string. After the war of the rebellion, the blue cavalry overcoats, with
cape, were very common and indeed, both serviceable and moderately priced.

I do not remember of ever seeing anyone dressed in homespun clothing and never saw a loom in a private home for weaving anything but rag carpet. A few varieties of cloth could be bought in limited quantities and nearly all clothing was handmade. As long ago as I can remember mother had a small chin-stitch sewing machine which she turned by hand till about 1877 when she bought a modern machine. Readymade clothes were not much in evidence till about 1880. Previously there were a good many remnants of army orders to be had, generally of good quality and quite reasonable in price. As memory served it was about that time that it became possible to purchase readymade overalls—many called them "over halls."

A very large share of the sewing for the family was done by hand by the light of tallow candles which were handy for at least one thing, that is, to burn off the excess fiber at the end of the thread, thus making it less difficult to thread the needle.

I can well remember when tallow candles were our principal source of artificial light, and have seen and helped my mother to mold many of them. However, for reading, we used mostly kerosene, then called coal-oil. But people were more or less afraid of it as it was not uncommon to hear of a lamp exploding and setting a house afire. Perhaps all have heard that "a cow kicked over the lamp and away went Chicago," referring to the great fire of 1871.

An incident, while not bearing directly upon the subject of the sketch, is well worth preserving to show the resourcefulness and bravery of the pioneer woman.

All who lived in the vicinity of Forest Grove fifty or sixty years ago, will remember Mother Sloan who kept the "Forest Grove House" for many years. With her husband and two sons she had lived in the Indian country. Once during the absence of her husband, an Indian came to the house while she and the boys were eating dinner. He saw a bottle on the table which he took to be whiskey and demanded it. Mrs. Sloan refused, telling him it was pepper sauce but he did not believe her and became insistent and threatening so she had to accede. Pouring out all the fiery liquid in a cup she gave it
to him, telling him, in Chinook, to drink it right down. Obeying her, he was soon rolling on the floor with tears streaming out of his eyes, while she taunted him saying, “Cly, Cly, Cloochman; nika wawa mimeloose” (Cry, Cry, woman, I told you it would kill you). When sufficiently recovered he sullenly rode away. The next day she saw him coming with several war painted braves, evidently bent on reprisal. Knowing that physical resistance would be futile she rolled her oldest son in a blanket, laid him on the floor in plain sight, with instructions to groan whenever she touched him with her foot. The angry looking redskin came up and demanded to know what was the matter with the papoose. “Smallpox, Smallpox,” she replied. Knowing the effects of smallpox on the Indians he grabbed his nostrils, and cleared the front fence with a bound, and with the whole party left in a hurry. She saw no more Indians for a week, or more, but one day she caught a glimpse of an Indian head-dress coming over the rimrock, so she called the boys inside and they all kept hidden. The Siwash came in sight and sat on his pony looking toward the house for a long time, but seeing no signs of life rode away fearing to venture near the vicinity of the deadly disease.

The following exploit by Mrs. M. J. Comstock, I quote from “The Pioneer Campfire,” by G. W. Kennedy.

“Myself and husband were living near Winchester in Douglas County. We had only one child, two and a half years old. The nearest settler was 12 miles away. The Indians had killed Mr. Wagner and had scalped his wife, but she and her two children had escaped alive.

“A few days later, I was alone in the cabin, feeling safe because we thought the Indians were nowhere around. My husband had gone to Winchester and had left me alone with the baby.

“It was mid-day when a big redskin came out of the brush, crossed the clearing and leaned up against the fence, which was only about ten feet from my front door. I felt mighty uneasy; but knowing I had better look unconcerned, I asked him if he wanted something to eat. He said nothing and only continued to stare through the open door at the baby lying in the cradle, in the middle of the room.

“There was a good rifle hanging on the wall and I begun to figure out the best way to get hold of it. First, I placed a table between
the door and my little girl. Then I made up my mind to shoot if he made another move.

"But I finally selected another way out of my trouble. Keeping a careful eye on him all the time, I set the table for four people, and without paying the least attention to the sullen fellow, walked to the door and yelled "dinner." And you ought to have seen the redskin go. He had counted the plates and thinking the men were near and would kill him."
CHAPTER XI.

Subduing the Land

Although there was a considerable area of the Tualatin Plains that was classed as "Prairie," even that was largely covered by small brush and scattering trees, so that bringing it under cultivation required a considerable amount of labor. But withal, most of the land had a heavy crop of trees and heavy brush. The fruitful fields which now spread before us, in a large part, have been wrested from the primitive forest by hard labor.

To render the land tillable it was necessary to grub the hard wood and heavy brush, as these, when slashed, would immediately sprout up and repossess the ground. The firs which covered a large share of the ground would not sprout, and if small when cut would rot out in a few years. The larger trees did not rot out so readily and always presented a problem to the man who would dispute their possession of the land.

There were large areas whereon a dense growth of small firs had choked out all vegetation. Here the farmer would slash the firs, felling the trees all in the same direction, and usually leaving no stump over one foot in height. At the proper time, the slashing would be fired, and, if lucky enough to get a good burn the farmer would have nothing but the blackened poles lying in a bed of ashes. The poles were easily piled together and burned, a dirty job at best, after which he would sow grass seed on the ashes; or, if needing the ground for other crops, he would often sow wheat on the ashes and to be followed with what they called a "jumping shovel" plow. This was a common shovel plow but provided with a fin cutter attached to the beam and placed just ahead of the shovel, slanting backward from the beam, and extending a little below the point of the shovel. Thus, if a root were struck, the cutter would slide over it and the plow drop into the ground again, without stopping the one horse used as tractor. I have seen excellent crops of grain that had been planted in this
manner. This was cut with the cradle, later herein described. If the ground had been, at the same time seeded to grass, the next year there would be a fine stand of grass for pasture. Or, if desired, the stock was kept off and a crop of hay raised the next year. This had to be cut with the scythe, and meant a lot of hard labor.

A Log Rolling: As there may be many who have a very vague idea of the proceeding, we will give a description as well as our knowledge will permit.

A very large share of the land now under cultivation in this vicinity originally bore a heavy crop of Douglas fir timber. Or, at least, was covered with small timber and brush with a liberal supply of large trees.

When ready to begin the job of clearing, the settler would burn the large trees down. This was accomplished by boring two large holes into the tree, one above the other, making the holes meet in the heartwood, at which point a fire was kindled. The heat causing a draft soon had a furnace going full blast with its own sides for the fuel. This would burn out a nearly sperical hole till only the sap-wood would remain and the tree would fall or be easily thrown by chopping. Then, using the same method of boring and burning, the logs would be cut into short pieces, ready for piling and burning.

Saws were not much used in those days and blasting out stumps was unknown. After getting a considerable area covered with these logs, a log rolling was organized, the neighbors would come and pile them up for burning, making a sociable holiday of the event.

Naturally those who had much of such work to do became skilled in handling the heavy logs, and it would surprise any one not acquainted with such work to see the ease with which a log of several tons weight, could be put on top of a pile by a few men.

A pile of logs when properly fired on one of the stumps would burn it below the surface of the ground so that the farmer could pass over it, even if he couldn't plow through it.

Similarly, when a settler had prepared and collected the necessary logs for a house or barn, they would have a "raising" which, likewise, was made a festive occasion, the women also gathering and having a "quilting bee."
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Such heavy work interspersed with feats of strength helped them to do full justice to the richly laden table to which they were called by the blast of a cow horn which was the common call to meals. After the dishes were cleared away and the little ones tucked into bed, the night was given over to joyous and hearty dancing that made up in whole-hearted enthusiasm all that it lacked in grace and polish. Quadrilles were the principal dances, with an occasional Irish reel, Highland fling, Opera reel, Virginia reel, or Money musk. Later, when better floors could be had, waltzes, polkas, and schottisches were introduced. The later neighborhood dances took on a little more formality; numbers would be sold to obtain funds to pay the fiddler. For each dance, numbers enough to fill up the floor would be called, and the others had to await their turn.

Those dances were the principal sparking events of those days and many of the romances of the times began there.

Dancing was forbidden in nearly all the church denominations, which rule has been modified in more recent times.

The music was always a violin, with sometimes a second fiddle or banjo or accordion. Pianos, or other modern musical instruments had not been introduced. The fiddler kept time with his boot heel upon the heavy puncheon floor and it was scarcely possible to keep one's feet and head from patting and nodding in unison. Sam Walker, whom radio listeners frequently heard a few years ago began playing for dances when but ten years old. Born January 2, 1853, he has been at that for over seventy-five years. He had learned to play by stealing out his father's fiddle. One day he got caught in the act. The father demanded a demonstration and he had to play "like the devil" to save himself, as he supposed, from a licking. But at the end of that ordeal he got not the licking but had won an instrument for his own, and fiddling has been his principal business ever since.

The old tunes which had such effect on our grandparents seem to have similar effect upon young and old at the present time. It is said of those old timers that they worked hard, and they played hard, and they were by no means saints. Their hardships had the tendency to accentuate the good and bad qualities in about equal measure. Tiring of the dance they gathered around the open fire-
place to be entertained by songs, riddles, charades and so forth. Not a few of the pioneers were possessed of splendid voices and some were gifted with impromptu minstrelsy of considerable merit. On one occasion, at our grandfather's house a somewhat disgraceful episode was celebrated in song after this fashion:

"Down to Judge Jackson's we went a-rolling logs
And some of the boys, they acted perfect hogs,
While some were a-dancing and some were asleep
Old B. . . . Z. . . . stole half a sheep."

Often a wedding would be celebrated by an "Infare dance" in which all expenses would be met by the high contracting parties. It was common when a young man, or woman, would ask a favor, to "dance at your wedding," and sometimes, as an added incentive, to follow that by saying, "the first set with you," as the newly-weds always led the first dance.

Another custom, which has not entirely died out, was the "Chari-

Fences

The dews are heavy on my brow; my breath comes hard and low;
Yet mother, dear, grant one request, before your boy must go.
O lift me, ere my spirit sinks, and ere my senses fail,
Place me, once more, O mother dear, astride the old fence rail,
The old fence rail, the old fence rail! how oft these youthful legs
With Alice and Ben Bolt's have hung across those wooden pegs.
'Twas there the nauseating smoke of my first pipe arose,
O mother dear, these agonies are far less keen than those.—Bret Harte.

The pioneer's field fences were all built of rails, laid worm fash-

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fence was by laying a pole on top and wherever it crossed a panel, a stake was leaned into the angle, two stakes to each panel of the fence. A fence well built after this fashion made a very efficient barrier for all kinds of stock. Sometimes the fence was built stake and rider fashion. This made a very strong fence as long as it lasted; but the stakes rotted off in a few years and let the riders down; and besides, that style took up much more ground than any other kind. But rails made the most durable of all fences, as there was but the bottom rail touching the ground, and decay came slower than to any other kind of fence. Around the houses and gardens they often made split picket fences. These were supposed to be chicken proof, but the chickens generally found some way of getting over, or through, and the gardener had to be eternally vigilant to save the plantings.

Some of the less thrifty, or those hard pressed for time, would enclose their fields with brush fences, but these were rather an invitation, than a deterrent, to the stock which roamed at will over all the public lands, roads, etc.

As I grew up, we had a dog which could catch and hold any single hog, and there being numerous bands of, more or less, wild hogs in the country, we boys were often called on to take “Old Tige” and help some helpless neighbor drive a band of hogs out of his field. Or, if he wanted to get any certain hog out of a band it could soon be accomplished if we could get the band scattered. But the hogs were good gang fighters and ready to rush to the assistance of one of their number in distress.

And here, I take occasion to rise in defense of that much maligned animal, the hog. No other domestic animal is so versatile, or exhibits as much prowess in making his living. If it’s not above ground, he’ll go under ground, or under water. I never saw one that had starved to death. No other domestic animal could outlast the hog and multiply in our forests. And as for greediness, I contend that, as compared with the cow, the hog is a prince of generosity.

Doubtless, the unitiated have wondered how the country was held together before the advent of “Haywire.” Dear friend, the answer is “Withes.” By using withes we’ve often heard how some of the old timers could fasten the share onto a plow, and that Uncle “Stevy”
Holcomb did withe the horn onto his anvil. I will not vouch for either story; but do know that withes played a large part in the building of homes in this country, and were, as well, a large factor in maintaining proper discipline in home and school.

Maybe I should explain that a withe is a slim switch twisted to make it pliable. The hazel of this country is excellent for this purpose.

Wire was not obtainable, binding twine unheard of, slack rope, and hemp cord were in the market, but cost money, which was a great scarcity with the early settlers, while withes were plentiful and in skilled hands were very efficient for tying things together.
CHAPTER XII.

Crops

The principal crops raised on the farms of the pioneers, for cash and export, were wheat and oats. The latter, however, were nearly all used in the cities nearby for horse feed. Timothy was the principal hay crop, and was all consumed nearby, as no hay was baled, hence could not be transported very far. My father, for several years laid his stress on timothy hay. This he stored loose in the barn and sold in small quantities to local consumers.

But it was not every year that there was much demand for it. When, however, there did come a general demand, it was often most insistent. I have known neighbors to come and say, "price is no object with me, I must have hay." At that, I never knew of him setting any more than the market price on his feed. In general he averaged more returns from his land, than would have been the case had he raised grain instead, but from year to year, he'd sometimes have to carry over a considerable part of his crop so he fell into the common practices of the farmers of the vicinity.

In harvesting grain, especially wheat, with the crude methods of cutting, binding, and threshing the grain, there was much waste of the grain. To salvage this waste, the farmer had hogs, to turn into the fields as soon as the sheaves were removed. Thus much of the waste was gathered and made into potential sausages before it was necessary to put the hogs into the pen for final fattening. There they were fed wheat, sometimes we boiled it, other times we soaked it and some of it was taken to a chopper, ground and fed as mash.

Generally there was a good market for the hogs, at all stages, from on foot to the finished bacon, hams, lard, etc. There was always good demand for the spareribs, backbone, sausage, etc., right at the family table.

About 1875 John Milne, a Scotchman, began the manufacture of oatmeal, first at the Oakland mills at the big spring about a mile
northeast of Beaverton, and later at Hillsboro. This had a good effect on the home market, and served to stimulate the use of oatmeal which I had never seen before that time.

Clover, now such an important forage crop, was then but little grown. As for vegetables, potatoes, of course, were always a staple crop. Every farm raised cabbage beans, peas, pumpkins, turnips, tomatoes, carrots, parsnips, onions, rutabagas, etc., much as is now done. Corn was grown only in the gardens, for roasting ears and for drying. String beans were used as at present, also dried. Each of these made "mighty good table fodder" in the winter. But they were never canned that I knew of till more recent years. Dried corn was good for the discriminating palate but the dried string beans when cooked with a good old hambone, surpasses in delectable flavor, all my powers of description.

Many, perhaps most, of the pioneers raised their own tobacco, and there were some who put it through a process of manufacture for chewing, but this had been abandoned before my time. But for smoking the leaves were, I presume, treated about the same as in the states where tobacco is yet a staple crop. Neighbor Dooley used to keep some of this on hand, and occasionally, when the imported supply ran low the devotees would draw on his stock, which was known as "Dooley's swag-jaw." This must have been most potent, as it was not uncommon for those who tried it to experience the agonies of nicotine reaction, and to heap dire imprecations on the "Swag-jaw."

Many families raised chicory to supplement the coffee which had to be imported, and which cost money needed for other commodities.

It is now, perhaps, more than forty years since I have seen either tobacco or chicory growing in this vicinity.

Why the growing of walnuts and filberts did not receive more attention in the early days, I cannot explain. We knew long ago that they would do well here, but it took a long time for us to perceive that which stood so plainly before us. Wonder if we are now looking into the face of any more such unidentified possibilities?

To show comparison of the conditions of life among the pioneers with that of the present, I have compiled a list of now common things grandfather never saw. He died November 25, 1889. He never saw...
an automobile, a modern bicycle, a telephone, a typewriter, a phonograph, a radio; a gas stove, any kind of electric appliance or machine, any kind of gasoline driven machinery, a steam thresher (there were steam threshers in use in his time, but he never saw one), a circulating heater, a stem-winding watch, (he never carried a watch), never saw a fountain pen, a paved or dustless, mudless road, artificial ice, hay baler, an aluminum utensil, a flying machine, a morris chair, a swivel chair; a steel tape, a wormy cherry, a wormy apple, he never wore high-top shoes, never traveled more than ten miles in an hour. He crossed the continent at a speed of less than three miles an hour, never used a breech-loading gun; but was said to have been a dead shot with “Old Dangerfield,” as his Kentucky rifle was known, never wore glasses, or false teeth.

He lived to be nearly 99 years of age, though he never ate any of the so called “health foods” nor heard anyone recite “Casey at the Bat.” Never saw a woman vote, or a secret ballot.
CHAPTER XIII.

Pioneer Food Stuffs

The story of food of the pioneers is not such a long one, for often the meal was decidedly simple and plain.

On arriving here for the first winter, at least, wheat was pretty nearly the only food besides the meat which they could kill. Many a pioneer meal consisted of boiled wheat, and some kind of wild meat. Rutabagas and turnips were staple, but not always available. Potatoes were generally available, and after settlement had been made, almost all had hog meat, lard, etc.

The boiled wheat referred to above must have been pretty plain food; but later when prepared to treat it properly, it often made an excellent addition to our scanty fare. Mother would boil it for a time in lye, till the bran was cut away, and after cooking and seasoning it, we had—well! I'd like to have a dish of it right now.

After a few years apples could generally be had, but towards spring, dried apples were the only fruit. The housewives made some jams and jellies but the staple was apple butter, and that is yet one of the tastiest of fruit preserves. Canned goods of any kind were not to be had. Brown sugar was on most all tables at least once a day, but white sugar was not in general use till in the "eighties."

A thrifty farmer of this Tualatin Valley made a trip to Portland in the fall, brought back a sack of salt (100 or 200 pounds), a barrel of sugar, a sack of green coffee, a keg of syrup, some saleratus (soda), rice, a barrel of salt salmon, two five gallon cans of kerosene (then called "Coal Oil") and a few other staples. One of these was castile soap, for toilet purposes; but for laundry purposes homemade soft soap was used.

The ashes from the big fireplace were carefully saved and dumped into the ash-hopper which was a V shaped bin with a wooden trough at the bottom. When soap was to be made, water was poured over the ashes and the lye caught from the trough. When the hogs had been
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killed, all the entrails were carefully cleaned and hung up to dry, ready for the soap making, which, like making apple butter, etc., was one of the seasonal jobs of the farm, generally under the supervision of the housewife.

He raised his own beans, butchered his own hogs, and smoked the meat, and kept a milch cow. Occasionally he'd share with a few neighbors in a beef animal (they called it “critter”). Thus they could have fresh meat in the winter, but in the summer it was difficult to keep fresh meat and scarcely possible to get it to use in small quantities.

The women knew how to make good bread and biscuits, and at many of the farms hot biscuits were always served for breakfast. Oats or other cereal breakfast foods were never on our table.

Many of the vegetables were had only in the season of their production.

Lettuce and green onions we had in the early spring only. Celery, asparagus, brussels sprouts, artichoke, etc., were not known.

Poor, indeed, is the family of today that has as simple a meal as was often the best that the pioneer could obtain.

Once a neighbor of Joe Meek's was going to Willamette Falls with a wagon and Meek was going along. "Take something to eat," said he to Meek, "for I have nothing," and Meek promised that he would do so.

Accordingly when it came time to camp for the night, Meek was requested to produce his lunch basket. Going to the wagon he unfolded an immense pumpkin, and brought it to the fire.

"What!" exclaimed Meek's neighbor, "is that all we have for supper?"

"Roast pumpkin is not so bad," said Meek, laughing back at him. "I've had worse fare in the mountains. It's buffalo tongue compared to ants or moccasin soles."

And so with much merriment they proceeded to cut up their pumpkin and roast it as Meek had said—"not so bad" when there was nothing else.
CHAPTER XIV.

Harvesting

It might be interesting to the younger generation to know how the pioneers did their harvest work. Before reaping machines came into use, the grain was cut with the cradle, which was a large scythe with a frame of long fingers spread about eight inches apart, curved like the scythe, and mounted above it. This was swung through the grain and that which was cut fell on the fingers. By a peculiar motion the cradler deposited the cut grain on the ground to his left in a straight row, the stalks at right angles to the row.

The binder followed with a rake, raked enough together for a sheaf, then bound it with straw. Both these men had hard jobs, about equally onerous. Two good men in medium grain could cut and bind about three or four acres in a day.

Next, we had reapers on which, beside the driver, who sometimes rode one of the horses, a man sat with a rake and when sufficient for a sheaf accumulated on the apron just behind the sickle of the machine, he’d rake it off and the binders followed afoot.

Then, there were "droppers" having a light frame just behind the sickle on which the grain would fall as it was cut. When enough for a sheaf had accumulated, the driver would let the frame drop onto the stubble and the sheaf would be left for the binder. This left the bundle next to the standing grain whence it had to be removed before the next round of the machine.

Next came the self-rake reaper, some of which had a reel similar to those on the machines now in use, and a rake besides. Others had a series of rakes which resolved over the sickle. These would throw the cut grain onto an apron behind the sickle, the same as a reel does. When enough was accumulated the operator caused a rake to throw the bunch onto the ground just behind the machine, out of the way of his next round and convenient for the binders who followed. The binders usually travelled abreast. One reaper would keep four or five binders busy.
Following the self-rake reaper came the harvester on which was mounted a platform on which stood two men. The cut grain was delivered to a platform in front of them and all they had to do was to bind and throw it off. But binding was, at best, hard labor. This was a great improvement, not only saving the labor of at least two men, but saved much grain that was lost by the other methods.

For a few seasons the header was in considerable vogue but for various reasons was soon discarded. Lately the header has reappeared in modified form in the "Combine."

Any, and all, of these old methods involved hard labor and weaklings were out of place in the harvest fields.

Following the "harvester" came the wire binder in several forms, in which each sheaf was bound with wire. This saved the labor of binding the grain but was never quite successful. However, the twine binder soon followed and revolutionized the harvesting problem.

The twine binder gauged the size of the bundle and effectively bound it at a reasonable expense and made it possible to not only save more of the grain but saved much of the weed seed which had previously been permitted to shatter to the ground, to plague the farmer next season. The twine binder was one of the farmer's great inventions. This, together with the improved methods of farming, rotation of crops, etc., have greatly simplified the farmer's problems.

In the earlier days, the grain was threshed by tramping (most of the farmers pronounced it "tromping"). During the fall the grain would be stored in sheds, or barns, adjacent to a good floor, (sometimes a ground floor). When the farmer was ready to thresh, a layer of grain was spread over this floor and horses or cattle turned loose within the enclosure and kept running until the grain had all been shattered from the straw. The threshed straw would be removed with pitchforks. The grain and chaff gathered, and the trampling repeated, ad lib. I never worked at this but have seen it done and heard them say that three floorings a day was about the usual progress.

In "Oregon's Yesterdays," by Fred Lockley, he quotes Mrs. Frank Collins, of Dallas, Oregon, as follows:

"When the wheat was harvested we put the shocks in the corral and turned the calves and young stock in, to tramp it out. We had to keep them moving, or they would eat it instead of tramping out the grain."
I enjoyed threshing the wheat out. I would go into the corral, catch a young heifer by the tail and while she would bawl and try to get away I would hold on like grim death and as she sailed around the corral trying to escape I would be taking steps ten feet long.

"This would start all the rest of the stock going full tilt, so the grain got well trampled.

"We cut the grain with a reap-hook, tramped it out with cattle, and cleaned it by throwing it up in the air and letting the afternoon sea breeze blow away the chaff."

Next, a toothed cylinder, the same as in the machines today, was used to do the shattering. This separated the grain and chaff into one pile and the straw into another. This machine was called a "chaff piler." It was driven by two or more horses on a tread power connected with the cylinder by an endless chain. The chaff and grain were afterwards separated by use of a hand powered fan mill. This, however, had become "passe" before my memory which dates back to the late "sixties."

My first memory of threshing was a machine driven by a horse power which consisted of a heavy frame on which was mounted a heavy master wheel, from which four or five long levers radiated, to each of which a team was attached. The horses going round and round. The power generated was conveyed by a series of "tumbling rods" to a jack-wheel which sent the power to the cylinder by a heavy belt. To move and set a machine of this type was the job of a few hours by a trained crew, as it took a lot of heavy staking to hold the force of ten good horses.

But the steam traction engine was being evolved to fit into the scheme. My first experience with that was in 1889, though it had been in use in other localities several years earlier. It was, indeed, a revelation to me to see a machine shifted, staked and started again with loss of only twenty minutes of time.

In the last thirty-five years the Internal Combustion Engine has been developed and the heavy work of farming has been shifted on to the shoulders of that force, and a long step in the direction of humanity toward the horse has been taken. In spite of all the recollections of those "good old times" the lot of the farmer, and especially
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the feminine side of the house has vastly improved. Our creature comforts have been greatly augmented and social conditions likewise much improved.

One of the most interesting jobs for the boys around the old-time threshing machine, was bucking the straw. The straw and chaff were dropped on the ground at the rear of the machine and had to be kept away, which was usually the job for a boy, not yet big enough to make a hand with a pitchfork, or the like.

A rail, about ten feet long had a rope, about the same length at each end, with the other end of the rope attached to a tug on the harness of the "straw-horse." The lines for guiding the horse were long enough that the "strawbuck" could stand on the rail, steadying himself by the lines. By placing the rail in a proper position behind the pile of straw, the pile could be dragged away, whenever it was desired. After a few trips and the load slid along quite easily. If the farmer wished to save the straw he'd have men with pitchforks to heave it onto low stacks, and with proper tramping and careful stacking it would provide loose stock with shelter from the wind, and made better grazing than any ordinary snowbank. Generally, however, the straw was scattered over the field and burned, after there was moisture enough to take away the danger of the fire going beyond control.

Later, the threshing machines were provided with stackers, which carried the straw and chaff from ten to fifteen feet high and then most of the straw was carefully stacked and saved for feed.

The stacker of old has now been superseded by the "blower" which automatically piles the straw, but unless carefully operated with proper tramping, the piles are not shaped to turn the rain, and the straw soon is spoiled.

In raising and caring for hay the methods have not been changed so much. The mowing machines differ but little from those used as long as I can remember. One type of mower was notable for the novelty rather than for it's real value. It had but two cog-wheels one of which turned with the drive wheels, and the other did not turn at all, yet it drove the sickle the same as in any other mowing machine. This sounds incongruous, but if you will spin a silver dollar on a table you will notice that after the coin falls to one side, as it wobbles it
will slowly turn on the table. Thus an arm extending from the wobbling wheel, actuated the sickle.

It seems that this was not very successful, for I haven't seen one since the early "eighties."

Very little hay was baled in those days, and in the balers there has been vast improvement. The horse hayfork has been evolved within the scope of my memory. Previously all that was stored in the barns was heaved into the mows by main strength, a good deal of which was necessary.
CHAPTER XV.

Schools and Diversions

To get first-hand information of an old-time (pioneer) school, the writer visited the Dooley home, on a farm adjoining the original Wilkes home and three-fourths of a mile south of Banks. Frank Dooley, the oldest living member of that family, and his only sister, the youngest of the family occupy the old home the foundations of which were laid in the early seventies. Both are well preserved and love to meet one of the old-timers and talk over the days of "Auld lang Syne."

As his story recites much that is real history, we will give it in some detail, as well as it is remembered after several hours of high pressure visiting.

He says, "I was born in Amador County, California, February 28, 1855. My father, Curtis Dooley, had come out there in the early gold rush, stayed a few years and returned to his old home in Iowa where he married Elizabeth Hogan. From our name and hers you can guess at the nativity of our ancestry.

"He soon returned to California where George, two years my senior, myself, Henry and Lafe were born. Dad had accumulated but little in the mines, so in the spring of 1860 he came to San Francisco, where he took passage for Portland, on the Brother Jonathan, the steamer which was wrecked near Crescent City, California, in the summer of 1865.

"I was too small to remember much about the trip; but recall that the old boat would squeak and groan at every rolling wave. I don't know whether it was the ship itself, or the cargo that made the noise, and guess that I didn't care anyway. I was not seasick, but remember that many of the passengers were so affected.

"On reaching Portland, Dad was discouraged and considered returning at once; but the hotel keeper prevailed on him to take a look at the country before doing so. Dad happened to fall in with Col. Tom Cornelius, and he brought us all to his place, for our first
night in this country. He located us temporarily in a cabin at the old Harrison mill, a mile or two west of his home. Before long Dad found a vacant tract that suited him. On the place adjoining it was a cabin built by Al Ennis. This cabin stood near where our barn is now. This land then belonged to Lewis Miller. See that door? (pointing to the door leading to the adjoining room). Notice that it is hand made, without glue, or nails, but held together by wooden pins. W. R. Barrett, the father of W. N. Barrett, made it all by hand. That was then the front door of that cabin. Notice that plug in the upper panel? That hole was shot through it by your Uncle George Wilkes. I don't know how he came to do it but he told Dad that he was the one who did it.

"Dad took as his homestead, the east half of the southwest quarter of section 31 of T 2 N R 3 W., and afterward bought the Miller land, comprising the quarter section adjoining west of his homestead.

"Our first cabin was built near the northeast corner of the homestead, but in the early seventies we built here on the road, and have lived here ever since."

"The rest of the family, Ben, John, Irving, Perry and Melissa were all born in Oregon in the order named. Of the boys only George and Ben ever married. Melissa married but is now a widow and now lives with me, here. She has no children.

"My first schooling was received at a log cabin down in the timber, southeast of here, on the Walker donation, I think it was, in the summer of 1862. The floor was of puncheons, that is split logs, smoothed a little with an ax, and the seats of the same manufacture. The desks were even less ornamental, for there weren't any such things there. Here's the first book I studied: National Pictorial Primer, published in 1854.

"I recall, as teachers, Alfred Luelling, a refined gentlemen, well known in this and Clackamas counties; a Mr. Goodell, a Mr. Adams and N. J. Owen. Mr. Goodell lived in Forest Grove and walked back and forth every day, about six miles each way. He had no time piece of any kind, and carried no lunch. When there were berries or hazelnuts to be found, he'd pick them for sustenance. Otherwise, he'd do without lunch. In the late sixties they built a rough board schoolhouse
at the northwest corner of the Mills donation, about 400 feet north of the cemetery, one-half mile east of Banks. I recall Lizzie Coulter, Mary Heater, Rebecca Eagleton (who became the wife of J. D. Merryman), Frank Stott, Henry Liesser, and several others, who taught there in my school days."

One article necessary to the scholar, young or old, was slate and pencil; scratch paper and lead pencils were seldom seen. The term "pupil" was seldom used, all being designated as "scholars."

It was at this schoolhouse that the writer matriculated as a scholar, in the fall of 1870, with Mr. Liesser as teacher. As nearly as I can recall I must have learned to recognize nearly all of the letters within the first three or four months. Mr. Liesser's home was near Vancouver, Washington. He passed away but a few years ago at a ripe old age, and I mourn a life-long friend.

As I remember him he was then young, active, energetic, well educated, and "cross"; especially cross and impatient with the younger children. But I don't remember of having as much difficulty with him, as with some of my later teachers.

He induced my brother Tom and Henry Dooley to study algebra and geometry and to the end of his life he took great pride in the fact that he took them through those branches, which were seldom taught, theretofore, in the public schools.

At that old schoolhouse occurred a circumstance that is worthy of mention among any, or all, of the remarkable incidents of which I have ever read or heard.

Our playground was just east of the building, the ground sloping toward the house. In our play the windows on that side suffered a great many casualties. One day this same Frank Dooley batted a rubber ball right toward one of the windows. We all expected to see another pane demolished; but the ball went through an opening from which the pane had already been broken. It must have struck a desk and rebounded several times, for, before stopping it bounded out through the same hole, falling to the ground but a foot or so from the wall. There was no one in the schoolroom at the time, but the ball did not enter perpendicular to the wall. Frank said that he seldom
told about that as it seemed to be too improbable to be believed; but I well remember it.

In the early days nearly every community had its public school, but in many they could have but a short term each year. The teacher was employed as now, but with less formality and lower salary. In the poorer districts the teacher “boarded around,” that is, would stay a few days with each family whose children patronized the school.

It was common to supplement the public school with a “Subscription school,” in which each scholar paid a stated price for instruction. Little was taught beyond the three “Rs”, but occasionally some expert would open a special school generally at night, in which his specialty would be the sole subject. Thus we had writing, singing and similar subjects expounded to those of us who chose to patronize them. In writing school the student was expected to furnish his own pen, ink, paper and lights. The latter generally was a candle; often home-made, of tallow. This would be attached to the desk by dropping some of the melted body of the candle on the top of the desk and then holding the butt of the candle in that till it cooled and hardened. Time to take up the session was usually announced as “early candle light.”

A favorite diversion at the schoolhouse was the spelling school. Not that any one expected to learn anything of spelling, but as a magnet to draw the neighbors together for social recreation.

Two would be selected as opposing captains. These would choose the participants (every one present was expected to take part) and a genuine contest launched. The local teacher was usually in charge and did the pronouncing. Different methods of tallying the two sides were used, and when that had been carried far enough to determine the relative merits of the two sides, there would be a test by elimination, in which the best speller would last the longest. Thus, each community knew who were it’s best spellers.

While I never knew of any systematic contest between the different communities, it was common for the crack spellers of one school to attend the spelling schools of the neighboring districts. Our home district (No. 13) was often thus represented and generally made a creditable showing.

Sometimes an itinerant showman would cover the country with a
magic lantern, giving shows of more or less interesting nature. Thus, it was that the writer received a smattering of the laws governing the solar system, the movements of the planets, etc.

Some of these outfits were more grotesque and comical than anything they had mentioned on their bills. Old rattle-traps for wagons, veritable old crow-baits for horses, and the showmen themselves old broken-down ignoramuses. But there were some who had interesting pictures and accompanied them with meritorious lectures.

One, I recall, did not collect at the door but depended on the good will and generosity of the audience for his emoluments. Before starting around with his hat, he took occasion to bitterly berate some one who, on a previous occasion, had dropped a copper cent into the hat.

Such small change was not in common use, and I've often heard it said in reproach of a neighbor, "He's a five cent man," meaning that he insisted on making change to the last five cent piece. Nickel coins were not in use then but we had the silver five-cent piece. Copper cents were seldom seen in those days.

The local school house was the public auditorium for the community. Here were held the funerals, church and Sunday school exercises, and political meetings. Indeed anything that brought the people together in a public manner.

These gatherings were usually lighted by candles set in wooden brackets in which three or four nails were driven to hold the candle upright, a few inches from the wall, thus, "The candles shed their soft luster and tallow on head-dress and shawl."

Debating societies were often organized and prospered during the winter months. Many were the times that the question as to which has suffered most from the encroachments of the white man, the Indian or the Negro; which is the more p' easing to the eye, the works of nature or of art; which is the more beneficial to man, the horse or the cow, etc., have been settled in the local schoolhouse, and a good time had by all.

Those, of either sex who were young with me will remember how we used to provide ourselves with gum to chew. We'd go to a big fir stump, or the end of a fir log, and gather the globules of pitch that had oozed out of the wood and had weathered to the proper
consistency. If too old it would break up like resin, and if not old enough it would stick to our teeth, and tasted bad besides. And what a treasure we had when a real good "chew" was obtained. Sometimes it was passed from one to another and was always a good medium of barter, till it was worn out.

What a luxury when we could get "rubber gum" from the stores. A good chew of that was not to be lightly thrown away, or stuck onto the underside of a chair, or table, as is so common nowadays with the widely advertised chicle, which, I presume is the same thing; but ours was not flavored or sweetened, or extensively advertised to induce us to purchase it, nor did we have the means to buy with at all times. Hard as times are, money was scarcer then than now.

Of the toys we used and the games we played, there's not so much to be told. We had fewer diversions than now. Poorer lights to read by, poorer literature, and generally less room indoors. Most all of the families kept a checkerboard, some had "Fox and Geese" boards. The former are yet in use and frequently seen; but I haven't seen a "Fox and Geese" board for more than fifty years. Cards were not much used in the homes, as there was great prejudice against their use. Cards and dice have always been the principal medium for gambling, wherever men congregate, and this caused them to be tabooed from a majority of homes.

Out of doors, in the country, we had to provide most of our own toys, until we were old enough to be trusted with a gun. The height of boyhood ambition was to own a gun. Many of the boys made and carried crossbows and became very proficient with them. Many the native pheasants (the true name is ruffed grouse), quails and squirrels that fell before those primitive weapons.

Some of the boys made and flew kites; but that sport never gained the popularity it richly deserved.

A family of near neighbors were somewhat musical and made fifes of elder. It was not uncommon to hear one of them playing an elder fife out in the woods where he had found a nice elder bush. To punch the pith from it, bore holes with a pocket knife, plug the upper end with a section of the pith, was soon done and "Yankee Doodle" would be echoing through the woods.
Marbles and horseshoes, were played then, much the same as now. I've known some boys, and men too, who were wonderfully skillful with marbles; but none of my acquaintances could compare with some of the horseshoe pitchers of the present time.

The common stone marbles were to be had and each school boy's wealth was gauged by the number of his marbles. But if a good player, he had a special taw, usually an agate, and it was not to be acquired from him without much sacrifice.

Besides the wild game which we could hunt, and sometimes capture, we had our sport which the boys of today can never enjoy as we could. The open country, a lively dog, numerous of the noxious animals, called "varmints," viz: squirrels, rabbits, gophers, mink, weasels, skunk, raccoons, (anything that could run was game for us), afforded incomparable sport. The boy who has never experienced the thrill of chasing a gray squirrel into a pile of rails, poles, roots, etc., then tearing down the pile and helping the dog to capture the quarry, or of digging to the bottom of the burrow and capturing the game, has missed a pleasure that was common to the sons of the pioneers. When the quarry happened to be a skunk it wasn't so funny; but I never knew of a skunk's natural armament being sufficient to save it from a boy or dog.

One of the most exciting chases in which I ever indulged was when three of us boys and a dog having finished harvesting a field of oats found a weasel, or ferret, in the center. Had there been fewer of us, or more weasel, it would have escaped, but one can but admire the fight it made for its life. Though cruel when viewed from the standpoint of humanitarianism, we cannot get entirely away from the love of the chase.

I can excuse any boy or girl for wanting to own a dog, but in the cities, a dog is out of place and it is no wonder that there are dog poisoners occasionally in action. Reprehensible as it is I can also excuse such action, under some circumstances. Those who do own and keep a dog in the city should exercise great care that their pets do not become nuisances to their neighbors.

I do pity the child who has never enjoyed the companionship of a good dog. Though the diversions of my youth were fewer than those
of the youth of today, there were advantages then that were good and wholesome for us and one of those was playing with a good dog, in which I've spent many a happy hour.

The following "Inscription on the monument of a Newfoundland dog" by Lord Byron, though the outburst of a pessimistic cynic, contains much that any one may read with pleasure, and some suggestions that all may ponder with profit.

When some proud son of man returns to Earth
Unknown to glory but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rest below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been:
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, the foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, breathes for him alone,
Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven, the soul he held on earth:
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims for himself a sole exclusive heaven.
O man! thou feeble tenant of an hour
Debased by slavery or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit,
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Yet who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honors none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise,
I never knew but one,—and here he lies.

For amusement on rainy days we usually took our inspiration from
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the occupation of our fathers. The boy would form his make-believe world within that of his father. My father always had a threshing machine, so it was natural that we boys should have the same. Some of our make-believe threshers were fearfully and wonderfully made; but they amused us and may have had some influence in shaping our lives. Before I was old enough to give much attention to such things, father made wagons and my older brother in his play engaged in the same occupation. A couple of empty spools afforded wheels while a pocket knife and a gimlet were about all that was necessary for the manufacture of a more, or less, complete vehicle.

I presume that the ball will always be staple in the field of toys.

Among the playmates of my early school days, someone always had some kind of a ball, this was usually made of yarn and without leather cover. Most any of us could scrape up enough material to make one of these; but rich and fortunate was the boy who could afford a solid rubber ball. These came in two sizes: the "two-bit" size and the "four-bit" size. The latter being preferred. Either of these used in our small playgrounds, which were surrounded by dense brush, was lost a large part of the time.

I was "a chuck of a boy" before I ever saw a modern type of baseball. But these were never very popular with us, because they wouldn't bounce. Our bats were all home-made, often a piece of bat-ten with the end dressed down to give a hand-hold, or a piece of sap-ling trimmed down till it could be handled.

A popular play ground game was "Blackman." One would start out as blackman. From his base he'd yell to the other side, "What will you do when you see the blackman coming?" and the others would answer, "Run like a whitehead," and the game was on.

The blackman to make a capture had to hold the victim, pat him three times saying, "One, two, three, good man for me." This was repeated back and forth across the field till the last one was captured.

Many were the torn sleeves that mothers had to mend on account of this game.

Vigorous as this game was, I've seen but little of bickering or rought play in it.

Generally there was a jumping rope which was well patronized.
In none of our playground activities was there ever a mentor or director to admonish us as to the rules of true sportsmanship, the proper attitude of winner, or loser, toward the adversary, that we find to be such tremendous importance to one in after life; in business, social contacts, in love and in parenthood.

I presume that nearly every man or woman who was in the "Young" class, in the days when I, too, was young, could find, by hunting a while, an old autograph album, each page bearing a more or less poetical quotation and below it the name of a friend of so long ago; and that many of the women can find a "charm string" of buttons, each one of which will bring to memory some thoughts of a youthful friend. If you have such a memento of old times, I suggest you hunt it up at once and see if it does not bring back some good old memories—maybe a tear or two, not of sorrow, but of joy, a pleasant lament for days of old.
CHAPTER XVI.

Houseflies and Other Pests

Wonder if I am justified in mentioning the matter of houseflies? Those who were here don't need to be told, and those who were not here will, inwardly, if not openly, accuse me of exaggeration, if I merely tell the truth about the hordes of those pests.

It is, certainly, no subject for any one to use in laying a foundation for qualification for entrance into the "Liar's Club" unless he'd make it short and merely say "There were no flies."

There is a story to the effect that the "Pied Piper" undertook to clear the town of flies for some large sum. He was quite successful, soon gathering so many that he was smothered to death by them. His heirs sued for the agreed sum but were unsuccessful, as the people easily proved that the reduction in the number of flies was not noticeable.

I will not vouch for the story; but do know that there were an awful lot of flies. The stock flies, closely resembling the housefly, now such a great nuisance to horses and cattle, were not here in the early days.

Fleas and bedbugs were also so numerous that few, if any, homes were without them. Often, have I, when a small child, seen my mother get up and stand before the fireplace in her night clothes and hunt out an ubiquitous flea before she could get to sleep.

One night as father was getting home after she had retired and had returned to the fireplace to rid herself of one of the pests he saw her through the window as he passed. Instead of letting her know of his presence, he knocked at the door, as a stranger would have done. I fear that mother never fully forgave him for giving her that fright.

Mother used to have "Scalding" days, in which every bedstead got a thorough scalding to keep the bedbugs down to density which could be tolerated.

Mice were everywhere that afforded a hiding place for them. To turn over a board anywhere near a house, or other building, was to
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disturb the home of mice. Here, again, did mother shine, for no two dogs that ever lived could dispose of as many mice, to the minute, as she could with her bare hands. Rats have increased in numbers. Occasionally, a wood, or packrat would set up housekeeping in the walls, or attic, of a home. They were noisy, destructive wary and hard to dispose of. These “packrats” are seldom seen nowadays.

Of wild fruits as we had blackberries, raspberries, strawberries, salal berries, service berries, choke cherries, crab apples and hazel nuts. Of these, the wild blackberries were the most important, both in number, and quality. For delicious flavor, nothing has been discovered, or produced, to equal it, says I. If you don’t agree with this, take your choice; but I’ll take wild blackberries.

Hornets and other stinging insects were plentiful and troublesome, and still are entirely too numerous to mention. But we had no poisonous snakes.
CHAPTER XVII.

Sickness and Healing

A long chapter could be written on the theme of the practices of healing employed by the pioneers.

Physicians were scarce and their methods were crude, not to say, that many of them were fraught with danger. This is no reflection on their good sense, or education, for we must remember that Pasteur had not then taught the world that most of our ailments were caused by living organisms and that nearly all diseases are contagious. Even the best of physicians then believed that a small amount of suppuration, in a wound, was indicative of healthy healing; that proud flesh was inimical to healing; that a chew of tobacco (no matter whose mouth it was taken from) was a very effective disinfectant for an open wound; that a boil, or carbuncle, was a scavenger, relieving the body of so much morbid matter, and worth at least five dollars to the bearer; that the foul air of swamps and lowlands was the cause of fever and ague; that whiskey was the proper antidote for snake bite; and many other notions of medicine and healing which are now known to be erroneous and some of them positively dangerous.

We were all then like one woman resident of an isolated community, who, when asked what they did when sickness came, answered: "When we gits sick, we jist gets well agin, and when we dies, we dies a natural death."

When we needed physic we took "bearberry" tea, (now called cascara) which we always kept in the house. No one knew how much to take at a dose, and the result was not always satisfactory; but we "gets well again."

When Spring came, children were expected to drink plenty of sassafras tea to make the blood thin. I don't know whether or not it had that or any other effect, but we thought it had, and that was enough. It was not bad to take, and I presume that nearly every family used it to some extent. At other times, when tea was scarce, and credit not very plentiful, mother would often provide us with what she
called "Oregon tea" which was a decoction of a vine found in the woods. It was palatable and afforded a desirable variety, which was enough to satisfy our needs, but if it had any virtue as a stimulant, I never knew of it.

For a small, open wound we would apply what was called "Indian bloodweed," a kind of plantain found almost everywhere, in deep, dense woods. The leaves of this, about one inch wide and three inches long, when bruised between fingers and thumb, readily split. The raw side of this pressed over the wound was supposed to be "very healing." It's virtue probably lies in the fact that the freshly exposed interior of the leaf is clean and aseptic, thus protecting the wound from the infections of the open air.

As late as the early 1880's, fever and ague were so very common in the spring of the year, that but few families would be entirely free from the "shakes." There were occasional epidemics of diptheria, which took a frightful toll from the ranks of small children, and a case of smallpox (by no means a rare occurrence) threw the whole neighborhood into a panic. I have never heard of an epidemic of cholera in this vicinity, though it wrought great havoc in some of the immigrant trains, while crossing the plains.

Pneumonia and appendicitis, the latter then called "inflammation of the bowels" were frequent and each had a very high percentage of fatality.

Nearly every person was more or less afflicted by the toothache of which Burns so feelingly wrote:

When fevers burn or ague freezes  
Rheumaties gnaw or colic squeezes  
Our neighbor's sympathy may ease us  
Wi' pitying moan  
But thee, thou Hell o' a' diseases  
Aye, mocks our groan.

(Note—I think it possible that the poet when writing this must have been suffering, as many of us have suffered, but that he had temporarily forgotten the pangs of his last bellyache.)

This was sometimes relieved by a counter-irritant, that is, by applying something, somewhere that would hurt worse than the offend-
ing tooth so that the patient would temporarily forget the aching mem-
ber. But the only real cure was to extract the "acher." This was most
crudely accomplished by some amateur, maybe by a local blacksmith,
always without any thought of anesthetic, or any sterilization of the
rude instruments utilized.

Father was one of the amateur dentists of our neighborhood and
he was often called out of bed to perform an extraction and permit
a sufferer to get a few winks of sleep before he'd have to go to his
work next day.

One night he called my brother and I to get up and pull one of his
own teeth.

After instructing us how to hold his head and make the pull he
set the forceps on the right tooth, motioned to Tom to take hold and
as a final instructin said "Hu ik He" (pull like hell). The situation
and his injunction were so ludicrous that we couldn't pull for laughing,
and the tooth did not come out. But as was often the case the attempt
acted as a counter irritant, a fright, or something else that brought
temporary relief and the case was continued until some time later.

In the dearth of professionals it was but natural that there should
be numerous pretenders to ability to cure our various ailments. One
of our neighbors from the "middle west" exhibited a card, which, after
his name, said "Cancer cured without use of knife or loss of blood." He
had practised his calling in the East but never in Oregon, that I
knew of. Whether he believed in his nostrum or not, I never knew but
did consider him a very conscientious and sympathetic citizen.

One suffering from any chronic disease was sure to be visited
by self-styled specialists who would guarantee an immediate cure.

My father fell into the practice of what was called "Baunseidtism,
or the exanthematic method of cure:" which was a system of blistering.
In this he had successes which were too uniform to be called accidents.
In case of ague, spoken of above, his success was practically one hun-
dred per cent. I never knew of a failure to cure that disease in a
very short time.

Many other of our ailments seemed to succumb to that treatment,
but the laws were made more stringent and father gave up what
might have been called his local practice.
He also had more than average skill in treatment of sick stock and was frequently called on for advice in case of a sick cow or horse.

The ever present subject of mid-wivery was a cause of serious worry for the pioneer, expectant mother. Practicing physicians were seldom called until the women had given up and even then they did not administer anesthetics to relieve the physical suffering. Nor did they realize the necessity of sterilization of hands, instruments, etc. It is a fact that in the early days of maternity hospitals there was a definite rise in the death rate of both infants and mothers, due to cross infection from doctors not properly sterilizing their hands between cases of erysipelas, scarlet fever, etc., and obstetrical cases.

In our immediate neighborhood mother was called to nearly all such cases and we know of a few cases where her skill saved a baby after it had been pronounced dead. An amusing case was a neighbor named Mauss. (We pronounced it Mouse). One night someone rapped at the door and on being asked the cause, the visitor explained, "Mrs. Wilkes, come and help us catch a little Mouse."

Such was the spirit of mutual helpfulness among the pioneers that we were neighbors in the true sense of the word, even though several miles intervened between our homes.

Here, as in all other rural communities of olden time, it was the practice of the neighbors to furnish the nursing necessary in all cases of severe illness; a practice which has, of late, been largely discontinued. But not so much from lack of sympathetic, neighborly motives, as from the greater efficiency of the more skilled help that can be obtained. Perhaps our sense of neighborliness has suffered by the change of custom, but personal comfort, and safety, and the average span of life have improved, and the balance is on the side of the new customs.

In those times it was the custom that a corpse, which was always kept in the house of death till the funeral, should not be left unattended. This has been superseded by the much more sensible (though more expensive) plan of turning the corpse and all arrangements over to the mortician.

I don't believe that people are now less sympathetic, than of old, They are more sensible and more practical, nevertheless there is much improvement yet to be made along these lines.
CHAPTER XVIII.

The Old-time Religion

The religious enthusiasm of the pioneers was often vented in the camp-meeting, remnants of which are sometimes seen today. With the transportation of those times, people living ten miles, or more, apart were isolated, to the extent that they would welcome any excuse to get together not only to vent their religious emotions but to visit old friends as well.

A fluent speaker with deep religious fervor and good singing voice could create unbounded enthusiasm, and many souls were turned to the cross at the time of these meetings. Father told of a near neighbor, a Scandinavian, who having attended one of these revivals caught the spirit and became thoroughly converted. As father came up this Mr. A—ran to meet him, exclaiming, “Yabe, I've found my Yesus.” A bystander remarked, “You’ve found him have you?” And Mr. A—shouted “You bet I have.”

Father used to revel in the old camp-meeting songs (we'd call them “Spirituals” now) and though he always was an outspoken unbeliever or “infidel” with some radical spots, he would attend the occasional preachings in the neighborhood and often led in the singing; then invite the preacher to his home, and many were the good natured arguments and banterings that we children heard around the old fireside.

Grandpa and Grandma Wilkes were hopelessly divided on the subject of religion, and many were the tilts they would indulge in on that question in their aged childish ways, yelling at each other, (she being almost totally deaf and he hard of hearing) neither really knowing, nor caring, what the other was saying.

She, like many others of the religious people, thought that the violin, because of it’s popularity in furnishing music for dancing, was the very invention of the Devil, and always resented its use where she could see or hear it; notwithstanding that Uncle George was a fiddler.
I don't remember that grandfather ever gave a thought to the future, but do remember him as one of nature's noble men.

About the time of my earliest memories of such matters, spiritualism was rampant in the country and some of our warmest friends and most respected neighbors were earnest and outspoken devotees of that cult. In our family it was never fully accepted, but they did not feel sure that there was not something in it. Stories of supernatural happenings, spirit visitations, occult premonitions, apparitions in the dark, etc., were told around the fireside and chills sent over the frames of little children as well as some of those who were no longer in childhood. Children who went to bed with ideas that shadows dancing on the wall or unexplained noises, might be the struggles of disembodied spirits of dead men trying to place before us the facts of some foul crime, or what not, were not quite so likely to fall into peaceful, dreamless slumber, as are those who are taught that there's nothing in the dark, that does not also exist in the daylight.

There is certainly no truth that is not preferable to any falsehood, no ignorance that is not preferable to error. But as Josh Billings said: "It's better to not no much than to no a lot that aint so."

So let's be careful that weird stories of supernatural episodes and happenings be kept from immature minds.
CHAPTER XIX.

Concerning Joe Meek

Among the friends and acquaintances of the older members of the family the most noted and unique character was Joe Meek. He was a man of fine appearance, splendid intellect and a politician of no mean ability. Though himself illiterate he had an intimate knowledge of questions of the day which made him a valued adviser in public affairs and his ready wit made him a very effective "stump" speaker.

In one of the political campaigns immediately following the Civil War one of our neighbors was nominated on the democratic ticket for state representative for Washington County. In those days it was supposed that an election could not properly be held without joint discussion by the candidates in several of the precincts, winding up with a general rally at the county seat. This neighbor made great pretensions to literary attainments but as a speaker was a decidedly blank cartridge, so after a few attempts he contented himself by saying, when called upon, that he had nothing to add to the remarks of one of his colleagues, who had already spoken.

At the final rally at Hillsboro, this neighbor had had a speech written out for the occasion by a well educated man. As this was in the reconstruction days, the question of "negro equality" was a burning topic and his speech dealt almost altogether with the attitude of the republican party toward "miscegenation" and social recognition for the recently freed colored people. Joe Meek was on the republican ticket for coroner and that fact was cited as further evidence that the republican party favored the mixture of the races by putting the head of a miscegenous family on its ticket. This was before the days of typewriters and probably the document was not very well written, anyhow, and the candidate had great difficulty in reading it, halting, stumbling and repeating, so that his friends among the audience were humiliated and sorry for him.

To close the meeting Joe Meek was called upon. He paid his re-
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спектs to the candidate in about the following language, as I’ve heard father and others repeat it. “I’ve got as pretty a little democratic speech written out at home as was ever delivered in the halls of congress and when our friend here gets up to Salem I’ll send it to him and”, here he bowed himself very low, and with withering sarcasm in his voice said, “I’ll send along a little half Injun to read it for him.” This was greeted by roars of applause and the candidate did not get to Salem.

Uncle Joe, as he was familiarly known, always carried a copy of “The River of the West” wherever he went and once when asked, “Uncle Joe, does that book tell everything you saw in the mountains?” He answered, “Yes, and a damn good many things I never saw,” but in the main it was a truthful narrative much of which was confirmed by his companions. Though, I dare say, that much of it would be more wholesome if considerably diluted. One historian accuses him of much exaggeration. Doubtless many of the exploits for which he claimed the credit, or glory, were actually done by his companions.

Another instance of Meek’s ready wit was an incident in the Yakima War. Father, and most of the boys, were inexperienced in the life they were compelled to lead in the Indian country and often had to rely upon Meek’s superior knowledge. His love of fun tempted him to take advantage of their ignorance so that they never knew when to take him at his word. Their commissary having run very low they were without meat a good share of the time. During one of these meatless periods some of the boys killed a wolf and Meek advised them to cook it saying that “good” wolf was as fine as chicken. In father’s mess but one man was able to get a mouthful of the meat down. Father said that the longer he chewed his the bigger it got; but they all, with the one exception quietly made way with the unsavory morsel so as not to be seen by their messmates. Meek had judiciously absented himself from that meal and did not put in an appearance until the next day. When accused by the boys of lying to them, his reply was, “But that wasn’t good wolf,” with which the rest readily agreed.

Although there is no likelihood that the flesh of anything of the dog kind will ever come to be considered a table delicacy, Horace
Kephart, who rates as an authority on all such matters, unhesitatingly states that, in general, "Dog meat is good meat" and cites numerous authorities in support of the statement; among them Lewis and Clark; but is not so enthusiastic as to wolf.

On one occasion the boys had a chance to get even with him when for some minor infraction of camp rules Colonel Cornelius sentenced him to mark time for twenty minutes before the assembled regiment and we can well assume that they made the best of their opportunity.

The following anecdote is copied from "The River of the West." "By this time the trappers were made aware of an ambuscade but how numerous the enemy was they could not determine. However, as the rest, who were well mounted, turned to fly, Meek who was riding an old mule that had to be beaten over the head to make it go, seeing that he was going to be left behind, called out lustily, "Hold on, boys! There's not many of them, let's stop and fight 'em," at the same time pounding the mule over the head, but without effect. The Indians saw the predicament, and ran up to seize the mule by the bridle, but the moment the mule got wind of the savages, away he went, racing like a thoroughbred, jumping impediments, and running right over a ravine which was fortunately filled with snow. This movement brought Meek out ahead.

The other men then began to call out to Meek to stop and fight. "Run for your lives, boys," roared Meek back at them, "there's ten thousand of them; they'll kill every one of you!"

"The mule got his head and there was no more stopping him than there had been starting him. On he went in the direction of the Yellowstone, while the others made for Clarke's Fork. On arriving at the former river, Meek found that some of the pack horses had followed the rest of the party. This had divided the Indians, three or four of whom were on his trail. Springing off his mule, he threw the blankets down on the ice and moving them alternately soon crossed the mule over to the other side, just in time to avoid a bullet that came winging after him. As the Indians could not follow, he pursued his way to camp in safety, arriving late that evening.

The main party were already in and expecting him. Soon after, the buffalo hunters returned to the big camp, minus some pack horses,
but with a good story to tell, at the expense of Meek, and which he enjoys telling of himself to this day."

In the story of the covered wagon the names of Jim Bridger's wives, one being "Damn-your-eyes", and the other "Blast-your-hide," was by no means exaggerated but is an amusing instance of the Indian's misunderstanding of the white man's exuberant expressions. When the first ox trains crossed the plains they made a similarly amusing mistake. They got the idea from hearing the drivers talking to the oxen that the cattle were "Whoa-haws" and the wagons were "God-damn-yous," and they often told of so many "Whoa-haws" and "God-damn-yous" passing the day before.

Jim Bridger was a companion of Joe Meek in the Rocky Mountains in the employ of the American Fur Company and Meek told many stories of their exploits together. The story "The Prairie Flower" (now out of print) dealt with many characters with whom we were more or less acquainted. George (Squire) Ebberts and Dr. William Geiger were characters in that book, one copy of which was in the college library at Forest Grove a few years ago.

The following is an extract from a letter written by T. S. Wilkes to Judge D'Arcy, dated May 3, 1926.

"Last Saturday at Champoeg, a speaker saw fit to question the importance of Joe Meek's part in the memorable meeting of 1843. As to just what words were used he may be right but for my part I do not want to let this matter rest under any doubt as to the importance of Meek's part in that meeting as far as I am able to prevent, so it may be that I can add something toward clearing up any question on that point.

It was my good fortune to listen to John S. Griffin on two different occasions when he was talking about that meeting. True, I was quite small and was more interested in the nervous clasping and unclasping of his hands than in the subject of his conversation...."

"I was about fourteen years old when I heard him telling my grandfather, Hyer Jackson, about some meeting which was called for the purpose of deciding on the disposal of some estate and he said that he did not want to have anything to do with it on account of a slave being part of the assets and he thought if he took part in

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the meeting he would be a party to the crime of selling the unfortunate negro into slavery and that if nothing was done the estate would be dissipated and scattered and the negro might escape bondage and he was far more willing that the estate be scattered and lost altogether than for that to happen so he decided not to go but Joe Meek came to him and told him that if nothing were done by the Americans the Hudson Bay officials would take charge of the entire estate, negro and all, and dispose of it as best suited them. Griffin said that he told Meek that there was no slavery in the British possessions and that the negro could not be sold by British law but Meek told him that there were plenty of ship captains that would give a hundred dollars for the Negro and take him to the West Indies and sell him and that the chief factor in Vancouver (Douglas I think he said) wouldn't let such an opportunity for turning a dollar slip out of his hands. He said Meek came to him several times about the matter before he concluded to go, and that when he did decide to go Meek prevailed on him to go see Alvin T. Smith and urge him to attend. Smith, he said, was busy putting in a ciop and was somewhat hard to persuade but on Griffin's representation of the importance of some kind of government than the Hudson Bay official's semi-military rule he consented to attend.

"At another time I heard him tell substantially the same story and added that Meek was primarily instrumental in getting Squire Ebberts to go. Ebberts had but little interest in such matters as slavery, but was a consistent enemy of the Hudson Bay Company, and Meek, no doubt, used that as a lever in this case.

"I feel little doubt that but for Joe Meek's personal efforts in getting out the votes, the motion to organize would have been lost through the absence of at least three who voted to organize. Meek was a frequent visitor in my grandfather's house and loved to talk over those old times but unfortunately I never heard him tell anything about the Champoeg meeting..."

"T. S. WILKES,

"Grandson of Peyton Wilkes,

"Pioneer of 1845."
CHAPTER XX.

Thoughts Referring to the Champoeg Meeting of 1843

Four score and seventeen years ago our fathers met on this spot to organize an orderly government for themselves and for us, who today celebrate that event. Whether, or not, that meeting seriously affected or directed the course of history, I shall not now discuss. It would be useless for me to recount the events which led up to that episode, for I could add nothing to the sum knowledge not already well known to all who have made a study of Oregon history.

First let me say that no son of the West takes any more pride in that achievement than I do. Nor is there anyone more loyal to that flag; though I have never shed blood to render, or keep it free from stain.

But with all of our enthusiasm and patriotism we may remember that the vote which brought about the decision reached that day was very nearly a tie, and it may be that it was but an accident that the other side did not win, on that day. With this in mind, may we not be excused for wondering, and speculating on what would have been the result, had the majority been on the other side?

History tells us that those on the losing side cheerfully acquiesced and assisted in the work of organization. May we not suppose that the pro-Americans, we at heart, just as good sports as the others? Had that possibility come to pass, would we who are here today be moping in sack-cloth and ashes because the flag above us was not the one that our immediate fathers would have preferred? Indeed not! We'd be here just as enthusiastically cheering the other flag, just as warm in our praise of the brave and loyal band who then and there upheld the first and only standard that was ever reflected from the bright bosom of Beautiful Willamette.

So after all, our celebration has for its central idea not so much the flag we fly, as the fact that our forbears were Oregon Pioneers. They were here, and we are here, not because of this, or any other
flag; but the flag, and we, are here because of them; because of condi-
tions which existed before ever a flag was unfurled here or any-
where else.

This beautiful stream with its fertile valley over which bends
the charming climate which has never failed to bring forth a bounti-
ful harvest after every seed-time, afforded lure enough to cause them
to turn their backs to the home and ties of kindred and trek to the
West, and on these shores to forever rest.

Over us drapes the folds of Old Glory, may it forever be as
stainless and pure as our very mother. When we turn to the North
we see the bosom of Bright Willamette.

In whose crystal deeps inverted swings a picture of the sky,
Like those wavering hopes of Aiden, dimly in our dreams that lie.

Onward ever lovely river,
Softly calling to the sea,
Time that scars us, maims and mars us,
Leaves no tracks or trench on thee.

Under our feet, on hands, and clothes, we see the soil of our fer-
tile valley; good enough to be born on; good enough to live on; good
enough to be buried in,” while over us bends the heaven of purest
blue, washed by the bounteous rains, distilled from Pacific’s roaring
billows.

Before us are the faces and we look into the eyes of our very kins-
men, and looking deeper we see the imprint of the rugged purpose
of those noble actions made this a sacred shrine; who gave us life and
imparted whatever of character and determination we exhibit in the
scanty honor we offer them today.

Yes! It may have been chance that this flag above us waves today
but it was by no mere chance that they were here on that day; nor
is it an accident that we are here on this day. It was no mere frolic
that brought them “Across the Plains” and caused them to make
homes for you and me, and they had, on the way, no such picnic as
we are enjoying now.
No matter what the design of the flag, may be, I have no doubt that this very assembly would be here under any flag, or no flag at all; friend would be presiding over us just as one is now, even though we spoke nothing but Chinook. Doubtless no flag that ever waved would have caused him to have settled anywhere else. Would any mere flag, or the color, or design of any standard have altered all the enthusiasm of our late friend Albert Tozier. Of one thing we may feel certain if he had been consulted he surely would have been a native Oregonian.

And many others which we easily could name, are here now, not because of the flag, or manner of government, but because Oregon is here. Because our parents loved the West, the frontier, the great outdoors, the life of the Pioneer.

Into our hands has fallen the torch which they so bravely bore to this fair shore. We must carry it on, undimmed, and may we hope that those who follow to take our places may turn toward the past with the same pride that we feel today. If we fail in this, then we have been unworthy of the heritage which has been so valiantly and hopefully laid at our feet.
CHAPTER XXI.

From the Indian's Standpoint

Though several of our people were, more or less, engaged in the early Indian troubles of Oregon, I have often heard my father say that the Indian never did have a fair deal from the whites. He often said "I never blamed the Indians for fighting but did blame them for their manner of fighting."

Joe Meek comments on the subject, see "River of the West" by Frances Victor, a book well worthy of perusal by any lover of the old West. The book is now out of print, but copies are available.

Let us now take a look at the situation from the Indian's point of view.

From the beginning, so far as he knew, this had been the Indian's home; he had held it by sheer ability to cope with all comers, for, with the Indian, force was the only law. He knew that the white man was, in most ways, his superior, was progressive, organized and selfish. That by the advancement of white men his own freedom would be restricted and new and strange customs would be introduced and himself forced into conformity.

But above all, that most sacred of all animal instincts, the love he bore toward his female was encroached upon. No male animal, no matter how low, will peacefully permit another to win his mate from him.

And that is just what the white man proceeded to do. Without compunction the white man wooed and won the choicest of the Indian women, and often the seduction was not peacefully, or gently, accomplished. Many of the frontiersmen considered the Indian woman legitimate prey and were ever ready to violate any unprotected Indian woman they might meet. Thus loathsome diseases were often forced upon unwilling Indians. Though many of the whites were here primarily for the good of the Indian, even these were attempting to change his very nature, by means which he did not comprehend; while
the great majority were bent upon exploiting the Indians for their own selfish ends.

When we view the situation from where the aborigines stood; when we remember the many deeds of kindness, indeed of true humanity, toward the ever encroaching white man, an avalanche of sympathy overcomes us. Would that there were not another side to the picture.

I have told you how my father's family were saved from almost certain destruction by Indians. Dr. McLoughlin having sent Noble Ellis, an Indian, to rescue them; also later herein I will tell of the narrow escape of my mother's train, and the most frightful fate of the Ward train. I repeat that father was right in saying, "I never blamed the Indians for fighting, but did blame them for their manner of fighting."

Historians seem to find a trace of glory in the fact that this Oregon country is the only part of the United States that was acquired without purchase or bloodshed; but, they have not, to my knowledge, fully explained how it was acquired. Unquestionably, it originally belonged to the Indians, as much as any other land ever belonged to them, and it came to us by their lack of stamina to defend themselves and their homes. Weakened by the white men's diseases, decimated by their own internal dissensions, wars and incursions, they permitted our forebears to appropriate this beautiful domain without price of blood or pelf. but I wonder if the distinction is worth the price, or lack of price, that we have to pay, if we but weigh it in the scales of common justice?

I take occasion here to quote from "The River of the West," part of Chapter XIII wherein the author comments on the reactions of the aborigines toward the whites, and especially the missionaries.

"This year (1832) there appeared, at rendezvous, two gentlemen, who had accompanied the St. Louis Company in its outward trip to the mountains....

"The cause which had brought these gentlemen to the wilderness was a little incident connected with the fur trade. Four Flathead Indians, in the year 1832, having heard enough of the Christian religion, from the few devout men connected with the fur companies, to desire to know more performed a winter journey to St. Louis,
and there made inquiry about the white man's religion. This incident, which to any one acquainted with Indian character, would appear a very natural one, when it became known to Christian churches in the United States, excited a very lively interest and seemed to call upon them like a voice out of heaven, to fly to the rescue of perishing souls. The Methodist Church was the first to respond. When Wyeth returned to the mountains in 1934, four missionaries accompanied him, destined for the valley of the Willamette River in Oregon. In the following year, the Presbyterian Church sent out its agents, the two gentlemen above mentioned; one of whom, Dr. Whitman, subsequently located near Fort Walla Walla.

"The account given by Capt. Bonneville of the Flatheads and Nez Perces, as he found them in 1832, before missionary labor had been among them throws some light on the incident of the journey to St. Louis, which so touched the Christian heart in the United States. After relating his surprise at finding that the Nez Perces observed certain sacred days, he continues, 'A few days afterwards, four of them signified that they were about to hunt.' What! exclaimed the captain, without guns or arrows, and with only one old spear? What do you expect to kill? They smiled among themselves, but made no answer. Preparatory to the chase, they performed some religious rites and offered up to the Great Spirit a few short prayers for safety and success; then having received the blessing of their wives, they leaped upon their horses and departed, leaving the whole party of Christian spectators amazed and rebuked by this lesson of faith and dependence on a supreme and benevolent being. Accustomed as I had heretofore been to find the wretched Indian reveling in blood, and stained by every vice which can degrade human nature, I could scarcely realize the scene which I had witnessed. Wonder at such unaffected tenderness and piety, where it was least to have been sought, contends in all our bosoms with shame and confusion, at receiving such pure and wholesome instructions from creatures so far below us in all the arts and comforts of life.

"Simply to call these people religious, continued Bonneville, would convey but a faint idea of the deep hue of piety and devotion which prevades their whole conduct. Their honesty is immaculate, and their
purity of purpose, and their observance of the rites of their religion, are most uniform and remarkable. They are certainly more like a nation of saints than a horde of savages.

"This was a very enthusiastic view to take of the Nez Perce character, which appeared all the brighter to the captain, by contrast with the savage life which he had witnessed in other places and even by contrast with the conduct of the white trappers. But the Nez Perce and Flatheads were, intellectually and morally an exception to all the Indian tribes west of the Missouri River. Lewis and Clark found them different from any others; the fur traders and missionaries found them different; and they remain, at this day, an honorable example for probity and piety, to both savage and civilized peoples.

"To account for this superiority is indeed difficult. The only clue to the cause is in the following statement of Bonneville. 'It would appear that they had imbibed some notion of the Christian faith from Catholic missionaries and traders who had been among them. They even had a rude calendar of the fasts and festivals of the Roman Church, and some traces of its ceremonials. These have become blended with their own rites, and present a strange medley, civilized and barbarous.'

Finding these people among whom he was thrown exhibited such remarkable traits of character, Captain Bonneville exerted himself to make them acquainted with the history and spirit of Christianity. To these explanations they listened with great eagerness. 'Many a time' he says, 'was my little lodge thronged, or rather piled with hearers, for they lay on the ground, one leaning over the other until there was no further room, all listening with greedy ears to the wonders which the Great Spirit had revealed to the white man. No other subject gave them half the satisfaction, or commanded half the attention; and but few scenes of my life remain so freshly on my memory, or are so pleasureably recalled to my contemplation, as these hours of intercourse with a distant and benighted race in the midst of the desert.'

..."It was the interest awakened by these discourses of Captain Bonneville, and possibly by Smith, and other traders who happened to fall in with the Nez Perce and Flatheads, that stimulated those
four Flatheads to undertake the journey to St. Louis in search of information and this it was which resulted in the establishment of missions, both in Western Oregon, and among tribes inhabiting the country between the two great branches of the Columbia.

"The traits of Indian character which Bonneville (in his pleased surprise at the apparent piety of the Nez Perce and Flatheads) failed to observe, and which the missionaries themselves for a long time remained oblivious to, was the material nature of their religious views. The Indian judges all things by the material results. If he is possessed of a good natural intelligence and power of observation, he soon discovers that the God of the Indian is but a feeble Deity; for does he not permit the Indian to be defeated in war; to starve and to freeze? Do not the Indian medicine men often fail to save life; to win battles; to curse their enemies? The Indian's God, he argues, must be a good deal of a humbug. He sees the White Man faring much better. They have guns, ammunition, blankets, knives, everything in plenty; and they are successful in war; are skillful in a thousand things the Indian knows nothing of. To be so blest implies a very wise and powerful Deity. To gain these things they are eager to learn about the White Man's God; are willing to do whatever is necessary to please and propitiate him. Hence their attentiveness to the White Man's discourse about his religion. Naturally enough they were struck with wonder at the doctrine of peace and good will; a doctrine so different from the law of blood by which the Indian in his natural state, lives. Yet if it is good for the White Man, it must be good for him, at all events he is anxious to try it.

"That is the course of reasoning by which an Indian is led to inquire into Christianity. It is a desire to better his physical, rather than his spiritual condition; for of the latter he has but a very faint conception. He was accustomed to desire a material heaven, such a world beyond the grave, as he could only imagine from his earthly experience. Heaven was happiness, and happiness was plenty; therefore the most a good Indian could desire was to go where there should forevermore be plenty.

"Such was the Indian's view of religion, and it could be no other. Until the wants of the body have been supplied by civilization, the
wants of the soul do not develop themselves; and until then the savage is not prepared to understand Christianity. This is the law of nature and God. Primeval man was a savage; and it was, little by little, through thousands of years, that Christ was revealed. Every child born, even now, is a savage and has to be taught civilization year after year until he arrives at the possibility of comprehending spiritual religion. So every full grown barbarian is a child in moral development; and to expect him to comprehend those mysteries over which the world has agonized for centuries is to commit the gravest error. Into this error fell all the missionaries who came to the wilds that lay beyond the Rocky Mountains. They undertook to teach religion first and more simple matters afterwards; building their edifices like the Irishman’s chimney, by holding up the top brick, and putting the others under it. Failure was the result of such a process, as the record of the Oregon Missions sufficiently proves.”
CHAPTER XXII

The Williams and Kelsey Families and Indian Scares

Among the earliest pioneer settlers in the Tualatin Valley were William Jolly, Richard Williams, Isaiah Kelsey, and their families (the last two named were brothers-in-law). True, there were some of the mountain men, ex-trappers who had Indian wives, and a few missionaries who had begun permanent settlement here.

The Kelsey and Williams families had crossed the plains in the summer of 1841 with a company of fur traders in a train of ninety carts, besides their own wagons.

From one of the Williams' descendants we have some of the experiences of these families in crossing the plains. While on the Platte River their guide, named Fitzpatrick, seeing an ominous cloud in the sky anticipated a heavy storm and told them to prepare for it by unhitching and chaining their wagons to trees which some of the travellers thought unnecessary but later they saw that a large part of their outfit would have been destroyed had these precautions not been taken. After the storm was over, a few miles on, they found hailstones as large as hen's eggs which would have done very much more damage had the train been where these fell.

At one time several hundred Indians approached them, carrying guns and tomahawks. The guide had the party stop, form their wagons in a circle and unhitch, with the women and children in the center and every man and boy to stand with a gun, or, if he had no gun, to hold a stick to look like a gun. The guide went forward to parley with the Indians but soon came back and told the party if they had any old clothes, dresses, aprons and beads, if they would give them to him he could pacify the redskins. This was done and the Indians rode away.

At Fort Hall, in Eastern Idaho, they exchanged their oxen for Indian ponies, abandoned their wagons and carts, and proceeded by pack train to Vancouver where the Hudson Bay Company had their trading post and headquarters.
BY AN OREGON PIONEEER FIRESIDE

They were ferried across the Columbia and Willamette Rivers by Indians with canoes, swimming their ponies and camped on the present site of Portland, which was then practically uninhabited. In prospecting for a location the men came to the summit, somewhere near Council Crest, where they could see this beautiful valley, which the Indians called by some term which sounds like Tualatin, which is said to mean quiet and restful, others say sluggish water.

Imagine, if you can, the thrill they must have experienced on beholding this beautiful domain which was theirs for the taking. "Here," said they, "is where we will make our home." Seeing a little smoke curling up they made their way to it and found Reverend J. S. Griffin, a missionary who had settled about a mile north and a mile east of where Hillsboro is now situated.

Reverends Harvey Clarke and William Geiger, missionaries, and maybe a few others, had settled at, or near, what is now Forest Grove, while Joe Meek, Charles McKay, George (Squire) Ebberts, and a few others, ex-trappers, with Indian wives, had made settlement at different points in the valley.

It was now too late in the season to raise any crops and as their stores were exhausted they certainly would have suffered had it not been for some of the Indian women. These Indian women were most faithful helpmates, and in their way the best of neighbors.

"Aunt Fanny," as Mrs. Ebberts was affectionately known, taught the new comers how to prepare the rosehips, to peel and eat the bark of certain trees, to dig and prepare the wild camas and the kouse or yampa, which is a species of the native carrot, and to find the stores of hazelnuts hidden by the squirrels for their own subsistence. She divided her scanty store of wheat, which she taught them to prepare for food by parching and pounding in an Indian mortar. This, by using only three tablespoonsful to a pint of water, made a gruel of which each child was given three teaspoonsful three times a day. These, together with the wild game they could capture enabled them to subsist through the first winter. The next spring Aunt Fanny taught them to gather the tender shoots of the raspberry vines, the dandelion and sheep sorrel, pigweed, lamb's quarter, and other wild plants, which made very palatable greens. Even the babies seemed

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BY AN OREGON PIONEER FIRESIDE

to relish this crude and scanty fare which was the same as Aunt Fanny was accustomed to giving her own children.

At one period when the menfolks were away, (probably at the time of the Yakima War), the Indians in the neighborhood became restive, painting themselves in gaudy colors and at night would hold noisy dances around fires which were built in conspicuous places to be seen great distances where other fires and similar dances were in progress. They would halloo and make bird-like noises, which would be answered on the other side of the hills. The white women became very much alarmed at this, fearing an attack at night, they would roll the children up in quilts and hide them in the swamps at night, returning during the day as there was less danger of an attack in daylight. Their excitement soon subsided.

The Indian is naturally an inveterate beggar and would come to the emigrants after they had harvested the season's crops and beg for flour, or whatever else the settlers had, and the women were afraid to refuse them. When Aunt Fanny chanced to see any of them come to one of the houses she would mount her pony and ride like the wind and take the Indians by the arms and tell them to go. That was sufficient, as she seemed to cast some kind of spell over them that they could not resist. Had she not done this the Indians would have made the white women give them everything they had to live on.

The Indians had no idea of providing for the future and little regard for the future welfare of themselves or others so they ate whatever they could. They willingly shared their home and provisions with all who came and they accordingly had no hesitancy in availing themselves of the hospitality of others. It was their custom to come right into the house without waiting for an invitation and help themselves to whatever they saw that they wanted and the safest way was to submit without protest.

Happily no instance of massacre mars the history of the Willamette Valley. That there were too many whites in the valley was, very likely, the reason why the Calapooias did not join in the Yakima War, for it is now known that just before that outbreak an Indian spy passed through the valley, went into all the houses and took stock of all the firearms he saw. This was, no doubt, for the purpose of
sizing up the chances of successful outbreak.

Further confirmation of this dangerous condition of the Indians is found in the following:

"Dr. Alfred Kinney, speaking at the Statehood Dinner February 14, 1938, in reciting reminiscences of West Chehalem Valley, told us that at the time of the Yakima War, the young Indians residing in the vicinity of Wapato Lake became very restless and did threaten to fall upon the settlers who were in very vulnerable positions as their men folks had gone east of the mountains to settle the uprising there. They were held in check by the older men of their tribe, who acted more coolly, knowing that in the end they would be beaten and driven from their homes and besides this, their very humanity was opposed to such a move. He said that in the height of the excitement, three of the old men, fully armed came and stayed with his mother at night to protect her and her family of small children, and gave notice to her that she would be protected until the excitement subsided. He gave a vivid account of the return and the burial of the body of Captain Hembree, who was killed in battle."

By courtesy of Samuel T. Walker we are permitted to offer here a page from the diary of his mother, the wife of Elkanah Walker, and one of the earliest settlers of Oregon.

"Last week Mr. W. went to Portland. A good deal of excitement in regard to Indians.

"Friday, October 19, 1855—Mr. Tanner and family came down and several persons commenced building a fort around William Catching's house. (This is near where the Masonic Home is now situated). The weather, rainy.

"Saturday, October 20—Reports continue to come which excite and alarm. Some building a fort and some ridiculing the idea of danger.

"Sunday, October 21—Ministers and deacons all at work on the fort. No meeting. Those who laughed at others becoming alarmed, commenced another around the academy. A company of volunteers busy preparing to start at sunrise. Blacksmiths shoeing horses, gunsmiths repairing guns, nothing thought of but war."

At the time of the arrival of the large body of settlers there re-
mained but a small portion of the Indians that had formerly inhabited the valley. The vices and diseases brought in by the whites had sadly reduced their numbers and at the time of the Civil War but a very few of the once numerous tribe of Calapooias lived in the Tualatin Plains. When our people came one large lodge was located on Dairy Creek, about a half mile above where Banks now stands, but they left not later than 1863. They moved to the Willamette Slough but for several years afterwards would return each fall to gather hazelnuts. Two of the young men, "Ladlum and Pelt" often came to visit grandmother and never failed to bring some testimonial of their regard. On one occasion Ladlum brought a string of about a dozen of the finest trout ever found in the vicinity. As these Indians and our people had always lived on the friendliest of terms they never had the slightest uneasiness about the Indians being close by. The squaws often came for fruit and vegetables, sometimes bringing dried elk meat and hazelnuts to trade. Once we saw an Indian woman with a large sack of apples and three children on a pony, all at the same time. The poor little pony was almost hidden and the largest child, a girl, had to keep working herself forward by gripping the pony's hips with her thighs to keep from sliding off. The patient little beast must have been carrying fully half its own weight.

Grandmother told of witnessing an Indian burial, near where our house stood. An Indian woman and her young child had died. With the mother was buried a pony, and the unborn foal of the pony taken and buried with the baby. Father showed me where he had reinterred from our garden, the remains of two Indians, two guns and a pair of spurs.
CHAPTER XXIII.

The Hyer Jackson Family

On our mother's side the trip was in some respects much easier and less exciting, except for the Indians who were much more troublesome. This was in 1854.

Our grandfather's name was Hyer Jackson. He was of the old Virginia slave-holding stock, and a first cousin of Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson, general of great renown in the Confederate army; but grandfather had conceived a violent hatred of the institution of slavery. However, with strange inconsistency, he was an ardent follower of Stephen A. Douglas, whose consummate skill enabled him to command a following among the Free Soilers, while playing into the hands of the slave-holding wing of his own party for many years. But when the split finally came grandfather supported the Union with whole-hearted loyalty and was one of Abraham Lincoln's most ardent supporters during the war. He was a man of considerable mental ability and training, being one of the pioneer lawyers in Kentucky and Indiana. In Kentucky, he married Elizabeth Craig, who was a native of Virginia. After the birth of their son William R., they returned to Virginia, where our mother, Mary Jane, was born. The succeeding children, Preston M., Eugene S., Louisa, Sarah and Laura were born in Indiana. John H., the youngest of the family, was born in Oregon.

In 1854 they started for Oregon, going by steamboat to Independence where grandfather bought his outfit for crossing the plains. For the heavy hauling they used oxen but had one span of mules which grandmother drove a large part of the way. They passed Steamboat Springs and Scott's Bluffs which we think was off the route that the Wilkes family traveled. Of course, they followed the old emigrant road through the south pass and by Fort Hall.

By this time the Indians had become much more warlike and the Jacksons escaped massacre by one day's travel. The Ward train, just one day behind them was massacred. This was discovered by some of the Jackson train who went back in search of stray cattle. Arriving
at the place where they had passed but twenty-four hours before, they were horror-stricken to find the gruesome evidence that had wiped out a train of about twenty people. Two boys escaped, one by being wounded and falling over a cliff. The wounded boy hardly dared show himself, even when the rescuers came, as he was not sure for quite a while that they were not Indians.

The cruelty of these merciless demons was unspeakable. The men died fighting, but after they were overpowered the Indians built fires, forced the mothers to sit around while they took the children by the hair and held them over the fire and otherwise tortured them. Girls were outraged and then bored through lengthwise with red-hot irons. An unborn babe was torn from its mother in most violent manner. While other massacres involved more people as victims it is scarcely possible that any other exceeded the Ward massacre for the devilish thoroughness of its cruelty. One of the soldiers who was stationed at Fort Hall, in telling of what he saw, when burying the victims, after a lapse of twenty-four years would actually sweat at the recollection of the horrors, and he swore that that one deed was enough to justify the whites for “wiping the whole damned race off the face of the earth.”

The other boy found his way to Fort Boise, after four days, living on berries, and traveling at night, with an arrow sticking into his back. After the discovery of the massacre the train in which the Jacksons were traveling made all possible haste to reach Fort Boise. The commandant at the fort sent a squad of soldiers back to bury the victims and another squad was sent ahead to clear the route of Indian bands, detaining the train for eleven days before he would permit them to proceed. This incident so dwarfed all other happenings of the trip that mother’s people had little else to relate of great interest.

The government proceeded to punish the Indians for this massacre, and several of the leaders were captured and hung at the scene of their monstrous crime. The gallows from which they were executed was left standing for many years, as a reminder of the awful crime they had perpetrated.

One experience they had was similar to an episode of the Wilkes
train. This was a buffalo stampede which passed about half a mile ahead of the train and lasted three hours. They had to park their wagons, keep all their cattle inside and shoot numbers of the great lumbering beasts to keep them out of the wagons. The noise, like thunder, justifies the term "thundering herd" by which these stampedes are often designated. It is believed that these stampedes were often started by the Indians for the purpose of scattering the cattle and otherwise embarrassing the emigrants' train.

In crossing the Platte River the train came near witnessing a tragedy. Definite instructions were given to every teamster "don't stop to water your team, keep moving," but one smart aleck who was too headstrong to listen permitted his wagon to stop, with the sure result that it very promptly sank into the sand until the wagon box washed off with its load of screaming women and children. They were rescued with great difficulty, and, of course, all the load was wet, hence the delay of several hours to dry out was necessary.

Fuel, by this time, was quite hard to obtain near the road at the camping places. It was generally mother's job (then in her twentieth year, and the eldest daughter) to gather the fuel and do most of the cooking for the family. This fuel was the so-called "buffalo chips," and she was often compelled to range quite a distance from the trail to get the wherewithal to make the fire to cook the meals. Her oldest brother, William, was very fastidious and wherever a gust of wind would blow the light ashes from the fire into his victuals he would grab his plate and run, calling down the direst maledictions upon all the forces that were even remotely concerned with the desecrative pollution of his meal. The others of more philosophic turn of mind soon learned to endure what they could not avoid.

The emigrants had a simple way of churning. They drove cows all the way, occasionally working them in the teams when it became necessary. They would put the milk in a churn and hang it on the rear of the wagon and by night it would be thoroughly churned by the jolting of the wagon over the rough roads.

With the great abundance of wild animals such as buffalo, antelope and deer there was seldom difficulty in providing sufficient meat. But after crossing the Snake River near the mouth of the Mal-
heur these animals were not so plentiful and some of the pioneers could
tell you that jack rabbits, ground squirrels, prairie dogs and even
the common Indian dogs helped out in cases of stress. A sage hen, or
a porcupine, often came in very handy. Along the Columbia and the
Snake Rivers many worn and battle scarred salmon contributed wel-
come change to the all too scanty menu. How welcome to their weary
travel worn eyes must have been the lovely green vistas of the Willam-
ette Valley.

A story I have heard Grandmother Jackson tell aptly illustrates
one of the foibles of human nature and doubtless accounts for many
of the discrepancies which we find in the narratives of the events of
the past. She told how, when their caravan approached the soda springs
in Eastern Idaho, one of the boys on a saddle horse rode up to the
springs and the horse being thirsty walked boldly into the water. The
pool being much deeper than he expected, horse, rider, and all, were
plunged headlong into the water but they soon escaped without serious
difficulty or injury. She said, "I've heard both William and Preston
tell the story, each claiming that it was himself that was on the horse,
but it wasn't either of them, it was Eugene."

One meets, not infrequently, with people who are given to this
class of mis-statements. These errors, I believe, are due more to forget-
fulness or faulty memory, rather than from intentional mis representa-
tion. In the above, I believe that grandma was the one who was right,
yet it would not be reasonable to suppose that either of those men
would deliberately falsify the statement in her presence knowing that
she was there and knew the true state of affairs.

I believe that many a man is rated as a common liar, whose mem-
ory is the guilty member, and that he actually believes the exaggera-
tions which he so positively states.

Upon arriving at The Dalles, the wagon and women and children
were loaded upon bateaux and the horses and cattle driven along the
banks of the Columbia until the Cascades were passed, after which the
comparatively easy part of the journey continued with the team.
Arriving in Washington County where grandfather's two brothers,
John B. and Ulysses Jackson, were already living, the family were
soon comfortably domiciled on their own donation claim near the pres-
ent site of Connell Station on the United Railways six miles north, and a little east from Hillsboro.

Here they were glad to rest from their arduous and soul-racking journey. And we who have come into the rich heritage which they so labored to win for us can never do too much to honor their names and perpetuate their well-earned fame. We thoroughly agree with the Old Yamhillier who, when the preacher put his congregation to a vote as to who wanted to go to heaven, got a favorable vote from all but one. He asked this one if he wanted to go to Hell, only to get the reply, “No sir, old Yamhill is good enough for me.”

The Jacksons remained on the donation only a few years, then bought a farm just south of Hillsboro in the low land which is known as the “Jackson Bottom.” This, though but little over a mile from town, was very completely isolated for a good part of the year; in winter by the water, and at other times by the condition of the road, over the soft, bottom land.

Grandfather practiced law in town, and held several of the county offices. He died somewhat suddenly at his home in 1873. He was County Treasurer at the time and his last words were “The keys are in my pocket, the money in the safe.”

Often have I been complimented on having as one of my ancestors a man of such sterling integrity, honor and wisdom. He was the first of our treasurers of this county to die in office. Three of whom died suddenly, and one, besides himself, named Jackson.
CHAPTER XXIV.

As this article is written for the purpose of preserving a record of the old west and pioneer days, I am constrained to add here a few of the old "folk songs" which were the common entertainment around the pioneer fireside. Musical instruments were not common among our people. Of course a few of the neighbors had violins and accordions but the soul of the pioneer found expression in the human voice and the songs, words as well as music were in such communities as ours entirely unwritten which permitted many errors and inaccuracies to enter in.

Many of the songs while expressing tender and noble sentiments were but the merest of doggerel in expression, illy rhymed and strained in rhythm.

The wayfarer of pioneer days who chanced to pass a night in the Jabe Wilkes home or to attend a meeting where Bob Walker was present surely heard some of these old ditties in true pioneer splendor. Most of the following I have never chanced to see in print yet I feel that they deserve preservation for the reasons above stated. The purpose of these songs, was to tell a story rather than the charm of music; hence anybody could sing if he knew the words. One often heard another say "I was a good singer before tunes came in fashion."

SOME OF THE SONGS WE SANG

All around the little farm I've wandered,
    When I was young.
Many are the happy hours I've squandered,
    Many the songs I've sung.

FLORA AND DONALD

As I was awalking one evening of late
Where Flora's gay mantle did the fields decorate
I carelessly wandered where I did not know
On the banks of a fountain that lies near Glenco.
Like her whom the pride of Mount Ida had won,
There approached me a lassie as bright as the sun;
Her ribbons and tartans all round her did flow,
And she once graced McDonald the pride of Glenco.

Says I my fair lassie your enchanting smiles
And your comely sweet features have my heart beguiled,
And if your kind affections on me you'll bestow
You'll bless the happy hour that we met near Glenco.

Young man, she made answer, your suit I disdain
For I once had a true love young, Donald by name,
But he went to the war about ten years ago
And a maid I'll remain till he returns to Glenco.

Perhaps that your Donald regards not your name
And has placed his affections on some foreign dame
And he may have forgotten for aught that you know
The lovely young damsel that he left in Glenco.

My Donald from his promise will never depart,
For love, truth and honor are found in his heart
And if he ne'er returns why then single I'll go
And mourn for my Donald, the pride of Glenco.

The powers of French love are hard to pull down,
They've caused many a hero to die of their wound;
And with your young Donald it may happened so,
The one that you so loved perhaps is laid low.

O my Donald's true valor when tried in the field,
Like his gallant ancestors disdaining to yield;
The French and the Spanish he'll soon overthrow,
And in splendor he'll return to my arms in Glenco.

When finding her constant I pulled out a glove,
Which at parting she gave me as a token of love,
She fell on my breast while the tears down did flow,
Saying, are you my Donald returned to Glenco.
BY AN OREGON PIONEER FIRESIDE

O yes, dearest Flora, your sorrows are o'er,
While life doth remain us we'll be parted no more;
The rude storms of war at a distance may blow,
While in the peace and contentment we'll reside in Glenco.

UPSIDE DOWN

Once I was a roving lad, all free from strife and care
The girls they all admired me as I rode from fair to fair
The girls they all admired me as I rode from town to town
But now I'm married to a wife and I am turned upside down.

A few days back I went to town to sell a load of hay
When meeting some friends of mine they caused me for to stay
We hadn't drunk but a glass or two till my wife came into town
Which made my case look worse and worse and I was worse turned upside down.

At last I said to my loving wife "There is no pleasure here"
Like thunder in the elements she rattled in my ear
And then she took an empty glass and vowed she'd crack my crown
Which made my case look worse and worse and I was worse turned upside down.

I started home with my loving wife midst a deal of strife and care
When meeting with 'old Granger Wiles my tale to him did bear
With this advice my old friend began with a dark and dismal frown
Right then you should have her sides well mauled and turned her upside down.

I went on home with my loving wife and she began to bawl
And then I took my old friend's advice and her sides I well did maul
And now I've got as good a wife as any in this town
And we've never had another fight since I turned her upside down.
Sons of free men, listen to me, and ye daughters too, give ear
You a sad and mournful story as was ever told, shall hear.
Hull, you know, his troops surrendered and defenseless left the west
Then our forces quick assembled, the invaders to resist.

Tender were the scenes of parting, mothers wrung their hands and cried,
Maidens wept their swains in secret, fathers strove their tears to hide,
But there's one among the number, tall and graceful in his mien
And his step was firm and manly, scarce a nobler youth was seen.

One sweet kiss he snatched from Mary, breathed his mother's prayer once more
Pressed his father's hand and left them for Lake Erie's distant shore
Soon they came where gallant Perry has assembled all his fleet
There the noble Bird enlisted hoping soon the foe to meet.

Where is Bird the battle rages, is he in the strife, or no.
Now the cannon's roar tremendous, dare he meet the hostile foe?
Yes, behold both him and Perry in the self-same ship they fight
Though his messmates fall around him, nothing can his soul aflight.

But behold a ball has struck him, see the crimson current flow,
"Leave the deck," exclaimed brave Perry. "No," cried Bird, "I will not go."
"Here on deck I took my station, here will Bird his colors fly,
I'll stand by you, gallant captain, till we conquer or we die."
There he fought, though faint and bleeding till the stars and stripes arose
Victory having crowned our efforts, all triumphant o'er our foes.

Well, did Bird receive a pension, was he to his friends restored?
No, nor never to his bosom clasped the maid his heart adored.
But there came most dreadful tidings from Lake Erie's distant shore;
Better if brave Bird had perished midst the battle's awful roar.
"Dearest parents," said the letter, "This will bring sad news to you
Do not mourn your first beloved though this brings his last adieu
Read this letter, brother, sister, 'tis the last you'll get from me
I must suffer for deserting from the brig Niagara.

Sad and gloomy was the morning Bird was ordered out to die.
Where's the heart not dead to pity but for him will heave a sigh?
See him march and bear his fetters, harsh the clank upon the ear
But his step was firm and manly, for his heart ne'er harbored fear.

Now he kneels upon his coffin, sure his death can do no good.
*Spare him, hark, oh God, they've shot him, his poor bosom streams
with blood.
Farewell, Bird, farewell forever, friends and home you'll see me no
more,
For your mangled corpse lies buried on Lake Erie's distant shore.

*The quotation is said to be from Commodore Perry, who by hard
riding came thus near to saving from death the gallant Bird who had
been unjustly accused, tried and convicted.

THE FELLOW THAT LOOKS LIKE ME

In sad despair I wander, my heart is filled with woe,
And on my grief I ponder, what to do I do not know.
For cruel fate does on me frown and the trouble seems to be
There's another fellow in this here town the very image of me.

Chorus

O wouldn't I like to catch him
Whoever he may be
O wouldn't I smash the pumpkin head
Of that fellow that looks like me.
BY AN OREGON PIONEER FIRESIDE

One night I went a courting a girl as dear as life
When a lady who had just come in said "Brown, how is your wife?"
In vain I said "I'm a single man but married soon hope to be"
They called me a knave and kicked me out for the fellow that looks like me.

The other day I chanced to stray on a little street down town
When a man I met took hold of me saying "I've got you, Mr. Brown
You know my daughter you have wronged" but the girl I never did see,
He beat me till I was black and blue for the fellow that looks like me.

One night as I attended a ball and was just enjoying the sport
A policeman gripped me by the arm saying "you've wanted down at court
You've escaped me once but this here time I'll see that you don't get free."
So they dragged me off and they locked me up for the fellow that looks like me.

Next I was tried, found guilty too and about to be taken down
When another policeman just came in with the right criminal, Mr. Brown.
They set me free and locked him up and he was a sight to see
For the ugliest devil ever I saw was the fellow that looks like me.

YOUNG ROGER AND KATE

Young Roger, the squire, came a-courting of late
He courted a damsel called beautiful Kate
Her eyes they did sparkle like the azure above
And her cheeks they were painted familiar with love.

The wedding was hurried, the money paid down,
The beautiful sum of ten thousand pound
But Roger being greedy did solemnly swear
I won't marry your daughter without the gray mare.
BY AN OREGON PIONEER FIRESIDE

The old man arose with anger and speed
"I thought you would marry my daughter indeed
But since it's no better, I'm glad it's no worse
So I'll gin up my money and purse.

A month or so after a little above
Young Roger he met with Miss Katie, his love
And smiling says Roger "Oh, don't you know me?"
"If I'm not mistaken, I've seen you, said she.

"A man of your likeness and long yellow hair
Once came a-courting my father's gray mare."
"Alas," said Roger, "Could I have had both
Then sometime in pleasure I could have rode forth."

"But since I have lost such a beautiful sum
Therefore I am sorry for what I have done."
"A fig for your sorrow, I value it not,
There are young men enough in this world to be got."

I think a young man must be in despair
To throw off on a girl for the price of a mare.
The price of a mare is nothing so great
So farewell to you, Roger, good-bye to you Kate.

BANKS OF SWEET DUNDEE

'Tis of a farmer's daughter more beautiful than told
Her father died and left her ten thousand pounds in gold
She lived with her uncle who caused her all her woe
And you shall quickly understand she caused his overthrow.

Her uncle had a plow boy whom Mary loved full well
Down in her uncle's garden, the tale of love did tell
There was a rich young squire who often came to see
But Mary loved the plow-boy on the banks of the Sweet Dundee.

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One day her uncle and the squire rode out together
Her uncle said unto him, "O William, is in favor
O 'tis my intention to tie him to some tree
Or else to banish William from the banks of the Sweet Dundee.

Early next morning before she had arose
He went to her bedroom, saying "O put on your clothes,
Arise my pretty, fair maiden, you soon shall happy be,
For you shall marry the squire on the banks of the Sweet Dundee.

"A fig for all your squires, your lords and dukes likewise,
For William appears unto me like diamonds in my eyes,"
"Begone you unruly fair maid, you ne'er shall happy be
For I shall banish William from the banks of the Sweet Dundee."

His men attacked poor William when he was all alone
He fought there so bravely, but there were six to one
His blood it flowed in torrents, "Pray kill me now", said he,
"For I will die for Mary, on the banks of the Sweet Dundee.

As Mary walked out lamenting for her love
She met with the Squire down in her uncle's grove.
He clasped his arms around her, "Stand back this man," said she
"For you have banished my true love from the banks of the Sweet Dundee."

He clasped his arms around her and tried to hold her fast
And there she saw his weapons beneath his morning dress.
She drew the sword and pistol which he had used so free,
The pistol shot and killed the squire, on the banks of the Sweet Dundee.

Her uncle overheard the noise and hastened to the ground
"Since you have killed the squire, I'll give you your death wound"
"Stand back, my dearest uncle, undaunted I will be."
The sword she drew and her uncle slew, on the banks of the Sweet Dundee.
BY AN OREGON PIONEER FIRESIDE

A doctor was sent for, a man of noted skill
Also a lawyer to write and sign his will
His gold he willed to Mary who fought so manfully
Then closed his eyes no more to rise, on the banks of the Sweet Dundee.

YOUNG CHARLOTTE

This song must have been quite popular with the people, as I have heard it as it came from different parts of the country, always by memory, with slightly different tune and wording. To sing this song through required from six to eight minutes, else I should have included it here.
CHAPTER XXV.

The Great Wind Storm

On January 9, 1880, occurred the greatest wind storm this country has ever experienced, so far as positive evidence can be found. However, there are evidences that there might have been such a storm, but a few hundred years ago.

The wind began about 11 a.m. and increased in velocity till about 1 p.m. About fifty miles per hour was sustained for a considerable time, while gusts reached sixty miles, or more, for short periods. The general course was from the south and southwest. Nearly all the veteran trees in the eastern part of the Willamette Valley were blown down. Where had stood beautiful stands of fir timber, there was left only the snags, and small trees that did not stand in the path of the larger trees as they fell. From the files of The Oregonian we find that between the Bacon Place (now called West Slope) and Portland 287 trees lay across the wagon road, nearly all in a little over one mile. Between Beaverton and Portland were 365 trees across the railroad. On the Baseline Road, east of Portland, at one place there were 102 across the road, in a quarter of a mile; between 500 and 600 across the railroad between Hillsboro and Beaverton, ten miles; only 16 across the railroad between Hillsboro and Cornelius, three miles. Many barns and a few houses were unroofed, fences, orchards, outbuildings, indeed nearly everything suffered. Many heads of stock were killed, but only one or two human lives were lost, though several were hurt. A large section of the roof was torn from the State House at Salem.

Such a storm having visited us that once, with some evidence of at least one similar storm, a long time ago, it behooves us to be prepared for a repetition though we hope it may never come. But should it be repeated there would be vast destruction of valuable property, of pretty nearly every kind, and more or less loss of human life.

There are orchards that would be ruined, there are shade and ornamental trees that would cause damage to nearby buildings, buildings that would be unroofed and otherwise damaged, etc.

I have warned you; now beware.
CHAPTER XXVI.

Read at annual meeting of Washington County Pioneer Association and Native Sons and Daughters of Oregon, June 1935 by W.W. Jaquith.

THE HIGHEST FLOOD IN 20,000 YEARS

The visitor to the water front at Portland these days is shown the high water mark of June 1934, as shown by the line of debris, large and small, which the water has left at its highest flood.

If he is particularly interested he may be taken several blocks back from the docks and on some of the oldest buildings be shown the high water line of 1894, the highest, he is told, that has ever been known.

These annual floods which come sweeping down the Columbia River are a source of constant wonder to the observer. What an enormous amount of snow must fall away to the northward, over 20,000 square miles of watershed which, when melted, produces the vast volume of flood water each season.

It will interest Washington County people to know that a great many years ago a still greater flood which came down the Columbia filled this Tualatin Valley and left its high water line of debris on our surrounding hills.

If he will follow the contour line on these hills which marks an elevation of about 345 feet above present sea level, he will find this high water mark.

Here he will find fragments and small specimens of other rock which on account of being so entirely different from any of the ledges of native rock are recognized as being foreigners.

None of the fragments of rock spoken of are found at a greater elevation than this high water line of about 345 feet.

This granite or "chicken rock" as it is known locally is scattered in the lower parts of the valley but the farmers on the hills, who from pioneer days have gathered it to take home to pound up for their
chickens have wondered why none was found on the higher lands.

During the last glacial period which ended perhaps ten thousand years ago, the land in this part of North America was lower than it is now by about 245 feet according to Professor Condon. Water had poured through the Oswego gap making an inland sea of our Tualatin Valley.

Professor Condon estimated the depth at Hillsboro at 145 feet where it remained for many years.

Towards the close of this ice age when the returning warmth of the sun had commenced to melt the accumulated ice and snow a mile in depth over Canada which had pushed southward as far as the Columbia River Gorge, the volume of water coming down stream was vastly greater than it is now.

As is the case now there was much drift coming with the current then with other drift there were great blocks of ice with soil and gravel and rock frozen into them in Northern Washington where ledges of granite are found. While most of this drift no doubt went on down to the ocean, some of these ice blocks with their burdens from afar were forced by the annual water into the Tualatin section of Willamette sound through Oswego gap, the soil and gravel and fragments of rock dropped where we see them today.

If we could imagine ourselves in Washington County in the period described, we would see a beautiful inland lake somewhat like the Puget Sound of today, but with the surrounding hills appearing very much lower than now and (can we imagine) it absolutely bare of timber, for it would be impossible for timber to be here after an ice age lasting fifty thousand years or thereabouts.

It is not known what caused these ice ages, but we do know the last one came to an end, and just before the slowly rising land decreed that the water should be drained from this valley and that there should be a place where land should be dry enough to farm and men could live there; came a year when the heat from the mounting sun brought the highest flood of all. The packed snow of thousands of years yielded to his inexorable commands and sent the flood down the Columbia River in such quantities that the lower river could not carry it away fast enough, so up through Oswego gap came the back
water with its driftage and ice cakes and the high water mark of ages
was made as shown by the flotsam and jetsam piled long the shore.

Today after the lapse of several thousand years this high water
mark does not show so plainly as then. Ice blocks have gone, the soil
and dead animals and driftwood they contained have mingled their
dust with our soil; only these granite fragments remain on the sur-
face of the lands to tell us in their mute language the story of this
great flood.
IN CONCLUSION

And now, kind reader, as this draws to a conclusion, may I thank you for the indulgence of having labored through it all. May I hope, if you are of my generation, that you have found herein, some thoughts or reminiscences of the days of long ago, that have afforded you a moment of joy; or if you are of a younger generation my hope is that this may have aroused in your mind, new reverence for the times that were; that you take increased devotion to the memories of those who have done so much to make, a worthy home for a worthy people; for those who have paid such an enormous price in toil, worry, discomfort, strife and sorrow for the goodly commonwealth which we now enjoy.

Adieu, my friends, yea my kinsmen, for I claim kinship with every man woman and child who loves the old pioneers.

L. E. WILKES.
**Descendants of Peyton and Anna Wilkes**

NOTE—In preparation of this list, attempt has been made to get it complete and accurate, but owing to inability to locate some of them and to the indifference of others, many names and dates are missing and some may be incorrectly spelled, and much other data are not attainable, without more expense than seems to be justified. All may rest assured that here is no intentional omission or inaccuracy.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Date birth</th>
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<td>2, ..., 1791</td>
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<td>2. William G. Wilkes</td>
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<td>3. Annie F. Wilkes</td>
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<td>4. Lena Elvira Wright</td>
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27. Amos C. Wilkes
28. Cora Wilkes
29. Elva Wilkes
30. Granville Wilkes, Jr.
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40. Harry Wilkes
41. Robert Wilkes
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