

The Life Journey of a Pioneer Woman

By Lucy Dollarhide Clark

I was born in Jasper County, Indiana, on June 11, 1851. I am the seventh child of a family of twelve children, nine girls and three boys. My parents were Jesse and Nancy Dollarhide.

In the summer of 1855, when I was four years old, we moved to Fayette County, Iowa, in the northeastern part. My father's brother, John, had preceded us to this part of the country two years before and had written glowing accounts of the new country. Land was much cheaper and my Uncle John thought father could do much better there. Father's business was buying cattle, driving them to Chicago and selling them. He had become suspicious of rustlers and decided to sell what he had and move to Iowa. At about this time, my sister, Amanda, was married to Daniel Doty and prepared to go with us. My father's sister, his mother and step-father, and Grandfather Bridgeman, went out to Iowa at the same time.

One little incident I remember so well that happened while we were getting ready to move. My mother was making me a new bonnet and sent me to the neighbors to get some pasteboard to make the slats for it. I went to their house and as the door was shut I sat down on the steps to wait. No one came to the door and after waiting awhile, I went home without the pasteboard. The first day on the road, I lay down in the back of the wagon and went to sleep. While I was asleep my bonnet fell out of the wagon and was lost.

The Sunday before we started our trip, we met at Uncle Ephram Bridgeman's place for dinner. How well I remember us children going out to play by the side of the smokehouse. The oldest boy, John, went up overhead inside and shook cattails all over us.

Someone has said to me, "You don't remember these things as they actually happened. You remember only what someone has told you later." I am not writing what someone told me but from my memory of these things.

I have not the date we started our journey or how long it took us to get to my uncle's home, but we arrived there all right. Father began looking for a location and bought a farm north of Uncle John's. I do not know how much the place cost or how much money father had when we arrived there. There was a two-room house, very poorly built and cold. We moved into it but did not have much to put in it except children, eight with the new son-in-law. That fall, in October, another baby arrived. I can't see for the life of me how we all survived in that house. There were two make-shift bedrooms and a living room, bedroom and kitchen combined, and a good cellar under the house.

One time a thunder and wind storm came up and we all went down into the cellar. We looked to see if all of us were there. They had missed the one next to the baby who had been asleep on the settee. Father went upstairs and brought her down. The old house stood the test and was still there when we left.

The first winter was very cold and severe. The cows froze their horns and hoofs and some died from the cold. We had no place to keep them, only a pole shed covered with straw for protection.

The place had some nice timber on it - butter-nut, walnut, maple, oak, hazelnuts, wild crabapples, plums and blackberries. We would make maple sugar and syrup in the spring

. The following spring, my brother-in-law, Daniel Doty, built him a log cabin in the timber where it was not so cold. He later went to Wisconsin and then to Indiana. When the Civil War broke out he joined the army and after the war ended, went out to California.

We stayed in Iowa and tried to make a decent living. We younger children did not have any shoes for the winter but we could go barefooted in the summer all right. I had to wear the boys' old cast-off shoes and father's overshoes. When I was eight years old I knit myself a pair of stockings. Every time father went to town, I would wash the stockings, expecting a new pair of shoes when he came home - but the shoes never came. What would my grandchildren say if they had to do that now? One day we had two valuable horses stolen and father spent many days looking for

them but could never find them.

My Uncle John was a United Brethren Minister. All of father's brothers were ministers. Uncle John preached at a Negro settlement at the county seat of Fayette County. We surely had some good old time religious meetings while we lived in town.

Uncle John got the California fever and in 1859 or 1860 sold everything and immigrated to California. We were told there was plenty of gold in the banks of the Sacramento and in 1861 father pulled up stakes and started west. Two young men each gave father \$150.00 to go with him. Again we packed our few things and started on another journey. It was the year the Civil War broke out and we knew it was a risky trip, but with the Good Lord's help we got through safely.

There were only six wagons, four families that started out. One man, Benjamin Allen, was a United Brethren preacher and had sermons on Sunday for us. There were six young men and my two brothers, fourteen and sixteen years of age, some younger children, my sister, Lavina, who was twenty, and others of the four families. When we were halfway on our journey, father had to sell a horse, the wagon and harness. He received only \$30.00 in gold for this whole outfit.

As we came through southwestern Iowa, we stopped at Uncle Michael's and Aunt Mary Bridgeman's. They had moved there three or four years before. In the meantime father's step-father had died. We stayed here about a week and while there I met my great-grandmother who was ninety-three years old. Before we started out again, father bought a ten-gallon keg of sorghum molasses to take with us - and my, didn't I get sick of that before we used it all.

We traveled many days before we saw the first Indians, but these proved to be friendly. We were not traveling with any other train but would sometimes camp near one. One train - the De Moss train - had a hundred wagons and would have dances when camped.

After father had to sell the wagon, some of us had to walk all the time. It seems to me I walked halfway, at least, barefooted across the desert where the thistles were thick. I had to stand it though because there was no other way to do.

There were many beautiful places of scenery along our route. One in particular, the Devil's Gate, where two mountains came together with a stream running down the narrow gulch, was outstanding in my mind. However, there were two very sad instances that happened on our journey. Mr. Wing's daughter age sixteen, became sick and died and a man was drowned in the river. He was not in our train but came with a company who camped near us after we reached this place. He and another had started to swim across; where on the other side from us in the river he was seized with cramps and went down. The other man managed to swim to a small island but was so scared he would not go any further. The men had to throw a rope to him and help him across the rest of the way. The one who was drowned had a wife and two children. His body was recovered and it was a sad thing to leave him buried there on that lonely road away from all friends - but such is life and we must move on.

Our food became very low while we were on the road but none of us starved to death, although we did go hungry one day. We traveled on until we came to a place where there were two roads. One went by Honey Lake and the other over the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Some of our company went by Honey Lake, but Mr. Allen and father took the other road and went to Sacramento. We came to a mining town called China Town (which is now Dayton) and stayed there for awhile. Father had run out of money and we had only three horses left. He took a job hauling hay from a ranch to the livery stable. One morning the best mare we had was down and could not get up. A few days later a man came into the stable and, seeing that she was a blooded animal, gave father \$150.00 for her. Father took the money and we again started on our journey.

We went up the river to where my Uncle John lived. There the United Brethren were holding a camp meeting and we met some people father had known in Indiana. They were from Sacramento Valley and told father not to settle on the river for we would have the chills and fever most of the time. These people wanted us to go with them out on the plains where we could rent land. Father found a man by the name of Mingus who rented his stock and farming tools to us. In the meantime people kept us in their homes until we found a place to live. This was in

the winter of 1861 and 1862, and my how it rained! The range cattle had nothing to eat and would stand around the farm corrals and bawl so pitifully. The winters before, there had always been enough grass and the farmers would bum their straw after thrashing instead of saving it. That winter taught them a lesson and after that the straw was always saved.

Then came the dry year of '64 and nothing was raised out on the plains where wheat and barley were the main crops. We lived on the Mingus ranch two years then father bought a hundred and sixty acres from a man by the name of William Pyle and built a house on the farm. My sister, Levina, married Mr. Mingus before we left his ranch.

When I was fourteen years old, I met a young man by the name of Clark and he fell deeply in love with me. I was going to school at the time but that young man persuaded me to think the same as he did - that he could not live without me - and on September 9, 1866, we were married and started our lives together. We were very happy but were not without our share of troubles. We had only his year's wages, \$300.00, to go on. The first thing we bought was a cow for which we paid sixty dollars and she died the day after we bought her. We were still staying at my father's and I had to go to a neighbor's place to get milk for our calf. We bought another cow, paid \$50.00 for her, but she was not so good as the one we lost.

My sister older than I was married in 1864, but her husband dropped dead after they were married about a year and a half. He had taken a quarter of land nearby but had never proved up on it. My sister told my brother and husband they could have the land if they wanted it. They built a house and a shed for their stock and we moved over there. Mr. Clark rented more land from his brothers and fanned that also. That winter, January 8, 1868, my first child, a son, James Henry, was born. We did not stay long on my sister's place because soon the question rose whether or not she had the right to give the place away. We moved to Mr. Clark's brother's place and lived there until the fall of 1873.

In the meantime my father had sold his place in California and had gone to Jackson County in the southern part of Oregon. They wanted us to come there and live because we could get land very cheap. In the fall of 1873, we loaded one four-horse wagon with our goods and plenty of groceries, as good food was at a high price in this new country. We bought a hack in which the children and I rode and started for Oregon. Mr. Clark had never driven four horses over a mountain road and met with many difficulties when we went down our first mountains.

We had taken another man along who had wanted to go to Oregon, but he was no where around when we had trouble and needed his help. One day as we were driving along in Shasta Valley, this fellow was sitting up on the high seat of the wagon, dangling his feet on the outside. The wheel went into a chuck hole and caused the wagon to tip; throwing the man on his head but his neck was not broken. This man's name was Jim Kerr.

Father met us on the south side of the mountains with another team which we had hitched to the back of our wagon. My sister, Priscilla, and my brother, Dudley, came with my father. By this time my husband could drive four horses over the mountain roads so my sister got into the seat beside him and they went sailing down the mountain side. I have never seen a more beautiful sight than this valley we went into to make our home.

We lived by ourselves, Mr. Clark working for father that winter. I lived in a house about half a mile on the stage road. One of my sisters or my little brother stayed with me. I now had four children to care for.

In the spring, we tried to find some place to rent. There was no railroad through this country and everything had to be freighted in and out by teams. The railroad terminus in Oregon was Roseburg and in California, Redding. Finding nothing which we liked, we decided to go back to California and late that spring we started back. Three teams were taking freight to Redding and my brother-in-law, Johnny Grieve, and his family was going to California to work during the harvest. On our way we came to a stopping place for the teamsters in the midst of the finest white pine timber I have ever seen. This place was for sale so Mr. Clark bargained for it and paid \$100.00 down. We thought it would be a great place when the railroad went through and sawmills would be built there. We went to California to get the rest of our things we had left there. After we got there, Mr. Clark's brother persuaded him to stay there and not go back. It was the year that hops sold for fifty cents a pound,

so my husband went to work for his brother who had a large field of hops. I cooked for the men. Chinamen picked the hops but they boarded themselves. That fall, my brother-in-law bought the Restine ranch, below Sacramento on the west side of the river, and rented it to us for three years. There were about sixteen acres cleared on this place.

Our first crop of hops was fair but when they were ready for market they were worth only nine cents for a pound. We did not make much profit on our hops but we had a lot of cows and sold butter. We tried it another year and received sixteen cents a pound for the hops.

Mr. Clark's brother, Melvin, and sister, Ada, had gone back to Vermont to visit their father and mother who were now seventy years old. All the boys had left them and gone to California. They wanted us to come back and stay with them and take care of them as long as they lived. They agreed on what terms were satisfactory for us to come, so after selling our wagons and horses we went to live with them.

Oh, such a looking country I have never seen! The first thing Mr. Clark did was to dig a well at the kitchen door. They had always carried water for a long ways. My husband took sick with lung fever and was ill many days. We all lived in one small house, Mr. Clark's parents and we with our five children, the youngest baby only five months old. There was some dissatisfaction among the folks on the terms we had agreed on and as soon as Mr. Clark was able, we went back to California.

The children and I stayed at Emigrant Gap with Melvin and Ada. Mr. Clark went down to Sacramento to buy a wagon and team and in two weeks sent for us. We went down on the train and as soon as we got there, started for Oregon.

The Indians were on the warpath and my folks did not want us to come on. We stayed there almost three years and farmed. We got financially poorer each year. My sister and family had gone to Washington and wrote to us saying we could get government land. We loaded what we had and came up to Washington. Before we left, I had said if we could get a piece of good land I was going to like, I'd stay there. I thank the Good Lord that He helped me and I have always liked Washington the best of any place I have lived.

I have passed through trials and tribulations. Five of my family lies in the Lone Pine Cemetery. I am still here, hoping that I may stay a few years longer. Our journey to Washington would have been very pleasant had it not been that the baby sixteen months old took pneumonia and was very sick most of the way. Every night I did not know whether my baby would still be alive the next morning. He did, however, finally survive through all our hardships. There was another family who started with us but they went up the coast after leaving us at Walla Walla. Two young men, John Roberts and Joe Rutherford, came on with us. We had four horses, three cows, three heifers and a calf. It was fortunate we had milk because it was that which kept the baby alive. We did not have a tent, but the two men traveling with us loaned us theirs so the baby and I could sleep in out of the night air, and the baby began to get better. Mr. Clark killed two deer on the road.

Our boy, Jack, who was eight years old, rode the old mare we called Dolly. One day we had traveled quite a few miles without water until we came to a creek. She stopped to drink and the other horses, anxious for water too, struck the old mare with the wagon tongue. She started bucking and threw Jack into the water but he quickly scrambled out. Another time, on the Fourth of July, she started bucking with Jack on her back and ran under a tree, leaving Jack on the ground behind.

One Sunday while we were camped near a creek, a thunder shower came up. I had just taken all the things out of the wagon, and my, how I had to hustle to put them back. After the shower was over, I finished the wash. One of the boys said he was going to write to my father and tell him I had washed on Sunday. There were a lot of fish in this stream and the children caught a fine mess for our supper. Some campers came by the next morning and told us the storm had been a regular cloudburst and had made the roads very difficult to travel. We traveled on, crossed a desert and finally came to the Umatilla Reservation. There were so many black crickets here that the road was black with them. We camped just below Walla Walla and came into the town the next morning. We sold some bacon we had for twenty-five cents a pound and bought tools and other small things we would need to build our home. While we were camped here a boy came looking for his horses and who should it be but my nephew, Elmer Doty. Shortly afterwards, Dave Bridgeman came to see

why the boy was staying so long. They were on their way to Huntersville to work in the harvest and told us how to get to this part of the country. He said we would come to Colfax, then through a crack in the ground and out on top of a hill. We found it to be very much like they described the way. All the roads from there on were just furrows that had been made by a plow. We came to Oakesdale where there was only one family living - the McCoy family. There was only a girl at home whom we asked how to get to Coplen's Butte. She directed us the best she knew but we went too far west. We stayed all night somewhere between here and Rosalia. The next day we came by the place where we now live, and I was riding the old mare as I was afraid to ride in the wagon down the steep hill (but how many times I have ridden down it these last fifty-four years!). The old mare stepped in a badger hole and fell and I fell off rolling over and over down the hill. From then on they called this the "Roll-over Ranch". We did not think at that time we would live here so many years and make such a nice home.

When we settled here we had just \$75.00 with which to build our house and live on during the winter. We could not spare the money to homestead and had to preempt that lasted four years. By that time we had money enough to homestead and we used both rights on a hundred and sixty acres. Mr. Clark was a good worker and so was our oldest boy Henry. As it was in the midst of the harvest when we got there, they both found work. Some of the farmers had big patches of potatoes and rutabagas which they let us dig. The weather was quite showery and when it was too wet to thrash they would dig the vegetables and they were glad to do it. The rutabagas made good feed for the cows. Mr. Bridgeman told Mr. Clark and Henry they could have the straw when he thrashed if they would take care of it, so we had that for our stock. My brother-in-law was very accommodating and said he would winter our stock for half, but we found a cheaper way to do it. We traded a heifer for a beef cow that made us plenty of meat.

It froze early in the fall but we managed to get our house put up. It was made of boards and the cracks were covered with batten on the outside. We also had a shed covered with boards and built of sod big enough for the horses and one cow. We had a good pile of dry Tamarack logs which Mr. Clark had hauled from the mountains for our winter's supply of fuel, and we got settled for the winter. My father sent me \$50.00 and that helped us out. On the ninth of December, we had a Northeaster and it blowed and snowed. Mr. Clark was going out to milk and his hat blew off and it started rolling. He found it the next spring about three-quarters of a mile west of us. Eli Harmon, a neighbor boy, gave him a calico hat to wear the rest of the winter. That was the worst storm of the winter. The snow was three feet deep. The weather moderated by the first of January and Mr. Clark and Mr. Sumpter went up into the mountains and camped. They made rails and posts. We had a Chinook wind the first of February that melted the snow. It became too wet in the woods to work so the men came home. We did not have any more snow the rest of the winter, and as the ground was frozen the water all ran off. We plowed some ground for hay but it was a short crop. Mr. Clark had enough fencing for seventy acres. We had a good garden and raised some watermelons. The fall we came here, a frost came the ninth of September and killed all the vegetables and crops. Mr. Doty said there was no use trying to raise anything in this country because it was too frosty. He had to cut all his wheat for hay that was standing. I said it may never happen again in ten years and maybe never. "Oh, yes, it will!" he said, but I said I was going to stay and see. That was fifty- four years ago and it has never happened again. I have never seen a complete crop failure here yet.

There were many good people here at Lone Pine. Mr. & Mrs. Russell, who kept the stage station, let the people have room in his house for school until a school house could be built. A log school house was built, this side of where the cemetery now is, and we used that until the district was able to build a bigger and better one. We used the school house for church, too, and old Dr. Kenayer was our first United Brethren minister here. In 1881, a United Brethren minister by the name of H.O. Kerns came to fill this capacity and he was in this work for several years. He had a family of five boys and one girl who were all good singers.

We stayed on our farm and kept improving it. We took young colts from those men who were raising horses and broke them for driving. Mr. Clark bought a span of horses from Mr. Lawrence but it took him some time to break them.

As the boys got older, we rented more land. A new baby came every two years but they were all welcome. The first two born after we moved here were girls,

but when the second one was six months old, in 1883, an epidemic of scarlet fever spread over the country and my baby was taken. On May 7, 1885, a boy was born to us.

That summer a man by the name of Dan Truax came to this country and put up a sawmill east of Tekoa. We bought lumber from him to build a barn, which stands here yet on our farm. We still lived in our first cabin by improving it, putting on a porch, bedroom, dining room and kitchen. My son-in-law wanted to know why I did not build a front porch on the one we had, and I told him when I built a house it would be all new and I would wait until I could do that. In 1889, Mr. Clark's brother, Melvin, and family came up to this country in April and stayed until July. His wife's brother and family came, too, but the women got homesick and went back to California. They said if they had a nice home like we did, they would stay, but they would not stay and help make one like I had done. Our place did look nice, we had trees growing and had a good orchard. We were still living in the old house, but our place was what we made it and no one else had done it except Mr. Clark, the children and I. We had learned that a "rolling stone gathers no moss" and we quit moving from one place to another.

I have never seen an entire crop failure here. In 1893, however, we had a wet year. It commenced raining when the grain was ready to cut. We had thirty acres cut and thrashed before it started to rain, but we still had eighty acres of a fine crop on our school ground. They had it headed and stacked but did not get it thrashed until sometime between Christmas and New Year's. The wheat was not good for milling so we bought hogs and fattened them with it. We put them into bacon as we could not sell them and had to get rid of it the best we could. It was pretty trying times for us but we pulled through the winter. Some men committed suicide but I would encourage Mr. Clark and tell him we would get along all right. We always kept a few cows, sometimes ten and twelve, and I made butter to sell. I got tired of making butter and bought a separator and sold cream. We are still selling cream and that is the way we got our start, raising fine Jersey cows. I had been selling butter to a Mr. Beecher in Spokane and he did not like it when I stopped because he had many customers for my butter.

Henry went to school at Huntersville, Oregon with two of his cousins, Elmer and Morton Doty, and Henry McCoy from Oakesdale. He taught school two terms at Pleasant Hill and later went into the bank at Latah and worked there several years for Mr. O'Neal. On January 9, 1895, he was united in marriage to Maude Stevens. He came back to the ranch, rented more land and started farming. He was a road supervisor for eight years here in this district. When his youngest child was three years old he moved to Canada, and it is there he made his home. He now has nine children.

In 1895, we went to California on a visit. One of Mr. Clark's brother's wife had passed away and left three small girls. Ruby was seven years old, the same age as my youngest child, Arthur. She became so attached to her uncle that she wanted to come home with us, so with her father's permission we brought her with us. She lived here until she was seventeen when she went to California. She was later married and made her home there. She has four children.

In 1902, Dudley started to school at Pullman. He took a veterinary course and was graduated in 1905. A year later, in 1906, he went to Dayton and took up his practice. His territory was very large and he did not have a car to make his calls. He had to travel with a horse and buggy. In the summer of 1908 he became ill with pneumonia and lived only a short time (or concussion of the brain and sank very quick (?)). He was a very good veterinarian and had persuaded his brother, Alvin, to take the course so they could practice together. Alvin had gone two years to school at the time of Dudley's death.

Alvin was married in 1908 to Olive Foster. They went to Chicago where he finished his course and was graduated from McKillips' College and then moved to Oakes, North Dakota. He practiced there a year then came back home to live. He has been in or near Tekoa and Oakesdale ever since until 1935 when he was given a Government position and was assigned to work in Okanogan County. He has six children, the three oldest all grown. The oldest, Foster and Bernice are married. Lura and Foster are attending school at Cheney Normal School. Foster will be graduated this summer and expects to teach. Foster always liked to live with Grandmother. After they moved to Tekoa, he would always come out the day after school closed, with his clothes in a bundle and say, "Can I stay with you this

summer?" He never wanted to go home and when his folks came after him he would say, "No, papa, you stay here." He is a married man now but still likes to come visit grandma. He has a lovely wife that is just as near and dear to me. Her maiden name was Ruth Warwick, an old-timer's granddaughter. They also had Dudley, Quentin and Cleome.

In 1911, Jack and Amos went to Canada and got land to farm. Amos was married to Nellie Baughman and took her with him. Jack took the three oldest children but after they had stayed three or four years, I went to Canada and brought them home with me. I kept them until they were grown.

In 1902 we built a new house and a good one, too. It is a two-story house with five bedrooms upstairs and a parlor, sewing room, bedroom, dining room, kitchen, wash room and bathroom downstairs. It has a large front porch on the east side and a screened porch on the west. That year my son, Jack's, wife passed away leaving him with four little children, the baby only a year old. I kept the children until they were grown, and the baby I raised as my own.

On September 9, 1916, Mr. Clark and I celebrated our Golden Wedding Anniversary. We mailed out invitations that were in gold lettering, and had a large assembly of relatives and friends. Several days before, we began getting ready for this day, preparing twenty cakes, forty chickens, a veal, twenty gallons of ice cream and the other delicious food used for our dinner. Our visitors began to assemble Friday evening by train, automobile and foot, coming from the Inland Empire, Oregon, Idaho, and British Columbia. At noon Saturday, there were twenty-four cars lined up in front of the house. Dinner was spread on a long table on the lawn and was served by eight young ladies dressed in white. The remainder of the day was spent most pleasantly recounting experiences of the earlier years, visiting - a day of joy and pleasure in meeting old friends and loved ones. We received many beautiful presents and gold coins. One was a cane made from a hickory tree grown on the famous Gettysburg battleground. This was a gift from an old pioneer friend and neighbor minister, Mr. H. O. Kerns, who at that time was residing at Albion. There were four of us sisters here, Mrs. J. Oatman from Portland, Mrs. Jemima Rose of Medford, Mrs. Amanda Doty of Latah and myself. That will never happen again in this world for two of them, Jemima and Amanda, have passed away. One hundred and thirty guests greeted us on that glad day.

I think it was the winter of 1885 that Rev. James Shinn, an M. E. minister, came out from Illinois and bought the ranch on "Cabbage Flat" from Sam Jamison and moved on it. After he was there awhile, he made up his mind that we needed a church. He went around with a paper to see how much the people would give toward erecting one. The railroad company gave ten acres in the northwest corner of a quarter of land they owned adjoining Mr. Shinn's land. He wanted to have the cemetery there, too, but that idea failed because there was already one started on Lone Pine. The church was built and was also used by the United Brethren. After several years, Mr. Shinn moved to Spokane and the United Brethren bought the church. A minister by the name of H. O. Kerns came out from Nebraska. He and his wife were great revivalists and many were the good times we had in that old church. They were good people and we always enjoyed having them with us. He preached the funerals of my children and also performed the marriage ceremony for my two girls, Nerza and Nancy. There is only one left in Mr. Kern's family, a son, Will, who lives in Canada.

In 1914, we bought our first car. Toad was eleven years old but he soon learned to drive and took us wherever we wanted to go. In 1919 we traded this car in and bought a seven passenger Overland. That fall we took a trip to Los Angeles, California to spend the winter. It took us about six weeks to get there for we stopped to visit friends and relatives who lived along the way. I had two cousins living in Los Angeles who were my father's sister's children. I had not seen them since I was ten years old. My grandson, Dr. Thomas Murphy, was there at the time in the County Hospital. He was graduated from a medical school in 1914 and went into the hospital at Great Lakes. He overworked during the flu epidemic and took sick himself. When he got better he was transferred to a hospital at Denver, Colorado, and from there to the County Hospital in Los Angeles. In a few years he regained his health and went to Seattle. He got a chance to go to China and Japan on a boat and when he came back he was married to Blanche Schultz. He now has his home in Tacoma where he is a practicing physician. He has a fine home, a nice wife and two children, a boy and girl.

We stayed a few days with my cousins until we could find a house to rent. We finally found one at Hermosa Beach. It was furnished so we moved the next day and spent the winter there. Toad went to an automobile school while we were there and on Saturdays and Sundays we would go joy-riding. My granddaughter, Marjory, Henry's oldest girl, went with us to California.

Before we started home, we went over to Catalina Island and went out on a glass bottom boat. We could see schools of fish and all kinds of plants at the bottom of the ocean. It was a grand trip. Mr. Clark thought he was going to see some fun with the rest of us for he thought we would all get seasick. However, we did not get sick but there were many on the boat who did.

We went to Imperial Valley to visit Mr. and Mrs. Allen. He had taught our school four terms, and then had moved to California. We enjoyed the winter very much but could not tell it was winter. We got letters from Art and Lena telling us how cold it was here. I think I like winters where you can tell it is really winter.

The next year, Arthur and Lena bought a Ford car and made a trip to Canada. They had a lot of ill-luck on the trip but they finally got there and back all right. They had a good trip in spite of their misfortunes

In the year 1926, Mr. Clark took sick with the gout. He was in bed a long time. He got better and was able to walk around without his crutches. That spring we bought a sedan and he enjoyed making trips in that. In the fall we went to Culdesac for a visit. . On our way home we stopped to visit some friends and as Mr. Clark came out from the parlor he caught his lame foot under a rug, and it never got well enough so he could walk on it. He was in a wheel chair for a long time. He finally could get around the house by pushing a chair in front of him, but he had to use crutches when he went out on the ground. He was always cheerful and always wanted me with him. He never wanted me to go stay with the children unless he could go along. As long as he could go, he went with me. We spent many happy days together with our family and shared our grief together when one of our dear ones was taken from us. We could only say, "God's will, not ours, be done." Many were the happy times we enjoyed in our revival meetings in the old church, but those days are past since automobiles came into use. It ought to be a means of filling the churches in towns but some think it a day for outings and go other places.

Mr. Clark was a very industrious man, a good husband and a kind father. He could have acquired more land but he was afraid he would lose his homestead. In 1889 his father died and he went east to help settle the estate. He got eight hundred dollars and he put that into the sixty acres that joins us on the North. Afterward he bought one hundred twenty-four acres west of us which made our farm three hundred and forty-four acres. We raised horses, and sold good teams now and then. We always milked quite a few cows and that helped us along. We put out berry bushes and fruit trees and always had a good demand for our fruit.

My companion was called to his Heavenly Home, February 8, 1930. It has been very lonely without him for we had spent almost sixty-four years together. He would have been ninety-four years old the following July. He was always jolly and full of fun and his boys are very much like him.

There are not many pioneers left here. Some have moved away and others have passed on. Mrs. Lucy Welton is living in Spokane with her daughter. John Sumpter and John McClane are also living in Spokane. A son of one of our old neighbors, Sam Lathrum, still lives on his folks' old homestead.

It fell to Arthur, the youngest child, to stay on the homestead and take care of his father and mother. He has no children but has a good and faithful wife and they enjoy life together. His nephews and nieces always like to visit them and are always welcome. The grandson I raised, Toad (that is his pet name) is like a brother to Arthur. He is married now and has a lovely wife and a little boy who has a big share of our hearts. He sure loves his Uncle Art and Aunt Lena and when they go to town they always bring him something.

I am eighty-four years old and am nearing the time when I shall meet my Blessed Savior and feel that I will be ready when that time comes. I didn't have the advantages of an education like the children of today have. My parents were poor and I had to work. I wanted to be a teacher but decided instead to get married, but I have been teaching ever since. I am the mother of eleven children, seven still living, raised four grandchildren and a niece so I have taught a pretty good school after all.

I have thirty-one grandchildren and thirty-one great-grandchildren. I can no longer do any hard work but keep busy making quilts and writing letters. I have made each of my children and grandchildren a quilt. In the last thirty years I have made sixty quilts and hope to make a few more. I am not contented unless I have something to pick up and sew. I never go away from home in the winter for I always catch a cold.

In the summer of 1934 I made a trip to Canada to visit my children, all my grandchildren and great-grandchildren there. Henry's five older children are married and the other four are at home. Rosamond teaches school and has taught five years at the same school. Amos has a nice family, too, and the oldest girl is married.

My oldest sister, Amanda, passed away two years ago the age of ninety-three. My sister, *Mary*, sent me a copy of the Sacramento Union paper giving an account of the celebration of her eighty-sixth birthday and my friend's, Bettie Guthrie, one-hundredth birthday. I have a scrapbook in which I put all the clippings I wish to save.

It is February 12, 1935 - Lincoln's birthday. I remember so well the day we got the sad news of his assassination. I had gone to Sunday school. I took the nose bleed and went to a neighbor's house close by the school house where we held our Sunday school and Church. Their name was Mack, and Mr. Mack had gotten a paper that morning telling about the death of Abraham Lincoln. I went back to the Sunday school and told the news. Those days of the war were exciting times. If I remember, it was in the year of 1864, my brother and a neighbor belonged to the Home Militia, and in the evening after prayer meeting, they were all talking about the news of the president's death. My brother-in-law, Diek Judd, was a democrat and he said he would rather hear of the whole cabinet's death than to hear of the death of his nephew who was in the war. He was told he had better keep still if he didn't want anything to happen to him. My friend belongs to the Home Guards.

I am still living in my own home with my son and his wife. I have been here fifty four years in the state of Washington and think it is a grand state in which to live. I own my home as long as I live and when I am gone it goes to my children. Arthur has sold all the horses and is going to farm with a tractor.

I do not know how much longer I shall be here but we can never tell for I have a friend who just celebrated her one-hundredth birthday and my sister says she is just wonderful for one her age. I keep busy with my quilts, reading and writing letters and I consider I am a fortunate grandmother for I am loved by all my grandchildren and great grandchildren. They always enjoy coming to visit me.

I am feeling well at present. I never allow myself to take offense over little things and always try to be pleasant to those around me. It is my earnest prayer that I may continue so to the end.