

fires. She started the fire that burned the church-school. Alone, she was burning dry grass around the church when the fire got away, consuming the building, probably a small, bare one. It was never rebuilt. Only the cemetery remained, and still does. It is on a hill north of Clackamas, west of the railroad and east of 82nd Ave..

Some years later she burned their own house down, inadvertently. It was said that she liked a warm house and dreaded returning home to a cold one. One cold day, after stoking the heater to insure a warm house upon her return, she walked a half mile south to her daughter-in-law's house for a visit. Apparently from an over-heated stove, her own house caught fire and burned to the ground.

MARSHFIELD BECOMES CLACKAMAS

Back in Indiana Wm. T. had served in the legislature, run a dry goods store and a hog business in Belleville, and participated in platting and developing towns - notably Danville and Pittsboro, all in Hendricks County, south of Indianapolis. It isn't surprising, then, that he did so in Oregon. *In 1852 he filed a plat of the Town of Marshfield - some 30 half acre lots, most of which were divided in half to 74.3' x 148.6'. The streets were 66 feet wide.

In a hurry to get a town started to provide customers for his lumber and flour mills and for the store which he was soon to build and operate, he gave the lots away to people who could assure him that they would build and occupy a house within a year. In the early 1870s there were still plenty of people who were desperate for home sites, especially free ones.

But the houses couldn't be any flimsy shacks. They must be of sawed lumber and 16 feet square, with a floor, a door and two windows. Most unusual was a restriction against the sale of alcoholic beverages on the properties. That restriction held for 100 years.

A few years later, upon applying for a post office named Marshfield, he found that another community in Oregon had already used that name. He then chose Clackamas, after the nearby river and Indian tribe of that name.

Relations with the Indians were amicable. Although the whites were wary of the natives at first, they soon learned that the Indians were peaceful and friendly, often hungry. When the tribe was decimated by measles, the pioneers helped them in every way they could.

They had to become accustomed to the Indians' strange ways. Probably the most difficult was the Indian tendency to walk into their homes without any notification. At first the whites were fairly startled "out of their wits." For the most part, the natives continued to live as they always had. Their numbers were so depleted by the white man's diseases that war was impossible. Their sole concern was survival.

ENTER THE NEWBILL, CRAGHEAD, TALBERT FAMILIES.

We left these families in Pettis County, Missouri, near Lamonte,

* Not filed until 1870. KH.

(Insert)

The following pages "Chapter 1" were written by Dorothy in the spring of 1977. Obviously, she planned to continue with it - but, somehow, never did. I found it 3 months after her death while emptying our house preparatory to selling it and moving. Her biography had just been completed and photocopied. Yet, this is too personal, too much like Dorothy to omit. So, I'm adding it as an insert - in the most appropriate spot I can find - Ken, July 23, 1986

John Glenn Newbill and his wife, Jincy Hawkins Estes, had come with their family from well established Franklin County, Virginia to Missouri about 1832.

As tobacco culture soon depleted the soil, new land was always needed. Perhaps this was the motivation for leaving Virginia. Perhaps it was the spirit of adventure. And, certainly, cheap land would have been a factor.

Their family consisted of: their sons, Nathaniel Alexander Newbill, 29, unmarried; John Quincy Adams Newbill, 8, familiarly known as "Q". Their daughters: 21 year old, Amanda; Sarah Glenn Newbill, 28, and her husband, William Riley Kemp, and their two children; Regina Maria Roche Newbill, 27, hwr husband, Thomas Alexander Hall Kemp and their children were probably with them but may have come a year or so later when other Kemps migrated to Missouri.

That trip from Franklin county, Virginia to Missouri was probably by boat - mostly floating down the rivers through fairly well settled country where needed supplies and services could be obtained without too much difficulty.

For 20 years now, Pettis County had been home. Nat, Amanda and "Q" had each married there. Nat and his wife, Sarah Swope were the parents of ten children. When 8 years old their second child, John Glenn, had died - just a month after the death of his grandfather, John Glenn Newbill in 1844. Their third son, James Kemp, had died at age 13.

Two months before the death of her father in January, 1844, Amanda's husband, Jonathan Craghead, had died leaving her with four little girls, the oldest eight and the baby one month old.

About 1836 Francis Talbert had brought his family to Pettis County, Missouri from Kentucky, settling in Georgetown near the Newbills. Soon after the death of Amanda's husband came the death of Francis' wife, leaving him with six children, the youngest a baby and the oldest, Elizabeth, about sixteen. In 1847 Francis and Amanda were married and he had become father to Amanda's four girls just as she had become a mother to his six children, to the relief and gratitude of Elizabeth.

There was much illness in Missouri: ague and fever, the usual poxes, measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria, dysentery, and periodic outbreaks of cholera.

Times were hard. There had been a panic in 1837 and recovery was slow. Crops hadn't been good for several years, what with drought, grasshoppers and having to replant because of a wet spring.

Transportation wasn't good. Roads were bogs in wet weather and so badly rutted in dry that wagon travel was difficult. Because of this if farmers had a good crop they might not be able to get it to market.

Besides, Grandma said, the whole country was roused up over Oregon. Every paper and magazine was full of accounts of Oregon. Every explorer, traveler, adventurer was either writing or lecturing about Oregon. Letters were published from men who had gone to Oregon in the 1840s. Hall J. Kelly called Oregon "the loveliest and most envied country on earth." Missionaries sent back reports of this wonderful country and its need for settlers.

Peter Burnett in his speech at Platte City told of the great crops of wheat that could be raised in Oregon. He pictured enthusiastically the richness of the soil, the wonderful climate, and added, "And they do say, gentlemen, they do say that out in Oregon pigs are running about under the great acorn trees, round and fat and already cooked with knives and forks sticking in them so that you can cut off a slice whenever you're hungry."

Again, according to Jacob Henkle, an Oregon immigrant, "I and others began to talk of the Oregon Country and the longer we talked the bigger it got. So those of us that had the fever, when we would meet, that would be the first thing to talk about - all we knew about Oregon would be when someone came back-by that time it would go through a half dozen hands - the virgin grass would grow so tall in the great Willamette Valley that a man on horse-back could tie it over his head as he rode through it. Cattle would get so fat that tallow candles would grow out on the ends of their horns. It wasn't necessary to plow the ground but once in eight or ten years, and the grain would volunteer right along and reap a bountiful crop and the timber grew so tall that you had to look twice up to see the tops of the trees."

In church, Grandma said, the sermons were about Oregon, and the ministers were preaching that it was the duty of wives to uncomplainingly accompany their husbands to Oregon, the Promised Land. They were promised no cyclones, no floods, no shakes.

The lure of free land was almost irresistible. Politicians held promise of liberal land grants. Oregon offered a good opportunity for young men and a second chance for older.

Now that the fur trade had stopped, trappers and mountain men were available as guides. Earlier immigrants had kept trail diaries that were offered as guides. Societies had been formed to promote Oregon. Meetings were held to discuss the hows and whens of going to Oregon.

For the last few years every day in early spring covered wagons jolted down the road toward Independence and another friend or neighbor was on the way. Farms were for sale all over Pettis county. Sometimes a man went on by himself to find a place for his family, planning to return for his wife and children. Some men hired out to drive ox teams for the more affluent - or to herd cattle across.

Oregon fever was rampant. At every opportunity the men and boys of the Talbert, Kemp and Newbill families joined enthusiastically in discussing every aspect of what emigrating to Oregon would entail.

Each year as the boys grew older they took a more active part in the discussions and cast knowledgeable eyes on the covered wagons that lumbered and creaked along the road, and predicted whether or not that particular one would make it even to Independence. "It's

too big and heavy," one would say judicially. "See, those oxen can hardly pull it along this road even."

Grandma said that when her stepfather, Francis Talbert, came into the kitchen that day with the paper in his hand and slapped it down on the table where her mother was rolling out pie crust, she held her breath. "Manda, girls," he said, "make up your minds. We're going to Oregon in the spring. We can't get any price for the hogs and we haven't enough corn to winter them over. We're selling out."

That very day he had gone the short distance to Nat Newbill's where William Riley Kemp had also stopped by. The men had talked late. When he came home he'd told them: all three families would head west to Oregon just as soon as they could sell out and get ready. Preparations started at once.

The farms had to be sold, as well as all the equipment and stock they would not take with them. Household goods also must be disposed of. Sold for a good price, hopefully. Wagons to be repaired, built or ordered. Everything to be sorted. So little to go and so many treasures to be disposed of.

How did they really feel, what were the secret thoughts of those tree women, the two Sarahs and Amanda? Did they express to each other their fears of this trip, fears they must surely have had? Or did they keep their doubts bottled up and only within themselves admit their reluctance to go?

This picking up and going 2000 miles across a strange land to another strange land certainly wasn't lightly undertaken. It meant a definite parting with family and friends. In all probability they'd never return and any chance of the older family members going to Oregon was remote. Even getting letters was a chancy thing.

The dangers were very real on such a long trip. From five to seven months of travel meant very careful planning. Stories had come back every year of people running out of food, of starvation and near starvation. No one could depend on living off the land. Game was scarce by 1852. It had been depleted by emigrants of earlier years, by hunting parties, by natural wariness now and by Indians who drove it back from the trail to protect their own food supply. If the start were delayed, grass for the animals would be insufficient near the trail - eaten by earlier starters. Later starters had to go farther from the trail to find grass which could add several miles to the day's travel and make them later in the mountains.

There was always danger from the Indians. If they didn't attack the wagon trains they tried to steal the horses at night or stampede the stock. They exacted toll at the river crossings and elsewhere. Just their presence around a wagon train for several hours or days was unsettling and could lead to trouble. And they begged. They were an annoyance at best.

Accidents on the trail were constant. People fell into or out of wagons, breaking bones. Guns went off accidentally. Stampedes were common. For some unknown reason a placid, well-broken ox would suddenly toss up his head, snort, and start on a wild-eyed gallop, and the whole train would take off after him, cattle included. On a stampede like that it seemed best to let the oxen run, for they'd usually go straight ahead until exhausted or the

wagon tipped over or collided with another or an animal fell. More wagons tipped over and more damage was done in trying to stop the oxen. They soon tired of their hard, wild running, but it took hours to calm them and the people down. Some thought it was the wild scent of buffalo that started the oxen off. Then it took a day to repair the wagons.

Weather, too, lead to accidents. Flooded rivers to cross, drownings, animals stampeded by hail storms or thunder and lightning, wagons blown over, tops blown off, wagons mired in the mud. Later on the dust was terrible - and always the fatigue, of animals as well as people.

But worst of all was sickness. Cholera decimated the trains. Dysentery took its toll. The old and young were taken first. But few escaped some illness. These thoughts lurked in the back of the mind - always to be suppressed.

One thing was sure. They couldn't get lost, for the trail, by 1852, was plainly marked with discarded furniture, trunks, boxes, stoves, anything to lighten the load - even food, broken wagons, burnt or partially burnt wagons, rotting carcasses and skeletons of buffalo, oxen, cattle, and some horses. And the graves - marked and unmarked. If the graves weren't well covered with rock or dirt, often the Indians would dig them up and take scalps, or the wolves would dig them up.

And what of the girls? How did they feel? In the Kemp family, in 1852, Susan Jane was 22, Mary Amanda was 19, Martha Marie 16, Sarah Elizabeth 15, Kate 13 and the two little ones, Ann Eliza 9 and Delila Frances 5. Only one boy in that family, John Anthony 20. Eight children.

In the Newbill family of eight children only two were girls. Almedia Catherine was 6 and Mary Emma 3. Jesse Swope was 18, William Leftwich 13, Meridith Adison 11, Benjamin Howard 9, Nat Jr. 5, and Charles Albert just 1.

In the Talbert family Francis' daughter, Elizabeth, was the oldest, 22. His son, Paul 19, Daniel 17, Sarah 15, Francis 14, and Eliza Maria 8. Of Amanda's girls, my grandmother, Sarah Catherine, nearly 14, was the oldest, now that her sister, Nancy Maria Jane had died.* Sarah was always called "Hon", short for "Honey"; and to distinguish the two Sarahs. Mary Elizabeth would be 11 in July and Hopy Ann Powell was 7. Francis and Amanda together had 3 year old Jonathan and 16 month old Thomas Wesley whose twin brother had died in Missouri. In the Talbert family there were eleven children.

In the three families there were twenty-seven* children and six adults. William Riley Kemp was 49 and his wife, Sarah Glenn Newbill was 48. Francis Talbert was 48 and his wife, Amanda Newbill Craghead, was 42. Nathaniel Alexander Newbill was 49 and his wife, Sarah Frances Swope was 36.

For the men and younger children it must have been like a Fourth of July picnic. Excitement, anticipation, high adventure. Sure, there could be problems but they usually happened to the other fellow. With careful planning and good judgment all would be well and the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Perhaps the girls and women were buoyed up, too. But for Amanda at least there was a feeling of apprehension.

* We learned later that she died after they reached Oregon.

All of them were sad at the thought of leaving relatives and friends behind. Over the years more of the Newbills had left Virginia for Missouri. Polly, John Glenn Newbill's daughter by his first wife, with her husband, Luke Parrott and their children had come. John's two youngest sisters, Catherine and her husband, William Burwell Leftwich, and Susan and her husband, James Parberry, as well as his youngest brother, James Milton and his wife, Lucy Blount, were staying behind in Pettis County. Amanda, Nat and Sarah's younger brother, "Q" and his wife and family would be staying behind. So would their sister, Regina Maria Roche, and her family. Her husband, Thomas Alexander Hall Kemp, had died in 1846. Their mother, Jincy, widow of John Glenn Newbill, would be living with "Roche".

The end of Dorothy's "Chapter 1".
I wish there was more. - Ken.

some 25 miles west of Sedalia, the present county seat.

The following is an account of the trip, written by one of its members, Ann Eliza Kemp (Mrs. J. F. Gowdy). We found it at the Oregon Historical Society.

CROSSING THE PLAINS

Personal Recollections of the Journey to Oregon in 1852.

By Mrs. J. F. Gowdy of McMinnville, Sept 1906.

I was born Nov. 23, 1843, in Pettis county, Missouri, near where the city of Sedalia now is, but there was no city there then, the county-seat, Georgetown, was the nearest town from where our farm was.

In the spring of 1852, the spring after I was eight years old, we started to Oregon. We called it "crossing the plains". More people came to Oregon that year than in any previous year or in any year since. They came in "prairie schooners", large, heavy wagons drawn by oxen. Several families would come in one company, or train, with a captain. Our captain was a man who had crossed the plains to Oregon and back, so he knew where to find wood and water, when it could be found, which was not always. Sometimes we had to save water in our casks for a day or two for drinking and cooking. The cattle could drink from a muddy pool or go without.

Our family consisted of my father, mother, 8 children, and three hired men, 13 in all. We had three wagons, two large, heavy ones drawn by three yoke of big strong oxen, and a lighter one drawn by two yoke of oxen, in which we rode, when we rode at all. We walked most of the way, after we got used to it. They never stopped the wagons for us to get in or out. The wagons had broad, flat tongues and we soon learned to hop in or out while they were going along. I do not know how many were in our train. My mother's oldest brother and her youngest sister and their families, and two neighbor men and their families are all I can remember; but there was quite a lot more. I do not know what month it was that we started in or what month we got to Oregon in, but we were six months on the road. People come now-a-days in six days and say, "What a tiresometrip we had". I wonder what they would say if they had been six months on the way in an ox wagon instead of a steam car, with plenty to eat and a good bed to sleep on at night.

Our big wagons had deep boxes packed to the tops with flour, bacon, coffee, salt and sugar. There was room in front for two or three persons to stand on top. The provisions were covered with planks and on the planks were piled bed and bedding and clothes tied up in sacks. In the light wagon there was two trunks full of our best clothes, with bed and bedding and two chairs with various other things. We had crackers, rice, tea and a lot of dried peaches, and apples, and a few other things, luxuries in case of sickness; but a great many people had nothing of the kind, and of course mother would give to them in sickness, so we were soon out of anything of the kind ourselves. We had some jars of strained honey and my oldest sister brought a sugar bowl of peach preserves all the way to Oregon. She said when she put them up that she was going to open them for her wedding dinner, and so she did; but the dear sister died a few months after.

On the back end of the big wagons were boxes as wide and deep as the wagon boxes, with lids. We called them provision boxes. One was full of the provisions we were using on, so we would not have to open the big boxes every meal. The other carried the cooking utensils and table ware, tin plates, jars and cups. We had no stove or table; cooked on an open fire, and spread a table cloth down to eat off of, and sat on the ox yokes for chairs; but before we got here we ate most any way, a piece of bread and meat in one hand, and a cup of coffee in the other, and ate anywhere or how.

I do not know how many cattle we started with. I can remember the names of seven cows. One cow, Pink, a big red cow, was very much opposed to coming to Oregon, and would try to go back; after we got a long way out on the plains one morning Pink was gone, and after we got here they wrote us that she came back home; Mother said she was a sensible cow.

I do not think we had any horses. I know my sister Lib used to ride a mule, and help one of the boys drive the stock.

I had two girl cousins, and one of them had a stepsister, all about my age, and there were several other little girls along. We used to have great times playing together. We would build a little fire away from the big fire and our mothers and big sisters would give us some dough and a slice of bacon. We would twist the dough around a little stick and hold it to the fire, or cook it in the ashes and sizzle the bacon in the fire or hold on a sharp stick before the blaze; then we would go to camp and get a tin cup of coffee, spread it all out on the dusty grass, or leaves, and we would have a fine spread. We would gather up all the bacon rinds we could find and brown them to a crisp and eat them for desert; we would chew sour * dock leaves, or have service, or choke cherries, a kind of wild cherry, very puckery and sour.

When the cows were fresh we had plenty of milk; they killed the little calves. Mother had a churn and we had butter; she would churn ** as we traveled along. But the poor cows could not give milk very long, so bread, bacon and coffee were soon our daily rations.

My brother killed an antelope now and then, and one buffalo, and a deer, and sometimes prairie hens or jack rabbits.

My uncle gave an Indian a straw hat for a little cayuse pony and we girls could ride him two or three at a time, so we would "ride and tie" all day.

Our cooking utensils were some big coffee pots and long-handled frying pans, a baker to bake bread in, a tea-kettle or two. I have one of the kettles now. My mother brought it from Virginia with her.

We had plenty of provisions to last us all the way; but divided with people who were out until we were nearly out ourselves before we got to The Dalles, the only place where we could get anything. So I don't think we children really went hungry and we got so used to the fat bacon and bread we didn't care much, but at first I used to cry for a little piece of lean meat.

* Service berries are small, black, and sweet. KH.

** Sarah Catherine said they just hung the milk in the wagon and it churned itself.

For weeks at a time we had not a stick of wood to make a fire with, and what do you think we had to cook with? We burned "buffalo chips", dried buffalo droppings, you know. The plains for ages had been covered with thousands of buffalo, so the "chips" were thick almost everywhere. They made a very good fire when nothing else was to be had, better than sage brush or grease wood. We had to use grease and sage wood a great deal, and everything tasted of it. The grease wood gave off a thick smelly smoke which permeated everything. And, oh! the dust. When a buggy goes by this time of year we think "Oh! the dust!" but imagine, if you can, what it would be if hundreds of loose cattle were being driven by, and a continuous string of wagons drawn by oxen, hundreds of them were passing all day long. The dust rose in such clouds we could scarcely see a foot or two ahead of us, and when the wind blew sand as it often did, and the dust was alkali dust you can't think how disagreeable it was.

It would sting and cut our faces and almost draw blood. The dust was so hot we girls couldn't go barefoot and when it was cool so we could go barefoot, the prickly pear thorns would run into our feet and make them so sore, they were so thick and covered up with dust we could not keep off of them. Some of them had to go barefoot, they had no shoes, and their feet got so tough and hard they were like sole leather; but I had plenty of shoes.

From the time we left the boundary of Missouri we didn't see a house except at the forts and I think they were all adobe, sod houses, until a few miles beyond The Dalles. There we saw a log cabin without any floor in it. A white man with a squaw wife lived in it. He had a little garden, and sold us (at an enormous price) potatoes about as big as marbles. He sold us fresh beef also, and a kettle of potatoes cooked with a little piece of beef, and bread crumbled in the broth, tasted better than anything I ever ate before or since. But we had to eat very little beef at a time or we would get sick, we had been without anything of the kind for so long.

The odor of dried fish about the Indian wigwams took our appetites for fish; but we thought fresh fish would taste good; but one day we came to a river (the mouth of the Umatilla, I think, but it may have been the Columbia, not the mouth) and there we found a large camp of Indians drying fish for winter; they had piles of fish spread on scaffoldings drying in the sun; that took away the last vestige of our appetites for fish. The little Indian children ran around with a piece of dried fish in their hands. They ate it as if it was a delicious morsel; but we would not have given a slice of salt, fat bacon (although that was almost all we had to eat for months) for a whole, fresh chinook salmon just then.

One time when we were camped, we children went down a broad, well beaten path into a deep hollow. There we found some trees full of the finest choke berries we had ever seen. I was the only one who had on an apron, so I stood at the foot of the tree while the other girls climbed up and threw down the cherries for me to catch in my apron; they threw long limbs and clusters, until we had all we could carry to camp. Then they came down, and we were just going to load up when, on looking around, we saw an Indian boy about our size, coming out of the brush. We were used to seeing Indians all the time, and were not a bit afraid of them; but from some cause the sight of the Indian boy threw us into a panic of fright, and we ran screaming

at the top of our voices. In our fright we could not find the path we had come by, so we scrambled up a rough, humpy, steep path, or the other girls did; I held on to our cherries, and could not use my hands to pull myself up. My cousin, seeing my predicament, came to my rescue (we always stood valiantly by each other in all our scrapes) she told me to throw down the cherries, and taking hold of my hands, helped me up to the top, and we got to camp nearly frightened out of our senses. After a while the boy came along, carrying the limbs of cherries on his arms, with the fine large clusters lying on top. We were not a bit afraid of him then, and went boldly after him for them. He made signs that he would give them to us for a needle and thread that my aunt had. She gave them to him, and he gave back our cherries.

One time we found some elder bushes with berries on them, and the girls made pies of them. I suppose I must have been a piggy and ate too much of them for it made me sick, and I can't eat elder berry pie to this day (if I know it is elder berry). We thought service berries were good also, but now I do not like them.

Once when we were camped my mother and aunt went to a camp near by; the folks were strangers to us; when they came back (they were there all night), they told us a little boy was born there in the night, and his mother was dead. We left them digging her grave. The baby's father's name was Smith, and there was a little girl about three years old named Amanda. Sometime afterward the train Smith was in overtook us and traveled along, and camped near us for some time. The folks who were keeping the baby did not seem to be taking very good care of him. It was hard to take care of the baby under such conditions and the father begged mother to take him; at first she said she could not, but we children begged her to, so she took him. As long as we had, or could get, milk for him he got along pretty well, but when we couldn't get milk it was hard to keep him from starving. She fed him bread soaked in tea or coffee, and at night tied up bread and sugar in a wet rag and put it in his mouth. The baby's father went on ahead of us, and we did not see him again until we came to The Dalles. The baby, (little Sammy) was nearly dead when we got there. It was raining and our tent leaked by that time, so we were all cold and wet. A man had a store in a tent and he told mother to take the baby in by the fire; he had no family, so she went into his tent; how nice it was to get by the stove out of the wind and rain. One day little Sammy died in mother's arms. She dressed him in a pink calico slip, the only decent thing she had to put on him. I thought he looked so sweet. I think he was about four months old. His father took him off and buried him. Then he got an Indian to take Amanda and himself down the river in a canoe; we stood on the bank and watched them go. I never saw Amanda again; but saw her father several times after we came here. One evening we saw a little girl playing with a little lamb, in a camp near ours. We children were wild to see the lamb. My mother and aunt took us over to the camp; the girl's name was Janey Miller; we fairly envied her the pet lamb, but when a few days later we passed the newly made grave of her mother we felt sorry for her. I never saw her again, but Papa John knew her. They stayed a long time at Mr. Brown's, where he lived, and he called her Janey his little sweetheart. Mr. Brown bought the pet lamb, and when I knew him, several years afterward, he had quite a flock of sheep, the progeny of the little lamb that followed Janey across the plains.

The day before the Fourth of July we camped at a place called "Devil's Gate". I do not know where it was, but it seems to me it was a narrow valley with a range of mountains on each side, and a narrow pass between them. We could see snow on a high peak. It looked strange to see snow on the Fourth of July. There was a fine stream of water flowing through the valley, and the grass was thick and green.

My brother killed a buffalo that evening not far, I think, from camp, and the next day he and some more men went up to the mountains hunting and he killed a black-tailed deer. I think some of the other hunters killed deer and mountain sheep. So we had lots of fresh meat in the camp.

A great many folks were camped there, and on the Fourth of July they marched with flags flying, drums beating, and a band composed of several horns, fifes and fiddles.

The fresh meat was divided among every one, and father cut some long, lean strips, hung them over a pole in the sun, and built a fire near so that the smoke blew over it, and dried it. He called it jerked meat.

They had songs and speeches also, and that was our Fourth of July on the plains. The trains kept together for a while but when the cattle began to die, and provisions to get short, the trains all broke up, and it was every fellow for himself, and - well, we will say, good luck to the hindmost.

My uncle, mother's brother, found that himself, wife, seven healthy growing boys, two girls, and two or three hired men, could stow away more bread and bacon than he had any idea of. So he had to push ahead as fast as possible. Father had to let him have flour and bacon to help him out to where he could get a supply, (The Dalles), and he left us and went ahead but my mother and her sister refused to be separated, so they stayed with us all the way through. I think we had to let them have some food, also.

There was so much sickness and so many deaths. The poor cattle, too, died by the hundreds, starved and over-worked, the plains were covered with their carcasses and the air was polluted with their sickening odor. I wonder how any of us lived through it all. Just think of living with a burning fever in a rough jolty wagon, on a big feather bed put on top of a pile of things all jumbled up with nothing between you and the burning sun but the wagon cover in that smothering dust with sometimes not a drop of fresh water for two days and hardly ever a bit from one camping place to another, and it was often a stagnant pool, with nothing to eat but fat, salt bacon, bread and coffee, cooked on a sage brush or grease wood fire. The sage brush smelled like sage, but the grease wood gave off a thick, black pungent smoke with an odor which permeated everything, and with hundreds of fires of it all around, you could hardly see through the smudge. No wonder the graves were thick everywhere around us.

I think we never made more than one dry camp at a time. That is a camp without fresh water, but often the water was a muddy pool hardly fit for the cattle to wet their noses in. We hauled water in wooden casks, and the men carried it in canteens hung over their shoulders. A canteen is a flat, tin flask with a neck,

covered with flannel or felt with loops around them to run a leather strap through slung around the shoulders. When we children were walking and wanted a drink we went to the canteens for it. When we wanted a lunch we went to the boxes on the end of the wagons and those of us who could lift the lids (I was not tall enough to), always found bread and maybe bacon covered with a table cloth on top of the other things.

The poor cattle had a hard time as well as the people; they suffered for water many times. When we would be nearing a stream of water they would smell it a long way off and the loose cattle could not be restrained. They would break into a gallop, and we children would have to scurry to the wagon to keep from being run over. Sister Libbie on her own mule would be flying along in the thick of it all, like a little cowboy (she was only 14 years old); the drivers would have to get in front of their teams and beat them back. Once a lot of teams did run away, ours among them. A man came riding by in a gallop. He had on a pair of buckskin trousers with fringes down the sides, beaded moccasins and was covered over with bells, the bells making a fearful racket and scaring the oxen, and away they went pell mell over the plains. I tell you there was lively times for awhile; pedestrians had to do some lively dodging to keep from being run over, women were screaming at the top of their voices, children crying, and the men running at full speed and swearing to "beat the band", they would say now-a-days. It was a lively mix-up for a while, but when order had been restored out of the chaos, no great harm had been done. Some bumps and bruises and things shook up in the wagons.

Some of the drivers had no mercy for the poor oxen; the whips had long wooden handles with long braided leather lashes called a cracker - and they were scarred and marked all over their almost bare ribs with the cruel blows. Some of the drivers fastened nails in the crackers and then blood was brought trickling down their sides by a blow. One of our drivers fixed his whip that way. But when father found it out he had an interesting interview with him on the subject and when he got through with him, poor Frank felt like he had changed places with his poor oxen. None of our drivers ever tried that again.

My aunt's husband was a good singer, and sometimes after supper when everybody, tired with the strenuous day's travel, would be preparing to lay their weary bodies on their hard beds, he would start up some old Methodist hymn; others would take it up and it would seem like an old-fashioned camp meeting was in progress. It must have fallen like a benediction on their over-wrought nerves. My brother was also a fine singer and my sisters, even down to little me could sing. So brother often started up a song, but he did not always sing hymns. Being lively and jolly, his songs were apt to be the same, but they did people good; also sent people to bed in a good humor.

I was going to tell you about the cattle swimming the river once. When we came to the Snake river, I think it was, the cattle, ours (I don't think anybody's else did) all rushed into the river and swam across. The teams were unyoked and went to the river to drink; they all swam across. My brother and one of the drivers swam over and drove them into the river and they came back all right, but the water was cold and swift and the boys were almost drowned.

I do not seem to remember as much about the latter part of our journey as I do of the first. But I shall always remember The Dalles. A good many people went over the Cascade Mountains, but we with a great many more came down the Columbia river. Those who went over the mountains had a hard time; the road was not much more than a rough trail; the oxen gave out and they were nearly starved. At one place called Laurel Hill they had to tie ropes around the hind axle of the wagons and wrap it around the trees near the roadside and let the wagons down with the men hanging on to the ropes to keep the wagons from running over the oxen. But they had pure air to breathe and pure water to drink, while we on the river had neither.

The Dalles looked like the jumping off place with no place to jump in but the river. I saw a statement in the Oregonian a day or two ago that there was a small cluster of log cabins there then, but I do not remember seeing even a log cabin when we were there. I have written about seeing a cabin the other side of The Dalles, where a man lived with a squaw wife. His name was Nathan Olney. His squaw wife died and he came to Salem while we lived there. He was a fine looking man finely dressed. He came to our house several times and they used to tell my oldest sister that he was looking for a white wife, but she gave him the mitten. I saw in the Oregonian the death notice of an old pioneer at The Dalles, the first man who was married in Wasco County. It said Nathan Olney, who was the first justice of the Peace in Wasco County, married him. But to return to The Dalles. I thought it the most miserable place I ever saw. The wind blew a gale and with hundreds of people and cattle to stir it up, the sand arose in clouds and covered everything and everybody like a thick fog.

We had to give \$25 a sack for flour and other things in proportion. We had always had New Orleans sugar, brown but clean and finely flavored. All the sugar that we could get at The Dalles was island sugar, strong, coarse-grained, black, dirty-looking stuff, adulterated with sand; our coffee and tea would be so gritty we could hardly drink it and there would be quite a deposit of sand in the bottom of the cup. It looked like we were eating our full allowance of sand free without drinking it at a high price. Some of it was unrefined. It was all in matting sacks. We could get pickled pork and fresh beef. We got some beef liver. At home I wouldn't eat liver, but now a slice of it fried over a smoky fire seasoned with sand was a most delicious morsel, and if I had been allowed to, I would have made myself sick eating so much of it, but for years after that I never wanted to taste liver.

We found a good many at The Dalles whom we had parted company with back on the plains. Among them Dr. McCurdy and wife; they had no children, but he had a big hound and she had a little white poodle, Snowball. He was a fine doctor, but there was a saloon there and the doctor got on a big spree. It did seem too bad with so many sick folks needing him so much. We found two young men there who had started in our train, but had gone ahead when the train broke up. One of them we knew in Missouri. His parents were neighbors of ours; he wanted to come with us but father would not take him because his folks did not want him to come, and he was not of age. I remember hearing my father say, "I will take no boy under age without the consent of his father", so poor Clark Anderson got someone else to take him; the folks he was with left him at The Dalles

so sick he could hardly walk. He came dragging himself to our camp one day; without a cent of money, and a very scanty supply of ragged, dirty clothes. His folks were poor people, and he had a scanty outfit to start on. Of course mother could not bear to turn the poor boy off, so she took him in, as poorly able as we were to add another to our family. We had one tent in which the family slept. The boys slept in or under the wagons, but now they were taken apart so she had to put him in a bed in the tent; sister Mary was sick in one bed, and when sister Martha got down also she had to lie in the same bed with her. The other young man lived some distance from us, and we only knew of him before we started; his folks were well off and he started with a good outfit. The folks he was with left him at The Dalles, sick also. A man and wife had a hospital in a tent; it was full of sick people who paid a high price for very poor accommodation. This young man was there very sick. Our girls went to see him, he was lying with only one quilt or blanket between his emaciated body and the ground and one over him, with a ragged, dirty shirt and trousers on, without a pillow. He had given the man quite a sum of money and a fine rifle, about like one my brother had sold for one hundred dollars; brother had two, so he sold one. He said he was nearly starved. The girls told mother and she sent him a good warm coverlid, a pillow and a little glass of strained honey, and a little cooked rice. She did not think of a cent of pay for the things, but he gave sister five dollars in gold which the man had overlooked when he searched him after he got helpless. They took his trunk of good clothes and all the rest of his money, but did not find the five dollars. It was the last cent of money he had, but he would have her take it, for he said the folks had had ample pay for all they had done for him and they would bury him in his dirty rags. He died soon after we left The Dalles.

We had to go from The Dalles to the Cascades in flat boats, the cattle being driven over a pack trail to the mouth of the Sandy River. Two of our men took ours. They packed the oxen with bedding and food, and left as soon as possible as there was nothing for them to eat at The Dalles. They took the wagons to pieces, tied the running gear of each together, and took off the covers. They put the running gears in the bottom of the boats, set the wagon boxes on the top, heaped things high on top of them, then packed people "like sardines in a box" on top of all that. We children used to watch them load by the hour. The day before we left we moved down to the brink of the river, and slept in our tent, with the wagons torn up we had to all, sick and well, sleep in one tent with all our things piled in also. The next morning early, we were up, made a breakfast of cold bread and meat with a cup of hot coffee and climbed on board, with the sick on beds spread out on top of everything. We couldn't cook on the boat so had to take cold food along. When we got out in mid-stream they found we were too heavily laden, and were in danger of sinking. Some of the women were panic stricken and screamed, and if we hadn't been packed in so tightly, I suppose they would have raised such a commotion we would have sunk. But they landed us five miles below The Dalles on a narrow sandy beach with a high wood-bluff back of us; they put off all who did not have their wagons on board. Besides my aunts and ourselves I can remember but three other families, but I think there were others. They said they would send a boat for us the next day, but I think we stayed there a week or two. We could see the boats passing every

day but none came for us. We got out of provisions, and the men had to walk back to The Dalles and carry sacks of flour down on their backs. The families put off with us who I remember were Dr. McCurdy's, Mr. Henderson's and Mr. Warsaw's. The doctor sobered up and was real good about seeing to the sick. He got an Indian to take them with the big hound and the little poodle in a canoe. I never saw Mrs. Mc. again but knew him for years after we got to Salem. She was there sick. My oldest sister went to see her. She died soon after. Mr. Henderson made a raft and put his wife, five children and all their things on it and went off. We knew them well after we came here, as long as they lived. Mr. Henderson was elected to Congress. I visited the Warsaws twice after we got here.

My sisters, Mary and Martha, and the sick boy were sick in bed; but if they could have had food to give them strength they might have got along. Mother got tea and rice and crackers for them at The Dalles, but that did not give much strength. I think many of the sick people must have starved to death, not from the want of food altogether, but from the want of proper food and care. The sick boy's constant cry was "water, water", but the doctor said it would kill him to drink all he wanted of the river water. One night he crawled out of the tent when we were asleep and went to the river; our tent was on the brink of the river and the lapping of the river on the sand nearly made him frantic, so he crawled on his hands and knees to the edge of the river and lying flat down he drank all he could swallow and then crawled back. The next morning he was much worse and when he had told what he had done they knew that he could not live. At last a boat stopped on its way down for us. Two of our wagons were on board, the other one we never got. We sold one after we got here for two hundred dollars. When we started down the river again we were heavily loaded and the wind blew up the river so strong we ran across and landed on the Washington side. I think we only stayed there one night; we slept on the boat, just tumbled down anywhere we could, but we cooked on the river bank. When we started again we had not gone far when our sick boy, Clark Anderson, died; poor boy, he was so anxious to come to the new country, but instead of finding a pot of gold at the end of the long weary journey, he only found a new made grave. His father wrote to Mother that he and the boy's mother would remember her as long as they did their boy. She neither asked for nor received a cent of pay for what she did for him. They landed and buried him on the Oregon side of the river.

I thought there could not be a worse place than The Dalles, but *when we got to the upper cascades, I knew there could be. People by the hundreds were crowded on a narrow margin of land at the brink of the river, with a high rocky cliff at the neck, with so many sick. We did not hear or know anything about "germs" or "microbes" then, but the air and water must have been thick enough with them to see them wiggle. We stayed there for some time waiting for the boys and oxen. When they came they put the wagons together and piled things in and went around the portage to the lower cascades, five miles; we children walked all the way. We passed through an old Indian burying ground, the bodies were put in rail pens, but they had fallen down, and the skeletons were scattered thick over the ground, a most gruesome sight. When we came around the falls to the lower cascades, they had to take the wagons apart again, load them and our-

* The lower Cascades were at Cascade Locks, the upper a few miles above.KH.

selves on another flatboat, while the boys and cattle went on down the pack trail to the mouth of the Sandy. We stayed there a week or more at the cascades waiting for a boat, but it wasn't quite as bad as the upper cascades. The name of the boat we were on was "Skookumchuck". Skookum in chinook means strong, and chuck means water, "strong water" means whiskey. The boatman's name was "Billy". We used to watch him fry "flapjacks". He would pour the batter in a long-handled frying pan and when it cooked on one side he would run a knife around the edge and give the pan a dexterous flip and the "flapjack" would turn over and he would catch it bottom side up in the pan. We never tired of watching him. There was an old block house there, a man had a store in it. I do not know what he had to sell; all I ever saw was a row of glass jars filled with the loveliest pink and white peppermint candy; the sticks were a little larger around but not quite so long as the stick candy we get nowadays. One day when my cousin and I were at the door feasting our eyes on the lovely sight, I saw my brother in the store talking to Mr. Dunlap; I ran in and went to him. Mr. Dunlap saw the direction my eyes took I suppose, so he gave the man a dollar and told him to give the worth of it in candy to me. My cousin seeing how well I was faring, came in also. For all that money we expected to get two or three jars of candy, with the jars thrown in, for he gave the man another dollar for candy for her. The man gave us eight sticks of candy apiece, sixteen sticks for two dollars. If you and Beth had to pay that price for candy now I think my pink box would not be filled as often as it is. We were "the best pleased children in the world". I do not think we thought of our manners and said thank you, we were so excited; we flew to camp with our precious packages hugged tight in our arms. I offered a bite to all my sisters; my mother and oldest sister took bites like we do when baby offers us a bite. My two other sisters were too sick to eat candy. I thought they must be awfully ill, but my other two sisters took a little bite and I ate the rest of the stick. I rolled the rest of the candy up and put it in my little basket in which I kept my doll and other trinkets; it was setting just inside the tent, as we did not have everything piled up in the tent; after awhile I came back just to look at it; I did not intend to eat any more that day, but what was my dismay to find the basket tipped over and all, every bit, of my precious candy gone. I was just heart-broken. My sisters said there had been only one in the tent except Mother since I had been in, and that had been a half grown girl who came in and talked a few minutes with them; as she went out she stooped over and then went out quickly; they couldn't see what she did. I wanted Mother to let me tell her folks, but she said no; she would deny it, and everybody's nerves were unstrung and they were like fire and tow, ready to go off at anything or nothing, so it would likely make a fuss and do no good, and that I must not tell Mr. Dunlap, for he would likely get me more (I wished I might if that was what he would do); but I did not tell anyone except my cousin, for fear she would lose hers; her mother locked it up in her trunk. I thought I never would forgive that girl, but I did. The first and only time, I think, that I ever saw her after we came here, my Arthur was a six or eight month old baby. She had a baby boy about the same age, and when I looked at her baby and then at mine I forgave her; for my baby, if you believed his grandma and aunties, even my sisters who had babies of their own, all said the

same, was just as pretty, cute and bright as a baby could be, while her baby was a poor weasened faced little idiot, with scarce the semblance of a human being. Perhaps the poor girl was maybe not so much to blame after all; I ought to have given her a bite. They were camped near us, so she may have seen the candy and it must have looked tempting; but she was several years older than I was, so I never played with her or was intimate with her; or if she had only left me two or three sticks, but to take it all did seem much more than I could bear; she has been dead these many years now.

We first met Mr. Dunlap at The Dalles. Mother knew some of his folks in Missouri. One of his sisters married a cousin of my Father's so he called himself our cousin. But he had been in Oregon and California for some years. He was buying cattle at The Dalles and had the first "fifty-dollar slugs" I ever saw; they were fifty dollars in gold all in one piece like the twenties we have now; they were common on this coast when we came here, and were called "slugs". Mr. Dunlap was very kind to us. He got oranges for my sick sisters. He was nice looking but stuttered badly. He is living now in the soldiers' home in Ashland. I have his picture and a sketch of his life cut from the Oregonian.

After a week, perhaps, we loaded on to another flat boat which landed us at the mouth of the Sandy. The boys and girls and cattle were there; they put the wagons together, piled everything in, hitched up the oxen and we pursued our weary journey. I do not know how many yoke of oxen we had left, but we must have had at least two yoke as we had two wagons. A little this side of the Sandy we came to a cabin in a little clearing among the tall fir timber where they had a garden, some pigs and chickens; how good it did seem to see some signs of civilization again. That place now is, perhaps, a lovely home in a suburb of Portland. We passed through what is now East Portland; it was all thick timber then; we could catch glimpses of Portland through the thick trees, but it did not look much like Portland looks now, and it did not seem like much of a town ever could be built in such a place. We heard more talk of Oregon City and Salem than we did of Portland. When we got to Milwaukie we rented a house with two or three rooms and a fireplace in it. Some one had left a pile of pumpkin peelings on the floor. We children roasted them in the fire and ate them. I wouldn't eat the nicest piece of hard-shell squash spread with Mother's good butter on it at home. The Lewellen orchard near there was the only bearing orchard in the state, or territory, as Oregon then was. My mother and aunt took my cousin and myself out there and bought us each an apple for which they paid twelve and one-half cents apiece, my first apple in Oregon. The apple trees were brought across the plains in wagons. The boys could get nothing to do in Milwaukie and were anxious to go on to Salem, but Nannie, my aunt's oldest daughter, was very ill and they could not start out with her; it was raining all the time, and the road was not much more than a rough, stumpy trail. So we reluctantly left them there, to come as soon as Nannie was able to travel, but her long journey ended, as did many another one's at a new made grave. She was a sweet, pretty girl about sixteen years old.

** After her death my uncle and aunt settled near Milwaukie and

* Nancy Craghead, Dorothy's great aunt. KH.

** In the Happy Valley area, east of Clackamas. KH.

and lived there until their deaths several years ago. We were several days getting to Salem; when we got there we camped in what is now North Salem, then it was open prairie with a few farm houses scattered over it, covered with bands of emigrant cattle turned out to recruit on the high grass with which it was covered. Salem was crowded with emigrants and houses were in demand; my brother rented a small house of Dr. Wilson. Salem was built on his donation claim, six hundred and forty acres. How good it was to get out of the rain and mud and have a fire to warm by without smoking your eyes out.

And thus our long, toilsome, sad journey across the plains from the state of Missouri to Oregon Territory. We left our home in Missouri on the second day of May and had not been long in Salem on my ninth birthday, the twenty-third of November, so we must have been all of six months on the journey.

I will now try to write of the two sad events of our trip. My sister Frances, the baby of the family, was three and a half years younger than myself. I was taller than she, but otherwise she was larger than I was, for I had been sickly while she was always so strong and well. Mother said she feared I would not live through the long, hard journey, but never had an anxious thought about Fannie. She was five years old the 5th day of May. In June we were traveling on the Platte River (there were two Plattes, one north and one south; we ferried one and forded one). The water was bad and there were many sick and many deaths, but there had not been a death in our train. One night Fannie was taken sick and before sundown the next day she died. It rained that forenoon and I rode in the wagon with her; she sat on mother's lap, but could not play with me. At noon a doctor came around to see the sick, he said she was dangerously ill, but they thought he might not be much of a doctor. It rained all the afternoon and I got in the wagon with some more little girls and we told stories and played all afternoon. Fannie fretted for me, but mother did not know where I was. We stopped near the roadside earlier than common. We girls laughed to see the boys putting up the tent and making a fire of "buffalo chips" in the pouring rain. As soon as the tent was up mother and the older girls carried the bed and bedding into it while father followed with Fannie in his arms. Pretty soon one of my sisters came to the wagon and told me Fannie was dying. I sprang out and ran to the tent and sure enough my pretty sweet little sister was just breathing her last. I looked on terror-stricken until it was all over and father closed her eyes, then I went out and crouched down in the rain close to the tent. After awhile my oldest sister came and sitting down by me took me in her arms and told me of the lovely home Fannie had gone to and if I was good I would go there too some day. A few years after and that dear sister went to that lovely home herself, leaving a sweet baby girl to take Fannie's place in mother's arms. I thought Fannie looked very sweet next morning, all in white. They made a little grave near the roadside; there was nothing to make a coffin of, so they wrapped the little white robed body in a sheet and laid it in the hard ground. My uncle cut her name and age with "Suffer little children to come unto Me" on a small piece of smooth board and put it at the head of of the grave. Only a short time after he cut the name and the same

* W.T. Matlock's first Oregon home adjoined Dr. Wilson on the east. KH.

* inscription on another board and put it at the head of the grave of his own baby, a pretty little fellow about two years old, a twin, but his twin had died before we left home. And so we came away and left little Fannie lying there. I do not think there was a tree or even a bush to be seen, only the vast boundless prairie covered with tall waving grass, with the two wide shallow rivers flowing sluggishly over their quicksand bottoms, without any banks. I do not remember any more sickness in our family for some time after that, then my brother was very ill, they did not think he would live. The cholera was raging on ahead of us, but we did not have it in our train. When we came on where it had been the graves were thick, side by side, for nearly or quite a quarter of a mile. In August sometime my father was taken sick. We laid by with him at first, but he got no better so we had to travel on; we had a doctor but he was a stranger and they thought he was not much of a doctor. When we came to the Grand Ronde river the bank was so steep it looked like the wagons would tip over endwise, and the rocks were great boulders; father groaned pitifully at the cruel jolting; mother held his head in her lap and the girls tried to hold up his body to ease the jolting; the bed of the river was very rocky also. When we crossed the river we drove off to the left of the road and camped in a pretty place near the river bank, and there a few days after father died. He was born in Virginia, June 2, 1803, and died near where the town of LaGrande now is, Sept. 5, 1852. They say there was, or was lately, a faint sign of the old emigrant road still to be seen where it starts up the mountains out of the valley. A little way up the mountain side at the left of the road there was a small level spot, a little bench on the mountain side, and there surrounded by tall fir and pine trees, they made his grave. We bore him to it and laid him in on a wide board taken from the side of the wagon in which we rode; extra boards had been put in to deepen the bed. They covered his body with fir boughs. How handsome I thought he looked, clean shaven - I never saw him with whiskers - with a few threads of gray mingled with his thick, dark, curly locks; dressed in a fine suit of black broadcloth. I do not know his height, but he was not so tall as my brother; he weighed two hundred pounds, had small hands and wore number six shoes. Mother says he was said to be the handsomest young man anywhere around when they were married. He had been a member of the legislature and was sheriff of Pettis county for eight years. After we came here we often met people, strangers to us, who had known him. After I was married, a man who had known him introduced me to an old man who had just come here from Missouri; he said to the old man, "This lady is a daughter of our old Pettis county sheriff, Riley Kemp." The old gentleman sprang to his feet and extending his hand said, "Is that so? Then my dear madam I must shake hands with you again. I knew your father well, everybody in Pettis county knew and liked Riley Kemp, he was one of the most popular sheriffs we ever had. His cousin, James Kemp, who was sheriff after him, was also quite popular, but not as much so as Riley; he was honest as the day was long."

** And now, Dorothy, dear, I have written a long, rambling account of my trip across the plains to Oregon. When you look at

* Francis and Amanda's son, Dorothy's great half-uncle. KH.

** Dorothy was her granddaughter. KH.

the scratchy writing and the crooked letters you must remember the stiff, crooked fingers that made the scratches and the crooks. Remember also that I have written it all from memory and that I was only eight and one-half years old when I started across the plains, and now I am almost sixty-three, so very likely there may be inaccuracies in it, but it is all as it seems to me. If I was as smart a woman as I hope you will be, and had the education which I hope you will have, and time and cruel pain had not dulled my memory, perhaps I might have written it in an interesting way, but disconnected and crudely written as it is, you may like to read it over sometimes, long after I am gone, but keep it always in memory of

"MAMA JOHN"
Dayton, Yamhill County Oregon
September, 1906

* * * * *

COMMENTS

We wish to thank Dorothy's sister, Louise Dutton, for typing this 14 page account of CROSSING THE PLAINS. She did a fine job, especially when we consider that she is in her 78th year and is out of practice.

What a great job "Mama John" did. And we surely appreciate her effort. When she wrote it, her mother had just died at the age of 102. Apparently, "Mama John's" children and grandchildren were urging her to put in writing some of the stories she had been telling them. She died in 1914 at age 71.

Perhaps you are wondering why Ann Eliza (Kemp) Gowdy refers to herself as "Mama John". It was a custom in her husband's family - not an unusual one among old Virginia families - that, upon the birth of their first child, the father came to be called, by his wife and descendants, "Papa" plus his first name. Similarly, the mother became "Mama" plus her husband's first name. So, her husband, John Gowdy, was "Papa John", and she was "Mama John".

Going back to the beginning of her story, Georgetown, which she refers to as the town nearest where they lived in Pettis County, Missouri is now virtually extinct. When we were there in 1970 there were only a few old houses and one or two old, dilapidated commercial buildings remaining. It had been the first county seat. An old man told us that the infamous outlaws, the James Brothers had camped there because of the fine, permanent spring of water there.

The number of persons crossing the plains in 1852 was indeed the greatest, by far. But a preponderance of them went to California - the latter part of the "gold rush". That 1852 migration was also the last one of any size. The first significant migration to Oregon was in 1843 when there were some 1000 immigrants. In 1844 there were 2000, in 1845, 3000.

I think there were 20,000 or more in 1852, with about 5000 going to Oregon, the rest to California. The trail branched near the continental divide in what is now Wyoming. You can still see the trails fork, the California trail going southwest, the Oregon trail going northwest.

From 1843 through 1852 comprised ten years of sizeable Oregon migrations, mostly, I think, from the central and northeastern states. Despite the increasingly well marked trail, the trip became more difficult with each passing year. When the trail became too deeply rutted a new one would be started beside the old one. In the mountains or by river banks there sometimes wasn't enough space for a new trail. Then it might be necessary to fill the deepest ruts.

With increasing use, the water holes went dry or became too dirty or contaminated for human, or sometimes even animal consumption. As the grass near the trail was consumed the animals had to be taken ever farther from the trail to find grazing. And game became scarce, necessitating ever longer hunting expeditions for meat.

In the years of heaviest migrations, air pollution became severe. The wagons and animal droves might stretch farther than the eye could reach, ahead and behind. In 1852 there were too many wagons and animals for one line, forcing them to travel abreast, sometimes all across the prairie. At times the dust became too thick to breathe and they would have to pull far off to the side or even stop and make camp.

As game became scarcer the Indians became increasingly unfriendly. This was especially true in the case of buffalo, upon which the Indians depended for their clothing, blankets and lodges, as well as food. The seemingly inexhaustible herds were being rapidly depleted by white men who killed the buffalo for sport or for a few choice morsels of their bodies. Fortunately for the migrants, the Indians didn't become really dangerous until after the great migrations had ceased.

Mama John said they had 3 yokes of oxen on each of their two heavier wagons and two yokes on the light one. Then 16 oxen were working at one time. There would have to be at least that many extras - for rest and for spares in case of illness or injury. So they must have had at least 32 oxen. If the other two families had a similar number, there must have been at least 100 oxen in their group. She first remembered 7 cows for her own family but later said there were many more, probably a dozen or more. The other two families doubtless had a similar number.

She said they had a mule, but didn't think they had any horses. That must be wrong, for every account we've read says they used horses to herd the livestock.

Her 16 year old "sweet and pretty" cousin who died after they reached Milwaukie, near present Portland, was Nancy Maria Jane Craghead, Dorothy's great aunt, the oldest of the four Craghead sisters, one of whom was Dorothy's grandmother, Sarah Catherine Craghead, who later married Noah Noble Matlock.

Until we found Mrs. Gowdy's account of the crossing, we had thought that Nancy had died in Missouri, before they left. Dorothy had never heard her mentioned by relatives. We hadn't known of her until we found her in the 1850 census of Pettis County, Missouri.

We marvel that a 63 year old person could remember so many details

of an experience 54 years in the past. And she tells it so vividly. Thank you again, "Mama John" or Mrs. J.T. Gowdy, formerly little Ann Eliza Kemp.

Now let's go back and give other details we have - mostly as told by Dorothy's grandmother, Sarah Catherine Craghead Matlock to her granddaughter, Dorothy Dell Dutton Hammill. Sarah was 14, some 5 years older than "Mama John" at the time of crossing in 1852.

In Pettis County, Missouri, they had lived near the present town of Lamonte, about 25 miles west of Sedalia, the county seat. The 3 families consisted of Nathaniel Newbill - planter, surveyor, assessor and teacher - two married sisters, their spouses and children. Nathaniel was 49. His wife, Sarah Swope Newbill was 36. Their 9 children ranged from 18 to one year old. They had 5 more children after reaching Oregon, the last one - their 15th - when Sarah was 52 years old. The second child had died in Missouri.

His sister, Sarah Newbill was 48. Her husband, William Riley Kemp, was 49. Their 8 children ranged from 5 to 23 years old. William Riley was also a teacher and had served several terms as County Sheriff, in Missouri.

Amanda Newbill, Dorothy's great grandmother was 42. Her second husband, Francis Talbert was 48. By a deceased wife, he had 8 children. Although two had died the other six were in the party, ranging in age from 8 to 23. He and Amanda had been married 5 years. They had two boys - 4 year old John Talbert and one year old Benjamin whose twin brother had died the day after his birth.

Also, there were Amanda's 4 daughters by her first husband, Jonathan Craghead. They were Nancy Maria Jane, 16, Sarah Catherine, Dorothy's grandmother, 14, Mary Elizabeth, 11, and Hopie Ann, 8.

That totals 3 married couples and 26 children, or a total of 32 persons. In addition, Mrs. Gowdy said that her father had 3 hired men, as did her Uncle Nathaniel. As Amanda and Francis were of equal financial status, and their family was the largest, they probably had 3 men also, making a total of 41 persons in their party.

Fortunately, 5 or 6 of the children were in their late teens or early twenties - old enough to help with the younger children and the countless other tasks and responsibilities to be encountered on the trail.

Another Newbill sister and a brother didn't come. The sister, Regina Maria Roche Newbill (called "Roche") married another of the Kemp brothers. They remained where they were the rest of their lives, providing a home for the Newbills' mother, Jane Hawkins Newbill until her death in 1856. Her husband, John Glenn Newbill had died in 1844. Roche died in 1872.

As I mentioned earlier, Dorothy's grandmother said they left Missouri because the bottom dropped out of the hog market. But it wasn't that simple. Several years of drought left the farmers without enough corn to feed their hogs, and they were forced to sell them. The resulting surplus of hogs caused prices to fall far below the sustenance level.

The Oregon migration was only a continuation of the westward migration which began on the east coast about 1775 and continued intermittently until brought to a halt by the mighty Pacific Ocean some 100 years later. The lure of free land and forests and streams farther west, along with the prospect of the new and the unexplored was irresistible to many adventurous spirits.

In 1852 an epidemic swept through Missouri. It was called THE OREGON FEVER. People went because their relatives, friends, and neighbors were going. Some communities were virtually depopulated. Usually, though, some stayed behind, leaving a string of Smiths, Browns, Thompsons, etc. scattered all across the country.

When our group started, Sarah Catherine told Dorothy, their freed ex-slaves, lined the roadside, weeping and waving to their departing ex-masters-employers-keepers - as the little caravan of covered wagons slowly drew away from their old homes. The tears doubtless flowed in both directions.

The migrants might have taken some of their favorite negroes with them had they not been forbidden entry to Oregon by recent legislation of the Territorial Legislature. The action was taken after a few early negroes had come. After that, black immigrants were limited to the area north of the Columbia River, now the state of Washington.

Our 3 families were not the only Pettis County, Missouri emigrants in 1852. Friends and neighbors went too. Independence, some 75 miles to the west, was the take-off point. There they made final preparations, forming into wagon trains, checking equipment, animals and supplies, and purchasing "top-off" provisions. Then they waited for the land and trail to dry until wagons could pass over it without sinking into the mud, and for the grass to begin growing to make feed for the animals. "Mama John" said they started May 2, 1852.

A descendant said that Nathaniel Newbill kept a daily log of their journey. Unfortunately, it has been lost - perhaps in the fire which consumed the home of his oldest son, near Sheridan, Oregon about 1910. Sarah Catherine told much to her interested young granddaughter, Dorothy, who inevitably forgot a good deal of it. Her mother seemed reluctant to talk of it. Or, perhaps, she was just too tired.

We can't understand why none of Dorothy's generation remembers hearing any mention by their elders of the tragic death of Amanda's daughter, Nancy Maria Jane Craghead. Perhaps they just didn't want to think of it.

Little two year old Benjamin Talbert was buried in the trail so that the wagon wheels would obliterate his grave, thus hiding it from prowling wolves and Indians.

Sarah Catherine said they took every possible precaution to assure a safe, healthful trip. They had talked to and read the accounts of others who had made the trip across the plains. They bought young, strong oxen in ample numbers, sturdy, heavy wagons, all the essential supplies and equipment in ample supply, with spare parts,

all properly stored. To safeguard their wagons, animals and people, they would make their travel days short, with plenty of time for rest and grazing. Equipment would be properly cared for, with thorough inspections at the end of each day's travel. A bucket of grease, for daily use, hung from every wagon.

In the earlier migrations it was thought best to form large trains of 100-200 wagons, chiefly as protection against Indian attack. But these large trains proved to be unmanageable and unneeded. On the trail they soon broke up into smaller groups. As the years went by a rather general concensus evolved that the best size was a train of 20-40 wagons.

Our 3 family group, according to Sarah (called "HON" for "HONEY"), stayed together, with the size of their train varying from day to day, usually 20-40 wagons. Some wagons went faster, pulling away to join a train ahead. Others went more slowly and fell back to join a train behind. Illnesses, break-downs and tired, injured or ill oxen might cause a wagon or a group of wagons to stop for a day or more then take up with another train. In that way, "Hon" said, they became acquainted with many people. After traveling together for a time they might become separated. Weeks or months later they might find themselves together again.

Our families had tents which they set up and took down every day - at first. As the ground and weather dried and warmed, the travelers resented more and more the time and effort expended in putting them up, taking them down and storing them. Finally they took to sleeping in and under the wagons or just on the ground. Tents came to be used only when rain came or threatened.

Sarah told of finding tiny lizards in the folds of her long skirt when she undressed at night. She told of seeing buffalo wallowing, sometimes in the dust, sometimes in the mud, of witnessing a terrifying buffalo stampede, and of their constant fear of prairie dog holes - lest an ox step in one and break a leg. They found those small, noisy animals to be fascinating. They sat on their haunches at the entrances to their burrows, forelegs elevated, chattering away at anything and everything. If startled they promptly disappeared into their burrows, their eyes, ears and noses soon re-appearing to test for danger.

In the first weeks they often suffered through storms of wind, rain and hail. Those storms sometimes turned the trail into mud, forcing them to halt for a day or longer.

Sunday was a day of rest. Animals grazed. Women washed and mended clothes, tidied up, etc. Men checked the oxen, wagons and equipment. If a stream was nearby people might bathe. When they found an unusually good place to camp, with abundant water and grass, they might stay for several days, giving the animals time to rest and feed. Sometimes they had to travel a very long day before finding a suitable camp site. In one or two instances they had to camp without water or grass.

The length of their travel day varied, depending upon the availability of suitable camp sites. Water and grass were the prime

considerations. The daily routine went something like this.

In order to give the oxen time to rest and graze, they tried to camp in early afternoon. As you may know, they parked the wagons in compact circles, their tongues pointing inward. Inside the circle people cooked, ate, worked, talked, played, and often slept, some in tents. The wagons gave them some protection from wind, strangers, and especially from Indians. Men and older boys took turns as night watchmen, guarding the camp and the grazing or sleeping animals.

At daybreak the guard called, "Turn out! Turn out!."

While the animals grazed the people dressed, cooked and ate breakfast and prepared for departure. Then came the call, "Gear up! Gear up!."

That was the signal to yoke up the oxen. All too soon came the final order, "Move out. Move out!" or, "First wagon out!"

In order to assure that everyone suffered equally from the dust, the wagons changed positions in the train daily. Each morning upon starting out the wagon which had led the preceding day dropped to the rear, with the second wagon taking the lead. The train captain rode around the train to see how things were going. Herdsmen, usually older boys, rode along the sides, keeping the stock moving.

The front pair of oxen for each wagon were called "leaders". The pair nearest the wagon were "wheelers", while the middle pair were "swingers". Dorothy remembers the names of two oxen as told to her by "Aunt Hon", her grandmother. They were Buck and Star. The driver walked on the left side of the oxen, carrying a whip or a goad, or both. He had no reins for oxen didn't wear bridles or harness. They pulled by a wooden yoke around their necks. He controlled them by voice. "Gidap" or "Geedup" to go, "Whoa" to stop. I don't know about backing up. Turn right was "Gee"; turn left was "Haw". The oxen nearest him - on the left side - were the "nigh" oxen. Those on the right, or far side, were the "off" oxen.

Sarah Catherine, "Aunt Hon" to her younger relatives, said that upon reaching the open prairie and finding the Indians to be no threat, they soon abandoned the "train" position and spread out abreast across the plains. That way they didn't have to breathe each other's dust.

She walked all the way, as did many of the older children. Men drove oxen or rode herd. Women and small children rode in the wagons, for the most part. Hon said the larger children preferred to walk, as the wagons were so slow and rough-riding. And they had much more fun walking. The oxen walked so slowly that they could roam about the wagons - ahead, behind and on the sides, so long as they kept in sight of their own wagon. The girls knitted socks as they walked, or hunted wild flowers, fruit and berries. The boys sometimes caught fish. They looked for greens to pick for cooking. Or they just looked for adventure. "Greens" if you don't already know, are any green plants suitable for cooking or eating raw. Boys hunted and carried wood. If there was no wood, girls hunted and carried buffalo chips in their aprons.

"Mama John" has already told us about the buffalo chips. As they got deeper into the plains, both wood and "chips" grew more and more scarce. Finally they couldn't find enough of either near their camps. Then they had to watch for and pick them up all through the day, emptying their wood or chips into the wagons as their aprons or arms filled.

We can add little to Mama John's account of those last horrible weeks, especially the last 100 miles, from The Dalles to Milwaukie, near present Portland. Illness and long delays while awaiting boats for river transport were devastating.

For weeks or even months after leaving Independence they followed the Platte River upward, on its long, winding, gradual descent from the Rocky Mountains. Hon said they crossed it either 7 or 13 times - Dorothy can't remember which. At first, when the river was larger, and its flow higher, they had to raft the wagons across. Later, as the river became smaller and its flow lessened, horses and oxen could wade it. As there was danger of quicksand, the children always had to cross in the wagons. But they waded the small streams.

When the dust was worst they wore masks. Sometimes when the oxen couldn't breathe sufficiently they had to stop. They tried making masks for the oxen, but it didn't work out well.

As they neared the mountains the ground became hard, rocky and steep. The oxens' hooves wore down and their feet became sore. Their owners made buckskin moccasins for them which worked out very well.

Each person in Hon's family had his or her own tin cup. As her mother, Amanda, used hers constantly in measuring and cooking, it became battered out of shape. Finally it became so uneven that it wouldn't sit up. It tipped over more and more often, causing Amanda to become increasingly vexed. One evening she burst out in exasperation, "Drat that cup. I wish I never had to see it again!"

Hon, witnessing the incident, bode her time until an opportune moment then put the offensive cup in her apron pocket. Next day when at the river she dropped the cup into it and watched it bob along until it sank. That evening Amanda became quite irritated when she couldn't find her cup. Upon being told by Hon of its demise, Amanda halted her work, glared uncertainly at her 14 year old daughter for a moment, then, without a word, resumed her work. After that, Hon's cup had to serve her mother as well as herself.

"Mama John's" account told about the death of her uncle's little two year old boy. He was Benjamin Talbert, the surviving twin of Francis and Amanda. Apparently he died of the mysterious camp fever.

When I was becoming acquainted with Dorothy's relatives, I was puzzled by a repetetive, seemingly nonsensical, loudly uttered phrase which never failed to elicit guffaws. The phrase was, "Big Butch, Little Butch, Old Case, and Stub!"

I finally learned that those were the names assigned to the daily used Talbert-Newbill-Craghead knives on their memorable crossing

of the plains some 100 years before. The names were repeated to each new generation with such joyful enthusiasm that they just wouldn't die. It was Hon who had named them, for every time they were used - that would be every day - she had to take them to the stream by their camp and clean them with sand. They became such a part of her that she had to give them names!

As the emigrants crept westward across the endless plains, heat, drought, dust, fatigue, hunger and illness took their toll. The loss of oxen was calamitous to many. Without sufficient feed, water and rest, they weakened until they could no longer pull the wagons. As they were killed or abandoned, their skeletons dotted the plains increasingly. With the loss of their oxen the emigrants had to discard belongings. Heavy things went first - stoves, furniture and musical instruments. As they struggled on, such abandoned items, along with the skeletons of animals, increasingly sprinkled the prairie.

Our 3 families fared relatively well until the later stages of the journey. But as they forced themselves over the Rocky Mountains in what is now Wyoming and crawled down the Snake River in Idaho, they too began to run short of food. They had given much of it away to starving co-travelers and had eaten it themselves during delays caused by fatigue and illness. Thanks to good care they never ran short of oxen.

Indians were only a nuisance - begging and attempting to steal, sometimes successfully. They wanted horses and food especially. They also tried to impede their passage by driving away their cattle.

The 3 Newbills had left a sister and a brother in Missouri. The sister, "Roche", died there in 1872. The brother, John Quincy Adams Newbill came to Oregon by railroad in 1878 - 26 years later. He died in the area of Mollala, Oregon in 1888, age 65. Roche was 67.

The following excerpt is from "Book of Remembrances, Marion County, Oregon Pioneers." It seems to be representative.

" Aug 12 Snake River. The river is enclosed by a perpendicular wall of rocks; We are obliged to travel for miles in the heat and dust, with the sound of water in our ears and neither man nor beast is able to get a drop.

"Medicine - several teaspoons brandy poured over loaf sugar in cup. Set on fire and when alcohol was burned off, residue was mixed with hot water and given to patient.

"Indians - flocked around wagon train as it corraled for night. Sat around camp fires, peered into covered wagons, lifted lids of utensils - general nuisance. Had to be constantly watched or they'd leave with various necessary articles. Had to be treated carefully. Show of hostility on part of immigrants might lead to massacre.

"Brought pop corn.

"Set salt-rising bread in morning before starting, tucked among blankets to rise, and bake at evening camp." (end of excerpt).

After the preceding section was written, Dorothy found some of her old notes which included the following excerpts. The first is from the journal of an 18 year old bride who also crossed the plains in 1852. Many emigrants from the east followed the same route - down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to St. Louis then up the Missouri to St. Joseph, Missouri - all by steam boat. The writer was Esther McMillan Hanna, wife of Joseph A. Hanna who brought the Presbyterian Colony to Oregon from St. Joseph, Missouri in 1852. They left Pittsburg, Pennsylvania on March 11, 1852 on the steamer, BRILLIANT. The excerpt follows.

Arrived Cincinatti Saturday, 13 March.

Left Cincinatti Monday 15 March on steamer, RIVER, very crowded.

Friday, 19th still on board.

Saturday, 20th, still on board, slow progress.

Arrived St. Louis about 4 p.m. Saturday, March 20. Stayed at Scott Hotel.

Monday, 22 March boarded the BEN WEST in the evening bound for St. Joe. Didn't shove off until 7 P.M.

Tuesday, March 23, crowded.

Monday, March 29, still aboard BEN WEST. River quite low. Danger of running on snags and sand. Bad water and dirt on board.

Tuesday, 30 March. Arrived St. Joseph 5 o'clock. Spent night at Presbyterian minister's home. Found a boarding house Wednesday, 31. St. Jo crowded with imigrants and more coming.

Thurs 1 April Weather quite cold, piercing winds.

April 6 Weather very cold and disagreeable all week. Missouri River so flooded with ice that steamers can't land. 3 steamers in sight for 3 days, but can't land. Unusual for this season.

April 18 Still in St Jo. Late spring.

Tues 4 May Left St. Jo 11 a.m. for Oregon. Our wagon makes a good bedroom when it is closed up cosy. Got lovely prairie flowers. Passed one grave. One of the boys shot a prairie dog, size of a large, gray cat. Looks sort of like a young pup. Fur soft and smooth as velvet. Burrow in ground and raise small mounds resembling ant hills. Passed a grave.

May 12, Wed. Weather clear, but high winds. Crossing high, rolling prairie. Very little woods. Passed 2 graves. Met several wagons going home. Too much illness. Several deaths ahead from cholera. Crossed the Big Nemaka R. Narrow and easily forded but steep banks. Saw 3 more graves this afternoon.

May 14, Friday. Heavy rain with thunder and lightning. Came to the Big Blue River. It is not very wide, but deep. We had to ford. Crossed on horseback behind Mr. Hanna. The water came above my feet. Felt a good deal frightened but got across safely. Were detained a good while at the river, so many were crossing. Came about half a mile to good water and camped. 2 more graves.

May 15 Sat. Very cold this a.m. Everyone put on extra clothes. Passed one grave just made. More deaths from cholera.

May 16 Sun. Very cold. Like January. Winds very high and piercing. Never have experienced such winds. Had to work today even though Sunday. It was so late when we got camped and everyone so tired. Provisions got wet. Had to be unpacked, aired, dried and repacked. Men had to take the cattle a mile farther to graze and stay with them. Had to bake biscuits as out of bread. The first time and hope it doesn't happen again. Winds so high can't keep enough fire for warmth.

May 17 Mon. Got along very comfortably today. 2 more graves. Had to haul with us wood and water for tonight. Had to bake also tonight. Very trying on the patience to cook and bake on a little, green wood fire with smoke in eyes and shivering till teeth chatter.

May 18 Tues. Man in next camp died of measles. Crossed Big Sandy today. Cross Little Sandy this afternoon. The prairie is one rolling hill after another. Not high but steep. In the ravines are many sloughs which are mirey and difficult to cross, particularly just after rain. Roads dusty today and high winds which make it quite unpleasant. Road so far as eye can see lined with wagons. Made 20 miles.

May 20 Thurs. Reached Little Blue today and traveling along it. Beautiful scenery but dusty. Good road. Dust and wind very hard on skin, causing a burning and smarting, making face and hands rough and sore. 2 more graves. Grass very poor. Cattle suffer.

May 21 Fri. Rain last night and today. Road bad because of it. Still near Little Blue. Saw 2 more graves.

May 22 Sat. Saw two wolves and an antelope. Morning cold and wet. Bad roads and difficult crossings. One wagon stuck in slough. Had to put on another yoke of oxen to get out. Passed today where a man was murdered on 17th. Both shot and stabbed many times. Met train of fur traders. 18 wagons loaded with furs on way to states. Men were savage looking. Some Spaniards, several Indians, rest white. But season's exposure to all kinds of weather had so tanned them it was hard to tell what they were. Encamped early on banks of Blue. Wild, romantic spot. Lovely. Sun went down without a cloud. All calm and still. Very tired and think of home and loved ones.

May 23 Sun. Beautiful morning. Good camp, good grass, wood and water. Many people repairing wagons, washing, fishing, hunting. They might as well be traveling. Many in other trains dying, cholera.

May 24, Mon. Fine day and good road. Left the Blue R this a.m. Had to carry both wood and water as neither is expected to be had before Tues and possibly Wed. Last night one of the guard thought he saw a wolf, slipping up on the cattle and shot it. The men came running with their guns and found it was an Indian in a wolf skin. Traveled all p.m. without seeing a bush nor a tree. Saw about a dozen antelope some way off.

May 25 Tues. Entered the Platte R Valley this morning. The soil is sandier. Mirages common. Came in sight of Ft. Kearney this p.m. It is about 8 miles away but the valley is so level and the air so clear it seems much closer - maybe a mile or 2. It seems to stay the same distance away. When we got a mile away we camped. Emigrant trains are not allowed to camp closer.

This is all of her journal we have. Thank you, young Esther.

Dorothy also found some notes she made in 1967 telling what she remembered of her grandmother's stories of crossing the plains. They seem well worth inserting here.

"We left home Saturday, May 1, 1852 about 11 a.m.. All of our family, friends and Negroes were waving and calling "Goodbyes". I walked backward, looking at our old home until it was out of sight. Then, my face streaked with tears, I wiped my eyes with my "treasure",

my one-eyed doll, "Miss Janie". My grandma, Jane Newbill made the rag doll for me. She had a sewed-on smile and button eyes, one of which had long since disappeared. Each child got to take one "treasure".

"Our "shake-down cruise" was short but satisfactory. We went 12 miles to Uncle "Q"s place where we camped over Sunday. He was my mother's youngest brother. There, Uncle Nathaniel Newbill and his family joined us. I couldn't sleep well because of the noises made by our nearby cattle and horses. I had never slept so near them and didn't realize how noisy they are at night - mooing, nickering, snorting, sighing, stamping and belching.

"On Monday we started out again. This time it wasn't so emotional. I felt sorry for Uncle Q. He wanted so bad to come with us, but Aunt Kitty didn't. Besides, he couldn't find a buyer for his farm. We made 20 miles that day. The next day I got a blister on my toe, so got to go barefoot. It wasn't fun, though, too cold.

"I helped with the milking, morning and evening. We hung the morning's milk from the wagon bed in a pail. At our next stop for eating, it would be butter and buttermilk. No churn was needed."

That is all from Dorothy's grandmother.

But I omitted two days from Esther Hanna's journal. They follow.

June 10 Sun. Rested a little beyond the junction of the Leavenworth and St. Jo Trails with the Oregon Trail. Found lots of wild strawberries. The boys caught enough catfish for a mess and everyone feasted on strawberries and fish for a change.

June 11 Mon. Had a violent wind and rain storm, starting about 6 a.m.. Large trees were blown down and one fell on a wagon of the train behind. The wagon had to be repaired but no one was hurt. By 9 a.m. the storm was over and by 10 we were on our way. 6 graves.

A Mr. Brown, an unidentified Newbill relative who accompanied their party kept a journal. Here are its only entries we have at hand.

May 5 Wed. Had a bad night - quite a storm.

May 6 Thur. Rains constantly. Reached the junction of the Santa Fe and Oregon Trails. The rain dripped off the sign-board, "To Oregon". So many wagons had to wait for a chance to break into line. Made it when some freight wagons took the Santa Fe Trail and left us quite a space to get in line. Wagons as far as we can see in 3 directions.

May 7 Fri. Baked first light bread of trip in skillet.

May 8 Sat. Bright morning. Reached Kaw River in afternoon.

May 9 Sun. Beautiful morning. Road literally lined with wagons and cattle, even though it's Sunday.

May 10 Mon. Went 13 miles over beautiful, rolling prairie. Passed Indian Mission which is 31 miles from St. Joseph. Commenced raining about 1:30, continued till evening. Muddy road and swollen creeks difficult to drive over. Made wet camp. Had to haul wood and water.

May 11 Tues. Got along well last night. Wolves howled very near. Singular, mournful sound. Hard to cross the deep sloughs. Saw 2 graves. (No more entries at hand).

While we're at it, here are some more notes from the Olds party of 1852.

There were about 5,000 deaths on the Oregon Trail in 1852 - cholera, dysentery, small pox, measles, camp fever, etc.. About 25,000 reached Oregon and 25,000 reached California.

Managed to keep a start of yeast and sometimes had raised bread.

Had two hour night watches.

Dust devils carried leaves, twigs. Dust devil collapsed on stew pot. Good chance to get caught up on the peck of dirt each is expected to eat during his lifetime.

At end of day, "Circle Up", Tongue of each wagon placed along side of wagon ahead.

Ferry barges at Kanessville (Council Bluffs) could carry only two wagons and 8-10 cattle. $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours round trip. Traffic jam. Prowling Indians stole cattle at jams.

At the Platte River 6 or 8 wagons traveled abreast.

Boy got powder burn on face. Looked like small pox. Kept Indians away.

July 10. Severe electric storm. Mosquitos, buffalo gnats and flies. Soon after leaving Ft. Laramie began climbing mountains. Still getting enough milk for the sick and children.

Hail storm in late July. Stones as big as hens eggs. Had to put quilts on horses' backs to keep them from stampeding.

Near Independence Rock a dozen or more wagon trains could be seen ahead and behind.

* * * * *

We've misplaced some of our best accounts of the crossing. Dorothy read them from her notes all one morning. When she came to an especially good one I'd say, "Let's put that one aside and include it in our story." There were two or three of them. When I got ready to type them we couldn't find a single one! I think each of us suspects the other of losing them.

Oops! We've found more: Mileage estimate - On a 4' wheel, about 13' in circumference, a rag was tied to a spoke. Someone walked beside the wheel and counted the revolutions. Approximately 400 revolutions per mile. Easy to be distracted and lose count.

Amanda told Francis she wouldn't go to Oregon unless she could take her cherry wood, 4 poster Jenny Lind bed and her Feathered Star quilt she pieced for her hope chest when she was 16 years old.

To prevent scurvy and add variety, our 3 families brought a lot of dried fruit. The summer and fall before they left Missouri, they sliced the fresh fruit in thin strips and strung it on lines to dry in the sun. On days they didn't find fresh, edible fruit or vegetables on the trail, they made it a point to eat freely of their dried fruit.

We found the following suggested list of essential supplies for the trip across the plains.

A traveler named Hastings said that each emigrant should have at least: 200 pounds of flour or meal; 100# bacon; 10# coffee; 20# sugar; 10# salt. Add whatever else you want to carry in food. If this seems much, be remembered that prospective travelers, children as well as adults need about twice as much as would be needed at home. Most emigrants lose weight on the trip, but a few gain.

Take as few cooking utensils as possible in order to lighten the load. Maximum list: baking kettle, frying pan, tea kettle, coffee pot, tin plates and cups, ordinary knives and forks. If more are taken they are usually dumped along the way. Good idea to have items that fit together to save space.

One traveler was allowed to take a glass salt cellar, much cherished,-- the only glass dish in the whole train.

An excellent, very interesting book about crossing the plains in 1852 is MARY VOWELL ADAMS: RELUCTANT PIONEER. ... One woman without rights, caught in the wave of an historic migration, a wife and mother who didn't want to come, but had no vote in her husband's decision. The author is Beatrice L. Bliss, copyright 1972, Metropolitan Press, 2536 SE 11th Ave. Portland, Oregon 97202, second printing 1978.

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The following article is about Amanda;s sister, Sarah Newbill Kemp.

"A Lady from Virginia"
 The Polk County Itemizer-Observer, Dallas, Oregon
 by Zula V. Alexander

(Editor's note: Mrs. Zula Simpson Alexander, who wrote the following article about her pioneer grandmother, was for many years a resident of the Smithfield community. She is the mother of Ross Simpson and Mrs. Allyn Phillips of Route 1, Dallas. Mrs. Alexander now resides at Creswell.)

Since this future pioneer began her life in 1804, the year that Lewis and Clark began their exploration of the Oregon country, her day was a great time in the history of our country and her story could not be commonplace. Going as she did by covered wagon, drawn by slow oxen from east to west, across the United States, she had seen the populated portion of this country grow from a small strip along the Atlantic coast to a vast country stretching from ocean to ocean. She had grown up with this nation and knew it by personal experience.

As I watched great grandmother sitting serenely in her old rocking chair, she made a never-to-be-forgotten picture among life's memories. Such a refreshing memory in these days of tempestuous unrest! On a nearby shelf lay her Bible, a church paper, sometimes a book of Spurgeon's sermons, and often a small vase of flowers. Outside the window, during blossom time, bloomed nasturtiums, pansies, morning glories and other flowers. How proudly she would take me out to see a purple passy of unusual dimensions!

On the shelf stood also a work-basket. For her busy fingers made many yards of lace and tatting, besides pretty cotton, warm woolen and a few beautiful silk quilts. Then there were warm mittens for small hands.

Watching her placidly knitting, sewing or reading, she seemed a person of mystery. Other "grown-ups" planned for future days and hurried to meet them. The weather and other daily happenings caused them deepest concern. This pioneer mother made no demands of life. She accepted each day as it came and waited for God's tomorrow.

My Virginian great grandmother Sarah Glen Newbill Kamp began life in Lunenburg County, Virginia, April 25, 1804, and was the second of John and Jane Newbill's five children. Her grandfather Nathaniel Newbill served in George Washington's army. Her aunt Nancy Newbill became the great grandmother of the famous American-born Lady Nancy Astor.

If Sarah Glenn should suddenly come stepping out on the street of any of today's towns, no doubt smiles would greet her appearance. A plump little body, a little below medium height, with a prejudice against "whale bones" causing her to appear somewhat "dumpy" and shapeless, that was Sarah. She seemed quite indifferent to changing styles, and her gathered skirts, attached to plain waists without any furbelows, were of somber colors and nearly touched to the ground. She wore a net of black lace cap over her hair which she never waved or curled. She was fair and would have scorned any attempt at "make-up".

Implicitly this Virginian lady believed in the old southern view of the different sphere for men and women. Politics, business and outside affairs belonged to man's domain, woman's realm being within the home. Yet, when a girl, she had not accepted the opinion of that time that girls needed no education. She begged for a long time before her father consented to her going to school a few months with her brothers. She made good use of her time and loved to read. Even in her later years books were scarce and she read almost every thing she could find to read. A thrilling story of the young lord of the manor eloping with the gardener's lovely daughter delighted her.

In her southern accent she told fascinating stories of her early life as "Sally" on her grandfather's large plantation, of her Negro "Mammy", the little "pickaninnies" and the slaves who "toted" heavy burdens. Learning to spin and weave at the loom house with the Negro women had been fun. When her grandfather patted her on the head, saying "You are worth your weight in gold, Sally!", she had felt very proud.

Then Sally grew up, and William Riley Kamp came asking for her love. He was not only large and handsome, but also industrious and ambitious. Whether she wished to test his devotion, or was undecided regarding her own heart, remains a secret. But she refused his proposal of marriage. Apparently he knew "how to take no for an answer", and being an independent young man, he soon began to show interest in another girl of whom Sally decidedly disapproved. The state of her own feelings seemed no longer uncertain. She "just couldn't stand to see Riley marry that girl"! which seemed sufficient reason for drastic action on her part. So, she schemed to save the poor boy from such a sad fate.

Such a situation called for finesse. But Sally, determined, soon proceeded to the rescue attack. No doubt but she used all "beautifiers" that a maiden of that day could find, and looked her prettiest before attempting maneuvers. Late in the afternoon she suddenly decided that the time had come to reconnoiter. So she sallied forth, walking very fast until a certain vantage point down the road was reached. Then, a time for loitering, until a lone pedestrian is spied approaching. How quickly she could then remember that the sun would soon be setting, and hurry homeward, intent upon the road ahead! With what surprise a demure maiden discovered and greeted the footman! The young man, still smarting from his refusal, appeared indifferent.

"How do you do, Miss Newbill!"

"Why, Riley! Where have you been? I haven't seen you for quite a spell!" With the fair face blushing, the blue eyes pleading, how could Riley remain unconcerned? He hesitated a moment.

"Are you in such a big hurry, Riley?" What pathos in the sweet voice. Certainly the young man lingered.

The sun was setting soon. A gallant young man knew she should have an escort. Beyond doubt Sally tried her best to make him feel at ease, talking with animation and asking many questions.

But they arrived at the Newbill home. Sally recognized an hour

of crisis. He must not be allowed to pass by. What could she do without appearing "forward", which would never do?

"Come in, Riley", she urged. "Please do come in!"

With dogged determination, in his most masterful way, he answered, "If you won't have me, then I won't come in!"

A long moment of suspense. Then decision. Clearly the answer came, "Come on in, Riley." "That girl" was not the bride when a wedding took place March 4, 1828. Soon after the Riley Kamps moved up on the Blue Ridge and he became overseer of Major Price's plantation. Years afterward she loved to talk of that beautiful place and the happy time she spent there. Two children were born there, and when they left for a new home in Missouri, Sarah rode on horseback with baby John in her arms, and often with little Susan Jane also on the horse with her. Father and mother Newbill soon moved to Missouri also.

"Sarah was 'easy-going' and soft spoken, yet possessed great independence of character." When little Mary Amanda arrived, many wild strawberries were ripe and tempting in the Kamps' front yard. The next day Jane Newbill came riding up on horseback to see her new granddaughter. She was horrified to see the baby's mother gathering berries, and cried out, "You, Sally! You go right back to bed!" Whether Sally obeyed or not, she lived to be 102½ years old.

Riley Kamp prospered on his farm near the present site of Sedalia, Mo. He also served twice as sheriff of Pettis county, and once as a member of the state legislature. In the years that followed, his wife thought of these days as "good".

Then, the covered wagon migration to the west, the most adventurous era of American history, began. "Crossing the plains" became a thrilling topic of conversation everywhere. To men like Riley it presented a challenge. Sarah was happy with her family in her home. Her heart failed her at the thought of the long hazardous journey with their eight children. Her husband reasoned that there could be no better way to assure security for their children than by going west.

So, with many misgivings, the good wife prepared to go with her man across the wilderness. With a company of relatives and friends, the Kamps left Missouri May 2, 1852, for an arduous six months trek in prairie schooners to far away Oregon. More pioneers crossed the plains to Oregon that year than in any other. Travelers going over these same miles today can scarcely visualize what such a journey meant in 1852.

Flour, bacon, sugar, coffee and other commodities were packed in deep boxes in the bottom of the big wagons and covered with planks. On top were sacks of clothing and bedding. Two chairs, trunks, more bedding and various sundries were put in the light wagon. Such luxuries as rice, tea, crackers, dried fruit were hoarded to be used in case of sickness. But these were gladly given to needy ones, until soon none were left. The traveling cows could not long supply with milk. Soon bread, bacon and coffee became the usual rations, supplemented occasionally with wild game. They cooked on the open fire, sometimes burning greasewood or sage brush. Buffalo chips supplied

them with fuel for weeks at a time.

Long strings of oxen and wagons, and droves of cattle on the dirt roads made clouds of dust which often kept them from seeing more than a few feet ahead. When the wind blew sand or alkali dust the going proved almost unendurable. Then, there was the constant fear of unfriendly Indians lurking along the way. After leaving Missouri they traveled to The Dalles without seeing any houses except a few forts.

Away in the wilderness, far from doctors, nurses or hospitals, baby Fannie Kamp, so tenderly loved by them all, became ill. The pioneer mother cared for her lovely baby, doing all that could be done. But she helplessly watched her little one die. With anguish she helped prepare the little body for burial there. Afterward, before leaving the little grave alone, they carefully smoothed it over and covered the spot with branches of trees, hoping to prevent wild beasts from finding it. Years afterward, grandchildren and great grandchildren listened with tender pity to the pathetic story of Fannie and her sweet, winning ways.

And the caravan slowly passed over the wearisome miles until the Oregon country was reached. The pilgrims had lost much of the vigor and enthusiasm with which they started. How wistfully must they have thought of the homes they had left behind! But the stupendous task of making new homes in this wilderness awaited them.

After reaching the Grande Ronde valley in eastern Oregon, the tired company stopped for a time to rest and decide upon future plans. And it was there that the wife and mother came to "the Red Sea place" in her life, where "there is no way out, there is no way back, there is no other way but - through". For soon the strong, ambitious husband and father was stricken with illness and died. Sarah Kamp could not easily talk of this bitter sorrow afterward, and seldom did. To return to the old home and dear ones at this time was impossible. With her seven children, Susan, John, Mollie, Martha, Elizabeth, Katherine and Anne, she must go on with the others. They arrived at Salem, Oregon, November 6, 1852.

In spite of the pioneer spirit of helpfulness, the following winter proved a difficult one. Before leaving for the west, the Kamp's had not known privation or insecurity. After Riley Kamp had outfitted for the journey, he left with more cash than the average pioneer; but in this new land, food and clothing sold in the few trading posts at exorbitant prices, while work for women and children was scarce. At times Sarah kept boarders, or the girls found housework to do at the low wages then paid. Sometimes she knitted socks for sale, knitting a pair in one day by working all day. Living in shanties or cabins, sometimes only with dirt floors, must have been a bitter experience for one with her background.

In this new country, women were scarce and wives in demand. Before many years, the Kamp girls married. Sarah lived with her daughter Martha Adair until 1885. Then her home was with Katherine Adair, except for a few months occasionally with her daughter Anne Gowdy. In these homes she taught the girls to sew, knit and

crochet. Some of them she taught to read, also to memorize scripture verses. Many years later when her granddaughter Vena was past 80 years, she greatly enjoyed recalling the day when she learned the "Shepherd" psalm. In the adjoining room her sisters Florence and Inez entertained friends, playing the melodeon and singing. Her grandmother's patience was sorely tried by this.

She began thus: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want, (Now just hear Inez, Tee hee, Tee hee!) He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; (Just hear Inez! Tee hee! Tee hee!) He leadeth me beside the still waters. (Tee hee! Tee hee! Oh, Inez, Inez!) And so it continued.

Vena never forgot the psalm. Neither could she forget the refrain. Afterward, chanting it over at play, with zest she put in her sister's giggle. Her grandmother would have been deeply shocked if she had heard her.

Each night great grandmother knelt at her bedside in prayer as her mother had taught her. For many years she read her Bible through every year. Often she repeated hymns. One which she liked to request was "Oh, why should I be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease, while others fought to gain the prize, and sailed through bloody seas?"

She received her last proposal of marriage when about 80 years of age. And this time she knew her own mind. Without hesitation she gave her answer, "I think old folks like us should be thinking about dying, instead of getting married".

Yet she did not die until October 25, 1906, having lived on earth 102 years, six months and three days. Five of her children, 21 grandchildren, 24 great grandchildren and three great great grandchildren were living. Except for failing eyesight, she had the use of all of her faculties until the last. What a remarkable story she could have told, if only I had known then that I should some day write this sketch!

Trials, hardships, bitter grief such as she had known have ruined the lives of many. But great grandmother Sarah had kept her faith and courage, and accepted life with calm fortitude. One who lived in the home with her for 18 years said, "I never knew anyone who met life with the calm peacefulness of grandmother". Having lived so long past her contemporaries, she must have been extremely lonely. But she did not murmur. Living with her memories, in a rushing, clamorous, changeful world, she waited and kept the faith that God had controlled her destiny.

She was buried in the IOOF cemetery at Salem, Oregon. Her epitaph was, "Her heavenly birthday was October 25, 1906... 'Nothing but the weary dust is dead'. " The latter quotation is from Louise Alcott, said of her mother.

We who remember the "lady from Virginia" say of her, in the words of her oldest granddaughter, "She was indeed a grand old ancestor!"

Written by her oldest daughter's granddaughter, the grandmother of 10.

(Note: I could find no record of John Glenn Newbill and his wife Jane having been in Missouri. Tom's father Jesse Swope Newbill, a grandson of John Glenn Newbill, was seventeen when they left Missouri so should have known of his great grandparents being in the state, but he never mentioned them in his childhood stories so I did not place them there. -- Leona H. Newbill)

(Note by Kenneth C. Hammill, June 26, 1984: When my wife and I were in Sedalia, Missouri in 1970 we found deed and estate records for John Glenn Newbill. And, we have an old letter from their daughter Roche in Pettis County, Missouri in the 1850's showing that her mother Jane, widow of John Glenn Newbill, was living with her.)

Also: The above story has been copied many times. Somewhere along the line the surname KEMP was incorrectly copied KAMP. (KCH)

NAME Nathaniel Alexander Newbill (to Ore 1852 by cov wagon)
 BORN 5 April 1803 PLACE Lunenburg Co Va
 MARRIED 18 March 1833 PLACE Pettis Co Mo
 DIED 29 Sept 1874 PLACE Grizzly, Crook Co Ore
 BURIED AT Grizzly, near Prineville, Ore - then in Wasco Co.
 RESIDED AT Franklin Co Va 1805-1831.
 OCCUPATION Teacher, Assessor CHURCH AFF. Christian Church
 MILITARY SERVICE
 FATHER John Glenn Newbill MOTHER (Maiden Name) Jane (Hawkins) Estes
 OTHER SPOUSE

SOURCE OF INFORMATION
 Old letters.
 ODLIC # 3607.
 DAR Pioneers.
 OHS Vit Stats
 1860, 70 cens O.
 1850 cens Mo.
 Amanda
 Newbill's
 Bible.

Notes over.

SPOUSE Sarah Frances Swope (Sally)

BORN 28 Jan 1816 PLACE Grant Co Ky.
 DIED 1 Jan 1909 PLACE Wasco (now Crook) Co Ore
 BURIED AT Grizzly Cemetery, near Prineville Or.
 FATHER Jesse Swope MOTHER (Maiden Name) Mary Headrick
 OTHER SPOUSE

CHILDREN	BORN		DIED		MARRIED
	DATE	PLACE	DATE	PLACE	DATE & PLACE
1	7 May 1834	Pettis Co Mo	4 July 1913	Polk Co Or	Nancy Ann Owens Yamhill Co Or
2	11 Oct 1837	Pettis Co Mo			20 Sept 1860
3					No information.
4	22 Dec 1839	Pettis Co Mo	26 Nov 1918	Salem, Ore	Martha Bolejack Polk Co Ore
5	7 Dec 1841	Pettis Co Mo	?		29 March 1866 Never married.
6	24 April 1843	Pettis Co Mo	?		Julia A Ellis 14 April 1869 Polk Co Ore
7	13 Feb 1845	Pettis Co Mo	13 May 1863	Polk Co Ore	John Dowling 15 Nov 1860 Yamhill Co Ore
8	13 May 1847	Pettis Co Mo	2 Oct 1936	Tillamook Ore	Sarah Hayworth 27 Dec 1866 Polk Co Ore
9	10 Mar 1849	Pettis Co Mo	?		C W Carpenter 10 June 1870 Polk Co Ore
10	22 April 1851	Pettis Co Mo	?		Martha Page 30 Dec 1877 Wasco Co Ore
11	13 April 1854	Polk Co Ore	20 Feb 1940		Never married
12	9 Mar 1856	Polk Co Ore	20 June 1943		Filina Bell Crooks Wasco Co Ore
13	24 April 1858	Polk Co Ore	22 Jan 1863	Polk Co Ore	11 July 1883
14	8 Jan 1861	Polk Co Ore	3 Jan 1942	The Dalles Ore	Lora Ann Moore Willow Creek Ore
15	16 April 1866	Polk Co Ore	?		5 Oct 1890 Lee Moore Alexander (Leroy)
					30 June 1886

The second child, John Glenn Newbill, born Pettis Co 27 March 1836 died Pettis Co 26 March 1844.

About 1830 Nathaniel went, by horseback, accompanied by his slave, from Franklin Co, Va to the new Pettis Co, Mo to weigh the prospects of settlement there. He returned with such a glowing report that his parents and family moved there.

While teaching school in Pettis Co, Mo Nathaniel boarded with Jesse Swope, eloping with his 17 year old daughter, Sarah. In the night she climbed from her second story bedroom, descending by ladder to her waiting fiance. They took her father's boat and rowed across the river, leaving no boat for pursuers. They were married next day, then returned, with the boat, to her parents' home where they were surprised to find acceptance.

Nathaniel's oldest son, Jesse, borrowing a page from his father's life, went from Mo to Oregon with friends, via the Applegate Trail across southern Oregon then north to the Willamette Valley. He was only 14, After spending the winter in Vancouver (now in Washington State) he returned to Mo the next spring and had little difficulty persuading his family to move to Oregon. That was in 1848 and 1849. As times were hard at the time, it was three years before they could start the long trek across the plains. Nathaniel's sisters, Sarah Newbill Kemp and Amanda Newbill Craghead Talbert and their families came with them.

(Isaac Hedrick)

Nathaniel and family lived the first year with his wife's uncle who had preceded them by a few years. The following year Nathaniel took out a donation land claim in Polk Co at Salt Creek between Dallas and Willamina. Eighteen years later, as game and firewood grew scarcer while neighbors and chimney smoke crept closer, Nathaniel sold his place and moved to sparsely settled central Oregon. He was listed in the 1870 census in both Polk and Wasco Counties, indicating that he moved that year.

41-N-1



Sarah (Newbill) Kemp 1804-1906)
About 1865, age 61.

NAME Thomas Alexander Hall Kemp - bro of William Riley Kemp NO.
 BORN 12 Jan 1792 PLACE Franklin Co Va Page 41-0
 MARRIED 23 Nov 1826 PLACE Bedford Co Va SOURCE OF INFORMATI
 DIED 17 Sept 1846 PLACE Pettis Co Mo Carter: PIONEER
 BURIED AT Kemp family cemetery FAM OF MO, Vol
 RESIDED AT Callaway and Pettis Counties, Mo '50 cens Mo.
 OCCUPATION ? CHURCH AFF. CRAGHD FAM OF
 MILITARY SERVICE ? VA & MO, by
 FATHER William Riley SR MOTHER (Maiden Name) Susannah Hall Mrs. WB Craghd
 OTHER SPOUSE - RAMBLING SKETC
 by Ann Gowdy 1910

SPOUSE Regina Maria Roche Newbill - called "Roche".
 BORN 14 July 1805 PLACE Bedford Co Va
 DIED 25 March 1872 PLACE Pettis Co Mo
 BURIED AT Kemp family cemetery.
 FATHER John Glenn Newbill MOTHER (Maiden Name) Jane Hawkins (widow of Benj Estes
 OTHER SPOUSE -

CHILDREN	BORN		DIED		MARRIED
	DATE	PLACE	DATE	PLACE	
1 Sanford (Sandy)	ca 1827	Franklin Co Va	was in Mexican War.	Mexico	
2 William Giles (Buck)	ca 1829	Franklin Co Va	after 1868	Texas	Sally Kemp - cousin Fall, 1851 Pettis Co Mo Died, Texas
3 Amanda J (Mandy)	ca 1831	Callaway or Pettis Co Mo	"years ago" 1910	?	Francis M DeJarnette 1852-3 Pettis Co Mo
4 (Betty) Mary Ann Elizabeth	18 Dec 1832	Pettis Co Mo	26 May 1916	?	Thorton P Scott 12 Jan 1853 Pettis Co Mo
5 James T	14 Feb 1834	Pettis Co Mo	31 Dec 1892	Pettis Co Mo	Nancy Mullins Longwood Cem
6 (Zeke) Ezekiel Franklin	30 Nov 1836	Pettis Co Mo	3 March 1918	Pettis Co Mo	Mary G Herndon Dresden Cem
7 Maria Susan R	ca 1839	?	Still alive 1910	?	James T Estes 29 April 1869 Pettis Co Mo
8 Jordan Robert	22 March 1841	Mo	14 Feb 1932	Pettis Co Mo	Sally H Hieronymus 28 Nov 1867 Pettis Co Mo
9 (Pad) Padfield Newbill	28 Feb 1843	Heathscreek Twp Pettis Co Mo	August 1928	?	Margaret Levinia Steele 3 Dec 1868 Callaway Co Mo
10 (Sally) Sarah Theresa	1845	Mo	Still alive 1910	?	John B Brooks 7 Nov 1867 Pettis Co Mo
11 Josephus Powell	After father's death, 1846-7	Pettis Co Mo	1918	?	Laura Merlina Herman 6 Feb 1876 LaMonte Cem ?
12	Notes: Roche was named for the author of the best seller, THE CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY, by Regina Maria Roche. About 1852 Roche built a new home of which she was very proud. Her mother lived with ner.				
13					
14					

HUSBAND Jonathan Craghead

Born 30 Dec 1805 Place Franklin Co Virginia
 Married 26 Feb 1835 Place Pettis Co Mo
 Died 19 Dec 1843 Place Pettis Co Mo Georgetown
 Buried at Church Aff.
 Other wives _____
 FATHER Robert M Craghead (Maxey?)
 Born 25 Sept 1772 Place Bedford Co Va (now Franklin)
 Married 18 Nov 1792 Place Franklin Co Va
 Died will filed Dec 1857 Place Callaway Co Mo
 Buried at Home place Church aff.
 MOTHER Nancy Powell
 Born 2 Feb 1776 Place Bedford Co (Franklin) Va
 Died 7 Feb 1859 Place Callaway Co Mo
 Buried at Home place Church aff.
 1970-Now a cow pasture. Markers knocked over. dh
 WIFE Anna Adelia Amanda Almeda Rosina Melvina Jane Fitz-
 Born 16 Aug 1810 Place Franklin Co Va
 Died 20 April 1900 Place Clackamas Oregon
 Buried at Clackamas Cem Church Aff. Methodist
 Other husbands Francis L Talbert (m 30 Dec 1847 Pettis MO)
 FATHER John Glenn Newbill
 Born 4 Dec 1773 Place Lunenburg or Essex Co Va
 Married 15 June 1802 Place Lunenburg Co Va
 Died 17 Jan 1844 Place Pettis Co Mo
 Buried at Church Aff.
 MOTHER Jane Hawkins (Jeanne) Estes (widow)
 Born 10 June 1778 Place Lunenburg Co Va
 Died 13 May 1856 Place Pettis Co Mo
 Buried at Church Aff.

Sheet submitted by:

- 1 Dorothy D Hammill
1905 NE 77th Ave
Portland Oregon 97213
Date 19 Feb 1976
- AUTHORITIES:
(List volume and page)
- 2 Amanda's Bible
- 3 Tombstone Jon, Rob't Na
- 4 Family record
- 5 Ore DLC #5055 Vol 2/127
- 6 Francis L Talbert
- 7 1850 Census Pettis Co M
- 7 1850 Census Callaway Co Mo
- 8 1850 Census Clackamas Co Ore
- 9 Sarah Catherine Matlock Bible

CHILDREN

	CHILDREN	BORN		DIED		MARRIED		
		When	Where	When	Where	To whom	When	Where
1	(Sis) Nancy Maria Jane Craghead	21 April 1836	Pettis Co Mo	26 Oct 1852	Milwaukie Ore	Died at end of trail.		
2	(Hon) Sarah Catherine Craghead	18 Aug 1838	Georgetown	19 Jan 1926	Portland Oregon	29 Dec 1859	Clackamas Oregon	Noah Noble Matlock
3	Mary Elizabeth Craghead	15 July 1841	Georgetown	10 Sept 1931	Portland Ore	1 John Capps 13 Feb 18	Clackamas Ore	
4	Hopie Ann Powell Craghead	1 Nov 1843	Georgetown	9 April 1937	Los Angeles	28 May 1861	Clackamas Oregon	Theodore J Matlock
	Amanda's children by her second marriage:							
	John Alexander Talbert	17 Sept 1848	Pettis Co Mo	12 Jan 1929	Clackamas Ore	Emma Davis	Clackamas Ore	15 May 1870
	(twin) Benjamin Franklin Talbt	13 Jan 1851	Pettis Co Mo	14 Jan 1851	Pettis Co Mo			
	(twin) Thomas Wesley Talbert	13 Jan 1851	Pettis Co Mo	24 June 1852	Platte River on			the Ore Trail
	Note: Amanda's 14 names were from the characters in the book, CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY by Regina Maria Roche. Amanda's next older sister was named for the author. The book is said to have been our first "best seller".							

41-P-1



Amanda (Newbill) Craghead Talbert
About 1890, age 80?

41-P-2



Sarah Catherine (Craghead) Matlock
1890-1900, age 50-60

41-P-3



Mary (Craghead) Capps - later Mills.
(About 1865?)

41-P-4



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PORTLAND, OR.

Mary (Craghead) Capps Mills (1841-1931)

41-P-5



Hopie Ann (Craghead) Matlock (1843-1937)

NAME JOHN QUINCY ADAMS NEWBILL (called "Q" or "Quince".) NO.
 BORN 3 Sept 1823 PLACE Franklin Co Va Page 41-Q
 MARRIED 4 Sept 1845 PLACE Mo (Pettis Co?) SOURCE OF INFORMATION
 DIED 29 Jan 1888 PLACE Clackamas Co Oregon Bible, Grace
 BURIED AT Stony Point, Clackamas Co Ore Newbill Wagner
 RESIDED AT Pettis and Johnson Cos Mo Old letters.
 OCCUPATION Farmer CHURCH AFF. 1850 Cens Petti
 MILITARY SERVICE 1880 Ore census
 FATHER John Glenn Newbill MOTHER(Maiden Name) Jane (Hawkins) Estes - widow.
 OTHER SPOUSE 2. Elizabeth Margaret Rucker. See other sheet. Newbill Bible
 Inventory,
 J.G. Newbill.
 SPOUSE Catherine Fletcher Thompson Leona Hopper
 BORN 5 March 1829 PLACE Arkansas data.
 DIED 19 Dec 1862 PLACE Johnson Co? Missouri
 BURIED AT Rucker Cem. Died 5 days after birth of twins.
 FATHER George W Thompson MOTHER(Maiden Name) ?
 OTHER SPOUSE

CHILDREN	BORN		DIED		MARRIED
	DATE	PLACE	DATE	PLACE	DATE & PLACE
1	"Nannie" Nancy Jane Newbill	17 Feb 1847 Mo-probably Pet- tis or Johnson	16 Dec 1915 Pettis Co Mo Co Line Cem		Hampton Gray Fisher 3 April 1864 Johnson Co Mo
2	John William Newbill	20 Oct 1849 Mo-prob Pettis or Johnson Co	2 Dec 1927 Brownington Mo		Mary Eliz. Thompson 28 July 1878 Bates Co Mo
3	Oscar Adolphus Newbill	10 July 1853 Butler Mo Bates Co	6 Dec 1902 Lafayette Col		1 Mary Warren 2 Nancy McFadden
4	Eugenia Wilson Newbill	2 April 1859 Mo - prob Pettis or Johnson Co	18 Dec 1930 ?		John Thompson (brother of Mary E)
5	(Twin) Elizabeth Catherine	14 Dec 1862 "	15 Dec 1862 Mo - probably Pet or Johnson		
6	(Twin) Katheryn(sic) Newbill	14 Dec 1862 "	19 March 1936 Idaho - Boise or Council?		Eugene Koontz 1882 Johnaon Co Mo? Oregon?
7	Note: Apparently none of this first family came to Oregon - at least not with their father who brought his second family to Oregon in 1878. by train. See second family group sheet.				
8					
9					
10					
11					
12					
13					
14					

NAME John Quincy Adams Newbill NO.
 BORN 3 Sept 1823 PLACE Penhook, Franklin Co Va Page 41-R
 MARRIED 7 April 1864 PLACE Johnson Co Mo SOURCE OF INFORMATION
 DIED 29 Jan 1888 PLACE Highland? Clackamas Co Ore Old letters.
 BURIED AT Stony Point Cemetery, Clackamas Co Ore 1850 census
 RESIDED AT Johnson, Pettis Cos Mo; Clackamas Co Ore Pettis Co Mo.
 OCCUPATION Farmer CHURCH AFF. '80 Clackamas,
 MILITARY SERVICE Ore census.
 FATHER John Glenn Newbill MOTHER(Maiden Name) Jane (Hawkins) Estes .Pettis recds
 OTHER SPOUSE 1.Catherine Fletcher Thompson (other family sheet) Carter; PIONEER
 FAM, PETTIS MO
 NEWBILL FAMILY
 TREE: by Mrs.
 T.J.Newbill.
 Jerry Newbill.

SPOUSE Elizabeth Margaret Rucker ("Sis" or "Lizzie")
 BORN 17 Feb 1841 PLACE Pettis Co Mo
 DIED 30 May 1888 PLACE Clackamas Co Ore
 BURIED AT Springwater Cemetery Clackamas Co Ore
 FATHER John Rucker MOTHER(Maiden Name) ?
 OTHER SPOUSE

CHILDREN	BORN		DIED		MARRIED
	DATE	PLACE	DATE	PLACE	DATE & PLACE
1	5 May 1865				Sadie C Funk
		Bates Co Mo			22 Sept 1896
					Mcminnville, Yamhill Co
2	31 Jan 1867		29 July 1956		Mary T Mitchell
		Mo	Walla Walla		8 June 1904
			Wash		San Francisco CA
3	1 Feb 1869		10 Nov 1936		1 Elizabeth Hasbrook
				Mo	2 Orpha Simpson
		Mo			
4	23 Aug 1871				Virginia Koontz
		Mo			
5	(twin) 28 March 1873		31 March 1931		Delbert L Boylan
	Knob Noster				24 Feb 1889
	Johnson Co Mo				
6	(twin) 28 March 1873				William U Henderson
	Johnson Co Mo				23 May 1889
	Knob Noster				Mt. Home Ore
7	5 Feb 1877		Oct 1934		James Hays
	Knob Noster				
	Johnson Co Mo				
8	6 June 1879				Ben Koontz
	Oregon				
	Clackamas Co?				
9					
10	Note: Twins seemed to run in the Newbill family. Not alone in that respect was J.Q. for his father was a twin. And his sister, Amanda, had a set of twins. But "Q" takes the honors with a set of twin girls by each of his two wives.				
11					
12					
13					
14					

RAMBLING SKETCHES - 1910
 by Aunt Anna
 - ANNA ELIZA (KEMP) GOWDY -

My grandfather's parents were Nathaniel and Sarah Glenn Newbill. Their children were: John Glenn (my grandfather) and his twin brother, **who died in infancy, Thomas, Henry, Tyree, Milton and Parker. The daughters were: Mary Spencer, wife of Rev. John Spencer; Sarah, wife of William Powell; Nancy Witcher, wife of Judge Vincent Witcher, member of Congress; Elizabeth, wife of Milton Sutherland; Catherine, wife of Rev. William Leftwich; Susan, wife of William Parberry; Martha, wife of John Odeneal; and Anna who never married. John Glenn Newbill was named for his mother's father, John Glenn.* He (John Glenn Newbill-KH) was left a widower with two small daughters, Mary and Susan. His (deceased) wife's mother took Susan and we never knew much of her. Mary, "Aunt Polly", we called her, married Luke Parrott in Virginia. He died in Missouri, leaving her with a large family. She afterwards married a man named Ellison. She has been gone these many years. John Newbill's second wife, our grandmother, was Jane (Hawkins) Estes. She was left a widow with two small daughters, Nancy and Martha Estes. Nancy died young. Martha was said to be very handsome, and was quite an heiress, having been left by her father quite a number of slaves, who were property then. She had many suitors while still very young and made a runaway match when only 14 years old, marrying James Smith. She died when still young, leaving 9 children, 7 boys and and two girls- the oldest and youngest - Jane and Sally Maria. After John G. Newbill and Jane Hawkins Estes married, their children were: Nathaniel Alexander, born April 6, 1803; Sarah Glenn (my mother), born April 22, 1804; Regina Maria Roche (named for the author of the best seller, CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY), born June 4 or 5, 1805 (should be July 14-KH); Amanda, born August 10, 1811 (should be August 16, 1810)- Amanda had 14 names, after the characters in CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY - KH); John Quincy Adams, born September 1, 1823. Nathaniel Newbill married Sallie (we called her) Swope in Missouri. Fifteen children were born to them, ten in Missouri and five in Oregon. He crossed the plains with us with his wife and nine children, one having died before we left Missouri. Their names were John (who died); Jesse, James, William, Meredith, Benjamin, Nathaniel, Almedia, Mary, Charlie, Connit, Casper, Martha, Frances and Joel. He lived for a number of years in Polk County near Grande Ronde, then went to Crook County near Prineville, where he died a number of years ago. His wife died two or 3 years ago.

1838 Sarah Glenn Newbill married in Virginia, William Riley Kemp, March 14, 1828. Their children - the two oldest born in Virginia - the others all in Pettis County, Missouri: Susan Jane, born January 30, 1829; John Anthony, born February 22, 1831; Mary Amanda, born February 19, 1833; Martha Maria, born May 22, 1835; Sarah Elizabeth, born April 22, 1837; Louisa Katherine, born September 25, 1839; Anna Eliza, born November 23, 1843; Delia Frances, born May 2, 1847. William R. Kemp died where the city of La Grande is now September 10, 1852, and was buried at the eastern foot of the Blue Mountains where the old emigrant road came up out of the Grande Ronde Valley. My mother used to say that he was said to be the handsomest young man around when they were married, and I thought he looked handsome when I last looked at him lying ready for the grave, dressed in a fine suit of black, beard clean shaven (I never saw him with a beard, and when he would be shaving and had his face covered with lather he would catch Fannie

* John Glenn was her brother. Her father was Tyree. KCH.

** Wrong. Thomas died soon after marrying Gracie Powell, 1795. KH 1987

and I and rub the lather off over our faces) with his dark curly hair just tinged with grey threads. He was buried lying on a board taken from the side of one of the wagons. (They had extra boards to make the beds deeper.) The grave was at the left of the road as we came up out of the valley. They covered his body with fir boughs, and we got in the wagons, drawn by the worn out oxen, and resumed our sad, weary journey, leaving him there in his lonely grave among the tall pine and fir trees. He was elected to the legislature, was assessor and sheriff of Pettis County for eight years. Some years ago I was introduced to an old gentleman, and the man who introduced him to me said to him, "This lady is a daughter of our old Pettis County Sheriff, Riley Kemp." The old gentleman said, "Is that so? Then I'll have to shake hands with her again," and giving me a hearty shake he said, "I knew your father well. He was the best sheriff we ever had, and was a very popular man, as honest as the day was long. Everybody knew and liked Riley Kemp." You may be sure I treasured up every word about my father to tell it to mother. She said she did not know the old man, or did not remember him. My mother died October 25, 1906. You know about her, so I'll not write about her later years of life.

(Notes: She was writing for her grown children, nephews and nieces. The next page and a half, pertaining to her great grandparents, Alexander Newbill and Sarah Glenn, were removed from this space and placed with them, Page 8B-1. Now we'll continue with her "sketches". KH.)

When my only brother was seven months old (and had one tooth that his mother did not know he had 'till she heard it grate on the side of a cup), they left Virginia for Missouri. Father's brother, Uncle Tom, whose wife was Aunt Roche, mother's sister, and their two first children, Nathaniel, called "Sandy", and William, called "Buck" for short, with a Mr. and Mrs. Larn with two small children, accompanied them. They came in wagons drawn by a span of horses, and camped out, but as they came through a settled country they only had to bring bedding, clothing and a few cooking utensils, and dishes, as they could buy their provisions on the way. Father's single brother, Ezekiel, and another young man came with them. I think they had some loose stock, (horses) that the boys drove. Mr. and Mrs. Larn's folks gave them a negro man and woman and a little boy. They took the woman away from her husband, (I think the man wasn't married) and took the little year old pickininy from his mother. When they came by and stopped to get him, his mammy came out with him in her arms, and with tears streaming down her cheeks begged her master to let her keep him, saying so pitifully, "It 'pears like I jus can't give him up. Oh, Massa, let me keep him." But her master raised his rawhide whip and told her that he would simply have to give her a terrible whipping if she did not give him to the other negro woman who was in the wagon, but the poor mother clung to the screaming child, who was clinging to her neck, until the poor little thing's father pulled him roughly from his poor mother's arms and gave him to the other woman, and they drove off, leaving the poor mother the picture of despair. Mother said she told Father then she never wanted to own a slave after seeing such a sight as that, and she did not see how Mrs. Larn could sit there with her baby in her arms and take as a present the black baby from the arms of the black mother. The black woman they took cared for the little fellow as well as she could, but she was broken hearted at being taken from her husband; she had no children I think. When they were passing through Tennessee (I think), one evening when they camped Mrs. Larn complained of the negro man to her husband - he had not done something

she told him to while Mr. Larn had been away from the camp. So Mr. Larn, saying, "it was time that nigger learned who his master was," took him aside and gave him a hard whipping. Some other folks were camped near them and Mr. Larn went over to their camp. In a few moments they came, or called, from the camp, saying he had fainted, but when they went over there he was dead. Poor Mrs. Larn, she must have felt like it was, as people often say, a judgment. The negro woman told mother she was sorry for "missus," but now she would know how she felt when she had to leave her husband. Mrs. Larn thought she could not go on to Missouri. She was expecting another visit from the stork and wanted to return to Virginia. So the young man who was with them went back with her. Mother was sorry for her also, but couldn't help being glad for the darky woman. But when they got back the negro woman's husband had been made by his master to marry another woman.

When father and mother came to Missouri they and Uncle Tom rented a farm for a year near Fulton in Calumby (Callaway, KH) County, from the man for whom the county was named. They lived near him and knew him. Mrs. Dye writes of him in one of her books. He was a friend of Daniel Boone and I think mother - or father - said they knew Boone also. After they lived there - all in one log cabin with one room - a year they moved to Pettis County and lived there in a log house all together for a year. I think there was only one room in the house then, but in my recollection there were three rooms. Aunt Roche was living in the house when we left Missouri, but was having a house built near by. Sister Mary was born while they all lived there. Then father bought a place near there and they moved on it. Sisters Martha and Elizabeth were born there. Then they sold that place and bought a place in the timber called "turkey oak," there being a large roost of wild turkeys in the oak trees. I used to call it "turkey yoke," that being what I thought they called it. Sister Kate was born there. Then father bought a place out in the prairie from Aunt Polly Parrot - mother's half sister. Her husband died and was buried on the place under some oak trees not far from the house. There sister Fannie and I were born. We lived there until we started to Oregon. Father then owned four hundred acres; it was a fine farm. We started to Oregon in May (the fifth). We had three wagons, drawn by three yoke of oxen, and I do not know how much loose stock, some ten or fifteen cows, besides other stock. One cow, old Pink, a large, red cow, a fine milker, but she would kick over a big bucket of milk and jump a high rail fence every now and then. She did not want to come to Oregon, and the boys had to keep her tied at night and had trouble with her all day to keep her from going back. But one night she got loose and that was the last we ever saw or heard of Pink until we came to Oregon. Then they wrote that she was standing at the bars at the barn lot of our old home one morning when the folks at the place got up. Mother gave her to Aunt Roche. Father hired three young men to drive the teams, two of them, and one to drive the stock, riding a mule. Brother drove the team to the wagon that we rode in. But we all soon learned to walk, hardly getting into the wagons some days at all, getting in and getting out without stopping the teams. On the Platt River there was much sickness and many deaths. Our little sister Fannie was playing about the camp one evening very lively. That night she slept in the wagon with two of the older girls; the family slept in a tent, the boys in the wagons and two of the girls often slept in the wagon in which we rode. Fannie always slept next to mother, so that night I had her place and was going to tease her the next morning about it, but before we got up sister Molly came to the tent with Fannie in her arms, and said she had been ill all night, and before sunset that day I stood by, terror stricken, and saw my father take

her from mother's arms and laying her on the bed, close her eyes, never more to be opened in this world. For

"Untroubled by care and strife

As one of God's little children she walked to the end of life,
To the end of life that is mortal, then passed in the arms of love
From the fading lights terrestrial to the fadeless lights above."

I left the tent and going out I sat down on the wet ground, never heeding the pouring rain. No one noticed me until my sister Sue passing by saw me sitting there crying. Sue sat down and taking me in her arms, told me of the beautiful home that Fannie had gone to. Only a few more years had passed until she, too, had gone to that home, leaving a little girl to take Fannie's place in mother's arms. I thought my little sister looked very sweet and pretty the next morning as they laid her - all in white, wrapped in a sheet, for a casket of course was not to be had - in the lonely little grave near the road in the desolate valley of the Platte.

One night mother and Aunt Amanda went to a camp near us and were gone all night. When they came back they said a little boy baby was born and the mother was dead. Sometime after the train camped near us again for several nights, and we children went to see the little motherless babe. The people who had him did not seem to be taking very good care of him, and his father asked mother to take him. There was also a little girl, about four or five years old - Amanda. Mother did not see how she could keep the poor baby, but we all begged her to, so she took him. His name was John Samuel Smith; we called him "John Sammy," and all became so fond of him, but he died at The Dalles. His father, with the little girl, had gone on ahead of us but he was at The Dalles when we got there, and buried the baby. It was only by great care that the little thing lived so long. Mother never had a cent for caring for him.

I do not know how many were in our train when we left Missouri. Our uncle, Nat Newbill, and family; Aunt Amanda Talbert and family; and Mr. Rector's family, and Davis Diverse (?) and family are all I can recall, but there were several others. The train stayed together at first, but as teams began to die and provisions got low the train broke up and it was everyone for himself. Uncle Nat went on ahead and father wanted to go, but Aunt Amanda could not go on and mother could not bear to leave her, so we stayed with them and had to divide provisions with them, and also let Uncle Nat have some without pay.

When we got to Milwaukie we stopped in a house the first time since leaving Missouri. We stayed there several days, then, leaving Aunt's folks there, we went on to Salem. I would like to write more about our trip across the plains and of our pioneer life in Oregon, but it is too much for me in my present condition, so I'll have to stop, after adding a few more records.

Our grandfather and grandmother, with Uncle Nat, Aunt Amanda and Uncle Quincy came to Missouri a few years after our family. They came by public conveyance. Grandfather, John Glenn Newbill, died January 17, 1844. Grandmother, Jane Hawkins Estes Newbill, died March 13, 1856. William Riley Kemp, born June 4, 1803, died September 10, 1852. Sarah Glenn Newbill, born April 22, 1804, died October 25, 1906. Susan Jane Kemp Keyt, born January 30, 1829, died September 27, 1854. John Anthony Kemp, born February 22, 1831, died April 9, 1903. Delia Frances Kemp, born May 2, 1847, died June 14, 1852.

Susan Jane Kemp was married to E.C. Keyt by the Rev. Dr. Doane in Polk County, Oregon, December 7, 1853.

John A. Kemp was married to Miss Sadie Butson (Sarah Ann) by the Rev. P.S. Knight in Salem, Oregon, December 20, 1877.

Mary A. Kemp was married to Elias Harper by the Rev. Dr. Doane Jan. 12, 1854. After Mr. Harper's death she married Louis Pratt who died in Boyd, Wasco County.

Martha M. Kemp was married by Judge Terry on board the steamer Gazelle on the Willamette River between Albany and Corvallis to Elias C. Adair who died in Salem. They were married March 20, 1854.

Sarah E. Kemp was married by Judge Terry in Salem, August 16, 1853, to James A. Ripperton, who died in Portland.

Louise K. Kemp was married to William H. Adair by Rev. P.S. Knight in the Congregational Church in Oregon City, March 11, 1866.

Anna E. Kemp was married to John L. Gowdy by the Rev. Neill Johnson at the home of her sister, M. E. Adair, on the Sam Brown farm on which the town of Gervais is built, February 4, 1861.

Sister Sue left a little daughter; J.A. Kemp left five children living, one dead. Mary Harper was the mother of two boys and five girls. Martha Adair, mother of six children. S.E. Ripperton had six sons and two daughters. Kate Adair was the mother of two boys and four girls. A.E. Gowdy is the mother of an only son and three daughters.

A SUPPLEMENT 1913

My uncle Quincy Newbill was my mother's youngest brother. He was, I think, only three years old when mother married. He married after he came to Missouri, Catherine Thompson. She died in the time of the war, leaving six children. The two oldest, Nancy and John, were born before we left Missouri. They had twin girls. After Aunt Kate's death he married again, but I don't know the name of his wife, but we called her "Aunt Lizzie". They came to Oregon quite a number of years after we came, twenty or more. I never saw any of them after they came here, but mother and the others saw them. They died a few years after coming here in Clackamas County. None of his first wife's children came here. They left six more children. He had one pair of twins by Aunt Lizzie, also. (They were girls, too. KH)

Aunt Amanda, mother's youngest sister, was about seven years younger than mother. She married after coming to Missouri, Johnathan Craghead. He died, leaving her with four little girls, one only six weeks old. They were, Nancy, who died the fall we came to Oregon - they crossed the plains with us -. Sarah married Noble and Hopy married Theodore Matlock, the only sons of Judge Matlock of Oregon City. They are both widows now. Hopy is just 25 days older than I am. She has six girls. (Lena Bellinger being one of them.) Mary married John Capps, about a week after I was married. He died thirteen months after, and about twelve years after she married William Mills, but she is a widow again. She had no family. Aunt Amanda married a second time, to Francis Talbert. They had three sons, John, Bennie and Thomas, twins. Tommy died before we left Missouri, Bennie when we were crossing the plains. Uncle and Aunt died in Clackamas, where they had lived since coming to Oregon.

My father's brother, Uncle Tom Kemp, married mother's sister. She was a year younger than mother. He died in Pettis County, Missouri, leaving her eleven children, the last one born after his death. The oldest, Alexander, called "Sandy," went to the Mexican War and died in Mexico.

The next one, William, called "Buck," was near my brother in age and they were inseparable chums, looking enough alike to be twins, and were said to be the best looking young men anywhere around, and the sisters, as well as the parents of them, agreed with the opinion. "Buck" married the fall before we left Missouri to Sallie Kemp, a distant cousin. They went to Texas after we came to Oregon, and both died there. Aunt's other children are Amanda, wife of Frank Dejournet(?) She died many years ago. Elizabeth married Thornton Scott (Cousin Betty Scott). He died, leaving her three children. She lives with her only son, Leslie. They are quite well off. The other children all live in Sedalia or near the city, except Sallie, who used to be my playmate. She lives in St. Louis, a widow. Her husband's name was Brooks. She had six sons, only four living. Aunt's other girl, Maria Estes, lives in Sedalia and is a widow with children. The other boys were Jim (dead), Ezekiel, Jordan, Padfield and Powell. Sister Kate saw them -

Note: so ends page 9 of her "Sketches", with no page 10 that we know of. There is one more page which follows. KH.

Letter in envelope dated McMinnville, Oregon March 12 5:30 PM 1914 In Grandma Kemp's (widow of J.A. Kemp - KH) handwriting - Take care of this letter written by Annie Gowdy - J.A. Kemp's youngest sister - Sketches of their last life in Oregon.

Written on back of envelope - Received Friday March 13-1914.

Reminiscences

I was born on a six hundred acres farm that my father owned in Pettis Co MO. The farm is in hearing of the bells and whistles of the city of Sedalia. But when the stork left the wailing bit of humanity in my mother's arms there was no city there. It was only a large farm, mother knew the people who owned it & for whose daughter the city was named. And the only bells to be heard were cow bells and the only whistle was that of the little darky boy whistling to keep off the "hants" as he drove the cows home in the dusk of the evening. The little darky was perhaps clothed in a single garment of coarse home-woven cotton or towe, reaching a little below his knees, with long sleeves & tied around the neck with a string gathered in a hem, with a torn straw hat on his kinky black, wooly head. Our house stood back quite a bit from a wide road upon which there was a great deal of traveling. It was also quite a bit from the house to the front gate. The large lawn in front was covered (by) Kentucky blue grass. A large walnut tree was on one side of the gate & a mulberry tree on the other side. And there were more trees scattered all over the lawn. A large locust tree stood near the front door & another one near the back door over the well. Back of the house there was a large garden surrounded by a picket fence. The garden was in four squares divided by paths, the paths were bordered by flowers, there were no flowers in or on the lawn or about the house, only a rose bush near the front door & morning glories over the windows. When my father bought the farm & we moved on it - not long before my birth - the water was all brought from a cave spring across the road from the house in the woods - the house stood in open ground with timber on one side & in front. The spring was in a large cave, the water was cold but it was quite a long way to get the water from. It was generally believed in those days that (you) could locate water by carrying a hazel wand - witch hazel I think - in your hands & the wand would turn where the water could be found. And there was several holes on the place where they had dug for water that the switch had located, but they always came to solid rock. My

father hired a professional well digger & when he came to the rock he blasted through it. I don't remember how deep the well was but it was very deep and was known far and wide (for its) fine, cold water. There was an endless chain pump in it - there was a wide curb around it. After we came to Oregon a little boy whose parents lived on the farm was drowned in the well. When Sister Kate was back there a few years ago she was at the old home & had a drink from the old well. Back of the garden was a large apple orchard & at the end of the house on one side was a large peach orchard. At the other end was the corn cribs & stables, there was a big barn at the end of the house beyond the peach orchard or near the orchard rather. The house faced the east. Kate says the place is now owned by a woman who lives in Ohio & is rented & all run down. The lawn is a thicket of locust trees & the big road now is only a narrow path. And the road now is a mile or so away. The preachers in those days were mostly Methodist circuit riders. They traveled over a circuit preaching as they went, often in a grove or log school house or house of some good brother. But there was a large brick chapel near our house & my brother & older sisters went to the preaching on horse back while father, mother & we smaller children went in a two seated covered carriage drawn by "Brown" & "Lizzie". My brother's riding horse was "Hickory?" & sister Sue's was "Jennie Lind". That's all the names of our horses I can remember. There was one yoke of oxen, "Buck & Bright". & there was "Dock" the fine gack? (perhaps she means "Jack"? KH.) & there was twelve or more cows, with a big flock of sheep & a number of hogs & fowls all kind of chickens, turkeys, geese, ducks and guineas.

* * * * *

What a lady was Anna Eliza Kemp Gowdy! These last reminiscences were written only three months before she died, age 70½ years.

We wonder about the living arrangements for her grandmother, Jane (Hawkins) Estes Newbill from the time her husband died in 1844 until the three families left for Oregon in 1852. Amanda's husband, Jonathan Craghead also died shortly before her father did. A year or so later John Quincy Adams Newbill, the youngest child married. Roche's husband died in 1846. Jane could have lived with any or all or none of her children. She could have lived by herself on her husband's place. But old letters show that she lived with Roche from 1852 until her death in 1856.

GETTING SETTLED

Nathaniel took out a donation land claim at Salt Creek in Polk County between Dallas and Sheridan. After 18 years he sold out * and moved to Grizzly in central Oregon near Prineville. He farmed his homestead and taught school as he had at Salt Creek and in Missouri, and in Franklin County, Virginia. But he died 4 years after moving there. His many descendants are scattered over the western states, especially Oregon and Washington. When he moved to Grizzly his older children were already married, with children. They stayed in the Polk County area while his younger children married in central and eastern Oregon and Washington where many descendants remain.

Sarah Newbill Kemp never remarried. For a time she lived near Nathaniel at Salt Creek. But for most of her remaining life she lived with her only son in the Salem area. After his death she lived with different daughters in the areas of Oregon City, Dayton and McMinnville where she died in 1906, age 102. We have seen her grave in the old Oddfellows Cemetery in Salem. A monument for her husband is there, too. We doubt that his body was moved from the grave beside the old Oregon Trail, near La Grande. Although we've lost their tracks, she, too, has many descendants in western Oregon and elsewhere.

Amanda Newbill Craghead Talbert and her husband, Francis Talbert, settled on a donation land claim in the Happy Valley area, a mile or two east of Clackamas. Some 20 years later they sold out and moved to Clackamas, building a house across the road to the south of the Matlocks. Although the old house, built about 1870 still stands, it is used only for storage. The last residents moved out about two years ago. Their children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren lived in it until about 1950. Amanda died there in 1900, age 90.

It is now 1984, After time out for income taxes I'll resume.

Copies of some old letters to Amanda follow. The first is from her sister, Roche, in Missouri. It is the first letter they had received from home. It is mostly about friends and relatives in Mo.

The second is from Nathaniel at Salt Creek, offering to help Amanda and Francis settle near him in a better farming area than Clackamas.

The third is also from Roche, with information on crops and other interesting matters.

The third, written by Roche's daughter, Maria, in the Civil War period, tells of tragic incidents arising from the war. As Missouri was a border state, its people suffered more than many others. Union and Confederate forces took turns plundering and murdering.

The 4th should have been 3rd, chronologically. It is from Amanda's daughter, Dorothy's grandmother. She was visiting Amanda's sister, Sarah Newbill Kemp. Sarah and her sister, Roche, had married Kemp brothers. "Hon" was 18 when she wrote this letter four years after they reached Oregon.

* Salt Creek had become too crowded. From his house he could see smoke from six chimneys. Game and firewood were becoming scarce.

March the 3rd 1853

Pettis Co. Mo.

Dear Brother and Sister I received your kind letter the 27th day of Feb. and glad to hear from you all but was very sorry to hear of the bad luck that you all met with. We are all well at this time and I hope these few lines may find you all enjoying the same like blessing. There has been a great deal of sickness in Pettis since you left and a great many deaths. I will name some of them. William Agee's wife, Mrs. Dejarnette, Robert Craghead's youngest child, Jerry McCoy, Benjamin R. Parrott, Ben Major's two youngest children, Mr. Turly, Wesley Leftrige's wife and he is married to Miss Debra Glasscock. His wife died the last of May and he married the last of December and there has been as many weddings as deaths. I will name some of the weddings. Charly Glasscock to Rose B. (?) Smith, young Adam Scott to Elizabeth Shonsen, old Adam Scott to the widow Biggs, Edward Fristoe to Caroline Woosen, William Grinstad to Betty Price, Francis Degarnette to Amanda Kemp, Thornton Scott to Betty Kemp. Francis and Manda are living with me this year and Thon (Thorn) and Bet are living with his father at this time. Buck and Sarah have moved home. They have a fine boy two months old and the largest child that you ever saw to its age. I have moved in my new house and have preaching here every four weeks. The preacher's name is Springer and is a very good preacher and is liked very well by the people. There has been thirty joined the church since he came on this circuit. I don't hear of many that talks of going to Oregon this spring, so turn over. (End of Page)

Catherine Newbill has another son. I have not seen her since you left. I have seen Quince once since you left. Catherine Craghead is married to a young man from Calloway Co. by the name of Hendrix and has gone to Calloway to live. Her mother was very much opposed to her marrying. Polly J. Hughes to Mr. Cross. Henry Hughes wife has another boy.

Cattle and horses and hogs are very high. Cows are from 20 to 25 dol. Work cattle are from 50 to 75 dol. Pork is selling from 7 to 8 cents per pound, flour 5 dollars per barrel. I want you to write to me as soon as you get this and write how far you are from Brother and Sally and what you all parted for. Mother is very much grieved for fear that you all have fallen out with each other. She said that she wanted you all to live close together and be friendly. Mother has apple seeds and cherry seeds to send to you all if she has a chance. Mr. Small talks of going but I do not know whether he will go or not. Mr. Reageon (?) has give out going this spring. Amanda, I would be glad to see you all but I cannot think of breaking up and starting that long, tedious road you all had such bad luck. I think it would be disheartening to me to start but I hope if we never meet in this world again we will meet in another world where parting is no more. I went to see sister Polly last fall and she said that she thought of you all often whether you all thought of her or not. She said you all must write to her. She has broke up housekeeping and is gone to live with Laura. We have had a pleasant winter. So far we had very little snow but it is snowing now very hard and it is the 4th of March. Mother says that she would be glad to be there with you all to help you eat fish, but she never expects to get there, so turn over.

Fanny Cunningham taking up with her brotherinlaw and has one child and he has taken her off and nobody knows where and left his wife at her mothers with one child to take care of. George Vinyard

has rented your old place. George Williams lives there yet and Anda Howerton lives there too. Robert Poston got drown last summer. He started from Mr. Brown's to go home and said that he would go home or to hell. They found him in two days after words, drifted upon a drift. Billy Kemps brother Natty or Watty is dead and Sarahs uncle Nathan Kemp is dead. Alice Ann Greer is married to Mr. Divers from Johnson Co. Mr. Stringfield has sold out to William Major. He sold out to go to Oregon but has given out going. I do not know where he will go now. Mother says that you must kiss Hopy and all the children for her and tell them she wants to see them very bad. Mother is as hearty as I ever saw her and would be glad to be in Oregon. You said that you could see green peas and blooms before your door in the garden. I can see plenty of snow in my garden and every thing looks as dry as an old dead stick. You must write to me soon as you get this. Buck and Sarah send their love to you all. Mother and Amanda and Bets send love to you all and says that they would be glad to see you all, so no more. I still remain your affectionate sister until death,

R M R Kemp
To Amanda Talber(t)

Dear Uncle and Aunt and little cousins, I believe that Mother has written you all the news, but I will write you a little to let you know that I have not forgotten you all. Charles Garden was living in a tent last summer and lightning struck the tent and killed Amanda and crippled two or three of the other children. George and his wife are parted. I am not settled yet. I may come to Oregon before I settle. Tell Betsy to write to me. Tell all of the children to kiss each other for me. Tell Hun to write to me. Aunt, I want to see you all very bad. You must write to me. I still remain your affectionate Niece until death,
Betty Scott

P.S. Martha Powell joined the church and was baptised by immersion. Also Martha Turner joined the church and was baptised.

* * * * *

Notes: Many of these people had come from older Calloway County farther east, with some of the family staying behind. As a result, there was much visiting and moving back and forth.

Manda, Bet and Sarah are her married daughters.

"Quince" (John Quincy Adams Newbill) was the youngest of our five Newbill siblings.

"Mother" is their mother, widow of John Glenn Newbill. She is living with Roche. She was Jane (Jincy) Hawkins Estes Newbill, the young widow Estes when she married John Glenn Newbill, a widower. She died 3 years later, age 77.

Sister, Polly is their half-sister, their father's daughter by his first wife. Polly had grown up with the 5 younger siblings. She married Luke Parrott. There was another daughter by the first marriage - Susan Parham Winn, so named for her deceased mother. She lived with her mother's parents and married a Dr. Cook. Jane Hawkins Estes also had two daughters by her first marriage - Martha, and Nancy who died young. They, too, lived with the younger family. At age 14 Martha married a Mr. Smith, had 9 children and still died relatively young.

Notes cont: Betty Scott and her husband, Thorn, went to Oregon soon after, settling near Nathaniel Newbill in Polk County.

* * * * *

(Another letter from Roche to Amanda)

Pettis Co. Mo. November 12th, 1854

Dear brother and sister

Today being Sunday and the ground covered with snow I set down to write you a few lines in answer to your letter dated Au. the 16th. We are all well at present. The connections are all well as far as I know. Delila has got so she can go about again. She kept to her bed the most of her time ever since last fall till here lately. The ground is wet once more for the first time since the middle of June and you may guess what sort of crops we raised and I expect it is the scarcest time you ever saw in Missouri. Some of the neighbors have not raised scersly a year of corn. There was a write smart fine crop of wheat raised and some old corn in the neighborhood and if it wasn't for that the people would be bound to suffer. We had about 80 acres in corn and will scarcely raise bread. I have wheat enough to bread us if I had not raised a year of corn. I have about 40 hogs to kill and I am aftaid we wont have a year of corn to give them. Corn is selling from \$2½ to \$5 dollars - flour is selling for 4 dollars per 100, Irish potatoes 1 dollar per bushel, turnips 50 cents. I give 5 bushels of apples a few days ago for 5 bushels of turnips. Sorry cabage selling 6 cents apiece. Cows that would have brought 30 dollars last spring is selling now for 10 dollars and stock of all kinds has come down in preportion. Elige Obanien is married to a Miss Hazlewood. Eliza is married to a Mr. Hale an old widower about sixty years old with know house nor home and old Jinny H. says knot much sense. She got in conversation with him the other day and she asked him his fathers given name and he could not tell her. And they say he gets drunck ever time he gets the chance. We had a very fine school here this summer. A lady kept it by the name of Miss M. Riley. Maria went to her 4 months and she says if I will send her 5 more months she will qualify for a teacher. She is teaching this winter at Dr. Rothwells. Uncle Leftwich is at home and well as far as I know. Uncle Parbery is dead. Died a few weeks ago. Madison Witcher and his wife is parted. He became very disapated and very ill to her. They had two boys and she kept both of them. Fanny Cuningham is a living with Scrugs and Nancy and they say he has broke her other leg. Not one of the family has not seen her since she left. I have not seen Catharine since you left and Q but twice. Amanda was down the other day and says they are all well. They have had the flux very bad in that neighborhood. James Kemp lost a little nigro boy with it. We have F Wouldridge on our circuit this year and on the other side they have Wilson but none of them is doing much good. The Camalights (Campbellites) appear like is beating all of them. Mr. Ragings (Reagan) family and Mr. A. Scott and his family started to Texas this fal. They heard such bad tails from Oregon they give out the notion. John Divers received a letter from Thomas Rector and he is very much dissatisfied. He says he intends to come home this fall if he can get money enough. He wanted to know the route John came and how much it cost him. They made me pay ten cents for them few whortleberries (huckleberries) you sent me. Tell Hun Maria says

she must not forget to send her them flower seed. The boys is making a new garden and she wants Oregon seed to put in it. Mother wants to know what has become of Dan and Frank or whether Paul has come home or not. Sister Polly and Sally Jane was up a few weeks ago and she thinks very hard of you all for not writing to her. She says you must write and direct your letter to Cooper Co. Fair Point PO. I have not raised any tobacco this year on the account of the drouth. They got about half done planting when the drouth set in and it stood there and didn't grow and this fall they made a fine brick kiln. There is 3 new commers moved in Pettis. One living at Jo Jentry's place and one at the Montgomery place and one at Wells place and they have about 100 and 50 nigros. Mrs. Poston is dead. She died last spring.

Land has come down to a bit(12 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢) a acre and ever poor man has got a home even Uncle Milton has entered a piece and John's wife has a fine son. Sarah says I must put something in this about her. She has two pretty little boys. Aunt Catharin Leftwich says I must never write without sending her love to you all. Mother says she is here yet and she says she would not tell how bad she wants to see you all and she wants to know how many cows and horses you have got. You said Hun thought hard of her cousins not writing to her. Maria says she has answered every letter that she has wrote to her. Well I must stop for want of room. Give my love to all of the family and ascept a portion for your self. Goodby.

R M R Kemp

Answer this as soon as you get it.

* * * * *

Notes:

I forgot to say that Roche had been a widow since 1846. She built the new house and ran the farm, with the help of her children and slaves.

"Hon" and Maria were about the same age - 15 or so - and seem to have been quite close. Hon never returned to Missouri, and as far as we know Maria never came to Oregon.

They are in a big hurry to have their letters answered. It was before railroads and probably it took 2-3 months for mail to go from Missouri to Oregon and as long again to return.

Dan, Frank and Paul are Amanda's stepsons, Talbert boys.

The deflated prices of land and crops was caused by recession, drought and - probably - chiefly by depopulation when so many families left for the West.

Notes on the following letter from Nathaniel Newbill and their sister, Sarah Newbill Kemp to Amanda and Francis:

Apparently Nathaniel intended to settle in the Umpqua area some 150 miles farther south. But circumstances took him west of Salem in Polk County instead. Although we have never taken time to pinpoint his claim, it was north of Dallas and south of the Willamina-Sheridan area, near the Yamhill County line, probably near the community of Buell. Their sister, Sarah, was living nearby. Part of her letter is illegible and part has been torn off and lost.

Oct 19th 1853 Polk County

Dear Brother and sister I snatch the present moment of writing you these few lines, I have neglected to do so sooner because we are distant from the post office some 8 miles, and have not had the opportunity of mailing my letters. Elizabeth and her husband is now at sister Sarahs and are going back to Salem tomorrow and will mail this at that office, direct yours to Salt Creek Post office Polk County, etc. When I returned from Fort Vancouver to Portland I did not find the company I expected, consequently could not take my wagon home. Supposing them to have stopped at Oregon City went in haste there to get oxen to return but they had left and I intended to go home and return but could not make arrangements and the day we expected to start to Umpqua, Thomas Shaws child was taken sick and he could not go with us then and we could not go without him. I therefor went to South Yamhill to look found a place and moved right off. Sister Sarah moved with me and has a good claim in 2 miles of me. We are all well and well pleased with our claims. We have plenty of timber and plenty of Prairie, with the best of water and grass. We have been very busy building and making some preparations for the coming winter. There are some very good claims here yet vacant and we would be glad if you were here on one of them, it is called forty miles from here to Oregon City and if you will come I will come for you with team sufficient to move you we can put you up a house quick and you may make a farm quicker than you can there even if you were to stay there three years and work hard. I mean you can fence and break more here in one year than you can probably do there in 3. Sister Sarah also is very desirous for you to come here. Our country is quite hilly and the hills are covered over with the finest grass. Show this letter to Talbert and tell him to come here and see for himself. From Oregon City Enquire for South Yamhill, for Riggs, Henshaws, Tharps, and from thence to my house. We expect T Rector will come here this fall, etc, etc. I must conclude as it is nearly night and I have 2 miles to go home. Sister Sarah will finish this. I do not know when to say I will come down but will do so as often and as soon as I can. No more but remain your loving Brother,
Nat Newbill

Dear Sister I will rite you a few lines _____

*-----
I want you to rite to me as soon as you get this don't fail I had mutch rather you would come well I must stop as Mr. and Mrs. Riperton is a going to start home this morning. We have very kind neighbors those that I have got acquainted with my nearest neighbor is a methodist preacher by the name of Don(e?) Catherine is staying with his wife. She is studying grammer and arithmetic and geography. She says tell Hun she would like to heare from her Betty Scott rites that she *-----

April the 18 or 19 1854
Yamhill Co

Dear Father and Mother after my best love to you and children I am glad to inform you that we are all well at present and I hope when these few lines come to hand it will find you all the same. We have been looking for pap (?) up here every day. I want to see you all but I don't know when I will come home. Mr. Knott expects to come down in a few days. We are very busy now planting potatoes. Betsey has got fifty young chickings. Tell Eliza that her hen has got eleven chickens. Betsey got a letter from Sarah Donnahue. She wrote that her pap get a letter from Brother Paul and he was well but he did not know when he was coming home. He sends his best respects to all of us. He did not know we had come to Oregon. Kiss little John for me. Give my best respects to all of my friends there. The old bachlors is as thick up here as the fleas on a dog's back. I must bring my letter to a close by saying Mr. Knott has got a pretty baby and his name is Francis Paul (?). So good by

Father and Mother
Sarah Talbert

With this you will remember me
if you no more my face shall see Sarah Talbert is my name.

Dear Father and Mother I want you to come up here to see your Grand son He has got the pretty blue eye. He has got a mouth like his mama and a foot? like his papa. He has a pretty fore head.
Elizabeth A Knotts

Note: the two writers above are sisters, step-daughters of Amanda (Newbill) Craghead Talbert.

The following letter is from Dorothy's grandmother, 18 year old Sarah Catherine Craghead, called "Hon", to her mother Amanda and step-father, Francis Talbert in Clackamas, or to be more specific, the Happy Valley area, a mile or two east of Clackamas. Aunt Sally is Amanda's sister, Sarah Newbill Kemp, a widow. Mr. Keyte is Sarah's son-in-law. Noble Matlock is Sarah's future husband.

* * * * *

Lebanon, Marion Co. O. T. (Oregon Territory)
September 16, 1856

Dear Mother and Father

It is with becoming reverence that I now seat myself to write to you to let you know that I am well. The connections are all well except that you need not look for me at home before the middle of October as Aunt Sallie wishes to come home with me and can't leave on Martha's account until the above mentioned time. Ann and little Sis will come too and probably Mr. Keyte. We have just returned from Camp Meeting in the forks of the Santiam today. I cannot write much because I know not what to write. I am getting home sick but must not leave you to think it is because I am tired of my relatives company or am dissatisfied. Far from it. No, I like this place very well. This is the prettiest country I have seen in Oregon, but be it ever so hunble there is no place like home. I have seen all of Aunt's children. Mat has the best looking man in the crowd and to my notion the smartest. They all do very well. Mr. Harper is the most homely. I cut a lock of Mollie's babe's hair to send to you to look at. You must take good care of it until I come home. Her name is Amy Ann. Uncle Nat's boy is named Casper. Is not that funny? I guess he will name the next one Beelzebub. Little Sarah is the prettiest child I ever saw. I want you to write as soon as you get this. I want to know if Mr. Knotts has brought little Johnny down yet. I saw Mr. Powell's folks. Mr. Birkleys and Mr. Mcfarland's all at the Campmeeting. They sent their love to you all. Tell Mary Welch to excuse me this time. I will try and write to her next week. Aunt's garden is nothing compared with ours. Don't eat all of the tomatoes before I get home, if they ripen. Have everything in order by the time I get home as I will bring considerable company with me. I have been about a great deal since I have been in this place. Give my best respects to Will and Noble Matlock. Cousin John says tell Betsy Acorn not to ripen until frost and he will come down and gather her. Well, I guess I will bring my letter to a close for lack of news to write. Please write to me as soon as you get this. Now don't neglect writing as you sometimes do. My love to the family and friends. Aunt says the only apology she has for not writing is negligence. She sends her love to you all. Kiss Francis and Edward for me. No more at this time from your

Affectionate daughter,

S.C. Craghead

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