BELIEFS AND CUSTOMS - FOLK TYPES

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Form—3

Folklore Collection (or Type)

Title Early Pioneer Life

Place of origin Portland, Ore. Date 1/11/39

Project worker Sara B. Wrenn

Project editor

Remarks

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Form B
Personal History of Informant

Federal Writers' Project
Works Progress Administration

OREGON FOLKLORE STUDIES

Name of worker Sara B. Wrenn Date January 11, 1939.

Address 505 Elks Building, Portland, Oregon

Subject Early Pioneer Life, etc.

Name and address of informant Miss Jean C. Slauson

Lower Drive, Lake Grove, Oswego, Oregon.

Information obtained should supply the following facts:

1. Ancestry
2. Place and date of birth
3. Family
4. Places lived in, with dates
5. Education, with dates
6. Occupations and accomplishments with dates
7. Special skills and interests
8. Community and religious activities
9. Description of informant
10. Other points gained in interview

1. Scotch-Irish.

2. Portland, Oregon, August 18, 1884.

3. Father, Allan B. Slauson. Mother, Agnes E. Coburn.

4. Portland, Oregon, practically all of her life.

5. Public schools of Portland; University of Oregon, 1907 graduated.

6. Teaching in public schools of Oregon.

7. No special skills. General interests, in which reading predominates.

8. General, rather than particular, community interests. Member of Unitarian Church of Portland. Member also of D. A. R., and Eastern Star order.

9. Fresh-complexioned woman of medium stature, with the hallmarks of background and breeding.

10. Much interest in early family history evidenced by informants, as well as in the Federal Writers' Project and Oregon's folklore studies.

(Use as many additional sheets as necessary, each bearing the proper heading and the number to which the material refers).

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Form C
Text of Interview (Unedited)

Federal Writers' Project
Works Progress Administration

OREGON FOLKLORE STUDIES

Name of worker Sara B. Wrenn Date January 11, 1939

Address 505 Elks Building, Portland, Oregon

Subject Early Pioneer Life.

Name and address of informant Miss Jean C. Slauson

Lower Drive, Lake Grove, Oswego, Oregon.

Text:

Our early pioneer ancestors were, as you know, all ardent woman suffragists, and they were women who could express themselves both verbally and in writing, those great-aunts of ours. Aunt Harriet Palmer began writing at an early age, as is shown by the following childish poem, written as they were leaving Illinois for Oregon in 1852:

"The trees look dead and bare
At winter's icy hand,
The wind howls 'round our cot so rare,
We'll have to leave the land.
Yes, we must leave dear Illinois
And march for Oregon City,
And there we must meet with the Iroquois (!)
Oh, dear me, what a pity."

The story of Great-aunt Martha Caffee's first winter in Oregon, is, I imagine, the same as that of most of the pioneer women of that period. The winter was spent in a one-room cabin on the river bank, near the old town of Champoeg, in Marion County. Champoeg was more important then than Portland, but was practically obliterated by the flood of 1861. The one-room cabin had a wide earthen fireplace, with a mud and stick chimney. The window consisted of a square opening in the wall,

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covered by a piece of an old sheet, both to keep out the wind and admit the light. Two homemade bedsteads framed into the opposite walls, a table improvised from rough boards and two benches -- these were the appointments of the home she and her husband had travelled six months to reach. The long winter evenings were lighted by the fireplace flames, and for "fine work", by a lamp contrived from a battered tin platter, filled with melted lard, in which floated a wick of twisted cotton rags. As there was danger the lard would give out, it was the habit of the frugal housewife to blow out the light as soon as possible every evening. On one occasion, the master of the house placed the lamp on one of the benches while he stepped outside for firewood. On economy bent, great-aunt blew out the light, and great-uncle, returning, unknowingly with his wood, seated himself in the lamp, as he mended the fire. The resulting disaster not only left the household in darkness for several evenings, but kept the good man in bed most of the next day, while great-aunt washed and dried his only pair of breeches.

Early in January, 1853, came a heavy fall of snow. The white drifts piled high, and the two remaining oxen from the long trip across the plains were without shelter. During two of the worst nights, the shivering animals were taken into, and shared the cabin with, the rest of the family. Later, a cover for each of the oxen was improvised from out the tattered wagon cover. With this protection, and the daily lopping of boughs for browsing, the cattle came bravely through the winter. There were five months of this isolation, with the daily bill of fare bread, tea and molasses. One day the husband borrowed a gun and killed two grouse, and then a real, live woman came trudging through the damp forest from five miles away, bringing with her as a neighborly offering, a piece of bacon and a small pail of milk. That was a red letter day.

Great aunt Abigail Duniway never forgot, nor neglected, an opportunity for proselyting for the "cause", as woman suffrage was called by its devoted missionaries.

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Those who remember her will appreciate this story. There was a meeting -- a church meeting of some sort, though not a regular service, at the old Taylor Street Methodist Church (Portland). Aunt Abigail, hoping to get in a word in behalf of the "cause", attended. But the minister in charge forestalled her intention by quoting Paul, the Apostle's admonition about women keeping quiet in the temple of the Lord. Aunt Abigail sat down, but not for long. In time, there came a lull in the proceedings and instantly she was on her feet. "Let us pray", she said, and thereupon exhorted and prayed the Lord with all her might, beseaching in behalf of women's political equality.

Here is a bit of folk lore perhaps you'd call it, about Woodburn. Originally, as all old timers know, Woodburn, or Bel Passi, as it was then called, was located on the main highway or stage road, running south to California. Years later, the railroad came along, with its right of way some distance west of the schoolhouse, church, store and post office, and immediately the town, of course, was compelled to move west too. In 1852 Bel Passi had no cemetery. A stranger passing through attended church one Sunday of that year, and while at church dropped dead. The little community was at a loss where to bury the unknown, until one of the land-owners nearby offered a burial plat, which later became Bel Passi's cemetery. They were unable to find any identification of the stranger other than the name of Eaton. No one knew his first name, nor anything about him. The old schoolhouse was in the cemetery, I believe, and somewhat recently, I understand, the Eaton grave was marked.

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Form D
Extra Comment

Federal Writers' Project
Works Progress Administration

OREGON FOLKLORE STUDIES

Name of worker Sara B. Wrenn, Date January 11, 1939.

Address 505 Elks Building, Portland, Oregon.

Subject Early Pioneer Life

Name and address of informant Miss Jean C. Slauson et al

Lower Drive, Lake Grove, Oswego, Oregon.

Comment:

Miss Slauson and her cousins intimated they had further manuscripts and knowledge of a folklore nature that they would be glad to contribute at a time more convenient to them. On the Saturday afternoon they were interviewed, the time was late, prohibiting the securing of material beyond what is here given. They appear to be what might be termed a veritable treasure trove of early folklore.

Following are four items, of a historical and folklore nature, copied from the personal papers of the informant and her two cousins, Joella T. and Nina B. Johnson, who are also the nieces of Mrs. Catherine A. Coburn (see Women in Pioneer Days).

1. Crossing Over the Great Plains by Ox-Wagons
   - by Harriet Scott Palmer.
2. Gist of Women in Pioneer Days
   - by Catherine A. Coburn
3. Copy of Ticket Voted in 1862 (with note)
   - by Rev. Neill Johnson
4. Multnomah County School Notices (four).

(Use as many additional sheets as necessary, each bearing the heading given above).

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Handwritten article
From the personal papers of
Miss Jean Slauson
Lake Grove, Oregon

Copied by Sara Wrenn
Oregon Folklore Studies
January 1939

GIST OF

WOMEN IN PIONEER DAYS

By Catherine A. Coburn

Woman's station in pioneer days was that of the true woman in all times and conditions..... Coming down to detail, I find the storehouse of memory full of incidents that can readily be offered in support of the assumption that woman's place in pioneer life... -state building -- was one of specific, as well as of general importance .... I recall the celebration of the Fourth of July at LaFayette, Yamhill County, in 1854. Some weeks before, the women of the village, under the leadership of Mrs. A. R. Burbank...engaged to make a flag, and present it, through the orator of the day, Hon. Amory Holbrook, to the Masonic Lodge of that place.... The flag was a handsome one, and as fine a sample of "hand sewing" as our grandmothers could have desired. My impression is it was lost by fire, with other effects of the lodge, some years ago.

Following the oration and the presentation of the flag came an invitation to a public dinner, Rude, improvised tables were set in the grove, cherished linens from grandmother's looms, that had been brought by ox-team express across the plains, covered the unsightly boards, sprigs of fir and cedar, boquets of hollyhocks and pinks, with now and then a bunch of sweet "Mission roses" garnished them, and over all the new old flag floated.

The tables were laden with viands prepared by women who were adepts in cookery as well as in flag-making and table adornment. In pioneer times, as now (1909), women was a silent element in politics, but then, as now, women were strong partisans and ready upon occasion, to give a reason for the faith that was within them -- not publicly, but with an energy in neighborly discussions, and especially when stirring to

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influence the "men folks" of their own families who did the voting.

It is recalled that when, in 1853, General Joseph Lane and Hon. Alonza A. Sumner were, in common parlance, "stumping the Territory for Congress", women became so imbued with the spirit of partisanism which is often to this day mistaken for patriotism, that they courageously determined to attend the speaking of the rival candidates, at the courthouse in LaFayette.

I speak of this town from personal knowledge... it was a representative community... The flutter in feminine circles was greater than that proverbially ascribed to the organization of a sewing society, or the getting up of a minister's donation party. The town was canvassed to learn "who would go," with the results in promises quite satisfactory to the leading spirits of this feverish desire on the part of women to "break into politics." But, alas, when the momentous occasion arrived but two women found courage to enter the old courthouse and take seats therein, and it is recalled that, discovering these two toward the close of a violent political and personal harangue, the gallant General Lane apologized for any words unsuited to ears polite that might have escaped his lips while in the presence of "the ladies."

It may be added that an apology was due, as politicians of this period were not always as choice of words as decency would dictate. It is claimed by those who profess to have special knowledge upon the subject that the intrusion, as some would say -- the introduction as others have it -- of women into political gatherings, which occurred to a greater or less extent throughout Oregon Territory... inaugurated a system of political discussion in which decency has never since been forgotten in the excitement of political controversy.

Desire for knowledge.

Of this your chronicler does not presume in this place to speak, she being content with recording the first public introduction, so far as she is aware, of women into politics in Oregon, and with adding that, though there was no expression of

a desire to vote, heard among the pioneer women, the sincerity of their desire for knowledge of political questions then literally convulsing the infant territory, already upon the verge of statehood, is unquestioned.

.....

In the educational work of the pioneer era, woman's station was sharply defined. Leaving the history of the missions, in which the names of Narcissa Whitman, Mary A. Walker, Maria Pitman, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Spaulding and half a score of others stand for good words and works in their special lines, I will revert to the work as a pioneer in the founding of an educational institution of Mrs. Tabitha Brown, who, away back in the '40s, opened a boarding school for children in Forest Grove, which became the stepping stone to Pacific University .... Dying about 1860, at an advanced age, her memory is still honored in the community of which, for many years, she was a leading factor, and by the institution, the corner stone of which she helped to lay. A co-laborer with Harvey Clark, Horace Lyman and S. H. Marsh, she supplemented their endeavor in woman's ways, after having done yeoman's service in foundation building.

Later in the field, and working in parallel, but totally dissimilar lines, was the wife of Professor J. M. Keeler, who was a social leader in the little academic town of Forest Grove in early days, as well as preceptress of Tualatin Academy and supervisor of the home boarding house, in which the young girls of a primitive era were taught table and society "manners".

Types of Educators.

These women are mentioned as types merely, of a class of early educators and workers in the educational field, members of which came in with the establishment of missions at Salem, and were increased by each successive immigration from the "states."

.....

As actors in the drama of heroism, women in pioneer life make a striking

presentment. Whether bidding goodbye, and godspeed, to the husband as he answered the call for volunteers to suppress an Indian outbreak that threatened frontier homes; going out to meet the slow caravan of returning comrades who bore her mutilated dead to her door; feeding a band of Indians, sullen and fierce, from her storehouse against her husband's return from the field... or under the shadow of expected maternity, creeping through bushes and down to the waiting boat, closely followed by her husband, rifle in hand, seeking safety in the blockhouse....

I'm sure we've seen no picture
  In the volumes anywhere
Of a tall, athletic woman,
  With long and streaming hair,
Going out against the redskins,
  To save a fleeing son,
And with her strong hand grasping
  Her husband's trusty gun.

Thus sang a local pioneer poet, the son of a pioneer mother, some years ago. Yet a tragic tale of the border might thus be truly illustrated. The husband and eldest son were set upon and killed by Indians while on the range. A younger son, the shepherd boy, took alarm and fleeing toward home, pursued by the savages, was met and escorted in safety to the "inch-board shanty", where the heroic woman kept the foe at bay with her rifle until succor came, as told by the narrator in verse:

And there on guard we found them,
  When four long days had fled,
Half-crazed with sleepless watching
  And sorrow for the dead,
And still that faithful mother,
  When we came, a saving band,
Stood by the open doorway,
  With the rifle in her hand.

Led in Hospitality.

Women in pioneer times led the van. In this connection, I recall, with a glow of admiration and tenderness, the life of Jane E., wife of Captain A. F. Hedges, during the cream of pioneer years, residents of Clackamas County....

Married when very young -- 16 or thereabouts -- after the manner of pioneer girls, the mother of 12 children, energetic in community works, she yet found time to entertain hospitably and feed royally every one who came to the door of her rambling, weather-beaten, old farmhouse, which stood, and still stands for what I know, on the hill a mile east of Oregon City .... Contemporaneous with Mrs. Hedges and, like her, "given to hospitality", were her sister-in-law -- Martha A. and Rebecca Barlow. Both still survive (1900), the former being the gentle, genial mistress of the commodious farmhouse near Barlow's station, that has been her home for nearly half a century.

I recall, in connection with the open-handed hospitality of these Barlow homes, the fact that during a spasm, if it may be so termed, of religious fervor, lasting perhaps two or three years, and including some half dozen families, the multitude was veritably and substantially fed on alternate Sundays, after "service", from tables arranged around three sides of the capacious farmyard barns. All who attended "meeting" were invited, at the close of Brother McCarty's impassioned appeal to "repent, believe and be baptized", to go to the tables (services being also held in the barns) and "help themselves."

Four families, so far as my memory serves, joined in this quaint combination of the religious and the hospitable -- the two already mentioned, a family named Huffman, whose home was near Aurora, and William Elliott and wife, of Elliott Prairie. Recalling the scene, the amount of food cooked and dispensed by these hospitable people upon these occasions impresses me as having been enormous, and yet the women who were chief cooks and caterers displayed an untiring zeal in the welfare of their numerous guests, and a cheerfulness in serving them that bore the stamp of hospitality of a type that belonged exclusively to pioneer days and has vanished with the "free dinner", set out in the grove by patriotic women on the Fourth of July.

.... (Omitted, a paragraph of eulogy)

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From the personal papers of
Miss Jean Slauson
Lake Grove, Oregon

Copied by Miss Sara Wrenn
Oregon Folklore Studies
January 1939

C O P Y

(Handwritten)

Multnomah County, State of Oregon.

District No. 6 I. W. Roork clerk you are hereby authorized to pay Effie C. Morgan twenty dollars out of the school money in your hands for services rended

(Signed) Aechon (?) Kelly
Samuel Welch

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C O P Y

(Handwritten)

N o t i c e

is hereby given that there will be a meeting of the legal voters of schol Dist N 21 held at the of James Brown on thursday April 23 2 o'clock P M. for the purpose of selecting a site and locating schoolhouse, also le ving a tax for the purpose of building.

(Signed) James H. Allyn
District Clerk

April 13th, 1857

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C O P Y

(Handwritten)

We the undersigned agree to pay the following sums annexed to our several names, within six months, for the purpose of purchasing lumber, windows, nails &c for the purpose of completing school House in Dist. No. 21

A. W. Brown	$10.00
James Brown	10.00
B. M. Cleggit	10.00
I. W. Roork	10.00
A. Yarnell	5.00
L. Williams	5.00
P. D. Terwilliger	5.00
Lemuel Williams	5.00
I. Breyman	10.00

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C O P Y

(Handwritten)

The committee appointed to select a burying ground beg leave to report:

The committee having met and proceeded to the place indicated by the meeting, having found by trial at the depth of five feet there were no indications of water, no seaps, and the earth at that depth being comparatively dry and porus, we feel warranted to say to this meeting that there is not the least danger of beg trouble with water for all practical depths.

The place selected is the two acres adjoing the south side of the lot belonging to School district _____

The place being of beautiful locality and quite easy to clear, we would recommend that our selection be confirmed and that we be authorized to receive a deed from the owner C W Brown who proposes to give the two acres for the above named purpose, and to take charge of the same to improve and lay out as they think fit

All of which we most respectfully submit

(Signed) Isaac Breyman)
Leyman Williams) Committe
James Brown)

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From the personal papers of
Miss Jean Slauson
Lake Grove, Oregon

Copied by Miss Sara Wrenn
Oregon Folklore Studies
January 1939.

COPY OF TICKET VOTED IN 1862
By REV. NEILL JOHNSON

MARION CO. UNION TICKET

For Governor,
A. C. GIBBS.

For Secretary of State,
S. E. MAY.

For State Treasurer,
E. N. COOKE.

For State Printer,
H. GORDON.

For Representative to Congress,
JOHN R. McBRIDE.

For Prosecuting Attorney,
J. G. WILSON.

Senators,
J. W. GRIM.
WM. GREENWOOD.
For Representatives,
C. A. REED,
JOHN MINTO,
I. R. MOORES,
JOSEPH ENGLE.

County Judge,
J. C. PEEBLES.

Treasurer,
J. H. MOORES.

County Clerk,
GEO. A. EDES.

Sheriff,
SAMUEL HEADRICK.

Commissioners,
H. L. TURNER,
WILLIAM CASE.

Assessor,
WILLIAM PORTER.

Surveyor,
WM. P. PUGH.

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Coroner,
P. A. DAVIS

School Superintendent,
A. C. DANIELS.

Seat of Government,
SALEM.

Justice of the Peace
LEWIS PONJADE (?) (Written in)

Constable,
JOHN W. SMITH. " "

(Copy of writing by voter on reverse side of ticket).

The undersigned voted this ticket in Parkersville, Marion County, Oregon, on the 2nd day of June, A. D., 1862, in the 60th year of my age. The men whose names appear on the face of this ticket were pledged to sustain the Union of the United States undivided to the utmost of their ability, and as such I voted for them, and as it may be the last vote I shall ever be permitted to give, I desire it to be kept in the family of some of my offspring as a memorial of my patriotism.

(Signed) NEILL JOHNSON

(The foregoing ticket was printed on rough-edged thin paper, the office printed in lower case italics, the candidates in ordinary type, and the title of the ballot in heavy upper case letters).

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Privately printed (pamphlet)
From the personal papers of
Miss Jean Slauson
Lake Grove, Oregon

Copied by Sara Wrenn
Oregon Folklore Studies
January 1939.

CROSSING OVER THE GREAT PLAINS BY OX-WAGONS

By Harriet Scott Palmer

Altho I was but a girl of 11 years I distinctly remember many things connected with that far-off time when all of our western country was a wilderness... We were six months in crossing the plains in ox-wagons.

In our home, in Illinois, in the early fifties, there was much talk and excitement over the news of the great gold discoveries in California -- and equally there was much talk concerning the wonderful fertile valleys of Oregon Territory-- an act of Congress giving to actual settlers 640 acres of land.

My father, John Tucker Scott, with much of the pioneer spirit in his blood, became so interested that he decided to "Go West"....The spring of 1852 ushered in so many preparations, great work of all kinds. I remember relations coming to help sew, of tearful partings, little gifts of remembrances exchanged, the sale of the farm, the buying and breaking in of unruly oxen, the loud voices of the men, and the general confusion.

The first of April came -- 1852. The long line of covered wagons, so clean and white, but oh so battered, torn and dirty afterward: The loud callings and hilarity: many came to see us off. We took a last look at our dear homestead as it faded from our view. We crossed the Illinois River on a ferry. We looked back and saw our old watch dog (his name was Watch) howling on the distant shore. Father had driven him back, saying, "Go back to Grandfather, Watch!" But he never ate afterwards, and soon died. We stopped at St. Joseph, Missouri, to get more provisions. We had never before seen Negroes, and all along this state we saw many negro huts, and went into one to see some little

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negro babies. My remembrance of the state was muddy roads, muddy water and a sort of general poverty -- of course this was over 70 years ago!

When we crossed into Nebraska, it seemed such a wide stretch of plain. We got our first sight of Indians -- a file of Indians were passing along, single file. They were the Pottowattomies, dressed in buckskins, beads, and leading their ponies. An open country was now before us. The melting snows had made the streams high, the roads nearly impassable. The Platte river, swift and swollen, didn't seem to have any banks. We had heard of the danger of quicksands. My father had, with the help of his drivers, raised the beds of his wagons, so as not to dip water ... When everything was in readiness all of us were tucked inside of the wagons. My father put me, last of all, inside the back end of the last wagon, told me to keep still and not be afraid. The loud voices of the drivers as they yelled and whipped up the oxen, the jogging of the wagons through the surging waters and over the quicksands, the memory is with me yet! When they got over the river, all were accounted for, but they couldn't find me. Finally I was pulled out from under the bows, nearly smothered. There were nine of us children, ranging from four years to my eldest sister about 19 .....

My mother kept the two youngest with her always in "Mother's wagon". Her health was not very good, and she had dreads and fears, but hoped she would live to get to Oregon. Fate willed it otherwise, and being frail and weary with the long journey, she fell a victim to the cholera, so prevalent that year on the plains, leaving her sorrowing family to grieve for her. When we reached Wyoming, there in the Black Hills, this side of Ft. Laramie, the passing of that dear, beloved mother was a crushing blow to all our hopes. We had to journey on, and leave her in a lonely grave -- a feather bed as a coffin, and the grave protected from the wolves by stones heaped upon it. The rolling hills were ablaze with beautiful wild roses -- it was the 20th of June, and we heaped and covered mother's grave

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with the roses so the cruel stones were hid from view. Her grave is lost. No one was ever able to find it again.

... The old emigrant trail held many hard experiences. Coming to the Snake River and for many miles along, it was impossible to reach it to get water for the oxen. We had to travel all night at times. On one occasion... the camp was made after dark, and there was such a stench in the air. Early daylight found us camped close between two dead oxen, on one side, and a dead horse on the other -- so we had to move before breakfast.

... About 2 miles above the great American Falls we were able to get the cattle down to drink. It so happened that after the yokes of the oxen were removed and the oxen driven into the water, an old headstrong bull plunged into the river and swam across, the rest of the cattle following, except two cows that our men were able to keep back. Our company was in great peril.... My father, generally equal to any emergency, decided that any one or more of the men who were good swimmers, should go above our camp, swim over and drive the cattle back. This was attempted by two young men, one of whom swam over first, on one of our mares; the other was drowned, and as we with agonized eyes watched the stream we saw the white face of our old mare "Sukey" bobbing up and down in the boiling waters. She was such a loved old mare that we could not bare to leave her at home in Illinois. A third man tried and got safely over. We could see his naked form over the river among the hot burning rocks. It was impossible for him alone to drive the cattle back. My father made a mighty effort to get across. Then he ordered the calking of one of the wagon beds to make a boat, and in this, three more paddled over and took some clothing to cover the poor sunburnt men on the rocks -- he was over there in that awful predicament for three days; his skin all peeled off, and he nearly lost his mind from his awful experience. They got the cattle safely over the river again, but the two cows that stayed behind ate of something poisonous and died during the night.

On and on we journeyed -- averaging 15 miles a day over cactus, sagebrush,

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hot sand. Everybody's shoes gave out and we bartered with Indians for moccasins, but that didn't help much about the prickly pears. One by one the oxen fell by the way. We came to Burnt River -- a most desolate country. Here our baby brother Willie fell sick. It was in the heat of August. The train was halted, that the darling child of 4 years could be better cared for, but he became unconscious and passed away. The soil here was thin and full of rocks. My poor father, broken-hearted, had the men cut a cavity out of the solid rock jutting out of Burnt River Mountain, and here the little form was sealed beside where the only living thing was ---a little juniper tree. My brother Harvey found it, twenty years later, and he peeled some of the bark off of the juniper tree and brought it back to my father. My father had carved Willie's name on the tree.

August passed. We were nearing the Cascade Mountains. The oxen were worn out, and the wagons were in poor condition to cross the mountains..... Some wagons had to be left; some of the oxen were poisoned eating mountain laurel. Our provisions were exhausted by this time, and for three days we had only salal berries and some soup made by thickening water, from flour shaken from a remaining flour sack, My uncle Levi Caffee, who was a great joker, looked at the poor mess and said to his wife, "Why Ellen, ain't there a little bread or something." "Oh no," she said, "we are all starving together." It so happened a man overtook us on horseback, and father bought some of the flour he had in a sack behind his saddle. He paid $1.00 a pound. It proved to be bitter with mildew and unfit to eat. My sister, having charge of the two smaller children, and my aunt, whose youngest was seven, saved and hid in their pockets some biscuits they,from time to time, doled out to the three littlest children.

We came to the old Barlow Road, and a station called Barlow's Gate, in the Cascade Mountains, where we found provisions, and actually some fruit -- apples and peaches and plenty of bread. It was not long now till we reached the valley

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settlements and found relatives who had come the year before.

Before we reached Oregon City, my father was fortunate enough to buy two pounds of butter. The hungry crowd was so great that before we smaller ones had our turn at the improvised table, the butter had all been eaten up. There were six of us smaller children who did not get a taste of butter, and the thought of that rankled in us for years .....

It was my duty to keep up the loose stock in crossing the plains, and I was given charge of an old sorrel mare who had one eye. Her name was "Shuttleback" on account of the shape of her back. She was a big powerful animal, and when she'd get a whiff of an Indian she would kick and plunge and many a time would throw me off. One day we had travelled long in the heat and both Shuttleback and I needed water. I was about a mile behind the train, and off at the side of the road a grove of willows was growing. It looked like water might be there. There was, a little tributary of the Snake River, so I gladly got off the saddle that had no horn on it, and first let the mare drink. It was a steep place. The mare began to plunge and I soon saw she was in quicksand. I held on tightly to her rein, yelled with all my might, knowing there was a man behind me also driving stock. He heard me and rushed to my assistance, telling me to hold on, and not be afraid, he would bring help. He rushed ahead and brought back my father and three other men, and with ropes and a long pole pried her out of the quicksand and floated her down the stream where she finally landed on her feet. I fully expected punishment, but my father just picked me up, sat me down on the wet, muddy saddle, slapped the mare and said, "Now, go on!" Poor old Shuttleback got lost in the Cascade mountains one night. About a year afterwards, a man reported her roaming near Mt. Hood. My father went after her and brought her back with a fine black colt he named Black Democrat.

Then we reached Laurel Hill, in the Cascade mountains. Oh that steep road! I know it was fully a mile long. We had to chain the wagon wheels and slide the wagons

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down the rutty, rocky road. My aunt Martha lost one of her remaining shoes, it rolled down the mountainside. I can hear her now as she called out in her despair, "Oh, me shoe, me shoe!" How can I ever get along?" So she wore one shoe and one moccasin the rest of the journey.

As we started down the road my father said: "Jump on the wheel and hang on, Fanny!" It was an awfully dangerous thing to do and he didn't realize what he was telling her to do. Poor sister Margaret fell, and rolled down and down. When she picked herself up, Uncle Levi was there with his humor, "Maggie, ain't this the damndest place you ever saw?" "Yes, it is." "Well, you swore, and I'm going to tell your father."

When we came to Ft. Walla Walla, we saw a crowing rooster on a rail fence. Oh, how we all cried....There we stood, a travel-worn, weary, heart and homesick group, crying over a rooster crowing.

One day our "Salon Wagon" as we called the wagon that served as a parlor, overturned. My sister Fanny (Mrs. Mary Cook), as soon as she could extricate herself, poked her head out of the hooded wagon and cried, "Oh Lord, come here quick." My uncle came running up and said, "Jenny, hadn't you better call on some of the company,"

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