

TABLE OF CONTENTS

- 1. John Jacob Hampton and family.....1
- 2. John Douglas Hampton family and descendants.....8
- 3. William and Eleanor Limerick Moore family.....12
- 4. Old Time Cream Pie and Sweet Dumpings * - Recipes..14
- 5. Miscellaneous
 - a. Mrs. J. F. Galbreath... ..15
 - b. Zuriiah Baylor.....15
 - c. Julia Ann Fickle -- Mrs. Ralph Wilcox.....16 - 19
 - d. Lucy Jane Hall--Mrs. Burnett.....18
 - e. Dr. Ralph Wilcox * Biog. sketch.....17
 - f. Charlotte Terwilliger.....19
 - g. Mrs. W. H. Ross... .20
 - h. Susanah Johnson Peterson.....20
 - i. Blue Bucket Mines.....21
 - j. Donation Land Claims.....22
 - k. Emigrant Routes.....23
- 6. Author's Comments.....24

COMPILED BY

Fay Hampton Robertson
Eugene, Oregon 1963 - 1964

EDWARD GRAY
ESTATE

JOHN JACOB HAMPTON, AN OREGON PIONEER OF 1845.

From

Information compiled by a great-granddaughter, Fay Hampton Robertson, 1963-64 at Eugene, Oregon.

John Jacob Hampton, usually known as "Jake" Hampton was born in Lincoln County, Kentucky, Oct. 15, 1804. His wife, Elizabeth Fickle Hampton, was born in Lee County, Virginia, Sept. 8, 1809. They were married in Lafayette County Mo., Nov. 9, 1828. They resided in Missouri for some years where John Jacob Hampton was engaged in the "Building Trades" where he built and contracted in Lexington, Missouri. They had eleven children. They crossed the Plains by Ox-team from Missouri, Lafayette County, to Oregon in 1845, and became part of the now famous "LOST WAGON TRAIN OF 1845."

The book "HARNEY COUNTY OREGON AND ITS RANGE LAND" by George Francis Brimlow, on page 16 speaks of John Hampton, who was really John Jacob Hampton.

QUOTE: "In the fall of 1845, 800 immigrants, giving ear to Stephen H. Meek, a Mountain Man and Guide, forsook the Oregon Trail at the crossing of the Malheur River (near Vale, Oregon). In following Meek's cut-off westward, in an attempt to reach the Willamette Valley more quickly, they defied the parched wastes with 200 wagons drawn by oxen and 2000 cattle in herd. This ill-fated train of 1845 had two rugged leaders, Captain T. Vault and John Jacob Hampton. Families included the Riggs, the Packwoods, the Tetherrows, the Bagleys, the Herrons, the Wilcoxs (Dr. Ralph Wilcox who nursed the sick and the dying) the Parkers, the Warmeirs, the Forrests, and the Statts who all became ancestors of later day settlers east and west of the Cascades. Each day Jesse Harriett wrote of day's events in his diary.

"In August's last week, they went 20 miles up the Malheur, then had to climb out of the steep canyon and arduously carve a road across the mountains and hills northwestward. On Sept. 6, 1845, they came into what is now Harney Valley, described by Harriett as "one of the most sublime places I ever saw. The soil is rich and beautifully set with fine patches of grass intermingled with patches of sage." Seemingly, the party crossed the Silvies eastern bank to set up camp at the edge of Harney Lake. Indians got away with ten of their horses and whooping cough claimed the life of one infant."

"Although Harriett mentioned only this one death on the Cut-Off venture and wrote that the grass was plentiful and watering places no more than 25 miles apart, there must have been much hardship and reason for grave fears about reaching the Willamette Valley before the storms of winter set in."

Note: This reference concludes with the statement that Meek and the Rev. Elijah White, who were blamed for leading "a Wild Goose Chase" were sent northward to report the plight of the "LOST WAGON TRAIN." Rescue was effected as they finally gained the head waters of Crooked River, soon turned Westward to Deschutes, down which they journeyed with many hardships and finally came out shouting on the Oregon Trail at The Dalles." Note: Other references give many different versions of the various divisions of the Train and their hardships and final rescue.

In browsing in the Eugene Public Library, ^{the author} I found a reference giving a very clear account of the Meek-Cut-Off as traveled by the Lost Wagon Train of 1845, the train ~~my great-grandfather~~, John Jacob Hampton, perhaps helped pilot. This reference is: "ROUTE OF THE MEEK CUTOFF, 1845" by Lawrence A. McNary from Oregon Historical Quarterly, March 1934, Vol. 35.

Mr. McNary writes as follows: "After the early 1840's the course of the Oregon Trail from the Missouri River to the Columbia was well known and established. Beyond the Grand Ronde Valley and the Blue Mts., the route of the Oregon Trail varied. Most of the immigrants crossed the John Day near what is now McDonald Ferry and the Deschutes River, near the Columbia. Others later

(John Jacob Hampton Story-page 2)

went a more southerly route and met the Deschutes at Sherars.

Others reached the Willamette Valley by the way of Klamath and the Tule Basins, and by the Rogue and Umpqua Valleys; others by crossing the Cascade Range to the upper Willamette. The most frequent objective was the Columbia at The Dalles and thence to Oregon City by water, or after 1845, to the South of Mt. Hood by the Barlow Trail."

"The pioneer hazards and vicissitudes were common to all, varied by the individual trains' experiences enroute, with stream and mountain crossings, Indian depredations and life taking by the dreaded fevers."

Mr. McNary continues: "Some 250 wagons of the migration of 1845, were met at the Snake River by Stephen Meek, who sought to guide them by what he claimed was a shorter and quicker route to the Willamette Valley by going South of the Blue Mts. About 200 wagons of this migration were persuaded by Meek to attempt this route and the trials they experienced before reaching The Dalles included high mountain passes, burning sands without water, pursuing stream beds with ice cold swift waters reaching high on the wagons. Finding placer gold, crossing swift streams in calked wagon beds, much sickness, thirst, hunger, and deaths, and the final arrival of the parties at The Dalles by aid of rescue parties. The route and experiences of the Meek-Cut-Off Lost Wagon Train of 1845 have attracted much interest and yet very little is known."

"Jesse Harriett, then a man of thirty and a cattle driver in the company of which James McNary was captain, kept a record of the transactions and of the route followed, but from the fragmentary accounts and the stories of the particular route of the lost 200 wagons, it seems that the information in Harriett's Diary has been singularly over-looked. The Harriett diary gives the crossing of the Snake River and the distances and land marks given, there can be little doubt as to where the immigrants were from day to day. Beginning with Aug. 23, 1845 and ending with Oct. 7, 1845, the Harriett diary says: 'Fort Boise being at the confluence of Boise River with the Snake almost west of Parma. The crossing of the latter from the Southwest course, of 12 miles, took the wagon train to the Owyhee which enters the Snake from the South, a few miles upward from Ft. Boise. The succeeding next two days of travel was still along or near the Owyhee, and that of the South Fork of the Malheur, a few miles above the entrance of the Middle Fork. On Sept. 4-5, still westerly, beautiful valley, the level plateau east of Malheur Lake, known now as Crane Prairie. It may have had the appearance of a valley to the travelers. The next encampment is designated as being on Crooked River, an inconsequential stream from the North, entering the Lake Basin. The 7th brought them to Malheur Lake. The original diary locates the encampment there as being on the north margin of the lake. On Sept. 8-9-10, travel was along the Silvies to the west of its water shed. On the 12th encampment was made probably on the present Silver Creek. From this point, Stephen Meek and the Train met with difficulties which have been variously attributed to want of knowledge by the pilot, deliberate deceit, or incompetence, with the result of days of delay, the fear of Indians and much suffering from sickness, hunger and thirst. It would appear from those versed in the geography of the region that Meek led the course of the Trains to the South and West where desert exists instead of to the Northwest."

"On the morning of the 17th, the headquarters of the now named Crooked River were reached after a night advance of 25 miles. The writer is not unmindful that the claim is made to the train having gone as far South as Wagontire Mountain and since there were several companies, each under separate command, some could have gone as far as the Wagontire region, but the mileage as given by Mr. Harriett does not permit this."

Smith
"At the encampment made on the morning of the 7th of Sept. or that of the night of the same day, was the discovery of the much written and talked of BLUE BUCKET GOLD MINE. The Herron family, later well-known residents of Marion County, carried buckets and other utensils on the trip painted blue for ready distinction. Some of the younger members of the family were sent for camp water and noted yellow pebbles in the stream bed, several at least were carried in the water buckets into camp. Probabilities of gold were discussed, and upon the statement that if it were gold, the metal would be malleable. Some one of the party, possible James Terwillinger, after whom the Portland boulevard was named, and as he was the blacksmith of the company, hammered some of the nuggets into a disc on a wagon tire. The father of Lawrence A. McNary, who was 18 yrs. old at the time, told of witnessing the incident. No excitement nor much interest was exhibited as concern for travel and keeping alive were more important in the minds of all. The golden pebbles were brought to the Willamette Valley, but whether they were preserved is not known."

"September 18, 19, 20, & 21, the train was still on Crooked River and on the morning of the 2nd of Sept., they were about five miles below the present site of Prineville and they ascended to the plateau before reaching the great gorge. The next 32 miles brought them to the break of the Deschutes River, about 11 miles NW of the present town of Madras. Either the crossing appearing impractical or the country beyond difficult of negotiation, they turned ~~N~~ three miles and encamped at Sagebrush Springs with 200 wagons. This site being about one mile West of the present highway and four miles from its crossing of Hay Creek. The next encampment was on the now line between Jefferson and Wasco Counties, at the Bolter place. The huge mountain spoken of by Mr. Harriett, on the morning of Sept. 29, was the ascent of the plateau to the west and a few miles from the junction of the now The Dalles-Calif.-Sherman Hwys. The following 3 days were to the Deschutes at the mouth of Buck Hollow Creek by the way of the upper branches of Bake Oven Creek.

"The descent of the train down the precipitous incline of Kerr Point, between Kerr Canyon and Buck Hollow, and the crossing of the Deschutes River there, were perhaps the most adventurous work and exploits of these weary travelers. The scars of the wheels, deepened and widened by wind and snows of intervening years, could still be seen in 1934 and for years later. The level flat on the east side of Buck Hollow from the bed of this stream at Kerr Canyon to the Deschutes, a distance of a mile, terminated with a perpendicular wall of basalt 20 to 30 feet high at the Deschutes. The crossing was solved by the wagon beds entering the bed of Buck Hollow Creek and following this stream down to water level of the Deschutes. The wagon boxes were calked and the crossings made by these improvised boats which were either pulled by line from the opposite shore or behind the swimming oxen. Here, the unusually rapid Deschutes is from 30-40 yards wide with a depth of more than 20 feet. Samuel Parker of the train says that his wagons were 'taken down' and the parts separately pulled over by ropes. Oct. 4-5 were spent in traveling the distance to Tygh Valley Ridge by way of Butler and Immigrant Canyons--the former is now traversed by the State Highway. After the descent from the Deschutes on the 4th of October, the camping place was on the place owned by E. L. Webb of Tygh Valley in 1934. North of Sherars Bridge is clearly marked by ancient furrows. On Oct. 6, the train passed Fifteen Mile Creek and on to Eighteen Mile Creek and on Oct. 7th to The Dalles.

"Mr. McNary further states, quote: 'A notable characteristic of Mr. Harriett's writing is the complete complaisant spirit in which it is penned and the complete lack of any elaboration. Without other knowledge, one, on reading it, might think it is a daily recital in monotonous repetition of daily ordinary events. The many exciting and hazardous incidents which must have been met, are unrecorded, including the discovery of gold which is not so much as mentioned.'"

"There was much sickness and many deaths! It is known that possibly as many as twenty persons were buried during the period of the Harriett Diary given here, the mention of Harriett was only of those in his cimpany, which was one of several. Neither is any mention made of the desertion of Meek, which occurred about the night of Sept. 15, and before the train reached water at Crooked River. When those staying on the regular Oregon Trail Route reached The Dalles, and learned that the Meek Cut-Off party had not arrived, a rescue party was hastily organized and General Joel Palmer is authority for the statement that Moses Harris, trapper and Mountain man, known as "BLaack Harris" was placed in charge. The names and numbers joining in the search is not known. These men, certainly well-versed in mountain passes and stream crossings of this region set out for C ooked River, observing on their way at critical points, the possibilities of wagon travel. They found the Lost Train and led its weary members to their first planned destination--The Dalles of the Columbia! * |

JACOB HAMPTON, usually known as "Jack", was born in Lincoln Co. Kentucky, Oct. 15, 1804. He was the grandson of a Virginia native, who became an early resident of Ky. There is no record among the Hampton family of when or where the first Hampton came to America. They were very likely of English ancestry. Jacob migrated from Ky. to Lafayette Co., Mo., where he married Elizabeth Fickle Hampton--got THE OREGON FEVER as the urge to mi-grate west was termed. All winter men and women planned for an early spring take-off to Oregon, the "Promised Land." Already the wagon owners had chosen their leaders who were to be in command of the different trains. May 1, 1845 was the day set for departure and the three trains T'Vault, Herron, and McNary left St. Joseph, Mo., one after another and continued to travel and camp with each other across the country to Ft. Boise. They were three months reaching the Fort. All were tired and many were weak and ill from having dysentery. Little did they know what trials lay ahead. Determination and a firm faith in their ability to conquer the way with God's help kept them going. This faith and strong determination to win out, gave the immigrants a push and drive as to make them seem almost super-human, though ragged and ill as most were by the end of their journey.

* After seven months of arduous and hazardous travel, John Jacob Hampton and his family reached Linnton, on the banks of the Willamette River. The date was Nov. 15, 1845. They settled first on the Tualitin Plains in what is now Washington Co. In 1847, Nov. 20, they settled on a Donation Land Claim of 640A. in Yamhill County, about six miles below Sheridan. Dr. Ralph Wilcox and his wife, Julia Ann Fickle Wilcox, who was a younger sister of Elizabeth Fickle Hampton, settled on a DLC near the Hampton's but closer to what is now the town of Lafayette. They were all with the same wagon train and with the Meek Lost Wagon Train of 1845.

Jacob Hampton and family lived there until 1852 when he removed to a farm near what is now Goshen, in Lane County, about six miles SE of Eugene near the coast fork of the Willamette River. It was he who named the little town of Goshen after the Biblical LAND OF GOSHEN. He also named the mountain across the river from his holdings and eastward from Goshen, Mt. Pisgah. This area, however, did not prove to be the "promised land," for him--for he returned to the homestead near Sheridan after three years. I recall my father saying that the reason Jacob Hampton left this area was on account of the big floods. He suffered damage to his buildings and losses of live stock during floods and high waters each winter. *re write*

John Jacob Hampton Story

His then oldest living son, John Douglas Hampton, my grandfather, lived in the Goshen area having filed on a DLC of 320 acres Nov. 25, 1845. Jacob Hampton's youngest son, Joseph Lane Hampton was born in the Goshen area on Feb. 14, 1854. Also, Jacob Hampton got the "gold fever" and went to N. California for some length of time during the period he lived in the Goshen area.

John Douglas Hampton married Mary Eleanor Moore, a daughter of Wm. and Eleanor Limerick Moore, who were new arrivals in the area, having crossed the plains in 1853. Wm. Moore took up a DLC just north of the John D. Hampton holdings and about six miles SE of Eugene. The property is now owned by Mr. W. H. Gonyea and borders the Freeway about one mile north of Goshen. John Douglas Hampton and Mary Eleanor Moore were married Oct. 26, 1854. John Douglas Hampton increased his land holdings to include 650 acres and it was here they reared eleven children. Seven of whom lived to adult life and became prominent in affairs in Lane County and Eastern Oregon.

John Jacob Hampton finally sold his old farm near Sheridan in 1871 and moved to the upper Goos Lake area in what was then Harney County, and what is now Lake County ~~was then Harney County~~. At one time his sons, Jessie Green Hampton, Andrew Jackson Hampton, and Wm. Wade Hampton had land and stock interests nearer to what is now the town of Burns. There is a small town of HAMPTON and HAMPTON BUTTE in this area named for them. Later they sold these holdings and moved into the Summer Lake area near Paislèy. In September, 1963, I made a trip to Lakeview and, Lester Hampton, my second cousin, a son of Andrew Jackson Hampton, and his wife Mabel took me to the Summer Lake area where we visited the old ranches. We also visited the quaint old frontier town of Paisley where we saw the last home of Joseph Lane Hampton and his wife Sadie Follett Hampton and we also saw the building in which Wm. Wade Hampton had his bachelor quarters.

After living in the Goose Lake area until late 1872, and being in failing health, Jacob Hampton and his wife Elizabeth Fickle Hampton returned to Goshen and made their home with John Douglas Hampton and his wife Mary. Elizabeth Fickle Hampton died April 2, 1880, aged 70 years and 6 months. She is buried in a Hampton Plot in Masonic Cemetery in Eugene. Jacob Hampton lies beside her. He died in 1884, having out lived his wife by four years.

My paternal grandparents, John D. and Mary E. Hampton kept his parents and those of her own in their home during their declining years and last illnesses. It must have been a great burden and heavy responsibility, but pioneers, aside from being hardy, felt very keenly their responsibility and duty toward their parents and other kin folks and also toward their neighbors. Those were the days of "honor thy father and thy mother" and "love thy neighbor"!

There is no known (at this time) Family Bible or permanent book of records of the births and deaths of the John Jacob Hampton family and of his wife Elizabeth Fickle Hampton. There is a picture of Elizabeth Fickle Hampton. The following is taken from family scrap books and old records which I searched out:

"Lilburn Hampton, a male, died at the age of 18." He was presumably buried in the Family burial plot which was situated on the old family DLC near Sheridan. He was born in Missouri perhaps about the latter part of the year 1829. His middle name may have been Henderson as Mrs. Lois A. Pierce, in her recent book published in 1962, entitled, "LOST IMMIGRANTS OF 1845 AND BLUE BUCKET GOLD" mentions on page 45 a Henderson Hampton. He would have been about 16 years of age at the time of the Meek Cut Off and Lost Wagon Train of 1845. There is no proof of these dates. He was definitely with his parents on this journey but there is no known record of his birth date and death. His birthdate is merely a guess on my part based on the date of his parents marriage and of the birth date of their second son, my grandfather, John Douglas Hampton. When Jessie Green Hampton visited the old farm near Sheridan in 1902, the graves had been plowed over and the markers destroyed.

The John Jacob Hampton Story

John Douglas Hampton (my grandfather) was born in Lafayette County, Missouri, on Sept. 8, 1831. He married Mary Eleanor Moore near Goshen, Lane County, Oregon, Oct. 26, 1854. They had eleven children whom I shall list later on. He died in Eugene, March 3, 1899. Buried in Masonic Cemetery in Eugene, Oregon. He was 14 years of age when he crossed the plains from Missouri to Oregon with his parents in 1845.

James F. Hampton (I do not know what the "F" stands for but an old DLC record shows his signature as James F. Hampton) was born in Missouri about 1833. He died unwed and was very likely buried in the family plot near Sheridan. He would have been about 12 years of age on this trip, of 1845.

Eliza Hampton was born in Missouri in 1835, for two references give her age as being ten years of age at the time of the Lost Wagon Train in 1845. Eliza married Milton Scott Riggs, who was born in Morgan County, Illinois, in 1825 or 1826. He was with the same Wagon Train as the Hamptons in 1845. He married Eliza in Yamhill County, Oregon, Aug. 5, 1851. They lived for a time in Lane County for Milton Riggs took up a DLC adjoining that of Silas Brown in April of 1851. Later they moved to Harney County where they had extensive land and stock interests near Burns. Mr. Riggs died in Burns, Nov. 26, 1893. The children of Eliza and Milton Riggs were as follows: Frank Riggs--wife Ollie deceased. Matt Riggs, Burns? Grace Riggs Baker lived in Burns but is now deceased. Harry Riggs, Paisley? Mary Riggs Farrow had two sons. She is deceased. Charlie Riggs, deceased. No heirs. I do not have the date of Eliza's death. She, too, is buried in Burns.

Mary Hampton was born in Missouri about 1837-38. She perhaps would have been about eight years of age in 1845. She married Stanley Alexander Caldwell in Lane County, Oregon in 1855. Mr. Caldwell arrived in Oregon in Oct. 1853 and filed on a DLC in Lane County, Dec., 1853. Mary died from TB in 1859 leaving one son, Wm. Caldwell, who grew to manhood and became a well known rancher and hardware merchant in Baker. He is deceased and left no heirs as his children died in infancy.

Jessie Green Hampton was born in Missouri, April 18, 1840. He was five years old when he crossed the plains to Oregon with his parents in 1845. He died in Eugene, Sept. 8, 1907; he suffered a stroke while on a train coming from Baker to Eugene. He is buried near his parents in Masonic Cemetery in Eugene. His burial marker has his birthdate as April 4, but that is a mistake for he lived in the home of my parents for several years, and I well recall his birthdate and other records bear out April 18, as the correct date of his birth. When he came from Paisley to live in the home of my father, his nephew, in 1902, he had a fine dapple grey mare named Dottie and a nice new buggy. He made many trips in both Eastern and Western Oregon. At one time he was caught in a blinding snow storm between Burns and Vale, and he nearly killed Dottie trying to keep in sight of the stage so he would not become lost. On one of his trips, he came across an Indian Burial Place and brought home a well preserved Indian's skull and some other artifacts. He said that it was the skull of an important tribesman judging from the trappings, etc., he found near the skull. We used the skull to prop open our front screen door and when not serving this purpose it laid in a corner of our front porch. It attracted quite a bit of attention, a fact which was flattering to us kids as no other family living near us had an Indian's skull. Some were jealous and made unkind remarks about us keeping it. When we moved to Baker in 1906, it was left on the porch at the Hampton Ranch and some one got rid of it. I recall that Uncle Green, as we called him, told us of burying \$500 in gold pieces on his ranch near Paisley and when he went to dig it up a few years later he could never find it. He always suspected that a hired hand must have spied on him and dug up the buried gold.

John Jacob Hampton Story

Ralph Hampton died in childhood. He, perhaps, was born in Missouri about 1842. He would have been about three years of age when his parents crossed the Plains in 1845. He could have been one of the many who died on the Meek-Cut-Off, but there is no record of this. If he lived to get to Oregon, he no doubt, was buried in the Family Burial Plot on the old DLC near Sheridan.

Andrew Jackson Hampton was born in Missouri, Dec. 25, 1844, and he was only six months of age when his parents crossed the Plains in 1845. He married a widow, Mrs. Frances Elizabeth Smith, member of a pioneer family of Baker. She was a halfsister to Rhoda Culver Hampton, who married my uncle, Frank Hampton, who was the oldest son of John D. and Mary E. Hampton. They had two children, Helen Hampton Rowe, deceased, and Lester Hampton of Lakeview. When Lester Hampton visited my father, Horace Hampton, on the old ranch near Goshen in 1936, my father told him that Lester's father, Andrew Jackson Hampton, came over into the Willamette Valley in 1892, to buy some cattle. He brought his money (gold pieces) in a leather pouch and hid the money in a haymow. When he got ready for it, its extreme weight had caused the pouch to slide almost to the bottom part of the hay and it took half a day's work throwing out the loose hay before the pouch was finally recovered. Andrew Jackson Hampton, who was always known as "Uncle Jack", died on his ranch close to Summer Lake on June 21, 1907. He is buried in a cemetery at Paisley.

Lester Hampton married quite young and had six children. His wife died and he reared the children alone until he married his present wife, Mabel, who was a widow with a son and a daughter. They now reside in Lakeview.

Julia Elizabeth Hampton (She must have been named both for her aunt, Julia Wilcox and for her mother, Elizabeth Hampton) was perhaps born on the old farm near Sheridan about 1846-47. I have been unable to find a record of her birth. She died from TB in 1883 and lies buried in the Hampton burial plot in the Masonic Cemetery. The Masonic lodge here has no records--only listed as an unmarked grave. She was married to William Moore, but this Moore was no relation of the family of my grandmother, Mary E. Moore, who married John D. Hampton. Aunt Lizzie, as she was always called by my father, and her husband had seven children, one as infant girl, Mary, died May 21, 1876, aged 13 months and 16 days according to a death notice from an old newspaper clipping. After his wife's death, Mr. Moore did not seem to be able to keep his family and he placed the children in various homes of families. The children were widely separated and grew up scarcely knowing each other. The children were Ed Moore, deceased, Charlie Moore, deceased, Pearl, deceased, Nellie, deceased, Frank Moore (unknown) and Belle Moore, the youngest, was placed in the home of Wm. and Alzura Dillard who were my maternal grandparents. They took Belle into their home when she was very young and reared her. She later married James Bradley Overton of Brownsville and they had one son named Everett Overton. All are now deceased. Belle died in Sweet Home in Aug. 1945. She had remarried and her second husband's name was Stephens. I would like to mention at this time that James F. Hampton, Mary Hampton Caldwell and Julia Elizabeth Hampton Moore each died from TB. It was known as "lung fever" in early days.

William Wade Hampton, was born in Yamhill County on the old farm near Sheridan on Nov. 3, 1849. He was known as Uncle Bill. He never married. He died in Paisley, July 25, 1936. Both Wm. Wade and Jessie Green Hampton lived, being bachelors, with Joseph Lane and Sadie Follett Hampton on a ranch near Summer Lake until the ranch was sold. Then Uncle Bill moved into bachelor quarters in Paisley and he fished almost every day in the stream, Chewaucan, which flows through this quaint frontier town. The day he died, peacefully and suddenly, he had just come in with a nice catch of trout and was preparing them for his supper when he suddenly dropped dead. He is buried in Paisley near his brother Andrew Jackson Hampton.

John Jacob Hampton Story

Jessie Green Hampton, we always called him Uncle Green, when the ranch was sold came to Goshen and lived in the home of my parents, Horace and Laura Hampton until we moved to Baker. We lived in Baker from 1906-1909 and he lived part of the time with us there too, but not for very long as he died in Sept. 1907. He is buried in Eugene, in Masonic Cemetery near the graves of his parents.

Joseph Lane Hampton, the youngest of the eleven offspring of John Jacob Hampton and his wife Elizabeth Fickle Hampton was born near Goshen, Lane County Oregon, on Feb. 14, 1854. In early manhood he served in the Indian Wars in Oregon. He later became a rancher and stock man having rather extensive land and timber holdings in Lake County. He married Sadie Follett in 1888. They had two daughters, Ruth and May, who each died at an early age. He died in Paisley in 1931. His widow survived him and the last five years of her life were spent in the home of Lester and Mabel Hampton in Lakeview. Upon her death, she was buried beside the body of her husband in New Pine Creek Cemetery.

John Douglas Hampton Family

As has been stated before, John Douglas Hampton married Mary Eleanor Moore near Goshen, Oregon, Oct. 26, 1854. Eleven children were born to this union. My father was their third child and thus they were my paternal grandparents. My grandparents did not give their children 'middle' names. In order of their births, they are as follows:

Lucy, born Sept. 5, 1855, Died Dec. 5, 1858.

Frank Hampton, born near Goshen, Dec. 17, 1857, died Eugene, Aug. 19, 1938.

Frank married Rhoda Culver in Prineville March 22, 1885. They had one son, Frankie born Sept. 2, 1886 and he died in The Dalles, Oregon (diphtheria) June 9, 1888. Rhoda died in Eugene June 22, 1937.

Horace Hampton, born near Goshen, Jan. 12, 1860. Died in Eugene, Aug. 9, 1952. Horace married Laura Dillard near Goshen Feb. 19, 1885. Laura was born near Goshen March 26, 1862 and died near Goshen March 27, 1928. Five children were born to this union as follows:

Lela Fay, born Feb. 18, 1887 near Goshen. Married Earl Robertson, who came to Eugene from Ohio in 1909. Married Sept. 15, 1911. No children. Earl died in Eugene April 10, 1961.

Hazel Raye, born The Dalles, Nov. 24, 1889. Married Emil Silas Evenson Aug. 11, 1914. Mr. Evenson came from Minn. to Oregon. No children. Hazel died in Eugene May 25, 1945.

Hubert Horace, born in Goshen July 4, 1893. Married Vera Frey March 7, 1915. One son; Hubert Horace Jur. born Sept. 17, 1916. Hubert Horace, Sr. died Eugene March 7, 1917. Aged 23 years.

Susie Lucille, born Goshen, Feb. 18, 1895. Married Ray D. Cornelius Goshen Oct. 5, 1918. One son, Daniel Ray born in Portland, Jan. 7, 1920. Lucille died in Eugene Oct. 10, 1935.

Julia Gladys, born Goshen, Dec. 22, 1897. Married to Albert Winter in Eugene June 2, 1917. No children. Albert obtained a divorce. Gladys married C.D. Quinn in Eugene Nov. 2, 1929. He was a widower with three children. One son born to this union, Horace Duane Quinn, usually known as 'Sammy' who was born in Eugene July 8, 1931. Gladys died at her home in Eugene Dec. 24, 1949.

Hugh Hampton, born near Goshen May 22, 1862. Married Grace Hunsaker in 1897. No children. Hugh died at his home in Eugene, Aug. 29, 1931.

Alton Hampton, born near Goshen, Sept. 3, 1864. Married Maude Densmore in Eugene in 1905. Maude divorced Alton. No children. Alton died in Eugene August 13, 1939.

John Douglas Hampton Family Story

Willie Hampton, born near Goshen, Oct. 19, 1866. Died May 13, 1878.

John Hampton, born near Goshen, Feb. 2, 1869, married a widow, Carrie Lill Redmond, in Eugene in 1902. Mrs. Redmond had one child, Gladys Redmond. John and his wife Carrie had one daughter, Janet, born in Eugene, Feb. 28, 1906. Janet married Raymond Stein in 1927 and he died in 1953. They had no children. Janet married O. J. Hewitt, 1954, and now resides in Rainer, Oregon. Gladys Redmond married four times and had two daughters, the oldest, Olga Zang, and the youngest, Janie Brown. Gladys died in Redwood City. Carrie Hampton died Jan. 12, 1934 and John Hampton died at his home in Eugene, Feb. 22, 1944.

Nellie Hampton was born near Goshen Dec. 5, 1871. She married Gilbert H. Tyson in Eugene in 1907, and one son was born to this union, Gilbert Alton Tyson, in Cottage Grove on May 31, 1913. Nellie died in Houston, Texas, Nov. 2, 1955, having moved to Texas to live with her son, Alton, and family.

Ferman Hampton, born near Goshen, Feb. 23, 1876, died (diphtheria) June 13, 1888.

Austin Hampton, born near Goshen, May 10, 1878, married Agnes Lopez, a widow, in Eugene, July 25, 1947. No children, as both well along in years at the time of their marriage. Austin died in the Springfield hospital (heart attack) Nov. 24, 1962.

Mary Ina, or Mollie Hampton, as she was called, was born near Goshen, Aug. 23, 1880, and died (diphtheria) May 25, 1888.

Gilbert H. Tyson, the husband of Nellie Hampton Tyson, was born in Chester, County of Cheshire, England, on March 13, 1877. He was the son of Isaac and Charlotte E. Tyson. His parents moved to St. Servan, France, in 1879, where he lived until April 5, 1894, when he came to Oregon. He took out his first naturalization papers in Moro, Sherman County, Oregon on September 5, 1897. He married Nellie Hampton in Eugene, 1907. He died in Eugene, May 29, 1933. Gilbert Alton Tyson, only child of Nellie and Gilbert Tyson, born in Cottage Grove on May 31, 1913, married Doris Ann Bellamy in Texas, July 12, 1943. She was born in Texas in 1924, on Jan. 18. They have two offspring: Elizabeth Ann Tyson, born Jan. 5, 1945, and John Richard Tyson, born Oct. 4, 1953. Gilbert Alton Tyson and family now live in Seabrook, Texas.

The sons of John D. and Mary E. Hampton were reared and trained from their early youth in "cattle business." I recall hearing my father, Horace, tell of helping drive large herds of cattle from the Willamette Valley over both the Willamette and McKenzie River Passes to the open range lands into Crook, Wasco, Harney and other counties east of the Cascades. After the herds were fattened, they were driven to markets such as Portland, San Francisco, Sacramento, and to points as far east as the early day RR terminals of Rawlins and Cheyenne, Wyoming. Frank, Horace, and Hugh moved to The Dalles and rode the ranges from there, buying and herding for French & Company and other large cattle dealers and stockmen of the '70's and early '80's. My father often told us of making an overland cattle drive with a herd of 9,000 to Rawlins when he was a mere boy of 14. His uncles, some of John Jacob Hampton's sons and John Moore, a brother of his mother, were the owners and herd bosses. My father said that his only garments were a jacket and trousers which were home spun and hand made from linen and dyed to look something like our present day blue denim material. He said that being thus clad he burnt up by day and froze at night. It was on this trip that one of his uncles sent him out alone to round up a bunch of "strays." He became lost on the desert and spent two days and nights wandering. Finally one of his uncles and a companion found him and he was rescued just in the "nick of time," for by that time

John Douglas Hampton Family Story----continued

his tongue was swollen and protruding from his mouth and he was delirious. He had given his horse its head - a 'free-rein' - and had somehow stayed in the saddle.

At night the cattle drivers slept out in the open, their saddle blanket for a cover and their saddle for a pillow. In areas where the rattle snakes were a menace, they would spread their hair lariets in a circle about them at night. The rattle snakes did not like the feel of these hairy ropes, at least they did not crawl over them. My father said that the food supplies were meager, consisting mainly of sour-dough biscuits, and dry beans cooked with 'sow-belly'. Men and stock alike went for hours at a time without either food or water. I also recall hearing my father tell of driving cattle over the Willamette River at Portland when the river was frozen over.

The Hampton Boys, as they were known, were expert horsemen. They 'broke in' and always rode fast sure-footed horses. The favorite of the cow-men was the quarter horse type for they made the best cow horses. Their only sister, Nellie, was a graceful rider. She always rode 'side-saddle' as was the custom for women of that era. For several years my uncle, Frank Hampton and his wife, Aunt Rhoda, lived on a stock ranch on Willow Creek out from Prineville. I recall Aunt Rhoda telling of a crazed sheep herder passing by the ranch house while she was alone. He was shouting and mumbling and ever so often would cut a few capers by jumping over a long stick which he was carrying. Needless to say, she was very much afraid and she hid under the eaves up in the attic until he disappeared over the sage brush hills in the distance. In later years, Frank, Horace, Hugh, and Johnnie Hampton ran stock ranches and bought and sold stock in the Willamette Valley as well as in Central Oregon.

About 1896, Alton Hampton, who had worked for the mercantile firm of McFarland in The Dalles and for F. B. Dunn mercantile in Eugene, persuaded his brothers, Frank, Hugh, and John to join him in opening a general merchandise store between 8th and 9th on Willamette street in Eugene. The store was known as HAMPTON BROTHERS. Later, Alton Hampton bought out his brother's interests and built a large "Daylight" store at the NW corner of Willamette and 6th street in Eugene. For a time it was the largest and most modern store between Portland and San Francisco. Horace Hampton, my father, bought the ranch of Wm. R. Dillard, SW of Goshen. It comprised 700 acres. He continued to live on it and run stock until he sold it in 1902, at which time he then took over the management of the Old Hampton ranch nearer Goshen. In 1906, following a serious illness, Horace moved with his family to Baker, Oregon, where he became a partner in the hardware store of Caldwell and Hampton. He sold out to his cousin, William Caldwell in 1909, and returned to Goshen where he continued to operate his portion of the Old Hampton ranch until ill health forced his retirement in 1943. At this time his daughter, Fay, and her husband, Earl Robertson, bought the old farm and operated it until 1958. Horace lived with them until his death in 1953.

X The John Jacob Hampton and the John Douglas Hampton families had a very prominent part in settling and developing the Willamette Valley and Central and Eastern Oregon. I can well recall as a young girl of seeing my father and uncles round up the yearlings, cut and brand them, stock up and pack up the covered 'grub wagon'. Load up the pack horses, tie together the string of extra mounts and start out for the grazing lands east of the Cascades. Each fall after the stock had been fattened and marketed, they would return to their homes and care for their horses, put in crops and raise and buy new stock for the next year's trek to market.

The John Douglas Hampton Family--continued

I can recall the faithful, patient Shepherd dogs who were either taught or knew by instinct just how to heel a cow brute or to separate it from the rest of the herd. At one time a man from another cow outfit stole my father's very fine cattle dog, old Prince. He must have kept Prince tied up to keep him from returning to my father for he was gone for many months and my father had given up any hope of ever seeing Prince again, but one morning Old Prince was on our back porch at our ranch near Goshen. His feet were bleeding and he was half starved, but he fully recovered and served my father for many more years.

We had many well trained cow ponies or quarter horses which would bare their teeth and cut out from the herd a wanted animal. Good old black "Nig" was the best of all. He could almost turn on a dime and his rider had best be ready to turn with him or find himself or herself unseated. All of us younger Hamptons learned to ride by testing the patience of old Nig. When we fell off, he would patiently stop and wait for us to lead him to a nearby fence so we could climb up and get on his back again.

It was a thrilling sight to see Uncle Hugh Hampton mount and ride a bucking horse. I recall seeing blood flow from his nose as he stood in the stirrups and rode it out with a wild bucking horse until the animal knew who was boss. I have often thought how much my father, his brothers, and their uncles would have enjoyed today's Westerns. They could have relived much of their past and no doubt have recalled to mind events almost forgotten.

Stanley Alexander Caldwell was born in New Hampshire, Oct. 31, 1824. He got the California gold fever and came around the Horn with a party of thirty to California in 1849. He stayed and worked in the gold mines in California for three years. He came to Oregon in 1852 and filed on a DLC in Lane County in 1853. He married Mary Hampton, a daughter of John Jacob and Elizabeth Fickle Hampton, near Goshen in Lane County in 1855. They had one child, a son, William Caldwell. Mary Hampton Caldwell died in 1859 having contracted TB. Mr. Caldwell went to the mines in Auburn and took out many rich nuggets. In 1862, when camp Auburn mines played out, he settled in Malheur County and raised live stock. He married Mrs. Nancy Orilda Wilson Moore, the widow of my great-uncle, Jonathan L. Moore, Sept. 17, 1874. One daughter, Maud Alexandria Caldwell, was born to this union. Maud was born Sept. 22, 1880. She married Earl F. West in Baker Aug. 21, 1907. She married Arthur Lewis Schroeder in Portland in Sept. 1928. Mr. Schroeder died from the result of an automobile accident in Baker April 24, 1949. For many years Mr. & Mrs. Schroeder owned and operated a large mortuary establishment in Baker. Maud still resides in Baker. She has no children. Her half-brother, William Caldwell and his wife, Kate, lived in Baker for many years where William was a prominent merchant and rancher. Their children died in infancy. Stanley A. Caldwell died in Baker, Jan. 11, 1910 and his wife Nancy Orilda Moore Caldwell Died in Baker, Dec. 11, 1911.

SOME FACTS AND RECORDS REGARDING WM. AND ELEANOR LIMERICK MOORE FAMILY

The above mentioned were my maternal great-grandparents, the father and mother of my grandmother, Mary Eleanor Moore Hampton. I know very little about them except that great-grandmother's name was Limerick and both were born in Ireland or at least were of Irish descent. I recall hearing my mother say that great-grandmother Moore spoke an Irish dialect and always during her lifetime spoke with a decided Irish brogue and all her children used many Irish terms and inflections in their manner of speech. I feel that my great-grandfather, Wm. Moore, was a very noble minded, good, kindly man, for my father often spoke of him with the deepest respect. I recall going over the hill to where the Moore ranch joined my grandfather Hampton's on the North. The old Moore DLC is just NW of Goshen, borders the Pacific Freeway, and is now owned by Mr. Wm. Gonyea. My great-grandfather blessed my father when he was a young boy, and he told my father that he would live a good and useful life and that he would live to be a very old man. My father lived to be nearly 93 years of age and so that part of the prophecy came true. Wm. & Eleanor Limerick Moore were married April 9, 1822.

Wm. Moore was born Apr. 23, 1799, and came to Oregon from Ohio by ox-team in 1853. Died at the home of his daughter Mrs. Mary E. Hampton, near Goshen, Oregon, May 10, 1872. Aged 73. Buried in Masonic Cemetery, Eugene.

Eleanor Limerick Moore was born April 14, 1799. She died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Mary E. Hampton, near Goshen, Oregon, May 20, 1876. Aged 77. Came to Oregon via ox-team from Ohio in 1853. Buried by side of her husband.

The Moore family settled on a DLC just North of Goshen and bordering the Pacific Freeway to west. This claim had been filed on by their son, Jonathan Limerick Moore, who had come to Oregon as a Trail Boss and Cattle driver in 1852. He kept a detailed diary of this trip, and the diary is now in possession of Fay H. Robertson. The girl whom he later married was on this same wagon train. Her name was Nancy Orilda Wilson, and she was 14 years of age at the time. Her mother became ill and died and was buried on the plains during this trip. Orilda had to assume the duties of her mother for the rest of the trip. She did the cooking, washing, and helped her father to tend the younger children on the trip, and for several years after they had settled on a DLC near Harrisburg, Linn Co., Oregon.

Off-Spring of Wm. & Eleanor Limerick Moore were as follows:

1. Nancy Jane Moore, b. Ohio, May 5, 1827. Died Mrs. Nancy Jane Moore Allen, July 20, 1852. Very likely her death occurred in Ohio or Indiana.
2. Sarah Ann Moore, b. Ohio, Aug. 31, 1828. She became the first school teacher in the Eugene area in 1853. I shall note more facts of her life later on.

Jonathan Limerick Moore was born Brown Co., Ohio, Oct. 3, 1830. Married Nancy Orilda Wilson, Jan. 13, 1859. She was born June 10, 1838 in Edgar Co., Ill. Jonathan drowned while trying to swim cattle across the Coast Fork of Willamette at Fall Creek at Cloverdale, Oregon, just west of Creswell, Feb. 25, 1862. Beside his widow he left two small children. First born Susan Winter Moore, b. near Goshen, Oct. 25, 1859. She graduated from U. of Oregon, in 1884. Taught school in various parts of State, but mostly in Portland. She died in Portland in 1938. Aged 79. Buried by side of her father in Masonic Cemetery in Eugene. Second child, a son, Frank Limerick Moore, b. near Goshen, Nov. 7, 1861. Died in San Francisco, Feb. 8, 1905. He had gone from his home in Baker, Oregon, to seek medical help in San Francisco. For many years he was a prominent atty. in Baker, Oreg. He married Amanda Christman in Lakeview, Aug. 28, 1890. They had one daughter Cecile Winter Moore, born Baker, Oct. 31, 1892. Cecile has been confined in a mental hospital at Pendleton for many years.

THE WM. AND ELEANOR LIMERICK MOORE FAMILY DATA, CONTINUED

4. Susan Winter Moore (the first one bearing this name) b. May 6, 1832. Died Sept. 20, 1835. Age 3 yr. 4 mo.

5. Mary Eleanor Moore was born Jan. 30, 1835 or Jan. 31, 1836. Two dates are recorded for her birth. She married John D. Hampton near Goshen, Oct. 26, 1954. Eleven children were born to this union. All have been mentioned under the John Douglas Hampton Family records. She died in Eugene, June 5, 1913. Age 78 yr. 4 mo. and 5 days. So Jan. 30, 1835 seems to prove out to be her correct birth date.

6. John Wilson Moore was born Nov. 17, 1838. He died at the home of his sister, Mrs. Mary E. Moore Hampton, near Goshen, Sept. 24, 1887. He was never married. He was 49 years of age at the time of his death. He, too, is buried in the Masonic Cemetery in Eugene, Oregon. I well recall seeing an enlarged photograph of him, and he was a very handsome man. I believe that he had TB or Lung Fever, as it was termed in the early days.

I wish now to revert to some of the facts about my great-aunt, Sara Ann Moore. She taught school in a one room school house located between 30 & 32 Streets on a knoll between Alder and Kincaid Streets or thereabouts. The site now has homes constructed over all the entire area. The little school house was a one room log house with a puncheon floor, one window and one door. A bench with a water bucket and a dipper were near the door. Sara Ann had her schooling in Ohio, and when she came to Oregon, in 1853, she had brought a few text books with her and these were passed among the pupils.

In 1959 a plaque was placed at the North end of the Masonic Cemetery to honor her and the site of the little school house, which is believed to be the first in the Eugene area. This plaque is not on the site of the first school house. In her booklet: "THUMB PAPERS, SKETCHES OF PIONEER LIFE" by Mrs. Lenora Gale Barotte, on pp. 6-16, she describes the school, its location, and names of pupils who attended. Sarah Ann Moore taught this school in 1853-54. She usually rode her pony to school, but in good weather she sometimes walked the 4 miles to school. She married Joseph Garrison Gray of Albany in Jan. 1855 and moved to the Gray DLC near Albany. This claim had been secured by Gray in 1851. Later this place was sold, and they moved to Eastern Oregon somewhere between Baker and Vale Oregon. They had four daughters and one son. The daughters were: Ida Gray Jones, Ella Gray Emmons, Belle Gray Dodson, and Zetta Gray Bowers (who at this date is about 98 and lives in a nursing home near Battleground Wash.) The son has been dead many years. I do not know his name.

Life on the Eastern Oregon ranch was hard and laborious, but Aunt Sarah Ann always had time and strength to be a nurse or a midwife to the scattered early day settlers. She was well beloved, for she was so kind and gentle mannered. The neighbors used to say that Joseph wore the breeches, meaning that he was the Boss. She died on the ranch Jan. 20, 1855, one of the coldest and hardest winters in thirty years. Mrs. Barette says of her quote: "Sarah Ann More Gray was one of that army of gallant women when it was primitive unsettled territory, and by her sheer grit and force of character helped build the state. Her life of toil, sacrifice, and courage made one feel very humble." She was only 56 when she died.

Mr. Gray re-married and had two daughters and one son by his second marriage. He outlived his second wife and died at the age of 73 years and 5 months. His grand-father was John Gray, who lived to be 105 and was the last survivor of the Revolution. This, according to Mrs. Zetta Gray Bowers, is a fact on Congressional records.

TO THE OREGONIAN CENTENNIAL COOKBOOK

(Submitted by Fay Hampton Robertson in Feb. 1959)
This was printed. Oregonian sent me a check for \$5.00

RECIPE FOR OLD TIMERS' CREAM PIE:

Line a 9" pie pan with crust and leave it unbaked until cream filling is added.

FILLING: 1/2 cup sifted all-purpose flour
3/4 cup of sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon ginger

Mix the above ingredients together. Stir into this mixture one cup rich cream or substitute 1 cup undiluted evaporated milk. Add this cream a little at a time to the flour-sugar mixture so as to make a smooth batter without lumps. Now stir in an additional cup of thin cream or whole milk. Stir well and pour into the unbaked pie crust. Sprinkle the top generously with cinnamon. Bake at 450° for 10 minutes then at 350° for about 30 minutes. The pie will have a thin creamy appearance on top, but will thicken up when cool.

This recipe was one of my great-grandmother's, Elizabeth Fickle Hampton, who with her husband, John Jacob Hampton and their children crossed the Plains to Oregon from Mo. in 1845. They first settled near Sheridan in Yamhill County, but in 1852 removed to Lane Co. and lived for three years just east of Goshen.

Jacob Hampton, who was a religious man, named the little village of "Goshen" after the Biblical "Land of Goshen." He also named the mountain which lies East of Goshen, "Pisgah" after the Mt. Pisgah mentioned in the Bible.

I well recall my grandmother, Mary Eleanor Moore Hampton, baking three of these rich cream pies for her large family. She placed them on the kitchen table to cool. One of her sons, Johnnie Hampton, came in from doing his farm chores and without asking permission cut himself a generous slice of one of the pies. His mother, who was a stern disciplinarian, found out who the culprit was and made him eat all three of the rich cream pies. Needless to say that afterward he could never bear the sight of another cream pie.

My grandmother Hampton was a resourceful woman and she did not let the rest of her family go without dessert that meal. She fired up the wood range and put on a kettle of water. About 2 qts. and brought it to a boil. Then she made a batch of "Sweet Dumplings" for dessert. They were made as follows:

SWEET DUMPLINGS

Make a batch of rich biscuit dough. Roll out same to about 1/4 inch thickness. Cut into slices about 2" x 4" and drop slices in the boiling water and let boil for 10-12 minutes. Lift the hot dumpling (draining extra water off) onto a large platter and sprinkle each layer with butter cinnamon and sugar. Eat while real warm. I recall that they were delicious!

Signed:

FAY HAMPTON ROBERTSON
Rt. 4, Box 206
Eugene, Oregon

I am including the following stories and incidents as related by persons who were on the MEEK-CUT-OFF AND THE LOST WAGON TRAIN OF 1845.

Their accounts help substantiate the facts and help portray the hazards and trials of the trip.

Taken from an interview by Fred Lockley, October 3, 1924 -- Oregon Journal

"My mother and her people were with the train that tried to cross the Cascades into the Willamette Valley by Meek's Cut-Off in 1845, said Mrs. J. F. Galbreath to me recently. After great hardships and suffering, they finally reached The Dalles. At The Dalles, my grandfather, Daniel Bayley, hired a bateau to take grandmother and the children to Portland while he drove the oxen down to the Willamette Valley by the old Indian trail. The first night out the bateau was drawn up beside the camp. When they got up next morning, they found that someone had stolen the bateau, blankets, and provisions. My grandmother, Betsy Munson Bayley, came of Revolutionary stock. She had been a teacher and was a woman of great resolution and courage. To be stranded on the banks of the Columbia without food and without money to hire another bateau was enough to discourage the stoutest of hearts. My grandmother hailed some men who were going down the river and told them of her plight. They took the family aboard and took them to Linnton. My mother was about 15 or 16 years of age at this time. Grandfather failed to locate a claim to his liking in the Tualatin Valley. Someone told him of an old bachelor named Sidney Smith living on the Ewing Young place in Chehalem Valley that had a good cabin and would probably take them in for the winter.Grandfather came back to get grandmother and the family.....

My father Sidney Smith was born in 1809. My mother was born in 1829. My mother was 17 and my father was 37 when they were married. My grandmother, Betsy Munson Bayley was the midwife for the whole Chehalem Valley in the late '40s and the early '50s. Father and mother had 8 children, five boys and 3 girls. I was their first child. I was a teacher at Oregon Agricultural College in the '70s. I married Dr. J. F. Galbreath. My husband was superintendent of the state hospital at Salem for 8 years.

Fred Lockley, Oregon Journal February 27, 1922. Interview with Mrs. Francis Large, nee Zeruah Bayler, of Forest Grove.

"We came to Oregon in 1845. "Sure I remember about our trip across the plains. Sol Tetherow was our captain. Captain Wm. B. Ide and a lot of others turned off at Fort Hall and went to California. When we got to Fort Boise, Stephen Meek was there with his Indian wife and he told us about a cut-off across the mountains where we could get to the Willamette Valley more quickly and easily. John M. Forrest and some others wouldn't try the cut-off so they went by the regular road while the rest of us went to the southward with Meek as a guide. You know all about the adventures and hardships of the people who tried Meek's Cut-Off. We wandered around, lost, for days. We ran short of food and ate grasshoppers and berries ground up together that were given us by some Indians we met. We nearly perished from thirst. The men of the Party, when they saw that Meek was lost decided to make an example of him and hang him so he would never lead any other party astray. Father argued against it and helped Meek escape. Well, we finally got an Indian to guide us and at last reached The Dalles."

"My maiden name was Julia Ann Fickle," said Mrs. Ralph Wicox of Portland, Oregon. "I was born in Lee County, Va. on Aug. 16, 1823. I was married on Oct. 11, 1840 to Dr. Ralph Wilcox. In 1845 I came to Oregon with my husband and baby, Francis. We were among those who attempted to get into the Willamette Valley by the Southern Route. Stephen Meek, a brother of Joe Meek, met our Train (wagon) at Fort Boise and told us that the country East of the Cascades was an open flat country and that we could cross the mountains in the Rogue River country on an easy grade. When the men discovered that Stephen Meek knew nothing about the country and had led the train astray, they wanted to hang him."

Not all the emigrants consented to try the new route or way. John M. Forrest refused to be led off the well-known Trail and after an evening had been spent trying to persuade him of his folly, he started off the next morning on the Old Emigrant Trail and was followed by over 20 other wagons. The rest of the party piloted by Stephen Meek started southward on what was afterward called Meek's Cut-Off.

"When the men of our party saw that they were hopelessly lost, they decided to get even with their guide, but Stephen Meek escaped and an Indian guided our party back to the Columbia River.

"We came down the Columbia on a raft. We took up a claim in Yamhill County, near my brother-in-law, Jacob Hampton. We decided to go back east. At Portland, we were met by F. W. Pettygrove. My husband told him that we were on our way back to the Eastern States. He talked us out of going. He gave us a good lot not far from the river bank near the foot of Taylor Street. In the fall of 1847, my husband opened a school in a log house set up by Job McNamee. Among the pupils were the McNamee children: Moses, Adam, Will and Frances, who later became Mrs. E. J. Northrup; Alonzo and his sister, Charlotte, Terwilliger, Sarah, May, Peter and John Doan; Harry Hill and sister, Helen, and the Ross Murphy and the Barnes children.

"In 1846 my husband was a member of the legislature under the Provisional Government. In 1851, he was elected to the Territorial Legislature. In 1856, we moved to Oregon City and he was register of the Land Office. From 1857-1862 he was County Judge of Washington County, He died April 18, 1877."

NOTE: JULIA ANN FICKLE WILCOX was the younger sister of Elizabeth Fickle Hampton (Mrs. John Jacob Hampton) great grandmother of Fay Hampton Robertson.

Taken from "THE DOCTOR IN OREGON", BY O. LARSELL, PORTLAND OREGON 1947.

Re: Dr. Ralph Wilcox page 135.

Dr. Ralph Wilcox came to Oregon with a party of 200 families in 1845. This was the party of which Stephen Meeks was the guide, and which became lost in the mountains of Central Oregon while seeking a short route to the Willamette Valley. The party suffered severely from scarcity of food and water, many dying from hardship, but finally reached Linn on banks of the Willamette River Nov. 15, 1845, after seven months of travel. Wilcox attended the suffering and the dying on the journey. On reaching Oregon with his young wife, he settled in Yamhill County on a Land Claim near Lafayette. He built a log cabin and undertook to farm, but after two years became dissatisfied and decided to return to Missouri, whence he had come.

He got as far as Portland on the return journey, where he met W. F. Pettygrove, one of the founders of the town, who persuaded him to remain and give medical attention to Mrs. Pettygrove, ill at the time. Dr. Wilcox, thus, in 1847 became the first physician in Portland. Whether he had attended any sick during his two years in Yamhill county, there is no record.

Dr. Wilcox was born in East Bloomfield, New York, July 9, 1818. After a general education in his native town and study of medicine with his father, who was a physician, he graduated at the Geneva Medical College Aug. 7, 1839. He went to Missouri where he practiced several years in Platt County, and then moved to another part of the state, continuing his profession until 1845, when he left for Oregon.

It is stated that there seven houses in Portland in 1847, when Wilcox settled there. As medical practice was insufficient to keep him occupied, he opened a school in a residence at the foot of Taylor Street, and thus became the first teacher in Portland. He was a member of the first Provisional Legislature of 1847-48. After remaining about three years in Tualatin County, which at that time included much of NW Oregon, he later moved to Oregon City where he was register of the Government Land Office from 1856-1859. Returning to Washington County as Tualatin County was then called, he again served as County Judge from 1859-1869 and was also a member of the State Legislature in 1862. In 1863 he became clerk of the United States District Court in Portland. Wilcox died April 18, 1877, from a self-inflicted bullet wound after a paralytic stroke. Apparently he ceased from medical practice after his appointment to public office.

Note: Dr. Wilcox was the brother-in-law of my great-grandmother, Elizabeth Fickle Hampton, Dr. Wilcox having married her younger sister, Julia Ann Fickle. They were all on the Meek-Cut-Off and the Lost Wagon Train of 1845.

Page 27 "MY TRIP ACROSS THE PLAINS IN '45" Mrs. Burnett (nee Lucy Jane Hall)

"My father, Lawrence Hall, was elected captain of our train, and we started on our way with 30 wagons and about 50 men.

A wedding occurred in our company. The bride's cake was made with turtle eggs found in a creek. The event was celebrated by a dance on the grass under the stars.

Near Ft. Boise, the Indians made an attempt to attack and stampede our stock, but failed through the prompt action of my father, who ordered the teams unhitched, the wagons formed a circle with the tongues of each run under the wagon just forward, making a strong barricade. The oxen were placed inside, each driver standing by his own team. The women and children were also inside by the wagons. All the available men were outside standing with guns drawn. The Captain walked out alone toward the Indians with his gun in one hand and a white flag in the other. He motioned for the Indians not to come any nearer or his men would fire upon them. The Indians turned and ran away as fast as their horses could go. They had fine horses. The Indians were nude and painted.

Our most serious troubles began when we took the Stephen Meek "Cut-Off". He said that this route was much shorter than the other, and that there was no danger from the Indians as this way did not lead through the Snake River Indian Territory. By vote, it was decided to follow Mr. Meek. A contract was signed to pay him for his services and he agreed to pilot the company safely through, or as was written in his own words, give his head for a foot ball. All were to take turns hauling his goods. He and his wife were on horseback.

One day, after three weeks of travel on our new route, our guide suddenly and excitedly exclaimed, "My God, we are lost." Alarmed but not dismayed, we moved on until night. There was neither grass nor water to be found. All night the men sat by the dim camp fires listening for reports from those who had gone in search of water. If any was found, a signal of three shots was to be fired in quick succession; if not, three shots at intervals. At sunrise, no sounds had been heard. The train was soon moving on through sagebrush and dry creek beds which mocked our thirst.

So we journeyed on until noon, when a shot, not the three in quick succession, but at intervals like a death knell, sounded. The men stood in groups talking over the situation; the mothers, pale and haggard, sat in the wagons with their little ones around them. With a determination that knows no defeat the party pushed on. About night in quick succession, shots were heard which proclaimed that water had been found. All pushed forward with renewed energy. When in sight of the water, the thirsty oxen broke into a run and rushed into the water and drank until they had to be driven out.

"We are saved, we are saved. Thank God", cried Stephen Meek "For now I know the way." He could locate the trail to The Dalles from this stream. Men, women, and children were laughing and crying in turn.

(Mrs. Burnett-Lucy Jane Hall story cont.)

The teams were in such bad condition that we had to lay-by three weeks. Many were sick and some died and were laid to rest in this camp. Mr. Meek certainly would have given his head for a foot-ball had not he and his wife made their timely escape. When we reached the Deschutes, the Indians there made us understand that a man and a woman had crossed the river a short time before, The man swam the river, leading his horse and an Indian swam over with the woman on his back. Other Indians tied her clothes on their heads and swam across. We did not hear of Meeks for more than a year after that.

We were lost in the mountains six weeks. The way was rough beyond description. The women and children walked most of the way.

On reaching The Dalles, Meek told the Missionaries there that a party of immigrants were in the mountains. A white man and two Indians were at once sent out in search of our company. When found, we people were on the verge of starvation. But for the provisions brought by these scouts many, if not all, would have perished as it took a week more to reach The Dalles when guided by these men.

TAKEN FROM SOUVENIR OF WESTERN WOMEN, PAGE 82.

Reminiscences of Mrs. Julia A. Fickle Wilcox, pioneer of 1845, widow of Dr. Ralph Wilcox, who was the first school teacher in Portland, Oregon.

"In crossing the plains on Meek's Cut-Off, we were without water for thirty-six hours. The cattle had disappeared; they were found by a spring where they had found water. A great many of the company were taken sick and died from eating the cattle that had been driven so far. Food was scarce and the cattle had to be killed and eaten. In some places the mountains were so steep that the wagons nearly stood on ends; the oxen were taken off the wagons and the men had to hold on to the back of the wagons to keep them from tipping. An Indian swam the Deschutes River and carried a rope across. The wagons were fastened to the rope and the people and provisions were carried across that way."

*Julia Ann Fickle Wilcox was a sister of my great-grandmother, Elizabeth Fickle Hampton. They were in the same wagon train. (Fay Hampton Robertson.)

TAKEN FROM SOUVENIR OF WESTERN WOMEN, PAGE 44.

Charlotte Terwilliger was born in Chicago, Ill., Dec. 21, 1842. Her father, James Terwilliger, was a Hollander and her mother, Sophronia Hurd, of Scotch descent. In May, 1845, Mr. Terwilliger with his wife and four children started across the plains to Oregon. He was in the party that took the Stephen Meek's Cut-Off. All the company came near perishing before they found their way out of the wilderness. Like many others, his wife was prostrated by the perils and hardships and survived only a few days after they reached The Dalles. Mr. Terwilliger arrived at the present site of Portland in Nov. 1845, and erected the first dwelling house--a log cabin--where the infant city had its birth in 1847. The name of Charlotte Terwilliger is enrolled as one of the first pupils of the first school taught in Portland (taught by Dr. Ralph Wilcox.) On April 12, 1860, she was married to Walter Moffett, a young Englishman. They settled at once in the little home Mr. Moffett had made ready on Seventh Street, where he later erected the house since owned and occupied continuously by his family. In 1862, they went to Europe and traveled for 2 years in France and British Isles, spending much of the time, however, at the home of Moffett's childhood in merry old England, where his mother still lived. Mr. Moffett, being a ship's master, spent much of his time on the sea. While out on a long voyage in 1878, the mystic boatman bore him to that haven beyond the shores of time. His body was brought home and rests in Lone Fir cemetery with his three sons and only daughter. Mar. 8, 1887, Mrs. Moffett was married to C. M. Cartwright of Eastern Oregon.

Fred Lockley--Oregon Journal--No date.

"Yesterday, I visited Mrs. W. H. Rees in Laurelhurst...born near Liberty, Mo., in 1828. Her son-in-law, James W. Welch, in whose home she lives, has been in Oregon since 1844.

"We started for Oregon in the Spring of 1845," said Mrs. Rees. "I was 17 years at the time. My father's name was James E. Hall. Capt. H. M. Knighton was in command of our wagon train. Yes, I remember lots of people who were in our party...We saw a good deal of W. G. T. Vault on the way across the plains...Among others who came in the train with Mrs. Reese or who were members of other trains and who arrived in Oregon City that fall were J. C. Avery, Capt. English, John and Frederick Waymore, James and Rufus Riggs, Joel Palmer, Dr. Ralph Wilcox, Portland's first physician, Will Samuel. Wm. & James Barlow, Will Herron, John Durbin, Sol Tetherow, Stephen Staats, Jacob Hampton, Charles Crafts, Job McNamee, Orrin Kellow, Mrs. Rebecca Fanning. My husband, Wm. H. Rees, came to Oregon in 1844. We were married Jan. 21, 1847, near Butteville at my father's home.....5 sons, 7 daughters.

Fred Lockley--Oregon Journal--No date.

Seventy years ago Susanah Johnson Peterson with her husband Asa and baby boy, made the long trip across the plains to Oregon. In spite of her 90 years, she is still interested in the events of today. "We decided to take the short cut to Oregon (Willamette Valley) that Stephen Meek told us about...I guess you have heard of Meeks Cut-Off. Well, it came mighty nigh cutting off the ones who tried it...Our oxen died from drinking alkali water, and we all wandered around in the desert till we knew we were lost and we struck out on the back trail. In one place, we went down a powerful steep place. When we were down, there was no way of going forward so we had to double teams and pull back up to where we had been. One of the men who happened to be just ahead of us said: "When I get to the top of this hill, if I ever do, I'm going to hunt for Stephen Meek, and if I find him I'll kill him." Meek was sitting just above us back of a sagebrush. He stepped out with his gun in his hand, said awful slow and cool, "Well, you've found me, go ahead with the killing." The man wilted down and didn't have spunk enough to kill a prairie dog. He was like a lot of other men--just a bad man with his mouth.

"We had a hard time getting to The Dalles, but at last we reached there. We made a raft out of some old dead timber to go down the river. We put our things on and started, but the logs got water logged and the raft wouldn't hold us up. We ran it over to the north side of the river and all of us got off except one man. He said that he would go down a little farther for he thought it would float. "Pretty soon it got to where the water was billin' among the rocks and the current was so swift he couldn't make it to shore, so he was drowned. My husband had to stay to drive the stock, so I and some others footed it. We walked for some days along the river. I carried my baby from the Cascades clear to Linnton. We wintered in Linnton mostly because we had to. I nursed Tom Naylor's wife who had mountain fever. I nursed the Naylor woman and cooked and took care of my baby. I got sick for a couple months and Asa's mother came to help me. In the spring we moved ('46) up on the Luciamute and in the fall of '46 moved to Knox Butte in Linn County."

"We later gave this place away and moved to what they now call Peterson Butte."

It is not easy to fix the time nor date when the phrase BLUE BUCKET MINES came into use. It was certainly as early as 1868 for it is positively known that Stephen H. Meek, the leader of the party of immigrants over the route afterwards referred to as Meek's Cut-Off conducted thirty men in that year along that trail in search of the mine of that name without success.

According to a statement given me by Wm. F. Helm, many years ago, whose father, mother, five brothers and one sister besides himself were members of the Meek party. The term BLUE BUCKETS originated in this way. The Helm wagon, yolks, and many of the camp utensils, including several buckets, were painted blue. At one camp on a tributary of the John Day River, numerous small yellow pebbles were found along the water's edge and among the grass roots. An attempt was made to catch some fish, but the current being very swift, the efforts failed. Then Col. W. G. T'Vault, Thomas R. Cornelius, and James Terwillinger, the latter a blacksmith, conceived the idea of pounding one of the bright pebbles, and finding it soft, pounded it thin and used it as a sinker on their fish lines. Others did the same. At one of the camps where an experience occurred of the kind related here, two blue buckets were left, the Helm family having no further use for them.

None of the company had any idea of gold at this time. Their minds were fully occupied by the effort to get out of the wilderness, as their situation was a very serious one.

It will be remembered that gold was discovered in Calif. Jan. 24, 1848 by James W. Marshall, an Oregon Pioneer of 1844. News of this discovery reached the Willamette Valley in July following. Soon afterward a number of the adults of the Meek party went to the Calif. Mines and then they became aware that the "pebbles" that had been seen and used for sinkers on fish lines were gold.

Mr. Helm went to the vicinity of Canyon City in 1863 soon after gold was discovered that year and always insisted that there or in that region near there was the locality where the gold was found in 1845. This was the opinion of Thos. R. Cornelius also, who at the time of my first acquaintance with him in 1866 was one of the substantial citizens of Washington Co., Oregon.

-----George M. Hines, Curator, and Assistant
Secretary of Oregon Historical Society

FROM CENTRAL OREGONIAN NOV. 8, 1962

"On Oct. 25, 1962, the Lake County Examiner ran a story entitled "THE BLUE BUCKET MINE" and showed a hole in the bed of Foley Creek which researchers headed by Mrs. Lois A. Pierce of Hoodspport, Wn. believe to be the original site of the Blue Bucket gold discovery of the Lost Wagon Train of 1845. The train in question was a military Wagon Train of which W. T. T'Vault was commander and John Waymeir, Lt. It left St. Joseph, Mo. May 1, 1845, but instead of following the Oregon Trail after leaving Ft. Boise, the T'Vault group headed up the Malheur River with Stephen Meek as guide and in the company of the John Herron and Lawrence McNary trains and followed by the Solomon Tetherow and Samuel Parker trains. Using stories and data handed down to Mrs. Pierce by her grandfather, James Miller Allen and others, she, in her recent booklet entitled "LOST IMMIGRANTS OF 1845 AND THE BLUE BUCKET GOLD" she recites that Parker and Tetherow trains broke off finally and took a more northerly route from the N. Fork of the Malheur and that the McNary and Herron trains detached themselves at Craine Prairie. The account takes the T'Vault train southwesterly across Harney County past what was later Frenchglen and into the "MARSHEs."

"At this point, the guide, Meek, abandoned the train in fear of his life for having lost his way."

"It is believed that the train moved westward to the sink of Foley Creek, whence in digging for water, some small bits of gold were found, Mrs. Pierce believes that these bits of gold were the foundation for the myriad stories later told about the BLUE BUCKET discovery, but based on information handed down through her family, Mrs. Pierce never expected to find any large deposit of gold.

"Mrs. Pierce's group found what they believed to be three graves, each one a day's travel by ox-team apart, to the north of Foley Canyon. These seem to coincide with the information handed down by her forbears. The stories take the T'Vault train north past Alkali Lake westward past Fossil Lake and Christmas Lake, north to Prineville and eventually to the Dalles. The "short cut" promised by Meek had been a long one.

"Most tales of the BLUE BUCKET circulated for more than 100 years and frequently the cause of searching expedition, place the location in Harney Co., in John Day or Crooked River, but Mrs. Pierce's discoveries substantially point to a site just north of Plush in Lake County."

RECORDS FROM DONATION LAND CLAIM FILINGS

#1066 HAMPTON, JACOB, Yamhill Co. born 1804 Harrard Co., Ky. Settled claim Nov. 20, 1847. Married Elizabeth Nov. 9, 1828 Lafayette Co., Mo. AFF. Reuban Gant, Jacob Gomegys or Comegys. (Great grandfather)

#1184 HAMPTON, JOHN D., Lane Co. Born 1831 Lafayette Co., Mo. Arrived Oregon Nov. 1, 1845. Settled claim Nov. 25, 1845. Married Mary E. Moore, Oct. 26, 1854, Lane. Co. AFF: Washington L. Riggs, James F. Hampton, Wm. Moore (My father's father --My grandfather--fhr)

#2616 MOORE, WM., Lane Co. Born 1799 Armstrong Co., Pa. Arrived Oregon on or before Sept. 24, 1853. Married Eleanor April 9, 1822 Brown Co., Ohio. Had two sons, Jonathan L. and John W. and two daughters, Sarah Ann and Mary Ellen in 1853. AFF. Milton L. Riggs, Jonathan L. Moore, Alexander W. Patterson (My great grandfather--J. D. Hampton married Mary E.)

#1807 RIGGS, MILTON S., Lane Co. Born 1825 Morgan Co. Ill. Arrived Oregon, Dec. 15, 1845, SC May 1, 1850, April 15, 1851. Married Eliza Aug. 5, 1851. Yamhill Co. Claim adjoined Silas Brown, D. C. Raymond surveyed it assisted by John D. Hampton and John I. Davidson, chainmen. AFF. Zara Sweet, A. H. Coryell, Hilyard Shaw. (Milton Riggs married my great Aunt, Eliza Hampton)

#2054 CALDWELL, STANLEY A., Lane Co. Born 1826 Merrimack Co., N. H. Arrived Oregon, Oct. 1, 1853. Settled claim Dec. 29, 1853. AFF. George M. Coryell, Wm. Jones, Samuel McBee. (Married my great Aunt, Mary Hampton--after her death married Orilda Wilson, widow of Jonathan L. Moore & daughter of James Wilson)

#2134 WILSON, JAMES A., Linn Co. Born 1798 Kentucky, arrived Oregon Oct. 17, 1852. SC April 29, 1853. Married Nancy, April 1829 in Ky. AFF. Richard W. Honaitt, Wm. Carns, Thomas M. Weger, Wm. M. Clover.

ITEMS FROM PACIFIC CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

1. Jan. 3, 1873 Jonathan L. Moore drowned Dec. 26, 1872 Fall Creek--Clover Dale Ferry near Eugene.

2. May 30, 1872 William Moore died Lane Co. Died March 10, 1872, aged 73. Indiana to Oregon in 1853.

3. Oct. 10, 1874 Married S. A. Caldwell and Mrs. Nancy Orilda Moore, Sept. 17, 1874. Lane Co.

JOHN DOUGLAS HAMPTON -- Genealogical blank -- filed by Lewis & Clark Chapter DAR 1946, Vol. 2, Genealogical Record Office.

TAKEN FROM THE REDMOND SPOKESMAN, OCTOBER 13, 1960

HISTORICAL SLEUTHS SEEK CLUES TO EMIGRANT ROUTES -- BY MARTHA STRANAHAN

"Keith Clark and Lowell Tiller who were chums in College have been sleuthing for several years trying to find clues to routes of "Lost Wagon Train of 1845."

"The Lost Emigrant Train of 1845 has intrigued many persons. It was a division of this train which is reported to have divided into three separate sections and under separate leaders tried to find their way out of the vast waste and space of lands of S. E. Oregon in 1845. It was a segment of this caravan that found and reported the now famous mysterious BLUE BUCKET MINE, which Clark and Tiller believe has never been located in spite of many claims. By late August 1845, several wagon trains had converged at Ft. Boise on the Snake River near the mouth of the Boise River, intending to head from there to The Dalles on the Old Oregon Trail. Stephen Meek, a brother of Joe Meek, convinced some elements of the emigration that he could lead them over a shorter more direct route to the Willamette Valley that would save time.

"Since he had guided a large portion of the 1845 emigration across the plains, he was heard by interest and belief by 200 families. Trains led by W. G. T'Vault, Samuel Parker, Lawrence McNary, John Herron, Samuel Hancock, and Solomon Tetherow elected to follow Stephen Meek on the "Meek Cut-Off." History books and accounts are at variance, Clark says, on these exact routes, but most wagons left the hot-springs at Vale on Aug. 25, 1845. After traveling West for several days, Meek confessed that he was lost. Although indignation was high, Meek did not leave the wagons and run for his life as has been erroneously reported. He stayed hidden with some segment of the train until they finally arrived at the crossing of the Deschutes, at the present Sherar's Bridge. Leadership of the wagon groups apparently reverted to the various wagon captains, with each portion of the train making a decision of the best route to them leading them out of their predicament. As a result, a major split took place in the organization of the train at or near the present G. I. Ranch. Some wagons, estimated at 100 traveled Northwest to Camp Creek and roughly paralleled its course down into Crooked River. Another portion turned more to the West to strike the Deschutes near Bend. Most of the wagons were reunited at Sagebush Springs a few miles East of Gateway. Six persons were buried at this spot and over 30 more graves were made before the emigrants reach Oregon City.

"The original accounts of those who found the BLUE BUCKET GOLD would indicate that the quantity found was small. Not until some years later when the California gold excitement gripped Oregon, was the emigration discovery awarded any significance. Two things seem interesting here. The BLUE BUCKET name was not applied at the time of the discovery according to a descendant of the Herron family which is credited the find, and the few surviving nuggets were taken to California to purchase supplies for the gold fields of 1849.

"Eventually the remnants of all the trains did reach The Dalles reporting many severe hardships. Some of the travelers later tried to find their way back to the mine, but none apparently, was ever successful.

"Tracing the routes followed by the pioneers through Oregon, over 115 years ago is a tedious and time consuming work, but each little success, each certainty established gives the researchers their reward. Much of the investigating by Clark and Tiller is done by reading histories, diaries, maps, old records, old newspapers, also correspondence with descendants and other pioneers and persons who have known the Eastern Oregon country. Last summer Clark and Tiller scouted Harney Co. Valley and they hope in the years ahead to pick up more positive clues.

"Clark points out that in spite of Indians, Mt. fever, lack of food and other hardships which beset the emigrants, their chief problems was procuring water. The 1840's in E. Oregon were notably dry years as shown by tree rings and old documents. From Wagonfire Mt., the emigrants sent scouts in all directions and they must have reported scant or no water to SW or westward for eventually all the pioneers very probably headed Northwest.

However, Stephen Meek never gave up his claims of a shortened route across Oregon through the center of the state, but it was left to others to prove him to be right. He was refused the franchise to open and maintain a central route across the state by the Oregon Provincial Government, it being awarded to Samuel K. Barlow. And the following year saw the development of a southern route--the Applegate Trail."

COMMENTS BY THE WRITER -- FAY HAMPTON ROBERTSON

Lately, I was able to secure a small book published in 1962 by Mrs. Lois A. Pierce of Hoodsport, Washington. She is a descendant of James Miller Allen, who was sergeant of the Military Immigration Train of 1845 and of whom W. G. T'Vault was captain. The book describes the organization of the train and attempts to map out the routes followed by the three lost emigrant trains of 1845. If her account is accurate, it would place the John Jacob Hampton family with the Parker-Tetherow division when the trains separated near the South Fork of the Malheur river. This train went through Harney Valley and my great aunt Eliza Hampton Riggs gave an account to a Burns newspaper saying that she and her family went through Harney Valley. She was ten years of age at the time. She evidently could recall the country and many of the land marks for she later married Matt Riggs and they settled in Harney County near Burns.

It now seems impossible that so much information and data has been lost. I never heard any of my grandparents speak of their trials and hardships. They took their pioneer days as a matter of course. If I could question them now, no doubt that I could write a very interesting and colorful account.

Last summer while I was in Lakeview, Lester Hampton mentioned to me that Aunt Sadie Hampton had told him that Elizabeth Fickle Hampton reared an Indian boy in her home. I never heard any of the family mention the fact, but it could be true, as it was not uncommon during pioneer days for the white to show acts of kindness to orphaned or cast-off Indian children.

I have attempted in a small way to record some of the pertinent facts of the Hampton and Moore families. I have not wanted this knowledge to be lost.



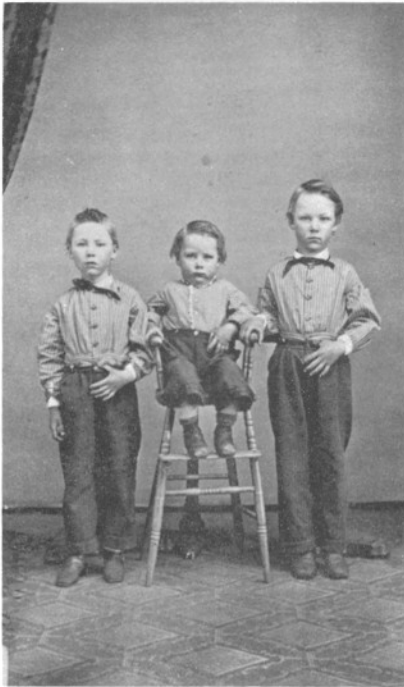
Mollie Hampton, youngest daughter
of John D. and Mary E. Hampton



Elizabeth Fickle Hampton,
wife of John Jacob Hampton



Nellie Hampton, daughter of John D.
and Mary E. Hampton



Horace, Hugh, and Frank,
three oldest sons of
John D. and Mary E. Hampton



John D. and Mary E. Hampton,
wedding picture, Oct. 26, 1854



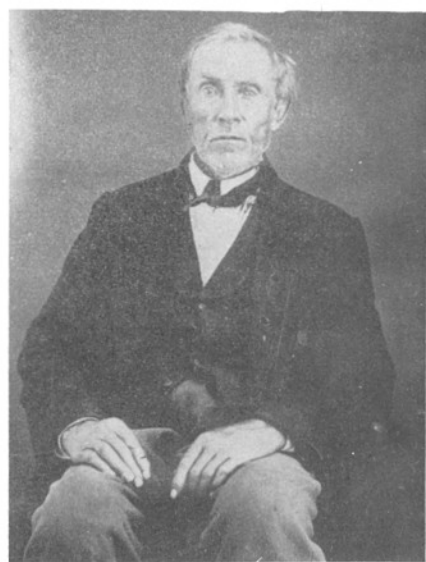
Ferman and Austin Hampton, two
youngest sons of
John D. and Mary E. Hampton



Eleanor Limerick Moore



John Winter Moore



William Moore



Sarah Ann Moore Gray



Mary E. Moore Hampton



Children of Sarah Ann Gray



Arilda Wilson Moore Caldwell



William Caldwell son of Mary Hampton and S. A. Caldwell



S. A. Caldwell second husband of Arilda W. Moore

EDWARD GRAY
ESTATE