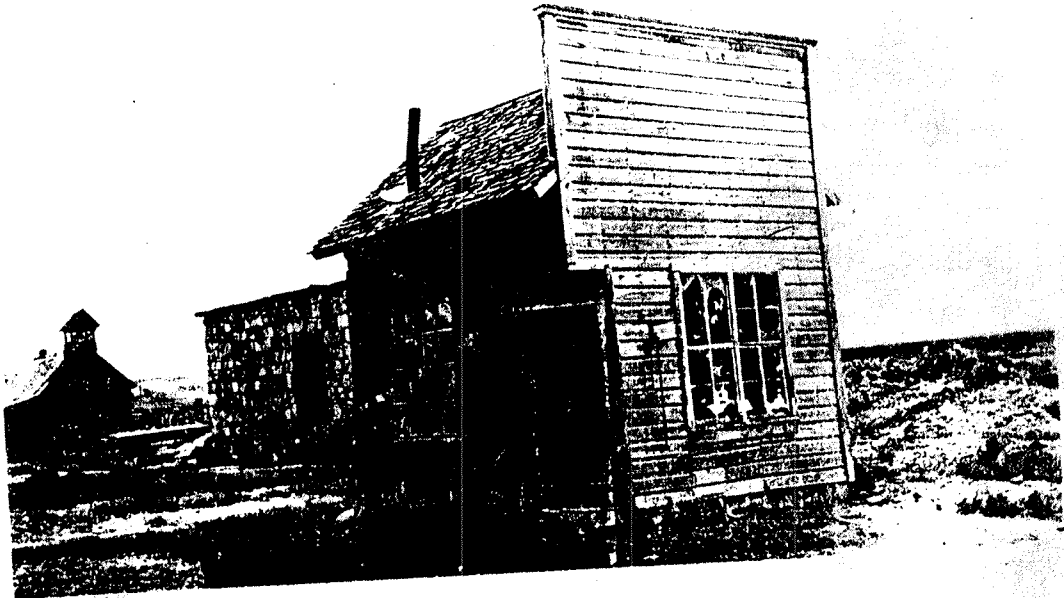


*Harney Valley Harney Co.  
Sept 15, 1885*

*BORN JAN 11, 1865  
P 72*

HARNEY VALLEY BOUND  
THE DIARY OF MISS VIOLA SPRINGER  
From Princeton, Missouri,  
May 18, 1885,  
To Harney Valley, Oregon,  
November 26, 1885



EDWARD GRAY  
ESTATE

Unabridged, with  
Preface, Epilogue & Comments  
by  
Dorsey Griffin

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DEDICATED TO  
Wilber and Elva Springer, Vale, Oregon

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Dorsey Griffin

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The Griffin Press  
P.O. Box 85  
Netarts, OR 97143



Four Generations of Springers:  
Right to left: Lewis Bloomfield Springer,  
Alva Springer, <sup>Eddie</sup> ~~Charlie~~ Springer, Wilber Springer,  
ca. 1916.

Courtesy of Charles F. Springer.



## PREFACE

"This is a new settled country. Not been opened for settlement more than three years. Used to be an Indian Reservation. If they all take them ranches in here I am a going to take me a ranch, too."

--Viola Springer's diary  
entry, September 15, 1885.

VIOLA SPRINGER was unmarried and twenty years old when she drove one of her father's covered wagons from Princeton, Missouri, to Harney Valley, Oregon, in the summer of 1885. Viola's father, Lewis Bloomfield Springer, with Alva Springer, Viola's brother and his family, and a few friends left Missouri and settled in Harney Valley and were soon fighting "cattle king" Peter French for their land holdings with lawsuits and guns.

In Oregon Viola met and married George Marshall who, with his family had settled previously in the Grand Ronde Valley. Lewis B. Springer settled for a short time in the Crow Camp Hills at the foot of the Blue Mountains, then removed to Malheur Lake. George and Viola then lived near Alva, in 1888, at Sod House Springs. They too soon moved to better ground on the edge of Malheur Lake, from which they departed in the early 1920s to live in Imperial Valley, California.

Alfred Marshall, George's brother, had married Mary Stafford, when the families had made the trip to the Grand Ronde in 1879. Mary and Alfred homesteaded near Malheur Lake close to what would, in 1908, become the town of Voltage, on the south edge of the lake between The Narrows and Princeton, and would farm nearby and operate the Voltage general store and post office.

Viola wrote in her diary every day of the cross-continent trek--lengthy, colorful, informative entries. This was the second such trip for her. Six years earlier, when she was 14, the Springers and Marshalls made the trip with sixteen wagons to inspect the Grand Ronde Valley for homesteading prospects. We may presume that L.B. Springer found the pickings not to his liking, with the best land settled.

Mary Stafford-Marshall's story here is based upon scarce newspaper accounts, court records, and three meetings I had with her at Voltage in the early 1930s. Viola's story is contained in her diary and some family history. After they left Harney County to live in California, no more is known of her.

These late-comers (though by no means the latest: they were on the move in covered wagons, in limited use, well into the 20th Century), migrating some forty years after the great westering movement began in the early 1840s, did not have an easier time of it than did earlier emigrants, who, in many ways, had it easier. Indians were no longer hostile in the 1880s, but, except for the Snakes, they were not hostile to the first migrants, either. Bridges had been built some decades earlier that were now unsafe. The roads and water sources were not infected with fecal bacteria in the earliest expeditions, which took such a terrible toll in cholera in the 1850s and later years. Grass and game were more abundant earlier--buffalo, antelope, deer, turkeys, other fowl and fish--and roads may not have been worse.

Our travelers were exploited by previously established settlers and illegal squatters and the railroads along the Platte River, and by entrepreneurial tradesmen in every village and four-corners store. They suffered the same torments that afflicted most covered wagoners: cold, heat, driving rain, lightning storms, wind that tipped over their wagons and ripped off the canvas covers; dried out wagons and loose tires, stock losses, spoiled provisions, accident and disease; bone-deep weariness (Viola lost thirteen pounds along the way and went to sleep with the lines in her hands); and the foibles, idiosyncracies and plain damned orneriness of fellow travelers.

Decades after public roads and bridges had been built and used by passing emigrants, men who had contributed nothing to such bridge and road construction and maintenance nor had charters from state or

territorial governments to operate toll points or ferries, blocked the way, fenced nearby fordable streams or destroyed previously existing fordable river banks, and demanded exorbitant fees. When Harrison Seward produced his blacksnake to clear a mounted rifleman out of the way, Lewis Bloomfield Springer backed him with his revolver while other men rode by with cocked rifles, their women driving the teams, and they bulled their hard way through.

Viola and George Mashall, after settling in the southern foothills of "The Blues" on Coffee Pot Creek near Camp Harney, watched Malheur Lake's level drop one foot, exposing ten-thousand acres of irrigable and unsurveyed (and, therefore, unclaimed public) land, around which members of the Springer party and others soon settled. A post office was established at Springer, Lewis Bloomfield Springer being its first and only postmaster. This was the beginning of Narrows, or The Narrows, as all local inhabitants have called the community. While Viola and George Marshall began their family near Harney City, Mary and Alfred Marshall homesteaded near the locale of what would become Voltage. Their store, when no longer profitable because of diminishing population as the homesteading efforts to farm Oregon's high deserts failed, was used as a museum by Mary. Here she built what was likely, at the time, to be the most magnificent collections of Indian artifacts in the Northwest.

This is the saga of years of hard work, from which the pioneers nor their descendents profited little; sacrifice, courage and heroism and heartbreak, and little of everyday comforts through the years, of two young women--pioneer women, pioneer's daughters and pioneers' wives: the lives of Viola Springer-Marshall, diaryist, and Mary Stafford-Marshall, Viola's sister-in-law, married to brothers, in old Grant County from 1885 to 1936.

Kay Atwood, in Mill Creek Journal, Ashland, Oregon, 1850-1860, wrote: "History isn't merely a string of facts. It's human experience.

It is not only what happened but what it felt like." Viola Springer did not have to be academically educated to know how to write history. She described her trip and her life in full detail, not listing only bare essentials of place, time and names. And she told how it felt. Reaching Harney Valley at last had its inevitable let-down. The venture was strenuous, cooperative and personal, and when accomplished the families soon separated and departed, taking off for far distant places looking for homes. In her September 25th diary entry, Viola wrote: "Seems like they are all going to leave. Oh, how lonesome I will be. I can just look over to where the wagons stood and think I ought to see them. .... Oh, I wish Morna was here. I am so lonesome without her. We have been together so long. I never expect to see her again."

---

The Indian Reservation Viola mentioned in her diary entry of September 15th was the Malheur, set aside for the Northern Paiute tribes in September 1872, and withdrawn for the benefit of local squatters, cattlemen and land speculators (Pete French, the Smyth brothers, Henry C. ("Hen") Owens, the Willamette & Cascade Wagon Road Company) on May 21, 1882. The huge reservation, 1,788,560 acres of prime garden, farm, grazing and timber land, was sold at "public" auction to Tom Overfeldt and Henry Miller for \$7,000.

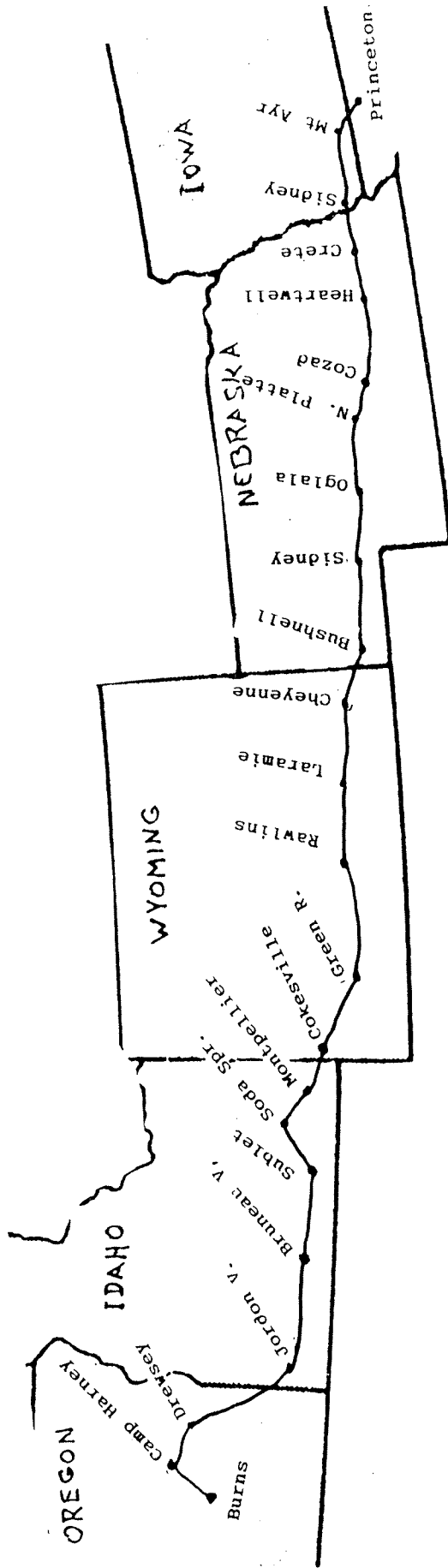
These are the main principals of the adventure, both of the treck and the later settlement on Malhuer Lake, at The Narrows and below Steens Mountain:

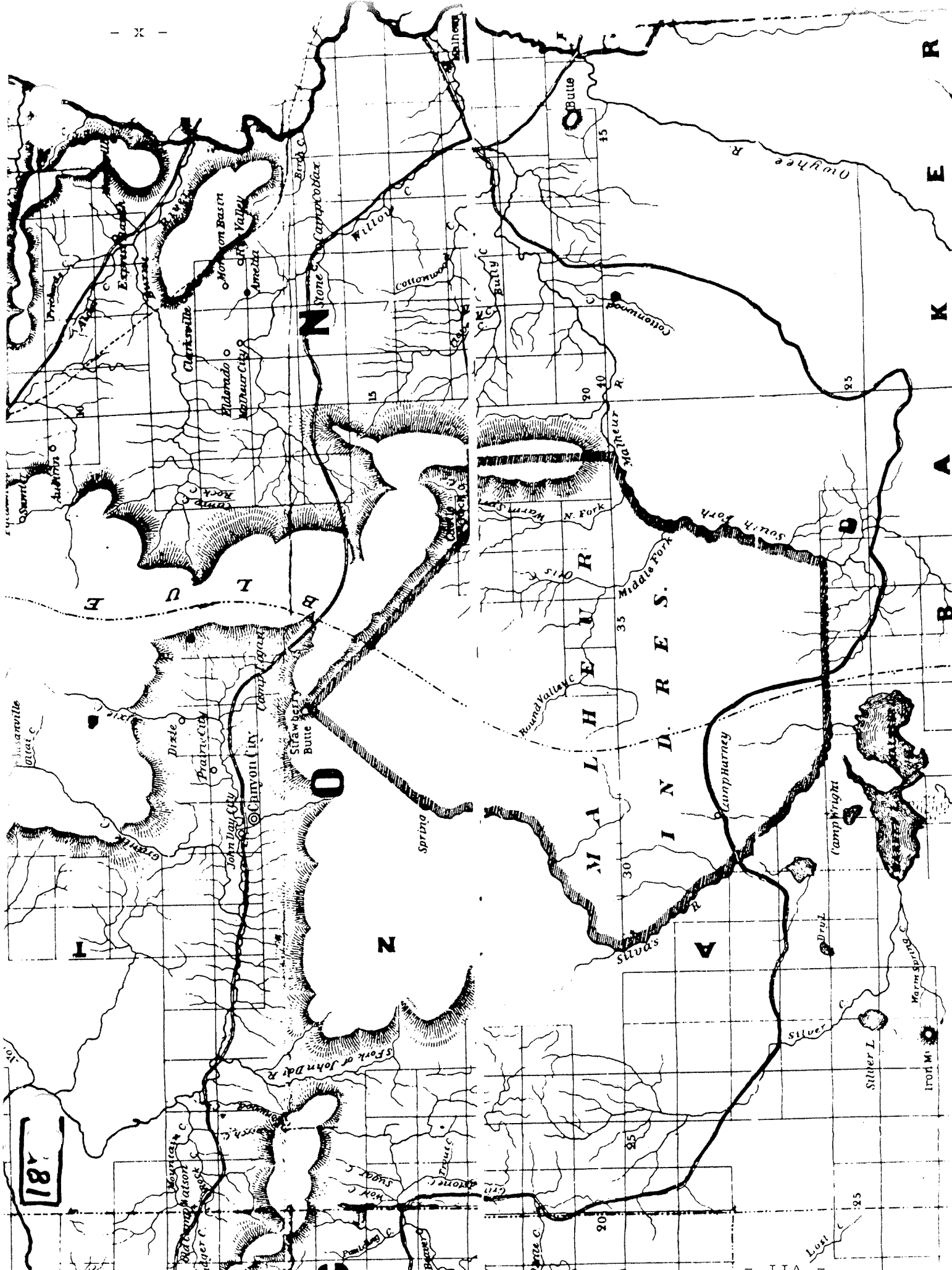
- Pa, Lewis Bloomfield Springer.
- Ma, Mrs. L.B. Springer, nee Sara Leas.
- Viola, the Springers' daughter.
- Alva, Viola's older brother.
- Martha, Alva's wife.
- Daisy, Alva's and Martha's baby.
- Harrison Seward.
- John Seward, Harrison's brother.
- John Ball.
- John Southerland.
- Rachel, Southerland's wife.
- Morna, Viola's good friend.
- Cassie.
- Myra.
- Mintie.
- George Marshall.

Editing Viola's diary is minimal. Her original spelling is unchanged though some punctuation marks have been added to clarify the sense where the need seemed necessary for the understanding of the reader, the writer's sense remaining unaltered.

Dorsey Griffin,  
Netarts, Oregon

The Springer Party route from Princeton, Mo., to Camp Harney, Oregon, 1885.





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OREGON

MALHEUR RESERVATION

SPRINGS

CAMP WRIGHT

Lampharney

DRUG

SILVER L.

IRON M.

MALHEUR SPRING

JOHN DAY

SPRING

LAKE

CAMP

TRAIL

ROAD

RAILROAD

BRIDGE

DAM

DITCH

CANAL

DRAINAGE

WATER

COURT

SCHOOL

CHURCH

MILL

FARM

RANCH

CAMP

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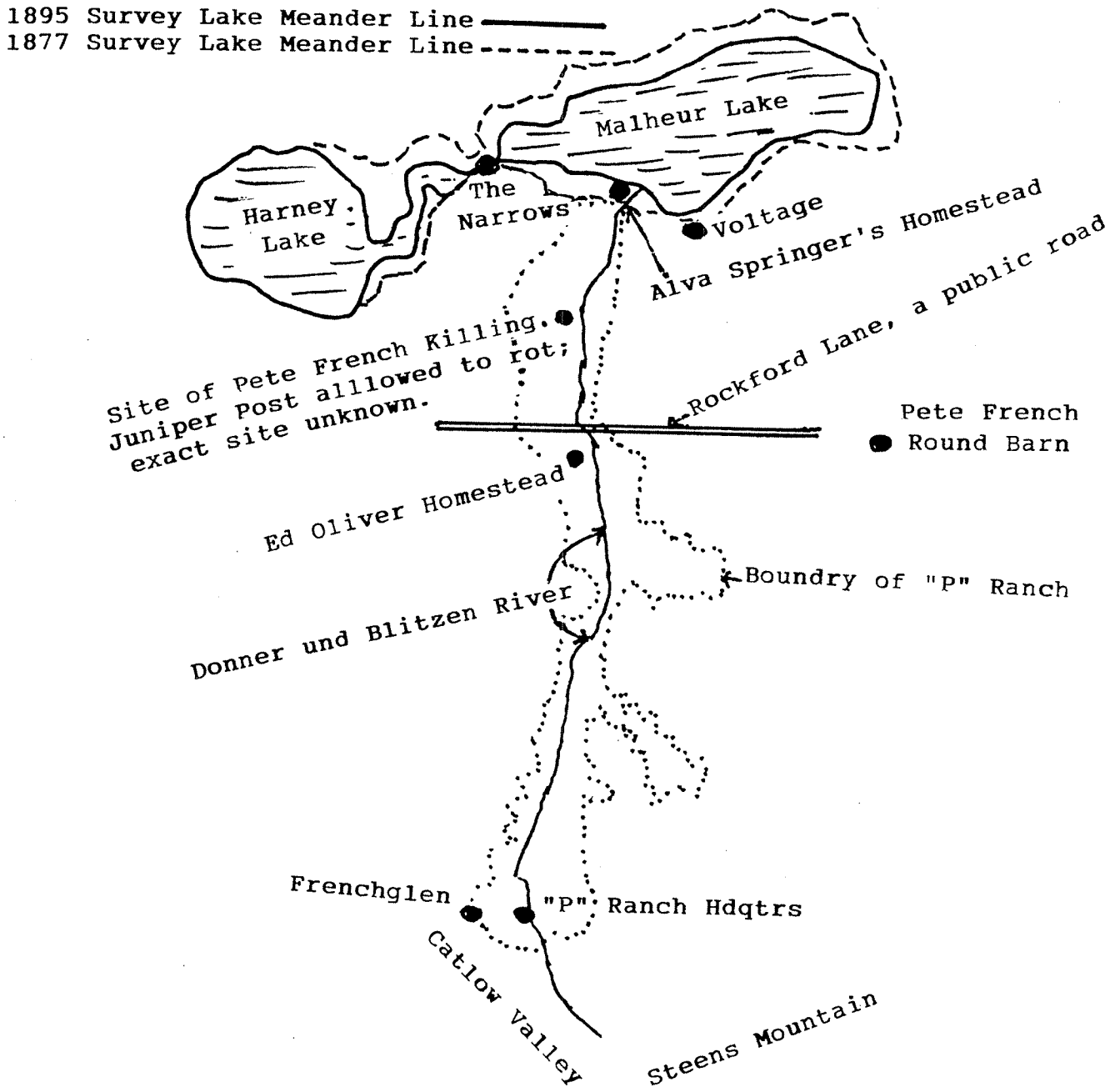
DRAINAGE

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COURT

SCHOOL

CHURCH





FACSIMILE of Viola Springer's diary entry of July 30th. Her diary was a business ledger book, about 5" x 11". She wrote in campfire light or on layovers on the road, every day of the trip.

to night for to ~~the~~ <sup>do</sup> we have on rather  
been cooking to night we are camped  
down in a deep gash surrounded  
by big tall hills <sup>Thursday</sup> 30th. we went over  
worse roads this forenoon than we have  
yet. we camped to day noon in a  
small canyon we have had more dust  
this afternoon than we have had yet.  
we went through Locke ville this evening  
we hadnt gone far then until we come  
to Smiths fork there was a ~~the~~ bridge  
there but we ferried it there by the bridge  
the women come out for to be but she  
slipped up on getting ony there was a  
family camped there by the bridge  
from Kansas going to Idaho they are  
the dirtiest outfit I ever seen we are  
camped to night on Bear river we  
have come to the railroad a gain the  
railroad is on the other side of the river  
this forenoon and yesterday while we  
was crossing over the hills we could see  
Bear river at a distance we are in a  
about 60 miles from Soda Springs so they  
tell us we camped to night out far  
from some movers going to Kansas and  
Inver from Oregon and Washington after  
we camped this evening there was 4  
saddles went past on two ponies there  
is some camped not far from us one  
of Alvas horses is sick this evening  
they think she is choked. we havent  
worked old bay doll for a day or  
two she is a beautiful one out of a



Lewis Bloomfield Springer and Sara Leas  
Wedding Portrait.

From  
Princeton, Missouri  
to  
Harney Valley, Oregon  
1885

A diary of Miss Viola Springer, Sticklerville, Sullivan  
County, Missouri.

May 18, 1885. Started from Green City this evening at  
Yellow Creek. Uncle Milt Leas was to our camp this  
evening.

May 19, 1885, Tuesday. Started this morning at 7 o'clock.  
Stopped at Boynton for dinner, 8 miles from Green City on  
Locust [Creek]. Little cool this morning traveling,  
warmer this afternoon. Martha washed out a few things  
today noon. Like traveling better than I did yesterday.  
Rachel and I was out walking this forenoon. I went on  
ahead of the wagons and came very near taking the wrong  
road. John Southerland went in the store at Boynton and  
they was talking of arresting him for carrying his  
revolver. Camped tonight on West Locust. Stopped to  
camp at 4 o'clock. John Seward broke Harrison Seward's  
gun stock and John Ball's Jew's harp.

May 20, 1885, Wednesday. Alva broke Pa's knife. The  
youngest of the colts was playing and kicking around  
this morning. Camped last night close to a mill. We  
had a mess of fish for breakfast. John Southerland got  
breakfast this morning while Rachel slept. The first  
night we camped out they put the horses in a pasture.  
Started this morning at 25 minutes of 8 o'clock. Went  
through Judston this forenoon. Camped this side of  
there on a branch for dinner. Warmest day we have had,  
don't like traveling today. This morning while they  
was hitching up, John Southerland had his horses hitched  
to the back of his wagon, one of them pulled back and  
broke her halter and tore the feed box to pieces. John  
was so mad he went to whipping her and grabbed her by

the nose, and made the blood run out of her. Don't like cooking this warm weather, wish we was through after we started this afternoon and went to cross a brook. Harrison's team got stuck. John Seward hitched on the grays and pulled him out. Went through three pastures today. Camped on Medicine [Creek] tonight, drove across the creek and camped. Had to double teams to get up the bank. Camped close to a house, was so late had to get supper after dark. Alva went to a house close by and got some milk for Daisy. I went last night and got some for her. Rained a little shower this afternoon. The air is some cooler, nearly everyone is complaining of being sick. I ground coffee this evening and put it in the coffee pot, and John Seward came along and rinsed the coffee pot and threwed the coffee out. Had to grind more. Ma wants the lantern. Rachel rode Charley, Alva's horse, across Medicine Creek this evening. I seen him this evening take a dose of salts. The frogs is a hollerin so loud I can hardly hear myself think. I guess I will quit writing and go to supper.

May 21, 1885, Thursday. Two of our horses, the grays, left this morning and Pa found them in Newton, didn't get a very early start on the account of them. Went through another pasture this forenoon. This morning Pa put John Seward's slippers on a tree and when John came to breakfast he was going to get his revolver and shoot at them. John saw them and took them down before Pa got his revolver. As we went through Newton this morning we stopped there a while and Harrison got his neck yoke fixed at the blacksmith shop. There was a store burnt down there last night. We heard a keg of powder, when it went off, sounded like a cannon. Camped for dinner on Big Medicine Creek. The watches was run down this morning so we didn't know what time it was. Daisy is awful cross. Martha says if she dont get better she intends to take the train and go back home. Harrison is better today, he was up this morning bright and early. Real warm today noon. They went out today noon to get their horse, so we could get ready to start on and one of Alva's horses, Clipper, had got her foot out some way. Cut a vaine, bled about a bucket-full before they found her, couldn't travel with her; this afternoon drove over on this side of the creek and camped until morning. The bridge was so poor they was afraid to drive across. None of them drove across it but Harrison and John Ball.

The rest drove on the bridge then unhitched and pushed the wagon across. Alva was sick today noon, had a real bad spell; is better this evening. While they was crossing the bridge, Harrison's loose horse turned and went back. Took them quite a while to find them while they went back after the last wagon to take across the bridge which was Alva's. I unhitched the gray team and turned them loose and Rachel turned their team loose and before Pa came back they had gone, and he had to go quite a ways to find them. Had to get supper and wash dishes after dark. John Seward cut my bangs off today. Guess will quit my scribbling and go to bed.

May 22, 1885, Friday. Clipper was able to travel this morning but they don't work her. John Southerlands went on ahead, he took one road and we took another. We crossed Little Muddy and when we came to Big Muddy we had to double teams to get up the bank. We never stopped for dinner today, we wanted to get to town so we could get Alva some medicine. Got to Princeton this afternoon. Pa went and got the doctor to come and look at Alva. He give him some medicine to take. We drove out of town about a mile and camped. While we was eating supper John and Rachel came along, they eat supper with us. Rachel went in the millner shop in Princeton and got her a new hat to ware on the road. Its black straw with a bow of red ribbon in front. The men all went a fishing tonight on Grand River and some of them went to town, intend to stop and fish as they came back. We drove across the river before we stopped to camp. Martha wrote a letter this evening to her Ma. I hear a whipperwill, guess will go to bed.

May 23, 1885, Saturday. Started this morning, Alva took worse, had to stop and camp. Stayed all day and night. We are not more than a mile from where we camped last night. Martha washed a few things this afternoon. Rachel and I knit this afternoon. Some of the men went back to Princeton this afternoon. Today has been a fearful warm day. When Alva took worse this morning and had to stop, he was next to the last wagon and some of the wagons was mile or half a mile ahead and had to turn and come back to where he was. Alva is no better this evening. Pa shod old gray this afternoon and had her hitched to the wagon and she jerked back and broke her halter. Daisy has been awful cross today. I wrote a card this evening to Cassie. I heard pea fowels this evening.

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May 24, 1885, Sunday. Alva is a little better this morning. One of Harrison's horses got loose in the night; had to go 6 or 8 miles the other side of Princeton before he found her. And this afternoon John Southerland and John Ball's horses left and they had to go quite a ways before they found them. This afternoon Martha took a notion she would take Daisy and get on the train in the morning at Princeton and go back home; after she got about ready to go, she backed out. We had a mess of fish for dinner. Alva is better this evening.

May 25, 1885, Monday. Went through Gainsville this afternoon. Camped today for dinner on Brush Creek. Crossed another fork of Grand River. Alva is better this evening. Rachel is sick tonight. Pa traded old gray Doll and her colt for a mule this morning; traded with an old man that lived close by where we was camped; his name is Moss. Pa killed 2 squirrels this evening.

May 26, 1885, Tuesday. Traveled a good ways today. Camped on a creek for dinner. Went through Blythsdale this forenoon. We are in Iowa this evening, crossed the line this afternoon. Camped tonight on some stream. Alva is better. John Seward is not well. Ma is not well.

May 27, 1885, Wednesday. Pa is nearly sick, didnt get up for breakfast, nor eat any, didnt eat any dinner either. Went to raining about noon, had to stop and camp and stay until next morning. While we was getting dinner John Seward was frying meat and burnt his hand with the hot grease, then let the pan fall and it went bottom up. I was sick this evening, couldn't wash the dishes. Pa told me this morning that I could have old Doll's colt.

May 28, 1885, Thursday. Couldn't travel any today for it rained nearly all day. We are camped on Lots Creek in Iowa. Harrison and Pa is not well. Alva is getting better, but very slow.

May 29, 1885, Friday. Couldn't travel today so we washed. They put the horses in a pasture. Last night John Seward and John Southerland stood guard, away in the night they saw a man a going among the horses, John Southerland shot at him. The horses

started for camp and run against the barb wire fence, hurt some of them pretty bad. This morning there was one of our horses gone and Harrison's mules. They found them, they had got loose and went off; the roads is tolerable muddy. After dinner we went about a mile and camped by an old house where there was maple trees. We are about 6 or 7 miles from Mt. Ayr, the county seat of this county. We are in Ringgold County, Iowa.

May 30, 1885, Saturday. We ironed this morning. Today is Decoration Day. There lots of people going to Mt. Ayr for the Decoration, they have been going all morning. After dinner today our friends John Southerlands went on and left us. There came up a wind storm this evening, they had to turn some of the wagons around. We made molasses candy this evening.

May 31, 1885, Sunday. We start on this morning, the horses is able to travel. We went through Mt. Ayr this forenoon. Camped on this side of there about 2 or 3 miles for dinner. Camped tonight on Platte River. The horses has about all of them got the distemper.

June 1, 1885, Monday. Cool morning for traveling, rained some last night. Today was a real warm day. Long about noon and this afternoon we camped close by a school house for dinner. Camped tonight on One-Hundred-And-Two Creek. We are now in Taylor County, Iowa.

June 2, 1885, Tuesday. Today has been the warmest day we have had. We went through Bedford this forenoon, camped for dinner on West Two-Hundred-And-Two River. Hottest day we have had this summer. Went through some little old town with only one store, the name of it was Old Memory. Camped tonight on a little stream by the railroad close by a house. We are now in Page County. It is raining now.

June 3, 1885, Wednesday. It rained all night. Last night I went in the house and cooked on a stove; this morning I took the dishes in and washed them there. John Ball took Harrison to the train at Clarinde. This morning he is going to see some of MYras's relation. We went on this afternoon, crossed Nodavery River then



went through a cain swamp. The mud was awful deep, had to double teams. It is the muddiest road we have ever went over. We stopped and camped after we got through. Close by a house, the cain swamp is the Nodavery River bottom. We are in a mile and a half of Clarinda, the Co. seat of Page County. Southerlands passed through here yesterday about noon. John Seward drove Harrison's mules today and I drove our team. Looks like rain this evening, is drizzling now.

June 4, 1885, Thursday. It rained all night last night. Last night just pored down. The wagon covers has leaked every time it has rained. I slept in the wagon by myself last night. Daisy is not as cross as she was when we started. We went through Clarinda this forenoon. Harrison got with us there. He had been to Valisca, Iowa. We camped about 2 miles this side of Clarinda on a hill for dinner. Today was a real warm day. The state is building an asylum in Clarinda, begun this spring. They intend to build one-fourth of it this season. They say it will take them 7 years to get it completed. We camped tonight on a creek by a house. John Seward has got a bile on his leg. The men all tormented him this evening and told him they was a going to catch him and hold him and take a knife and cut the boil open. He thought they was in earnest and he got awful mad.

June 5, 1885, Friday. John Seward was feeling pretty bad this morning; he didn't eat any breakfast. This is a very warm morning. Went by Shenandoah. We could see Shenandoah to the right. Camped for dinner close by a house in half a mile of the county line. The folks where we was camped by for dinner is exposed to smallpox.\* There was two cases of smallpox in Clarinda when we went through there yesterday. There is smallpox in Shenandoah, 23 cases has been reported there. Today noon was the first time they had to shell corn for to get the cobs to cook with. Clipper is sick today noon.\*\* This forenoon Harrison had the headache so bad he couldn't drive. I went and drove for him. Today is a real warm day. Especially at noon. We didn't start very early this afternoon for one of Alva's horses (Clipper) is sick. There came up a big rain this afternoon. We had to stop and unhitch. We

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\*In all the sickness that Viola mentions, no family or train member contracted a dread disease, such as cholera, smallpox or scarlet fever, so common on the trail and which took such a terrible toll in earlier decades of the transmigration. "Summer dysentary" seems to be the only real illness they suffered. They were lucky. "Mountain fever" was another disease of the trails, which was a result of fatigue and poor or insufficient diet, which struck first the very young and old, and left survivors debilitated for life.

\*\*The horses had "distemper," a virus infection characterized by fever, atarrh, lameness, often fatal or leaving the animal permanently disabled. There was no vaccine to prevent it, and every livery stable, barn, corral or pasture was infected.

stopped by a house where there was a big maple grove. Harrison and John Ball was about a quarter of a mile ahead of us by a big grove. They was in plain sight. After the rain we went on to the grove where they had been and stayed all night. We was camped a mile and a half of a town they call Faraget, it is in plain view. We are camped in half a mile of a house where they have the smallpox, 8 or 9 of them have it. We are in plain view of the grove where their house is. We went through some little old town today with 3 or 4 houses in the town. We also went through a little railroad station. This evening after the rain, Harrison and John went on and went across the river and camped. One of Alva's horses was loose and she followed them and also one of our loose horses, and Alva he got on a horse and went and got his, but didn't bring our horse. They camped about two miles from us, but we can see their wagons. We are now in Freemont County, 28 miles from Nebraska City. This is a pretty country, people is all scared about the smallpox.

June 6, 1885, Saturday. We camped for dinner today a mile and a half from Sidny, camped by a house. Went through Sidny this afternoon. Went by a small town this evening, they call Lick Skillet. We started through the Neb. River bottom and they told us we couldn't get through that way for the waters had been so high and the road was so muddy, so we came back a ways. We intended to go around by the bluffs but a man would not let us go through his pasture. We started through and had to turn and go back and take the road that went by the bluffs. Harrison and John Seward started on the road we first started on and got to where they couldn't get any farther and they had to come back. They was on a head of us. We all camped together tonight. We seen a place this afternoon where we camped 6 years ago. We came by that house this morning that had so many smallpox there. There is a covered wagon with two men in that is camped with us tonight. They are from this state (Iowa) going to Kansas. We are camped by the bluffs close to the timber where there is so many walnut trees. We went over a bridge just before noon that was so bad we couldn't drive on the bridge. They drove to the bridge then unhitched and pushed the wagon on the bridge then hitched up and drove across, couldn't take but one wagon at a time. It rained again last night.

June 7, 1885, Sunday. John and Harrison built their fire to their selves this morning for the first time. They also made and baked their own bread; that is something that they never done before, when they was with us. That covered wagon that was camped with us last night went on this morning before I was up. We started on this morning around the hills. We started across the bottom, went about a mile and they told us that we couldn't get through the bottom, so we had to go back and go over around the hills. When we went far enough south then we turned and went 9 miles north. We stopped and camped for dinner about two miles from the river. Harrison and John didn't camp with us for dinner. We went through Neb. City Junction. We went through Seaport. There is where we got on the Ferry Boat. After we ferried across we went on in the edge of town and camped for the night. There was some men came to our camp this evening and they said if we wanted to go and work on the railroad over about Kearney, we could get a free pass.

June 8, 1885, Monday. They took a notion this morning that they would go, if they could take the wagons and horses all on for nothing. So the man came aound this morning that give us the free pass. He wanted us to go but we could not car until evening. After dinner they hitched up and drove to the cars that we was to load and they took the wagon beds off and lifted them in the car, then took the running gears of the wagons apart, put all five of the wagons in one car. The man that give us the pass helped load the cars. He is a Sweed. There we had one car for the horses.

June 9, 1885, Tuesday. We made two beds in the car last night and the two Johns and Harrison slept outside on the ground. We got breakfast this morning and had to wait until 1 o'clock before we could take the train. We got awful tired waiting. There was some railroad hands that lived in some cars that was on the same track that we was last night. They are Australians. They are all men. They washed some last night and some this morning. There washboard was a plain smooth board. As we was going from Nebraska City to Lincoln we rode in the caboose. We went thourgh the following stations: Summit, Dunbar, Farlington, Armadilla, Palmyra. After we left Palmyra the engine came uncupled from the train and they got quite a little ways before they found out. The next station as Bennett. Cheneys State prison.

They stopped at every station except Cheneys. When they stopped at the State prison we could see the prison real plain. We went from there to Lincoln. Stayed all night. Pa and Alva took us to a place to stay all night and the man took us through the house and across the street to a resturant for supper. Then Pa and Alva left us there after supper and went to look after the horses. And the man at the resturant went to a hotel and got the man there to go back with him after us, and we followed him to the hotel. He took us to the ladies' waiting room and the room was full of ladies all dressed ever so fine and we just had on our sunbonnets and calico dresses, and there was a dressmaker in there, too. We had to stay in there about five minutes. Then he took us to our room. We got a room with two beds in it. When we got there one bed was not made, he went down and sent the girl up there to make it. There was not any water or towel or anything to wash in, so Martha went and knocked on one of the doors. The man opened the door and she told him. She thought the landlord was there. He said he was just fixing to ly down. He went and called the landlord and told him what we wanted, so he brought us some water, the bowl and picher and towel. Pa and Alva didn't get in until about midnight. They had to feed and water the horses. The two Johns and Harrison slept in the car where the wagons was. Pa told the landlord to wake us up by half past two for they wanted to uncar the horses and water and feed them, for they had to be carred by three o'clock.

June 10, 1885, Wednesday. He came and knocked on our door this morning and said it was half past two, so Pa and Alva went down to the train and when they got down stairs, they seen it was 3 instead of half past two. We was ready to start when they came back after us. They said they went down there and the cars that we had loaded was gone. They thought the boys was gone and we went down there as fast as we could. We passed the office where one of the railroad men was. He had a lantern in his hand and we inquired of him what train was ours, and where would we go to find it and he said he guessed it had gone, anyway it was time he started on ahead with his lantern to show us the way, started on the run and us after him for we was afraid. We was left, and we came to a freight train that was standing still and he went right through for said we would have to get through some way for we hadn't time to [go] around. So we just crawled under and went on,

and found our train in the point of starting. Pa showed our pass to the brakeman. He said "that was alright, that was our train," to go and get in the caboose. And we hurried on and Pa hollered to the conductor and ask him if that was our train. He said that passengers didn't ride in the caboose, and Pa told him that we had some stock on there. He said that was alright, then, if we had stock on the train. And we hurried on to get to the caboose before they started and we passed our cars. The boys was on top of them and we got on just as they was starting off, and the door was locked and we had to wait until they got around and unlocked it. We was on the fast freight. The caboose was just for the train men only, but they didn't seem to care if we was in there and was awful friendly and full of fun. We went through the following stations between Lincoln and [-----]: Enten Berks, Crete, Dorchester, Friend Dexter, Fairmont, Grafton, Sutton, Haryard, Inland, Hastings, Juniatia, Kenesome, Heartwell, Minden, Axtele, Holdredge. We changed cars at Hastings and got off at Holdredge. The brakeman asked Pa when we got on the train at Hastings if we had a permit to get on that train and Pa said we wouldn't of got on if we hadn't had. Well, he said he didn't know but what we had made a mistake and got on the wrong train as there was several trains standing there. Pa said it was alright then if we had stock on there, but there was one of the train men that was awful mad and scolded around some because we was on there and when the conductor came around he was mad, too, because we was on there. So when we got to Holdredge he wouldn't take us in town. They stopped before we got quite there and the men got off to see about the horses. Thought when they got to the depot that we would get off and we thought so too, but instead of that they backed us back nearly half a mile from town and the conductor told Pa at town that if he wanted us off of there for to go and take us off for they was not going to stop in town and the brakeman told them that they was not going to stop in town. So Pa and Alva run down there as fast as they could and hollered and told us to get off. The train was then starting up. I was standing on the track behind the caboose after we got off and Pa hollered for me to get off of the track. I stepped off and slid down the grade just in time for just as I left the track the train backed

right where I was standing. Then they went on into town and we had to walk. Alva was so tired when he got to us he said he would haft to rest before he went on up in town. Then when the train got to town they stopped there quite a bit. They was mad. Then we all went in town and got our dinner. We hadn't had our breakfast. After dinner we went back to the corral and they switched the car around so we could unload. While they was unloading a man came around and took their names and the number of teams. They had to work so hard lifting the wagons' beds out of there and they had to put the rest of the wagons together that they thought they would haft to leave the two bottom ones. They had the wagon beds piled one on top of the other, 3 in one corner of the car and two in the other, so that some of them could sleep in the car. That left one of our wagons in there and Alva's wagon. That made Martha mad. She said their wagon shouldn't stay in there, so finally they took them all out, but they didn't get them all packed and we had to get supper and wash dishes in the night.

June 11, 1885, Thursday. There was a man come around here that is going with us to the railroad place where they are working on the new road. Some one stole old Sounder last night, that is our black hound. There is only three dogs in our train and they put them in the car with the wagons when we was a riding on the train. We camped last night close by the cars they unloaded. Camped in Holdredge, close by where the Sweeds are building a church. Nearly every well in town has a wind pump. The wells are from 150 to 200 feet deep and they told us that we couldn't get any water in town unless we paid for it--except at the public well. At evening. We are now on the plains, the ground is as level as the floor and you can see for miles. We camped today noon out in the prairie. We hardly had water for to cook with and we had the awfulest time to cook. They had a few pieces of wood that Pa had hauled but not enough to bake bread. They twisted some grass and shelled some corn for the cobs and then there wasn't enough. I had to fry bread in the pan, and they had to dig a hole in the ground to put the fire in, the wind blowed so hard that a person could hardly stand on their feet. That man that went with us rode with Harrison and eat dinner with us. Pa got a wash board at Neb. City and he got a tub today at Holdredge. They put the ridge poles on the wagon today noon. We passed a lot of camps where the

men was at work on the railroad. We are now in a country where there is lots of sod houses and Buffalo grass and town dogs. We passed a church today. We went by a well, wind pump. They had to draw the water with horse power this morning. They wanted to water the horses and the man said we could for a nickle a team. We didn't water but went on and came to a wind pump and they didn't charge anything. They drove out camped tonight in the prairie; that man is with us. The wind is still blowing but not as hard as it was. They was having a dust storm in Holdridge this morning when we left there. We are now where the cactus grows wild. Pa had the martial [marshal] to look for Old Sounder this morning but he hadn't found him yet, when we left.

June 12, 1885, Friday. We got to the works today just before noon. Camped in a gulch. They all took their teams and went to work at half past three except John Ball; he wouldn't because his horses' necks are sore. We traveled one evening not long ago in the rain and it made all of our horses' necks sore. The boss came out here and went with them when they went to work. He said he used to live in Missouri. Said he had been in Kirksville and Green Castle. Today is a very warm day. We are close to where that fellow's brother lives that put us on the cars, Mr. Ringholm. It rained and hailed this evening. Hailed awful hard. After the hail Pa took a cup and got two cups full of hail. The hail laid on the ground quite a while before it melted. They quit work when it began to rain. There was a lot of them railroad men come to our camp this evening. The sorrel colt has got the distemper bad.

June 13, 1885, Saturday. We drove on this morning,\* crossed the Platte River. The bridge was 6/7s of a mile long. We camped for dinner after we crossed the bridge. Drove on this afternoon, went through a town this evening they call Plum Creek. Pa and Harrison got them a frying pan a piece there. Camped tonight about 5 miles from town. We can see the town real plain. Camped close by the railroad; this is the Union Pacific. We seen two Arabs in Plum Creek, a man and a woman.

June 14, 1885, Sunday. Rained last night, thundered and lightened and the wind blowed awful hard. Shook the wagon. There was a tramp to our camp this morning while we was eating breakfast. We have got to where town dogs lives. We went through Cazad [Cozad] this forenoon, camped this side of there for dinner; there is lots of alkali here. John Ball is awful homesick.

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\*Our dauntless travelers accepted the Railroad's invitation to work on the road, traveled on the train free of charge 125 miles, worked half a day and quit...probably earth-moving with fresnos.

June 15, 1885, Monday. Camped last night by a house not far from the railroad, came up a wind storm and sprinkled some. Camped today noon by the railroad in sight of a section house. Went through Coffinburgh this morning, camped a mile and a half of there last night. Martha got mad this morning so they done their own cooking today noon. Camped today noon on Platte River. Camped on the railroad tonight. They haft to get old ties for wood to cook with.

June 16, 1885, Tuesday. Camped today noon on a stream three miles from North Platte City. We can see the city from here. We washed this afternoon, had a big washing. John Ball took his clothes to the creek and washed them in cold water without any soap or wash board. Martha done their washing and Ma & I done the washing for the rest. Pa and Harrison went to the city to see about Uncle Frank's horses, he wanted to get Pa to get and take thru for him, he left them here. They came back and brought us some letters. Camped here tonight.

June 17, 1885, Wednesday. We ironed this forenoon. There is some movers come and camped close by this morning. They stopped for to wash, they are from the east, they have got a lot of chickens with them. There is three wagons of them. Pa and Harrison went after them horses of Uncle Frank's. They are below town in a pasture. The two Johns went to town this forenoon. There was a cowboy to our camp this morning, and there was a couple of men came along a-foot going to Mo.; they said they was from Col. They made them some coffee on our fire. Martha is still mad. She don't pretend to come around our wagons. She got mad about a pancake. Pa came back with old Dolly and her colt. and Montuck. Mr. Dickson came with them; he is the one that Uncle Frank left his horses with.

June 18, 1885, Thursday. We went on this morning; while we was crossing Platte River on the bridge, the cars was just behind us the wagon track goes over the railroad track on the same bridge and as the last two wagons was driving off of the bridge the cars was on the other end of the bridge, the bridge three quarters of a mile long and is a mile from town. We went on to town and was in town a good while. Come about eight miles from town and got dinner. Went through Q [?] fallon Station this afternoon. Camped tonight not far from the bluffs. We got this evening to where the sweet sage grows.



June 19, 1885, Friday. It rained some last night. We didn't get a very early start this morning. Camped today by the river. The railroad was between us and the river and was fenced with barb wire fence. Camped tonight in the hills close by a house where they didn't want us to water the horses there. We are in sight of the South Platte River. The Union Pacific railroad is between us and the river. The mosquitoes is so bad they nearly eat us up.

June 20, 1885, Saturday. Camped today noon at Ogallala. Stayed all afternoon and all night.

June 21, 1885, Sunday. Left her this morning. Tried to rain a little in the night. We camped here at Ogallala six years ago. Stayed over night. Then there was 16 wagons of us. Now there is only 5. After we left Ogallala we on and camped 4 miles east of Big Spring Station. It was about 1 o'clock when we stopped there for dinner and we stayed there all night. It rained nearly all night and part of the forenoon next day about as hard as it could pour down.

June 22, 1885, Monday. We didn't leave this morning until about noon or after. Then we went on in Big Springs and stayed there a while. We camped there by the springs one night 6 years ago. We went on to what is called Denver Junction and what used to be called Julesburg and stayed all night. Camped close by a livery stable. The men are the men that drove some ponies with Uncle Frank last summer: Parks and Highding they are keeping back. Martha and I went in their house this evening to get warm. We all come very near freezing this afternoon. The coldest time we have had this summer since we started. Martha has got in good humor again. John Seward is 20 years old today.

June 23, 1885, Tuesday. Rained again last night. Was a very cold morning. We all went into the house this morning, stayed a good while. One of the fellows that is here, Joe Parks, had a little gray pony that he wanted to send to his brother in Idaho. He has got Pa to take him through for him; they call him Tom Thumb. We are now in Colorado. We took dinner here today. Pa got a pair of field glasses today of Parks. The prickley pear is awful thick around our wagons. We started on this afternoon. Camped tonight not far from a sheep ranch and in sight of a station. We

are not far from the railroad. Camped on a stream. One of John Ball's horses got kicked a week or so ago and she is no better.

June 24, 1885, Wednesday. Threatened to rain some last night but it didn't. Looks awful foggy this morning. They went a hunting today. We stayed here all day, made candy; and in the evening they hitched up and went as far as Chapell Station and stayed all night. They did not kill anything while they were hunting. They said they seen lots of antelope.

June 25, 1885, Thursday. We started this morning before breakfast and went about a mile before we camped. They started before breakfast so they could go to where there was grass for the horses. We camped last night by an old corral. John Ball's lame horse is better this morning. Stopped for dinner about a mile from Lodge Pole. We went through Lodge Pole before dinner. John's lame horse got worse this evening and they had to stop and camp; it was about time to camp anyway for there was a storm coming up. We camped in a gulch by the railroad; the wind blowed terrible hard and rained and hailed, but cleared away before bed time.

June 26, 1885, Friday. This is a terrible warm morning, about as warm a morning as I ever seen. We are in 15 miles of Sidney. John Seward got mad this afternoon and left us, has gone with Harrison. He slept with John and Harrison tonight, for the first [time].

June 27, 1885, Saturday. John Ball traded his lame horse for a pony this morning. I drive old Doll and Diner now. Camped today noon just this side of Sidney. We went through town this afternoon and on out to the first section house and camped for the night.

June 28, 1885, Sunday. It rained last night; the wind blowed so hard I was afraid the wagons would blow over. We past where there used to be an old stage station. We crossed Pole Creek there, drove on through the bottom a ways and camped for dinner. After dinner all the men folks went a hunting except John Ball. We are camped close by the bluffs; the railroad is between us and the bluffs. After they went a hunting, Martha, Ma and I took Daisy and went on top of them. They are the nicest scenery we have had. They are covered with big rocks and there is

some small pine trees growing there. Today is the first time we have seen any pine trees growing out wild. We broke off some of the limbs and brought them to camp. While we was on top of the bluffs, there was a train went by and just as we got to the wagons with our pine boughs, there was another passenger train went by a waving their hands at us. I enjoy looking at the bluffs; they put me in mind of the mountains. They come back from hunting; they didn't get anything. We are 18 miles west of Sidney. They hitched up and drove on this evening. We camped close by the bluffs not far from a ranch, close by a ravine. Went through Potter Station this evening.

June 29, 1885, Monday. We went through Antelope Station. Camped today for dinner by the railroad and by a small lake. We camped tonight in a low place south of the railroad. Harrison went a hunting after dinner, was gone all afternoon, didn't kill anything.

June 30, 1885, Tuesday. Is raining this morning. We are close enough to the railroad to see the cars when they pass by. We started to traveling about noon. There is lots of prickley pear where we was camped last night. We went through two stations this afternoon, Bushnell and Pine Bluffs. We camped by the tank here at Pine Bluffs west of the tank 6 years ago. We drove out there this evening to camp and the wind was blowing so hard we was afraid to camp there, so they drove back across the railroad and drove out to camp in a low place and the wind was blowing too hard there so we drove back a ways towards the station and drove across the railroad south and went up in the bluffs and camped there. That never seen any mountains thought those bluffs were young mountains.

July 1, 1885, Wednesday. Rained last night and the wind blowed awful hard. They had the horses turned loose except some of them was hobbled and one of them had on a bell. Something got after them two or 3 times last night and made them run; we could hear the bell. They had to get up in the rain and get them and bring them to camp and tie them up. This morning they seen where some one had been after them a-horseback. This is awful warm morning. Martha, Ma and I took Daisy and went up the bluffs this moring before we got started. I carried Daisy up all the steep places. After we got there we could see the Rocky Mountains. I took the field glasses with me and we looked through them and we could see the snow on the mountains. The

bluffs are a nice scenery, there is pine and juniper grows on them and they are covered with big rock on top of the bluffs is level and there is grass and some prickley pear grows there. We camped today for dinner close by a creek, there wasn't much grass. The town dogs are as thick in places as the prickley pear. We didn't drive more than 14 miles today. Nearly all the time we traveled today we traveled through where there was so many thistles grew. We camped tonight by a house that used to be an old stage station between Denver and Ft Fetterman. We camped close by the house on the creek bank. There is a splendid spring here on the creek bank; this is a cattle ranch, used to be a sheep ranch. There is a couple of men lives there by themselves. One of them come to our fire this evening and made coffee. [sic.] This is 28 miles from Cheyenne. We had to stop and camp early on the account of water. He said there was no water between here and Cheyenne. Alva and Harrison went a hunting this afternoon. We are now in Wyoming.

July 2, 1885, Thursday. The boys didn't get in from their hunt until 11 o'clock last night. They lit the lantern and put it up on a pole so they could see where the light was and find the way to camp. Alva killed a jack rabbit. Camped today noon 16 miles from Cheyenne. We left the railroad at Pine Bluffs, didn't travel on the railroad any more until today noon. Sometimes we was traveling along where we could see the railroad and if we wasn't in sight when the cars went along we could hear them. There was several teams camped with us today noon, that was going east loaded with goods. Today has been a real warm day. After we got upon the divide this morning we could see the mountains and see the snow on them. We stopped in Atkins this afternoon to water the horses. While we was there we could see a big smoke-- it went straight up. We thought it was the train and it looked that way because there was a storm coming up, but it was not that. The lightning had struck the magazine house in Cheyenne. Struck a woman and child; they are not expected to live. Threwed rocks for a mile --there was a fellow driving along and a rock struck his lines and cut them in two. Sprinkled on us some this afternoon. We have passed more snow fences today than we ever have yet. This evening we passed a snow shed for the first. Today we went through where the ground was covered with larkspurs. They were all out in bloom, they was awful pretty. The ground was perfectly blue. We have been passing through where the ground was covered

with yellow flowers. When we got in sight of the snow shed we seen a antelope. They got out to kill him but he ran off. Camped tonight in 3 miles of Cheyenne. We can see the street light after they was light. We are camped not far from some covered wagons; they are from Oregon and Idaho, going to Kansas. They said it snowed on them last Tuesday.

July 3, 1885, Friday. Went through Cheyenne this morning. We was in town the biggest part of the forenoon. When we got ready to start they ask which road to take to go to Laramie City and they couldn't find two men that would tell them the same story. They drove out of town. We went as was directed and went down among where the soldiers lives and the quarter-master told us to turn and go back so far and then turn off on such a road, and when we got there Harrison was ahead and he ask a man at a house there and he directed him right the other direction and he drove off that way down a steep hill to the creek and the rest all followed and they watered the horses and Pa wanted to turn and go back and go the way that man told him. Harrison didn't much want to go that way, but we did and went the way that fellow said it was the right road. Harrison was turned around and he got out twice and come back and talked about the road. He thought we was on the wrong road. He thought he was a going northeast instead of that it northwest. We drove out to what they call the 5-mile house and got dinner. There wasn't any water there where we camped; we drove a little ways past the house. After dinner we drove until about 11 o'clock in the night, then we have to make a day camp. Harrison and John Seward was on ahead and I don't know where they camped. We will haft to start early in the morning so as to get to water. We are camped in a low place, right in the road close by a pasture that was fenced with wire fence.

July 4, 1885, Saturday. We started this morning before breakfast and drove about 3 miles & come to a creek where there was some ranchman. Stopped and got breakfast, found Harrison there. They drove on there last night. Cool this morning. When we started out to traveling we had to put on our coats and shawls. [shawls]. After we eat breakfast--turned real warm. After we went to climbing the mountain the wind kept getting a little cooler until we nearly froze. The

wind blowed so hard on that we thought the wagons would turn over. We had to stop once and turn our wagons around to keep them from turning over. Just after that is when we seen the first sagebrush. Just before we had to turn our wagons around, we passed three wagons, one horse team and the rest oxtteams. We camped tonight where there was lots of quakenasp. We are in a canyon not far from a spring and just in the hollow this side of where we camped and washed 6 years ago. The oxtteams are camped with us.\*

July 5, 1885, Sunday. Some wanted to travel this morning, some didn't. We stayed and washed and ironed. The oxtteams did too. We couldn't travel on the account of the wind, it blowed so hard and we had to face it. I went over this evening and got aquained with those women that was camped with us.

July 6, 1885, Monday. We went on this morning, those folks had a sick woman and they couldn't go. John Seward drove John Ball's team this forenoon and John Ball drove for me. We went through Laramie City and crossed Laramie River, drove about 2 miles and camped for dinner; just as we drove in town there was 8 emigrant wagons drove out of town and there was another covered wagon that was behind us camped close by for dinner. We camped tonight close by a pond. They, Pa and Harrison, killed a young antelope just before we camped and after they camped; while they was unhitching, they seen 2 or 3 more and they went after them. Pa killed one of them. The mosquitoes is so bad tonight, we can hardly live.

July 7, 1885, Tuesday. We are still in the Laramie plains. We went across Little Laramie River and several bad mudholes. Harrison drove through part of them for me. We camped today noon not far from a cowboy's ranch--there was 4 of them to our camp. We went by a lake this forenoon. A man put us off the right road yesterday. We went over some terrible rocky roads today as well as yesterday. Camped tonight close by a creek. There are 9 covered wagons camped here by the creek. We drove across and camped. We seen 6 or 8 antelope today. Those folks are from Mo. going to Oregon and Washington.

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\*Viola does not mention that any effort or activity was made to celebrate Independence Day, though other wagon emigrants fired their guns on this occasion.

July 8, 1885, Wednesday. We went on this morning. Them folks they all washed. There was a grove up on the hill close by where we camped last night. Harrison was ahead this morning, his team, John was driving. He got on one of the mules and went a hunting. He let his mule get loose from him and it started for the wagons. We stopped and they caught the mule and tried to catch Tom Thumb so they could go and take Harrison's mule to him. He was so far away before they got him caught, he come in camp carrying his gun. Then we drove on and passed a couple of wagons that was moving east. Harrison and John drove around us; their mules with only a light load can out-travel our horses and we have several loose horses and they haft to stop once in a while to see about them, and so today they got a good ways ahead like they generally do, and about noon or after we drove across a creek and there was a storm coming up. It had been sprinkling on us off and on near all forenoon, so when we got across the creek Pa hollered at Harrison. They was in sight but a good ways off and he was out walking when Pa hollered at him. Guess he didn't hear so we stopped and got dinner. After dinner we hitched up and drove about 3 miles to Rock Creek before we got there we met Harrison on a mule, coming to see what was the matter. They was camped on this side of Rock Creek. We drove on down there and there was a toll bridge across. And the wagon crossing he had fenced up, and the water was so high we couldn't ford no way, and they had a pole across the bridge and had it locked, so we drove out to the hills and camped; there is a spring on one side of us and a graveyard on the other. Harrison and John Seward said they guessed they would pull off from us. All Harrison said he was mad about was that we stopped to camp and let them go on. So they settled up.

July 9, 1885, Thursday. Raining this morning. The water in the creek is not so high this morning. The man that owns the toll bridge, him and his wife lives there all by their selves. They have 3 pet antelope. They run a dairy. Pa and Harrison went out hunting this afternoon. Martha and I went on top of those hills this morning. The two Johns went and brought in some snow; and we layed over all day today. We had a regular been cooking tonight. Or evening. Rained some about dark.

July 10, 1885, Friday. We went across the toll bridge this morning; he charged one dollar a wagon but he let us across for 75 cents. That was Rock Creek. We seen

some antelope while traveling this forenoon. We went over lots of big rock. We went through one rocky cut that they nearly turned our wagons over. John Ball drove for me through that. Then we crossed a bridge across a creek, and camped for dinner; while we was a getting dinner them other teams came on and camped with us; there was 12 of them. This time after dinner we drove on and came to another toll bridge on Medicine bin (sic) Charged 50 cents a wagon. There was a little town there. We drove on out to where the Elk Mountain was and camped for the night. We drove across a stream. Those other wagons camped on the other side, there is a covered wagon camped here with us. They live not far from the Warm Springs; they are going to town to Laramie. There is a man that is camped with those other teams that has the consumption; he is traveling for his health; he has a young man with him, he is well off, come from Iowa and Kansas; we camped not far from him, when he was camped there by Laramie. We camped here by the Elk Mountain 6 years ago.

July 11, 1885, Saturday. That sick man nearly died last night. Pa went over there and put hot cloths on his breast, he could hardly get his breath. This morning Ma, Pa, Martha and Alva went over there to doctor him. Pa give him a dose of linament this morning and he seemed to get his breath a little better. He turned and went back to Laramie, intends to take the cars there and go down to Col. We went on this morning; after we had went several miles Harrison got in and drove for me. We camped today noon on little Rattle Snake in sight of Elk Mountain. Camped tonight in a valley by a spring not far from a cattle ranch. Those folks are still traveling with us.

July 12, 1885, Sunday. We went on this morning and those folks laid over to hunt. Camped today noon by a ranch 6 miles from Warm Springs. We went through Warm Springs this afternoon, crossed North Platte River on a bridge at Warm Springs. Camped tonight about 5 miles from the Springs by a ranch. We are 40 miles from Rawlins.

July 13, 1885, Monday. We start for Rawlins this morning. We went through a large desert today. Did not stop for dinner. We camped tolerable early. Camped by a mineral spring. Crossed a bridge and then camped. We are in 12 miles of Rawlins. We hauled water to cook with.



July 14, 1885, Tuesday. We went on to Rawlins before we got dinner.\* There is a big spring there at Rawlins. They sent a telegram from there to Ft. Steele to send our mail there. There was a antelope run along in front of our wagons this forenoon. We camped about 5 miles from town. There is 30 freight wagons camped with us. After we left town we went through a lot of this red dirt. The road was red as brick.

July 15, 1885, Wednesday. This morning Harrison went back to town to get their mail and the rest of us went on. Just before we started there was 27 freight teams went past. They was Indians freighting. We camped today noon out in the sage brush without water. We camped tonight by Bull Springs. There is a Stage Station here, there is two covered wagons here going to Rawlins, one of them, and one is from Idaho going to Kansas.

July 16, 1885, Thursday. We made a dry camp at noon, had plenty of wood. Went through Last Soldier, camped two miles from there on a stream of water that is from a spring.

July 17, 1885, Friday. They killed several sage hens last night and this morning. We camped today noon by a Stage Station. John Ball and Harrison drove on after dinner before we was ready to start. We only drove 6 miles until we camped for night. There is plenty of grass and water and Pa is not feeding grain any more. We pulled through sand yesterday all day and it was awful hard on the horses. So we thought we would camp, if we hadent we would had to drive to the next Station for water. So they did not camp with us. There was a fellow come to our camp tonight hunting some horses that was gone and he thought Tom Thumb was one of them until he went and looked at him. He camped close by us; he was leading a pack pony.

July 18, 1885, Saturday. They laratted Torn Thumb [sic.] last night and put the bell on him. They was a little uneasy about him, but no one bothered him this morning. There was another fellow here looking for the same horses that that fellow was. We had a good mess of sage hens for breakfast this morning. We had to burn sage brush for wood as usual. We went through sand again all forenoon. We

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\*From Rawlins to Big Sandy, ten days were required to cross the Contenental Divide. From Laramie City to Green River, the route is now U.S. 30--I-80. From Green River to Montpelier is generally U.S. 30, a winding, tortuous road then as it is today. In this stretch of road, the travelers found their most confusion, lost their way frequently, experienced their worsed roads. John Ball disliked this country most of any. The same with Malad to Sublet, Soda Springs to Bruneau.

camped for dinner by a Stage Station and stayed there all afternoon and night. There is a store here. John Ball and Harrison and John was here when we got here. They stayed here with us. There is some gypsies come and camped not far from us tonight. They are from Oregon. I went to their camp before I knew what they was. There is a fellow with a band of ponies camped close by, he brought them from Umatilla.

July 19, 1885, Sunday. Daisy fell out of the wagon this morning. Alva upset the apples when they was cooking. Camped today noon on Sweet Water. We went through sand all forenoon. We stayed here all afternoon and all night. There was some movers camped here tonight from Walla Walla going back to Ill.

July 20, 1885, Monday. We camped on Sweet Water for dinner. They drove the horses across the river for there was so much better grass there, and after dinner there was a man come and told them to drive them off of that grass for they was going to mow it, so he went and started them back across the river. It was not fenced where they was. We seen some Indians today. They say that we camped on their reservation last night. The Weishakee tribe. There was a big drove of sheep where we was camped last night and we past two droves this afternoon. We camped tonight where they are prospecting for gold; they call this place Lewiston, two houses here. There is some miners camped here with us tonight, they are going to Atlanta. They camped with us last night, night before last and today noon. Some of our horses was getting awful tired today.

July 21, 1885, Tuesday. We went through a mining camp this morning, there was a quarts mill there. We crossed Rock Creek there. We went across Rock Creek again and then camped for dinner. They see some deer this morning. We camped for noon not far from a snow bank and went and walked all over the snow. There was nice flowers in bloom just a little ways from the snow. There was another snow bank on the other side of where we camped, a little farther off than this one. John Seward is sick today. They killed a lot of sage hens for dinner today. Pa killed 6 or 7. After we drove on this afternoon we seen a antelope. We went a little farther and seen three not far from the road. Harrison and Pa shot at them--I don't know whether they crippled them or not, they ran off then. We seen a drove of them, counted 14. They did not try to kill any of them. We drove on. After

that I seen one, then we seen another drove, looked like 12 or 15 in that drove. We did not go far after that until we crossed a creek and camped for the night, then they went hunting. Harrison killed two big rattle snakes yesterday. Turning cool this evening, cold enough for to snow.

July 22, 1885, Wednesday. They did not kill any antelope yesterday evening; they thought they crippled some. Pa went this morning before breakfast but did not kill anything. John Seward is better this morning. We seen lots of antelop this forenoon. I seen as many as a hundred all together. We passed not far from a lake. Pa went down there and he said he seen about two hundred down there. Him and Harrison tried to kill some of them but the wind was blowing so hard they could not hold their guns steady. We crossed Sweet Water again this forenoon. We passed right by some snow banks, they was not far from the road. We did not camp for dinner until about the middle of the afternoon, then we camped by an old house and stable which used to be an old Stage Station. The Stage don't run along this road now. We left the Stage road back at Lewiston, there is not much travel along this road. This is a cut-off. We have not seen a house where any one lives since we left Lewiston. There is a great big marshy place here by this old house. There is a stream of water running through. It turned real cold today.

July 23, 1885, Thursday. We stayed there by that old house until nearly dark last night. Then they hitched up and drove back about a quarter of a mile so as to get to the head of that marsh. Now they can turn the horses loose and are not afraid of them sinking in the marsh. We are in sight of where was camped. [Sic.] Harrison did not bring his wagon over--him and John Seward stayed there and tied their horses up, turned them loose this morning and they came over to where ours was for they have been used to running with our horses. We crossed a lava bed yesterday. We camped for dinner on Dry Sandy and old Stage Stations. We camped tonight on Little Sandy, crossed the river and then camped. We are camped not far from a sheep ranch.

July 24, 1885, Friday. We could hardly get breakfast this morning, we had such poor wood, little green sage brush. We seen a few antelope yesterday. We crossed Big Sandy today and then camped for dinner. We passed an old Stage Station just before we crossed. We drove on this afternoon and in the evening they drove down to the river but there was no grass there so they drove back and we drove until way in the night. Then they drove off the road again down to the river to camp. So we are camped on Big Sandy again.

July 25, 1885, Saturday. We nearly froze yesterday but the sun has come out this morning and is very warm. Come up a little shower this forenoon and we all stopped and turned our wagons around. While it was sprinkling we all ate a cold bit, didnt rain enough to lay the dust. We stopped to camp a little afternoon on Green River. We hadent been camped long until there came quite a shower. We stayed here the rest of the day. There is a band of sheep just across the river. We passed a man in the wagon today and he had his woman with him and she was an Indian squaw. We are camped about 4 miles from Holden Ferry.

July 26, 1885, Sunday. We crossed the Ferry this morning, give two dollars a team. We drove out from the Ferry a mile or so and camped for dinner on Green River. Rained this afternoon. We drove across State Creek and camped for the night. The man said it was 16 or 18 miles from the Ferry. We seen some antelope this afternoon. John Seward was sick this evening, he had a spell about dark and they could hardly keep him to. He got perfectly cold and numb, had us all scarred about him.

July 27, 1885, Monday. John is able to be up this morning. Ma is nearly down with her back. Real warm morning. We got a sack of flour back on Big Sandy and there had been kerosine spilt on it. We didn't know it until we went to use it, we can hardly eat it, but will haft to for we are far away from any place where we can get flour. We give \$3 a sack for it. Butter is getting cheaper now, we give 25 cents yesterday, butter has been 40 and 50 cents back aways. Alkali is still plenty. We camped today noon by a spring where there was some big rock back of the spring covered with peoples' named. After we left that spring we passed a small band of ponies. We crossed over some terrible hills this evening. We camped tonight on a stream of water by a big band of ponies, they are all going east.

July 28, 1885, Tuesday. Very warm morning. The sick folks are better. We passed a band of sheep this afternoon. We camped for dinner close by a stream of water and after dinner they took one wagon across at a time; it was miry. We passed a band of ponies this afternoon. They was from Oregon. Just before we got to Hams Fork this evening, as we was a coming down off of the hills like, we passed a sink hole. Wasn't but 3 or 4 feet acrost it, it was full of thin white looking mud, alkali mud. One of our loose horses, Geroge, went across it and went in clear to the eyes and then he got his head out and got his fore feet out on the bank; they had to help him out. They say there is no bottom to them places. They took him down to the river this evening and washed him off. We drove across Hams Fork this evening, forded it. Alva drove across it for me. After we got across we camped for the night. The mosquitoes is tolerable plenty. We are camped in sight of a ranch. The man is to our camp this evening.

July 29, 1885, Wednesday. They had a litte scare last night after that man left. They went to see about the horses and there was two of Uncle Frank's gone, Montuck and Dolly's colt. They hunted every place close by for them and couldent find them. Old Dolly was making a fuss for her colt was the way they found out that they was gone. So finally they come up right out of a place where they had looked for them. Turned real cold yesterday evening and this morning I nearly froze getting breakfast, but the sun has come out now and is warm enough. That man that was here last night said there was about a hundred families living up on Snake River and only two white women, the rest was squaws, the men was all white men. We have had worse roads today than we have had yet. We have had to chain the hind wheels several times before today, but today has been the worst for hills and sidling places. We never stopped for dinner until about the middle of the afternoon, then we camped on Rock Creek and stayed all afternoon and night. This forenoon John Seward seen a deer, they went to see if the could kill it; we waited until they come back. He seen the deerin some quakenasp but when they went there it was gone. We went through a grove of fir trees today and we have seen the most huckleberries today than we have seen yet; there was none of them ripe. We have enough mosquitoes tonight for to do. We have another bean cooking tonight. We camped down in a deep gulch surrounded by big tall hills.

July 30, 1885, Thursday. We went over worse roads this forenoon than we have yet. We camped today noon in a small canyon. We have had more dust this afternoon than we have had yet. We went through Cokeville this evening. We hadent gone far then until we came to Smith's Fork; there was a toll bridge there but we forded it there by the bridge. The woman came out for toll but she slipped up on getting any. There was a family camped there by the bridge from Kansas going to Idaho. They was the dirtiest outfit I ever seen. We are camped tonight on Bear River. We have come to the railroad again. The railroad is on the other side of the river. This forenoon and yesterday while we was crossing over the hills we could see Bear River at a distance. We are in about 60 miles of Soda Springs, so they tell us. We camped tonight not far from some movers going to Kansas and Mo. from Oregon and Washington. After we camped this evening there was four Indians went past on two ponies. There is some camped not far from us. One of Alva's horses is sick this evening; they think she is choked.\* We haven't worked old Boy Doll for a day or two, she is about give out. I guess we have got to where the Mormons is.

July 31, 1885, Friday. There was an Indian to our camp this moring, some of the squaws was dressing some deer hides. Before we got started this morning them dirty folks passed us; they have ll head of cattle. We crossed Thomas Fork and then camped for dinner. We forded it; there is a toll bridge down below. Martha is sick today.\*\* We passed 6 thousand head of sheep this afternoon in one band. We crossed a small stream and then started up a canyon, was tolerable rough road. We got up to where there was some springs and then camped. There was no grass there. Alva got on Tom Thumb and come up out of the canyon to look for grass and came back and said he found good grass. We hitched up and drove there. It is on the road about half a mile from the springs. Them folks are camped by the springs. Montuck left this evening and went down south as hard as he could go; they went and brought him back. Pa is sick tonight. We went through more desert today than we have since we left home.

August 1, 1885, Saturday. Harrison come to our wagon last night and thought it was the one Pa slept in and says, "Say, don't you want to take a dose of pills?"

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\*"Choked:" the horse ate dry oats too fast.

\*\*Martha is pregnant. Typical of pioneer era women, Viola does not mention that Martha's "sickness" was due to pregnancy. Suddenly a child is born, but had no advance billing.

There was an Indian and his squaw went past this morning while I was washing dishes. He came to our wagons and says "Have you got a good biscuit?" I give him two biscuits. Pa told him to give the squaw one of them; he said "yes" and they both laughed. Before we got started those folks that was camped at the spring come along. They hadent milked their cows, they stopped and milked them and gave us some of the milk. We come down a canyon this forenoon that was terrible sidling and rocky in places. After we got down in the valley Alva missed his coat and had to go back as far as the canyon before he found it. We went through Montpelier and then camped this side of there for dinner. We camped tonight out in the prairie with those folks that has the cows. They didnt stop for dinner, they drove here before they camped. There is two other wagons camped here with us, they are from Mo. going to Lasteen, Willowa Valley, Oregon, where we lived the first winter we lived out west. They laid over here today. The settlements we went through today was all Mormons. Those folks that camped with us that has the cows, has 3 children and two hounds and two pups. Her brother is with them; he is a young man. They havent but one wagon. We went through more dust today than we did yesterday.

August 2, 1885, Sunday. While I was getting breakfast this morning I set the frying pan on the irons and was fixing the coffee pot when I seen the pan turning over and the sage hen spilling out. I went to catch them and the hot grease went all over the top of my fingers. The tops of my fingers raised in pimples. It wasent but a little bit until Martha went to take hold of her coffee pot bale and burnt her hand inside. My hand was burnt so I could not wash dishes. We had a terrible cold night, last night. Those folks with the cows got started this morning before we did but we got started before those other wagons did. We went through Georgetown this forenoon and camped for dinner by some springs but not much water. Pa had a terrible time today trying to keep the loose horses up with the wagons. We got to Soda Springs this evening. We are in Idaho. We got into Idaho the day we crossed Thomas Fork. We drank some of the water out of the Soda Springs this evening.\* We drove about a mile or nearly so from town and camped. Those same wagons that camped with us last night are camped with us tonight.

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\*In the diary of Welborn Beeson, 1853, over the Oregon & Applegate Trail, the diaryist describes Soda Springs. "July 5, Tuesday. We started early,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles to Sugar Creek, an Indian corral full of horses of all kinds, they belong to the Snake Indians. After crossing we had stony roads for several rods. We turned to the right to stop a few minutes to look at the celebrated Soda Springs. The principle ones are on top of two white rocks formed of gravel and cement about 30 feet high. Although there are springs all around. Little hillocks like ant hills look down into them. The water comes up to a foot of the top, bubbling and boiling as if it was on fire. They do not seem to have any outlet. Some are hot and some cold. They are different colors, some are red as blood, others clear. Mix a little cream of tartar and sugar. It makes a drink as good as soday water. ...." (See Beeson's diary by Bert Webber, 1987).

August 3, 1885, Monday. This morning there was some Indians came to our camp, the squaw ask me for buiscuit, I gave her two buiscuits. Then there was an Indian man came and said to me, "Buiscuit for pappoose;" he had his pappoose on behind him. They was the Ft. Hall Indians. We drove up in to the store and done some trading. We drove a little ways and camped on Bear River and stayed the rest of the day. We will not leave until morning. Several of us got our mail today. As Pa went in the office he seen John Springer. He took dinner with us and is going to stay all night with us. Charley and Hen are about 25 miles from here on Blackfoot with the ponies. Those folks with the cows camped with us last night for the last time; they take a different road from what we do. Those other folks are camped with us; guess they will travel with us. We drove to the store this morning, Martha and I went in the store. We was in there nearly all afternoon. I was weighéd, I weighed 154. The day we started I weighed 167½; that was 11 weeks ago today.

August 4, 1885, Tuesday. John Springer traded horses with Pa this morning--traded for Montuck. He had two horses with him and there was one of them he said he would rather Pa would take back than Montuck. Montuck belongs to Uncle Frank. They hitched the one that John traded to the wagon and John started to town. Alva and Harrison went with him to town. After Pa started on with his new horse she balked and would not pull any, so Pa hollowed to Alva and he come back; Pa sent John's horse to him. John sent Montuck back, Pa give John a bill of sale, so if anyone wanted to claim Montuck, they could not take him away from him and John had give Pa a bill of sale, so that Pa would have no trouble. We did not camp for dinner until this afternoon, then we camped on a stream of water, it is snow water, its in a canyon. We got dinner there, then they hitched up and drove on down the canyon about 3-qrs of a mile and camped. There is better grass here and we wanted to lay over to-morrow to wash. The girl rode with me this evening.

August 5, 1885, Wednesday. We washed this forenoon. Those folks stayed and washed too. Pa and Harrison seen some deer. Harrison seen a bear so he said. This afternoon Morna and Ona, Murphy and I went across the creek and went up on the hill among the junipers for a walk. John Seward killed a porcupine this evening. When he shot it, he thought it was a young bear, him and John Ball went back and brought it back to camp. They thought it quite a curiosity.



August 6, 1885, Thursday. We did not do any ironing yesterday. We have quit ironing. Sprinkled a little last evening. We came to Portnuff River this forenoon. We came this morning to where there was two roads and we took the right hand road and went a ways. Pa was ahead and Harrison went and told him that a man told him to take the left hand road so we took across the sage brush and got into the other road, and went to where we had to turn a point on the hillside and it was so sideling that we nearly turned over our two wagons and Harrison's wagon was the only one that they took over that place. They took the other wagons down below the irrigating ditch and after we went a little ways we met a man that was to our camp the evening after we left Soda Springs. He said we was not on the right road and if we would turn and go back he would go with us for he said the road we was on was the roughest road we ever seen. So he took us through a field where there was oats and wheat, and a past a house and back into the other road again. Then we crossed a creek and watered, and drove 4 or 5 miles and camped for dinner by a small spring and the bottom of the water was covered with green moss. We went on 6 or 8 miles and crossed the railroad, the Utah Northern, close by a store. There was some movers and freighters camped where we crossed the railroad, one negro woman or mulatto. We stopped to inquire the road. She came to my wagon and talked quite a bit. We went on past the store, stopped a few minutes then went on. A man got us off on the wrong road. Then it was nearly dark. Then they got us off the road again, drove down a place and nearly upset, then drove down another bad place and nearly upset. Then drove on to a house and camped by their stable in the big road. It was a way after dark. Morna rode with me this afternoon. They are all Republic-ans. When we was going along the grade there by Portnuff River this forenoon we passed right by a cave. The place where to go in at was nearly large enough to drive a wagon into.

August 7, 1885, Friday. Real nice morning. Yesterday afternoon Harrison's shepherd dog ran under old Diner and she kicked up and down about half a dozen times, then the wagon ran over him and killed him; it was the wagon that I drove. We camped today noon on a stream where there was lots of willows, not far from a sheep ranch. Camped tonight not far from the Malad River. Martha and John Ball is terrible dissatisfied with the country. They think there is no place like old Mo. Morna rode with me this afternoon. There was a man to the camp last evening that said that General Grant was dead. It was the first we had heard of it.

August 8, 1885, Saturday. Juniper, that is old Doll's colt, got a pin run in her heel there at Soda Springs. Its foot has been swelled, it has been lame ever since. This forenoon it could hardly travel, they had to walk some and drive it. We camped for dinner by a creek. We got on to the old Sublet Road this afternoon. Some of them thought we was wrong. We have been going south all day. We went up a long canyon, before we got on the summit. We turned and came back to where the new Sublet Road is. It took us just an hour to get back and we traveled tolerable fast for was down grade. We are camped tonight in the canyon, and part of the wagons is in the road. Pa and Harrison went to a ranch this evening since we camped to ask about the road. He said we was 50 miles from Albion that is in Marsh Basin. Said we was about 35 or 40 miles from Parkes, there is where we leave Tom Thumb. They live on Cassier Creek or used to and not very far from Raft River. Just two years ago today I was to a picnic at Sticklerville. Martha is not very well. Her and John Ball is terrible dissatisfied with the country. They say they have heard Idaho bragged up so and they think it a terrible place. John says if all the west looks like this he is not going to stay. They have lots of fun tormenting him. Nearly every one is, and keep telling him he is homesick; well in fact he did not deny that. Those folks that is with us there names are Murphy. They have two boys and two girls, the oldest a boy and the youngest a girl and Mr. Murphy's brother is with them; he is an old bachelor, he is hair-lipped, talks awful funny. I can scarcely understand him.

August 9, 1885, Sunday. We had to make a 30 mile drive today to get water and we was camped last night about 3 or 4 miles from water. They drove the horses down and watered them last night. We had to go up a long canyon this forenoon and it was awful rocky. When we went to go down it was so steep and sidling in places they had to take one wagon at a time. We went down one steep place where they had to put the clevises on the wheels. The stay-chains and the hub lock would not hold the wagon off of the horses; some of them started down with their wheels roped and had to stop and hollow for the log chain. The wagon was pushing their horses. That was Mr. Murphy's. John Ball said his wagon pushed his horses, both hind wheels they all had chained, and cleveses on, and they stood still and they plowed a furrow. Well, we went over worse roads today than I

ever went over in a wagon, when we went 6 years ago. We didnt go through here, we followed the W.P. railroad on out to Ogden and Corinne that is lots better road than this. We thought this afternoon we was not going to make to water. Frostie give out and Pa had to put Montuck in his place. Alva had to take Dolly out and put in old Charley. He has been working Dolly for a few days for Charley was sick. I was working old Doll and Diner; they nearly give out. The lame colt, nearly give out, finally got so we had to stop every little ways and go back, and whip her along. In the evening Alva got on Tom Thumb and drove her. We come pretty near stopping once to camp. Thought they could drive the horses to water. The rest had all gone on except us and Alva. Well, we finally made it through to Twin Springs. The horses was nearly wild for water. We could hardly do anything with them. They would hardly let us unharness them. Pa went to watering them as soon as we stopped and John Ball and Harrison helped me unharness them. They dassent give them all the water they wanted at first. They turned them on the grass to stay until morning. They hadent had anything to eat since morning, neither had we. After the rest, first, camped, there was some Indians come and sold them some fresh venison. They give us some for supper and breakfast.

August 10, 1885, Monday. I have got such a cold I am nearly down sick. I burnt my fingers this morning nearly in a crisp. I took the oven lid off of the hot fire. We never struck water until we got to some springs. We stayed here all afternoon & night. There is a man here herding sheep. Pa, Harrison and Mr. Murphy went out hunting this evening. Pa and Harrison did not get in until way after dark--they did not kill anything. We seen two antelope this forenoon. It is now bedtime.

August 11, 1885, Tuesday. Pa, Harrison and John Seward went this morning real early a hunting, but they did not see any game. Daisy is cutting teeth again and is real cross. We camped today noon by a little stream of water that run through the willows. We crossed Sublet Creek this afternoon, camped tonight in 17 miles of Raft River, by a house. Pa said he had seen the man when we used to live in Idaho. He had to shake hands with Pa. Morna rode with me this afternoon. Daisy is no better, she has a hot fever.

August 12, 1885, Wednesday. We camped by an irrigating ditch in among the sage brush. Real warm morning. Real warm yesterday noon where we was camped. They still torment John Ball, he is so dissatisfied with the country. This canyon, they are farming. We want to try and get to Parkes tonight. We camped today noon on Raft River. We did not travel this afternoon--we washed some.

August 13, 1885, Thursday. Daisy was awful bad yesterday. She had a real hot fever, she is a little better this evening. We washed this forenoon. Today has been about as warm a day as I ever seen since we left Mo. This afternoon, Pa and Harrison went to Ira Parkes. Pa rode Tom Thumb--he belongs to Ira and he let Pa have another horse to ride to camp. Said Tom Thumb was his race pony, and he did not want him rode. That lame colt is awful bad; we put a poltice on her heel last night and this morning when she was down they had to beat her to make her get up. Her foot is swelled terrible bad; they don't think she can get well. She seemed a little better this evening. We put on a poltice this afternoon and I kept the foot bathed in cold water. She followed the rest of the horses down among the willows and they could not find her this evening. When they went to drive the horses up, they hunted several times after Pa got back before they found her. When they did she wasent but a little ways from the wagons. Old Charly, Alva's horse, was awful sick this forenoon. They have been doctoring him today. We are in 8 miles of old Charley Parkes and 20 miles from Albion in the basin.

August 14, 1885, Friday. The colt is worse and Daisy is no better. They have put several poultices on its foot. There was a man here this morning and offered Pa 5 dollars for the colt; Pa would not take it. There was another man come and ask Pa what he would take; Pa said \$10. He said he would give that. He lived 6 miles from here. The other man about a mile, so he went to this other man's house to borrow the money for he lived so far away he thought he would borrow the money. The other man got mad and did not want to loan him the money for he thought he could get it for 5 dollars. So the man told Pa he would go home after the money. He did not get here until dark. The closest man he had been here a good while and wanted Pa to take the money but Pa waited on the other man to come back and finally he took the \$10 and it wasent more than 5 minutes until Mr. White, that's the man that went home, come. He said if he would got here a little sooner he would made the colt brought \$20. The other man then went home. Mr. White stayed a long time. He told Harrison to go home with him and he would get him a job of work in the morning so Harrison went home with him. This other man got Alva

to go home with him. Said his women would help doctor Daisy. So a little afternoon Alva hitched up and drove over there. They thought it was her teeth was what made her sick.

August 15, 1885, Saturday. Pa took Juniper to this man this morning. John Ball went along to help drive her. They took old Doll so it would be easier to drive; if Daisy is better they will go on this morning. I hated awful bad to see Juniper leave. We did not go close by Charley Parke's house but Ira came out to the road and got his gun and pony. Alva and Martha they drove on this morning and they was clear out of sight of us. We passed two stores this forenoon; one was about a mile after we started on Cassier Creek, the other one was to an old Stage Station on Cassier after we passed Parkes. We camped just south of the summit, camped for dinner about the middle of the afternoon and stayed here all night. After we get over the summit we are in Marsh Basin. There was an Indian passed here this evening. Alva was acquainted with him, they call him "Roany." The whites raised him and he can't talk the Indian language; he is afraid of the Indians. Alva worked with him about a month when we used to live here. Pa got him a shepherd dog today there on Cassier Creek. The water here in this branch is not good, it is so warm.

August 16, 1885, Sunday. Daisy did not sleep much last night. We went through Marsh Basin today. We stopped in Albion quite a while. We seen several that we knew. There was a good many knew old Dolly. We thought when we left town that we was a going to drive out by the grave yard and camp, get dinner and stay all night, but Harrison took the lead and the rest followed. He never stopped, just went on over the bluff, and there is no water on the road between Albion and Goose Creek. So when we got down over the hills we was in 10 miles of Goose Creek, but we could see where

that was, and was too late then to go on, so a man come along and said there was a spring to the right of us off of the road about 2 miles. So we went as far as we could go with the wagons. We would haft to carry water about a mile for to use and over a hill, so we would not camp there and we turned and went back to the road and sent John Ball & Harrison with John's wagon back to town for grain and flour, and we drove off of the road to the left about 4 or 5 miles and camped close by a house they was just building. Camped a little ways from a small irrigating ditch. John and Harrison was coming back tonight; we put up a light for them. They knew about where we was going to camp. They got some medicine of Dr. Lucas today for Daisy. She is lots better.

August 17, 1885, Monday. John and Harrison did not get in last night. After Harrison went home with that man the other night, they went down to old Greimms, and he caught up with us yesterday about the time we got in the Basin. We drove out to the road this morning and John Ball and Harrison was not far behind us. They went to Cooks in the Basin after grain and they stayed all night with them and we put up a light for them. We camped today noon on Goose Creek. When we went through here 6 years ago we camped there on Goose Creek for dinner, and when we came back from Oregon going to Uncle Frank's we camped there for dinner. And today noon drove in about the same place every time. We drove on to Dry Creek and camped for the night, did not get here until after dark. I believe they called it 18 miles from Goose Creek. This used to be a Stage Station and there used to be one there on Goose Creek. An awful warm afternoon. Mr. Murphy has a sick horse, got sick today noon, they give her too much water last evening. They started to work her this afternoon and had to take her out and they put in Harrions's old Jim. They haven't any loose stock. He said this evening that she was very stiff and did not think that she could work any more. She is very old. Daisy is better today. The day before we got in the Basin she had 4 jaw teeth come through and she has been some better ever since. Morna rode with me all day yesterday.

August 18, 1885, Tuesday. Pa killed a pole cat in that man's cellar this morning. He is a bachelor. He brought us a kettle of cooked beans and a pan of tomato pudding last night. He give Pa a nough beef this morning for a mess or so. We are in 3 miles of Snake River that is the

nearest point, but we don't go that way. We are in 9 miles of Rock Creek. We got to Rock Creek before dinner, stayed there a while & then drove down to the creek about a mile and camped for dinner. Hen Jones lives about 3 miles from the store, that far off of our road. We all wanted to go there but the horses is near give out, they thought they would not go. There was no grass where we camped for dinner so we hitched up and went about half a mile and stayed all afternoon. Just 3 months today since we started. Mrs. Murphy washed this afternoon. Today was awful warm. We went through more dust going from Dry Creek than we have ever went through. Harrison went up to Hen Joneses this afternoon. When he come back he said Hen was not at home. He left word for him to come down to camp. When he did come there was a man come to our camp this evening riding a mule. He is going to Burnt River in Oregon. He said he was an old prospector. He eat dinner with us. There was 5 or 6 covered wagons come and camped close by us this evening from Neb. and Col. going to Grande Roads [Ronde?] and Malheur; they have a tent. They said that that man where we stayed on Dry Creek last night, that his wood pile caught fire from our camp fires and nearly burnt everything up. That they had all left and when they come back the wood piles had burnt. They said that 5 men was working for dear life trying to put out the fires when they come by. They said that that sick man that left us and started back to the railroad, they said, he died the same day before they got to the railroad and it was only 12 miles. Hen Jones come to our camp this evening. Said he would never knew any of us except Pa. One of Bob Gray's boys, Silas wifes brother, was with him. He said if he had had a horse up she would a come along. He wanted us to drive over to their house.

August 19, 1885, Wednesday. That man, the old miner, eat breakfast with us. We are camped on Rock Creek. That sick horse of Murphy's is better. Daisy is lots better. We camped today noon on Rock Creek where there is an old house and an old rock house. Also after dinner they took the wagons, one at a time, across the bridge by hand. The bridge was shackley. There had been a little girl buried next to the rocks. We seen the grave after we crossed. We met 3 wagons, afternoon. They was going back to Kansas. They went up in Baker Co., Oregon, there by Baker City and said they stayed 8 days and did not like the country, and so they started back. They started from Kansas this spring. We drove to where used to be an old stage station on Rock Creek and camped. That old miner camped with us today noon and tonight; they are a little uneasy about our horses tonight.

August 20, 1885, Thursday. We had a big dust storm last night, blowed the wagons full, blowed the sand and gravel on the wagon sheet, sounded like it was hailing. We had a terrible time this morning--had everything to wash before we could get breakfast. That man got up in the night and left. We never stopped for dinner until we got to the next old stage station, then it was about the middle of the afternoon. We stayed here until morning. We only traveled 18 miles today. This used to be a stage road years ago, but they don't go this road now. We are camped by an old house and stable.

August 21, 1885, Friday. Just 6 years ago today we got to Dave Johnson's in Grand Ronde Valley, Oregon. Those 5 covered wagons we left at Rock Creek, they caught up with us this morning before we had our breakfast. They said they left Rock Creek (where we left them) yesterday morning and drove nearly here. Made a dry camp and traveled about 2 hours before they got here. They got here before they had any breakfast. We are not very far from the river from our camp this morning. Pa's wagon tire come very near coming off yesterday forenoon. We went on this morning and left those other wagons where we camped this morning. When we got to Salmon Creek about noon today,\* they had the bridge shut up with a gate and locked and wanted us to pay toll. We crossed on there twice before and there was no toll bridge there so they would not pay this time and where we could cross the creek they had it fenced. There was a gate to go through and on this side there was some poles and had been one strand of barb wire but when they went over to look at the crossing the wire was down, so we drove to the gait. Just had a few plank up for bars. Harrison was ahead and when he got to the bars they had them put up. There was two young men there. Harrison went to take the plank down and they took hold of them and was not going to let him take them down, but he jerked the plank right out of their hands. Then one of the fellows got on his horse he had standing there and rode in the gate way broad side and then Harrison told him to get out of the way and he said he wouldn't do it. Then Harrison told John Ball to hand him the black snake. Said he bet he could get him out of there. He put his hand on his pocket and told Harrison to come on with his whip. Then Pa told him this was the third time he had passed through here in 6 years and this was the first time they ever mentioned toll to him. He said to drive through if we wanted to, he would shoot the first man that drove across the creek, swore we could go over the hills if we wanted to. Pa said to him if that is your game I am in with you, and went to the wagon and got his revolver and come back, and the other fellow told him to let us go

\*See Footnote, page 37.



through. Then they went on over the bridge and put the up the wire. Guess there wasn't but a little of it down. We drove across the creek and up by the bridge and then they fixed a place to drive out. Then they said they would shoot the first man that tore down his fence. They took the wire down off of one post, the one next to the bridge, and we drove out. Then they put up the wire again. They didn't have any charter for their bridge. We drove on down by Payones Ferry. There is where we crossed Snake River 6 years ago. We struck Snake River before we got to Salmon Creek. After we passed the ferry we went a little ways down the river and camped for dinner. Terrible warm long about noon. There in the river bottom we could see the Salmon Falls. There on Snake River they begun just below the ferry, they extended quite a little way down the river. After dinner we drove on down to the Salmon Falls stations. It is a stage station and a mining camp. When we went from Oregon to Idaho we camped by the station and got dinner--that is 4 years ago this spring. They done some trading here today, I went in the store. Morna rode with me this forenoon. Where we camped for dinner, Murphys caught quite a mess of fish. After we left Salmon Falls station we had to go 26 miles to water, some called it 30 miles. So we filled the kegs, then we had a terrible big hill to go up, and had to pull through sand at that, awful hard on the horses for they was nearly give out anyway. While we was going up the long hill dark overtook us, only the moon shone and made it tolerable light. Frostie fell down going up hill and had to unhitch her and put in old Diner. Alva was working her. They had to double teams to get up the last pich; after we all got up they stopped and unhitched and fed the horses. There is where the freighters used to camp, it is their old camp ground but the freight teams has been taken off of this road since the Oregon Short Line has been built. After they fed, they hitched up and drove on for there was neither water nor grass there. We drove about 5 or 6 miles. They said they guessed it was about that far. Then they camped for the night. Then it was midnight or after when they fed tonight. Old Jim, Harrison's horse, she got choked this morning, before we started old Clipper, Alva's horse, and our bay Doll got choked, and they put the hobbles on them and ran them around a while until they got over.

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\*As with the Salmon Creek bridge fight, Pete French in the Donner und Blitzen River Valley blocked the public road into Nevada. Harrison Seward, who led the way, was also involved in this and other disputes with French. See Chapter V, "Free Land!", Starting At The Narrows.

August 22, 1885, Saturday. Dolly got choked this morning but not very bad. They get choked on oats, but they always put water on them before they feed them. We drove on until we got to where used to be an old stage station but has been tore down. We stopped and they unhitched and took the horses to the river. John Ball is terrible dissatisfied this morning, home-sick and dissatisfied with the country. Says if Harney Valley looks like this country he is not going to stay any longer than he can drive out of there. Where we camped today noon they was gone about 2 hours in taking the horses to the river and it wasent more than 2 miles, but the roads was so bad they had to go off of the road to get to the river. There is where the freighters used to drive their horses. The old station where we camped at noon was Pilgrim Station. There is where a man killed an old freighter 4 years ago when we lived out here in Idaho. After we left Pilgrim we drove up on the hill and we got into another dust storm. Had to stop and turn the wagons around. Sprinkled just a very little. Rained quite a shower last night, made the roads nice for traveling this morning was was rather cool. We had some terrible sandy hills to pull up yesterday and today the roads was awful sandy. Alva was working Diner this afternoon and she give out and he had to put in old Charley. Then after awhile Clipper give nearly out. They hitched old Boy Doll in ahead of them to get up a steep place, then just before we got to the river again the roads was so bad, hilly and sidling, and it was way in the night, but the moon shown bright. John Seward come and said he would drive for me. We went up one steep place nearly straight up and sandy, they had to double teams. We drove on down to the river and camped. We are camped by Glenns Ferry [Hit by Bannocks in 1878]. This is the ferry we crossed at in coming from Oregon to Idaho 5 years ago. We have been out of Cassia Co. for a few days. We are now in Owyhee Co.; next Co. is in Oregon. We have been crossing sage desert for the last few days, where was nothing but sage brush and sand. Just across the river here at this ferry is the railroad, the Oregon Shortline. We seen the cars passing by after dark before we went to bed.

August 23, 1885, Sunday. We can see the railroad in several places from here at the ferry. John Ball said this morning to write down that he was homesick. We laid over here today. Morna and I went down among the willows and stayed quite a while this forenoon. When we come back to the wagons those other 5 wagons was here. They stayed all night at Pilgrim Station last night, where we camped yesterday noon. Morna and I took Daisy over to their camp. While some of them was eating dinner they ask me how old my baby was. They thought Daisy was mine; one of the women come over to our camp while we was washing dishes after dinner. Some of them is from

Kansas, some from Nebraska, some from Colorado, and is talking of going on the Malheur, and the rest is going to Grand Ronde, Oregon. Pa said Harrison got several quite large fish today. Mr. Murphy's folks caught a good many. Pa and Harrison while out fishing, Pa shot a catamont and brought to camp. Those other movers stayed here with us this afternoon.

August 24, Monday. The ferry man dug the bank down on the other side of the river; guess he thought he was going to get to cross all of us. There is 12 wagons all here together. Those other folks got started this morning before we did. The ferryman came across with their boat. We had to go up a terrible steep hill and was awful sandy. Those other 5 wagons had got nearly up when we got there. They all had to double teams, and when our crowd went up they all had to double teams, too. After we got on the hill then we went down to the river again and when we got down there, those folks was camped and had their horses unharnessed and was a getting dinner. It was a terrible steep place going down hill that John Seward come back and drove for me down the hill. We camped. There was a pack [patch] of salt grass here and we stayed the rest of the day. Those 5 wagons went on as soon as they got dinner. If we would follow the river up to the ferry where we left this morning I don't suppose it would be more than a mile, maby not that far. Mrs. Murphy and Morna washed today and Martha washed out a few things. The men all went a fishing. We had fish for breakfast and dinner. We did not cook a warm supper. One of Mr. Murphy's horses has taken the distemper. Morna and I had lots of fun this afternoon together. Henderson is homesick as bad as John Ball. He is Mr. Murphy's brother. I worked today on a tidy that I commenced when we was camped on Raft River.

August 25, Tuesday. We had a mess of fish for breakfast this morning. Where we laid over yesterday they used to have a ferry boat there across the river. After we started this morning we had to go through a canyon to get out on the hills, then we took a turn and went back down a canyon to the river again. Terrible steep places going down the canyon, had to chain the hind wheels going down one steep place. John Seward drove down the canyon for me. After we got down to the river we camped for dinner. We seen those other wagons as we was coming down the canyon. There is a terrible steep hill to pull up from where was camped at noon. Those folks was not quite up when we camped at noon. They had to, everyone of them, double teams. They all went a fishing at noon and caught some fish. We camped at noon

on another patch of salt grass. We camped at noon not very far from a house. We passed a grave this forenoon in the river bottom. The person buried there was a brother to one of the men that kept store in Marsh Basin. He was killed by Bannick Indians in 1878. After dinner we had to go up that steep hill and had to double teams. Then we went to go down hill, we had a terrible place was so steep and rocky. Alva drove down that place for me. Then we went on down the river. Then they had to double teams again to get up a sandy hill. It was all pure sand, not even any dust mixed in with the sand and the sand was as fine as could be, and the horses feet would go down in so one team could not pull the wagon alone; after we got back down on to the river again we camped for the night. Camped close to where there is lots of willows and in a pack of wild hedge.

August 26, 1885, Wednesday. Real warm today. Yesterday about noon we followed the river along; this forenoon we started up hill again this morning. We went on a grade part of the time right close by the bank; long in one place where the road went so close to the bank, scared me, and she [Morna?] got out and walked. We had a terrible rocky and sandy road this forenoon. We camped at noon on Snake River about where the river makes a bend. We stopped most of the wagons in the road again on the account of wild hedge and sagebrush. When we stopped at noon we could see those other wagons going up a hill. They was quite a ways ahead of them. We had a mess of fish for dinner. Daisy was sick, had a fever yesterday, she is better today--guess is cutting teeth again. We did not start very soon after dinner for was so warm and when they drove the horses to the wagons they started down to the water and it was awful miry in the edge of the water. Old Diner went nearly out of sight in mud and water, so did one of Mr. Murphy's horses. Old Boy Doll went clear under--Alva stepped up and held her head out from under the water until some of them came to help him. Then when they got her out, they had to tie a halter on her and all of them pull her out. After they got her on the bank she laid there like she was dead. It took them quite a while to get her out and get her to the wagons. We did not work her in the afternoon. I worked Harrion's old Jim. Alva had to take Clipper out this afternoon and put in Diner. Clipper give out. Pa turned Montuck loose and he would not follow to do any good. He went back after him twice, the last time he tied him to one of the wagons. Before we camped Alva had to stop and put a shoe on old Charley, the rest drove on to find a camp ground. John Ball stayed with him. We drove down to the river and camped--nothing here but wild hedge, salt grass and willows. We did not have

but little grass for noon and that was salt grass. Harrison drove over so close to Alva's wagon this afternoon that he broke one of their chairs.

August 27, Thursday. We did not go through as much sand today as yesterday but went through more dust, and went through a good many small rock and gravel in ravines. We camped for dinner on an island. Stayed all afternoon--washed some. We crossed the main part of the river before we camped. It is Bruneau River. As we first drove to the river we passed those folks camped, they stayed all afternoon, too. Some of their men took a wagon and went to a store--it is 6 miles off our road. We have plenty of grass here, more than common. There was two men to our camp this morning.

August 28, 1885, Friday. We camped today noon on Snake River. Some of the horses got in the river at noon, give us a little scare, but they got out again. We passed another ferry this afternoon. Camped for night about a mile this side of there on Snake River. Pa and Harrison went to their house this evening. They are old bachelors. Those other wagons passed us this morning before we got started. They did not camp a great ways from us for dinner, their horses was around our wagons. We went through considerable sand today but more dust than any day yet.

August 29, 1885, Saturday. Camped today noon on Snake River again today. Warmest day we have had for a while. Crossed Catharine Creek this afternoon--never struck any more water than after we left that; old Doll give out and we had to put old Diner in her place. I was a working her. Then Alva had to take Frostie out and put old Charley in her place. Then Pa had to take Dolly out and put Frostie in; then Alva changed horses again; put one of John Ball's horses in, old Jule, and John worked Montuck. We had to drive after dark. Pa and Harrison went ahead with the lanterns then we took a by-road, thought maby we would come to the river. We went a ways then we stopped and Pa and Alva and Harrison went on and looked for the road. We stayed there and waited about an hour. Then we turned off on another road and came back into the main road again. The moon come up and was real light. We stopped and camped. It must a been about midnight.

August 30, 1885, Sunday. We went on this morning--went a ways then we met a covered wagon. Then we went 2 or 3 miles to Snake Creek then we got breakfast. Alva took a team and went back after his wagon. He left his wagon about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles back on the road. Henderson left his wagon there too. Martha and Daisy rode with Harrison this morning. They eat breakfast with them. Then Alva come he eat with us. Those other wagons was just starting off when we drove up this morning; they camped here last night. They had a racket this morning just as we was driving up to camp. We camped before we crossed the creek. Those other wagons was on the other side and there was a ranch on the same side they was on, and the woman came out to their camp and they had a big racket about a dog. They accused those movers of stealing their dog.\* We laid over there on Sinker Creek today. We got along very well with those folks that lives there. We bought some barley; it's the first that we bought since we been on the road. Pa and Harrison bought some roasting ears--the first we have had this year--paid 25¢ a dozen this afternoon. We concluded we would travel tonight for our horses can't stand to travel in the heat of the day, for they give out and as soon as the sun goes down then it's awful cool. Last night when traveling I had to wrap a quilt around me and I seen some of the men with overcoats on. They was all willing to travel except John Ball; he did not want to travel after dark. If he could get Mr. Murphy to stayed there all night he would stayed, too; but they wanted to go on with us. We had to go about 15 or 16 miles to the next water which was Snake River. We had tolerable good roads except some a bad place or two. John Seward went on ahead and carried the lantern, so to be sure that we was in the right road. The moon came up a little after 9 o'clock. We did not go but a couple of miles until they stopped and greased the wagons and I was so sleepy that I laid down and went to sleep; they did not know I was asleep. Pa was ahead of me and he drove on. The horses I was driving never started on; if they had I would surely woke up for I was laying on the lines. John Ball was driving behind my wagon and he seen Pa driving on and I never started. He waited a while for me to start, then he got out of his wagon and come to my wagon and hollowed at me and I woke up. I stayed awake tolerable well until we got to Rabbit Creek; there they stopped to look for grass. The men all got out and was talking as usual, and I went to sleep again and was dreaming, but woke up about the time they started. After that seemed like I could not stay awake, I would drop off to sleep in spite of myself. We did not go so very far after we crossed Rabbit Creek

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\*Movers appear to be people returning back east.

until they stopped to look for grass again and could not find any. Then John Ball, he would not go any further. He unhitched. Then Murphy's said they would stop too, as one of their horses was about give out. Pa told John he could hitch Montuck and Doll in time about until we could go to the river but he would not do it for he was mad because we was traveling after night. Pa took Dolly out and put Old Doll in her place. I was working old Jim and Diner. Then we drove on 4 or 5 miles and come to grass and some alkali spring. Then we camped. They fed and turned the horses loose and John and Murphys had to tie their horses up and made a dry camp. I don't think we slept much.

August 31, 1885, Monday. John and Murphys come along this morning and unhitched. We thought we would get breakfast before we drove to the river if we could get water to cook with. They took the spade and tried to dig places in the springs but they could not get any water fit for anything so we hitched up and drove to the river 2 or 3 miles. John is still out of humor. He says he will do his traveling after this in the day time. All of our horses traveled up better last night than they have any day for a week or more. We are going to stay here until morning. We got breakfast and dinner together again. John Ball worries and frets every day about the country. He is as homesick as he can be and awful easy discouraged and he worries and has more trouble than the whole outfit, and we all have our fun tormenting him. He said before he left Missouri that he was a going to start across the plains if he died on the road. So yesterday they was all around our wagons and I told that and him there to first time I had ever told it before him and we have lots of fun tormenting him about Morna. Her and I passed his wagon the other evening. Him and Pa was setting there a talking and I says to him, well, someone told me that Sambo Hankens was homesick again. He says, tell me who said it and I will thrash them. And I turned to Morna and said, Morna here said so. It plagued him half to death for he has never said a word to her yet. Tickled her; some of them told John that Mr. Murphy said that he had better not thrash his girl. We torment him nearly to death. Yesterday when we was tormenting him Morna was setting by the side of their wagon by herself combing her hair just a little ways from our wagons and she seen us tormenting him and I would look at her and make her laugh. Then I would say to John, look yonder, and he would look at her just when she would be looking

at us and a laughing and would plague him so he would not know what to do. We call him the homesick man. We tell him that he has worried and grieved, so he looks like he had a spell of sickness, and in fact he does look bad. Martha is as homesick as he is but she doesn't talk about it all the time like he does. She don't like for us to torment him. She thinks John Ball is the boss fellow. We ask him every once in a while if he don't want to go back to Missouri, Pike Country. Henderson Murphy is nearly as homesick as John. Today noon is a miserable warm day. Fifteen weeks today since we left Missouri. We are not out of Owyhee Country yet. When we get out of this country then we are out of Idaho. We will then be in Baker County, Oregon. Then next county after Baker is Grant County. There is where we started for. Pa killed a couple of ducks this evening. They can make Martha awful mad by running Missouri down and bragging up this country and they have her mad tolerable often, too.

September 1, 1885, Tuesday. Six years ago today we was at Dave Johnson's and Meadorses. Come along there that day and I remember there was a neighbor woman there told me to to go over and pick some ripe currants and I went and got a bucket full. Minnie went with me. It was quite a treat for us to get some ripe currants after traveling so long and doing without everything that way. I am getting so tired of Snake River I don't know what to do. I don't never want to see or hear tell of Snake River again. We did want to try and make it to the Owyhee today but don't know how it will be. We havent started yet this morning. They are having some trouble hunting the horses, guess the natts got too thick for them and they took to the hills this morning. Tolerable early. Murphys are scart nearly to death if their horses gets a little ways from the wagon. The sun is shining real warm now, and we ought to be traveling. As we drove up here yesterday in the forenoon those other wagons was just driving away. One of Alva's wagon tires come very near coming off yesterday. All of our tires are loose and we have been a keeping them wet for a good while. When we would be to where there was plenty of water, well, they have come with their horses. Guess will haft to go and help feed and harness up, also comb my hair. We went by a ferry boat this afternoon. The road did not run exactly by the ferry. The road we was on did not. We camped today noon on Renards Creek. There was some Chinamen lived close by. They bought some onions of one of the Chinamen. They said he had lots of pumpkins, squashes and watermelons but they wasent ripe. [By September 1rst?] We camped close by the creek and Alva crossed and camped. We passed another ferry boat this afternoon. We went between



the house where they lived and the ferry. They had a young orchard set out; it looked real nice. We passed by another house not far from a warm spring. We met the man and woman after we passed the house. They had been after a load of lumber. He was a Missourian, used to live in Milan, a good many years ago. He said it was 40 miles to the Owyhee and at noon a man told us it was 25 miles to the owyhee. We camped tonight on Snake River again close by Squaw Creek. We went through more dust this evening than ever. Three times I could not see the wagon ahead of me and then I always keep a good ways back if there is any dust.

September 2, 1885, Wednesday. There is an old rock house and big rock chimney where we camped last night. There was a man camped with us last night. He had a covered wagon going to California. Been everywhere--to hear him talk. He was a big gasser. Martha says if there is sage brush in Hamey Valley she is not going to stay. She said once before she would stay out west and did not like it she would send to her Ma for money first. Martha was not well last night. Pa buys milk for Daisy every chance he can get, then we never buy onions or potatoes or anything of that kind but what they use of them as long as they last and then some times she gets mad and don't want to cook on the same fire with us. Yesterday morning I was cooking potatoes, she went and set them off of the fire a way off. I did not say anything but I thought lots as a matter of course. Them kind of tricks I am getting used to, a person will when they haft to, and darsent say a word. If they do, it's all fire and tore. We camped today noon on Snake River again. We had splendid grass. Alva's team give out before we got to camp and Pa went and pulled him out of the sand. I drove into where Harrison camped. He was in ahead and he had been camped quite a while and had the horses I was bringing unharnessed before Pa and Alva drove up. We had went over a terrible sand hill today that made it lots harder for the horses. We went past a ferry this morning. Pa bought Daisy some milk there and was going to get some butter but was 50 cents a pound so they would not any of them buy. We crossed Jump Creek. Martha was sick this forenoon. Morna rode with me this afternoon. We had jolly time. We crossed Succor Creek this afternoon. We camped tonight on Snake River again. We had fun tormenting John Ball about Morna today noon; and also tonight; he thought he would torment me about Henderson. I told him I thought that Henderson was the best fellow that ever crossed the plains. He did not torment me so very much. Morna and I was a little ways from the wagons this evening. We was

setting on the grass a talking and had been for a good while when John Seward come and mewed like a cat to scare us and it did scrare Morna for she did not know what it meant. I thought at the time it was him so I says it's John Seward, come kitty, and he skipped out for the wagons and when we got to the wagons, Harrison wanted to know if we wasent afraid the wild cats would get after us girls. I told him no, we was not afraid of them. I went with Morna to their camp and we had not been there long until John come around there, and I ssys good evening kitty; plagued him so he did not talk much.

September 3, 1885, Thursday. John Ball said this morning I could write down that he was homeskick again. Martha is better, not so sick as she was yesterday. Daisy is cross this morning. We want to see if we can get to Owyhee today if we can. We are camped tonight on Snake River. We did not get to the Owyhee. We camped today noon on Snake River. The creek we crossed yesterday evening that we thought was Jump Creek, I don't know what the name of it was, the one that we thought was Succor was Jump Creek and we crossed Succor Creek this forenoon. We met two men there with some ponies; they give Harney Valley a grand name. We went over a chug place this afternoon and broke the bolster in the wagon I was driving. We went over a place this evening, a big ditch that was tolerable bad. They took one wagon at a time. We are nearly out of Idaho.

September 4, 1885, Friday. Guess we bid adieu to Idaho today. Pa is fixing the bolster in this wagon this morning. Guess we are not very far from the Owyhee. A month ago today we left Soda Springs. Camped tonight on the Malheur. We was camped last night in Oregon. We did not know it until this forenoon. We was not more than a quarter [mile] from the line. We crossed the Owyhee and camped right by the river for dinner. Morna rode with me this forenoon. We had a jolly time. We had lots of fun at noon tormenting John Ball again. It was 18 miles from where we camped at noon to the Malheur and we had to make it this afternoon for there is no water between the two rivers. We drove until nearly dark then they stopped to feed. Morna rode with me from noon until they stopped to feed. We drove until a way in the night. We crossed the Malheur.

September 5, 1885, Saturday. We was not camped last night very far from the store and those other wagons camped here yesterday evening. They are going to lay over today. Pa

got a letter from Uncle Frank this morning. He is on Willow Creek about 10 miles from here. Willie is with him. They was here last Sunday. They have got a pack outfit. Guess they will go with us into Harney Valley. We laid over here all day. Pa drove both wagons to the blacksmith shop and got the tires set. He give 4 bits a wheel and they helped him. If he done all the work hisself he chared \$1.00 a wheel--cost Pa two dollars. While they was at work, the man that owned the shop, he was not the one that worked there though, he brought a watermelon around and treated us on melon. He used to live in Linn County, Missouri. Harrison went over on Willow Creek where Uncle Frank and Willie is if they think that is the best road. He is going to stay all night and we are to go that way in the morning. If not they will be back this evening and we will take the other road in the morning. After they got the tires set we drove back to the river where the rest of the folks was. Morna and I today went in the store and bought us a new calico dress. Got them alike 14 yards for a dollar. They have laid in a supply to last us on through. They say that we are in 115 miles of Harney Valley. There is a hot spring just across the river. Morna and I went over there. Mrs. Collins took her washing there and washed today.

September 6, 1885, Sunday. Uncle Frank and Harrison did not come in last so guess we will go that way. Before we got to the store we met Willie. When we got nearly there we met Uncle Frank and Harrison. After we stopped at the store Uncle Frank traded one of Mr. Murphy's horses off, the one they call old Nell, the one they gave too much water. He has been wanting to trade her off to do so. Uncle Frank had traded her off before he ever had spoken to the man. Then they got to drinking and some of them got tolerable boozy, especially Uncle Frank, he got tolerable full. We drove down to their camp. Willie drove down there for me. Uncle Frank treated us on watermelons. We camped on Willow Creek about half a mile from the store.

September 7, 1885, Monday. Stayed on Willow Creek until after dinner. Then John Seward took a notion to go to Union with Uncle Frank and Willie with us. George Marshall come to our camp. Him and Uncle Frank took dinner with us. Uncle Frank eat dinner with us yesterday. Camped tonight not far from Willow Creek. Harrison and John Ball divided up their grub today noon. John went in with Alva, George Marshall, Uncle Frank and Willie camped with us tonight. We are camped at Ponione [sic.] Ranch.

September 8, 1885, Tuesday. Horses branded this morning at Pontione Ranch. George rode with me yesterday afternoon. He hitched his mule behind the wagon. When they branded horses this morning they branded all of ours, Alva's and John Ball and Murphy and Harrison all of the whole outfit with the same brand. S on left shoulder. It is Pa's brand. We camped today noon by a blacksmith shop. George took dinner with us. He drove for me this forenoon. He left us there, went on to catch up with the outfit; he is a cowboy. He did not go but a little ways after dinner until Uncle Frank and John Seward took the right hand road and we all stopped long enough to say good-bye and a few other words. There was another family camped with us today noon from Missouri, going to Umatilla County, Oregon. I hated to see John leave the crowd. He was so lively; he is going to hire to Uncle Frank to herd sheep. If he does, Uncle Frank is going to bring them here. There is such good range here. They took Harrison's wagon and outfit with them to Union. Harrison kept his team. He took the pack, him and Willie, and they are going to pack through. John Ball is going in with Alva and Martha. We went by a big peach orchard this forenoon and several apple orchards, one cane patch. Morna rode with me this afternoon. We camped tonight by a spring. Willie and Harrison camped with us. Harrison took supper with us, Willie with Alva, Uncle Frank took dinner with Alva's today noon.

September 9, 1885, Wednesday. Daisy was not well all afternoon, yesterday and last night. She had a fit. [Fever convulsions] Mrs. Murphy and me set up with them the rest of the night. She was awful bad. We thought she was dying. Pa and John Ball they got up. I got up, I didn't know what was the matter. Ma thought that Martha was dying. They hollared for her and she got up and we heard Martha taking on at such a rate and she was in such a hurry. She got out of the wagon with only one shoe on before she knew it. Their wagon was not right close by ours and when I got up I nearly fell down going over a ditch. I did not know it was there. Harrison and Willie got up to see what was the matter. Morna heard me up and she got up to but against she got up I had gone to bed so she went back to bed. They bathed Daisy and doctored her and she was better this morning. Willie and Harrison eat breakfast with us this morning and went and made bread for Martha and Alva, and John got the rest of the breakfast. Morna washed dishes for her and I got in the wagon and took care of Daisy while Martha straightened around there in the wagon. We stopped yesterday in the forenoon to water the horses. The place was nearly covered with tame ground cherries. They was these big blue kind; they said we could have all we

wanted so we got some. They are real nice. We camped in a canyon last night and this morning we went on up the canyon before we got quite out. We got caught in a rain, had to stop, so we just camped for noon. The dust blew terrible hard before it began to rain. The wind blew tolerable hard all the morning and we was facing the wind. Did not rain much. Morna rode with me this afternoon. We camped tonight not far from a spring. There was a big drove of cattle just above where we camped. They drove their cattle thorough the water and it made it so muddy we could not use it. They had to go about half a mile to a spring for water to use. About dark they drove their cattle by us. There was a spring on ahead of us that Willie and Harrions was going to camp at tonight. We tried to get there too but we did not make it. We went through a small valley, it was Cow Valley, just a while before we camped.

September 10, 1885, Thursday. The men with them cattle, they drove their saddle ponies by this morning and their grub wagon. There was a family past us this morning. While I was washing dishes they stopped and talked a while. They used to live in Grand Ronde Valley. Rather cool last night and this morning. We camped today noon on Clover Creek; it was 10 or 12 miles from there to the next water which was a spring and we did not start very soon after dinner. We met three wagons moving from California to Washington. They had come through Harney Valley. We went over awful bad roads this evening, hilly and rocky through canyons. We had to travel until way in the night. Marshall carried one lantern, Pa carried one lantern. Sometimes Alva carried a while. We went off of one rock on to another. I did not know when I would upset the wagon, would tip first one side then another. I could not see the road. So cold we nearly froze; when we reached the spring there was a man camped here, he was from Harney. They said he had 2 or 3 roosters with him. The brahmas did not have any hens, just the roosters.

September 11, 1885, Friday. So cold this morning I nearly froze getting breakfast. Daisy woke up in the night last night and would have her doll. They said she just laid there with the doll in her arms and would sing by to it. They kept the light, light, and if they would raise up to look at her she would slap them on the side of the jaws. Uncle Frank took his horses, Old Dolly, Montuck and Shoefly with him to Union. We went down one place yesterday where they had to chain the hind wheels. We camped today noon by a spring. Morna rode with me this forenoon and afternoon both. We

crossed Bully Creek this forenoon. We had to chain the hind wheels once this forenoon and once this afternoon. We are camped to-night not far from the Willow Creek springs. The Springs are a little way from the road and we camped by the road. We have lots of fun with John Ball tormenting him.

September 12, 1885, Saturday. Real cool this morning. We nearly froze all day yesterday. We want to stop and lay over one day and wash before we got to Harney if we find a good place. Mrs. Murphy says she would like to, too. Martha and Alva don't want to. I don't know whether we will or not. We will providing we find a place convenient. We crossed Jerry Creek this forenoon and also the Malheur. We crossed the Malheur there at the Agency. We went through a file and crossed the river in the field. After we drove out of the field we camped for dinner. Mr. Arnolds lives there at the Agency. They used to live there by Marsh Basin by Marsh Lake when we lived in Idaho they did. There they worked for old Gwinn. We went over some terrible rocky roads today. Awful rocky and hilly, too. Morna rode with me both this forenoon and this afternoon, too. I was a little somewhat lonesome today.\* We had to drive until way after dark then made a dry camp. Daisy is not very well yet. She is somewhat cross today. Has been tolerable cool little warmer this afternoon than yesterday.

September 13, 1885, Sunday. They found a spring this morning about half a mile from camp. They took the horses there to water them and carried water to get breakfast with. It's a real nice morning. The sun shines out real warm. There was a Mexican drove of ponies past this morning while we was a eating breakfast. John Ball seems a little better satisfied with the country since we have struck such a fine grass country. Una was nearly down sick for a day or so. She is now better. We camped today noon on a small stream of water by some willows. I lost the feed box off of the wagon I was driving. John Ball was a driving behind me and he got them. The oven and teakettle was in the box. We crossed a creek this evening that was a tolerable bad place to cross. Pa got stuck there and John Ball took his team and pulled him out. We camped for the night just a little ways from there. There was a couple of young fellows came and camped with us. Not far a way they are hawling freight or are a going after a load to take in to Harney Valley.

September 14, 1885, Monday. We wanted to stop here and wash today but Martha and Alva did not want to. We are going to wash some before we get in to Harney for we have no clean clothes for a change. Martha says they have some clean clothes and they don't have to wash. They say they are not a going to stop to wash but I know that we are. We would wait

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\*For George.

though until we get there if we had a change of clean clothes. We havent though only what is packed away. Martha had a smotherin spell yesterday in the forenoon. Ever since, she seems as well as ever; last night I did not see but what she acted as well as I ever did see her. Daisy is a little cross this morning. We are camped this morning in about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles of Druzie, so they tell us. We crossed the Malheur again there at Druzie. We stopped there in Druzie a while. We passed this evening where there was an outfit that belonged to a band of cattle camped. They had a negro cook. We seen the cattle as they was a driving them over the hills. George Marshall was with them. He come to our wagons and talked a while and then said he would come to our camp. We are camped to night on a stream of water not far from Joe Lambs. We are just in 12 miles of Harney Valley. This afternoon they stopped and Pa and Mr. Murphy shot at a coyote and then got in my wagon and rode there until we camped. We had some terrible hilly and rocky roads today and some dust. We did not stop for to get any dinner today. We did not get any thing to eat since morning until this evening. George came to our camp this evening. Martha and Alva did not drive very close to our wagons tonight. They don't never when they are a little mad. They was awful afraid we would want to wash today. Guess that she told him a lot of stuff for he never acted mad before. Ma went over there a while a go and she never spoke to her. Passed by her and went and got in the wagon. So Ma came back. We wait on her all we can and then she gets mad spells and won't speak sometimes. She is in lots better humor since John Ball got with them. She worried all the way because he was not with them. She thinks he is all and all. It always made her mad if John Seward, Harrison and I tormented John. Ma told me one time to quit a tormenting John so for it made Martha mad. I said if she thought more of him than she did of me it was alwright and I did not care. We seen some Indians in Druzie. One Indian man held a little Indian girl, looked like she was a bout 2 years old. He was a setting on the porch a holding her. She looked awful cute. She had on a white dress. I seen a Chinaman there. George says we will see William about tomorrow. That is his brother. He is with a band of cattle. The same man that owns this band owns that band. We see a good deal of Juniper wood on the hills. Have never passed by much of it yet.



Drewsey, about 1910. (Harney County  
Historical Museum photo).

This is the town as the Springers and my father,  
E.R. Griffin, knew it. Known also as "Gouge Eye,"  
and not without reason. (See McArthurs' Oregon  
Geographic Names, and Jackson & Lee, Harney County,  
An Historical Inventory, 1978, Gail Graphics, Burns)





Drewsey, ca. 1910. (Harney County  
Historical Museum photo).

"Harry Clark was born in Drewsey in 1887." So records Clark's oral history interview by Pauline Braymen of Burns, Oral History No. 5, April 20, 1972. Clark said that Drewsey was always called Drewsy, that "Gouge Eye" was a nickname. Clark said: "...when Burns went to Harney [City] and stole the county records, the people in Drewsey did not approve and had a few hard things to say about it. The Burns fellows decided to come over to Drewsey and teach 'em a lesson. The Drewsey cowboys really whupped the Burns fellows good and when they went home (in a rather bedraggled conditon) they referred to Drewsey as "Gouge Eye."

September 15, 1885, Tuesday. We drove on to the house this morning where Joe Lamb lives and Pa got George Marshall's gun. Is a going to take it to Harney with him. Alva and John took them quite a while to hitch up this morning by some means or another. We had to wait on them quite a while. Pa and Mr. Murphy tried to kill an antelope this morning. That is they got their guns and went ducking a round but they never got a shot. We did not go far until we met Will Marshall. We stopped and talked a little bit with him. Morna rode with me this forenoon. We had some terrible bad roads, so hilly and rocky. We camped by a spring in a canyon for dinner. We went first up one hill then down another this afternoon. We are camped tonight in a small canyon close by Harney Valley. Just over a little hill and then we are in the Valley. We could see the Valley when we was on top of the hills before we camped. As soon as we went to going down grade I told Morna to get in and ride with me for we wanted to ride together in to Harney Valley so she got in and rode with me. We thought then that we would go in to the Valley before we camped. The Valley looked level surrounded with hills. Looked like a person could see for about 20 miles.\* After we camped Morna and I went over the hill here in to the Valley. We said we wanted to be the first ones in the Valley. We went down to where there was a board fence. We wrote our names on the fence. We are going to stay here tomorrow and wash. They say we are in about 12 miles of Camp Harney. We are awful anxious to get the mail there if there is any. Guess Willie and Harrison must be in the Valley long ago. A man told Pa this morning there at the Joe Lamb ranch that he seen them about 8 days ago on another road. This is a new settled Valley. Not been opened for settlements more than three years. Used to be an Indian reservation. If they all take them ranches in here I am a going to take me a ranch, too. Mrs. Murphy was not very well today. She is a little better this evening. She is now down sick, just complaining. Daisy is better, too. Well, it is bed time so must quit writing and go to bed.

September 16, 1885, Wednesday. We washed this forenoon. We all laid over. Martha she washed and so did Morna. Mrs. Murphy was not able to wash. She is better this evening. I ironed the colored clothes this afternoon. Morna brought her dress and bonnet here and ironed them. They have their irons packed away. Mr. Murphy was not well this forenoon, complaining of the rheumatis. We want to drive in to Camp Harney tomorrow if we can. We are awful anxious to get there to see if there is any mail there for us. Harney Valley is in Grant County, Oregon. We have been in Grant Co. for some time. Ma

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\* See p. 74: Jasper Davis's description of Harney Valley.

had to go this afternoon upon the hill with Pa to take a look at the Valley. Alva killed 5 or 6 ducks today. If is so we can, we are a going to Mr. Marshall's tomorrow.

They used to live neighbors to us in Orodell in Grand Ronde Valley, Oregon. Them boys, George and Will Marshall, that we met back on the road, was their boys. We met Will yesterday. Said if he had met Alva any where and was not looking for him he did not believe he would not know him. George said we would not know Will but we all knew him. Guess will quit my scribbling and go to bed. There was a frost last night.

September 17, 1885, Thursday. This is the 17th of Sept. and the 17th of last May I stayed up all night at Uncle Tom Seward's for the last time in my life. That was the last night I stayed all night in a house in Mo. Morna rode with me this forenoon. We got to Mr. Marshall's a little afternoon today. We met Harrison and Willie and Mr. Marshall. They came to meet us. Harrison said he never was so lonesome in his life as he was after him and Willie left us. Said he would give anything if he could been with us. They got in here last Saturday I believe. He likes the country well and is a going to take him a ranch. He is a going back to Grand Ronde to meet Mira. He is a going back with Willie. He likes the country real well, too. Mr. Murphy says he likes it here and is going to take a ranch. So is Alva, I guess, but he is a going to get a house to go in first if is so he can. The Valley is real level. Mr. Marshall lives in about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  or 3 miles from old Camp Harney and about a mile from new Camp Harney. [Harney City?] Mintie is a working at the Hotel in new camp Harney. She came home to see me. I was awful glad to see her. We drove right up close by the house to camp. Mr. Murphys are camped here, too. We eat supper here in the house this evening. Day before yesterday when we first got in sight of the Valley I was a driving by myself and I said right out loud, my lord, is that Harney Valley? We got some mail here and was awful glad to them them. Willie and Harrison are here tonight.

September 18, 1885, Friday. Mintie had to go back to the hotel this morning. Just 4 months ago to day since we left Green City and 4 month<sup>s</sup> ago today I eat dinner with Nerve and Henry Kline in Green City. Pa and Mr. Murphy, Harrises and Willie went out hunting this morning and killed a antelope. They never got out of sight of the house. I don't know if I like this country. It is very thinly settled and looks very dreary and lonely to me. We eat breakfast this morning with Mr. Marshalls. Some of them went to the post office again this afternoon and got some more mail for us. There was some folks by the name of Stinger took a letter out of the office of mine. Mrs. Marshall

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got the letter and kept it for me until I got here. Mrs. Marshall went with Pa, Alva and Harrison to look at the country this afternoon. They came back this evening. They like the country very well. Martha is awful homesick tonight. Said she would give anything in the world if she could of been in old Mo.

September 19, 1885, Saturday. Pa, Harrison and Willie and Mr. Murphy went to Happy Valley today. They took a pack saddle and took their blankets. They are going to be gone several days. It is 35 or 40 miles from here. I was a helping Martha sew today. Mrs. Murphy and Ma helped, too; well, Ma just done some patching for her. Martha made her a new bonnet yesterday. Alva went to look at a house today but he did not get it. John Ball is nearly dead with the blues. Never seen him so bad in my life. I don't know what makes him so. He says he likes the country very well. Says it's a nice looking place. Guess he is homesick for he got some letters from back home, and it generally makes him so whenever he gets any but this time he is worse. 4 years ago today Garfield died. Then we lived in Marsh Basin, Idaho. I had the head ache terribly bad today.

September 20, 1885, Sunday. Just two years ago today that Martha and Alva was married. The day they was married I was sick in bed. There was a picnic that day in Green Castle in Mo. We have been looking all morning for Mintie. She is working at the hotel for Mrs. Fisk. This is the first Sunday for us in Harney Valley. I wish we was in a house of our own. It seems like we have lived out so long. We have never cooked out of doors since we have been here except Murphys, they cook out. We have eat in the house ever since we have been here. John Ball said this morning that he wished to goodness he was back home. Said if he was, he bet he would stay there. Mintie did not come today. There was a man heretoday for dinner, John Parker, and rented his house to Alva for one month and longer if he wishes to stay longer. He is a widdower and lives alone like the bachelors do. He has a very nice house and it is only about 2 miles from here. Alva wants Ma and I to drive over and stay with them until Pa come back but Pa said for us to stay here until he came back if ALVA did rent a house.

September 21, 1885, Monday. They drove over to the house this morning. If is in sight of Marshall's house. They left two wagons. One of ours and one of Mr. Murphy's wagons for they did not have enough horses to take them all for Pa rode old Ben and Mr. Murphy took one of his horses so I stayed and John Ball brought some horses and drove for me. Marshall brought

some horses, too. Mrs. Murphy, Morna, and Una they stayed with Mrs. Marshall too until they come after the wagons. I set up a stocking this morning for Ma and knit all the way going from Marshalls here to the house. Mr. Parker's cousin is here on a visit. They kept one room. He was not here when we got here but his cousin was. He helped Alva put his stove together today. Ma and I helped her straighten and put up the things. I scrubbed out the front room today. That man helped Alva put the table and safe up. They have a No. 6 stove up and we use it for there is none of us that has any stove pipe. They say that John Parker wants to marry and they told me that he knocked 2 dollars off of the month's rent after he found out that I was along. Mr. Marshall went to the saw mill this morning after a load of lumber for his house. He has to go 30 miles to get to the mill.

September 22, 1885, Tuesday. Martha washed some quilts and things today. Ma and I helped. I ironed for her this afternoon. Mr. Parker came in for dinner yesterday, was here last night, left this morning before breakfast. The other man is still here. He eats with us. He went to town this afternoon and brought back some cabbage and potatoes. Harrison and Mr. Murphy got in this forenoon. They came while I was sweeping and cleaning upstairs. Martha wants to put a bed up there for John Ball. The upstairs is in one large room. Martha has one big room and a kitchen and a pantry. They have another large room and a closet. There is a stream of water running through the willows back of the barn and there is the nicest spring there I have seen lately. This man got in with the cabbage and potatoes after we had dinner, then we had to go to work and get his dinner. Pa and Harrison got here just before dinner. They don't any of them seem to like Happy Valley very well.\* Pa got our Ben mule alkalid while he was gone and it nearly killed him. He looked awful. Pa says he is a going to take a claim around here somewhere. I don't know just where.

September 23, 1885, Wednesday. John Ball slept up stairs last night and Morna and I slept together in our wagon the first time her and I ever slept together. There was some men here yesterday wanting to hire a hand to help them survey a road from here to some place the other side of Happy Valley. I forget the name. John Ball took his wagon this morning and has hired to them for 4 dollars a day. He won't be gone more than 7 or 8 days, I guess. Mrs. Murphy washed some today and so did Morna yesterday. I washed again this forenoon. Harrison and Alva went to town today. This morning. And

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\*The Smyths settled in Happy Valley in 1872, and occupied the best land; the valley is large, flat and very rich, but is surrounded with dry hills and sagebrush.

Willie went off, said he was a going down on the river and would be back to night and for me to have dinner for him against 12 o'clock tonight. That man went with Pa up here in the timber in a canyon. Pa says if he can get a house there he is a going to move up there and take a claim close by. They are that is some one is a going to put a saw mill up in that canyon. Says if he can get work there at the mill this winter he will work there and get lumber and build a house on the claim he takes. Harrison says he is a going to take him a claim too but I don't know where. Mr. Murphy has took a notion to go to Grand Ronde and stay this winter. He says he likes the Valley, this part it, but he wants to send the children to school this winter. There is a school house here in Camp Harney or a house where they have been teaching. They are going to build a new school house this fall, so they say, but he thinks if he takes a claim he would be too far away to send to school. There is a school house at Burns. That's a town about 15 miles from here and that is all that I have heard of. Pa wants me to teach school here in Camp Harney this winter. Mr. Marshall is one director and Pa said he thought he could get me the school but I don't want it. He told me this morning before he started off if he got the school for me I had to teach. I don't want him to get it. I am a fraid he will. As I just got through washing I thought I would write a while and I am so tired guess it's about time I was quitting. Martha had several bad spells this morning and nearly fainted. She seems all right now. She often has them. I said often; every once in a while. When the men come back Pa and Alvin Parker they said they had pumpkin pie for dinner. Pa said guessed we would move up there in a canyon. Guess he can get the house we went to see. The man that owns the house, Mr. Dunlap, he is going to the Will----- [Willamette?] in a few days to stay all winter.

September 24, 1885, Thursday. A week ago today we arrived in the Valley. Pa, Harrison, Alva and Alvin Parker, they went to look at the country again. Alva come back first, came in and got his overcoat. The first thing he was nearly froze. There came up a wind storm, the dust blew and turned real cool. We got a late dinner and just before we got through eating Alvin came in. Said he was in a rain in the canyon. Did not rain any here. Mr. Marshall was here for dinner. Alvin said that Pa and Harrison went a hunting. Morna and I slept together in the wagon. We slept together in our wagon night before last and last night, too.

# OREGON



# HISTORY

FORT HARNEY, ON THE FORMER MALHEUR INDIAN RESERVATION WAS NAMED FOR GEN. WM. S. HARNEY, WHO TOOK COMMAND OF THE MILITARY DEPARTMENT OF OREGON, SEPT. 13, 1858.

THE FORT WAS ESTABLISHED AUG. 10, 1867, AND BECAME A PERMANENT MILITARY POST BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT. THE FORT HARNEY MILITARY RESERVE OF 640 ACRES WAS CREATED ON JAN. 28, 1876, ON SEPT. 13, 1882, THE PRESIDENT RESTORED TO THE PUBLIC DOMAIN ALL OF THE MALHEUR INDIAN RESERVATION EXCEPT 320 ACRES OF THE FORT HARNEY MILITARY RESERVE, AND ON MAR. 2, 1889 HE RESTORED THE REMAINING 320 ACRES AND THE FORT WAS ABANDONED. THE FORT WAS LOCATED ABOUT TWO AND ONE-HALF MILES NORTH OF THIS POINT.

OREGON STATE HIGHWAY DEPARTMENT





Fort (Camp) Harney, 1872.  
(National Archives)





Harney City, ca. 1900



Harney School, ca. 1910

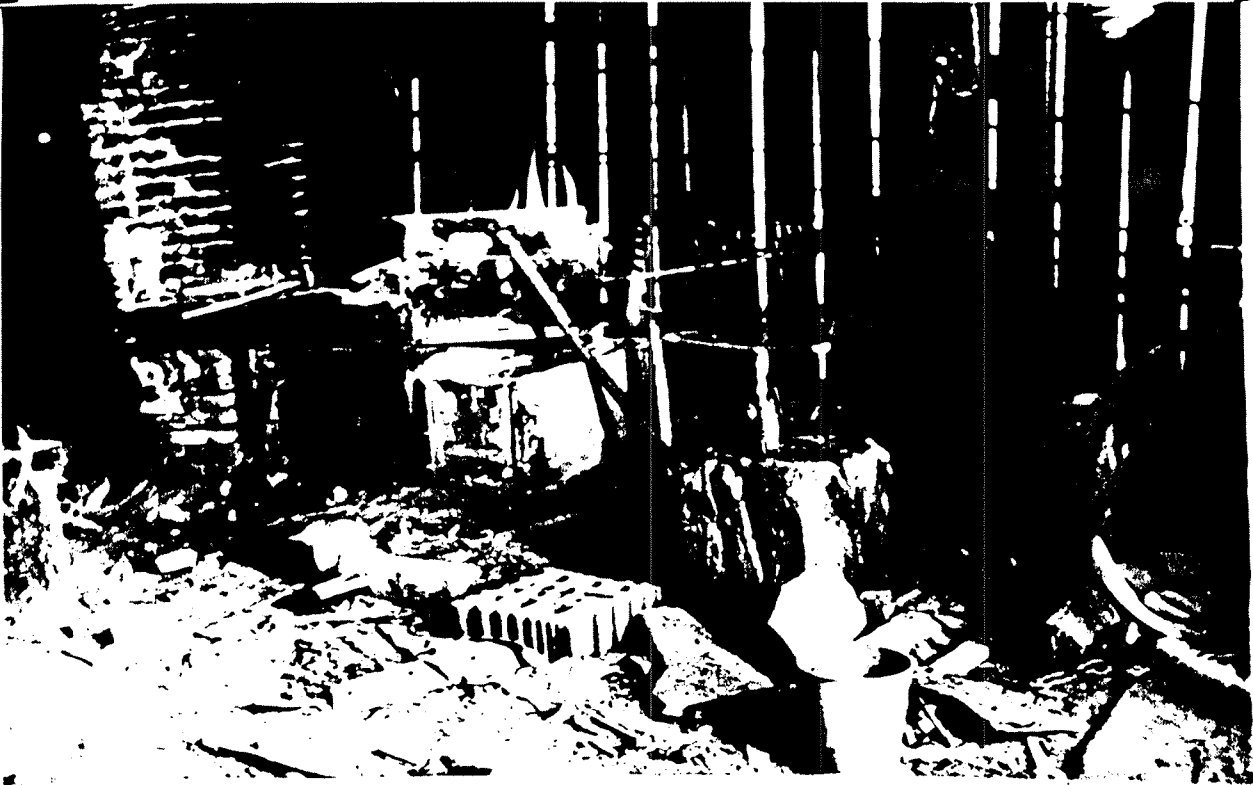


Fred Haines's store at Harney City. The stone building at the far right is the jail. Fred Haines was Charles Haines's brother of the Narrows. The circular sign advertises kerosene. (Verne Bright photo, W.P.A. History Project, 1938, Photo #648, Oregon State Library).



BLACKSMITH SHOP, HARNEY CITY OR. 11/7/38

The Blacksmith Shop of W.W. "Broadie"  
Johnson, Forty Harney & Malheur Indian  
Revervation blacksmith--Harney City, 1938.  
(Harney County Historical Museum photo).



BLACKSMITH SHOP, HARNEY CITY, OR. 11/7/38

Blacksmith Shop of W. W. Johnson, Harney  
City--1938. (Harney County Historical  
Museum photo, Burns, Oregon).



The last of Harney City, along U.S. Highway 20  
twelve miles east of Burns, Oregon.

"Leave the slip rails down,  
They don't matter much now,  
For there's none but the crow  
left to see."

--From Gordon Bok's  
"Broken Down Squatter"  
Folk-Legacy Record No.  
FSI-54, Bay of Fundy.

September 25, 1885, Friday. Harrison left for Grand Ronde. Started before dinner. He is riding one of his mules. Willie stayed until after dinner. The reason Harrison started first was he is a going up by the post office. Before we got up from the table Parker came in and just then Mr. Murphy started before I was done eating. I got up from the table to bid them good by and I did not eat any more after that and after dinner Willie left. Seems like they are all going to leave. Oh, how lonesome I will be. I can just look over to where their wagons stood and think I ought to see them. Morna and I slept up stairs last night. It's the first time she has slept in a house since she left Mo. and it's the sec. time for me for we stayed all night at the hotel in Lincoln, Neb. Oh, I wish Morna was here. I am so lonesome without her. We have been together for so long. I never expect to see her again. Pa is talking of going to Grand Ronde this fall. I would like awful well to go along but I know I won't get to.\* Pa said this evening he wanted me to teach school this winter but I don't want to. I have an idea that this will be a lonesome winter for me.

September 26, 1885, Saturday. I slept upstairs by myself last night. Ma and Martha said they would not a slept up there by their selves. Mr. Alvin Parker started this morning for Grand Ronde. His family is in Kansas and they are coming out and they are going to winter in Grand Ronde this winter. He called me Sis and Pa Uncle, and Mr. grandma. Pa went up into the mountain today. We was a looking for John Parker home today but he did not come. He left Tuesday morning and has not been back since. They are going to put a saw mill there above the post. Pa is now talking of going there and work this winter and get out enough lumber to build a house in the Spring. I don't know yet what he will do. Guess he don't know exactly himself.

September 27, 1885, Sunday. This is the sec. Sunday for us in Harney Valley. Last Sunday we was camped there by Marshalls and Murphys was there with us. Now they are on their road to Union Co. There is lots of sage brush here on this ranch. There is none where by Mr. Marshalls. Not even a brush. This is a nice sunshiney morning. Pa went to the mountain today. Mr. Marshall came over this morning and went with him. They will be gone several days. They are going on a hunt and look at the country. There is another man a going with them. They don't pay any attention to Sunday in this country. They work on Sunday the same as any other day. We are looking for Mrs. Marshall over today. Mr. Marshall said she was a coming but she has not come yet. Mrs. Marshall came about noon. Mintie

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\*Is this a hint of protest? A woman's being thrust to the background of men's lives; no matter her capabilities, desires or merit?

came while we was a eating dinner. Martha was not very well today. She stepped out on the door step this morning and fainted. I never seen any one so excited as John Parker. He went to get some water and just made his legs fly a round. I could hardly keep from laughfing.

September 28, 1885, Monday. Martha washed some today. John Parker got her to wash some things for him. I washed some for Alvin Parker last week.

September 29, 1885, Tuesday. Martha was not very well today. Was patching most of the time today.

September 30, 1885, Wednesday. John Parker instead of going through Martha's room this morning he crawled out of the window. He went over to Mr. Carterson's for some milk before breakfast and just as he got back Alva was a starting after Mrs. Hausers.\* Martha was sick. I set down to the table and fed Daisy while John eat his breakfast. We did not talk much. He went off to town as soon as he had breakfast. It is dark now and he had not come back yet. Martha has a fine boy. It weighs 9 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. Looks like Daisy used to when she was little. Pa and Mr. Marshall come while Martha was sick and while I was setting the table for dinner John Ball come. Mrs. Hausers had left long before John got here. Mrs. Marshall come just as I was a finishing up the dishes and stayed until nearly dark. She come a-horse back and her pony got loose and went back home. Avla went after her.

October 1, 1885, Thursday. Pa, Alva and John Ball went today. Started after dinner to look at the country, is going to be gone a day or so. We washed today nearly all day. Did not get the clothes hung out until nearly dark. Ma is nearly sick.

October 2, 1885, Friday. I ironed all forenoon. The baby was sick last night. Ma and I slept in the house. I did not sleep much for I had to up and down with them. Martha sent John Parker after Mrs. Hausers this morning to come see what she thought best to do for the baby. I carried water and washed this afternoon and ironed this evening again. Ma was sick all day. Was in bed and Daisy was so cross we could hardly live. I did not get to bed until 11 o'clock. I give Ma a dose of salts tonight and Martha about half a teacup of oil, and I have given her a dose of oil this morning and I did not sleep much with them. The baby and Daisy nearly sick.

October 3, 1885, Saturday. I don't think I slept more than 2 hours if I did that, last night, and no more than that night before. I laughfed nearly all night at them last night. Mr. Parker left this morning before breakfast. Went to where

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\*Midwife/nurse.

they are going to put the new saw mill. Washed some more today. Carried the water before breakfast. Just as I had dinner about ready George Marshall come and stayed all afternoon. Mrs. Hauser was here a while today. Mr. Parker come back this afternoon. Pa and Alva and John Ball come in after dark and had had no supper so I had to get supper. I was so tired I did not know what to do. George was here for supper and they all had just so much to talk about and it was after 12 about half past before they went to bed.

October 4, 1885, Sunday. They brought in a big fat deer last night. John Ball killed it. The sick are all better except Ma. She is better by spells. Mrs. Hauser come over again this morning too. They stayed quite a while this time. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall and the three youngest children come over today in the wagon. Alva and John Ball took John Ball's team and wagon and took John Parker this morning to town. I guess he is going to work at that new saw mill and they took his bed up there. I spilt some hot greese all over the back of my hand Friday morning while I was getting breakfast. There was blisters every place where the greese went. Is getting well now. We put Ma's bed in the room Mr. Parker slept in. We put the bed in there this evening.

October 5, 1885, Monday. There is a gathering commenced coming on my thumb Saturday. Keeps getting worse. I washed and ironed today. Pa and John Ball went to Burns this morning. That is 15 miles from here. Ma is so she could be up all day today. The rest of the sick are better. My thumb was so I could not wipe the dishes this evening. I slept out in the wagon last night by myself. The rest of the folks slept in the house. I am going to sleep in the wagon to night. We named the baby yesterday evening. Alva wanted to call him Charley. I said his name had to be Lewis after Pa so they said they would call him Charley Lewis. Alva said it shouldnt be Charles. Had to be Charley. Getting so dark will haft to quit writing. Pa and John has not got back yet. Alva had just got back from Mr. Marshalls. He went after sour milk to make bread. Mrs. Marshall furnishes us in milk for to make bread. She brought us a two lb. roll of butter yesterday and give us. George made Pa a present of a pair of buck skin gloves when he come over Saturday.

October 6, 1885, Tuesday. Pa and John got back last night. They had went to Burns for the numbers of some of the vacant land around here and all three of them went today to look at some land on Cow Creek. They got back before dark. They said that they was going to move the p.o. down to the lower town today. I washed again today.



October 7, 1885, Wednesday. The baby is a week old today. Mrs. Hauser was here a while today. I washed again today. Martha has set up most of the day today. And a part of the day yesterday. Pa, Alva and John Ball went to Burns again today. It is getting dark and they have not come back yet.

October 8, 1885, Thursday. They did not go to look at any land today. I done all of the week's washing today. Mrs. Hauser was over here a while.

October 9, 1885, Friday. They went to look at some land today. Alva filed on a piece of land when he was at Burns. I ironed today.

October 10, 1885, Saturday. Pa and Alva went up in the timber today to look at the timber and they took their guns with them and killed two deer. John stayed here most all day.

October 11, 1885, Sunday. Pa, Alva and John went to look at some land today. Guess it's on Cow Creek. It's east of town about 6 miles. Ma went with them as far as Marshalls. Martha and I stayed at home all day. John Parker was here a while. They did not get home until after dark. They said Will Marshall had got home last night.

October 12, 1885, Monday. Martha and I washed a few things today. Pa, Alva and John went up to the saw mill today. Pa is talking of taking a preemption [claim] there.

October 13, 1885, Tuesday. We ironed today. The men folks all went back up in the timber today. Pa shot off his gun yesterday morning before they went off and got one of his eyes hurt. Got powder in his right eye. Said he seen a deer yesterday but could not kill it because he could not see out of that eye to shoot. Martha says she guesses she will call her boy Norman Lewis.

October 14, 1885, Wednesday. When they came home last night they brought a big deer with them that Pa had killed. I went a visiting today. Went to Mr. Marshalls. They had moved in their new house yesterday evening. George came home last night. He came over here this evening.

October 15, 1885, Thursday. George stayed all night here last night. Him, Pa and Will Marshall went to Burns today. Martha washed some yesterday and ironed today. Ma and I together done some washing today.

October 16, 1885, Friday. George and Will was here last night until bed time. Pa, Alva and Will all went up to the Saw Mill today. John Ball, he stayed around home. Pa filed on a piece of land yesterday while at Burns, a pre-emption. It's about 6 miles from Harney City--north in the timber. They are talking of moving up there and work at the Saw Mill this winter. Martha says she is now going to call the boy Charley. Mr. Price come today and got his stove and some other things they had left here. They used to live in this house last winter and they moved over on the John Day country. I ironed today.

October 17, 1885, Saturday. Martha washed some today and ironed some this evening.

October 18, 1885, Sunday. 5 months ago today that we started to move from Mo. Alva and John took the horses down on the island and left them all there except one of John's and Alva's. John Parker was here today. George was here nearly all day and until bed time.

October 19, 1885, Monday. John Parker come here this evening to get some of his clothes. There is a dance in town tonight and he was going. Pa was over to Mr. Marshall's today to help Will. Martha washed today.

October 20, 1885, Tuesday. Martha washed a few more things today. Pa, Will and George Marshall took a wagon and went off hunting this morning. They intend to be gone several days. Martha says she will now call the boy Eddie. Eddie Lewis. She says this is its name.

October 21, 1885, Wednesday. The baby is 3 weeks old today. Martha washed today. Ma is sick and is not able to set up. John Parker come this morning to help John and Alva build a corral. They are building for him.

October 25, 1885, Sunday. George and Will was here this morning. They started to Canyon City today. George has gone after our licence.\* Pa took Ma and I to town today and they got my wedding clothes for me and in the evening the men all went up in the Mts. to stay a few days to work on the house they are building up there.

November 8, 1885. We was to go to Burns and get married today but it rained all day. We done the cooking yesterday.

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\*Viola treats her engagement to marry in the same way as any human sexual event or subjects were treated generally in this period, that is, without explanation; abruptly George Marshall went to Canyon City "after our licence."

November 9, 1885. Monday we went to Burns. It rained some. Mintie went with us. George stayed all night here last night. We went to the hotel as soon as we got to Burns and we was nearly froze. We took dinner there and after dinner Mr. Wm Miller married us in the parlor in Cowley's Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Cowley and their two hired girls and Mintie was all that was present. After we was married we started home. Did not get home until after dark. Mr. and Mrs. Burns and their two children John and Ada and all of George's folks was there. We had supper. They all did not leave until nearly 12 o'clock.

November 14, Saturday. We went to George's Pa's today. The men went off to look at some land. Ma went with us and Martha was washing and crying because she was left alone. George went to haul a load of hay and when we got home it was nearly dark and she was gone. She had taken the children and went to Hauser's and was mad when she got back because she did not get to go with us. She told me what she thought of her for it.

November 15, Sunday. We are going to start to the P Ranch this afternoon.

November 20, Friday. We got home tonight. Rained this evening. We stayed all night Sunday at Jor Rector's at Crow Camp and Monday night we camped out there by Happy Valley. Got in to the P Ranch Tuesday night. We went by the Diamond Ranch about noon. We made a long drive that day. They have a china cook there. That is the first time I ever eat after a China cook and Wednesday night we stayed all night at the Diamond Ranch and Thursday night we made a dry camp. We camped on the divide between Happy Valley and Harney Valley and Friday night we got home.

November 26, 1885, Thursday. Today is Thanksgiving Day. We started to Grande Ronde and got as far as Marshall's and had to wait on Will to get ready and it was raining and snowing so we went back home to take a new start in the morning. Mintie went home with us. There is some Indians camped there by Hausers and [--- ? ---] and in the willow on Coffee Pot [Creek.] We started to Grande Ronde the 27th of Nov. We got to Uncle Frank Springer's the night of the 10th of Dec. on Thursday night. We had a good time while we was over there. We bought a stove there at Union. Give \$24 for it and got flower and things for winter. What we could hawl Will got some flower and a load of plows. We bought a new wagon over there, while we was

there at Island City. We started back home Dec. the 19th. We spent Christmas and New Years on the road. We went through Rye Valley on Christmas day and on New Years day we was on the other side of the Agency. We got home Jan. the 6. We camped over here on Cow Creek 5 or 6 miles from town the night before we got home. When we got here Pa's and Alva's had moved up in the Mts. by Pages Saw Mill and Pa was building a house not far from town. He had took a piece of road land. They moved in their house the 10th of Jan. on Sunday.

Monday, January 11, 1886. Today is my birthday. I am 21 years old. George and I are going to stay here until he gets lumber hawled down from the Mts. to build our house. He is going to hawl from King's Mill.

February 22. We moved in our house today.

March 7th, Sunday. We went down to the Island today. Bill Gibson and Mintie went with us. We took our chickens and a camp outfit with us. George has took 6 horses from Pete Stringer living in Burns to break to ride and we went down to the Island to stay while he broke them.

We got back the 12th day of April. We was gone 5 weeks. Mintie and Bill stayed with us nearly all the time. One of Stringer's horses hurt its self on the corral fence. Only lived 4 days afterwards. Alva's moved down from the Mts. a day or so after we went down to the Island and they built a house and they moved the next day after we came off of the Island. We was stopping in Gibson's house while we was on the Island. Martha is having trouble again with her neck. She looks worse than she did last Spring. Uncle Tom Sewardshas sold out there in Mo. and are coming here this Spring. They are coming on the Oregon Short Line there at Union. They will stop and come on here with Harrison's. We look for them in April and May and on till they get here. Got at Harney 22d day of May. Left Steens Mountain July the 3--1886. Tom and Cora come back on a visit to Harney on the 11, 1887. Started home Feb. the 6.

We was married on the 9th of Nov. 1885. Our little girl was born on Nov. 4th, 1886. Uncle Toms come here on the 23 of May 1886. Uncle Franks got here on the 20th of June, 1886. George went to haying on the 18th of June. George started to Grande Ronde after a load of freight on the 1st day of Sept. Was gone 3 weeks. George started to Huntington on the 6th of June, 1887 with a load of wool. Mary and Eck got here on the 4th of June,

87, the day Elmy was 7 months old. We named our girl Elmy Loella. We went down to the Island the last of June. Bill, Mintie and us all camped out while they put up hay. We come back home the middle of August. We started to Ontario the last day of August. We got there the 6th of Sept. We was gone from home 2 weeks. We sold our ranch on the 22 of April, 1888, to Price Withers. We moved to town in Mr. Davis's\* house on the 25 of April. George started to Baker City with a load of wool on the 25th of June. Our girl was born on the 17 of June. Weighed 10 lbs. Elmy weighed 10 lbs when she was born.

Elma Loella Marshall was born Nov. 4th--1886; wieghed 10 lbs.

Pearly Viola Marshall was born June 17th, 1888 and weighed 10 lbs.

Pearlie died Feb. 16th, 1890, aged 1 year and 8 months.

Lewis Goodwin Marshall was born July 27th, 1891, and weighted 9½ lbs.

Edna Georgia Marshall was born June 25th, 1895, and weighed 10 lbs.

Lewis Goodwin Marshall died March 9th--1896, aged 4 years, 7 months and 9 days old.

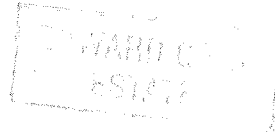
Ida Lucinda May Marshall was born October 26th--1898. Weighed 12 lbs.

May broke out with Small Pox Aug. 1st 1900. Elma and George Marshall both broke out with Small Pox the 1st of June 1900 in Coffee Pot Canyon 2½ miles northwest of Harney City in Harney Co., Oregon.

- End -

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\*Jasper Davis's house?



## EPILOGUE

SEPTEMBER 1884, Jasper Davis, a homestead seeker who saw Harney Valley before the Springers and Swards did, found that he could look from the top of the Crow Camp hills 15 miles east of Fort Harney and was "struck with wonder and amazement to see such a valley, such a vast expanse of level country, covered with nutritious grasses, some as high as a man's head." Davis went to Union, 200 miles distant, for supplies for his family, left camped 18 miles west of Fort Harney on Rattlesnake Creek; and when he returned he built a log house, 14' x 18', "12 rounds high." He completed his house November 27th. In the spring he set out to find a suitable permanent homestead. What he found was that every odd section of the township was held by the Willamette & Cascade Wagon Road Company. Six different 160-acre homestead sites he inspected had been claimed by a single man, who posted them, "I have this day located on this land."

Henry C. ("Hen") Owens, a Eugene City land speculator, Davis discovered, had declared all of Harney Valley to be swamp. Owens swore he had crossed the valley in a boat. So he had, but the boat was aboard a mule-drawn wagon. July 28, 1880, Owens "bought" 121,791 acres of this land from the state of Oregon under its Swamp Land Act of 1870, for a dollar an acre at 20% down, the down payment "promised." Giles French (no relation to Pete French) in his book, Cattle Country of Peter French, wrote, "There was never that much swamp land in Oregon." Davis knew a man, John Ensley, who had to travel 165 miles to Lakeview, the nearest U.S. Land Office at the time, to bring proof that the land he wished to file a homestead claim upon, was not swamp.

The settlers found opposition and militant hostility to any claim they made from the French-Glenn Company of California. Peter French and Hugh Glenn were holding 15,000 acres of the choice Donner und Blitzen River Valley. Thousands of acres were fenced without the formal niceties of making legal applications. In 1880 French had 30,000 acres of public land under his illegal fences. Early government surveyors found illegal fences in the Steens Mountain area (that of Peter French), the Alvord Desert (of John Devine) and Catlow Valley (John Catlow and David Shirk).

January 1st and 7th, 1889, Todhunter and Devine received deeds --not patents--to 34,858 acres of alledged swamp land in the Silvies River Valley, "...in one bunch," and in one month. April 14, 1877, John Catlow, a "homesteader," acquired 47,000 acres under the Swamp Land Act which he soon sold to the Oregon Stock and Butchering Company for a tremendous profit; and when you drive through from Frenchglen, Oregon, to Denio, ask yourself if this country looks as if it had ever been swamp. You've read what Henry Miller took: the entire Malheur Indian Reservation, from Strawberry Butte to Camp Wright, from the Silvies River to the Malheur, for \$7,000, a la bullhead!

A.H. Robie, Frank McBean and other land speculators and swindlers in 1877 sold French-Glenn 43,000 acres of "swamp" in the Blitzen River drainage. After the sale of such land to bona fide purchasers, it was impossible for the state to recover it. July 30, 1885, the fraud was going strong; E.C. Singlebury and Company obtained 8,700 acres of "swamp" land from Oregon. Remember that all this land was sold for \$1.25 per acre, if the state was paid, and bribe-takers were well paid.

French was famous for his fences. He fenced other men out of their holdings; he fenced them in his property; he fenced the public domain. He moved fences, gates and bridges to prevent others access. He fenced and blocked roads, some of them public roads. He closed the de facto public highway he had used from California in 1872, now State 205 into Nevada. A man named J.O. Bunyard threatened French with his gun, commanded French to unhand his horse's bridles, whipped his team past French with a curse and a shout, "I'll go through or die, Mr. French!"

French attempted in court to prevent the designation and construction of public roads that would benefit settlers.

Harrison Seward, not a man to fool with, settled in Diamond Valley in 1886, every acre of which was ravenously coveted by French. French brought an ejectment suit against Seward, causing him to travel 350 miles to Portland to defend his claim in federal court. May 1897, French sued Alva Springer. When these trials favored Seward and Springer, French appealed, of course, and to make examples of them while the cases were pending, he stepped up his vendetta. Settlers' stock was turned out of enclosures and corrals, hobbled and penned horses were turned loose and run off, leaving isolated families without transportation. Threats were made, fences cut, haystacks burned. Many were "swamped out" by French, as oldtimer Walter F. Scott's father had been. Men's wives begged them to leave.

Harrison Seward was shot at by French from ambush as he rode through Diamond Valley in 1893. Seward swore that French assaulted him with a deadly weapon, but the District Attorney, reluctantly, he said, had to drop the case because of insufficient evidence. In 1891 George A. ("Bub") Smyth, working his land in Happy Valley, was pistol whipped by French buccaroos. Early in his settlement on Malheur Lake, Alva Springer was shot at by French cowboys, hitting his horse in a foot. When Alva galloped out of range of the men's revolvers and returned their fire with a rifle, they fled--south, to "Fort Dolittle." Al Reineman of The Narrows drew his gun on French when French attacked him with a buggy whip. French told Reineman he would "get" him later. George Hill in 1895 and Henry Houston in 1897 were two more homesteaders who were beaten by French and his men. There were reports and rumors that men who ventured into the Blitzen Valley simply disappeared.

Then in 1888 Ed. L. Oliver took out a 160-acre homestead in one of French's "fields." This piqued Mr. French sorely, but it piqued him more every time he saw Oliver cross French land to get to his



home. The County had given Oliver an easement, but this made no difference to French, which occasioned the Daily Oregonian in a news item typically slanted against the underdog to remark that Oliver was one a band of squatters who had been "annoying" French.

As a result of this dispute, and after numerous threats to his life, in a final altercation in the sagebrush field, though French was unarmed and fleeing at the moment, Oliver pulled out his gun and deliberately shot French, killing him. There were seven eye witnesses, all French men, but French was so hated and unpopular that it was impossible to convict Oliver. Lewis Bloomfield Springer, Alva Springer, Harrison Seward, George Marshall and others testified in Oliver's defence. This might have been a dilemma for the good folks. Ed Oliver was a despicable man and the jurors were weak.

In the meantime, a small band of determined men around The Narrows formed a protective association--vigilantes, if you will--later called the 101 Secret Society. Suddenly Pete French lost 800 tons of hay by arson in the summer of 1889. John Devine lost 250 tons in one month. A range fire "broke out" on French land requiring him to bring in a large number of cattle from the higher country and feed them on already poor grass in the valley pastures. Fences were cut, as E.R. Jackman and John Scharff expostulated in their big Steens Mountain book, allowing "drylanders" emaciated stock into rich meadows reserved for winter feeding. Burglaries were frequent, directed at the holdings of the "big men." The 101 Committee disbanded upon the death of Peter French.

All our happy prairie wagoneers wanted was enough land to live on: 160 acres of Homestead or Pre-emption land to farm, perhaps a Timber and Stone Act claim to enlarge their holdings. Some dreamed of one day owning a section. And for every acre of sagebrush sand they attempted to claim, they were harrassed and threatened, some driven off, by "cattle kings" who wanted the whole region and didn't care how they got it. Eventually, and relatively soon, the "big men"

went broke because of poor management: over-stocking and over-grazing the fragile high desert and mountain grass ranges. They turned their herds onto green grass in March, killing it. When the price of beef dropped because of flooded markets, they brought in as many sheep as they could buy, further devastating the grass lands. Giles French, in Homesteads & Heritages, wrote of "The condition of pasture in Morrow County from the Columbia River to the Heppner hills and beyond..."

The dross from years, yea centuries, of tall grass was six inches thick on the ground, so deep that no drop of moisture could run off the land. Not until the thick pad of decaying grass was trampled into powder and the grass eaten that supplied it, was erosion made possible--and that was the beginning of the end. The livestock industry destroyed its own resource.

In Harney County's high arid grass lands there was no such protective "dross," and so the grass disappeared sooner and more finally. Drought was followed by severe winters, decimating the herds. The early cattlemen did not put up hay, depending on the cattle to forage; they starved, froze. Some cattlemen were caught in their past illegal acquisitions and lost their fraudulently gotten gains, often enough snatched up by speculators.

Viola does not mention such commonly known events, feuds and frauds because, like most diaryists, she discontinued keeping her diary after the end of the trek; and, undoubtedly, because she was amply occupied being a housewife and mother and had not been kept well enough informed to comment. But such experiences and conditions were familiar ones to the Springer party.

For awhile the homesteaders held on, but you can see what happened to them; or as recently as a few years ago one could have seen: grass gone, eaten to the dirt, sagebrush in its place; water holes polluted by excessive cattle and springs trampled out until they no longer flowed, the creeks widened and dried; range soil compacted. Poor homestead shacks fading and twisting in the desert sun and wind. Now these, too, are gone. Historical buildings easily preserved have

been allowed to deteriorate and fall into the sand, such as The Narrows post office building. We have only memoirs and a few yellowing Kodak snapshots and newspaper clippings to remind us. In 1978 all that remained of Voltage was a broken water trough.



U.S. Post Office, Narrows, Oregon, June 1951,  
with Charles Haines' Storage Room and school  
in background. (Photo by Mrs. E. R. Griffin,  
copyrighted)



Here is one of those faded snapshots:  
Edwin R. Griffin of the 101 Ranch of  
his father, Gerald Griffin of The  
Narrows.

LATER

THE NARROWS, as the town has always been called, once had two hotels, a large general merchandise store and a separate post office building, two livery stables and a blacksmith shop, later a garage and a filling station, a restaurant, three saloons and a large hall called an opera house. My father once showed silent movies here. George Cawfield, who became a Burns merchant, built the first house and it is the only home standing today, now the ranch house of Doreen and Pat Church. The town had from twenty-five to thirty homes, most of them of single-frame construction with rock foundations. When C.A. Haines's store was closed in 1916, it became the local dance hall. John Crow, rancher of Burns, sold tickets to dances here, as many as 100 a night. For all the years of Prohibition, the basement to the store was a luxurious speakeasy. The pile of rubble seen today beside Oregon Highway 205 is the remains of this store. The small sandstone structure still standing at this writing was a food storage room for one of the hotels. Some have said it was a jail, but there was never a jail anywhere in Harney County except at Burns. The town once had a doctor.

At the same time, across Lake Malheur, the town of Voltage came into being. It was named Voltage by its first postmaster, Walter Botsford, in 1908, who imagined that the Donner und Blitzen River, emptying into the lake, could be harnessed to power a hydroelectric plant that would electrify all of Harney Basin. This little town was where Mary and Alfred Marshall would take up residence, ranching and operating the store and post office.

With her husband away from home much of the time and their older children, Ray and Culver, grown (daughter Iris was only recently about 1932 graduated from Eastern Oregon State College Normal School), Mary spent her days riding the desert and lake bottom searching for Indian artifacts. They were amazingly plentiful (and still are!), and she

had, over the years, collected and carefully assembled and displayed many thousands of fine arrowheads, spear points, obsidian knives and scrapers, mortar bowls and pestles, tools and weapons and worked stones of unknown purpose; baskets, Indian clothing, toys and many items lost or left behind by passing emigrants and starved-out homesteaders traveling the old pioneer roads.

All relics were displayed upon large boards, in picture frames, trays, racks and shelves, tables and in glassed display cases from the old store. It was an impressive collection, filling the large room. Little space was left between aisles and from floor to ceiling. It might have been one of the greatest such collections in the world.

Mary Mashall began her work long before general interest in Indian artifacts collecting became widespread, when people began roaming the desert landscapes, mountains, caves and shores in search of such paleolithic treasures--though some of the earliest settlers took an avid interest in things Native American from the beginning.

The Marshalls admitted the occasional passer-by traveling the dusty road to visit the museum free of charge. She showed a justified pride in her accomplishment.

I saw this collection in the summers of 1932 and 1933. In 1934, when we passed this way again, the collection was gone. We peered into the windows and the building was empty. Mary Marshall and daughter Iris told us a sad story.

When the family was away a few days the collection was stolen. They returned home to find the large room devoid of its contents--all displays, racks, cases, shelves and hangings.

There were other thefts of Indian artifacts collections in Harney County in the 1930s. A few can be documented. George Hughet of Burns wrote, January 1, 1986:

"My folks settled in Harney County in the 1890s, and like the Voltage incident, they had a large trunk full of arrowheads stolen. A similar theft was taken from the Harney County museum here in Burns, and a large haul was made from the home of Hubert Wenzel here in Burns."

Years went by. In 1935 my parents moved from Spokane, Washington, to take up farming near Prairie City, in Grant County, on Jeff Davis Creek, and in 1943 they left the farm to work in Portland's shipyards during World War 2. Here, by an amazing coincidence, we learned more of the fate of Mary Marshall's museum.

During the 1930s, three units of the Civilian Conservation Corps were located on the Malheur National Wildlife Refuge, one of them at the present site of the Refuge Headquarters exactly four miles as the crow flies west of Voltage. When the CCCs disbanded in 1942, the men found other work, some of them in the armed forces and in national defence industries. One of these men who had been at the Refuge was working at the Willamette Iron and Steel Works in Portland, where he met my brother-in-law, who in turn related his story to my parents. In a letter, March 8, 1985, my mother wrote:

"When the CCCs came in, they knew of it, and these people were away for a few days and the entire collection was taken. But years later, Guy was working in the shipyards and got acquainted with a man who was in on the thing, and was bragging about it. They sent the collection to New York and sold it and split the profits."

In the book, Harney County, An Historical Inventory (1978), by Royal Jackson and Jennifer Lee, under "Voltage," the authors describe a type of mail fraud that was prevalent along the stagecoach and freight wagon roads in the early days of the century. Parcel post was a major source of post office revenue and so it was promoted, which "...provided the opportunity and motivation for the falsification of postal records, resulting in more than a few charges of fraud. A Mrs. Alfred Marshall, with her husband, operated the Voltage post office from 1918 to 1936, was arrested and tried for this form of illegal activity. The post office was closed in 1936..."(sic).

Alfred Marshall was charged with two counts of paying for merchandise with postage stamps belonging to the post office, and one count of making false reports to the post office department.

This episode was reported carelessly by Harney County informants, the Free Press of Burns, and authors Jackson and Lee. The Free Press of November 24, 1933, reported:

FEDERAL COURT JURY FOUND A.L.MARSHALL  
NOT GUILTY LAST WEEK

Alfred Marshall, Assistant Post Master at Voltage, was tried before Judge McNary and a jury in federal court at Portland, the trial lasting from Wednesday of last week until Friday evening. He was charged with two counts: with paying for merchandise with postage stamps; and one count with making false reports to the Voltage post office. The first two counts of the indictment were dismissed on motion of the defendant, for the reason that the government had failed to prove the stamps so used for the purpose of merchandise were obtained from the post office department. The third count, however, went to the jury, and after many hours of consideration, it returned a verdict of not guilty.

The indictment against Mrs. Marshall\* as postmistress at Voltage, being substantially the same as the indictment against Mr. Marshall, was thereupon dismissed by Judge McNary upon motion of the government.

In this manner, both the Marshalls were exonerated from any wrong doing in connection with the post office.

**In fact, all three charges were made against Alfred Marshall, none against Mary Marshall, and all three went to the jury, which quickly acquitted him.**

The post office at Voltage was closed July 31, 1933, because of insufficient patronage.

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\* Mary Marshall's first name was not mentioned in the Free Press because the Burns informants did not know it; it was not mentioned by Jackson and Lee in Harney County, An Historical Inventory, because they did not know it. The Times-Herald's eulogy of L.B. Springer, February 15, 1935, stated that "Mrs. Viola Marshall" was his survivor because they did not know her husband's first name.



The business of this trial took Alfred and Mary Marshall from their home for five days, a circumstance that led to the theft of her museum. The Marshalls left Harney County shortly after these unfortunate experiences, to live out their lives in Imperial Valley, California. The loss of her museum and her life's work so devastated Mary that it led to her early death, so we were told by my grandmother, Mary Griffin, at The Narrows.

I have found only one person who knows anything of Mary Marshall's museum. In a letter from Eileen (James) Cronin, formerly of Burns and La Pine, her brother Bob recalled that this museum, or large private collection, "...belonged to someone in the Springer family."

This is the story of Viola Springer, a pioneer girl of twenty who drove one of her father's covered wagons from Princeton, Missouri, to Harney Valley in 1885, and of her sister-in-law, Mary Stafford-Marshall, who established Harney County's first historical museum.

END

IN MEMORY

Times-Herald, Burns, Oregon, February 15, 1935

L.B. SPRINGER, 95, ESTEEMED PIONEER, PASSES AT HOME  
Lewis Bloomfield Springer passed away at his home at Narrows Friday morning, February 15, 1935, at 2 o'clock. Mr. Springer was born April 22, 1840, in Illinois. He is survived by two children, a son, Alva Springer of Narrows and a daughter, Mrs. Viola Marshall, of Imperial Valley, California. Funeral services at 2:30 o'clock from the Clevenger Chapel by Rev. Samuel Harris of the Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Springer came to this country in the early days and was quite active until recent years when infirmities of age prevented his following his usual vocations around the ranch. During his declining years he was cared for by his son, Alva Springer, who lived on the border of Malheur Lake.

\* \* \*

So fare you well, now,  
Farewell, Brother,  
Fare you well.

--Billy Edd Wheeler



Lewis Bloomfield Springer:  
April 22, 1840, Ill.--Feb. 15, 1935, Narrows, Oregon.  
Member: Grand Army of the Republic,  
Civil War.

NOTES

1. This story is based upon my own experiences while visiting and traveling in Harney County, and data taken from Post Office records, court records, newspapers, Viola Springer's diary (held in Special Collections, University of Oregon Library), and other published accounts.
2. The Malheur Indian Reservation was occupied by white squatters and cattlemen and their considerable herds of cattle, mules and horses from its inception and until it was withdrawn in spite of Indian Agents', the Army's, and civil court orders to remove the stock. The presence of thousands of these animals destroyed the pastures and gardens of the Indians and became the major reason the Paiutes joined the Bannocks in their war in 1878. This gave the settlers and the U.S. government the opportunity they had long awaited and conspiratorially manipulated to close the reservation and put it back into the public domain, opening it up to white settlement.
3. The post office at Voltage was established August 28, 1908, its first postmaster Walter Botford. It was discontinued July 31, 1933, closed out to Narrows. The Narrows post office was established April 6, 1892, was first called Springer, after Lewis Bloomfield Springer, its first and only postmaster. It was then called Narrows, for the geographical location between Malheur and Harney Lakes, its first postmaster being Albert Hembree. The office was discontinued August 31, 1931, papers to Voltage. It was re-established July 17, 1933, and discontinued finally April 30, 1936, mail to Princeton. Mary Griffin,

my grandmother, was postmistress in 1915. The post-date stamp had become lost and so she cancelled stamps with a smudge of ink from her thumb.

4. Historical information, land fraud and cattle data, etc., have been taken from such publications as the following:
  - Simpson, Peter K., A History of the Cattle Industry In Southeastern Oregon, 1869-1912, Ph.D. dissertation, University of Oregon, 1973.
  - Lo Piccolo, Margaret J., Some Aspects of the Range Cattle Industry In Harney County, Oregon, 1870-1900, M.A. thesis, University of Oregon, 1962.
  - J.Orin Oliphant, On The Cattle Ranges of the Oregon Country, Seattle, University of Washington Press, 1968.
  - J.Orin Oliphant, "Encroachments of Cattlemen on Indian Reservations in the Pacific Northwest, 1870-1890," an extension of a paper presented at a session of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association at Rock Island, Illinois, on April 24, 1948; Department of History Library, Bucknell University.
  - Brimlow, George, Harney County, Oregon, And Its Range Land, Portland, OR, Binford & Mort, 1951.
  - French, Giles, Cattle Country of Peter French, Portland, OR, Binford & Mort, 1965.
  - French, Giles, HOMESTEADS & HERITAGES: A History of Morrow County, Oregon, Binford & Mort, 1971, page 48.
  - Jackman, E.R., and John Scharff, Steens Mountain In Oregon's High Desert Country, Caldwell, ID, Caxton Printers, 1968.
  - History of Baker, Grant, Malheur and Harney Counties, Oregon, Chicago, Western Historical Publishing Company, 1902.
  - Helbock, Richard W., Oregon Post Offices, 1847-1982, Raven Press, Lake Oswego, OR, 1982, 1985.
  - "Secrets of the Round Barn," William Kittridge, American West, Sept/Oct 1983.
  - Dictionary of Oregon History, Howard McKinley Corning, Editor, Binford & Mort, 1956, 1989.

- Jackson, Royal, and Jennifer Lee, Harney County, An Historical Inventory, Gail Graphics, Burns, OR, 1978.
- Ferguson, Denzel & Nancy, Oregon's Great Basin Country, Maverick Publications, Bend, OR, 1978.
- Scott, Walter F., Pan Bread 'N Jerky, Caxton Printers, Caldwell, ID, 1958.
- Davis, Jasper, President, Harney County Land Board, "Harney County As It Appeared in 1884 and 1906," Chamber of Commerce Bulletin, March 1907, Portland, Oregon.
- Office of Postmaster General, Washington, D.C., 20260.
- National Archives & Records Adm., Washington, D.C., 20408.
- The Free Press, Burns, Oregon.
- The Oregonian, Portland, Oregon.
- Griffin, Dorsey, Starting At The Narrows, unpublished manuscript, c. 1990, Netarts, Oregon.

5. Letter, Mrs. Edwin R. Griffin to Dorsey Griffin, April 8, 1991:

"I remember very plainly the store building where Mary Marshall had her Indian relics. It was her own collection.

"It was an old store building with a false front like they all had. Empty except for her collection. She said when she came to the Oregon country after her marriage that her husband was away a lot working. And she was lonely and a stranger so she spent her time riding her horse and looking for Indian relics. It was by no means a small collection. There were tablesful out in the middle of the store and the heavier pieces were on the floor. Then there were shelves on each side with smaller things. I especially recall the stone dolls about ten or so inches tall. She had nothing in the house [no Indian artifacts, that is]. It was all out in the store.

"We stayed there over night and we slept in a nice spare bedroom off the kitchen. Her daughter lived with her and they were going somewhere the next day. I remember her daughter ironing a dress and we all left at the same time. Her

daughter was about seventeen or so.\* The house was rather large, nice and well furnished."

Signed, Mrs. E. R. Griffin

6. The indictment against Alfred Marshall by the United States was briefly as follows, from the complete trial record:

- Count One: On or about October 10, 1932, used \$3.00 worth of postage stamps to purchase merchandise from Wulff Hardware & Implement Co., in Weiser, Idaho, "contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided and against the peace and dignity of the United States of America."
- Count Two: Same as above. On or about the 10th of December, 1932, for the amount of \$5.90, to Sears-Roebuck Co., Seattle.
- Count Three: On or about December 31, 1932, "...wrongfully, unlawfully and feloniously did assist in making and caused to be made a false return, statement and account to the Postmaster General of the United States for the purpose of increasing the compensation of the postmaster of the Voltage post office..." for the month of November, \$31.18, and for the month of December, \$52.80, "whereas in truth" the amount for November was \$8.33, and for December, \$14.84, "with the intent and for the purpose of fraudulantly increasing the compensation of the postmaster of said post office."

October 27, 1933, a bench warrant was issued for the arrest of Alfred Marshall, bail fixed at \$2,500. He was arrested in the lobby of the Portland Hotel, released on property bond October 31, 1933.

U.S. Attorney was J.W. McCulloch, defence attorney was H.V. Schmalz, Burns. Trial was set for November 15, 1933. Two witnesses were subpoenaed for the defence at government expense since Marshall was by now "destitute and without means." Sidney Comegys of Narrows

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\* This was Iris. She attended Eastern Oregon State College from September, 1929 to May, 1931.

was one witness and Luree Marshall\* of Narrows was the other.

Marshall proved that it was in fact Comegys who, December 1932, sent mail to the Voltage post office for distribution to patrons of the post office at Voltage and that Marshall did not make false reports as alledged. Luree Marshall testified that she and not Alfred Marshall sent \$3.00 in postage stamps to Wulff Hardware & Implement Company, and that Marshall had nothing to do with the stamps. Etc., Sears-Roebuck Company.

On the 15th of November, 1933, Judge John H. McNary presided. Jurors were: Robert Forbis, T.A. Roots, O.L. Craton, Charles F. DeReamer, Wallace R. Telford, Lloyd M. Root, Percy C. Cafee, A.D. Weir, Henry L. Kuck, W.H. Palm, Charles F. Clayton, and Carter Carson, "...twelve good and lawful men of this district."

The trial took place through short periods of November 15th, 16th and 17th. On November 18th, 10:00 A.M., the jurors returned their unanimous verdict: NOT guilty on all counts.

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\*Luree was the wife of Ray Marshall, oldest son of Alfred.



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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES  
FOR THE DISTRICT OF OREGON

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, )

vs. )

A. L. Marshall, )

Defendant )

C-14256

V E R D I C T

We, the Jury duly impaneled and sworn to  
try the above-entitled cause, do find the defendant,  
A. L. MARSHALL,

*Not* Guilty as charged in Count One of  
the Indictment,

*Not* Guilty as charged in Count Two of  
the Indictment, and

*Not* Guilty as charged in Count Three of  
the Indictment herein.

Dated at Portland, Oregon, this 17 day  
of November, 1933.

  
Foreman