

Introduction

In 1954 I transcribed this journal from a copy loaned me by Mrs. Merle Bassett of Vancouver, Washington. Her copy had come from her mother, Veronica Keady Brewer, a granddaughter of Veronica Uzafovage Wilson.

Alexandra "Elec" Uzafovage (Poniatowska) Owens finished writing the journal in 1874. She passed it on to her daughter, Estella Owens Heidelbeck, who gave it to her daughter, Henrietta Heidelbeck Patterson. Not having children, Henrietta gave it to her cousin, Anna Riley, Veronica's granddaughter. Anna Riley's granddaughter, Georgia Nelson of Granite Bay, California, now has the original document. In the course of being passed down through the generations, a number of type-written copies were made.

Alexandra was born in Austria in 1830. Her father, Karol Poniatowski, was on the losing side in a revolution against Russia in that year. Having foreknowledge of what was going to happen, he moved his family to Austria. While still recovering from wounds, he joined his family in Austria. With a group of other former Polish army officers, in 1831 he brought his family to America. Fearing reprisal by the Russian secret police, he changed his name to Uzafovage and his wife changed Anna Louise to Catherine. Their son, Charles was born in New York City in 1836. At that time the family consisted of Jozef and his wife, and two daughters, Veronica and Alexandra. They moved from New York to New Orleans, then to Louisville, Kentucky.

When Elec was a child, her mother told her that she had been named in honor of Alexander, the emperor of Russia. Sometime as she was growing up, Alexandra decided to shorten that to Elexia. Her family then shortened that to Elec. She never gave her journal a name, but the family has always called it "Aunt Elec's Journal."

I changed the text from the Veronica Brewer transcription in several ways. Mainly, I divided the writing into separate sentences and paragraphs. Aunt Elec had a rambling style where she not only ran on her sentences, but also sometimes made an abrupt change of subject in the middle of a sentence. Her devices for running on sentences were the words "and, but or so." I often dropped those words and started new sentences. Sometimes, if she rambled away from a subject and later came back to it, I moved the digressions out of the way and kept the subject in one paragraph. The digressions were then preserved in separate paragraphs. I eliminated most of her redundancies. However, I tried to preserve her folksy language, including her habit of sometimes putting an "a" before participles as in "agoing" and "ataking." I remember speaking that way when I was a boy in Oregon.

Since first transcribing the journal in 1954, I have been over the Oregon Trail, and I can usually tell by Aunt Elec's descriptions where they were. I insert editor's notes to let the reader know too. Also, sometimes I insert a note when I can add important details to Aunt Elec's account.

Richard L. Carter
Grandson of Louisa A. Uzafovage Carter

Year 1874 Coming to America

January 21. I have been writing a journal. I commenced it some seven years ago. When I go to write I always think the most interesting part must be left out so I have made up my mind to go back and make a little sketch of my life as far back as I can remember.

I will commence by telling you that my father was a Polander and was obliged to leave his country in time of war. I was not more than one year old. I had then one sister three years older than me. The first that I recollect was my mother agoing across the bay to a store to get some things and left me with my father. He thought he would please me by taking me to a window to see them go across. They looked to me like they were sitting in a large box without any bottom on a bench fixed around inside, so I thought they were going to get drowned. I began to cry and screamed so hard that my father had to take me from the window.

The next thing I remember is that we were living in New York, and I had another little brother. (Ed. note: Family legend has it that there was a brother who had died on the ship during the passage from Europe to America.) I must have been five years old. (1836) I also have a small idea of the house we lived in for the little girls used to come and play with us in the front yard. When mother called us we had to go up a few steps with banisters to get in the house. We had the whooping cough in that same house. Then I remember of living in another house that looked like a store. My father was behind the counter and my mother was always acooking. A good many men and sometimes women would sit down to the tables. My sister went to school and sometimes I would go with her for several days at a time.

I also remember of my mother having us some black silk dresses made with a drawing string in the waist. The girls would tease us about our dresses because they weren't made like theirs. Then one day the teacher took a large darning needle and some coarse thread and had a number of girls stand up in front of her and she had the needle and thread and some wax in her hand. She waxed the thread a long time and the girls were acrying. Then she quit and said she wouldn't sew their mouths shut this time if they wouldn't talk so anymore.

The next I remember is we were moving to New Orleans. Father was taking some butter in a cage and the storm came up while we were on the vessel. Mother was sick and father was not well, so my sister and I ran around the vessel. One time I happened to go where our things were and the storm was making a terrible to do for everything was adancing. My father's butter and my little rocking chair were knocking against each other, and my chair was broken all to pieces. So, I came upstairs acrying about my chair. Then another time my sister fell from some place in the bottom of the ship. When I saw her there were a good many people standing around her and some of them were arubbing her with camphor. In a few days she was all right.

When we came to New Orleans mother took some boarders and sometimes, I would go to school with my sister. They had a small room at school and just before the school was let out, they would take the children in the small room and they would climb up some stairs that were made apurpose. The teacher would stand in front of the scholars and they would sing and make the motions with their hands and sometimes with their feet. The song was something like this: This is the way we wash our hands, this is the way we wash our clothes, this is the way we comb our hair so early in the morning. Then at writing time they would bring some fine white sand and spread it on the desks of the smaller of the scholars and have them write with their fingers. When they were done, they would take a brush and keep it in a bucket and put it away for another time.

There were chimney sweeps that would clean the chimney. Mother got one to come and clean our chimney. I was very much frightened.

There was a girl next door that had something tied on a guard around her neck. When the boarders would plague her about what she had on her neck, she would tell them it was her husband.

Our boarders were Polish and some Russians that came when we did. There wasn't any of us that could talk the English language. My father was the first to learn. He was a splendid scholar in many other languages.

Our Life in Louisville

Then we moved to Kentucky. Father had bought some papers to go to Texas, but after he moved to Louisville, Kentucky, his health got so poor that he had to give up going to Texas. When he had left Poland, he just came from a wounded hospital. He had been in three battles and was badly wounded. It was said that the exposure on the battlefield was the cause of his sickness. He had the consumption.

We started to school when we got settled. We lived way down in the lower end of town between two graveyards so we had a very lonely walk to school.

One day we were going to school when we met some men with guns. They were running and they called to us to look out that there was a mad dog in the street. We were very much frightened. After that I would dream about mad dogs. The schoolhouse had a long and wide pair of stairs. I would dream that when I was running from the mad dog, I could run so fast down those stairs that I would just fly and not touch my feet to them at all.

The teacher had a frame with wire string in it and very large beads strung on the wire to teach the children to count.

I must say, I believe I was my father's pet. He was sick so much of the time that he had a bed that he could lie down when he didn't feel well. One day mother got her leathers to whip me and father wasn't there so I ran under his bed for help. She just rattled the leathers on the floor in front of the bed and didn't whip me. I can only remember the whippings that my father gave me. One time I was reaching up on the mantelpiece and took hold of the clock to hold myself up. The clock came tumbling down and broke. Then another time my sister and I had some difficulty and I bit her arm. Father said I mustn't bite on any occasion and he gave me another whipping. Then he seemed to feel so bad that he gave me a five-cent piece to reconcile me.

The house where we lived had a very large back yard and mother had it laid off into beds with little gutters around the beds. She also had chickens and ducks and when it would rain those little gutters would be full of water like little ponds and the little ducks would be so busy. I used to like to look at them.

I didn't go to school then for I had to stay and take care of my brother while mother fixed her garden. I would get in the foot of the cradle to rock him and when he would get to crying I would rock the harder. When he cried very hard, I would cry louder than him till mother would come in and take him.

Father, when he wasn't able to go to work he had spells of spitting blood. He sometimes would amuse us children in different ways. Sometimes he would tell us stories and one time he had some little dolls and he lay in bed and dressed them and gave them to us. He dressed one for my little brother with pants and a little blue jacket. He made it look like a sailor boy. He thought that was a great treat. Then my father got worse. Men had to sit up with him of nights and we had to go to bed early.

One night I dreamed that mother's bed and father's bed were both fixed up so nice with some very dark curtain calico. Both beds, were fixed just the same but when I looked under the covers there wasn't any bedding, only a lot of swords and knives and the covers spread over them as to hide them. Then I dreamed that mother would not lie down on hers but father went and laid down on his. Then I woke up.

My father got a great deal worse and died. We lived close to the graveyard, so his countrymen carried his coffin and we all marched to the graveyard. My mother's grief seemed dreadful. My sister did not cry. I thought that was so strange. My mother seemed to cry all the time. There was a widow lady in the next house whose husband had been dead long and there was a society of ladies belonging most of them to the Presbyterian church which came frequently to see if this widow was well and if she was in want. So they came while father was sick. They found out we were strangers and couldn't talk English so they came and were very kind. They came to see my mother several times.

My sister Louisa was born two months after father's death and those ladies were very kind then. One of them was more attentive than the rest. Her name was Cassidy. She came down the day my sister Lou was born and the next day she had a little girl too. She named her Mary Jane Cassidy.

Mrs. Cassidy came after that and got my older sister and myself to go to their Sunday School. Her sister taught our class. My mother was Catholic and used to read the prayer book of nights and we would all pray with her. Then we had our Sunday School lesson to study. My oldest sister always knew her lesson by heart but I couldn't read as well as she and her memory was better. I never knew my lesson. On two or three occasions mother made me sit up in the night after she and the rest went to bed. I thought that was dreadfully hard. I don't think my mother was a real Catholic at heart. One day she said these

other people from other churches seemed to be kinder at heart. They had shown such kindness and they took pains to come and find and make us welcome. But we made ourselves known to the Catholics and they took pains to stay away. Then she said if I could understand the English language I think I might join some other church, but being that I know so little of other churches and I know how to pray to my Dear Saviour and God, I think that God will forgive me the rest for fear I might be deceived.

There were two Polanders who seemed to take an interest in us children. One of them was teaching school in Bards Town. It was a boarding school and we wanted mother to let him take me there to school. He and the other one sent a bolt of black calico and three little black crepe shawls and a large extra shawl for us to travel in, but mother backed out and would not let me go. Those two were very disappointed when they went away without me.

There was another Polander who was drilling a class of soldiers. He knew that my father was a Captain. He used to take his class out of town sometimes. One day he marched them in front of our house and stepped to the door and asked mother to please come to the door and look on. He hurried back to the company and made them perform for quite a little while. I suppose he was proud of his class and then again I think he thought that would please mother. They seemed to show mother all the respect that they could.

When Christmas came there was another Polander. He had an American wife. He sent mother for Christmas a box of rock candy and a turkey and a small keg of mackerel.

We moved from that house to another and then we all had the measles. When we got well, we moved again and then we started to school again. We didn't go to that school very long till we changed and went to the Sisters' school. There was a Catholic family across the street and we went with them to school. I learned in that school very fast. I think my mother got our school free because there were plenty district schools that we could have gone to.

The teacher in my room would give me good marks and tell me that my name was down to draw many times and when the examination day came the other teacher would let me draw but once. (Ed. note: These were apparently oral exams and the students would draw questions from a bowl.)

Then there was another free school started by the Sisters which I might justly say was no school at all. I think it was gotten up to keep the Catholic children from going to the district schools. We went there but we didn't learn much besides the catechism. Then we learned to read and write.

One time I got to thinking about dying. I was very much worried about where I would go. I didn't want to go to hell and I didn't know what to do so I might go to heaven. After some days, I thought I would keep the ten commandments, and that if I kept them then maybe God would let me go to heaven when I died. I was not going to school just then.

When we went to school we had the catechism to study and mother went to live in part of the house with the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. They gave mother the rent and coal free and five dollars a month to live there because they could not live alone. They couldn't go outside the yard. They weren't allowed to go to the front door so mother had to lock and unlock the front door and get their marketing done and get their letters from the office. The ladies would come there, many of them in carriages, to bring them all kinds of sewing and needle work.

They had another house a half a block farther back in the yard where they took all kinds of girls to reform. They kept one old Sister with that all the time. She would keep them as though in school only they were learning to sew instead of books. They would sing a great deal. They called those Penitents. One side of their house, or half of one story where the Sisters lived, was taken for church. The part that was taken for church had three partitions of lattice work. The back part which went right out of the yard was for the Penitents. The middle part was for the Sisters and the priest's altar was there. The part next to the street was for strangers and ourselves.

While we were living there my sister and myself we partook of the sacrament and were confirmed. I used to go with the girls from school to see the priest and one time I went there with a band of girls that were getting ready to make their First Communion as they called it. One of the girls ran up and kissed a ring on the priest's finger. Another girl was bare footed. He said a great deal to us about how nice we would look dressed in our nice white dresses and blue or white ribbons. Then he said to the girl that was bare footed that when her shoes wore out he would give her another pair. I thought about that a great deal. I thought how could he have said that? For I just knew that he couldn't do that.

Then I would get angry with my sister. I would tell her that when I would be grown up I would be Episcopalian. She didn't like that at all. She was learning to sew with the Catholic girls and they had

won her over. They said that they had been Methodists and were converted to the Catholics. My sister even tried to get mother to go to confession.

There was a widow with those girls. She had a boy and when she would see the Bishop she would tell her boy to go and kneel down in front of him and kiss his ring. She said she did this to tease the Protestants. Two girls would make fun of the hymns. They would misconstrue the words.

Oh dear! I have kept one subject too long and I will have to go back. Now my mother got us some new dresses. One Sunday my sister Veronica and I had on our new dresses. We were walking under some large shade trees and we found a nest of eggs. We were very much delighted. We gathered the eggs in the skirts of our dresses and we were about to start home. We were very much delighted to take home such a nice lot of eggs, but in a few minutes pop, pop went the eggs and we were in a nice fix. We were in great trouble then. We were afraid mother would whip us for spoiling our clothes and we didn't know what we should do so we began to pray. We walked around and around and said the same prayers over and over and at the end of our prayers we would ask God not to let mother whip us. At last it was getting late so like two whipped dogs we went home looking very much cast down. To our surprise mother did not even scold us. She only said, "Go take your dresses off and put them in the tub to soak," but that was even a punishment to have to take off our new dresses and put on our old dirty ones.

Now my little brother, when he was about five years old, was one of the nicest little boys around. He was very modest and bashful. He had light curly hair. One time just after I had been sick a very long time with inflammatory rheumatism I tried to learn to sew by making him a pair of pants. A lady cut them out for me. I made a mistake in the top or waist and made them upside down, but when I got that done I was very proud of them because they looked like a pair of pants and I had made them. So when my brother tried them on he called out, "Oh! they're tights". They were very tight around his waist because that part was intended for the legs and so those pants went by the name of tights.

There was a lady by the name of Rogers. She had a select school and she had my sister Veronica to come to the school and at the end of the term they gave a grand display. They invited me to come with her. It was to be after night so we were to stay at one of the girls houses all night. Oh! we were so delighted to go and when I was there I was so delighted with the plays. They acted out a great many pieces. They made a stage and had doors and curtains and they performed some splendid pieces. Then they called us in to supper. While we were eating supper they cleared away the stage and took the benches out. Only some around the side of the room were left. And where the stage was the musicians were getting their instruments ready and a great many of the girls that were in the play were dressed in white dresses, fixed very much with flowers and evergreens. Some of their dresses shone like silver. Then we had to go home for that part was for the large girls and boys. We had to stay with a girl by the name of Louisa Scott. In the morning we went home full of wonderful things to tell mother for we had never had such a treat before.

Another time there was to be a large public barbecue out of town a piece, so mother started with us a piece and called a hack and got us into the hack so we might go and enjoy ourselves. That was something new to us to see how they roasted their meat. I am sad when I think how my dear mother was always willing to send us but she never went anywhere herself.

We went to a district school awhile and they had a May party. They had a queen sitting up high and her maids were seated down on each side lower and lower until the last one was on the foot of the platform. They made a circle around the queen and she was above the rest. She had a beautiful crown and a large stick all fixed with flowers. Her dress trailed and there was an overskirt looped with flowers and evergreens. Her maids' dresses were a little plainer. They had evergreens looped around their dresses and around their waists and sleeves and those that sat on the lower seats had baskets full of flowers. When they marched, these smaller girls with their baskets of flowers would go on in front of the queen and strew her walk with flowers and they would march a few times and then go up to the throne and take their seats. Then the queen had to speak and sing and the maids joined in the chorus.

Now my brother, he went awhile to a school a lady taught not far from our house. Her name was Dunn. She was teaching some little boys. In exchange the mother of the little boys was teaching Mrs. Dunn's oldest daughter music. Mrs. Dunn's school was a select school. She had her own ways of teaching. She would get very easy story books and have her scholars read in them instead of keeping them in the first reader all the time. My brother learned very fast and Mrs. Dunn seemed proud of him. He always got the premium. My mother's idea was that a boy must have an education. She used to say that if our brother had a good education, that he could take care of the rest of us. Then there was a new

school started by the name of Father Larking. Mother sent my brother to him after he was through going to Mrs. Dunn. She had to pay for him there. Father Larking was a Catholic priest.

Another time my mother rented a large house. She rented part of the house to another family. They had a girl about the age between Veronica and myself. My sister thought that was nice for she was a great hand to play. We went to the district school together. The girls thought they could hardly play without my sister or me. This girl's name was Caroline Suemack.

One day the teacher said there wouldn't be any school for they wanted to clean the schoolroom. Veronica and Caroline made it up that if they could persuade me, they would not tell mother that there wasn't any school. So the next morning we started to school and when we got there, there was no one there. They knew but I didn't so they did this to fool me. They said one to another, "Why! there ain't any school." The other said "Oh! let us go and play on the sandhill. Oh! the sandhill is such a nice place that we ought to go and see it." Then Veronica said, "Oh! she (meaning myself) will go and tell mother." Then the other girl went to teasing me not to tell and they both said a great deal. At last I had to go with them. We played there all day and when we saw that the other schools were out we came home. Oh! then Veronica and Caroline, they got punished.

My mother and the other family used the same cellar. Their name was Shue. Mrs. Shue's second girl told her mother that I drank her milk. I think maybe she drank it herself and, wanting to get rid of a scolding, she thought that would be a good way. But her mother came and told my mother and my mother, she didn't know what to make of it that I would do such a deed. So she took me in the kitchen where she had what they call a cat-of-nine-tails, some leathers fastened to a stick. She began to whip me and she would say, "I will teach you how to drink milk!" I didn't know anything about the milk and I didn't know what she meant. I thought, "Does mother never want me to drink milk?" But the licks came so fast that I had but little time. The doors were locked so I could not run. At last mother quit and went to talking and telling me how mean it was to do such a thing. Then I understood what it was, so I told her that I didn't do it, that I didn't know anything about it, so she let me out.

Mrs. Shue, she had five girls and two boys. Her husband wasn't any account. She had to make her girls earn the living instead of sending them to school. The youngest went to school and the oldest stayed home to help her mother cook for the rest. The rest all worked in the factory. The employers of the factory came to see them. My mother said to Mrs. Shue, "Your girls keep too grand a company for them. You know those men have a good education and your girls haven't any. Those men will never marry them so you better look out." But Mrs. Shue didn't mind what advice mother gave her. She rather appeared angry so they did just the same.

We moved away from there soon after. One day Mrs. Shue was telling mother some of her troubles. She said her husband never would get wood and she would have to send the children to find chips to cook with to keep him from scolding. So one day there wasn't anyone to get chips or else there weren't any to find and she felt very bad herself so she made up her mind she would stand the swearing. She went and spread her table with dishes and laid her meat on a dish and salt and peppered it and made her bread ready for the oven but she set it on the table and she peeled her potatoes and put them on the table and covered them all with another cloth. Her husband when he came home wanted to know if dinner was ready. She said yes. So he went and sat down. She came and pulled the cloth so he could see or eat just as he liked. He looked at the raw victuals and remarked with one of his oaths, "Raw dinner today!" and then looked in the yard. Then he went uptown and soon came home with a load of wood and he has kept wood ever since.

Mary, the second girl, was called very, very good looking, but about three years after we moved from there we heard from them. Mary had disgraced herself and Mariah, the oldest girl, was very unkind to her so that Mary, after her child died, ran away. But not long after that Mariah did the same. Then after she disgraced herself her mother, feeling so bad about Mary, not knowing where she was, could not bear to abuse Mariah. So she bore with her, but Mariah pretended that she was afraid of the rest and was always making trouble. So the others said that they would not stand it so her mother gave her half her furniture that she had and had her rent a house and pass herself for a widow. Then she would come to see her mother while the girls were both at work and would tell their mother a lot of things that she imagined. It kept up a disturbance. The two girls then said they would not stand that so they quit the factory and Sarah and Elisabeth went into the dressmaking and followed that a long time. They also went to writing school and learned to write. Their younger sister still remained at home. Some three years after that they both got married very well and the last we heard from the younger one, she was still living peaceful at

home. When Lizzie got married her mother made a strange remark that she would as lief see her dead as married. Now my mother's advice would have saved all that trouble and that poor girl that caused me such a whipping suffered greatly.

Now I will go back to where I left off. We lived at the Sisters' about two years and while we were there, one of the Penitents that was there was an old women who came and stayed because her younger daughter was there. One of her daughters that was outside had a child and the Sisters came and coaxed my mother to take the child. At last mother took it and kept it till it was seven months old. Then she made them take it at the orphans' home that was kept by the Sisters of Charity.

Then Veronica went again to learn to sew with a girl by the name of Alice Donelly. This girl was very ugly to her mother and her younger sister because she had them to support. One day long after Veronica had quit sewing there, the poor old lady came and tried to get in to live with the Sisters as a Penitent, but I don't know why she did not come.

There was a lady across the way from the Sisters who still claimed to be a Quaker. She used to give me good council. I used to go over there and sleep with her of nights. I thought it was my duty to mention her for she did me a great deal of good.

Finally I got in a shop to work. The first thing I got was a pink lawn dress. Then I thought it was so nice to get my sister, Veronica, one so I got my mother to let me get her a blue lawn.

Just a little while before that mother thought she wanted to dress my sister better because she was the oldest. I could not understand that. I always was very selfish with my clothes or I tried to take very good care of them and Veronica was to appearance very careless. So mother went to buy, for we always gave her our money to do just as she pleased. She bought a piece of black goods for hers and Veronica's everyday dresses and she was agoing to make me one for Sunday out of the same. Then she got a very nice piece of all wool to make herself and Veronica a dress apiece for Sunday. The she got herself and Veronica a shawl for nice and Veronica another one for everyday. She said that I must wear Veronica's everyday shawl for Sunday. What her reason was for that she did not explain. That made a great deal of hard feelings with me toward my sister. I had always an idea that Veronica was very careless with her clothes so that was a great punishment to wear her everyday shawl on Sunday. I wanted to stay at home and not go to church because I had to wear that shawl but mother made me go. I would pout at Veronica along the road to church and when I got there I would sit and cry. Through the week I would scold at Veronica when she would throw her shawl down. I had an old shawl of my mother's that I wore every day. It had a big hole in it. I turned that inside out and I used to want to wear it on Sunday too but mother wouldn't let me.

When my sister Veronica had company, mother made me sit with her. There were two girls, one by the name of Ellen, the other by the name of Rosie, and we used to go with them. Sometimes Ellen would come home with me and Rosie would take Veronica home with her and sometimes we would both go up there and come home after supper. They had two brothers and there was a man I didn't like at all boarded there. They all took a notion that I must marry that man. They made my mother believe he was very rich. The man's name I will call R. He was much older than myself. I had some work to do to keep from getting married against my will. Veronica would go with R and myself and she would plan and try to get me to say how I liked such a dress for a wedding dress and so on.

One day there was a young man by the name of Smith. He wanted to know if I would accept his company to go to the Catholic fair. I said I would, not thinking but it would be all right. Mother never kept me from going with R and I thought that Mr. Smith was so much nicer looking and a younger looking man than R. I thought of course she would have no objections. So when I came home and told mother that I had promised to go, at first she said I should not go but then she said that if I took Veronica I might go. Well I was in great trouble. What should I do or say!? I felt like I would wish he didn't come. I never felt more shamed in my life than to meet him. So when he came I told him that mother wouldn't let me go without my sister. I had a damper on my feelings all evening and every time I saw him afterwards for it cut my pride dreadfully. We had never been to the fair before so we wore our bonnets and no one had on bonnets but us. So I was plagued again. That was an evening of mortification instead of pleasure. The next morning Mr. R came and invited me to go that evening to the fair again. "Oh yes," my sister and mother said and they went and got me a more suitable dress to wear than the one I had the evening before. When evening came I was helped off to the fair by all and nothing was said about my sister going.

We moved from there and soon after that Ellen's and Rosie's mother died and they had to go to boarding. Then not very long after that we went to keeping boarders. I stayed at home and helped mother cook.

I enjoyed myself at that time very much. When I went to any party or any place, I used to put my whole soul into it.

Veronica went to the shop. Mother was sick awhile so I had everything to do and Veronica would come sometimes and find fault with me. Then I would want to leave home for I could not stand her to have any authority over me. She used to tell me that she was the oldest and that Mrs. Dunn made Susie mind Gertrude because she was the oldest. Although sometimes she was very kind to me. One time I thought she was very kind to me. She was engaged to be married and we were invited to a party and her beau wasn't invited and she wouldn't go without him. So when they came I went and she didn't go. She helped me fix and loaned me her dress.

Not long after that I got mother to let me go and learn to make pants but my eyes were so bad that I couldn't do much. But I stayed there a long time for I liked the place. Mother got a girl for when I wasn't there. She had to get someone else for she never made Veronica do anything but sew. I used to come home on Sunday for a while but never stayed very long. The lady where I was staying had several girls there learning.

So at last mother had me come home and help her move to a larger house. Ellen and Rosie came and boarded with us. We girls used to have great times so I thought. There were four girls and so many girls bring a great deal of company. Ellen and Veronica and myself were agoing to get married about the same time. Sherman got sick and Ellen got sick too so they had to put off their marriage. Henry Smith and Rebecca got married. She was one of our boarders and also one of our great cronies. In two months after Henry got married we all followed suit. I was only sixteen and I must say I didn't marry Mr. R, but I married Mr. Owens. My sister was married on the fifth of March and I the next day, on the sixth. The reason for that was we had our days set unbeknown to each other and Veronica was married by a Catholic priest and we got an Episcopalian minister. Veronica was very put out about it. We were married in the morning and went over the river and stayed three days. My husband was much older than myself. He had been a great many places and seen a great many things. I was young and had not been out very much and wanted to go but he had no pleasure in what I desired to do. He seemed to think some things were wrong but I thought he did worse. Sometimes he would get put out with me about some little thing I hardly knew what he was angry about. Then he would go in one of the boarders' rooms and sit down and play cards. I would sit in my room and cry until he came back.

Now I am giving you that don't know a strange idea of honeymoons. My husband had a strange idea of a wife. He didn't seem to think that a wife was to talk to. When he came home, if we were not going somewhere, he would sit downstairs with the boarders until bedtime. If I wanted his company I either had to go somewhere to spend the evening or else go and sit with all the men.

I coaxed him to go to housekeeping. A great many times he said he had to go to work of an evening and I used to be so lonesome or afraid to stay alone. Then what a lonesome time I had when I was sick. My oldest was sick all the time for five months and I was young and I didn't know what to do. At last it died. I felt so badly I didn't want to stay in that house so I went to mother's again to board awhile. Then I got tired of boarding and went to housekeeping in a tent. Two months after we went to housekeeping I had a little girl and I named her Julia.

Mother had several boarders, ladies and mostly gentlemen. My little brother and sister, as I used to call them, were growing up very fast. Lou was 12 and Charley was 15. Now every time I would speak of getting a house on our own, Mr. Owens would say he was agoing to Oregon. I did get so tired of him going to Oregon. (Ed. note: Hugh Owens had three brothers who had gone to Oregon in 1843 and were enjoying some success as farmers and cattlemen. Thomas' glowing reports of life in Oregon had convinced Hugh to follow him there.) At last I insisted that we would go and that soon was the idea. We went and told mother about it and she came to the conclusion that she would go with us.

Now to write of all my friends and associates would fill two such books as this. Ellen Sherman had had two children. They both died and each time she had a hard spell of sickness. Rosie lived with Ellen after Ellen was married about one year. Then Rosie married a widower. He had three children I think. Rebecca, Henry Smith's wife, had two children and lived across the river way down below Louisville across from Portland in New Albany. She had two children. The oldest she named Alice and

the next one Gertrude. As soon as Alice saw her sister she said, "Cousin Julie has come," so that has been her name ever since.

Crossing the Plains

Veronica wanted to go with us as soon as she heard that we were going. Her husband wasn't willing to go just then but said she could go and he would come in the fall or the next spring. He was a very trifling man for he would get drunk and spend his money although he was well-learned. His father was a good little old Methodist preacher. This good man always carried on a tin shop. He never would take anything for preaching. I got him to christen my little Julia.

We had a strange idea about traveling so there was another family from our town agoing with us. We didn't know them but our strange idea of Indians was that we thought we must have a company of our own. We had always lived in town so we knew very little of traveling in that way and so we bought wrong things. Veronica couldn't start when we did so we went to St. Louis and waited there till she and this family came. We all rented a house and camped until we got ready to go from there. The rest came in a week.

My husband made the wagon bed while we stayed there. Mother and he bought a yoke of large oxen. One day when my husband was making his wagon bed, he cut his knee very bad and the man that was going with us, I will call him Mr. A, came home with his knee bit by a dog.

Another day Mr. A. was looking at my husband's pistol and he didn't know it was loaded so he held it carelessly about a yard from my head. I was always a coward of anything that would shoot so I dodged and just as I did, the pistol went off and it just barely escaped my head.

We went to St. Joseph and there we stayed. My mother got her a cow that would work and Veronica got one to go with it and a young yoke of oxen. This Mr. A got only one yoke of cows and he had a wife and five children. He brought another man with him too. It was a very foolish thing that we took him in. We ought to have backed out when we saw that was all he was agoing to get and he was bringing that man. We hated to say anything because he had broken up and come so far by water for that is the way we all came to St. Joseph. If we had done right we would have started, for when we did, there was plenty ahead of us.

There wasn't any of our men that had drove oxen before. My brother made the best out of all but he had to learn us women. We were afraid to ride at first and then when the oxen were broken, there was too much load for us to ride so my mother and my little Julia and Veronica's two children and Mrs. A's five children all rode. My younger sister Lou and the rest of us walked all the time.

At first we seemed to enjoy it. We tried to make ourselves as happy as possible. Veronica and myself would go ahead and lay our plans like two children. Sometimes we would try to get mother to help us plan but she would say we didn't know how things would be but it was well enough for us to enjoy ourselves if we could.

I must say this was the year of '52. The first Indians we saw, oh! I was very much frightened. I was ahead of the wagon. I trembled like I had a chill. After we passed that company of Indians, we didn't see any more till we got to the fort. (Ed. note: probably Ft. Kearney, Nebraska.) There we left all we could of our load. We sold silk dresses for two and three dollars apiece, one that never was worn. Purple silk sold for three and a quilt that was made of just as small pieces as it could be made sold for two. It was worsted and quilted very close, but we saw that we were too much loaded. We had also found that we ate twice as much as we used to so it was better to have more provisions in their places.

They told us at the fort that it hailed there very hard sometimes. Some told that the hails were as big as a tin cup, and others said they were as big as your head.

My little girl was sick. She had a swollen mouth and her lips were all swollen. The doctor said it was scurvy. He gave me a powder to give her and told me to give her something sour.

One day the weather was very warm. I had to walk as usual and I put on as few clothes as possible. it was getting towards evening and I knew that they would camp as soon as they came to a suitable place. I was behind and the wagons had just turned out of sight around a small hill. On the side of the hill were some wild peas agrowing. Lou got out of the wagon and came running back to me and made me notice the wild peas and wanted me to help her gather some for supper. She said the wagons had stopped just a little ahead and she thought they were going to camp there. I thought no more about it. I began to gather the peas as I wanted to get enough to do some good. Directly there came something

dropping, very small. I could not tell what it was for they were so very small and Lou said, "Oh, come let us go for that is hail and they said at the fort that they would get as large as a bucket." "Oh!" said I, "they were only talking." Then she started off in a great hurry and as soon as she got around the hill she hollered back, "The wagons have gone on!" Then she looked back and hollered again, "Oh do come quick. I can't see the wagons at all and hails are getting larger and larger." I told her to run if she could, but that I had been walking all day and I was very tired. She wanted me to try and run, but she was so excited that the faster I came or went, the faster she ran and kept on coaxing me to run faster. At last I insisted that she had better run on and find the wagons, so she ran on. I wasn't much afraid at first. I had nothing on but my dress, no cape. The hails really got larger and larger. They came down so close and thick that I could not see through them at all. First I tried to keep the course that I saw was the road but first thing I knew, I was in a creek. I tried to look up and the hail was coming with such force that it took my breath and down I fell. When I got up I started again to walk, but first thing I knew, I was in a creek again. Very likely it was the same one. Finally when the storm was slackening off, I met my brother and farther a little way my husband, both coming to me with quilts and umbrellas.

They said that Lou said I couldn't get there. I was wet through. They saw that I had been in a creek without my saying anything. They wanted to know how that came, that when they came along before the storm, there wasn't any creek on the road. I told them that the creeks weren't so very deep, but one seemed to be getting deeper. I had fallen down which made me so wet. Someone, maybe Lou, said that there was only one creek when they came, but I wouldn't be surprised if those creeks had just formed from the storm, for the hail melted very fast and where they got with some water they melted faster. That place was called "the flats." There was quite a slope and the creek was very swift.

That time I was really whipped for those were the hardest licks I ever remember getting. Not having on scarcely any clothes is why I felt the licks. Lou didn't have on a bonnet even.

The wagons got where they were going to camp just before the storm. Some had just got their oxen unhitched and didn't get their yokes off and had quite a time. They were telling me, different ones, what a time they all had with their oxen.

We weren't in any company then but we always camped near other companies. (Ed. Note: When Aunt Elec uses the word "company," she means a group of pioneers who loosely organized themselves into a wagon train. The members of these companies were notorious for disagreeing with the way things were being run. When conflicts developed, the people would split off to form their own company or sometimes, to simply travel by themselves.) Now Mr. A began to act very obstinate. He wanted to lay by half of the time and he would make us start late. He didn't want mother to get in to ride and he would want to camp alone. At last we reached the other fort. (Ed. note: probably Ft. Laramie in what is now eastern Wyoming.) There mother went and laid the case before the people. They told her to get some emigrants and let them decide the case. There was a large company of packers there. Mr. A decided that they must take their things out of our wagons. They said there was plenty of little old wagons that they could get very cheap so we parted there. We had so much trouble that we didn't know how it would end if we kept on.

Soon after that we got in a company and we just stayed and traveled along with them. Their names were Shepherd. We hadn't seen them before but we got along nicely together.

We traveled that way a long time, but we were very scarce of any variety. We hadn't any more flour. We had some corn meal but we didn't like cornbread. Then Veronica's cow began to grow weak and we had to keep lifting her up. At last we had to leave her, so that broke the yoke. One morning mother's young oxen gave us quite a scare.

A while before that I came near forgetting my sister's older child, little Alice. She was a little over two years old then.

One morning I walked a little way from the camp and I could hardly get back. I crawled up a small hill and when I got to the top where the rest saw me, they came and helped me. There was a lady who gave my mother some picery (sic.) to make some tea. I was agetting very sick. Then I remember drinking something and just before that throwing up and cramping. Then after I took the tea I don't remember any more till I woke out of a sleep. I saw my husband acrying and they were all in the tent. But mother got them to work and she herself was very busy. Poor mother. Here is where my heart sinks. Oh, those plains were heart rending. Who but a mother knows what to do? Who can feel like a mother?

After I was sick, I had to ride for a week. We were going over the most interesting part of the plains. I cannot give a very good description of the plains for my memory fails me. I can't remember

one third of the places for it has been twenty-two years since we crossed. I never could bear letting my mind get on that subject (remembering the crossing) but a very little at a time. I remember there were a great many springs of so many kinds, hot and cold and alkali. (Ed. note: This was probably in the vicinity of Soda Springs in south-eastern Idaho.) One place we saw a large pond all white and dry of alkali. We gathered large pieces and we used them in place of soda to make bread with. Then another time we came where there were several springs coming up out of rocks. One of them was boiling up all the time and would sparkle. We drank at that spring and a great many seemed to like that very much.

Then we had to cross desert. When we were crossing the desert, Veronica got the word "Keeney's cut off" from someone. It was "Keeney's cut off" all the time with her till I got tired. The plains seemed very long to us, particularly that sandy desert. Someone told Veronica that the "Keeney cut off" was the shortest road over the desert. Whether we came to it or not, I don't know, but our road was long enough and Veronica inquired enough.

At last we came to a place called "Salmon Falls." (Ed. note: These falls are on the Snake River in south-central Idaho., near the town of Hagerman.) Most of the people crossed over the falls or near them but we didn't. We kept on the south side. We had a desert to cross so we traveled way into the night before we camped so as to get over the desert. That night we lost our white ox. He died that night. We were completely broken up for a time.

Two of the men in the company said they were going to make a raft when they got to some timber. If we wanted to, we could go with them. That was all we could do. We were glad of anything or any way for we had but one ox in working order. The young oxen could just walk and we had a cow. We were agoing to let my brother Charles go with the company and take the cattle with him. The man's name was Lyle. Lyle was to work the well ox and the others would go in the drove.

The company stopped there two nights. We were going to leave a wagon. An old lady gave us some beans for it. They were very hard to cook.

We took most of our things that day about a mile down a hill where there was a cedar grove at the edge of the river. Towner and Howe and another man there were agoing to help them build a raft. When night came we were very tired and it grew very late and dark so we couldn't finish moving. Part of us decided to sleep down the hill. The company was not agoing till morning so mother said that she and Lou would sleep in the wagon up the hill where the company was.

But that night mother got very sick and Lou went and got young Mrs. Shepherd to do something for her. Mrs. Shepherd gave mother an opium pill. She seemed a little easier Lou said. As soon as it was light a man came down the hill and told us that mother was sick. We had just put on a pot of those beans so we left my husband to tend the children and we went up to see my poor, dear mother. She was lying like one dead. When I came she said, "El, rub my feet." I rubbed them awhile. Then Lou came with a saucer of cooked rice. I took it and fed her and she would swallow it.

We were all young and hadn't any idea what to do. Oh, how many things rise up to my mind that we might have done! We hadn't any medicine. My husband thought he had better go with the company instead of my brother because mother just laid there and we knew she was agoing fast. To see mother dying and knowing that my husband was going that evening - I just gave up to crying. Oh, if I had only known what to do instead of crying! If we had made a fire and set the wagon bed in front of it and got some stones and heated them and put them to her. But I can't remember doing anything but cry.

I was all exhausted. My sister Veronica thought I had better go down the hill that night for she and Charles would stay with mother. My husband and the company were gone and there were only our family and four men. Just those who were going on the raft.

When I went down where my little girl was, I was very much worn out so I didn't notice her much. In the night the little dear would tell me she wanted to get up. The precious little darling got up two or three times and went in the corner of the tent by herself. The two men were sleeping and I hated to awaken them so I kept kind of quiet. Then the little darling said her feet hurt and she began to vomit. In a little while I wakened one of the men and asked them to build a fire. They soon made one. I took a blanket and wrapped her up and sat with her by the fire, but it was too late. I saw she was going. I said to her, "My little darling, you aren't going to leave mother. Grandma is gone and you aren't going too." The little darling spoke and she said "grandma." Then she went off to be with grandma.

In a few minutes my brother came down to tell me and Lou that mother had just died. My grief nobody knows. Very few have passed through just exactly the same. My husband wasn't there to share it with us. My pen cannot begin to make the least description.

I had to wash and dress my dear little girl my own self. When I got through, I could not dress mother so poor mother had to be buried without. They commenced to dig the grave with wooden shovels but while they were digging, there was a train drove a little past. They loaned them some shovels. At the bottom of the grave they made it smaller so they would have a place like a bench to lay the boards across then they put my dear mother in and my little girl in her arms. That scene was so hard that I can't describe much more. Only I know that they laid the boards across on the offset before they put the earth on them.

I wanted to get rid of my dreadful feelings. I thought if I went into the woods and cried very loud, maybe that would help. I tried it but it only made me feel worse. I had the work to do for all for Veronica was sick. Sometimes I would think I would jump in the river, but then I remembered that mother used to say that anyone who caused their own death could never go to heaven. We stayed there till they finished the raft. Then we had to leave the grave where my dear mother and child were forever.

We were a few days on the raft then I began to feel such a terrible feeling right in my breast just after the sun got warm. I would make out to do the cooking and then I would suffer with that terrible strange feeling. This is the only way that I can describe it. It seemed that there was something very strong like a lion and a tiger afigthing in my breast and there was some fire there. Besides that, the raft went along very well.

Now there was a company that camped there after ours left. Some of them caught up with my husband and told him that we wanted him to let the cattle go with the other man and wait for us. He did that and one evening we found him waiting on the bank of the river as we came by.

We went very well till we got to Fort Boise. There we stopped and ferried for there were some traders who were ferrying there too. They seemed to appreciate the raft because it was large and they could put their wagons on without taking them to pieces. (Ed. note: Ft. Boise was located on the Snake River near present-day Caldwell, Idaho.)

One day I was walking alone in a little thicket and first thing I knew, I came near stepping on an Indian woman's feet. It frightened me very much. There was an Indian woman buried in the sand so shallow that her feet were uncovered.

We helped to ferry those that were there across the river. Then we started. We had gained on our company for we got to Fort Boise before them. They didn't come to the river because they hadn't crossed before and now they had no occasion to cross.

Now a great many people lost their cattle. They hunted but could not find them. They had to leave the Fort without them but when we went a little ways down the river we came to an island that was full of cattle. There was a man to keep them from swimming back. These cattle no doubt belonged to the men that were traders. No matter whose cattle they were, there were all kinds. The men thought that was where the lost cattle went.

We went on for awhile very well then we got stuck on sandbars sometimes. The Indians that lived along the river would take a torch in their hand and swim out to where we were. Then they would stand around the raft and look at us till we would get the raft started again. Sometimes as we went they would run to the bank and holler for us to stop and trade and some would call out, "Salmon! Swap salmon!" I never raised any objections at first but both my sisters did for they were afraid. I think my troubles kept me from being afraid. Then we needed things so we had to run the risk. One day some Indians called to us but something made me feel like not stopping so I said, "Let's not stop," and they did not stop.

Then we came to a fall in the river. (Ed. note: They were approaching the area known as "Hell's Canyon" which is now completely covered by backwater from the Hell's Canyon dam.) The men stopped and went afoot and looked at it. When they came back, they said that they would have to take all the things out of the raft and we would all have to carry them about a mile. There were two falls and one of the falls was very bad. They didn't know but that the raft would turn over so Charley was to walk along the river on the shore and my husband and Towner and Howe would go with the raft. My husband tied a rope to his waist and the other end to the raft and I think one of the others did the same. My brother was looking on from the shore. He told how many minutes he thought it was that one time he couldn't see the raft or men. I think it was fifteen and when they came back they had a lot to tell us. Some of them had a hard time and Mr. Owens lost his hat in the water. Mr. Towner gave him a cap. The cap was very light and I hadn't ever seen him wear one before so to me he looked strange enough.

Now the men told us that where they tied the raft there weren't any Indians but one old one and he was very peaceful. So we all took a load and Veronica took her two children and intended to take her

time and go slow. After we got there, the rest went back except myself and they left me to take care of the things. I sat down on the raft and went to sewing but I hadn't been there long till an Indian came. I, supposing that it was the same Indian they spoke of, paid very little attention and for awhile went on with my sewing. But he began to look at the things very freely and he took hold of a large knife and looked at it. Then he put his hand in Towner's coat pocket. I had heard Towner say that he had some earrings and finger rings to trade with the Indians and I was afraid that if he took them out that they might tempt him to do worse so I took hold of the outside of the pocket and just took them out of his hand. Then I put up my sewing and just sat down to watch him. I took all the arms and ammunition, as I always did when the Indians were about, and I sat on the things and had some fastened around me. In a few minutes he made a strange grab at the knife that he had looked at before. I took hold of the handle and he was obliged to let go of it. Then Veronica came and she looked so very pale. She said that this same Indian had met her on the road and wanted to swap and wanted to take her children from her. I think perhaps he was only trying to make her understand that he wanted to swap for the children.

In a few minutes more we looked up the hill and we saw, away up on a very high mountain, six Indians making motions and running down toward us. Five of them hadn't any clothes on. Soon we could make out what they were saying. They were saying, "Squaw! Squaw!" and I knew that they meant us. I got afraid that if they all got on the raft at once they might throw us overboard and carry the children and guns and all the ammunition away before the men got back. I told Veronica that she had to do something to save her children. I told her that she looked scared and that the Indians would see that. Then I handed her a gun and told her to hold it ready as though she knew how. She also had her two little babies hugged up to her. She got behind me with the children. Well they came most up to us, running and jabbering but I could see that they hadn't any arms to fight with. Now there was that old Indian that the men spoke of. He had clothes on. The one that was on the raft was not the old Indian at all. I held a two-barreled gun in my hand and I had a two-barreled pistol behind my apron strings and I had that big knife.

They still made as though they were going to come right on the raft so I began to motion and talk or holler that they must stop running and they mustn't come on the raft and if they did, I would shoot them. Some of them said "shoot" but then kept on. I didn't know whether I could shoot. I pulled back the trigger to shoot but I didn't know how to do it. I had only half pulled the hammer where it stopped. When I went to shoot, I couldn't make the gun go off, which maybe was a good thing. But my excited look and action had got the Indians to stop. The old one was the one that stopped first and he got the others to stop. When I found that the gun wouldn't go off, I showed the Indians the pistol and shook the knife at them and told them that I would finish with the knife those that I didn't kill with guns and pistols.

The one that was on the raft had backed off and made toward the others. Just as soon as he got off, I pulled the board in that we had to get on the shore with. I did it more for them to understand that I didn't want them there for they didn't even care about the board. They didn't mind water at all. I then motioned to them to sit down on the bank, and they did. They all sat down in a row on the bank facing us and looking at us. I got some tobacco out of Towner's coat pocket and threw them each a small piece. I had heard that they liked tobacco and I wished to make friends. I didn't want them to be angry. I only wanted them to stay off the raft. I had acted very cross and excited so I had to do something to let them know that I wished to be friendly, only that I didn't want them to come where we were. They sat there awhile and then they got up and went away before the men got back. When the men came of course we told them all about it. Now I must say that my husband was one of those very easy men and when he heard it, he thought we were only scared.

Now I must say here that there were only three men and my brother, for that other man that was agoing with us had backed out while they were making the raft. As soon as he left, we missed my brother's revolver. Now Mr. Howe was very gentlemanly in his way even in his disposition. He had started with Mr. Lyle and Mr. Lyle was only to find the provisions. The wagon and the cattle were all Mr. Howe's. Now Mr. Howe couldn't bear to see Mr. Lyle's wife have any trouble so he just let Lyle have his wagon and cattle and he went on the raft. He didn't like Lyle very much.

But Mr. Towner had a different way of acting. He was more free to speak and a little quick in his temper but he was a gentleman in every other way. When things went wrong he would start to swear. I was not used to swearing so sometimes I would speak out before I thought and tell him that he mustn't swear. He never got angry like some do but he would say, "Oh, I forgot. It comes before I think. I'll quit and try not to swear next time."

I was rather sad for me and one time something went wrong. Perhaps I looked sad. "Now," says Towner to me, "if that were I, I would have to swear and if not out loud, I would have to think it." Now he had such a habit of swearing and yet he never got angry when he was reproved. Mr. Towner had a way of trying to draw one out of his trouble by saying something and getting you to talk. But Mr. Howe was very different. He was very kind and sympathizing but very careful and he had very little to say. Now when I told them about the Indians, Mr. Towner said we mustn't stay alone anymore. It wasn't right to leave us alone. That relieved our minds very much.

The road they had to carry the things over was very bad. It was all rocks and you had to climb over some of them. But we finished getting the things that day and we all slept in a row on the bank that night. In the morning I happened to be the first to wake up and when I looked up there had fallen a very fine covering of snow. The snow was very thin but it made a cover and there was a small place that each one's breath made in the snow. It was quite a change from what it was when we went to bed. There was that little mantle of snow and just a very small hole the breath made and there were the Indians a setting around us on the rocks a looking at us sleep. I expect they came to see how many there was of us and to show us that they were friendly. We got our breakfast and the men had the raft to fix and we started about noon.

We soon began to get in the canyon. When we traveled we more than gained on the wagons but the river was very swift and deep and crooked. Mountains seemed to go right up so you couldn't see the sun only about the middle of the day. There were very large rocks in the water. Some were way up out of the water as large as a house and some were only small pieces. Others were just so you couldn't see them. These were the worst. The river ran so very crooked that you could only see a block before you. Those bends seemed to come just regular, first to the right and then to the left. I can only say it was the most even and the most crooked. We could only see just so far and we would hear the noise like we were coming to some falls all the time and we would not see until we would be right there. We would get stuck on those rocks that were just covered with water and the water was deep around them. We didn't know how deep for we hadn't anything to measure with.

One time we got stuck on one of those rocks that can't be seen till you get on and get fast. There was a large rock not very far from us that was way up out of the water so we had to get in the wagon box and be taken to that large rock. We slept on that rock that night. After the men cut the raft in two and got it off, they fastened it together again. Then we moved back to the raft, but we didn't go far until we were fast on another rock and would have to cut the raft in two again. We could hear rocks ahead but could not see them.

Now our provisions were getting very low and we were getting stuck so much away there off the road. We were also going farther into the canyon. I looked at it and at last I brought the subject up when we were stuck. I proposed that we would leave the raft and walk. There wasn't anyone that objected but all seemed glad. So we got our things on shore in the wagon boxes and we cooked the last of our provisions.

We had some dried beef and we took that with us. One person took the sack of dried beef. We had two children, a small bundle of clothes for them, four silk pieces that belonged to mother, a very small bundle of my own and one quilt. We also had a gun of my brother's to carry. Then I put a few things in my pocket thinking maybe I could swap them for a piece of bread. We had to leave the raft with quilts and piles of all kinds of clothes and the rest on shore because we could not carry them.

We had to come back up the river to a creek, then follow the creek till that would take us to the road. I think we started about eleven o'clock. We were fresh off the raft so we traveled fast. We had a very, very bad road - all rocks - not gravel but rocks. We got in sight of wagons a little after dark. The man that owned the wagons seemed touched with our condition. He seemed to be perfectly willing to take Veronica and the children. We gave him half of the dried beef and all the money and all the things that I had in my pocket. There were some knives and then I had a new parasol that I thought maybe someone would like. We gave him nearly everything that we had that we could spare. Then we told him that if the cattle were not too far ahead, and if they were all right, then the men would stop and let him have them to pay for Veronica's way. The lead oxen that we had sent ahead seemed all right only they were tired and weak. If they were too far ahead or something had happened to them, then we would give him the worth in money that my husband said he would get from his brother in Oregon.

We were willing to do most anything to get those two little babies carried for we thought that we could walk, only we could not carry the babies. This man had a wife and some girls and I will give a part

of his name, Mr. Ste---. He also seemed anxious to carry my dear mother's clothes, so we left Veronica thinking that she was in luck.

Now we all walked. When night came my husband, brother, young sister and myself would lie down on the bare ground close together and cover all of us with that one quilt. We traveled for three days but then my young sister was beginning to complain very much. She had a very sore heel and she would say she could not walk. So one day two men came by riding a horse apiece and leading two more. Lou saw them and she said to the men, "Oh! you have a spare horse, can't I ride?" We were sitting and resting a little. One of the men's name was, I believe,

Doc Miller. He was middle aged. He had been talking to us some and so he said to her. "We haven't anything for you to eat," but that only seemed to encourage her and she said, "Oh, I have my dinner in my pocket," and she began as though she was agetting on the horse. Doctor Miller said he was agoing ahead for provisions for his family and they had to travel fast but he would take her to the Grand Ronde. There was a family there that he would leave her with. But if she could ride good or stand to ride all day, he would take her all the way.

So she went with them and now there was only three of us. The two men and Lou had traveled so swiftly that we had to let them go. Where they gained the most was crossing the creeks. I tried to keep up with them till I ruined my feet. Mr. Owens and Charley had on boots and they would walk right through the shallow creeks but I was so afraid to be left behind that I would wade through with my moccasins on and then the sun would draw my moccasins up so they would rub and blister my feet.

The two men carried their double gun and that double pistol and each had a knife. Charley's gun was so heavy to carry that he let it go for a meal's vittles for us three.

We tried to camp at night with wagons. I must confess that even in that terrible condition I was proud. Now along here the trains doubled so we came up for the evening to some people who were strangers to me so we didn't care so much. But when I found out that there were those that we were some acquainted with, I was put out with my husband for letting himself be seen. I told him to go a way back of the camp and bend some brush so as to make a shelter from the cold and not to say anything about me. Maybe they wouldn't know I was along. So I went back there where they got it fixed and was achewing my chip, as I called it. Sometimes I ate my chip as I walked. This chip was the dried beef. The beef was very poor when it was killed and we hadn't any salt so we made a fire in the sun and cut the beef in small slices so we could dry it. Now we hadn't any way to cook it and nothing to put with it, so we had to pull and bite very hard. We would sit and eat our chip and when we came to water we would drink. I hadn't sat there very long till they came with a cup of hot tea and some biscuits. Oh dear, they looked so very nice, but I was so mortified.

They said that we had to come and sleep in the tent and they spread a buffalo robe to lie on. That was called Spencer's train. The next day was Sunday and they didn't travel. One of the company invited my brother to eat breakfast with them and another, by the name of Doctor Glenn, had my husband and myself to eat breakfast with them. I thought that was the best breakfast I had ever eaten. Dr. Glenn is a splendid cook really and now there was also a nice clean tablecloth and they had a way fixed to have a table and seats which very few had. He had some rice and some bacon fried, I believe some apples stewed and sage hen and some real nice coffee. They looked sad when we left.

We left late but we reached a trading post on the Grand Ronde a little after dinner where we met Lou. She was staying there with Mr. Smith. He came there with beef to supply the emigrants and he had his niece and her family to take through. He seemed willing to take Lou through. We couldn't do anything for her so we felt very grateful. That wasn't any small thing to take anyone on the plains.

I got me a pair of nice soft shoes and we started again. We had a very lonely road that afternoon and there were two Indians who seemed to keep traveling with us. I felt a little afraid in those lonely woods with them. At last they left us.

Now we had the Grand Ronde hill to go down. I had eaten such a good breakfast and a good dinner so it seemed as though I should have new strength but it seemed right the reverse. I don't know how much we traveled that day. We had to go up that long Grande Ronde hill and then we walked through the woods and had to go down the hill on this side and it was about night. (Ed. note: This is probably in the vicinity of present day La Grande in north-eastern Oregon. There is a long-steep hill, now called Cabbage Hill, which drops the travelers off the mountains and down onto the plain where Pendleton is located.) I was so very given out that it seemed to me that I couldn't go down the hill. My feet seemed given out and the backs of my knees were bleeding. Now I was very near twenty years old but I cried all

the way down that hill. I would have been willing to lie down anywhere, but Charley seemed to keep urging me to come on.

With the greatest difficulty we got down the hill and now there was a river to cross. I took cramps in my limbs, so Mr. Owens had to help me out. Now he was agoing to carry me across and he was taking off his shoes. He had them about off when Mr. Brown called to him across the river and told him not to try to wade but that he would come with a horse in a few minutes. He had just unsaddled the horse and he had it to saddle again. As soon as he could, he came. He carried me across and then he came back and took Charley. He wanted to take my husband but he had already begun to cross. He was glad enough to get rid of carrying me so he kept on till he got across but we both got across before him. The crossing was bad for the bottom was full of slippery stones.

After we were all over safely, we borrowed a skillet to cook our meat that we had got at the trading post. I just got my meat cooked when here came a cup and a teapot of tea and a plate of biscuits that Mrs. Brown sent. We had a nice supper and just as we were done, she came over herself. Oh, that good woman, for she was a good woman and always proved herself such. She wanted to know if I would be willing to go with them and let my husband and brother go on without me and that they would do the best they could. My husband and brother seemed very much pleased. I told her I would be very glad but that I hadn't said anything to anyone for I thought it wasn't any use. People like the Browns could hardly get through themselves. She said that she was quite given out trying to do everything herself and she really needed help. I was very thankful and Mr. Owens said that he would pay them what was right as soon as he got the money. So my husband and brother went on along without me in the morning and I remained with the Browns.

Mrs. Brown's brother, Benjamin Olney, had gone ahead to get flour for they were nearly out. I slept with Mrs. Olney but she got mad at something that didn't suit her. I didn't know really what, but as nearly as I could understand, Mr. Brown's colt, or mare, one of them, got lost and they stopped one day to find it. She seemed very much put out. She would let the baby cry in the wagon and she would stand and pout by the fire. The baby seemed to be acrying as hard as it could so at last Mr. Brown said to me, "I would go and take it but I am afraid that would make her angry so let's take a walk. Maybe after we are gone she will take it." So we went off but she seemed to pout for several days until her husband came back.

Mr. Olney had bought a buggy and he had only one horse so the Browns let him have their mare. He and his wife and children went ahead to where he had a house. It was a day's travel from the Deschutes. He left his wagon in the care of his driver and he had to eat with us.

Then soon we overtook Mr. Lyle, the man that was going to take our cattle through. I asked him about the cattle. One man said they strayed and the other said they died but Mr. Lyle seemed to have money to buy meat and he seemed to buy anything he wanted.

His wife was very sick and that was the reason they were behind their company. She was a young married woman and had run away or had married without her mother's consent. That is what she told me on the road. She was alright when we traveled with her before, but now we found her sick. She had a high fever and was out of her head. Mrs. Brown was very kind to everyone so she went to see Mrs. Lyle and was sitting in her wagon and was combing her hair. She also cut her hair off for she said it was better for her.

Now I happened to pass the wagon where she was and she told Mrs. Brown that she wanted to see me. So she called me in and after I got in the wagon, she said to me, "Take a chair." I did and then she said, "Now that I called you in I don't know that I have sense to talk to you but how was my mother and my sister when you left?" I began to understand that the poor woman was out of her head and was worrying about her mother. I didn't let on, but I said that they were well, thinking that maybe that would comfort her. Then she said to Mrs. Brown that she used to go to dancing school with me and pretty soon she said that was all.

I went away fearing that to have many there might make her worse. Either that night or onother one I heard her scream out and say that she knew that her mother and Lizzie, I think she said, were in that wagon. I supposed that she took Mrs. Brown for her mother because she was so kind, and me for Lizzie. I think traveling with us long before she was sick and then not seeing me for so long, then seeing me again when she had a fever, and feeling the need for her mother, and knowing that she had grieved them, perhaps it was more than her mind could bear.

One night just before we had to go up a very long hill, I think it was called the Deschutes Hill, there were other trains camping in the same place. In one of those wagons after dark, a girl was pulling the bedclothes out of the wagon. Some one had thrown a gun carelessly in the wagon and she didn't see it. The gun went off and in a half hour she died. I never witnessed such a hard, struggling death before so I sat up a part of the night with her.

Mrs. Brown told me she had a brother at The Dalles or between The Dalles and the Deschutes that she hadn't seen for seven years. There was another one whom it was only a year since she had seen. He lived in Salem but he would be there too.

When we got to the Deschutes, we had to lay by. The ferry rope was broken and they had to send for a new rope before they could take anyone across. I don't remember just how long we were there, but some of the victuals were getting low and the man that drove Benjamin Olney's team went over the river in a skiff and then walked to Olney's house and got some flour. I thought that Mrs. Brown's brother would come over and see her when we had to stay there so long, but he didn't come.

When we got there, her brothers were all out killing beef. Her sister was there sick and Benjamin's wife, the one that went ahead, was doing all the work. Mrs. Brown's sister had gotten there first and made herself sick working. When we heard that the men were all come, I was alooking for that brother that hadn't seen his sister for seven years to be the first to come and welcome his sister. I was mistaken for the oldest one, as soon as he washed, came right in and shook hands. Then her sister's husband and Benjamin, who two weeks ago had gone ahead, came in and shook hands. The one I expected to come first didn't come but way late. I think Mrs. Brown went out and spoke to him somewhere out of doors.

When the supper was ready, they said for everyone to sit down and fill the table. The table was small and some hated to be the first to sit down although they were hungry. Solney and Jolney sat down and some of the men and a squaw. Then I understood the mystery! Nathan had a squaw for a wife. The next day I heard Mistress Brown and her sister speak about Nathan's squaw. Mrs. Brown's sister seemed not to like it that her brother had a squaw but Mrs. Brown seemed to look everything over and try to make the best of it. I heard her say, "Well, I would have rather that he would have chosen a white woman but if that was his choice, I will try to treat her as a sister. I suppose that they consider themselves married after the Indian style." But the other one didn't feel that way. The squaw seemed to be dressed up all the time only one morning she was sick. As soon as she got up, she didn't even stay to eat breakfast but she took a lot of potatoes and went over to the Indian's camp and sat there all day.

Nathan got on a wild horse and the horse jumped. The squaw screamed and made a terrible to do. Then when he got off, she still made a to do over him. Maybe Nathan may have told the squaw to make some moccasins for Mrs. Brown's children because she made the moccasins.

As soon as Judge Olney was ready, we came on. I was delighted with the thoughts of being most through. I had been with so many at the house and had kept very still for me. I got out of the wagon to go up a hill and I wouldn't go in any more and walked to the landing. We got to The Dalles landing after dark. We left all the rest there except Mrs. Brown's family and her oldest brother and one man.

In the morning we got on a sailing boat, a large skiff. There were some others that had to go besides us. We were very much packed and loaded and the wind was some contrary and the water a little rough. So we got on this laden boat and started on our journey to the middle cascade. Now the boat being so loaded was a little unpleasant and most of the women felt a little afraid, but I was so much better fixed than before. The prospects of getting off the plains and knowing we were traveling where others had, made me a little excited or overjoyed. It was not like we were when we were traveling on the raft when we didn't know where we would go and what minute we would get right on a fall before we were aware.

The rest of the women had their children to look after and they seemed to have cares. But now I didn't feel that fear or care and it was all hope. I really was trying to forget the past. So while the others seemed to be afraid, I sat there looking at such scenes as I had never seen before. The large rocks every now and then along the river and the tall evergreen trees seemed to be such a grand sight to me. Someone said that they didn't see how I could seem to enjoy anything like that for they didn't see anything at all. But it didn't make any difference to me what they thought. The beautiful scenery was there and I enjoyed it. The water was a little rough so we didn't get there for three days. At night we would go on shore to sleep.

We ate our dinner at the first cascade and then we had to go to the other, or second, cascade. They had a kind of a railroad to get the things on. We got there by night and we went to a boarding house

to sleep. That to me was the strange enough sight for now where I was expecting that when we got where people lived, that it would be something like in the states. But here we were taken up stairs and everyone had his own bed and laid it on the floor alongside one another. There were two such rows up and down the room. Then in the farther corners of the room were two bedsteads for anyone who was sick and sheets pinned around the beds.

I hated to go into Portland with a dirty dress so I asked a woman to loan me a dress until I could wash mine. She got one and said that I could have it. She was much taller than myself. I sat up that night and cut the dress off around the sleeves so I could wear it until I could wash mine. I expect I annoyed some asitting there by my bed by candle light because the next day I heard a man complain. He said he supposed that women sat up all night for every time he looked up, I was still a sewing.

Now the Browns were looking for some way to go to Portland but there was nothing but the very small schooner only a little larger than the skiff. Then there was a woman that had traveled with the Browns that was there sick. She and her family were going on the schooner at the same time so she had to have the cabin. It was only big enough for two or three to sit in and only big enough for one to lay down. She and some of her children had it to themselves and the rest of us had to sit out of doors.

It was very crowded down in the hull for all the things of both families were packed down there. The wagons were taken to pieces and the men put them down there. They thought that we would be on deck. Some of the sick woman's children and Mrs. Brown's children went down in the hull where the things were and they got to singing so I went down there too and we all fell asleep. Poor Mrs. Brown was up on deck all night or until about two in the morning. Then she came down where we were and wanted me to give her my place to lay down. That was the first and only time that she had spoken cross so I got up and gave her my place and I went on deck and sat there all alone. When she was there, she had her husband and her brother that she hadn't seen for a year. The worst was that her baby was with her. At last we reached Ft. Vancouver and they stopped there until daylight. We got to Portland soon after.

Pioneer Life in Oregon

They found a room and rented it and we were there when Mr. Owens came. He wanted to know from Mr. Brown how much my bill was. He told him it was 40 dollars. That was what he would charge for I had been so much help that he wouldn't charge for anything but what he had to lay out for me in paying the boats. Mr. Owens only had 50. That day I got me some cotton and made me a piece to change in one dress and another dress. Then we started on one horse to go 50 miles.

We had to stop two or three times on the road for it was very hard to travel two on one horse and it was apouring rain. We had to stop to see my husband's nieces. They were living at Forest Grove. A man by the name of Smith was raising them for their father was killed and they were orphans. We got there about noon and we stayed there all night and left in the morning. It was late after night when we got to Tom's. (Ed. note: This was Hugh's brother who had been there since 1843.) Tom was married about a year and his wife's brother was there staying. They seemed pleasant enough to me. His wife's name was Emily. Her folks lived in Lafayette, about nine miles from there. Her sister was going to get married and her mother and father were going back to New Zealand. That one sister was going to get married before they left and so I went to the wedding.

The next morning I came home and Emily went with her folks as far as Portland. While she was gone I thought that I would tidy things by doing all I could. I thought that she wasn't very well perhaps so I went to work and washed all her clothes. I scrubbed all the floors and hung up the clothes on the fence where she had told me to hang mine the week before. When she came home, I was really sick from doing so much. She brought a good many things with her and a very large set of new dishes. They soon had the house tore up. Her step sister came home with her and when night came they sat around the table to play cards.

Before she went to Portland Emily asked me what I wanted her to get for me. I told her if she wanted to get me anything, that I would like a bonnet. So when she came home, she brought me a bonnet but she seemed to run the fashion down. I was in so very much pain that I didn't feel like saying much. She brought the bonnet to me and I was in bed and she kept on running it down. I didn't know what to say, but after I got through looking at it, I laid it on the bed and in my turning it fell off. I was sick and she was busy so the first person I saw I asked to pick it up and put it away.

When night came, all the company sat around the table aplaying and they made me a bed in the corner on the floor to let Grace and her husband have the bed. They made some toddy, whiskey and water and sugar, and drank it. They never offered me any because they had offered it to me most every evening before and I wouldn't accept of it. But that night I would have taken anything because I was in so much pain, but they all seemed to be enjoying themselves. Even my husband was playing too for he seemed always to like to play and I always hated to see him play. I was a growing worse and it was either ten or eleven o'clock. Some, I believe, had gone to bed. I felt in so very much pain that I turned myself to the wall and began to cry. At last they quit playing and Emily noticed that I was acrying so she said to my husband that if he would make me some gingey tea and bathe my feet in hot water, that maybe I would feel better. When she told him that, he got up and did so and I was better in the morning. Grace, Emily's step sister, went home the next day.

Then, oh dear, if I didn't have the blues as some say. Oh, I missed my dear mother and my trouble seemed to be double. I felt friendless and alone and I would cry half the night.

Now Mr. Olney came up there and told me that both my sisters were at his brother's house. He wanted to know if we had any place for my oldest sister, Veronica. His brother would keep Lou as long as she wanted to stay. (Ed. note: Lou stayed for a while at the home of Dr. John Mcgloughlin who made a practice of taking in children orphaned during the plains crossing. From there she moved around, living with at least three more families. In 1857 she married William D. Carter.) He said Veronica's children were sick. We told him to send them to Grace Anderson's house and I would find her a place. I went and found her a place in the neighborhood, then I went to the Andersons' after her but she hadn't come. I waited a day or two but still had to come home without her.

But oh! Dear me! I found out that Grace was the biggest mischief maker that I ever saw. She would ask me all kinds of questions like how I liked to stay at Emily's. She also told me how particular Emily was and how I better not try to do anything. She said that when Emily came home from Portland and saw her clothes on the fence that she was mad about it. She said her clothes were ruined and that I had scrubbed and cleaned up only because I wanted to see what was in the house. Then she would ask me things that I would have to answer, something like this, "Does Emily let you cook?" and then she would say, "No, I knew she wouldn't. You would be happier if you would move out in the old house and live." Then she would say that her sisters couldn't get along with her. To tell half or the third of what she said would take several pages.

When Veronica came to her house to stay 'til someone could come after her, she told Veronica the same things that she had told me. Except now she said that I had told them to her. When Veronica came she said to me that I oughtn't to have said those things to Grace. I told her that I did not, that I was very careful for I had begun to be afraid of her right away. Then I thought the best thing I could do was to go and tell Emily the things which I thought would convince her that I knew nothing about. To my surprise Emily got ready and went to see her. When she came back, we were moved out into the old house.

It was the worst old place I ever was in. It was an old log room that the roof had fallen in that winter and had to be fixed back. Then there were large props in the middle of the room. They gave us two old cups and saucers and four plates and two old worn-out blankets. I got Mr. Owens to make a bench and a kind of chair and we made a large bunk and all slept together the keep warm.

Now Veronica told me what a hard time she had after we left her on the plains with this Mr. Sty-. He got all of mother's clothes. He even took the flannel change she had for her children and he got her good shawl and an old one. She walked all the time as she expected. He allowed her and the oldest child only one bisquit a day each. Veronica had to nurse her youngest child on that one bisquit she ate. Then he had to leave some of his cattle and he left her and her children alone on the plains without anything to eat. He started out and then came back and killed the old ox and gave her a piece of the meat.

Well, there she was. Three days she lived mostly on rose buds without anything to sleep on. There were some packers came and camped on one side and a lot of Indians. She didn't know what to

do. She didn't know those packers and hated to tell them her condition, but there weren't any wagons coming and the packers were getting ready to leave. She was afraid to be left with the Indians so she went up to the packers and told them her condition. Then she asked if they could take her to the agency which was either two or three days journey. They had horses and she took her there. When Mr. Smith came along with Lou, they took her with them and Smith overtook Mr. Sty-- for he had good strong oxen. Mr. Sty-- was at a hill and couldn't get up it so Mr. Smith had to help his cattle up the hill. Before he helped, Mr. Smith went to Mr. Sty-- and tried to make him give up my poor dead mother's clothes. Mr. Sty-- said that he had sold them for to get victuals. He also tried to cover his own faults and to run down Veronica's character just as all liars do.

Then Veronica went to Salem after a long time, after she came to Olney's, for Mr. Olney brought her the rest of the way by water, she came to church on a Sunday and there she saw the Sty-- family dressed in mother's clothes. Him saying that he sold mother's clothes! Even if we hadn't seen them, it was an unreasonable thing because there wasn't anyone to sell them to until he got to the agency. But that is most always the case though. If you listen to a thief's excuse, he will try to make his one side good even at the expense of others.

One had the silk dress with a very large silk cape to it. It was black silk with a black satin stripe and the cape had long tabs coming down in front and had fringe on it. The other two capes were plain silk with a ruffle and silk braid over the ruffle. The braid was called "ginerlin" braid. They were both made alike but one was padded for winter and the other wasn't lined because it was for summer. Maybe there was a little difference about the arms. Maybe one formed armholes and the other didn't. That is as near as I can remember.

Now Veronica's oldest child was very sick and Mr. Olney had to get a doctor to cure her. When I saw her, she was nothing but skin and bones. Now that she was better the poor little thing would say, "Aunt, we had to live on only a bisquit a day and we ate rosebuds."

Now my brother was only 15 as I said, and he walked through with my husband. He went right to Saint Helens and got work in a boarding house. He earned himself a suit of clothes and a little money besides. Poor Charley, he hadn't ever been away in his life before and he hadn't heard from any of us. He had heard Mr. Owens say where his brother lived, so he couldn't help coming up to see us. Poor boy. I can't help feeling bad when I think of him as he was then without a home and he was so generous and kind hearted. He hadn't any underclothes on for he hadn't any. He was so anxious to see if any of his sisters were in need. That was what made him leave his place. He wanted to see his sisters. He felt that there were so many of us that he was willing to go most anywhere. He thought perhaps that maybe Lou and Veronica might need something and that if he got underclothes, of course that would take his money and he wouldn't have any to give them. When he got there to where we were, a heavy snow fell and the poor boy could not get back to his work.

There was a bachelor there by the name of Coleman. He said Charley could come and stay with him, but Charley didn't know the way and the snow was on and still a falling. One day a man came on horseback and inquired the right road to Coleman's. Someone said that was a good time for Charley to go. Charley was going to MacDonald's and the man was going to Coleman's. Charley started walking with the feller ahead on horseback. Poor boy. That was too hard for him. This man just kept on and he never cared if Charley was lost. He kept right on his horse and poor Charley tried to keep up with him. Sometimes he would get in a deep place and couldn't see the man. I learned from Coleman that the man was a Catholic priest. At last Charley found that he would only perish so he started for to come back and it was hard.

Poor, dear brother. I can almost see him now the way he looked when he came back. Someone said to him, "What made you come back? You ought to have gone on." Oh dear, that word did hurt me so. Here he was almost frozen and could hardly find his way back through the snow for the country was all new to him. I made him come into the house for he hadn't come in yet. He hated to come back for he knew that some would blame him for not following the man. I felt just then that our condition was dreadful. For the sake of a home I had to almost see my brother perish in the snow.

I found something and made Charley some underclothes. We lived in the old house until the snow was off and then my brother went to MacDonald's. From there he went to the Jones' and stayed till he could get farther to earn something.

As soon as my sister Veronica could get away, she got my husband to take her to Lafayette and there with her two children she got along somehow. Now was the time when she needed to know how to work. Mother always made her sew but she didn't know much about many things which now would have been a help to her.

My husband and myself we were still awhile. I didn't want to stay, but my husband was almost determined to administrate his dead brother's estate. He had been older. He was the one that had brought him from his father's and mother's in Wales and had promised them to look after him. He always said to my husband that if he should die, he would give him his property. This brother's name was Ivan and he came to Oregon and California in early days. On his account was why my husband always wanted to come to Oregon. He was in partnership with Thomas and when he was crossing a stream in California he was drowned. Thomas wrote to my husband in the states about what property Ivan had. He said that Ivan had a band of horses and the cattle was belonging to both in partnership.

In a year he wrote that his twin brother by the name of Robert was murdered. He was missing just when he was about to get his meal and they didn't know who did it. He also wrote that Robert's children were a great deal of trouble. He said what Robert's property was and that, at last, was why I was willing to come to Oregon, on account of the children. But when we got there, the children were in a good place and we were almost helpless and Thomas was married.

Now my husband had loaned Thomas some money. He said the interest would make it just what Mr. Brown asked him for when we got in to pay my way.

Thomas put us in that house and he wanted us to take a claim right next to him, but I didn't want to stay there. I couldn't see what we were going to do so I wanted to leave. There we were living like I hadn't ever lived before. He got my husband a coat. I had to take my dress off to wash it and go without or put on my black one. I wouldn't do that in that house for it was worse than a stable. My dress was old and very near gone.

There was a man who offered us a horse for the place we took up. When Thomas knew that we were about to swap, he said that he didn't want that man there. My husband told him that the man's horse would help him and that he needed something. So then Thomas told him that he would give him as much as the horse. My husband agreed to that. Thomas got us a very old little wagon too and a yoke of oxen. He had already got him some blacksmith tools before. We got our few things in the wagon and said good-bye and started to go to a place called Long Tom.

(Ed. note: The Long Tom River was several days travel south of Lafayette where Thomas Owens lived. The Waymires and Nichols, mentioned below, lived near Dallas, about 14 miles west of Salem and 20-some miles south of Lafayette.)

It was early in the Spring and the rivers were bad to cross. We took a mountain road and we had a very hard time of it. I can't explain all the hardship, but I know I endured more than many women would and I think I bore it as well as anyone could. We finally got on the mountains. I had walked so much in the wet grass and drizzling rain that I was wet halfway up to my waist. We hadn't anything dry to make a fire to camp. I was very wet and cold and it was agrowing dark. I could not lay down in the wagon in that condition so I said to my husband that we must look for a house so we could get some fire. I was really feeling very bad and soon we saw a light way down on one side of the road. There wasn't any way to get to it but just to break through brush and weeds and grass. We did that and left the wagon and cattle there all night. The cattle were just taken from the wagon without unyoking them and just merely tied to keep them from going away.

I was tired before we got started because we had kept on traveling to get to some house. I was so tired I was glad to get to sit before the fire. Anyone who hasn't been in that kind of fix does not know anything about it. Now the house where we stopped, the name was Nichols. They were very kind. After I went to bed, the kind old man took my wet clothes and fixed them to dry before the fire. They made us stay till after dinner the next day so we could rest. I stayed more so the poor oxen could eat for they had been tied to that tree all night without anything to eat.

Now I resolved that I could not stand any such traveling as that. I began to inquire where I could get a place to stop and work for my board. I would let my husband go first and find a place and then come back after me. They told me they thought I could stop at John Waymire's.

We got to Waymire's that night and I told them what I wanted to do, that I could not stand to travel in that way. They seemed to be very much pleased for they really needed help. Mrs. Waymire had

six children, two of them were very young twins and Mr. Waymire used to have very hard sick spells. That was very hard on Mrs. Waymire.

Dear me, they indulged their children to anything and everything and he would invite everyone to come in to dinner. Then he wanted everything cooked that could be thought of. He at that time couldn't say a word without swearing. He would put an oath before and behind every word he said.

Not long after I came there he had one of his sick spells. When he had them we would have to sit up all night for no one could ever sleep after they heard and saw him. I used to think I would go most any distance to avoid seeing one of his spells. On account of those spells his wife would do most anything to keep him from having one. When he wasn't well, most anything threw him into one of those dread spells. It was a hard place to stay.

When my husband came back, he had been up and had looked at the country and liked it, but he hadn't any place for me to go when I got there. I was very afraid to start out again for I wasn't at all rested. Six spoiled children and five grown up ones in a family was no small thing to cook and wash for. Mrs. Waymire wasn't well. Her twins were very young and one of them was sick. Then I had such an ambition that would force me right into the biggest work. Mr. Waymire had a store and they lived in the country. The people would come to the store and that is why they had so much company.

My husband, I believe, can travel with anyone and I always thought he took the hardest way, so I got so I dreaded to travel. Now he wanted to stay there by Mr. Waymire's store and blacksmith. Mr. Waymire wanted him to take the blacksmith shop but I thought I would be obliged to stay there most of the time. I had got so I couldn't stand the children for they were encouraged to do just as they pleased. Now I wasn't well at all and, Oh dear, how I did want to rest so we took up a place four miles from there. There was a log house though it hadn't any window. Still, it was a house where I could rest and there were some fence rails made.

After a while Charley came to see us. He was working for a farmer. He told my husband where he could get some potatoes so he sent and paid \$5 for a bushel of potatoes. Now I wanted my husband to fence up and plow the ground and plant his potatoes. I had to coax and talk and offer to help. He said he hadn't any plow and he didn't like to go and borrow so I went and borrowed a plow. He would have to go and bring it home so he would have to go and hunt the oxen. He had to hunt them every time that he had anything to do.

I was very afraid of the Indians when I was alone out there. Two sides of our place was woods that went right into mountains. On the other two sides was a large hill. A widow with grown children lived on one side. When my husband would go after the oxen, which he did more than half the time that we stayed there, I would be afraid that the Indians might come while he was away. I would shut the door, fasten it, and go and sit in the corner of the room. I would be afraid to move about for fear that they might have just come like they always did without making any noise and they would hear me. I counted the time that he was looking for the oxen and it was just two months. I counted two weeks twice and other times was three or four days at a time. He would go every morning early and be gone till night until he would find them.

Well, after my husband found the oxen, he got a little wood and got the plough and plowed the ground. Then he hadn't any place to put the oxen so he would of course have to turn them out so they could get something to eat. Now he had to go again to hunt them to haul the rails with. He hauled the rails and put up three sides of fence three or four rails high. We put in our potatoes and then in a few days we were out of wood and so the oxen had to be hunted again. The potatoes had to be watched for the rails had run short and there were only three sides of a low fence.

Now we didn't have anything to eat but sometimes flour to make into bread. We had a very little bacon but it was such a small piece that I only kept it to make a little gravy. Sometimes my husband would go in debt for syrup and a little butter. He chewed then so of course he had to have a little tobacco. We had a bedstead made with one leg and the rest was fastened to the wall. Mrs. Waymire, when I came away, gave me some cotton to make a sheet and some calico to make a curtain around the bed. I picked up two pans that the children had thrown out. She said I could have them so I scoured them up. Then I got three plates and three knives and forks and I had a little box that I fixed up like a little cupboard. I hung a cloth in front and spread another piece on top and there is where I would lay any little thing that I had. It was very little that we had to put there. We found some blocks in the woods with holes bored and pieces to make stools so we brought them home and made four three-legged stools. There was already a table in the house. Now that is the view of my first house in Oregon.

Now Lou came up to stay with me awhile but she was glad to go away again when the Ensines sent for her. She went with them to Washington Territory at last and made her home with Mrs. Ensine.

One day Mr. Waymire came and wanted me to go home with him. He said he was agoing to Portland and he wanted me to stay with his wife while he was gone. My husband wanted me to go and he went with me so I went. Mr. Waymire had a daughter by his first wife. She was married and had one child and her husband was agoing with Mr. Waymire to Portland. Oh Dear! How his daughter took on because her husband was agoing. Her husband was agoing to haul up some goods. He came home and went right home, but Mr. Waymire came home sick. I knew that he would have one of his spells so I thought that I would go to his daughter's house for that was halfway to my house. I thought I would stay there all night and in the morning I would go the other two miles.

When I got there, I told them that her father was taking one of his spells and I came away because I didn't want to see him. Her husband said that he would go and see. I said that I wished he would for he could do more for his wife's father than anyone else because he understood him. But then his wife was so afraid that I had an awful time with her. She would jump at everything she heard. She sat out of doors and wouldn't go in to get anything to put over her baby. I got her something to put on her baby and then she wanted to go to some of the neighbors. I told her that I was so very tired that I would have better gone home than to go the same road twice. I really could not see her father with one of those spells. Then she said that if I did not go, she would have a fit like her father. I said, "You had better remember your baby in your arms for if you have a fit I will run and leave you. That is the reason that I walked here and tired myself so, to keep from seeing your father have one. If you have one I shall do the same with you as I did with him and who will take care of your baby?" Then she said, "Oh! He is acoming. Don't tell him that it was me that made you come. Tell him that you were afraid." I thought that was the strangest action I ever saw. The next morning I went home.

Mrs. Waymire gave me a new pair of gaters and two small pillows. I made a trade with her by giving her my wedding dress. I gave it to her for something to make me a skirt. I felt that my dress was too gay to wear with everything else I had.

When I went home, there were the potatoes covered with weeds. Oh, I felt almost sick to think that my husband didn't weed them for he was there and wasn't doing anything. He said that it wasn't any use to weed it for the ferns would come right up again. I went and borrowed a hoe and did the best I could. I had to return the hoe so I could not do as well as if I had a hoe of my own.

There was a man came and bought our place. His family came right in the house so it was very unpleasant for us to stay there in the road. I told my husband maybe he could find a house at the mill. That place went by that name. The mill had just changed hands. Mr. Nes had sold out to someone from California and he was going to move to Salem. There were several small houses besides the large one so Mr. Owens went and rented the large house. He said that they wanted boarders kept in it. Well, now that was something that I never thought about just then for Mrs. Nes didn't keep anyone but the miller. If I had known, I wouldn't have told him to rent the house. I said, "Oh dear, what shall I do? I am not well now and I am afraid that I won't be able to hold out." My husband said that it was too late and that I shouldn't have sent him to rent the house. I never knew why it was that my husband didn't know when I was able to do things and when not. I couldn't see how to get out of it and just as a young and foolish woman, I accepted it.

Now every time my husband got with anyone that knew his brother or anything about his estate, he would ask them about it. Some way or another the talk about the property would come up. I grew to dislike it so much and I would want him to not say anything about it, but the next time he had the chance, it would be just the same. Then I said to him that we never had it and we could get along without it. He would say it was his duty because there were Robert's two children that were kept out of it and "umphefrey" children in the States and that Thomas had no right to take it all himself. I said that if he did commence [to bring suit?] that Thomas would get some way that it wouldn't do him much good. Now there wasn't any use for me to say anything for my husband only tried then to keep it from my knowing anything about it.

We couldn't get the house for a month so I concluded to go visiting. A lady had asked me to come and see her. My husband borrowed a horse from the people that lived in the house and took me there. I was there a few days and Mrs. Nes came there with Mrs. Boice and asked me to go home with her so I did. She is a good woman. I can truly say that. I stayed there until they moved.

Now while I was visiting, Mr. Owens went and administered the estate of his brother. Just as I thought, he didn't do much. The cattle that had the old brand, his brother's in particular, most of them had been killed because of course they would kill the older ones first. Then when Thomas and his brother Ivan were partners, each claimed half as Thomas wrote to us in the states. Most of the men that had said anything to my husband about it said that Ivan had the most. Of course the old brand was nothing to go by for there were the cattle, three or four large bands and only about nine or ten still had Ivan's brand on them. They counted them and a calf each year but they couldn't do any more unless they called some men and forced them to swear the truth. After it was all done, we heard that Jones said that if they had called him by law to swear, he would have told them all about it, but he was a neighbor to Thomas so he wouldn't say anything unless he was forced to. He didn't want to have a neighbor he was out with.

When my husband went up there and was stopping at one of his neighbors, Thomas came to see him and I suppose that he blamed me for all this very thing that I had tried to stop every way that I knew how. He tried to pick at me by saying that I didn't like the bonnet when Emily brought it and that I kicked it all over the room. When my husband came and told me that, I must say that then, for the first time, I felt put out with them. But we know how natural it is for relations to do that way so we can do no other way than to excuse them. Our reward is not in this world. At that time I thought about very little of anything but work.

There wasn't any church to go to. When I was young, I always went to the Catholic church. My mother very seldom went with us for she most always went to the sisters' chapel upstairs when we lived there. When we went to keep boarders, she hadn't time to go unless sometimes she would go very early in the morning to pray during mass. My sister and I went alone. There were so many nice things to see on the altar and nice pictures on the wall and the people dressed so very nice. There was such a large organ and such excellent music and new tunes and I was always trying to learn them. The people would be praying and singing, but I kept busy looking at the new styles of bonnets and cloaks. That was the good that going to church did me, but I always said my prayers before going to bed and very often in the morning. I never went but a very few times to any church but the Catholic church but I must mention that one time I went to watch meeting. That seemed very strange and had I seen more of that kind of meeting, I expect I would have known more about church. We didn't have any Bible and I wouldn't have time to have read it if we had. I never saw my husband pray before he went to bed or any other time.

Now my husband used to say that he had belonged to the Methodist church. He used to run down dancing, but I liked to dance. I always used to hear people say that if anyone belonged to church and went to a dance that they were turned out. Now my husband would run down dancing and he would sit for half of the night and play cards. He would also go to those kissing parties and seemed to enjoy himself so much. One time after I was married, mother gave a party and there were two rooms, one of them had dancing and the one upstairs had a kissing party. Now to please my husband I had to stay upstairs right against my wishes. I thought it would have been much better for a married woman to dance in a cotillion than to be up there aplaying plays. I never remember of going to a dance of any other kind but cotillions and marching. Now him and others talking against dancing and going to those sitting parties. I just thought that they could not dance, but they had found a substitute for it. They were only jealous of those that could. My husband couldn't dance one bit. It tired you to try to dance with him.

Then I commenced to keep boarders right away. Anyone would think that I should have got some things, but I didn't have anything to get ready. I began all in one day for as soon as Mrs. Nes went, the same day I had to take some men. I only had one sheet and what bedclothes I have spoken of before except that I had pieced me a quilt and quilted it. Emily gave me some wool to put in it and she gave me most of the pieces. Then I had to take my old dress to join it together. Then I took the old sacks that were worn on the plains and were almost black to line it with. Now I not only had the house to clean but I had to baste bedclothes and keep basting until I could sew them. I had three meals to get every day and my only time to baste or to sew was between meals. There wasn't anyone to do anything but myself. I had to carry water up a large hill. The house was right by a creek but it stood on a high bank and the creek was way down below.

Now as I said, we hadn't anything to commence with. We had to keep ascending to the two stores. Each was four miles away in different directions. My husband now had a little mare. He got two hundred dollars for the claim and he owed one hundred to the store. He paid that and sold the wagon for, I believe, fifteen dollars. I can't remember how much he got for the oxen, but now he had that little mare. He would go to the store to get what we had to have. He would go in the morning and he would just get back

at dinner time. Then he would have to go again and he would be back just in time for supper. Of course then I had to do everything, even to get water and chips when the wood gave out.

Sometimes I had more or less men that would call only for their dinners. They would come to the mill to get their wheat ground and would have to wait till their turn. They would sleep in their wagons and would come in to their meals. I always liked to have that kind for they always paid right down.

Now in three months I just finished all my sewing. I made some wool mattresses and tacked them myself and I tacked several comforts before we could get any blankets. I had to use the comforts while I was tacking them. Then I quilted the two comforts and after I had the sheets washed a good many times, I got them and the pillow cases sewed and hemmed. I had sat up to twelve every night and got up at four every morning. Up to this time I had been doing everything myself. I got a girl two weeks and she was very poor help.

I had a man and his wife boarding that were more trouble to me than all the rest. The wife was so fault finding with the girl that she left and I was alone. The woman's husband wouldn't get up to his breakfast until the rest were done. Then he would leave it to talk half a dozen times and come back again. If I didn't keep his breakfast warm, his wife would come into the kitchen to warm it for him. She would bother me more than for me to do it myself. They had a small room, but of a Sunday when they were going to church, they would dress all over the house. Then they would ask me to take care of the baby. I told her I couldn't, but during the week she put the baby to sleep on a lounge I made. Then she went off and never said anything.

The company owned the grist mill. They were having it repaired. They had two millwrights. The old miller wasn't well so they got another miller. They wanted him to learn before the old miller left for the old miller was atalking of leaving.

They also were building a saw mill and they had all kinds of hands for that. Some of them were to get out timber, some were to dig on the race and some were to act a gentleman and boss. One kept store for now they bought a few things to sell.

This man that I spoke of and his wife, he was a doctor by profession. She had a brother there that was very lame. He kept the store. Her father was there too. He was old and drank so much that he couldn't do anything. Then there were her husband's brother and son and I couldn't tell what either of them did. Two other young men seemed to work all the time. One's name was Hal and the other was Tut and the doctor tried to do the boss part. He was the one that got the others to come from California to Oregon to buy this property and he tried to be a partner without any money. I don't think his brother paid anything either. It seems that none had paid anything but those two young men and they hired many others. They had my brother and three others hired to dig and I had all of them to board and two others besides. One had a saddler shop and another man the blacksmith shop. That made 18 boarders besides my husband and myself and the doctor's child which I didn't count.

Now the doctor took a notion, him and his wife, that it would be nice for them to sleep on their claim they took up in the mountains. They took their things up there. When night came, they coaxed the two young men to go up with them. When the doctor was going up there, he thought that he ought to have his pistol for fear some wild animal should come. He came all the way back himself and left her and the child and the young men to go the rest of the road. He hadn't got just where the things were when he turned back. When he came back, he seemed to be alooking for his pistol but I never paid any attention to him because he was always asputtering. I was too busy to be bothered when I could avoid it. After awhile I was told that he laid his pistol on one of the shelves and a money piece and the pistol was gone. Then he put over to the Indian camp and had them all acrying. He put off after the sheriff and the rest went to bed.

Early in the morning, just as I was about to get up, came his wife looking just as pale as she could have looked. She wanted to know about her husband. Someone told her that her brother knew more about him than they did so she went in the bedroom where her brother slept. She made a mistake in the bed so she got hold of one of the millwrights and she shook him good. She kept calling, "Ed! Ed! Where is the doctor?" but the man just laid still. At last Ed called out from the other bed, "Oh, I don't know. The last I seen of him he was agoing after the sheriff to take up the Indian for stealing his pistol."

It wasn't long until he came himself. Him and his wife were talking and looking. Right up on the same shelves lay the pistol only it was on the higher shelf than where he had looked. As soon as his wife had shown it to him he seemed to remember that that was the very shelf he had laid it on instead of on the one where he had looked. The sheriff hadn't come yet and I heard them saying how they would

excuse themselves to him when he came. He came pretty soon. I don't know what they told him, but the doctor said he was to blame. Now that was a good trait for him to acknowledge his fault as he did. I must say that I know some that would have tried to have said something to get the blame off themselves even if others did suffer.

In a few days the doctor got sick and his wife seemed to be very attentive to him. He asked her to sing for him. Then she went and paid a woman across the way to take care of her child so she could sing for the doctor. Poor woman. She couldn't sing, but she did the best she could.

She took one of her bowls for the doctor to spit in and when she was done with it, she put it back with the rest. Then she took a new bucket and used it in her bedroom to carry out slop. When she was done, she took it in the store again and her brother sold it to a man full of syrup. The man, of course, thought he was getting a new bucket. I had a little trouble with the bowl. She would set it and some more like it right by my water bucket. I was afraid to say anything, but I did say once to her that I was afraid someone would drink of it. Well, she said that wouldn't be anything for she had scoured it. At last I took it and put it with her things. I was afraid that she would say something and try to get me in a fuss. I was really afraid of her.

Now I really just gave out. I was getting so I had to hold on to the wall to walk. I told my husband that I would get my brother to come and do the work instead of working on the race. I knew he would soon do all as soon as I showed him how. Now my husband had just started to work on the race too for since the company got a store, we didn't have to go so much. But my husband wouldn't listen to me to get my brother. He said that he could help me and that would be much easier on him than the work on the race. He was jealous that I would prefer Charley to him. To save a quarrel I was obliged to give up very much against my will.

It was just as I knew it would be for he wasn't any help. He would go across the street to talk just as soon as he ate his dinner. When I called him, he would be displeased and say that there wasn't any hurry for supper for we just had dinner. There was plenty of time to clear off the table. Now his work was to wash the dishes and to hand me the things to cook with. There I had trouble again for he thought I was taking too much trouble. He said it was a country boarding house and they couldn't expect to get the same as in town. Disabled as I was, I would try to fix something extra without him knowing it. Then when night came he would coax me to sit down and he would wash the dishes. I never could bear coaxing so I would sit up and wipe them. He didn't know that it would hurt me or he wouldn't have let me do it. He didn't take one bit of care of me but he only put more care on me for he really didn't know anything about work. He couldn't understand why I had so much. At last the two months of his apprenticeship was up and I was confined. I had a little boy then.

I had my husband as apprentice so long that I thought maybe he could get along if I got a woman to make the bread for him and to make the beds. But, Oh dear! Then he could hardly get along. He told someone that there was so much to do that he thought before I got sick that he did most all. Then he found out that he hadn't done anything scarcely. After that my husband never would listen to me keeping boarders again. He would say it was the most slavish life one could lead.

I was moved out across the way in one room and we had a kind of an upstairs. The stairs were a board with sticks nailed on for steps. Right next to our room, in another log house, the saddler made his saddles. He slept in there and so did the blacksmith. He and the saddler would not board with the doctor's wife so they still stayed with us. My husband was so very awkward and he would ask me so much about the cooking that I could hardly wait to get out of bed and have the strength to get things going again.

Mr. Nes came one evening and I wanted him treated as good as we could because they had been good to me. I was so afraid that he would get such a poor supper that I got most of it myself. I wanted to treat Mr. Nes just as well as I could. I didn't intend to get it all, but my husband was atalking and I didn't like to disturb him. When he got through eating, he wanted to know how old was the baby. I told him that it was two weeks old. He said I ought not to be at work. I tried to say I didn't do much and that my husband just happened to need me a little when he got a little behind time. He said that I ought not to do so.

He meant well, but if men would give advice only to one another how much better it would work. Men seem to be perfectly ignorant about women. They don't know when they can work and when they can't. If a woman is sick so she can't work, she must go to bed and not eat. Then her husband thinks she is really sick. If she has any pride, a woman hates to lay around when she isn't well.

I was mortified when I had to be in that one room. Just as soon as I could get up I did because I didn't want to lay there when the men came in to their meals. I would get up earlier than I should have done in the cold just because I could not bear for them to know that I was in the bed right in the same room.

Now it was time that my husband had to attend to that suit or administration of his brother's. I did hate to see him go but he said he had to go. Now my baby was three months old and I had those two boarders and the house was very open, particularly around the fireplace. He left me some wood and went. He was gone some time and my wood got all burned up and I was obliged to wash a little. Between the washing and the wood giving out, I had to neglect my baby more than it could bear.

When my husband came home, it got the croup and died. The doctor's wife had done what she could. The doctor ordered an emetic of lobelia but forgot to give it some *compositae* to warm up its stomach and the poor little thing lay there sick from the lobelia and didn't throw up. At last Mr. Robinson said it should have had something to warm its stomach. They made some *compositae* tea and gave it but it was too late for it died.

(Ed. note: Aunt Elec's various spellings of "lobelia" and "compositae" were marvelous but barely intelligible. The American Indians used *Lobelia inflata* as a medicine for bronchitis. European doctors had learned that upon coming to America. They had also learned of *compositae* from the native Americans. I could find nothing about it causing vomiting. Some of the plants in this species are: daisy, sunflower, bachelor's buttons, burdock, boneset, coltsfoot, marigold and camomile. The boneset, bachelor's buttons and coltsfoot are especially used in treating bronchial infections. Aunt Elec could have been referring to any of the latter or simply to camomile.)

We stayed there a while and now I had Veronica's oldest girl staying with me. She had been with me four months. She had a cold and I was afraid that she might get worse so I bundled her up until I made a regular bundle of her and took her to Salem to her mother. When I got to Salem, I heard that her mother was married again. It hurt me and shocked me so I told my husband to take the child to her but I would stay at Mrs. Nes'. I stayed but in the morning I had to go and see them.

Now my husband was determined to go to the mines and he had been making preparations without me knowing it. He had two horses. I had a saddle for the saddler's board. Veronica coaxed my husband to bring me there to stay while he went to the mines.

Veronica's husband was a curious kind of Englishman and he was a bad provider. He could live on anything so he never had much to eat. Veronica was almost driven to get married for she had the children and hadn't been able to work half the time. Mother never had her do much besides sewing and now she had to do something she knew very little about. The chance came for her to get married and she accepted it. She hoped she was bettering herself, but that is the wildest mistake that ever anyone made.

He was a very overbearing Englishman. He called everything his, even the chickens, and he gave her no privileges at all. She joined a sewing society and he met us agoing to it and made her turn back. He said she couldn't go for her place was to stay at home and get his supper. She told him his supper was on the table but he made her go back. Another time she signed a remonstrance against liquor. He went and took her name off. Then he would want her to be very saving so she tried to stint herself for that was all she could do. That didn't please him either for he found a great deal of fault.

I really could not stand their babble over two or three days at a time. There was a girl who used to come to Veronica's house and she also went in other respectable company. This girl's name I will call Em. I would go to Miss Em's house just to get something to eat.

There were two stores near Veronica's house. One of the store keepers was married and the others were single. This store keeper's wife wasn't well, so she got me to do some sewing for her. The other store got me to trim some bonnets so that gave me some money. I bought me a black silk dress and a large shawl.

Now I had a chance to go to church. Mr. Dickinson preached in a school house every Sunday afternoon. I think I went every Sunday and I felt the sermons. I got a prayer book and I would kneel down every day and read it. I felt to realize the prayers and I said that I would be more regular in my prayers than I had been. One Sunday I was at church and they had communion and they passed it around. I had been taught to take communion when I was small so I partook thinking I was doing the right thing.

Not long after that there was a ball and my sister and her husband and Miss Em were agoing. I didn't care about going but they wouldn't listen to any such a thing as that. They really were determined that I should go. Now I had boils, one on my breast and one on the back of my neck and I wasn't fit to

go. I didn't know where to stay while they went for at that time I wouldn't have stayed alone in that condition all night for anything. They got me some whiskey and got me to bathe my boils all day 'til the soreness was all out. Miss Em did that for she was determined that I should go. She said she wouldn't go without me so I went. Then there was another one so I had to go to both the same way.

My sister's husband was the one that made me go as much as any. He wanted to go but he wanted me to make out that he came on our account. Now I consider that I was pleased in a way that I had to please others, those that I had to depend on. Then still, I never could see any harm in dancing. Now a neighbor woman said to Ve one day that I went to communion and then I would go to dances. Ve came and told me that and she rather thought that if that church didn't allow dancing, then maybe I wouldn't go to communion in that church.

Now my husband sold the horses and he sent me the money for one. I went and got me a second handed melodian and I went and took lessons. I got me another silk dress too. I had one quarter of music. When I went to take my lessons, very often I could hardly get home. Sometimes when I got home, I could hardly get upstairs to bed. When I got up there, I would get into bed and have a good cry to think I had those spells. They came from working so hard before I was confined.

My brother came and wanted for me to lend him some money. I had paid for one quarter of music and it was 15 dollars. I only had another 15 so I let him have ten dollars. That was all he would take but he had expected a good deal more. I felt so bad that I didn't have it. He went and got a load of chickens and took them to the mines and did very well.

(Ed. note: Family legend has it that Charley devised a chicken coop that he could carry on his back. He managed to carry it full of live chickens all the way to Jacksonville, some 200 miles south.)

My husband came home all ragged. Oh, he wasn't fit to be seen. Before I would let anyone see him, I went into one of the stores and got him a summer suit of clothes. I used the rest of that money I had left for he didn't have a cent. He came home without one cent.

Now Veronica's youngest child was sick with the flu. She had the doctor and tried different things herself, but to no purpose and the child was very weak. She was waiting for the mullein leaf tea to cure it but I couldn't see that the child was any better. Then I remembered a man in the state where I lived. He said that logwood cures the very worst cases only you had to give it sparingly. I got Ve to get it and she gave her two doses and she still gave her the mullein tea. This perhaps was very good and particularly in that way for I noticed that the child got better right away.

We were preparing to go to house keeping so my husband went up to the country where we had lived. Old Uncle Ben, as we used to call him, the good old man, came down with him and brought our things. There was a new stove that I had got while I was keeping boarders and my bed clothes and two chairs. I had some more things when I left but we gave them away. These other things I had left with old uncle Ben's wife to keep for me 'til we had a place to put them.

Now I had to be very careful what to get for all I had was the ten dollars that my brother returned to me. So now I will tell you what I got for my house. I went and got two large goods boxes. One was as large as a bureau and the other was just or almost as long as a lounge. I made a lounge out of it and I put a shelf into the other one and called it a bureau. I took my old calico that I had had on my bed and put it around the box and I also got a white cloth and sewed some white fringe on it. I put this on top for a cover. Instead of a looking glass to hang, I got one that stood upon my box. It could be set anywhere to shave by so I set it on my bureau. Then I had two or three little boxes given to me. I papered some of them and set them on each side of the glass and I set some small books there too. I set this on one side of the mantle piece, in the dark side, and I set my little melodian on the other side where it was light. I got me some black paint and painted the mantle so it would look fresh.

Then I covered my box for a lounge, first with newspapers. Then I got some dark blue cotton with a little black figure in it. It was very heavy. I got just enough to cover the lounge and make one window curtain. There wasn't but one window in the room and I was glad I didn't need to get any more then.

I got me a very cheap carpet. It was very pretty but it was cotton and would soon fade unless I would take care of it. It looked just as nice as any when it was on the floor.

I also got some thick calico that looked like damask and covered my little rocking chair all over and the seat of the other chair that I had in the country. They were splendid chairs. I got them made while I was keeping boarders.

Then I had to hang the whitest sheets in the two bedrooms for window curtains. There was only one window in each room. My husband got someone to credit him with a bedstead and four new chairs. He was to pay for them in blacksmithing. That was my first house in Salem.

Now my husband took in a partner and soon was doing very well. I had his partner to board. At that time in Salem there weren't any big and grand houses unless they were for boarding houses. Mine looked very near as well as any. As work was plentiful of course money got more plentiful, and others came to Salem who lived more grand. Salem has grown and the best houses then would be called worst now. My desire was to have a house of my own and for that I was aworking.

Now Ve's husband's office was moved to Corvallis and he had to go too. Not long after that he moved Ve to Tillamook, but he himself didn't stay long. He got more work, but he left his wife and children there. They were his step children. He came back to Salem and he came to my house to stay for I had stayed at his house and half starved. Now, of course, he expected to stay with us in return.

Not long after that Lou came from the Puget Sound. My brother was already there for he most always made his home with me. When Lou came, she brought two oranges for Ve's children and she wanted to go see Ve. Now my brother had been there and knew the way but we knew nothing about it. Foolishly we three started to go all the way from Salem ahorseback. My husband didn't want me to go but I wanted to go.

We traveled one day. I was so tired when night came I hardly thought it prudent to go on. Lou wanted to go so bad and she and Charley wouldn't go without me so I tried it the next morning. I didn't go very far 'til I began to give out. They didn't know how bad I felt for they just kept on urging me and seemed almost angry because I didn't keep up. At last I told them that if they didn't stop I would fall. At last they stopped and I thought it would be the last time that I would ever start with youngsters. I could not get off the horse myself for I was just about to faint. Charley helped me off and to a seat. I felt and knew that I was afainting. I never had fainted before and I felt so very bad.

I knew that when people fainted that they generally gave them something to wet their lips. There wasn't any water anywhere about and I thought of Lou's oranges. I thought that she might have offered me one of them to wet my lips but she didn't. Then I thought that because she had brought those two oranges, that was just why she wanted to go to Tillamook. I couldn't ask her for them. I laid there in the open air and at last I felt somewhat better but I couldn't talk much. As soon as I could, I would pick up little bits of grass and chew it to bring moisture to my mouth.

I don't know how long we stayed there. We started again, but not to Tillamook. We went in the direction where I had lived in Polk County to visit my old friends there. I told Lou and Charley that I could not go any farther. Then I was not able to go all the way home so we went to Mrs. Rice's house. Hal and Tut boarded with her now.

The doctor and his wife had moved up on their claim that they had taken. The sawmill race was cut through their farm. This was done while the doctor considered himself one of the company but he had his old debts that he had made before he joined the company. He hadn't given a cent to the company and they had boarded his whole family so of course they couldn't stand it. They were obliged to put him out for he had hurt them already and had put them in debt.

Now he was trying to do them all the hurt he could. The race went through the farm he took so he tried to torment them in that way. That morning he had been cutting away the flood gate in the race. This was the next morning after we had been at the Rice's all night.

The doctor's father-in-law was sitting there on the porch areading a paper and pretty soon he saw Mr. Hall arunning past the house towards what they called town. All at once the old man threw down his paper and ran after him with all his might 'til they got out of sight. That scared us. We knew nothing about what had been done. We only knew that they were trying to torment the company so we felt very uneasy at this strange performance.

Pretty soon there came Mr. Tut and a whole band of men. I thought that I would call Mr. Tut and tell him of the doctor's father running after Hall. I didn't know but he had been watching there apurpose and now was running after him to kill him. I motioned to Tut to come, thinking he would step away from the other men and I could tell him alone. When I called him, here he came and he was leading the doctor a prisoner right towards me. That frightened me still for I hadn't noticed him leading the doctor or I would not have called him. I said never mind, that I would speak to one of the men so I called another man and told him what we had seen and that we were afraid that something was wrong.

A little while after that, Charley came and he was leading his horse with the doctor's wife and child on it. Charley had gone up there to see the boys and found them in that condition so he started for the house. He then met the doctor's wife walking and carrying her child. She asked Charley to let her ride his horse so he did. Any of the company would have done the same.

Now Lou was a stranger to those people and she was just beginning to find out a little. She came in saying, "They have got him! They have got him!" She hadn't seen the doctor's wife nor did she know who she was when she did see her. She wouldn't have known if the doctor's wife hadn't spoke as she did. She said, "If they have got him, Madam, they will let him go again. He is my husband and if they have got him I thank you, Madam. They will let him go again." This was somewhat surprising to Lou.

The next morning we came home to Salem. Ve's husband sent for her and Lou went to live with them a while. Charley sent Lou to school and paid her schooling. Now Lou had got to going in company before, while she had been away from us, and now there was no stopping her. Ve had sent her to dancing school and was very angry because I wouldn't help her. This was the very thing which was a hurt to her now, that is, she could not learn because her mind was on company. This worried me very much. There was a young man, a General Seaver's (Server's?) son, who did the business for his father. But all this class of men would do is drink and they rather thought it was an honor.

There weren't many people in Salem at that time and everyone associated with one another, particularly those that had education. It didn't matter if they were church members or owned a whiskey shop. Even the deacon had a fight with a man in the whiskey shop. He went there to play billiards. And from the church there were two men that used to lead in singing. They used to spend their leisure time in those whiskey shops too. One of these men had been a judge for a long time. Since then the place has grown large. One of the whiskey owners that kept one of those shops is now keeping one of the largest wholesale stores in Portland.

Now to go back to Lou. I didn't want her to go with that Serveair {sic} son and I kept her from it while she was at my house. Then she went to Ve's to stay. There she got going with all those young men and with that one in particular. Now I got a girl to come and stay with me and help me. She was a splendid girl. Then Lou got angry with Ve's husband and she came back to stay with me. On her account I was obliged to send my good girl away to give Lou room. This was a great hurt to me for I needed help and I never got any help from my folks. I could scarcely get Lou to do anything but she filled the house with company. This was a great worry to me.

Now I had a little girl baby and we named it Ida. She was sick all the time when she was young 'til she was three months old. She would scream just part of the time.

A little while before that came a preacher and his wife and they insisted on my going up forward in church. I didn't know what that meant at all. I thought that they wanted me to join the church but I had never gone to the Methodist church to know anything about their ways. I told her that I had always thought that I would join the Episcopalian church but there wasn't any such a church here. My husband always liked the Methodist church and I didn't think he would be anything else. I also told them that I could not see any harm in dancing but that I didn't care anything about it. Of course the church forbade it and if I should belong to it, I would not go. Then I said that I didn't think that I should ever pray or speak in company or meeting. I told them if they still wanted me on those terms then I didn't mind to come.

When I told them that I knew if I came then my husband would follow me, they made me promise to come. So I went that evening and I didn't know at all what they wanted me to do. When they called the people forward, I rose up and went and so did my husband. I knew he would although I hadn't said anything to him about it. I suppose that they wanted me to kneel up at the altar but I didn't know it. I just stood with the rest and when they kneeled, I kneeled too. Someone said something to me. Well, I thought she was teaching me how to pray. I thought that was good so I just said what she told me to say. After that I would go and do just what the members did. Then when they called people to come up and give the preacher their hand I did and so went my husband too. He came right after me just as I knew he would without ever saying a word to him.

I went to church while that preacher was there and they would ask me to go to prayer meetings. But when they changed preachers some of them would come and ask me to speak. I felt that I didn't know what to say and I could not speak out loud before people. At last I got so that I never stayed, only once in a while. Then after a while they formed a female prayer meeting and some of them came and asked me to go so I did whenever I could. Then when they would ask me to come, I would try to and I

lived in this way until I was acquainted with all the members. I used to like to go to church and would go in any kind of weather. I really liked to hear others pray and I would think they were good people.

Now Ve had been living in Tillamook again for her husband sent her there soon after Lou left them. There was a lady went there with her husband and Ve went with them. Now Ve's husband kept her there about two years and didn't ever send her anything to live on. He was neglecting her. He rather wanted her to make herself disagreeable to the people by refusing to loan the tools that he sent. Of course she had to bother the people so when they wanted any of his things, she could not refuse them. They all did the same. Once in a while he would send a box of things that weren't worth paying freight for, for they weren't no account hardly.

If she was living there and having no home, and having no way of traveling about a new place without roads, then it was impossible for her to do anything, particularly when she hadn't any money. People lived a good ways apart and there were so many places that you had to go by water from five to ten miles.

At last Ve came back with some people and told her husband that he didn't treat her right and she said she was agoing to tell on him. He went to a brother mason and borrowed a hundred dollars and went off. We haven't ever heard of him since and the man had to lose his money. Then Ve came to my house with her two children and she brought the woman's husband from where she had stayed and made her home. He was sick and came to be doctored, but he never got well.

Lou was living in Portland for she was married.

(Ed. note: We are apparently up past 1857 in the narration. That was the year that Lou married William D. Carter.)

Well now, I had a sick child. She was very delicate and never was well. I might really call her sick. We thought she had all the trouble and thought we ought to do everything for her. One day I didn't feel at all well and my head ached very bad but I had a sick child to look after so I never thought of giving up for anything.

Ve and myself, we went over to one of the neighbors and there we met a catholic woman. She was pretty well to do in the world and she was Irish. By some means she commenced on me and, oh, dear me, I can't tell you what she said at all for she talked so fast that I could not understand a word only once in a long time. I thought she was the smartest catholic I had ever seen. I suppose, of course, she understood herself for I never heard any of them talk with such ease. I know she would have explained the whole book to me if I could have understood her. I wasn't used to such fast talking so I guess that was the reason that I didn't understand her. Ve told me that the woman pitied me and she said, "Poor thing!"

She brought some books to me and she thought if I only would read them, then it would make me a catholic. Then she felt dreadful because I didn't read her books. The she would get to telling me things. She would talk and talk and she kept on that way. At last she said one day to me, "I have been talking so much and you won't say a single word. Why don't you say something?" Then I said to her, "If I did, you would get mad." No, she said she would not and for me to try her. So I did. Sure enough, I hadn't said but a very few words when she was mad and scolding. She was so disappointed to think that she had wasted so much talk.

Now they had a revival at the church and different ones would come for me to go and I left my little girl with my husband. I did really enjoy them. I got so that I felt the church was my home. I felt very much at home and I thought that it was better to have music in church. I felt that by singing I was made happy which was a privilege I had never had in the Catholic Church. Everything I did when I went to the Catholic Church was a task. I would even task myself to pray. Now I saw the difference the singing would make. You feel like praying and it would give you such a feeling as I never felt. I got a Bible and I read it nearly through but we didn't have any family prayer. I would kneel down every night just as I had always done and say my prayers in a whisper to myself.

Ve got some books to do and she was hard to please. (Ed. note: I believe she was folding book-page folios to prepare them for cutting and binding.) She had a wagon load of books and she was determined to keep them there in that little sitting room. The room was very small.

I thought she tried to give me all the trouble she could. She would invite other children to come and play with hers. She could not let them play out of doors so they would run all over my house after I got it clean. She never had cooked much and surely never when she would feel like I did. She would go to singing school and sometimes take the oldest girl and leave me the youngest one to do what I could.

Now my little one was sick and I had the tooth ache so bad I didn't know hardly anything, but she went off to singing school just the same and left me her little girl. She was agoing on eight years old. My husband took my little girl and took care of her then he fell asleep with her in his arms. My tooth was so bad that when I got rid of my little girl, I put something hot on my face and laid down and fell asleep for I was worried out. Ve came and found us asleep. Her little girl had gone and laid down on the carpet and had gone to sleep too. Some time after that her little girl had a gathering in her head and Ve always would say that I done it. Mothers can't bear to blame themselves.

My husband never liked to take care of babies and he generally got out of it. He took care of Ida when some of the church members came after me to go. As soon as the weather was half fit, he proposed to carry her and we both went. I never thought anything of leaving a baby with him. When he kept Ida a few nights, she was two years old and she was getting over the whooping cough

My brother still stayed with me and I had all the cooking to do for all and everything else. There was not even a dish washed and then Ve was scolding because I didn't help her with her books.

One Sunday then she wanted me to take care of her youngest girl while she went to Tillamook to see to her things. She has often spoken of me not being willing to take care of her girl. This was because I knew that I could not do justice to her youngest girl just then for my poor little Ida was sick and was soon to be on the doctor's hands. Then in two months I had another baby girl. I called her Estell, or Ida did. Now Ve came back for she had left me and stayed away about nine days while I was in bed.

She also brought her book folding with her. She would help my husband and then the rest of the time she would set to her work and give it to me and scold like everything. Lou has told me since that that is her way. I suppose she thinks that is a good time to scold for when people are in bed, they can't get away. As soon as I could get up, she went away.

Now my poor little Ida got a relapse of the sore throat and was very sick. Oh the poor little dear! She suffered more than anyone can possibly and I was so very week. After everyone else came in, then Ve would come and try to keep her quiet. The poor little thing died and was buried on New Year's Day. When we took Ida up to the graveyard, it was araining and the weather was disagreeable. They thought it not prudent for me to get out of the carriage. I had to do as they said for Estell would be three weeks old in a day or two.

I could fill a page or two in telling the particulars of Ida's dying but I cannot. I really felt heart broken. I hadn't any heart to do anything. Ida only wanted two months before she was three years old. I was afraid to even look at the baby for I thought it only came to stay a little while. It was only born to die. Ida was a very delicate child. She had gone through the whooping cough which had gone very hard with her and I think that weakened her constitution very much.

As little and as young as Ida was, she liked to go to church. She would sit very still in church and often asked me questions which I could not answer for I thought she was too young to understand. She would play preacher when she got home from church with the high chair and her little chair and a hymn book.

One time we had prayer meetings of mornings and the preacher started asinging "We will stand the storm. It won't be long. We will answer by and by." Everyone was in tears when he sang that hymn. When we came home from church and of nights when I would be putting Ida to sleep, she would ask me to sing "We Will Stand the Storm." I mostly put her to sleep singing it, but it never sounded to me like it did that first time that I heard it.

I was very week and I didn't have any nurse for Estell. Ve and my husband and the doctor all thought that I had better wean her so I did. We raised her by hand. My husband took more care of Estell than he did of all the rest together. He did this for a while just as soon as he got home of evenings. As soon as I could get off, I would start off to one of the neighbors. I didn't even ask him as I had done before. But one night he came after me to Mrs. Phillips and left Estell screaming to the top of her voice. He seemed put out.

Now at this time my husband used to go from home every morning and he came home to his dinner very unregular. Sometimes he would come at twelve and sometimes he didn't get there till three. A few times he didn't get home till four but he always went back and would come home to supper. He didn't work that steady. I don't think he could have stood his work steady for he wasn't well. We lived some little ways from the shop so it was better for him to go up town where he would be near if anyone wanted a job done. When he wasn't at work, he generally would sit in one of the dry goods stores. it was much pleasanter for him there than it was at home all day nursing my grief.

Now we were living in our own house but it wasn't finished. It had four rooms downstairs and two upstairs. I had clothed the most of it myself before Estell was born though I hadn't papered it yet. (Ed. note: In those days it was common practice to first put a layer of cheesecloth on the walls before putting on the wall paper. This smoothed out the bumps and cracks in the rough lumber of the walls.) I had sold my saddle for forty dollars worth of lumber to help build the house. Then I sold my melodian for six dollars for doors were expensive. I was so anxious to have a house of our own and I did everything to have it. I papered it all myself and I painted the doors myself. A painter saw the doors after they were painted and he asked my brother who painted my doors. My brother told him that his sister did. No one would have known because I never let anyone see me do anything of that kind. But I would some way do such things with them seeing me. I will tell you that I was very proud, particularly in that way. I was raised in a slave state, but I had to work. Only we could not do anything out of doors.

Now my husband used to have his wood hauled and thrown on two vacant lots right by my house. As the wood would get carried in to burn, that which was left would get scattered over the whole of the two lots. I never could bear to see it so when I got the baby to sleep in the evening after dark, and my husband was there with it, I would slip out and throw the wood all up on a pile closer to the house. I would carry the chips and sawdust and put them around the bushes and young trees that we had set out.

The lot had a very low place in it right in one corner of the front. I would get flower seeds and in all my spare time, I would pick the gravel off the places where I wanted to make my flower beds. I would put the gravel in the path in front and around the house till I made regular gravel walks. Then I planted my seeds. I had the pleasure of seeing a real nice flower garden.

Now in six months after Ida was buried, I got my husband to take up my little Robert and bury him by Ida. After awhile my brother had the lot fenced in for me. A very plain fence cost fifty dollars.

Oh I have had some splendid neighbors indeed. Some of them I believe I can say were better than my own people. Mr. and Mrs. Bagley were always very kind. They came and took me up in the country awhile. I really feel in debt to them. And I forgot to say that we often saw Doctor Glenn, the one that got us such a nice breakfast on the plains. We had seen him often and now he brought his wife and stayed a few days with us avisting. They had a little girl too. Then there was a man wanted me to take his girl to work for her board and room and go to school. I did that one quarter.

Then I took a neighbor girl. I took her to raise but Ve was so meddlesome that I gave the child up again. I only kept her nine months. Then the poor girl really wandered from house to house for two years. All the clothes and books I gave her were destroyed in the very first place she went to. Then the poor girl was taken back to her guardian to die.

Ve was married again. She said she got married to spite us, but I think she spited herself for she got a divorce in four years.

When Lou stayed with me, I used to worry about her a great deal. When she came on a wedding tour, they went over to one of the neighbor's houses. They brought the neighbor wine and cake and they all partook of it freely. I tried to get to say a word or two to her, but oh dear, she whirled away from me like a whirlwind. She had better listened.

Now Charley was my trouble. He was very proud and had to be into everything. I was so afraid that he would get in this billiard and card company. I could not bear for my noble brother to throw himself away.

Now the Nichols moved to Salem. It was their place where we stopped that time in the country when we were so cold and wet. I invited them to dinner and I used to go there a great deal. I got so I thought everything of them and it did me good to go there. For a long time I liked to go to the Nichols better than anywhere else.

Then we had another preacher for they changed them every one or two years. This one was very pompous. One night he encouraged the members to get others to come up at altar call. I knew one of the women would be sure to do so after his encouraging. Sure enough, the next evening she was on the men's side talking a little loud. When he called out for them not to talk so loud, she went to talking in a whisper. Then he called again and said her name and wanted her not to talk. Then when they called someone to speak, none spoke but her. She asked if God forgave her, then would he forgive her too if she did anything wrong. One day after that I met him and I said to him that I was sorry that he spoke so without thinking. He said that he thought that he had really been very thoughtful so I was done with him. I didn't want to hear him preach, but I knew that my husband would not go to any other church. For fear I would hurt him or anyone else's feelings, I stayed away from church to my own hurt.

Then my husband bought a piece way over on the other side of the big bridge on the road to the graveyard. He bought fifteen acres of land and he wanted to move right on it. I thought it looked lonesome up there on the public road. There were two houses very close to the bridge and one a little farther away. That looked very lonely for me to stay there just with my baby that was only a little over a year old. I told him that if he moved his shop there, then it wouldn't be so bad. Now the shop never ought be really so close to home because it gives one an excuse for neglect of many things.

The market was way off and wood was thought handy but that was the very reason that it wasn't handy. There was plenty on the farm but no one to cut it. My husband couldn't cut wood much and very often when I needed it the worst, he maybe would be busy.

I brought my flowers up a few days before we moved up. I was afraid they wouldn't get brought, so I took them. Then I put the roots down in a tub with a good deal of dirt and had the tops stuck up like they were agrowing. I thought they were safe that way till I moved, but the man and his family hadn't moved yet. He had a yoke of oxen and he let the oxen eat up my flowers. I found the roots scattered all over the ground ruined by the frost. Still, I was foolish enough to plant them. Then I went after flowers and roses and planted and carried all the chips and trash and put around them. I worked for weeks carrying chips. There were very large trash piles where so many had lived in the house. A great many times they were bachelors.

Then I wanted my husband to plow the ground so I could make a garden. He said he would because he wanted to plow it on account of the apples. It would make the trees better. Well, I would try to hurry him, but that never made a difference. Finally he plowed the ground in May and I went and put in garden seeds, enough to supply the country. They came up just to dry up.

One day my husband got some men to help him in several things. Two of them were to cut the little patch of oats. I went to my husband and told him I didn't have anything to cook. "Why!" he said, "There are plenty of apples and flour and sugar." Then he went to his work and didn't say any more. Now I hadn't learned a lesson that I have learned since. Then I thought that it was a woman's place to have something cooked. I never thought that she could not be blamed if she didn't have anything to cook, so I had to make the dinner of just what he spoke of. I made pie and apple dumplings and baked some apples and fried some and stewed some. I had to be very sparing about my grease. Then I made bread and tea. Then I called about six hungry men to dinner. They ate and whether they missed the meat I don't know.

Now Lou used to make regular visits every year. Her husband was gone to the mines and then he went to the states so Lou came up to stay with us. Charley was just married so Lou stayed there some too. I found that she wasn't the same Lou that she was when she was a girl. If we went on a journey and came home together tired, Lou would go to work to help. Sometimes if her husband came up she would help too. Now she had a child of her own and I never saw anyone so selfish as she was. To her it did not matter who got hurt so long as it wasn't her darling boy.

(Ed. note: Elec is most likely talking about Alvin, William and Lou Carter's first child, born in 1860.)

Now we had a fair in Salem. That used to fill my house. Emily and Tom and their children came. They would stay about two nights. Then Dr. Glenn came and brought two besides his wife. Him and his wife were welcome if he hadn't brought the other two. Then Smith from Forest Grove would come and he brought a different man each time. He also would have been welcome if he had come alone. Then Ellen came the first time just after the fair was about over. A family came after her and they didn't stay but one night. She stayed several days and we had a nice time. The fairs went like that with me and I would just kill myself acooking. Sometimes I would have to give up.

Once, the third day of the Fair, I took with a chill. When the fever came, I broke out all over my face with the erysipelas and I didn't get out of bed for a month. Just before I was sick, Mr. Jones came with his family on the fourth of July. The next month I had a little boy baby. He only lived one month.

Estell was a real sick child. She would act sometimes just like she was going into the consumption. I felt that something really had to be done. Mrs. Carr came and took me and her up to her house and Estell would improve while she was there. I was determined to travel with her so I went to Portland and there Estell had a sore throat. Then we went to Yaquina Bay and she was so much better that later we talked of going again.

Ve was anursing then so she might have money to school her children.

Alice had come to stay with me awhile but she seemed to act differently than she ever had. When Alice came again, she was married and was on her road to Tillamook to live.

Now I have been writing a little too fast for about a year back we had a flood that carried away most every Salem bridge and the houses on the flat by the river. Several built houses near us on account of the flood because the flood never came where we were. Mrs. Miller came just before the flood and her husband built a house on the land joined to ours. She lived there about a year then she moved to town. They rented the house to Mr. Carney. He was abuilding way up the hill. Then Mr. Jury built a house and then Sheldon built one.

I went up one morning and called on my new neighbor, Mrs. C, and found her to be a very pleasant, quiet woman. I also got acquainted with her husband and they both returned my call. He brought her after that very often when he went to some kind of lodge meeting. Then he would come by for her on his way home. That was the only time that she ever went anywhere. She didn't even go to church.

I had a lady visit me from Portland, Mrs. L. One day I took her up to see Mrs. C and Mr. C was there. He was very friendly and very entertaining. Mrs. C never had much to say when he was about. Mrs. L asked Mrs. C if she would go with us to visit Mrs. A and we would pick a few strawberries. Her husband was there and he was called on to see if he had any objections. He would not refuse in front of us so the next day we all went, but Mrs. C didn't seem very happy. She wrapped her baby with so many shawls that we could hardly carry it. She seemed to think her husband would think hard of her if the baby should take any cold.

We had our visit but Mrs. C wasn't a bit happy. When we got home, she looked at the table that she had fixed with everything nice before she left and found it wasn't touched. She really turned pale and she sat down right quick or I know she would have fallen. Then she asked me if I wouldn't try to see her husband and tell him that we persuaded her to stay. I hardly knew what to say for I was afraid that if I made him angry at me, then he would not even let her come to my house and the poor woman would never see anyone. I saw she was very uneasy about the present and never thought of the future. Mrs. L said she would see him and so she did. Poor Mrs. C had to lay down before we left.

We met her husband as we were going home. He really tried hard to pass us in a great hurry but Mrs. L almost blocked the road and made him talk to her. She told him that we were very tired and that his wife and herself had left their babies with me and went to pick some strawberries. They couldn't find the way back to the house for a long time until they were tired out. His wife was feeling real sick and that was why we hadn't got home sooner. She saw his face grow to look more pleasant and then she started off and we came home. After that Mr. C always praised Mrs. L to his wife. He said she was such a nice appearing lady and she was very pleasant company and so much a lady.

One day Mr. C had some business with a man next door to our house. The man's shop was shut up so he came into our house to wait until he saw the man had returned. He was the most impatient man I ever saw. He went to the window every minute to see if the shop door was open. He said he could not stay in the house, that he never could stay in the house, that he wasn't made to stay in the house, that it really would kill him to stay in the house. In all of this he didn't think about his wife. I know that he always managed to keep her at home. He would not even get her a baby wagon.

On the Fourth of July he went to town himself and stayed until he saw all he wanted. She was expecting to go but he went first and saw it all himself. Then he came home and when his wife wanted to go, he said there wasn't anything in town worth seeing. He took that way to keep her from going. The poor woman was obliged to stay home again.

He was well off and they had plenty to eat. He was building her a house when we left. We went to Tillamook to stay a year or two. The house wasn't quite done when we left, but Mrs. C was very much pleased with the house and was making carpets for it. She said that when she got into her new house, she would be much nearer town and she would get to see her sister that lived there.

Her sister was sick and could not come to see her then. But I must say that he did take her to see her sister once. He said he had to get a buggy and take her or people would talk if he didn't go. She went and stayed one night but that was the only time that I knew of her going anywhere. She was expecting to go a little more when she got into her new house.

After I went away, I heard from her by one of the other neighbors. As soon as she got in her new, long-expected house, and then got it all fixed, he went and traded it for a farm. He came to her to sign the deed but that was her first disobedience to him. She really refused to sign the deed and he was so excited that he whipped her. She got away from him and ran over to one of the neighbors for protection.

After that they were separated. She had two babies and she is now with them. One was very young and the other was about eighteen months old. I heard of late she was ataking in washing for her living.

Like most men, when she had left him, he tried talking about her and saying things that everyone knew were false, that of his own making. After a while he wanted her to come back again but she wrote to one of my neighbors that she never would go back until he publicly signed a paper and acknowledged that what he said about her was false.

Finnis

Appendix A

Elizabeth Forey Chapter

Tacoma, Washington

Charles Uzafovage, Pioneer of Oregon, 1852 and
Pioneer of Washington, 1880.

Born March 20, 1836, New York City, N.Y.

Son of

Karol Uzafovage

Born in Poland, 1797, married to

Catherine Taylor

Narrative:

Early Life of the Uzafovage Family by Mrs. Charles Uzafovage (nee: Mary Entz)

Near as I learned, Karol Uzafovage was born in 1797 in Poland.

He was educated for a Roman Catholic priest, but not ordained.

After leaving school he joined the army. (His father was a guard, or an officer at the King's court).

Don't know what year, or how long after joining the army that Miss Catherine Taylor and Karol Uzafovage married.

After the war between Poland and Russia, (being an officer) and not willing to submit to Russian laws, he fled to Germany, where Elexandra was born in 1830.

Early in the thirties they found their way to the United States.

Charles was born March 20, 1836, in New York City, N.Y.

From there they moved to Louisville, Ky., where Karol died in 1840 of consumption – after an illness of several years, age 43.

May 12th, the same year, Louisa was born.

Two daughters married in 1848. Veronica to Frank Manning, a book-binder of French lineage. Elexandra to Hugh Price Owens, a welchman, wagon maker and blacksmith.

Thomas Owens, Hugh's brother in Oregon, wrote such glowing accounts of the Far West, that Hugh decided to join him.

It would take six months of more to cross the plains with ox team. When his mother-in-law, Catherine, heard his plans, she said she would convert everything into money and go too.

She was told she could get a good title to a donation land claim for the minor children and herself in Oregon with papers she had.

When the other daughter, Mrs. Manning, heard they were going, she said they must go too. Her husband told her he couldn't go then, but if the folks would take her and the

children, (Sarah Alice, three, and Julia Gertrude, 1 year and 3 months old) he would do what he could to fix things for the trip and give her all the money he could, and come next year.

Mrs. Uzafovage, Louisa, Mr. Owens, his wife and baby, another Julia, left Louisville by boat early in March, 1852, for St. Joseph, Missouri. Uncle Hugh made a wagon there, and got things ready by the first of April. The mother-in-law and he bought two yoke of oxen and one of cows. They were told that would be enough to draw their clothing, bedding, themselves, and everything they would need for the trip —except flour, bacon and other food that would be better to buy at stations and forts and save hauling, but they were sadly disappointed in that and many other ways.

Charlie was left with his sister, Veronica, to help her and get ready by the first of April. Mr. Manning was on the boat with all of them waiting for it to finish loading, when he heard a fire alarm. He always went to see where the fire was, so as usual, he went, and that was the last they ever seen or heard of him.

Charlie went to look for him, but was afraid to be away long as the boat might leave him, but it didn't get off until the next day.

It was a sad farewell for the family.

There were ten in the party, including an irishman who went all the way to Oregon with them.

They started from St. Joseph April 20th and arrived at Portland, Oregon, October 20th – that is Hugh and Charlie did.

It would be impossible for pen to describe the hardships and dangers the entire family endured on the long, dreary trip to the far Oregon country. The Indians gave trouble and their cattle strayed or died, so when they reached the Snake River, there was only one yoke of oxen left.

Uncle Hugh and the irishman, and with a strange man to help, made a raft of logs. They used the spokes and other parts of the wagon to fasten the logs together, then they fastened the wagon box onto the raft.

Their mother had a place made in the floor of the box to pack papers and things of value. She sewed them in canvas. They were covered so no one would think of looking there.

While they were carrying things from the camp on the hill to the river camp, baby Owens was taken sick. That was after the grandmother and auntie had gone to the new camp with a load of things.

They were fixing about camp when the grandmother was taken with cramps. The two were alone, and before anyone came or Veronica could call, the grandmother died – of heart failure. She had been doing things as usual and never complained.

At about the same time, the Owens baby died in her mother's arms on the hill. That was the Idaho side of the Snake River, August 20th, 1852. The grandmother was forty three, and the Owens baby less than two years old.

The dear mother with little Julia in her arms, was wrapped in blankets and buried. That was the best and all they could do for them.

It was more than two weeks before the raft was finished.

They killed the oxen and dried the meat in the smoke of the fire so it would keep. That was all the meat they had for the rest of the way.

Before they left, Uncle Hugh and the rest of the men rolled great stones on the grave. They were on the raft more than three weeks going down the Snake River before reaching Fort Boise. That was as far as the raft could go. They had many narrow escapes from drowning and made one portage of a mile or so.

They carried things around the rapids, then Uncle Hugh and the irishman took the raft over the rapids. They finally got to shore and tied the raft to a tree.

After resting several days and when they were putting things back on the raft, they found the papers had been forgotten and were lost, but they were very thankful that the men and the raft were saved and all were well.

There were hundreds of people there no better off than they were.

No horses, oxen or wagons one could buy – the only thing was to walk and take what they had to have.

Mrs. Manning carried the clothes and the bundle the mother valued so highly and Alice when she was too tired to walk. Louisa, age 12, carried Veronica's daughter, Julia. Mr. And Mrs. Owens and Charlie packed food and bedding for all.

I don't know how long it was until Louisa gave out – she said they had better go on, that she could walk no farther, her feet hurt so. Charlie put his arms around her and said, "Bear it, little sister. You always had trouble with your feet and mother was so careful of you. I will wait until someone will let you ride, and I will walk with you."

Two men came along returning to Oregon City. One always wore a red shirt. They called him "Red Shirt Smith." They said it was their mission in life to help others, and they would take Louisa to Dr. McLaughlin's home at Oregon City where she would be taken care of – which they did.

I don't know how long she was there when Mrs. E.M. Barnum of Salem found her and took her to her home. She said she would keep her until her folks came. Mrs. Barnum sent her to school and gave her good care.

After Louisa had gone, Veronica had to find some way to get on. They met a family named Styne – a man, wife, and two grown daughter in the wagon. He promised to let the little girls ride and carry their food and things, but Veronica would have to walk and carry the bundle as the oxen had all they could draw. (Styne was the meanest man ever.) They would eat three meals a day and I guess Styne saw all her food and so much. When Mrs. Manning said they better be saving of the food, for they might not find more to buy when it was gone, he got wild and put her bedding, clothes, and children out but kept the food. Then he put the bundle of her mother's clothes in his wagon and drove on, leaving them by the roadside.

They were there two days without anything but rosebuds to eat, and what they could get from the Indians. One told her he would give a pony for Alice. She stayed by the road and prayed that some good people would find them.

Veronica had sold her dress to a squaw for food, when a Mr. Collins and another man came along. They took them and her things and seen to getting them to the Thomas Owens farm in Yamhill Co. where they stayed until some time in the winter.

After Louisa had gone, and Veronica and the children had also left, Uncle Hugh found some people that were going to Yamhill. They said Mrs. Owens could ride a horse of theirs and they could take her to the brother's (Thomas's) home. Uncle Hugh gave them fifty dollars, and Elec was to give them a like sum when they arrived there.

Uncle Hugh and Charlie walked to The Dalles. From there they took a boat for Portland, arriving there October 20th, just six months from St. Joseph, Mo., to Portland, Oregon

Charlie wanted to find Oregon City as that was where the men said they would take Louisa, and he just had to find her.

After Uncle Hugh had gone, Charlie went to the landlord and asked for work – any kind. He gave him a wood saw and told him to go in the back yard and saw the long wood up for the stove. (Poor boy) The saw was dull; the wood looked hard; he had never seen a saw like that, and he was wondering how to go at it.

Just then a cheery voice said, "Well boy, what are you thinking? I'm Ezra Meeker. I live at St. Helens and have come to hire men to come to get out logs for Meeker Bros. Lumber Mill. Can I get you, young man, to come and wash dishes for us and help the cook. (The cook was his wife.) I will give you one dollar a day. And board and a place to sleep of course."

Charlie remained with them forty days.

He was worried about Lou. He told Mrs. Meeker. It had been so long since he had seen her and hadn't heard from her. He just had to try to find her. He would go to the Owens farm and see if the folks knew anything about her, but he would stay until they got someone to take his place.

Mr. Meeker went to Portland for supplies and Charlie went with him. From there he walked to the farm. It took him two days. He tarried one night at a farm house where he paid one dollar for supper, bed and breakfast.

He found all the folks. They had good new for him. Lou was at Mrs. Barnums.

The Barnums were fine people. They did so much for girls who had lost one or both parents in those pioneer days.

Charlie got work with a neighbor of Tom Owens, Mr. Jones, a bachelor, and worked there for the winter. Mr. Jones was away most of the time and it was very lonely for him. He was glad when spring came so he could be with his folks again.

Veronica thought if she could go to LaFayette she might find work that she could do. While there she met a man who said he knew the owner of the "Oregon Statesman" in Salem, a Mr. Bush. He did the legislative printing too and Veronica went to work for him.

Note:

This sketch was found in the Uzafovage family home in Tacoma, Washington.

The home was given by Miss Alma Uzafovage at her death to St. Luke's Church, Tacoma, to be used as a Parish House.

Miss Alma Uzafovage was the daughter of Charles Uzafovage, pioneer, the husband of Mrs. Charles Uzafovage who wrote this sketch. .

This document can now be found in the Northwest Collection in Suzzalo Library, University of Washington.

Appendix B

Letter written by Verna Brewer, sent to William Keady and forwarded to:
 William E. Carter (Grandson of Jozef Karol Poniatowski)
 P.O. Box 336
 Eagle Point, Oregon

5129 N.E. 29th Avenue
 Portland, 11, Oregon
 May 28, 1945

Dear Will,

At last I am getting around to that information for Will Carter. Sorry to have been so slow, but here, as with Sade's Uncle Fletcher, "Stuff happens."

Anna Louise Taylor was born in St. Petersburg, Russia. Her father was there as representative in some capacity, from England. Her mother was the daughter of a Polish representative at the same court. The couple used French as their mutual language, the court language of both Russia and Poland, neither one being able to speak the language of the other. When Anna Louise was about a year and one-half old, her father died suddenly and she was taken to the home of her grandparents in Poland. There she grew up and eventually married Jozef Karol Poniatowski, the great-grand-nephew (Perhaps there were two greats here or perhaps there was none) of Stanislaus, the last King of Poland who died in 1797. In 1828 there was a revolution in which Poland tried to throw off the yoke of Russia, which then held a mandate over it. Prince Poniatowski was declared by Russia to have been one of the ring leaders of the uprising and a price was placed on his head. He had been injured and smuggled into Germany and into a hospital, where he remained many months. About 1830 he was placed on an outbound vessel. His wife and two small children were smuggled across the border and onto the same boat. The younger child, a son, died at sea.

After the family had been reunited, they decided for safety's sake, to become Russians. He took the name of Carol Youseffovitch and she Catherine, the name of the mother of the Czar. When they landed in New York City. The immigration authorities anglicized the spelling of the name and thus was born the Uzafovage family. After five or six years in New York City, where Alexandrina (named after the Czar) and Charles were born, they removed to New Orleans, where they first admitted they were Polish and associated with people of their own country. Later they went to Louisville, Kentucky. There, in March, 1840, the father died. Two months later Louisa Ann (Will's mother) was born.

In the fall of 1852 Mrs. Uzafovage's two married daughters with their husbands and children, and Charles and Louisa Ann, reached Oregon. They had stopped for two or three weeks at a camp on a branch of the Snake River, probably the Boise River. There Mrs.

Uzafovage, aged 42, died on the evening before the party started for the Willamette Valley. So Will Carter had two generations of Oregon Pioneers ahead of him and you and I, three. Our grandmother, (Veronica) the only Uzafovage child born in Poland, told me her story over and over. It was very real to me; hence indelible in my mind. I cannot vouch for all the data historically, but the facts and dates are exactly as she gave them to me.

Mamie was here yesterday. She looks fine.

With love to both,
Verna (Signature)

Mrs. V.A. Brewer

P.S. This story turned out to be longer than I intended, but all items seemed essential. Please excuse errors, but I have been all afternoon doing this so cannot take time to copy. Have stopped for two callers. V.B.

Ed. Note: Verna Keady Brewer wrote this letter to her cousin, William Keady, in response to the request of another cousin, William E. Carter, who wanted more information on the background of the Uzafovage – Poniatowski family. Verna was the granddaughter of Veronica Uzafovage and William Carter was the son of Veronica's sister, Louisa. If the material in the letter was exactly as it was told by Veronica, then she may have been confused on several points:

1. In all except the U.S. Census records of 1840, where the family first appeared in Louisville, Kentucky. Aunt Elec is listed as having been born in Poland. In the 1840 Census, however, her birthplace is given as Austria. Austria is probably correct.
2. Regarding the revolution, there was none in Poland in 1828, but there was one in 1830.
3. The mention of the Boise River is probably inaccurate because the Oregon Trail always followed the Snake River. Salmon Falls, which Aunt Elec mentions as being near where her mother died, is on the Snake River.

In spite of the discrepancies, the fact that this information comes from Veronica, albeit two generations later, completes this document with material from three of the four children of Jozef Karol Poniatowski. Those three might argue about details, but they agree in general about the major events.

Richard L. Carter
Seattle, Washington
January 4, 2001

Appendix C

Four generations of Descendants of Jozef Karol Poniatowski (Uzafovage) And Anna Louisa (Catherine) Taylor

(Roman numerals I, II, III, IV indicate the four children of Jozef and Catherine. The letters after the Roman numerals indicate the order in which the children were born. If there is no state named after the year of birth, it means that the person was born in Oregon)

I. Veronica Poniatowska b. 1826, Krakow Poland, d, 1910, Portland, Oregon

- m. Francis Manning, b. 1815, New York City
 - Ia. Sarah Alice Manning (Wilson) b, 1846, Kentucky, d. 1903, Oregon
 - m. Henry Ballough, d. 1867
 - Iaa. Anna Gertrude Ballough, 1866 - 1945
 - m. Miles Amanuel Riley, 1861 – 1929
 - Iaaa, Frankie Olga Riley, 1900 – 1976
 - m. George Baldwin Augustus III, 1876 - 1967
 - (one child)
 - Iaab. Susie Ellen Riley, 1893 – 1951
 - m. Jack George Dotson, 1877 – 1965
 - (eight children)
 - Iaac. Debbie Anna Riley, 1888 – 1977
 - m. Leroy E. Haley, 1876 - 1958
 - (three children)
 - Iaad. Veda B, Riley, 1905 – 1984
 - m. Louis W. Nye, Jr., 1930 – 1984
 - (one child)
 - Iaae. Wm. Ashton Riley, 1890 – 1955
 - m. Ethel F. Rankin, d. 1960
 - (four children)
- Ia. Sarah Alice Manning (Wilson), 1846 - 1903
 - m. 2nd husband, Alexander “Elic” McKenzie, b. 1841, Virginia
 - Iab. Charles McKenzie, b. 1869, Oregon
 - Iac. Wm. H. McKenzie b. 1876
 - Iad. Ollie McKenzie
 - Iae. Julia McKenzie, b. 1887

- Iaf. Josephine "Joy" McKenzie, b 1887
 Ib. Julia Gertrude Manning (Wilson), b. 1851, Kentucky
 m. James T. Crump in 1869 in Marion Co., Oregon
 (no issue)
 m. 2nd husband, William P. Keady, b. 1850, Pennsylvania
 Iba. Frank G. Keady, b. 1870, Oregon
 Ibb. William F. Keady, b. 1874
 m. Maud ?
 Ibba. James B. Keady, b. 1900, Oregon
 Ibbb. Martha M. Keady, b. 1906
 Ibbc. Paul F. Keady, b. 1909
 Ibbd. Gertrude J. Keady, b. 1915
 Ibc, Veronica "Verna" Keady, b. 1877, Oregon
 m. Henry A. Brewer, b. 1870, Wisconsin
 Ibca. Adelbert Brewer, b. 1902, Oregon
 Ibcb. Alice Brewer, b. 1905
 m. Merle Bassett
 (two children)
 Ibcc. Myron Brewer, b. 1915
 Ibd. Lynn Z, Keady, b. 1880

(No issue from Veronica Poniatowska's other husbands: Elias Downs, Henry W. Wilson, and Mr. Leeds.)

II. Alexandria "Elec" or "Elexia" Poniatowska, b. 1830, Austria, d. 1902, Oregon

- m. Hugh Owens, b. 1818, Wales
 IIa. Estella Owens, b. 1859, Oregon
 m. Charles W, Heidlebeck.
 IIaa. Henrietta Heidlebeck, b. 1885
 m. George W. Patterson
 (no issue)

III. Charles E. "Charlie" Uzafovage, b. 1836, New York City

- m. Mary Entz, b. 1844, Missouri
 IIIa. Alma E, Uzafovage, b. 1863, Oregon
 IIIb. Charles E. "Eddie" Uzafovage, b. 1866
 IIIc. E. Uzafovage, b. 1870
 (no marriages or issue)

IV. Louisa Ann Uzafovage, b. 1840, Kentucky, d. 1920, Oregon

- m. William D. Carter, b. 1828, Vermont, d. 1898, Oregon
 IVa. Alvin Carter, 1860, Oregon
 m. Nellie Richards, Seattle, Washington
 (no surviving issue)
 IVb. Emily "Emma" Carter, b. 1864
 m. Alfred G. Brockwell, b. 1857, England
 IVba. Lester Brockwell, b. 1893, Oregon
 m. Prudence Cox
 IVbaa. Lloyd Brockwell, b. 1919,
 Oregon
 m. Evelyn Booth, b 1921, Conn.
 (eight children)

- IVbb. Winnifred Brockwell, b. 1886, Oregon
 m. Charles H.M. Feht, b. 1876, Germany
 IVbba. Helen Martha Feht, b. 1912, Can.
 m. Wilbur Painter, b 1914,
 (three children)
- Wash. IVbc, Louisa Edna Brockwell, b. 1890, Oregon
 m. Harry Redfern, b. (est.) 1880, England
 (no issue)
- IVc, Georgia Carter, b. 1866
 (no issue)
- IVd. Lucy Carter, b. 1867
 m. Herman Seaney
 (no issue)
- IVe. Charles Carter, b. 1872
 m. Maud Greene
 (no surviving issue)
- IVf. William E. "Bill" Carter, b. 1874
 m. Eliza Gordon, b. 1887
 IVfa. William Gordon Carter, b. 1902
 m. Helen Lucille McHardy, b. 1910
 IVfaa. William G. Carter II, b. 1929
 m. Laura Lehto, b. 1934, Wash.
 (three children)
- IVfb. Melba Carter, b. 1909
 m. Allen Leo Weston. B. 1905
 IVfba. Marion Weston, b. 1929
 m. Orville K. Dailey, b. 1927,
 (five children)
- Nebr. IVfbb. Allen Leo "Bud" Weston, b.
 1931 m. Joyce Ann Barker, b. 1935,
 (four children)
- Wa. m. 2nd wife, Gretchen Frison
 (no issue)
 (No issue from Melba's other husbands, Russ
 Ganino and Ben Garrett)
- IVf. William E. "Bill" Carter, b. 1874
 m. 2nd wife: Nellie A. Long, b. 1901, Missouri
 IVfa. David Lee Carter, b. 1927, d. 1943
 (no issue)
- IVfb. Richard L. Carter, b. 1929
 m. Jane Bramhall, b. 1942, New Jersey
 IVfba. Elizabeth J. Carter, b. 1970, Wa.
 m. Nathan D. Grigg, b. 1970
 (one child)
- IVfbb. Lee Park Carter, b. 1972, Korea
 (no issue)
- IVg. Kelton Page Carter, b. 1876
 m. Alice Davis, b. 1883, Colorado
 IVga. Page Herman Carter, b. 1915
 m. Margaret "Peg" Spurrier, b. 1928, Nebraska

- Mass. IVgaa. Kelton Page Carter II, b. 1941,
m. Martha Ann Emigh, b 1940,
Miss. (two children)
IVgab. David Lee Carter. B. 1943, NY
m. Sue Rice, b. 1947, Wash.
(one child)
1944, IVgac. Carole Jean "Jane" Carter, b.
Washington D.C.
Wash. m. Gary Schrader, b. 1943,
(three children)
m. 2nd husband, Dan Gorham
(no issue)
- IVgad. Marialyce "Mimi" Carter, b.
1948, Washington
m. Richard Lee Whitley, b. 1944,
Colorado
(two children)
m. 2nd husband, Jerry Esser
(no issue)
- IVgae. Richard Alan Carter ,
b.1950 Washington
m. Carol Aurand, b. 1954
Michigan
(one child)
- IVg. Kelton Page Carter
m. 2nd wife, Leota Dooley
(no issue)
- IVh. Estella Carter, b. 1878
m. Hugh McPherson, b. (est)1870, Canada
(no issue)
- IVi. Edith Carter, b. 1881
m. Louis Eschle, b. 1882, Wisconsin
IVia. Shirley Eschle, b. 1917
m. Stan Soran, b. 1917, Idaho
1943 IViaa. Robert Louis "Bob" Soran, b.
m. Charlotte K. Jones, b. 1943
(three children)
m. 2nd wife, Suzanne Turpening
(no issue)
- IVib. Jeanne Marie Eschle, b. 1919
m. Harold Penrod., b. (est) 1919
Robert Penrod

