

The Story  
Of The  
Richardson Family

By  
Mary E. Colby

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### THE GEORGE RICHARDSON FAMILY

Left to right—George Richardson, Mrs. Elizabeth Jacob Essig, Shade Richardson and William Richardson.

The above group includes all of the children who lived to maturity except Catherine, the half-sister, who was not present. It was taken about 1903 and was probably the last time that the children were ever together. George is the only member now living. He is in his 79th year (1929) and resides at Four Lakes, Washington.



MARY E. COLBY

This picture was taken at the age of about 40 years. "Aunty" is now in her 71st year and is the last surviving member of the Solomon Richardson family. She resides at McMinnville.





MILT RICHARDSON

This picture was taken about the time of his marriage when he was in his 40s. It is the best likeness available, as he had no pictures taken in later years. He died June 5, 1919, in his 71st year.



ALICE RICHARDSON

This picture was taken in 1922 when she was 65 years of age, and is an excellent likeness. Mrs. Richardson died July 6, 1927, in her 71st year.



## Preface

This little booklet is printed with the desire to preserve as fully as possible something of the early history of the Richardson family. It comes at a time when there are only two survivors of the original families of Solomon and George Richardson, Oregon pioneers of 1847, and each of these was born after the arrival of the family in Oregon. It is regrettable that a more complete record does not exist of the lives of the earlier members of the family, especially of those who fought in the War of the Revolution and with Jackson at New Orleans.

The book, as it stands, is the work of Mrs. Mary E. Colby, youngest daughter of Solomon and Elizabeth Richardson, and except for her interest in it these records of the family would have been entirely lost to those who follow after. It is my hope that some day the earlier history of the family may be traced in detail back to the coming of the first members to the colonies, but until such time, this booklet will keep alive the record that is now

known. The personal recollections of my father's family, which I have added, were at first intended to go in only a part of the books, but owing to the small quantity printed, and the small size of the booklet, it was decided to include them in all. This was not done with any intent to emphasize his life and not that of the other children, but merely to preserve with the booklet memories and recollections which I treasure.

The expense of printing the family story has been assumed by me as a contribution to the memory of those who have gone before. It is regretted that no picture remains of Solomon or Elizabeth Richardson, and no group picture of the children.

It is the intention to place this booklet in the hands of each member of the family who can be located, so long as the supply lasts, and additional copies may be secured without cost by writing to me or to Mrs. Colby.

EARLE RICHARDSON,  
Dallas, Oregon,  
February 1, 1929.





# The Richardson Family

A Sketch of the Lives of Solomon and Elizabeth Richardson,  
Pioneers of Oregon

By Mary E. Colby

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In writing this sketch of the lives of my parents I am giving it as I have heard them relate it. There was no diary kept, so it is all from memory.

Solomon Richardson was born August 27, 1813, in Cumberland county, Kentucky, near Burksville, the county seat.

His father, Shadrach Richardson, was a native of Virginia, as was his grandfather. His great grandfather came over from England before the Revolution and the son (Solomon's grandfather) was a soldier in the Revolutionary war. After the war the family emigrated to Kentucky. The oldest son, Shadrach Richardson, was a soldier in the war of 1812. In fact, he was one of the 300 Kentuckians with Jackson at the battle of New Orleans January 8, 1815. The Kentucky rifle, with the shot pouch and powder horn, were brought across the plains by Solomon Richardson in 1847, and I believe that the shot pouch and powder horn are still in existence and is the possession of Ward K. Richardson, a grandson.

Shadrach Richardson and wife (whose maiden name was Mary Elizabeth Garret) raised a family of twelve children, seven sons and five daughters. Solomon, the subject of this sketch, was the fifth son. At the age of 19 he went with his father's family to Illinois, where he remained ten years.

Following the death of his mother he started out in life

for himself, going to Iowa Territory, where he settled in Van Buren county, near Pittsfield. He built a cabin on his claim, and as it was the largest house in the neighborhood, and as he was a bachelor and there was no public building, his home was always open to public gatherings. Sometimes there were dances, and sometimes preaching of any and all denominations and often the housewives of the neighborhood would hold a quilting bee. Frequently families coming in late in the fall would winter with him.

It thus came about that in the fall of 1841 Abraham Trullinger, coming from Indiana to settle in the then new country of Iowa, spent the winter at the home of Solomon Richardson. The frontier home of the Iowa bachelor thus became welcome shelter for the Trullinger family.

Now, there must always be some romance in every story, and in this one it came about that on June 14, 1842, Elizabeth Trullinger became the bride of Solomon Richardson.

As this pioneer history is one of the life and experience of both Solomon and Elizabeth, we will revert for a short time and give something of her ancestry.

The Trullinger family, or as it was then pronounced Drullinger, came to America from Germany and settled in Pennsylvania before the revolution. I do not remember to have heard much of the early history of the Trullin-

ger family, except that in the course of time the descendants kept moving on west. It is then we come to Abraham Trullinger (I think he must have been about the third generation) and his wife Margarette Trullinger, who had borne the same family name before her marriage, being a cousin of Abraham. They settled near Atica, Fountain county, Indiana. There were born to them 12 children, nine of whom reached maturity. Elizabeth, the third daughter and the fourth child, was born April 19, 1823, near Atica in Fountain county, where she grew to womanhood, and in the autumn of 1841 went with her father's family to Iowa.

She was married the following spring to Solomon Richardson, June 14, 1842. On November 8, 1843, James, their oldest son, was born, and July 14, 1846, John, the second son, arrived.

About this time there was much excitement about the Oregon country. Solomon was ever ready to try pastures new, and he began to make preparations for the long journey across the plains. He wished to visit relatives in Illinois before making the long journey. In the fall of 1846 he and his brother, George, and their families went back to Illinois to settle up the family estate (their father having died) and to bid farewell to the brothers and sisters there.

The day before they were to set out on their return to Iowa David Gish, a brother-in-law, proposed a quail hunt. That was the popular sport at that time of the year, and he wished to have one last hunt together before the boys left. Near the close of the day the horse upon which Dave Gish was riding threw the rider against a tree, killing him instantly. It was a sad ending of a day of sport. They remained until after the

funeral before starting back to Iowa. It was a sad parting with the widowed sister and her three children, whom they never saw again.

The necessary preparations for the long journey were made during the winter and spring of 1847. In May they started on that long journey to Oregon. The company consisted of only two families at the start, Solomon and his family, with J. T. Jacob, a young Englishman, as a stock driver; George Richardson, wife and family of three children, with Sol and Elisha Williamson, brothers of George's wife.

They were soon joined by others. I do not remember the names of all, only the ones who remained friends and neighbors in later life. There were the Dillons, William and Juniper, with their families, and the Grahams, David, a single man, and William and wife, Melichi Johnson and family. There were others I have heard my parents mention, but I cannot tell whether they crossed the plains together or were their early pioneer neighbors.

The early days of the journey were without any particular incident until June 25, on the Great Platte, they had the first runaway. James, the oldest son of Solomon, was killed by a wagon running over him. The little fellow lived but a few hours after the accident. That was, I think, the first death in the company. The train laid by for half a day and buried the child, and some man in the company carved his name, age and date of his death on a board with a pocket knife and placed it at the head of the grave. And thus they left their first born in the wilderness, never to see the spot again.

The next year my mother met a woman who had seen the grave. This woman said that she had camped at the place and read

the name on the head board. There was another grave of about the same size beside it, she said. So they had the comfort of knowing that the grave had not been disturbed, as they sometimes were by the Indians.

There was no serious trouble with the Indians, although several times there were indications of an attack. The Indians would come and act very friendly, as they usually did before an attack, but would see that the men all carried guns and were ready for an emergency. One time in particular I have heard my parents say they would have been attacked. Fortunately, they were joined that evening by another train of eight wagons, and the Indians feared that the two trains were too strong for them.

The buffalo were running on the Platte at the time the train passed through that country, and they had quite a time guarding the stock to keep them from running away with the buffalo.

After the plains there was a long dreary stretch through the wilderness with a scarcity of food and water. Work cattle began giving out and dying by the way side. The members of the train began to lighten loads by leaving everything which they could possibly do without. There was one elderly lady in the company who was determined to keep her rocking chair. The men folks would not put it on the wagon when they were breaking camp in the morning. She would take it up and start on walking, carrying the chair with her and after a short time the men would repent and put it on the wagon. This would happen every time they attempted to leave it. The woman won out and got the chair across and enjoyed it after settling in Oregon.

It was November when the worn out train reached the Willamette valley. Solomon Richardson and

the Dillons spent the winter at the home of James Johns, after whom St. Johns is named. There on December 3, 1848, the third son, Milton, was born. George Richardson and the Grahams wintered at Lynn City (near Oregon City). Other members of the company scattered out to different places. The Johnson family settled in Polk county, near Bethel. Later Solomon Richardson moved to Linnton.

In 1848 Daniel Trullinger, an uncle of Elizabeth Richardson, with his family of ten children, came to Oregon and settled on the Molalla. In the spring of 1849 Solomon Richardson and several others of the 1847 immigration went to the gold mines in California, leaving their families in Oregon.

He returned home in the fall of the same year, having been sick a great part of the time he was in the gold fields. During the time he was able to work, however, he made good money.

In the spring of 1850 he located on a donation land claim in Washington county, on the Tualatin river bottoms, just south of what is now Tigard. His brother, George, and the Grahams had located in the same locality the previous year. It was on this claim that the family grew up and the mother and father spent the remainder of their lives.

Mr. Richardson cut 14 large trees to make an open space to build there. The claim was covered with large fir timber, and in the heart of this virgin forest he carved out a farm. The country around was soon settled, however, as there was a heavy immigration in the early '50s.

On September 30, 1852, the first daughter, Margarette, was born, and April 1, 1854, the second daughter, Olive, was born. By this time the community had grown so that a school district was organized, called Butte Dis-

trict No. 23. In the little log schoolhouse built in the district the children of Solomon and Elizabeth obtained their education.

Mr. Richardson was justice of the peace in the early days, and was also clerk of the school district. Upon his retirement from that office his son, Milton, succeeded him and held the position for a number of years.

On June 25, 1858, Mary Ellen, the third daughter and last child, was born, just 11 years after the death of James, the oldest child.

In 1857 Solomon Richardson decided to leave the original log cabin which had housed his family since settling on the claim. A frame house was erected on the sloping hillside northwest of the first cabin. It was not finished, however, until several years later. At that time all lumber had to be dressed by hand and building a house took months.

The years passed by with their joys and sorrows. The children all grew to manhood and womanhood. The first break in the family circle was the marriage of the oldest daughter, Margarette, July 27, 1871, to John L. Mitchell, a native of New York. The second daughter, Olive, was married on January 3, 1875, to Rufus Norman, a native of West Virginia.

John, the oldest son, was married March 28, 1878, to Mary E. Speak, a native of Missouri, who had come across the plains as an infant with her parents in 1852. The third daughter, Mary Ellen, was married to William E. Colby, on November 5, 1882. Milton was married April 14, 1889, to Alice Hibbs at McMinnville.

Elizabeth Richardson died on December 24, 1883, having completed her three score years. The last 13 years of her life she was an invalid. Solomon Richardson died May 5, 1888, lacking only a few months of completing his 75th year. Both rest in the Crescent

Grove cemetery in the neighborhood where they spent so many years of their long, useful lives. Here also rest many of their neighbors who had lived their lives in those stern pioneer times together. In thinking of them these beautiful lives come to my mind. "And here they rest, their earthly life is done. But in the mansion of the blest, their life is just begun."

Of the five children who survived this pioneer couple only one is now living (1928), the youngest daughter, Mary Ellen.

Olive Norman was the first to answer the summons on December 18, 1896. Eight months later her husband passed away. They were survived by four children, one son and three daughters. Only two daughters are now living, Ethel Norman of Portland and Eva Christensen of San Francisco, Calif.

Margarette Mitchell died April 11, 1911, at Arcata, Calif., where she had made her home for many years. Her husband has since joined her in the great beyond. Of her three children, two are still living, Frank C. Mitchell of Biggs, Calif., and Edith Tomlinson of Arcata, Calif. John Herbert, the oldest son, died in January, 1928.

John answered the final summons December 9, 1911, at Portland. His wife passed away on June 26, 1914, at Portland. Their three children, one son and two daughters are still living. They are Clyde S. Richardson, 353 Bancroft St., Portland, Oregon, and two daughters, Mrs. Minnie S. Overlin, 2065 East Yamhill St., Portland, and Laura E. Richardson, also of Portland.

Milton passed away June 5, 1919, at McMinnville, where he had lived for many years. His widow followed him in death eight years later, dying at the home of her son, Ward, in Salem on July 6,

1927. Both lie buried in the McMinnville cemetery. Shadrach Richardson, a son of George, and a cousin of the Solomon Richardson children, and his widow, Charity A. Richardson, made their home in McMinnville as close neighbors to Milt Richardson. Shadrach died in the spring of

1912 and was cremated. Charity died in the winter of 1916 and is buried in the McMinnville cemetery.

Milton and Alice Richardson were the parents of two sons. Earle now lives at Dallas and Ward makes his home in Salem.

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# The George Richardson Family

By Mary E. Colby

George Richardson, an older brother of Solomon, was a native of Kentucky and was born about 1811 near Burksville, Cumberland county. He was married to Martha Williamson about the year 1839.

In the spring of 1847, he set out in company with his brother Solomon on that long and dangerous journey across the plains to Oregon. At that time he had a wife and a family of three small children, Mary Elizabeth, Shadrach and William. A son Solomon had died in Iowa.

Solomon and Elisha Williamson, brothers of Mrs. Richardson, also accompanied them on the journey. The trip across the plains was about the same as the experiences of Solomon Richardson. They spent the first winter at Lynn City, across the river from Oregon City. Later George took up a donation land claim in Washington county. This was adjacent to the present town of Tigard. The first school house was built on land donated by him, and the present Tigard Union High school is located on this tract. His children received their early education in the first school house.

Mrs. Richardson died in 1854, leaving four motherless children. Two girls had died in infancy and one boy had died before leaving Iowa. The surviving children were Mary Elizabeth or Lizzy, Shadrach, William, George Washington and Benjamin Franklin, the two latter being twins. A short time after her mother's death Lizzy was married to J. T. Jacob, who had come across the plains in the same wagon train, acting as stock driver for Solo-

mon Richardson. At the time of his mother's death Shadrach went to Oakland, in the Umpqua valley near Roseburg, where he made his home with his uncle, Sol Williamson. Elisha Williamson had also located in that locality. The twins, George and Ben, were only three years old at the time of their mother's death. They were born June 25, 1850.

In the winter of 1854 George Richardson remarried. The wife was Sarah A. Lambert, a widow whose husband had been killed by the Indians the previous year while crossing the plains. She had two daughters, Sydney and Ellenora, aged about seven and twelve respectively, at the time of the wedding. Shadrach returned home after his father's marriage. On July 2, 1856, Catherine, the only child of the second marriage, was born.

In August, 1858, Sydney Lambert was married to Z. N. Skidmore. In 1862 George Richardson sold his farm and moved his family to Portland and went to the mines in eastern Oregon. The second step-daughter, Ellenora, was married to F. C. Congdon in the summer of 1863. In the winter of 1864 Benjamin died of diphtheria and was buried beside his mother on the old home place. Some years later the ashes of Martha Richardson and her three children were removed to Crescent Grove cemetery, near Tigard.

In 1865 George Richardson moved his family to a claim which he had located in the Grande Ronde valley in eastern Oregon. Shade went with them but remained only one summer. He then returned to the old neigh-

borhood and for several years made his home with Adam Shaver. Several years later he drifted over on the Willamette near Butteville. It was there that he made the acquaintance of Charity Olds, a school teacher from Yamhill county. They were married in 1880.

After some years spent in the Grande Ronde valley, George Richardson, who had always moved toward the frontier, went with his two sons, William and George, and his son-in-law, John Hawk, Catherine's husband, to the Wallowa country, which was just opening up. In the summer of 1877 there was a serious uprising of the Nez Perce Indians, who resented the action of the government in removing them from their Wallowa hunting grounds to a reservation in Idaho. The Richardson family fled back to the Grande Ronde valley for safety. George had suffered from heart trouble and the excitement incident to this move proved too much for him. He died and was buried in the cemetery at Summerville in the lower end of the Grande Ronde valley.

At the time of his death his three sons, Shade, William and George; two daughters, Lizzie Jacob and Catherine Hawk, and the two step-daughters, Sydney Skidmore and Ellenora Congden, were still living. Lizzie Jacob Essig, the oldest member of the family, died in 1904 and William passed away

in 1905. Shade, who had lived only a brief time in eastern Oregon, had spent the time after his marriage in the vicinity of McMinnville. He was associated with his cousin, Milt Richardson, in a shingle mill in the mountains west of McMinnville for a time, and later lived on a farm in the Booth Bend neighborhood south of McMinnville. Later he settled on an acreage just west of McMinnville. He died April 7, 1913, and was followed in January, 1916, by his wife. They had had no children.

George had always lived in eastern Oregon and Washington. He married twice, but there were no children from either marriage. At the present time (1929) he is 79 and is living with a niece, Susan Schmaus, at Four Lakes, near Spokane, Wash. Catherine Hawk is living at Falls City, Ore.

Sydney Skidmore, the step-daughter, is living at South Bend, Wash. The town of that name is located on the Skidmore place. Ellenora Congdon Tout passed away at Portland on July 20, 1928.

There is not a grandson to carry the name. Of the three sons, William never married and Shade and George had no children. The two daughters had large families. Lizzie Jacob was the mother of 12 children and Catherine Hawk was the mother of 15. I believe that seven in each family lived to maturity.

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### WARD AND EARLE RICHARDSON

This little group was snapped at the Booth Bend home, probably in the summer of 1897 when Ward was seven and Earle was approaching two years. Judy, the small dog of early family history, is standing between.



# Personal Recollections

By Earle Richardson

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There is a great deal of romance in the life of any man, no matter how commonplace a life he may lead. Day by day and year by year it accumulates, leaving within his memory a vast recollection that he alone is privileged to call to life. And in the end he passes on into that great beyond; the book is closed and in most cases lost forever to those who follow after.

So it is with my father, Milt Richardson. He was born in 1848, in midwinter (December 4, 1848), a short distance below Portland at the home of Jimmie Johns, after whom St. Johns was named. He was the first child born after the family reached Oregon, and his life span of almost 72 years covered the period of development from a few scattered settlements of pioneer ranchers to a great and prosperous state. Portland in those days was a mere village and the settlers did their trading at Vancouver, post of the Hudson Bay Company.

The spot chosen for the future home of the Richardson family, upon which they settled a few years later, was virgin wilderness. Their donation land claim near Tigard stretched from the rolling hills on the north across to the bank of the lower Tualatin river, a meandering, sluggish stream which rises in Wapato lake near the Washington-Yamhill county line and flows northeasterly into the Willamette. It drains a marvelously fertile country with spots of beaver dam land unexcelled for truck garden and intensive crop production.

It was here that something like 35 years of my father's life were

spent—his youth and young manhood and a part of his mature years. The story of those years was best known only to himself and my knowledge of them is only a fragmentary sketch, gathered from occasional reminiscences and talks with old time friends. It was never my privilege to revisit the scenes of his boyhood with him and hear from his lips the recollections that such a visit would have brought forth.

The great fir trees, which covered a good part of the donation land claim, were a real problem in land clearing, and their value in those days was practically nothing. The big trees had to be cleared a good distance from the home as a precaution against windstorms which might send huge limbs or an entire tree crashing to earth. Powder for land clearing was beyond the reach of the pioneer family, and felling by axe and saw left a huge stump to contend with for a lifetime afterwards. Many were disposed of by grubbing, carefully removing the roots around the tree until it overbalanced and fell. Another system was the boring of the trunk at about the usual cutting height with a large auger, with two holes intersecting to provide draft. Then a fire was kindled with oak coals until it gained sufficient headway to carry itself. Then by carefully controlling the air holes it was possible to burn the interior of the largest tree until it fell. The direction of the fall could be checked almost as closely by the fire expert as by an axeman. Then the same boring method was used to dispose of the trunk, cutting

it into sections that could be rolled together and entirely burned up later.

Such was the land clearing process, slow, tedious and laborious, destroying some of the finest timber Oregon produced to clear the land for plow and pasture.

At an early age, seven or eight years if my recollection is correct, my father suffered an injury which left him a cripple for the remainder of his life. In a bad fall the hip joint of one leg was fractured. Proper medical attention was not available. He spent months of suffering, until the injury mended, but it left him lame for life and was always painful. He used to relate how he first was able to relieve the pain by hobbling to the spring below the house and allowing the ice cold water to run across his body.

His schooling, with other members of the family, was obtained in the little district school about three miles north of the Richardson home. The old schoolhouse was located very close to the new Tigard Union High school on the highway just north of Tigard. It ended with the equivalent of an eighth grade education, but his reading and self education developed him into a well read and cultured man.

As a young man he worked for some time on a river boat making the lower Columbia run. He also spent a season or more in the salmon fisheries, working on a seining ground on an island not far from Clatskanie.

The Portland of his day was a fast growing village centering in a few blocks along the river front from Morrison street south to the Hawthorne bridge location. The present day Portland business section was forest and farm land and the east side was a separate town, with only boats and ferry service to connect the two.

In the '80s, after the death of

his mother, my father came up into Yamhill county. He became interested in the mountain lands in the Meadow Lake country and in company with his cousin, Shade Richardson, and others, began working in the cedar timber of that section. They manufactured cedar shingles and shakes, riving them out by hand. The shingles were shaved with a drawing knife after riving. These shingles, manufactured from the hearts of dead cedar timber, were used on many McMinnville buildings, and some have lasted for over 40 years and are probably in use today.

He was married on April 14, 1889, to Alice Hibbs, only daughter of James and Elizabeth Hibbs, pioneers of 1863. They had first settled in Marion county after reaching Oregon, later moving to the vicinity of McMinnville. The family consisted of nine boys and one girl, but one of the boys had died of scarlet fever. James Hibbs had come to Oregon penniless, but had become a substantial farmer. He lived on what is now known as the Frank Stout place on Baker creek, about three miles due north of McMinnville, at the time of his death.

My father was in his 41st year at the time of his marriage and my mother was just past 32. Both had known the full hardships of pioneer life from their earliest childhood. Nor was their future lot in life to be less marked with hard work and the necessity of continual saving. My brother Ward was born August 2, 1890. At that time the family was spending the summer months in the mountains near Meadow Lake, working in the cedar timber, but coming out to the valley during the winter. Ward was born at his grandfather's home north of McMinnville.

During a part of the next few years my father worked as a clerk

in the old Grange Store (general store) at McMinnville. The inside work did not agree with him, however, and he gave it up. He secured a small farm in the Booth's Bend district south of McMinnville about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles and built a house, barn and other buildings. The place was small and not very valuable for farming. Clustered about the neighborhood were many friends and relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Shade Richardson (Uncle Shade and Aunt Chat) lived on the adjoining place to the south. Mrs. Mary E. Colby (Aunt), my father's sister, lived on the place adjoining us on the north. John Booth's large farm lay across the road and his house was only a half-mile away to the south. His daughter had married one of my mother's brothers, Fred Hibbs, and they spend a part of the time at the Booth home and later Mrs. Hibbs and her son Roy made their home there. John Pennington, a brother-in-law of John Booth, lived just across the road from Aunt and Clarence Booth, a brother of John, and Mary Allen, a sister of John, lived a short distance east of the Pennington place.

I was born on the Booth's bend place November 25, 1895. The two or three preceding years, known as the panic years, had been among the leanest in the history of the country and our family finances, which had never been at a high ebb, were decidedly slender. I have heard my father say that he sometimes stood beside my cradle and looked down into it, with tears in his eyes, wondering if he would be able to provide shoes, food and clothing for his little family.

But whatever may have been the morale of the family at that time, I at least was little affected by it. My memory goes back to the far dawn of a period when I

must not have been over  $2\frac{1}{2}$  or 3 years of age. My first recollection is one of being in the barn at feeding time in winter and watching the cows. Another was of slyly removing a morsel of food from the plate and holding it beneath the table for our old yellow cat, Tom, to carefully pry my fingers apart and take his portion—a regular mealtime occurrence. Adventures in soap eating also stand out above many more important happenings. Pink bars of soap had an irresistible attraction for me, and I insisted on attempting to eat them for candy—an experiment which brought bitter tears, but which I am still tempted to repeat.

At a very early age, I believe at three years, I was beset with a mania for hunting that has been more or less constant since. I would roam the stubble in the early fall with a small dog Judy, old and fat but industrious, and encourage her to dig out field mice. I was aware at that time that all was not well with Judy, and it had been decided in family conference that she must be disposed of, because she had developed udder sores. After one particularly successful day, in which we had done better than usual with the field mice, I laid our day's catch before my Dad and said quite hopefully, "Now you will not kill Judy, will you?" It was a rather bitter preparation for a dreaded task, which nevertheless was soon after carried out. And after she was gone I carried on the mouse work alone, trapping in the grain bin in the barn with passing success for a boy who still wore skirts.

My first successful runaway is another event of some importance. Papa and Ward had taken the team and had gone to Uncle Shade's one Saturday in the fall, and I had been denied the trip. I set out across lots and arrived

on the scene. They were grubbing out a big oak tree, and when it fell a mole was uncovered beneath the roots, a discovery that interested me vastly. Much to Ward's bitter disappointment, and against his counsel, I was let off without a spanking and allowed to ride home on the running gears beside him.

Haying in those days was something of a neighborhood affair. The most interesting part of the haymakers equipment in the field was a small brown jug of hard cider, kept through from the previous winter, and this was uncovered from beneath a shock at each round of the field and passed about. Apparently it was a most necessary and refreshing drink.

It was about this time that a change came about in our family affairs. The little farm in Booth's Bend was traded on a larger one in what was known as Poverty Bend a few miles north of Mc-Minnville on the banks of the North Yamhill river. It involved some considerable debt, but it placed us on a larger and better place. This was in the spring of 1899. I well remember the first trip I made to our new home, in a buggy, and how the chipmunks scampered across the roadway in front of us as we drove along. With the place we acquired a dog, a Scotch collie, and took along a pug-nosed feist which had been secured to compensate us boys for the loss of old Judy. Old Tom, the yellow cat, was likewise retained, and despite his age he showed his qualities as a hunter. Before long he began bringing in the scampering chipmunks from the lane, two at a time, and soon they were gone. Then, evidently mistaking them for better game, he began bringing in fence lizards, usually two at a time as well.

As a lad of four, I found the new farm a hunter's paradise,

and the new dog, Shep, far better than old Judy had been. During those long days I made memorable excursions in natural history, urging on the dogs to dig out hapless ground squirrels and rabbits, and with fair success. One day in early autumn of that year, when I was left alone with my father while my mother and Ward picked hops, I wandered away with the dogs and soon cornered a large gray digger in a hollow tree. When the dogs had partly uncovered him, but could not reach in to get a firm hold on the squirrel, I reached boldly in, slipped his tail in a vain effort to draw him out, grasped a hind leg instead and drew forth my prize—a trick I later learned never to repeat. Be we got away with it and proudly brought back our biggest kill to date.

Soon after a new dog arrived, one of old Shep's pups which we were allowed to keep. She was a mixture of Collie and Shepherd and of course we named her Judy. She grew into a medium sized dog, reddish yellow, with heavy mane and a plummy tail. From her arrival until her death from old age when about 14 years of age she was my undisputed possession and constant companion. She perhaps had shortcomings, but none that her master could recognize more than temporarily, and certainly she has gone down in my memory as all that is lovable in dogs. Together in later years we tramped the hills and beat the swails and marshes for game. I will never forget the playful exuberance which always greeted my appearance when hunting bound, and how we would both drag in at night, dead tired and luckless, but always ready for the morrow.

Three years passed by, and I think our little family was the happiest that it had ever been.

We boys were too young to share in much of the work, but old enough to appreciate the liberty and pleasures of farmer boys. We learned to fish and swim and foraged through woodland and swamp to our hearts' content. But it all came to sudden ending.

My father had always been interested in co-operative ventures, and believed in them as economically sound principles. He had been a director for several years of a Grange co-operative store at McMinnville. It failed, through mismanagement, and the directors were called upon to make good a substantial deficit. To the other directors it was just another misadventure, for they were men of substantial means. But to us it meant ruin, just when things were looking brightest. It was a hard blow to my father, coming late in life, taking practically everything. He sold the farm, cleaned up the debt and put what little remained into two acres of land and a house on the edge of McMinnville.

I was too young at the time to realize just what had happened or what it meant, but I did know that a real tragedy had come upon us and that my father had suffered a blow from which his hopes and spirit never recovered. We moved away, in the spring of 1903, less than four years from the time we had come. It was a sad parting for all of us. We had become attached to the farm, to the fine neighbors who had been so good to us. The Cummins family and the Voegeli family had been especially good friends. It was perhaps hardest of all upon my mother. I never realized till later what a valiant woman she had been, how hard she had toiled and striven to keep things going. She was born to the farm and liked it and I believe those years in Poverty Bend, with her little family growing, and things

apparently thriving, were the happiest of her life.

For a time we lived with Uncle Shade and Aunt Chat (Mr. and Mrs. Shade Richardson, cousins of my father) on the western edge of McMinnville. We bought two acres off their place and built a comfortable house upon it. This house was largely my father's own handiwork, and was comfortable and substantial. But it took practically all that had been saved from the wreck after the store liability was cleared up.

As I look back, 25 years after, I can see that this was probably the turning point in my life, paid for perhaps by a tragic break in the lives of both my parents. It meant an opportunity for school and college that might never have been mine on the farm, and farm life, stripped of the rambling, hunting and fishing, never fitted well into my sphere of living.

I can see clearly now, and I realized quite well then, the full measure of hardship which fell upon father and mother during the next decade. They had to eke out a living from the small place—truck gardening, chickens, a couple of cows and seasonal work, such as hop picking. In the face of it all they encouraged us to get all the schooling that was possible. We lived comfortably, and happily. Expenses, fortunately, were at a level far below that of post-war times. We kept out of debt, and slowly but surely Ward and I were growing up, and just as surely the horizon of old age was creeping toward our parents.

Ward graduated from the 2-year high school in 1905 before he was 15. That spring, as a lad just turning ten, I suffered an accident which very nearly cost me my life. A round rush, shot from an air gun, pierced the ball of my right eye, just grazing the pupil. It was shot in play, and seeking

to shield the boy who did it (Ennis E. Gabriel, now of Oregon City), I pulled it out and said nothing about it. That happened on Decoration day, May, 30, 1905, and on June 1 Ward and my father went to Portland to the opening of the Lewis & Clark Exposition. When they returned about three days later, my eye had gotten so bad that I was in terrible pain. I was taken to a doctor and a piece of rush removed. The eye got well and some degree of sight remained. It is probable that if I had owned up to the accident when it happened it would have been removed without injury, or could probably have been cured then by a specialist.

Soon after graduating Ward went to Salem and was apprenticed to a blacksmith and wagon maker, George Jacob, a nephew of Uncle Shade. They did not realize then that the automobile, which we had seen on the dusty Poverty Bend road for the first time only three years before, had doomed this trade to complete oblivion inside of a decade.

Those first few months were lonely ones, filled with the hope that Ward would return. I know now that my mother felt them, even more than I, but my father was imbued with something of an old time notion on such things. He felt that Ward had been given all the education that could be afforded him, and that the apprenticeship was an opportunity that insured his future.

I was completing the third grade at that time. Graduation was a long, long way ahead. The years that followed were certainly not unhappy ones for me. I had new friends. The fields and woodlands and hills stretched to the west of us, almost as close and certainly as inviting as the bottoms of Panther creek and the North

Yamhill river at the Poverty Bend farm.

My father never fully recovered from the worries incident to the Grange store failure. He was now in the sixties and his injured leg caused him considerable trouble. He had no heart and no particular aptitude for farming, at least on the petty scale that was now necessary. I have often thought how tragic it was to his future that his early life had been spent in a pioneer community, where farming and ranching were the only opportunities open to him. He had a remarkable capacity for learning and would have been a highly successful man in any one of a number of professions. Success, however, is not gauged entirely by material things, or by a man's own happiness. No man has left a richer heritage of good will and friendship among neighbors than my father, as an upright, fearless and honest citizen.

I remember him as a man of small stature, only 5 feet 6 inches in height and of medium weight. His hair was black and was not tinged with gray until his late sixties. During most of his life he wore a full beard. His eyes were dark brown and he enjoyed good sight until his death.

During his entire life he had had a keen interest in political and social matters, and had shown a natural aptitude for writing. In thought he was what is now known as liberal, and at that time was considered radical. Although not a prohibitionist in the strict sense of the word, for he had been raised among people who considered a demijohn of whiskey or alcohol in the chimney corner the major part of a medicine cabinet, he was early allied with the local option fight and gave considerable time and thought toward bringing this issue before the people until



it finally became a law. He was likewise one of the early friends of women's rights in Oregon, and devoted his energies toward securing equal suffrage for women in the state.

A stroke of paralysis suffered in the summer of 1918, at a time when he was in anything but robust health, resulted in his death the following spring, June 5, 1919.

The friendship of Uncle Shade and my father during the closing years of their lives is a pleasing recollection. The two had spent much of their early boyhood and manhood together, and as old men they were congenial companions. They agreed implicitly in their political beliefs and received much pleasure from one-sided arguments, both taking the same stand. They were thought by practically everyone to be brothers, although there was no physical resemblance.

While my father was somewhat visionary and impractical for the lot in life which had fallen to him, my mother was decidedly of a practical turn. When a girl she had been in frail health for many years, but later developed a more robust constitution. She loved work and outdoor things perhaps more than anything else. Chickens and cows were her constant delight, and she was never happier than when working with them. I realize now what a heavy load of worry and responsibility developed on her during all those years. But no one ever bore their lot with less complaint and more cheerfully. Her early life had been one almost of drudgery, the only girl in a large family, with the younger children to care for and a full share of the housework falling upon her at a time when most children are playing with dolls. It was not the custom of men folks, in the early pioneer

days, to think seriously of lightening the burden around the home. The lot of women in many early day families was only a step advanced from that of the Indian women, and in some cases that step was not a very long stride.

After the death of her father, in the middle nineties, when the estate was divided, something of a mad scramble must have ensued. The details of it have never been clear to me, and were probably better forgotten, but in the end my mother was left practically without a share and what small share she did receive plastered with a mortgage. It left a rather bitter spot in her heart, a feeling that she had been shoved aside when those who were better able to provide for themselves had secured the lion's share. But if anything that feeling increased her desire to do the right thing by her own family.

No mother was ever more devoted to her family than she and there was never a time, through years of bad luck or good, when they did not come first with herself entirely effaced from the picture so far as she was concerned. During the war, when she was left entirely alone with an aged and invalid husband to care for, she bore up just as courageously as in the past. The strain, hard work and care of those days permanently ruined her health. At the end, when there came a time when hard work could be laid aside and some of the comforts of life enjoyed, she could not fit into the new life and enjoy it. Her fixed habits of hard work and frugality made any easier mode of living unnatural and left a longing for a return to the old. And while her final years were not unhappy, and were made as

easy for her as possible, she never became reconciled to a new mode of living. She died on July 6, 1927, and was buried beside my father in the cemetery near Mc-Minnville on a hill overlooking their last home.

It has been my creed in life to accept things as they come, enjoying the good things and putting up with those that are not so agreeable as part of the game of living. But it was with lasting regret that I saw both my father and mother pass through their declining years without being able to lay aside work and worry and enjoy themselves. Yet I cannot feel that they themselves particularly desired any great change in conditions.

It was their lot in life to experience much hard work and some adversity, to live frugally and always with the knowledge that the future was none too secure. They worried perhaps more than necessity demanded. Their whole lives, as I look back upon them now, were centered as all true parents' are, on the hope

that their children would not face the same severe conditions. Everything within their means was offered us in training and education, and I, as the youngest of the family and one who in turn had the responsibility of remaining at home and helping them what I could as they grew older, had the better opportunity to avail myself of it.

Some parents have money or farms as a rich inheritance to leave their children. The richest heritage we received was that of home training in honesty and thrift, in frugal living and encouragement to live right and do right, to make the most of ourselves by our own efforts. I could perhaps have appreciated riches, although I have never particularly yearned for them. But I know that the experience of those long lean years, smoothed out before us a little at a time by the hard work of my mother and father, was worth far more to me through life than any inheritance within my dreams.

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