

THE MATLOCKS AND CRAGHEAD-NEWBILLS MERGE

Present Clackamas was not the first settlement in the area. That honor belonged to CLACKAMAS CITY, a tiny settlement that sprouted on the Clackamas River a mile or so above its confluence with the Willamette - about where Park Place is now. Begun by 1850, it was swept away by the Clackamas River flood of 1851. Present Clackamas - with our W.T. Matlock the first settler, in 1851 - grew slowly during the 1850s and 60s.

The first Matlock child to marry was Jane. In 1852 she married Samuel L. Campbell whose land claim adjoined her father's on the south. Only 12 years later she died, age 31, leaving several young children. By 1870 Sam had remarried and sold his place to his ex-father-in-law, W.T. Matlock. It was that land which W.T. platted into the TOWN OF MARSHFIELD, now Clackamas. Sam moved away. Jane is buried in the old cemetery. We know little of her descendants.

In 1854, Ellen, the oldest surviving Matlock child, married Wiley Chapman, a widower with several half grown children. He had been the captain of their wagon train in 1847. His first wife died on the plains. He was a builder who constructed some of the first buildings in Clackamas. They moved to Salem in time for Wiley to get the plastering contract for Oregon's first capitol building. Ellen died in 1891. We know a little about their descendants. One of Dorothy's oldest friends is a step daughter of one of their sons. If Ellen and Wiley are buried in the old cemetery their graves are unmarked.

We know nothing of Dorothy's grandfather, Noble, from 1852-1855.* He served in the Indian Wars - Company D, 2nd Oregon Mounted Volunteers 4 months during the Rogue River Indian War of 1855-56. For this he was paid 40 dollars for himself, \$40 for his horse, and was given a coat valued at \$15. He furnished his own rifle. His widow received a veteran's pension of \$9 a month. His grave in the old Clackamas cemetery bears an Indian War Veterans marker.

I forgot to mention that W.T. served as Commissary Agent in the Cayuse Indian War of 1848.

Noble took part in another expedition against the Indians along the upper Columbia River in 1855. We have letters written when he was at Umatilla Landing and in the Goldendale-Yakima area in 1855. Driving through that area in 1975 we found a historical marker about the expedition. We found Fort Simcoe but can't remember just where it is. I think it is on or near Toppenish Creek, some miles west or southwest of Yakima. Noble's close friend, John Capps, accompanied him on the foregoing trip. In October 1855 while on their way to the gold fields near Colville, Washington, some miners from Oregon were murdered by Indians. The Federal Indian Agent was also killed. Colonel Haller from Fort Dalles, with two companies of regulars, was sent to punish the Indians. He was defeated by them in the Battle of Toppenish Creek near Yakima.

In November 1855, in a fight at Union Gap (probably near Umatilla, Oregon) the Indians held off Major Raines' force of regular volunteers until he finally outflanked them.

*He was probably attending the Oregon City College W.T. helped start.

A letter written by Sarah Catherine to Noble Matlock at Umatilla Landing and one written by John Capps from Fort Simcoe to Sarah show that the two men were together at both places in late 1855. They also show that John and Sarah were good friends, if not more. Dorothy has a nice wood sewing box embellished with carved decorations. It was a gift to her from John. He had made and carved it himself.

Four years later she married Noble. Two years after that John married her next younger sister, Mary. I may have already said that John died of tuberculosis 13 months after their marriage. The old cemetery has a row of at least six Capps graves. It seems the father and most of the children died of tuberculosis within a relatively short time. Perhaps only the mother was left. She remained a close friend of the Matlocks as we shall see.

The letter from John to Sarah follows. We don't know whether he and Noble did go to the Canadian gold fields.

Ft Simcoe
Miss Craghead
My dear Friend;

July 26th 1855

I will now try to answer your very good and brief letter agreeable to my promise. I intended to have written to you long before this time and I doubt not but you were expecting a line from me. The circumstances alone prevented me from so doing, it was not my will. I was near writing to you several times but was prevented by hinderences common to travelers not worth mentioning here. We are now encamped at Fort Simcoe in the Simcoe Valley. We have had no bad luck on our journey so far. Have enjoyed ourselves as well as could be expected under the unfavorable circumstances. Our company is quite large and is increasing rapidly. So you need not give yourself any uneasiness about my safety among the Indians, as we are too strong. I think they will not venture to attack us.

Mountaineer Pearson is now encamped at the Wenatchee's rapids awaiting our coming to join us. The news arrived here yesterday that he was going to be attacked by the indians - but as it was indian news - I don't place much confidence in it. We have a company of good jovial boys all in high spirits and bright hopes of the gold mines of Frazer's River. I am very impatient to go on. I do not like to be confined to one place so long. It gives me too much time to think of Sweet home and dear friends. There is a feeling in it that I never knew before, a mingled feeling of pain and pleasure I never knew. I never felt the true value of home and friends till now. I am not home sick. I do not wish to return - by no means. Not till I have seen the mines and have satisfied myself concerning them. I am in good spirits and enjoy myself as I always do. You need not fear of my staying in the mines too long. 'Tis gold alone I am after. I cannot now tell how long I shall be away from home. I shall write to you again as soon as I can get a chance to send letters back. I don't know when that will be. This may be the last chance.

Please give my best wishes to all my friends and folks. Rest

assured I remain your ever constant friend.

Miss Sarah C Craghead

John Capps

PS We leave Fort Simcoe tomorrow for the Yakiman and Frazer's River.
J. Capps

PSPS

Noble sends his best wishes to you.

* * * * *

The next Matlock to marry was Dorothy's grandfather, Noah Noble, called Noble, in 1859, then Theodore in 1861 and last, Almira, the youngest, in 1870. She married Freeman Youmans, one of her father's hired men. They lived near her parents who gave them their homesite. She, too, died in 1891, six months before her sister, Ellen. She is buried in the old cemetery.

I've said that the oldest and youngest of the 3 Craghead sisters, Sarah Catherine and Hopie Ann married Matlock brothers, Noble and Theodore. The middle sister, Mary Elizabeth, married a close friend of Noble's, John Capps, in 1861. He died 13 months later. After 12 years of widowhood she married an older widower with grown children, William Mills. Upon his death, he left her well provided for.

Though twice married, she was childless. Most of her adult life was spent in widowhood. For years she had a little home in Montavilla, not far from our own home. Her last years were spent in the Baptist Retirement Home on NE 82nd Avenue, north of Glisan, near us. She had sold her home and gone there to live when her housekeeper became too old to take care of them and the house. She died in 1931 at age 90 after falling and breaking her hip. Once, shortly before her death, I went there with Dorothy to visit her. I vaguely remember a very attractive, pleasant old lady with beautiful white hair.

Earlier, while living on 81st and Fremont and attending 8th grade at Montavilla, Dorothy walked past the retirement home every day. Often she stopped to visit her great aunt, Mary, of whom she had grown quite fond. The feeling seems to have been mutual for Aunt Mary left Dorothy her trunk. It's sitting in our basement right now.

The last surviving Matlock or Craghead of that generation was the youngest Craghead daughter, Hopie Ann. She died in 1937 in the Los Angeles area at age 94. She and Theodore Matlock had five daughters. The youngest, Moy, died about 1970, age 90. When I was discharged from the army at New Orleans in 1945 we drove through Los Angeles on our way home, visiting Moy, her husband and her sister, Mert. Both were tiny, gracious, beautiful ladies.

Dorothy remembers of her mother, aunts and uncles laughing about their mother's "inheritance". Actually, it was to have been an inheritance for the 3 Craghead sisters. Shortly before Sarah's marriage their grandfather, Robert M. Craghead, died in Missouri, leaving a will which listed the 3 sisters as legatees. They were notified that they would receive more than \$1000 each. But, alas, some of his legatees and/or creditors contested the will, or the execution of it, in court. The result was that their portions

went to pay court costs, attorneys' fees, creditors, etc.. The expectant young sisters got nothing.

A family sheet for these sisters follows, together with a letter from their uncle, informing them of their "inheritance".

At home, Calloway Co Mo

Nov 24, 1859

Dear Nieces

I have written you two letters since learning your address. I received your reply to the first and have been waiting some time for an answer to the last. I have come to the conclusion that it may have miss-carried. I now write you again to let you know how we all are in health and in relation to your other matters in this county. We are about at this time though I have been much afflicted of late with reumatism. I am now something improved. Our friends in this region were in common health at last advices. Our crops are as good as usual - times in monetary affairs is stringent.

I will now proceed to say something in relation to your legacies left you by your grandpa. The property has all been disposed of except the real estate and I estimate that after paying all reasonable charges will amount to near 30 thousand dollars.* The landed estate is still to be disposed of. I am not able to state whether by division or sale. I had hopes to have been able to have it divided before now but have failed of having Circuit Courts. I have not been able to progress with that matter as I would wish. I am unprepared to state whether the land will be divided or sold. If divided your portions will be set apart and or into your hands or that of guardians or attorneys in order that you may be correctly informed. I have gotten a legal Gentleman to write what will be necessary for you to do to get possession of your estate. I suppose should the land be sold it will bring from 8 to 10 thousand dollars and possibly more. I am unable to tell certainly. Which, if I am not deceived will make an amount somewhere in the neighborhood of \$4000 jointly. I will inclose you the statement of Mr. Charles H. Harrison Esq. who is an able Counselor at law in order that you may know how to proceed to get the possession of your legacy. I think of nothing more at present worth writing more than my best respects to you and your mama.

So I remain your loving uncle through life.

Wm Craghead

to M.E. Craghead; S.C. Craghead; and Luters and Company

PS I intended to remind you to write immediately on receipt of this letter and let me know how you all are & how you are getting along. Also write to me for any information you may wish and if alive and able I will try to give you such information as you may desire. Write often. At present I have a number of corispondents and cannot write as often as I would wish, but you are young and can write often if you wish. I should be much pleased to see you but never expect to this side of the grave unless you should visit Missouri. I have some thoughts of going to Virginia this winter to stay two months on business. Write often without fail. You wrote you wished to have the minnatures of my family. They are all scattered. Not here at present. Say if you will set the example they will try to follow suit. Or when they can all get together. They will try to get them taken together.

* To reach that amount the personal property had to include many slaves.

John, my oldest son, and Mary Frances, my youngest daughter, are now in Virginia and have been for the last two years nearly. Let me remind you again of the enclosed instructions from under the hand of Counsellor Harrison as your guide as to what you have to do to get possession of your legacy so no more at present. But remain your uncle with Esteem

Wm Craghead

Notes: William was their deceased father's oldest brother, age 64. The letter was written to Mary and Sarah who were 18 and 21 respectively - and to Luters and Company. Presumably they were to represent the third sister, Hopie Ann who was a minor of 16. It is interesting to see that photography was in its infancy. In another letter of 1869 it was becoming common.

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Again, we know little of Noble's activities or whereabouts from 1856 until his marriage to Sarah Catherine Craghead at Clackamas, December 29, 1859. We know that for some time he "read law" with his father's law partner in Oregon City and gave it up because of failing health. We presume that occurred in this interim. The following letter from his friend John Capps, written a few months after Noble's marriage seems to bear this out.

Klickitat Co, Washington Territory
(date not given, but it was the spring of 1860.)

Dear Friend

I Embrace the earliest opportunity of dropping a few lines to you for I am quite anxious to hear from you. I arrived at The Dalles last Monday at 8 p.m. The scenery from Portland to The Dalles is Exquisitely Beautiful wild and romantic. rugged mountains of Basalt looming up on either side with dashing cataracts pouring from their summits which is sometimes lost in spray before reaching the level below. The accommodations on the boats are very good. I put up at the Western Hotel kept by Smith and Aldrich formerly of Portland. It is a very good house and charges are reasonable. I had to wait at the Dalles for my freight until Thursday. I then went to the Klickitat and found the grass excellent & abundant & cattle all fat. I put up at Mr. Jenkins who lives in the block house. They are verry kind folks & take great pains to make their guests comfortable. I expect to make my home there for some time. They have a fine daughter. I also got acquainted with two other fine girls, all intelligent and talkative. I think that if I can only make them believe that I own ----??? is a delightful place in my opinion and not verry windy but he says verry healthy. He tells of a man who was as bad off or worse than you when he first came up who is now well. He is over in Simcoe. There is lots of settlers in Klickitat. I counted 9 houses at one sight. If you want to come up you can get good accommodations at Mr. Jenkins for yourself & wife if you bring her. I think this climate will help you. If you conclude to come up & will tell me when you are coming I will meet you at the Dalles.

Everybody that can get off from here is going to the mines. Reports are still good. It is believed they are rich and extensive. Indian horses are worth from 20 to 50 dollars, a good pack or saddle mule \$100. Give my respects to all inquiring friends & tell them I shall look for an answer to this with great anxiety. Hoping that

your health is improving I will add no more, but remain your true friend

John W. Wilson

Note: I said this letter was from John Capps. Now, I feel sure that it is not. It has two names at the end - John W. Wilson and John Capps. Dorothy said it must be from Wilson because the penmanship is not that in Capps' 1856 letter to Sara which appears a few pages back. As we don't know of any Wilson, I resisted introducing a new, strange character. Since Capps' name is on it too, I said that, to simplify matters we would attribute the letter to Capps.

But before I got far into the letter I realized that we were doing Capps an injustice. This letter is less literate, less educated. Sentence structure, punctuation and spelling are inferior. I broke much of it up into sentences myself to make it understandable. I am now fully convinced that John W. Wilson wrote it.

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Some of Dorothy's newly found notes refer to a letter postmarked Clackamas, 10 Jan 1958, written by "Cousin Lena" Matlock Bellinger, oldest child of Hopie Ann Craghead Matlock and Theodore Matlock. She told of the old log school house below the cemetery. She said it was on the old road near the creek and near where the railroad now runs. Aunt Mary Craghead Capps taught that school after her husband died. Before that school was built, the children (mostly Matlocks, Talberts and Capps) walked 3 miles to the Rock Creek School where John Capps, Aunt Mary's husband was the teacher. As they were married in February, 1861 and John died in March, 1862, John must have taught the Rock Creek school in 1861*and Mary the new, local, log school in 1862 or later.

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NOBLE AND SARAH

Once more we know nothing of these newly-weds from 1860 to 1864 when a clue appears in a series of letters between them. The letters follow, with notes. As the writers gave little attention to sentence structure, we have added periods and capital letters to separate the sentences.

Dalles Monday Mch 26 or 27 I don't know which. But I am certain it is the first Monday from home. You count it, AD 1864 Dear Sarah It seemes a long time since I left home. It has rained hailed and snowed every day since. My blankets have not been dry during the whole time. And while I write it is raining just as pretty as I ever saw it in the Willamette. We got within (20?) miles of The Dalles Saturday night. Yesterday we moved within two and a half. Today I came to town and intend remaining here until the sun shines out and dries the ground a little, as I don't fancy traveling all day in the rain and lying in a mud hole at night, though I have stood it remarkably well so far. I caught cold the first night out but it is better now. I weigh today one hundred and sixty-eight pounds so you see I have not lost any flesh with all my sicknesses. Frank and I will probably travel together to the foot of the Blue Mountains. William Taylor a brother to Frank's

* or earlier

partner came up here last fall and got their horse and sold him and never told Frank anything about it. Frank was expecting to get him to ride to the mines so he is left with nothing to ride but the horse that Dock wintered for him and Frank is very mad at the whole Taylor family.

Frank Holland tells me that Chapman's horses were drove off up the creek that mouths at the Dalles. They overtook them a way up in the mountains. When they first came in sight two men were driving them but when they found they were pursued they left the horses and cleared out. So Chapman was in luck once.

The grass is very fine here and as soon as it clears off I shall make the best time possible to Olive Creek for I am very anxious to hear from you and the children. I don't know of any chance until I get out there and write back unless Dock comes up on the evening boat and brings me a letter. I am homesick already but we must fight it out now until I can pay my debts and stand before the world a free man. Then there will be no more partings for us while we both live. You must contend with the difficulties in your path with true courage and as much patience as possible and try to enjoy yourself as much as you can under the circumstances looking on the bright side of the future when I am to come home with an independence to assist you in training our dear little boys for the battles before them. You tell them of me often and not let them forget that they have a papa though he has left them for a time. Have Charlie learn his books and tell them both that you must kiss them for me.

I either lost or never started with that book of buttons and thread. I would not have lost it for anything but I expect Dock will bring it to me tonight.

Tuesday morning with another kind of ink. The sun is shining beautifully this morning. Frank and I will start when I am done this letter. Charlie got as tight as a brick yesterday and I had a long hunt for him. Just before night found him fast asleep in a saloon. Got him roused up and started him to camp with John. Said he would come in this morning and see me again before I started. Wants me to hire him to work all summer. Says with me he would not drink any. But I can't take him of course until I know more about our diggings.

Dock did not come last night so I will leave without hearing from you. Last night I went round town to see the sights and saw them. No town in Calafornia could ever best this in haunts of sin, all the allurments that the mind of man could conceive of with the Devil to help him are held out here to entrap the verdant youths from Webfoot that are packing through here in thousands. The finest gambling saloons I ever saw. You can hear the music in them all over town all night.

I had a long hunt for Frank last night. About nine o'clock finally found him on the street. Asked him where he had been. He told me he had been looking at four of the prettiest girl dancers he ever saw. Wanted me to go see them. As it was just one block I went. He said it was a decent house and nothing out of the way carried on.

I had my notion of the character of the beautifuls but as I was out sight seeing I went. It was in a cellar as all the most infamous places are here. I found the room richly furnished, with the best of music. Four girls draped in the most fascinating manner. But

as they danced down to the end of the room next to where I took my stand by a lamp post, when the light fell on their countenances. The complexion of their skin and the eyes plainly indicated their calling. They had doubtless once been beautiful, perhaps loved and caressed by a fond mother and a proud father surrounded by a good society and all the comforts of a happy home until some foul retch blighted the hopes of the fond parents and the future prospects of the daughter at the same time by his treachery. Such was my reflection as I watched them around the room, each one being swung around by some young man on the way to the mines, perhaps the first time he had entered such a house and perhaps at that same hour of the night around the family altar at home ascended a fervent prayer for the safety of this absent son that he might not be allured from the path of rectitude during his absence and here one of these girls had induced him for the first time and dance a set and wind up with a promenade to the bar and pay his four bits for their drinks excited by the dance and the liquor he danced another set and on they went, she once the seduced now the seducer. As those thoughts passed through my mind I thought of the night at Scott's, the misery I saw there, and perhaps just the beginning of trouble. My heart sickened. I called to Frank and we went to our lodgings. I slept and dreamed of you and our dear little boys. This morning I am anxious to be on my way performing my task in this country of sin, and return to be with you and those that know nothing of the anxieties of this world. Sarah, your position is a responsible one. You have our boys to train. You are the mother and the Christian. Oh try and impart the principles of Christianity in the minds of our children as early as possible that they may be enabled to withstand the temptations before them in life. I feel my incompetency if I was with them always. If I should never return tell them that there Father though not satisfied of having any share in the plan of salvation his last wish and greatest desire is that his children may early make thier piece with God and rely on him in the trials of life. When young it is easy, when old hard oh very hard.

Frank is ready to start and I must close. I will write the first oportunity and tell you where to direct your letters. I have written this in great hast and have not time to look over and correct. I will do better next time

Good by Dearest

N N Matlock

Notes: We aren't sure what the debts were that obviously worried Noble so much. He must have accumulated them during the four plus years since his marriage. They must have resulted from unsuccessful business ventures. Dorothy thinks she remembers talk about his going to California and buying a herd of cattle which he was to drive to Oregon where he would sell them at a great profit. But harassing Indians, many miles of high, rugged mountains, bad weather, and perhaps disease, wiped out most of the herd. As he had probably purchased the cattle with borrowed money, this would be a devastating financial loss.

Noble doesn't say just where in Eastern Oregon they were going. We found a record that his father had formed a mining company in the John Day area. Possibly that was Noble's destination. Apparently he had traveled from Clackamas by horse, although there was

daily steamboat service between Portland and The Dalles. There seems to have been 3 others with him - Charlie, Frank and John. A fourth, Dock, was coming behind by boat. Dock was Sarah's cousin by marriage. Frank was her half brother, a Talbert. John may have been John W. Wilson, who wrote the preceding letter. We can't identify Charlie. The Chapman mentioned was Wiley, Noble's brother-in-law. Seemingly, Noble and Frank were staying in a hotel, while Charlie and John were encamped somewhere near town.

If some of you are unfamiliar with this area, The Dalles is on the Columbia River, about 80 miles above Portland. John Day is 150 miles or so southeast of The Dalles. Umatilla is on the Oregon side of the Columbia River, about 100 miles east of The Dalles. Olive Creek, a tributary of the John Day River, is some 100 miles south and a bit east of Umatilla. It is about ten miles west of the tiny old mining town, Granite. You might say that Granite now exists in name only. The latest edition of OREGON GEOGRAPHIC NAMES says that, after declining to a population of 1 in 1952, it had increased to 8 in 1974 and to 15 in 1980!

Public records show that Nobles's father, about 1862, formed a mining company for the John Day area. Almost certainly that was at Olive Creek, Nobles's destination and, later, his brother, Theodore's.

Noble's party seems to have traveled all the way to Olive Creek (also called INDEPENDENCE) entirely by land. Yet, they could have gone from Portland to Umatilla - about 200 miles - by the old "stern wheeler" steamboats, pausing and changing boats at the Cascade Rapids and the Celilo Falls which were circumvented by portages. The first portages were by pack animals. Later they were by train. As pack animals or wagons would be necessary from Umatilla to Olive Creek, Noble probably felt that it would be better to go that way entirely.

The following 5 page letter dated July 6, 1864, from Sarah to Noble, was addressed to Umatilla and was to be carried on to Olive Creek - or Independence - by whatever means could be found, probably by miners or supply wagons.

As to Sarah's letter, "Mother", in case you've forgotten, was Amanda Newbill Craghead Talbert. "Father" was actually her step father, Francis Talbert. Her children were Charlie, 4, and Claude 2. We have a photo of Sarah and Claude which was taken about this time. Mary was her sister, Kate, her cousin. Jane, Mira and Ellen are Noble's sisters, Theodore his brother. Lena is Theodore's oldest child. John is her half brother, John Talbert.

It sounds as if Sarah had been staying with her parents. She didn't seem to feel comfortable at her own home for some reason. Perhaps it was on land owned by Noble's parents, near their home, and perhaps near Theodore, too. With her bitterness toward Theodore, she may have felt uncomfortable living near him, even if his wife was her own sister, Hopie Ann Craghead Matlock. Hopie is expecting. Theodore had been up to the mine with Noble and had come home to be with Hopie when the baby came. Sarah wants it to be soon so Theodore can get back to the mine to help Noble. Sarah may be expecting too. We don't know who Ab is. Scott and Phillips are relatives by marriage.

July 6, 1864

58

Dear Husband I received yours of June 19 last Monday. I will not attempt to tell you how glad I was to get it. The first time since Theodore came home we are all well. Last week my health was not good but now it is as good as usual. Now I will tell you how we spent the 4th. Well we went up on the Phillips hill to pick black berries. I got about three gallons and a half. It commenced raining. We went in Bill Burns old house and made a fire in the stove and ate our dinner. Stayed there near an hour. Then the trouble of getting home with the children and the berries presented itself. After some consultation we came to the conclusion that I had better take the children on Nell, one behind, the other on my lap. Mother rode Kit and carried three buckets of berries. Father walked. Mary was not at home. She was at Dock's Sunday night. Don't you think we did well to ride down that hill, especially me, on a man's saddle, with two children to hold for it was so steep that I had to hold Charlie to keep him from slipping off with the brush so thick that we were in constant danger of being pulled off our horses.

- 2 Mary and Kate walked up Monday afternoon in the rain. Tuesday, Mother, Kate, Theodore and I went again to get berries. We stayed an hour or so when it commenced raining again. We all got wet. I was afraid it would make me sick as I had a very bad cold but it cured me entirely. You would have laughed to have seen us. I wore one of Mother's old sun bonnets and a bush caught it and tore the crown all off. I rode Nell, Kate, -Tartar, Mother- Kit, and Theodore walked. I picked something over two gallons of berries. We got home sometime after night and changed our clothes, Kate and I having to borrow some of Mother and Mary, not having an entire change with us, you see.

Thursday, July 7

Dear Noble I will now write some more this afternoon. We (that is) Mother, Mary, John, myself and the children all went on the hill again and stayed all the forenoon. We saw Theodore and Mira up there. He said they were all as well as usual except Ellen. She was in bed. Her ankle was troubling her some. We gathered a great many black berries. I never saw so many anywhere. I have got in all about ten gallons. So you see I will have you a big pie when you come home. I have made one jar of jam and one of jelly. The rest I am drying with the exception of a few that I put up air tight. I am making a bottle of wine for you. Don't you think it will be nice? Charlie picked some and wants me to save them for Papa. I will have to stop for this time. Goodby love.

- 3 Friday afternoon, July 8. My own dear husband. This morning Theodore came up and brought me another letter. The one of June 12 that you sent by Mr. Ashley. It was mailed June 23 in Portland. I do not know why I didn't get it sooner. I can not answer it as I wish to so I will pass on with a few remarks. I know you do not wish to say anything that would hurt my feelings and in this you did not. I know that you never did mean to suspect my virtue. What I meant about sleeping with two of the sweetest little boys you ever saw was meant in fun. It was rather laughable to me the way you asked the question who I slept with. I knew it was only a joke. When we get together again we will have a good talk and I hope we will understand each other better than we ever have. I beg pardon for what I said. If I say anything you do not like why just consider that it came from me

and that I did not mean it and that I did not know any better. Then when you come home you may scold me all you please. I think I will love your kind of scolding for it is all done in kindness and love. Noble you do not know how I love you. You seem to me as a being far above me in everything. I sometimes fear that I idolize you more than I should and that you may be taken from me. You never did know with what pure affection I loved you, yes almost worshipped you and how I long to see you.

- 4 Mary and I have just finished washing. I am a little tired though not much. Claud is asleep. Charlie is out with mother fixing her berries. They both cry after me when I get out of their sight. When I get a letter from you Charlie always asks if there is any little letter for him. You must write him one and send it. It would please him very much. He will stand by while I read your letters and ask, "What does Papa say, Mamma? And when is he coming home?" Theodore said Hopie is not very well today. I hope she will get sick soon for I am anxious to see her up again so Theodore can go back if he intends to go at all. And he says he will if he lives and she gets along as she ought to for I do want to know when my darling will be at home.

This is another week gone and another week less between us. I count the weeks now when you will be home with me. I am glad you get my letters though they seem to be somewhat slow going to you. Since Theodore came home he has had me direct my letters a little different, not put so much on them to Granite Creek or Independence either one. And then I have had the postmaster at Umatilla send them by private hand or direct express. He said that there was some talk of a direct express being established between Independence and the Umatilla Landing and that you would be sure to get them and would get them sooner.

Ab is here. He says tell you he is alive yet and is about as well as he was last summer. He is living at Scott's yet. He seems to be a little ashamed of it. He is making shoes for the women folks. He has made four pairs. One for the old lady and Mrs. Mull, Lena and Jane. He is out with them very often driving the team for them and waiting on Jane. They had a letter from Dock a few days ago. He is still in California. He said he expected to have some money to send her soon. He never mentioned the children at all.

- 5 Saturday July the 9th Darling husband I will now commence writing to you again. We are all well this morning though I have such a crick in one side of my neck that I can scarcely turn my head one way without great pain though I think it will wear off soon. I shall probably go down home tomorrow and perhaps stay a while. Noble, it is very trying to my patience to stay there from several causes which I can not mention here, you know. But I will stay so that Theodore can't have that as an excuse for not going back. I fear that he never intended to go though he still says that he will go. I hope that I may be mistaken in that notion of mine. Perhaps I am so anxious for him to go is the reason why I doubt his going so. You said in your last letter that perhaps I had better post you as to the best time to come home. I can not tell yet myself. I would not have you stay away one single day or even hour on that account. So come as soon as you can.

I am just getting well now. I will send you a letter by Theodore when he starts back and tell you more about it. Then, when you do start I don't want you to be long coming home, for oh how anxious I shall be until you do get home. I dreamed last night that you came home and I ran to meet you and kissed you. I thought you looked very bad. Dearest you don't know how uneasy I am on your account. I am afraid all of the time that you are sick or that something is the matter. You speak of being unwell but do not say in what respect. I wish you would tell me all about how you are affected all of the time. In my imagination I picture you as being very care worn and anxious. I know that you must be very lonesome out there all alone with strangers. Our little babe is 18 months old today. He says, "Papa all gone." He does not talk as well as Charlie did at his age but he is improving some. This morning I went out and he was standing by the bee hive trying to catch a bee. He is the greatest child for bugs and worms that I ever saw. He will lie down and watch an ant or bug for half an hour at a time and Charlie is as bad about birds and flowers. He keeps the house and yard full of flowers all the time. I scarcely ever see him through the day but that he has some in his hand. He and Claude are very affectionate to each other. They play together all day without any trouble. If one gets anything he is sure to divide with the other. Charlie often says, "Wouldn't Papa laugh to see Claudie?" That is when he thinks Claude has done something very smart. When I have to correct Claude Charlie will always say, "Mamma, ain't you 'staken bout it? Maybe he didn't do it, now. He is our sweet little baby."

The apples will soon be ripe (that is what few there is).

When you come we will have such a nice time, won't we, love? I am going to get all of my work done before you come so that I won't have much to do and can go with you everywhere you go.

I have churned once and made two pounds of butter. I like Pride a great deal better than I did last year. I think she is a first rate cow. The Clift cow has a calf but we have not found it yet. Father will come down this evening and hunt for it. It is several days old. Ours is the finest calf I have seen for a long time. Our young cattle come up pretty often for salt. I saw our colt when I was at home. It is shedding off and looks like quite a different colt from what it did when you saw it. Ellen's health is pretty good. The boys get along very well. I keep Charlie at home most of the time. I let him go sometimes for a visit and stay an hour or so. He is very well satisfied at home now. He and Claud play together all the time. They seldom have any trouble. Claud thinks he is as large as Charlie. Ab came here a few evenings ago just as we sat down to supper. Claud got down and went to him and made him feed him. He knows him and was very glad to see him. He is the most mischievous little fellow that you ever saw. When the other children displease him he will pull their hair. He goes around whistling like any other man. If he misses me he calls, "oh, Mamma," and goes to the milking gate and if I am not there he starts to the other house calling, "Mamma" at every step. Charlie says tell Papa he is a good boy and wants to see Papa so bad. He very often says he dreams Papa came home and kissed him. He is pretty badly spoiled since he was sick. Cries after me more than Claud does. I am trying to break him of it but have not entirely succeeded. They have started out, one with the little tin bucket, the other with a tin cup to pick currants. Claud says he is going "cow". He means milking. He talks almost anything and is growing very fast. Charlie got the little axe a few days ago that Mary left down when she split some pitch and went to chopping when Claud stuck his head in the way and got a lick on the top of his head. It bled very freely, but fortunately the axe was very dull and it was not much of a cut. I never was so badly scared. When I heard him cry and went out, the blood was running all over his face and off his chin. I thought sure he was killed. Charlie took on more than Claud about it.

7 Dearest: I didn't expect to write my letter as long this time as usual but I can't quit writing while I can think of anything to write. I wanted to send you some scraps out of the papers for Father and Mary have gone to Portland today and will come by Milwaukie and get our papers - if there is anything worth sending. I have heard no news since I came up here in reference to the war. (Deek)? Phillips is very sick with the measles. He caught it sitting up with Jane. Scot blind Eudy at Oregon City has just come back from England with him a wife. I suppose he can see with her eyes now as they are one, you know. The men are all at work on the graveyard today cleaning it off. Father will commence his harvesting at our house next week. I think we will have a good crop of most everything now the cabbages are heading and will soon do to eat. I think that the corn will be rather late. I will have to stop writing for today as I can't send you any news. I will send more tomorrow. Take good card of your health and don't work too hard. Do you work in the water or not? I do not want you to anyway.

8 Dear darling husband I will finish my letter before I go down to Sabbath School for Elder Stearns preaches there at 3 o'clock this afternoon and I will not have time to write for I may come back with Mother though I can't tell yet. If things seem to go right I will stay. I think Hopie will be sick in all probability before you get this. Theodore found your pocket knife under the floor and sent it to me by John yesterday. It is some rusty. I had hunted everywhere for it that I thought a knife

8 cont -

could get but failed to find it. I will keep it for you. I will send you the Saturday's dispatch. You see some of the news is very good and some rather discouraging. Charlie is not up yet. He usually sleeps late of a morning. Mary saw Kettlestring in Portland yesterday. They leave by the first steamer that goes by Victoria. He is not well. Well, I will have to stop writing or I can't send the news. Goodby dear Noble. Your devoted wife.

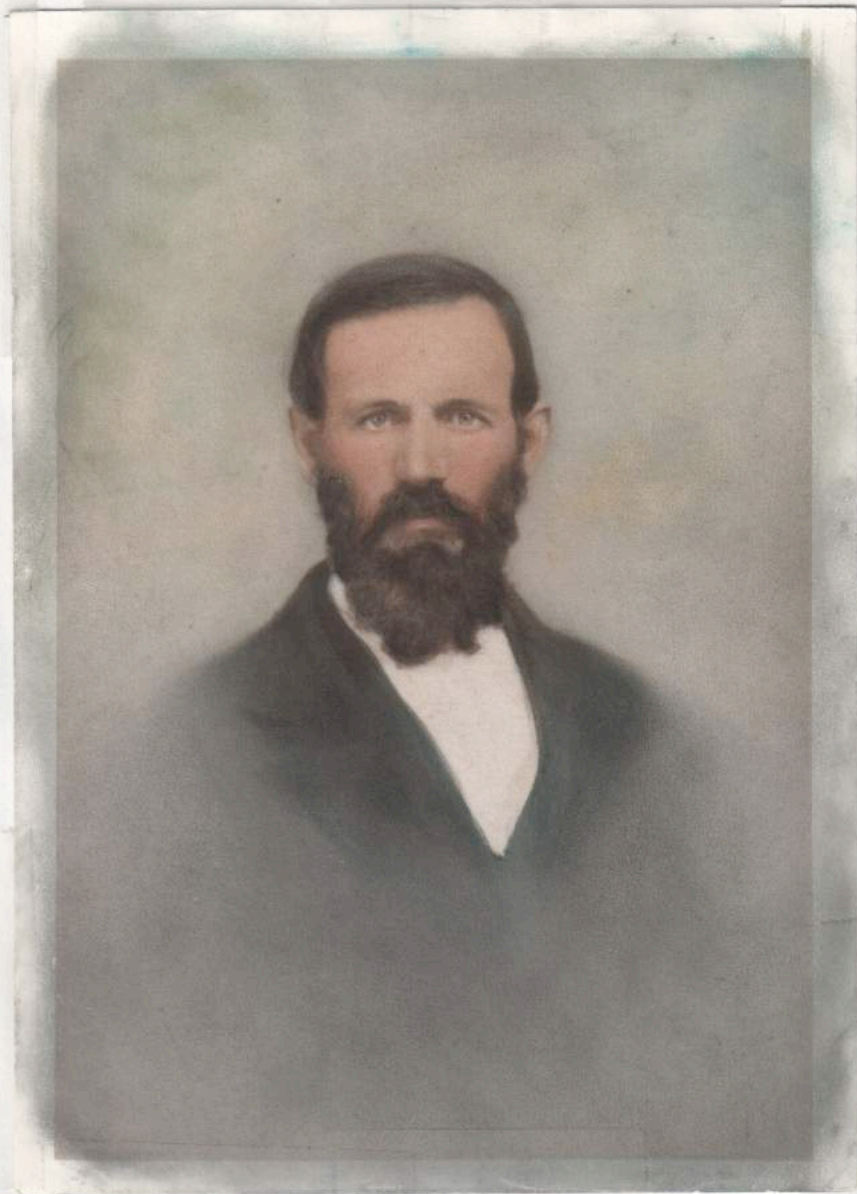
Noble Matlock

Sarah C Matlock

Notes: The next letter, August 21, 1864, is also from Sarah to Noble. Sarah is still at her parents' and is reluctantly preparing to return to her own home. "Dock" is her cousin's husband. W.T. recovered enough to continue as Land Receiver in Oregon City two more years. It sounds like heart trouble. Samuel is Samuel Campbell, husband of Nobles'sister, Jane. Surely, it was the wood shed, not the house, which had been used all summer as a stable!

The mail situation wasn't easy at Sarah's end, either. As there wasn't yet a post office at Clackamas, she had to rely on W.T. to carry her letters to and from Oregon City on his daily trips to his office. Also, neighbors would occasionally do things for her when they went to Oregon City, Milwaukie or Portland.

62-A



Noah Noble Matlock, about 1865-70, age 35-40?

62-B



Sarah Catherine (Craghead) Matlock, age 26
Claude, age 1; about 1864.

August the 21st 1864

Dear Noble

I will begin again to write to you but I feel so bad that I hardly know how to write for Theodore has disappointed me so that I am almost sick though I felt pretty certain all of the time that he would back out about going out there to relieve you but when the time has come I feel awful. He said that he would start last Saturday but went to town and saw Colonel Kelly and he told him that he came down from The Dalles with a man that told him that you sent word by him for Theodore not to come. So he backed out. But I had a letter from you written the 7th of this month and you said in that for him to come on but he would insist that the man left after the letter was written. Then your father has been very sick but is getting well now. He has that for another excuse. Your father was taken last Wednesday night at town. He came very near dying. Mr. Wade heard him scream and run in. It was some time before he could leave him to run for the Doctor. He was unconscious for a while. They brought him home in a buggy Thursday and had to carry him in the house when he got here. I have no idie that he will live through another one of these spells. Your mother says that she wishes that you were here to try and persuade him from going in the office anymore. She thinks that you would have more influence over him than anyone else. Oh I wish you was here.

Mary was here today. She went up to Dock's tonight says to tell you that she will write soon.

Theodore and Samuel cut the bee tree and got one teacup of honey. They found three more hives down in the bottom in hollow oaks. Two of them are on our land up next to John Denny's pasture near the pond.

August the 22nd Dearest I am all alone tonight and Oh how lonesome I feel. I never was so lonesome before in my life. I am perfectly heartsick. I suppose now that you will have to stay out there until late in November. I don't see how I can stand it that long or how I am to get along during that time. I am preparing to move home. Father says that John can stay with me most of the time. But I shall expect to stay alone part of the time at least. I have been over there cleaning the wood shed and the house today. John was there to help me. We carried off and put around the little trees 18 wheelbarrow loads of chips and manure. It has been used all summer for a stable. We cleaned out the spring and got the floors ready to mop early in the morning. I think that I can move by Thursday if Father can spare his wagon. Ab will help John move our things over. Everything is out of place and I cannot fix anything for there is so much lifting to be done and I am not able to do it. You must write me long sweet letters to comfort me in my loneliness. I didn't send you any letter last week for I was expecting Theodore to carry it to you but I guess I will send it in this one. Next time I will write a better letter when I get more used to my disappointment. I got some green corn for our dinners today. I will dry some for you. Noble I never will consent for you to leave me so long any more not for all the gold in the northern mines. If you go I will go with you now see if I don't. Oh I love you so very much but you know that don't you love? I will have to close for this time. It is getting late and the fleas are devouring me. They seem to be as large as grasshoppers. Goodby God bless you dearest one.

Noble

Your devoted Sarah

April 21, 1866 Salem, Oregon

Dear Aunt

I received your letter a good while ago, I thought you were never a going to write or that you had not got it. Cousin Mary come to our house and stayed all night. Mama and Gramma have quilted 6 quilts and are puting in another one, and have 2 more to quilt, but Gramma says I must not say anything about her because you did not say anything about her in your letter. I go to Sunday school every Sunday, we have 140 schoolers, and I have a very good Sabbath school teacher. His name is Mr. Scriber. There are 6 schoolers in our class. Ward asked Mama one day why she did not make a roll of butter, and she said she did not know how and he said he would tell her how so he said take a round box and knock the bottom out and then fill it full of butter and then knock the butter out and it would be in a roll. And he says for you to send the letter back with a roll of butter in it.

but I think I have written long enough so goodby.

From

Florence Adair

Dear Sister, I presume you think I don't care about corresponding with you and I don't blame you to think so but it is not the case for I do like to get a letter from you but it is a task for me to write but I will try to do better next time. We are all well.

I saw Sarah and Mary yesterday. They are as well as common. Noble started to Umpqua last Tuesday. Well I will tell you something about my trip to Brothers and the coast. I got to Brothers Wednesday night. Stayed until Friday then Brother and Tabby, Will, Kate, Bob, Connit, Frank, Rip and myself started in high glee to see the ocean at night. We stopt in twelve miles of the great sight and in the night it clouded up and rained and hailed so hard that we did not leave the camp until Monday and then went back to Brothers and stayed until Thursday then came home the same night. I asked Brother if he would not come and go with me to see you. He sayed he thought he would but I do not think he will he said he wanted to see you very much. There youngest child is a girl named Sarah. Sally was fifty-two years and six months old when it was born.

I got a letter from my poor rovin boy. It was written the 11th of February. He was well but did not talk of coming back soon. Ward says tell Uncle Talbert he wants to see him a hundred. I asked him a hundred what. He said times of course. He says I must tell him he had to work very hard. He plowed a little one day and he feels very big over it.

Well how many chick has old Speck got this time?

I can't write any more this time. My love to both of you.

From you sister Sarah G Kemp.
to Frank and Amanda Talbert.

Notes: The following letter to Amanda is from her sister, Sarah Newbill Kemp and her granddaughter, Florence Adair. Cousin Mary is Amanda's daughter, Mary Craghead Capps. Sarah is another daughter, Dorothy's grandma. "Brother" is her and Amanda's brother, Nathaniel Newbill. The others are his children and his wife who had recently had her 15th, her last child. Her rovin son is her only son. She is living with one of her six daughters, Martha Marie Kemp who married Elias Adair on board the stern wheeler river boat, THE GAZELLE while it was steaming on the Willamette River from Albany to Corvallis. She says that Noble had just started to Umpqua. That is the first we knew of him since the 1864 letters when he was mining in eastern Oregon. Ward was her two year old grand son.

- 7 May the 28th 1866 Dear husband I will write a little this very warm day. It is by far the warmest day of the season. There has been no rain yet. We are all well. Yet I have the blues very bad because I can not hear from you. Darling I do not know what I shall do if I don't get a letter this evening. I was so disappointed yesterday. I thought surely I would hear from you. But when there was no letter I could hardly bear it. I took a good cry and felt a little better. I never did feel so bad in my life. Mr Hurford came out last Monday and I signed that mortgage before him. So it is all fixed now. I churned again this morning and made two pounds of butter. That is four pounds this week. And we have used all the cream we wanted besides all the milk that three children have drunk. Don't you think that is good for Pide? And haven't stinted the calf either. John came down and found Hopie's cow and calf Thursday (we call everything here ours). Yesterday I went to the other house and washed. It is too hard work to carry all the water from the well. We wash two at a time, one at each stove.
- 8th Ellen had another letter from Chapman. He was still at the Umatilla. Could get nothing to do. Was going to start to Boise in a few days and try to sell his horses. He said ore teams were freighting from there for seven cents per pound. Your Father had a letter from your Uncle John's wife. They had just got back to Uncle West's. Your grandmother is well. Your Uncle Joe had been to Uncle Jeff's visiting and in returning the cars got off the track and tore all the top of his head off. He was some distance on the road. His wounds were dressed. They didn't know the extent of his injuries. They didn't write much. She said a great deal about her son's diing. I have been very busy studying my Sabbath School lesson. I have to take Kate's class. She has gone to Camp meeting with Father's folks, her and Mary and Kettlestring. He, by the way, brings Mary a huge boquet almost every morning. He has been boarding at ? and comes by our house and gets most of them. Hopie's babes is both sick of lung fever. Mary Chase is very sick. She is not expected to live. I do not know her disease.
- 9th I wish I could send you the Oregonian for I can't tell you all the knews. Cant you arrange it so I could send you some reading matter? I would send you Harpers Magazine if I could. Our time is out on the Rural. We have not had any numbers for two weeks or more. Well, I will put this away for this time and wait in great suspense for your Father to come home. If there is no letter again what shall I do? You do not know how anxious I am. Yet how I dread to see him come. Sunday the 29th Dear husband I will continue my scribbling again. Well, I was doomed to disappointment again last night for there was still no letter or tidings from the absent loved one. But I will look for one Monday and perhaps not in vain. How long the time to wait. I am so uneasy about you that I can scarcely see any peace or rest. But somehow you seem nearer to me today. Perhaps you are writing to me while I am to you and that brings us nearer together in thought. Do you ever feel like I have described my feelings?
- 10th Molly has a colt. It is a week old next Wednesday night. It is very pretty with the exception that its face is white and both hind feet. It is larger than old Kates was, a little lighter color than Mollie. It is a mare. Your Father says it will make a large horse. He does not like the hind parts very well, thinks it has not much bottom. But he says he will write and tell you what he thinks about it so I don't have to say any more about it now.

Charlie says you must come home and name it we went to Sabbath School this forenoon Charlie took his seat in the class with the other children Mat is their teacher she was explaining to them that God made everything even the day and the night light and dark when he "hallowed" out so that everybody in the house could hear that when Mama lites the candle then he can't make any dark She says she can't answer all his questions he read in the testament after her and thinks he is the wisest one in the class your mother's bees swarmed again today I do wish I could hear from you every week you have been gone ten weeks next tuesday and I have only four letters from you I must close I am as ever your wife Sarah Matlock.

Notes: As this letter begins in the middle of page 7, the first 6½ pages are missing.

We don't know whether Noble left the mines late in 1864, in 1865 or early in 1866, nor how he fared in them financially. And we know nothing of his activities or whereabouts during the interim. But in April, 1866 he went to Umpqua, meaning the Umpqua River area. Narrowing his location, it was in the Ten Mile or Brockway area, some ten miles west of Roseburg which, if you don't know, is about 80 miles south of Eugene in west central Oregon.

Sarah signed a mortgage. Was it for building a new home? Or to raise money for another business venture, raising cattle? Was Noble getting ever deeper in debt? Or did he use the new loan to pay off some of his older ones? We don't know.

John is her 18 year old half brother.

Obviously her home has no well. We can only surmise that she and Hopie take their washing over to their mother-in-law's house which has a well and two stoves. That would be Betsy Ballard Matlock's home (wife of W.T.). Noble and Sarah and Theodore and Hopie may have new houses which still lack wells.

Ellen is Noble's sister. Chapman is her husband, Wiley Chapman. Uncles John, West, Joe and Jeff are W.T.'s brothers. "your grandmother" (Noble's) is Betsy Ballard Matlock's mother, Mary Ramsey Ballard, a widow since 1824 who is living with "Uncle Joe", husband of her daughter, Almira. Uncle Joe's 1869 letter, 13 pages long, to W.T. appears elsewhere in this book. The son who died was "Uncle John's" only son. A captain in the Civil War, he died in Tennessee in 1864 while in military service. Kate is Sarah's cousin, Kate Adair. Mary Capps, Sarah's 25 year old widowed sister seems to have at least one admirer, Kettlestring. Lena, Hopie's oldest child, was known to us in her old age as "Cousin Lena". She and Dorothy's mother were double cousins. Mary Chase is unknown to us. Sarah mentions "three children". The third is Carey, born in 1865.

The following letter from Noble to Sarah was written ten months after Sarah's. Apparently, Noble had been at home for the winter and had just returned to his herd of cattle. We don't know whether he owned the land or was renting it. Bond was the husband of a cousin. Frank was a Talbert, half brother of John, and step brother of Sarah. We can't identify Dave. Noble mentions a baby that might be crying. That would be Grant, their fourth child, all of them sons. Does he feel unworthy because of his financial failures?

Brockway March 28, 1867.

Dear Sarah

I received your vary welcom letter a few days ago. I have actually been too busy to answer until now. I got to the cabin on the fifteenth of this month, found the high hills all covered with snow. Dave was fat and harty, but could show me but 18 head of cattle. He had up to the middle of February 75 or 80 head where he could get them all together in a day or two, but it commenced snowing then about the time it began down there, but it lay on the ground at our ranch to the depth of two feet on the level flats. The cattle went into the timbered gulches and scattered in every direction. The snow lay on about a week when it went off the lowest hills, but he could do nothing gathering them back for the snow was so deep on the ridges and north hill sides that it was difacult cropping, so he was waiting for the snow to go off and for me to come up expecting me every day. So 18 head was all the cattle to be found about the cabin. I soon found that many of the cattle had gone in the direction of Ten Mile. So I rented a pasture of a qtr section, the nearest one to our ranch, being but four miles away, for \$25 for two months, \$15 if I kept it but one month or less. We went to work gathering in the cattle out of the neighborhood around, sometimes one in a place and one bunch of 15, from 1 to 15 miles from the pasture. We have got now 53 head in the pasture. All this time we have kept watch of them on the ranch salting them occasionally and, day before yesterday Dave and I were over there, and drove up and salted 28 head, 10 having come back to the bell steer. The 28 added to 53 makes 81 head that we have under our jurisdiction. Besides those we know of 10 head scattered over the neighborhood that we have not got up yet and one that got poisoned and died, making ninety two head that we can account for. Then there are a good many of them, say 10 or 15 that Dave never saw at all until I came up here. I suppose they went over into the setelements before Bond left. So they do not belong to the 80 head that Dave had control of all winter. Now there are 30 odd head to hear from. We have yet some likely places in the settlements to look yet, and all the mountains for we have not hunted in where the cattle run at all. Some of them are with the wild cattle. I think we will get them all but I don't know it. I know this that I found the wildest steer that we brought up here the other day, in a very wild band. He had run with them all the time I suppose for Dave had never seen him. Dave on old buckskin and I on Moll in the roughest country in the mountains, took him away from the wild cattle and drove him to the band, in spite of him and he doen his best. We have five young calves. One cow lost her calf early this winter. One more will calve, the others wont.

The cattle are all in good condition but none fat. Some few that I have seen would do for beef, but no good beef like I drove last spring. Show this sheet to Father. We have had but one rainy day since I left home that is today. Clear weather and frosty nights has been the weather of the day. Grass scarce. It has grown about a half inch today soon be plenty.

Second

Now Dear what must I say to you to tell you how much and how well I love you and how much I want to see you and your sweet boys? Or must I scold you? I hardly know which to do. Now I expect you dont know what I am going to find fault about now. I will tell you.

You did not tell me wheather you had got well yet, or how well you had got to be, wheather you had (Gonway?) there yet or wheather you was alone. You did not tell me how Mary was. You did not say wheather roan had a calf or was agoing to have, how much milk old speck gave, how much butter you made, wheather you had set any hens, wheather the old sow was going to have pigs, or wheather Kate had babies and if so how many. All these things would have interested me very much. I think yours was a dear good sweet letter. Just like you are a dear sweet good wife but there was this difference between you, there is just enough of you and not too much, but there was not half enough of the letter, I dont a bit like these short letters you write to me of late. I like what there is of them but- something hapins to stop you from writing, somebody comes or the baby cries, and you have to stop and it has got to be such a task for you, you are glad when you are through, and couldn't think of resuming such an unpleasant task. Now is this not so? I tell you I am jealous so I am, you used to write me good long letters but you have quit it. And I am going to quit scolding you about it. This is the last time I will ever mention it.

I love you just as much as I ever did and more too if possible. I know you are better than I am but I would like long letters when I am away from wife and babies. We are batching. We live on bread bacon venison and coffee, we cant get potatoes nor butter, and I am getting tired of deer meet. We have three pairs of ham in the house now, and Frank is grieving about it he says it is such a nice rainy evening to go out and kill a deer he went out the other evening, was gone about two hours, brought in two pair of hams, and Dave and I were out to Brockway that day, Dave had his revolver with him, we came on to a band of ten or fifteen and Dave knocked one down the first shot. I wish you and the Boys were up here I would stay up here a year or two anyhow. I have got the umpqua fever agin, I may get over it when I get away from here. I always think I would like to live here when I am here, but when I get back home I am so glad to see you and your cheerful spirit makes everything appear so cheerful around you, and then I wonder wheather you would lose that cheerful spirit if you were away from all your friends but just only here, then I think I would not lose that for all umpqua but we will talk about this when we meet agin.

You must take good care of yourself and boys for you dont know how much you are to me.

Goodby Dearest

Noble

Third

March 28th

Well Sarah I thought my letter was done yesterday and I did write all I knew of interest. But today is Sunday it has rained all day & I have been so lonesome. I wonder what you have been doing today. I have read in the Bible part of the time and done very well. But I would think of you all the time, and how much better able you are to heed the precepts of that Book than I am. But I do hope that we will not be separated even by death except perhaps for a short time. Very unworthy I know myself to be. But we know that the Lord is able and willing to save all that will trust in him, and if we can not trust in him where can we find our trust.

3

Certainly not in ourselves if all are like me. Dave has the Testament that Mother gave him and has read it a good deal this winter and thinks a good deal about it. You must write often and not wait for me. Recollect I am 20 miles from the P.O.. It takes me a day and half to take the letter to the office. I will write from this on every opportunity. Tell all the little boys that papa wants to see them very much. We wont name our little boy Bond, not by any means. The name Bond dont sound well to me atall since I came to Umpqua this time. I will tell you about it when I come home.

Three of our heifers will make good cows. My health is very good now though I have been unwell a good deal since I left.

You may tell Frank's folks that he is very well. His cold hung on to him a long time and I got uneasy about his cough. But he is clear of it now and feels first rate and plags Dave about his girl. Says he is going to cut him out. Has been to see her once or twice.

Tell Father that I would like a letter from him and all the advice that he thinks may be of benefit about these cattle. I have been as particular as I could so as to give him as good an idea as possible how things are here.

The Horses are all poor. The mare is in a good deal better condition than the others. I have to ride her some. Ride her myself and will try to take care of her so that she might not be injured.

I have been feeding them all some since I came up but will quit soon if the weather continues as it is. Now dont you wish I would quit? Aint you tired of my poor letter? I think you are so I will quit.

Good By Dear Sarah

Your Unworthy Husband

Noble Matlock

Notes:

We now wonder if Dave might be W.T.'s hired man.

The mare is probably with foal.

As the grass has just begun to grow, he has been supplementing it with grain.

His father may have a financial interst in this venture. At any rate, Noble seems to value his ideas about the cattle.

Notes on the following letter: Sarah finally shows an address - Oregon City. Until Clackamas had a post office in 1870, they were served by Oregon City. W.T. had served as daily carrier, but now he seems to be at home, and senile, although still serving as County Judge. PETER JIM must be what she is calling their two month old baby until they decide upon a name which finally became, GRANT. We don't know what to say about her and their many ailments. Perhaps we are prone to forget how prevalent ailments were in those days before anti-biotics, sanitation, transportation - and reading materials! Her half brother, John, is now 19 and becoming a "man about town"!

Oregon City, Ore
April 26, 1867

Dear Husband,

I will try and write a few lines to you, while I rock the cradle, if I can see to do it. My eye is very sore. Last week the upper lid gathered and broke and ran considerable. Now it is gathering in the corner, next to my nose. It is very painful. I am afraid that I shall lose it entirely. I know that you will say, Why don't you send to the doctor and get something for it - because I have not an opportunity. When I see any of the folks and ask them when they are going to town, they never know as they will go for a month. Then the next time I see any of them they say they were at town such a day. When I tell them that I wish they had told me they were going they seem to be surprised and had no idea I wanted to send for anything.

The rest of the folks are all well as far as I know. Mary is no better nor worse. The Portland doctor is tending on her. I have not seen any of their folks but John since you have been gone. We have nothing more done in the way of farming than we had when I last wrote. We are having beautiful weather now for work if we had a team. The plum trees are all out in full bloom and the cherry tree will bloom soon. The trees are all putting out their leaves.

From what I hear they had a very interesting time at the last meeting at the school house. Willie Campbell made a profession of religion and joined the church. And Hopie and George Capps rose for special prayer. Louisa has also professed religion at Salem. They have not come down yet. The Campbellites are holding a meeting at Rock Creek with great success. Seven joined, Bales, among others. There was Caley and Hulda Darling, and Henry Ingram and wife. I think that had he preached one day more all of the old women would have followed Calley down into the water. I understand that Mrs. Scott says she wishes her children would join and be baptised. Kate had a boy baby two weeks old. I received a letter from cousin Maria a few days ago. She didn't write anything special. Said they were all sick. But you can read it when you come home. Bill Gilliam has been here twice to see you lately. He wants to buy cattle. When will you come home? I am looking for a letter from you the first time anyone goes to town. Ellen sent to us all some of hers and Chapman's pictures. I think they are very good. Mrs. Collard is dead. She died last week of quick consumption. I can't write half all that I would like to on account of my eye. I have to stop and shut it a while after every sentence that I write. Our colts have just come up. I must stop and salt them. They look very well. Our little red cow is about the best cow we have. She has a very nice little bag. We don't milk any of them yet but Speck. Old Pide is very poor, though she has got well. If the weather continues as it is now for a few days more I will make plenty of butter though I have churned but once as yet.

page 2 - 4-26-67 letter, SC to NN Matlock

The children are all out in the garden with John. He is spading around the pie plant. The cherry currants and gooseberries are in bloom. Our wheat is up and looks green from the house. I have not been down to it. It keeps me pretty busy to get three meals a day, do my house work and take care of Peter Jim to say nothing of trouble with little Carey, but he plays out of doors with the other boys most of the time. He won't let a single flower bloom in the yard. As soon as he sees the red in a daisy he is sure to pull it and I can't make him quit it. I have not done anything to our flowers for I can't spade and I won't try for I have such a hurting in the lower part of my system that I can hardly get around part of the time anyhow. I wrote to you last week that I was unwell but I am still worse this week. I don't know what it means. I suppose I am going to be like I was last summer. With the exception of that hurting and my eye I am quite well.

Hector Campbell is well again so they say and is very much ashamed of the way he has acted. Charlie says tell Papa he wants to see him and to know when he will come home. Claude says tell Papa that if he will come down and get us that we will stay with him up there. I have ten little chickens and three hens setting. We can't get eggs to use for Thad. He sucks all that he can find. When I hear a hen cackle I have to run or he will get there first and suck the egg.

I have cleaned part of the yard. There are so many chips that I get discouraged. I don't know if I shall try to clean it all. When you come home I want you to have it cleaned at the wood pile and the chips hauled off. Roan cow is springing. She will calve, I think, some time between now and the middle of May. Bloss seems to have a cough all the time. She is very poor. I turn her in here very often to eat the grass. I will have to quit writing this time for my eye hurts so bad that I can't see. Good by. Come home as soon as you can. Sarah.

April 27, Dear Noble

As I didn't have an opportunity of sending my letter yesterday I will write a little more. We are as well as usual today. The wind is blowing very hard this afternoon. O! How I do wish that you could come home this evening. I do want to see you so bad. It seems as if you had been gone six months instead of eight weeks, though that is long enough. My eye is some better today. Looks more like coming to a head. Is not so painful as it was yesterday. John came down today. He said Mary is about the same as usual when he left home. I was in hopes that you would be home by tomorrow, for I do get so lonesome staying home alone every Sunday, especially since my eye has been so that I can't read though I have nothing to read if I could see ever so good. Well dearest I will stop writing this time. Good by my Noble darling good husband. Your wife SCM Monday morning. John is going to Portland today. I will send this by him. He went to Oregon City two weeks ago and got on your father's account a \$52 suit. He likes to go around considerable since. I think that you had better come down and talk to your father about your and his business for I don't think he sees through anything very readily. From the way he talks you know how easily he gets confused lately. I am awfully unwell this morning, worse than I have been at all.

Montgomery City, Mo May 26th (1867-KH)

Friend Matlock

It has been more than seven months since I saw you, and since that time I have heard nothing about yourself & family. I am anxious to know how you and other friends in Clackamas are getting along. I wrote to you on the steam-boat DESIRE about a week or ten days after New Year. I suppose if you had recd the letter I would have recd your answer to it long before this. I told you all about my trip home by way of Nicaragua also my journeyings in Arkansas - I was in Ark two months prospecting around among the rebels to find a place that would suit my Mother - I did not tell you about my marriage for at that time it had not taken place. My reason for not writing before January was that I had not married and could not tell you exactly when I would. I will necessarily have to recapitulate in order for you to understand my present position & the reason why I did not marry immediately on my arrival in Mo., provided you did not rec my former letter, which I take for granted.

I remained in San Francisco ten days - left there on the steamer AMERICA on Oct 25th, had a storm on the Gulf of Tehautipre, got about six feet of water in the hold, because the old ship was very old and unsafe - crossed from San Juan Del sur to (Vergin?) bay on mule back and there took lake steamer across Lake Nicaragua to the head of Nicaragua River and thence river steamer down to Greystown the old city of Gen Walker notoriety-: there took ocean steamer Santiago de Cuba, a splendid ship, to New York City - Arrived in New York Sunday morning 19th of Nov about six o'clock - walked all over the great Central Park Sunday - took train for St. Louis - arrived home Nov 23rd having enjoyed first rate health every day & had a very pleasant, agreeable time generally. My mother had everything packed up, ready to start down to Arkansas. I had not been in the house fifteen minutes before she asked me to go with her to Ark. I did all I could to dissuade her from going, but to no purpose; finally I concluded to accompany her & my oldest sister to Ark & return provided I could not find a place suitable to buy for her for a home. She has always been anxious to live with me & is yet - I would not marry and take my wife down there on uncertainties - so I paid her a short visit - one day and night- & started with my mother - just six days after I got home. I found a state of society in Ark that did not suit me at all. Nearly all available improvements had been destroyed & every man woman & child in the state, almost, hated the U.S. Government and anyone who adhered to it.

After travelling pretty much all over the state - or rather that part of it north of the Arkansas River - I came to the conclusion not to buy but rent for one year & by that time my folks would be perfectly willing to migrate back to the State of Pike. I rented 100 acres of first quality cotton land between the St. Francis and the Lauguelli Rivers - got the family moved there & left for Mo Feb 12th to bring down my wife. I had a great time getting from Memphis to Cairo, the water got very high and the Mobile and Ohio Road was pretty much washed away. I and three companions - western men- walked 32 miles - and made it alright - rafted several streams.

My wedding day was set the 21st of Feb. I made the connections and just made the distance - I got to Danville on the night of the 20th & the next day had to ride eleven miles through as deep mud

as any ever found in Oregon. On the night of the 20th just after I got to Danville a telegram from my Brother was handed to me stating that my Mother and Sister were coming back and that we had rented the farm so I am still in old Montgomery.

I have been very unfortunate in my money matters having lost \$710 greenbacks from my pocket about two months ago - some Berkshire hogs chewed it up and I recovered only \$450 but in such a mutilated condition that probably no more than \$160 can be redeemed - the trouble is that a good deal of it is national currency. I sent it on to Washington with my affidavit but have had no return yet. I am now teaching an independent school in Montgomery City am occupying a large, commodious brick building capable of accomodating 200 pupils. I have only a small common school, but it is increasing steadily - 51 scholars in regular attendance. I may continue teaching here next winter if I give satisfaction; if I do I will have a much larger school as the large boys and many of the larger girls have to stay at home during the busy season. This is the latest spring I ever saw here - we have not had four growing days this year - I have two fires running in school all the time. Corn and potatoes are in the ground but do not seem inclined to come up.

Notes: Unfortunately, the rest of the letter is lost. It was written by a "Mr. Bond" who had worked with Noble on his cattle venture near Roseburg. In his March 1867 letter to Sarah, Noble says (see middle of page 67) that some of his cattle had probably strayed into the settlements before Bond left. In the same letter (top of page 69) Noble goes on to say they definitely won't name their new boy "Bond" for reasons that he will tell her when he comes home. Obviously, Bond had done something that displeased Noble.

In my notes - bottom page 66 - I wrote that Bond was the husband of a cousin. Now we question that, for Bond tells in his letter of his marriage after returning to Missouri from Oregon. We must have jumped to that conclusion, although he could have had a wife who died, causing his return to Missouri.

In a letter to her sister, Mary, date February 25, 1868, Sarah tells of a letter from Mr. Bond, dated 13 January, telling of his two month old son.

Apparently there had been talk of naming their new baby after Bond. So they must have been quite friendly. The letter is addressed to "Friend Matlock", indicating that Bond still regarded Noble as a friend. Bond, obviously one of Noble's cow-herds, had left him short handed, resulting in the scattering of his herd and the loss of some cattle. Bond probably left the herd in the fall of 1866 when he left for San Francisco and Missouri.

Salem Feb 25th 1868

Dear sister

I received your letter of the 20th yesterday. We are all pretty well now, I still have a bad cough but I think it is getting better as fast as I could expect it to after being sick so long. I went down town yesterday the first time I have been out in two months. I have not been to church since John was up here but think I shall go next Sunday if nothing happens to prevent. I like Salem very much that is what I have seen of it. We live in a good neighborhood. There is in our immediate neighborhood four Methodist, three Campbellites and one Congregational ministers with plenty of others scattered around close by. All denominations are pretty well represented right here but more Campbellites than any other. Then there is several families of Spiritualists near neighbors to us but none of them have called here and I hope they will not take the trouble to call. I have not been out to Docks yet. They all stopped here last Sunday on their way home from church. They are all well. Aunt says that she would like to go down to see you but can't see how she could get there. She is busy making rag carpets. We had a letter from Mr. Bond lately. He is teaching school in Glasgow, Missouri. Says he is right in a nest of rebels but they all send to school to him. His letter was written the 13th of January. He said we have a little boy two months old. He can eat more sugar, make more wry faces, laugh more beautifully, cry louder and longer than anything of his age in the state that's my opinion. Named Mortimer for his wife's father.

Thursday the 26th, I have been up to see Ellen today the second time I have been there since we have lived here. They are all well and doing well. Tell Mrs. Raburn if she lived here she would soon make her fortune washing. White women get two or three dollars a day. One of our neighbors has been doing my washing for six weeks just as an accomodation, for nothing. But I gave her daughter two dollars and a half to get a dress with. They are the kindest people I ever saw, are living here to school their children. They live when at home near Uncle Nat are well acquainted with him. I have not heard from Noble for some time but I am looking for him soon. He has been gone nearly three months. Charlie is very proud of getting letters from his grandma. He said he is going to keep that first letter until Grandma gets as old as she will ever be. Then he will show it to her and tell her that is the first letter that she ever wrote to him. He thinks she will be surprised. He bothers me very often about his spelling, wants to write every day but can't spell all of his words.

This seems to be an awful place. You remember Mrs. Mack that used to live on the Clackamas. She is here keeping a bad public house. Mack has left her. Then one of the young Arthur's wife left him and is living with another man close to us. Then there is a poor girl at the hotel who was seduced by a man in Albany. He gave her prusic acid to cause her to have an abortion but gave her too much. She has been barely alive for 25 days. The flesh is all rotting off her bones they say. But verry few persons can stay in the room.

John Phillips called here this morning. He said that he tried to get you to come up here with him but you thought you couldn't come now. Chapman says you must be going to get married or you wouldn't have slighted such an offer. I want you to come right away just as soon as you can. I think if you could get here your health would improve. Well I will have to stop and take this to the post office. Charlie says tell Grandma he will write when he finds his pencil. Write soon.

Sarah

Notes: Sarah is writing to her sister, Mary, at Clackamas. Noble and Sarah must have been living in Salem several months, at least. Although we don't know just how long they were in Salem, they were back at Clackamas by 1870. Noble is gone as usual, probably still up on the Umpqua near Roseburg with his cattle. Dock is Sarah's cousin's husband, Elias Adair. John is her half brother, of course. Ellen and Wiley Chapman had moved to Salem, too. Uncle Nat is Nathaniel Newbill of Polk County, about half way between Salem and the coast. Mary remained a widow five more years.

Having gone back in my story to insert the foregoing letters, I have lost the continuity and find it very difficult to pick it up again. I left out Noble's Indian War pension which fell to his widow, Sarah. It was \$9 a month. He had served in the Rogue River Indian Wars 4 months in 1855-56. For this service he was paid \$40 for himself, \$40 for his horse, and was given a coat valued at \$15. He furnished his own rifle.

W.T. AND THE RAILROAD

On February 14, 1859 Oregon became our 33rd state. In 1861 Abraham Lincoln became our 16th - and our first Republican - president. In his first year he appointed William Tyndal Matlock as Federal Land Receiver at Oregon City. It was W.T.'s first major reward for being one of Oregon's most prominent early Republicans. In the 1850s he had been elected Chairman of the first Oregon Republican Convention in Albany. Also, in 1862 the Republicans in the legislature chose him as their candidate for United States senator. But the predominantly Democratic legislature chose the Democratic candidate. Until about 1920 U.S. senators were chosen by the state legislatures.

Some 15 years ago we obtained, from the National Archives, a copy of the document by which Abe Lincoln appointed W.T. Land Receiver. Now, of course, we can't find it. And we can't find two others - one granting him his donation land claim, and one authorizing him to appear as an attorney before the United States Supreme Court.

As Land Receiver, W.T. received a \$10 fee for each donation land claim filed, with his income limited to \$2500 per year. This income, together with that from his law practice, must have made him rather affluent for that time and place.

We have an 1867 deed reference wherein W.T. and Betsy gave Noble and Sarah land. That indicates they had their own home as suggested in at least one of Sarah's foregoing letters. They obviously lived near W.T., probably adjoining. That would have been below the cemetery and north of the TOWN OF MARSHFIELD, now CLACKAMAS.

In July, 1865 he resigned as Land Receiver because of ill health. But, as he was elected County Judge the next year, I suspect there were other reasons as well. Foregoing letters by Sarah and his brother show that he had had "spells" and was sometimes confused. By this time most of the good land claims had been taken and his income from filing fees had probably shrunk to a trickle. Very likely, a basic reason for his resignation was the assassination of Abraham Lincoln - a gesture of respect for his admired president who had appointed him. The 3 month period between the assassination and the resignation was about the time required for communication across the nation in those days before telegraph lines spanned the continent.

W.T. was a strong supporter of the proposed railroad from Portland to San Francisco, such a strong supporter that he gave the right-of-way across his land - nearly two miles. All he asked in return was a life pass and that a train stop at his gate each morning, pick him up and deposit him at Oregon City, reversing the process each evening. They agreed.

In 1870 the railroad finally came to Clackamas - then on to Oregon City, Salem and finally, by 1878, to San Francisco. The train crew found it easy to stop for him. But, as it was on a rather steep incline, it was difficult to get started again. W.T. agreed that they could stop for him at the top of the incline - if they would build a small station there, which they did.

The little station still stands there as it has for more than a century, the name, CLACKAMAS still plainly visible near its top. It looks tiny now and is used only for storage. Its peak passenger service was from about 1890 to 1920. Not long after, passenger trains quit stopping there. The little building continued to serve as a freight station for several more decades. Automobiles and electric interurban street cars brought the decline in passenger service by rail.

The incline which caused the station to be built at its top, no longer exists. The road bed has been regraded so that it is now one long, gentle slope.

Following is a family legend concerning W.T.'s daily trip.

Over the years, before the railraod came, W.T. rode or drove a horse to and from Oregon City every day. For a time he also carried one or more of his children to attend the academy which he had helped to establish at Oregon City. The horse developed a great anticipation for this daily jaunt. Each morning he would be waiting at the gate for bridle, harness, feed bag and master. When the railroad came, with its thundering, steaming monster that stopped to pick up his master, the horse was incredulous. Every morning he would follow W.T. to the gate and trot along beside the departing train until stopped by a fence. He stopped eating and stood, head down, at the fence awaiting his master's return. In a few weeks the horse was dead, of a broken heart.

The following letter covers the Civil War period. Remember that Missouri was a border state - half slave, half free, with the citizens similarly divided in sympathy for the Union and the Confederacy. Military forces from each took turns ravaging the countryside, murdering suspected sympathizers of their enemies' cause. *

Longwood, Mo.

Sept 1st 1866

My Dear Cousin:

How can I, how shall I express the gratitude, the overpowering gratitude I experienced a few days ago on the receipt of your more than thrice welcome messenger. I had come to the sad conclusion that you had forgotten me, but your letter assured me that you had not. We are not all well. I have been very sick, am just getting about. Mother has very poor health. She has a very bad cough. Seems to get worse very fast. Jusephine, that is, sister Amanda's youngest, has been very sick but is better. She had a very severe spasm a few days ago which frightened us very much. Frank D. is married again and has the other children with him. He married a Boone County lady by the name of Liza Drain. I have never seen her. Reports say she is a very fine woman. There is a good deal of sickness in the country. People are getting very much frightened about the cholera. It is very bad in St. Louis. They have had one case of it at Sedalia. Sarah received a letter from Calco (Callaway County) yesterday which stated that her sister, Susan, had just died of it. We are having such a drought, I think is the cause of so much sickness. We haven't had a rain for several months to do any good. Crops will be very short. I was at your Uncle Robert's (Craghead) about two months ago. They are all well and seem to be getting along well. Alex (his son) died about a year ago. Left a little boy. His wife died a few months before he did. Pet was killed in the war. Dudley and Tom have both grown very wild boys. Tom is quite handsome. Mary, the youngest, is most grown. Sally Terry (daughter) has 5 children. They are living in CalCo. I visited them when I was down last spring. I think she has such a good husband. Old Aunt Minnie is just as lively as a cricket. Works as hard as ever. Had forty yards of carpet in the loom, weaving like a girl of sixteen. She said she and her granddaughter sold \$80 worth of socks last winter. I visited all of your connections while I was in Calco. I did have such a nice time down there. Never enjoyed myself better in my life. What do I want to marry for? Not to be tied at home with a gang of squalling brats. I can enjoy myself too well yet to marry. At least I am not going to get married until I get a chance. You said you thought I had been disappointed in love. No, indeed. The fact is I do not know what love is. I like some of the young men but I can't love them. I saw lots of good looking young men in Calco. I would have fallen in love with some of them but they were all my cousins and I don't like to take a cousin. Your aunt Nancy Kemp's "Honey" came home with me. Stayed all summer. She is such a pretty, sweet girl. Probably it is well I think so for I wouldn't be surprised if she wasn't nearer related to me than a cousin one of these days, for my brothers all fell in love with her. Her oldest brother, Jimmy, is in Nevada Territory. He and I correspond regular. He sent me his photo which was very handsome. He expects to be at home this fall. His brother, Will, was killed by the Feds. They came one Sunday, took him about five miles from home and shot him. Left him lying on the road. Her son-in-law, Liza's husband, was also killed. I don't know how Aunt has lived through all she has. A short time

* Chronologically, this letter should have preceded the railroad.

after they killed Will they took her prisoner, carried her to St. Louis and kept her there a while in prison. (During the time she had pneumonia - came very near dying). Then sent her to the penitentiary. Kept her there for two months. All for the lies of the Negroes. She says her own Negro man stood up in St. Louis, swore lies against her and she wasn't allowed to say a word or contradict the Negro. She says she knows he was the cause of Will's death.

Cousin, I don't suppose you have the remotest idea what we have gone through in the last four years. I shall not attempt to tell you.

Mr. Harper has swapped his place for one in Cedar County. Moved out there in the spring. I don't know what I would do if I had such a man as he is. After following him so far I think he ought to have been satisfied to stop. They have gone to where there is nothing nor nobody. Every person says that it is the poorest county in the state. We had a letter from her a few days ago. She said she hadn't been in but one house this summer and wasn't in that more than five minutes. They were just living in a tent. He had put him up a good house here. I don't see what he wanted to go out there for.

Many thanks to you for your husband's picture. I want you to send me yours and the childrens! Cousin, I don't like to flatter you but I do think your little boys' picture that cousin Mollie had was the sweetest thing that I most ever looked at. I did beg her for it but she would not let me have it. Be sure to send me one. I will send you mine just as soon as I have some more taken.

I wrote to Uncle Nat better than a year ago and sent him one of mother's pictures. I never received an answer. Don't know whether he got it or no.

Brother, Jim, is still in Montana. He wrote in his last letter that he would probably come home this fall. He has been gone three years last spring. Sister, Sarah, has another boy. That is only four boys and five girls. Sister, Bet, has two girls and one boy. Her girls are most grown. Brother, Zeke, has two boys. The report is that brother, Jordan, and Sally are both going to marry. Whether it is so or no I am preparing to dance in a hog trough. Sally's sweetheart stayed here last night. He was sadly disappointed for Sally wasn't at home. She was attending a big meeting over in Saline County. It was rather bad for he had come some distance. We are having some of the greatest meetings I ever heard of. For fear of losing your patience I will close. Write without delay. From your affectionate cousin,

Maria Kemp

Notes: Maria, about 28, is writing to Sarah Catherine Craghead Matlock, about the same age. Their mothers, Amanda and Roche are Newbill sisters. Uncle Nat is their brother, Nathaniel Newbill. Some 3 years later Maria married - a cousin, of course, had 5 children. These families had come to the newer Pettis County from older Callaway County and often went back to visit. Sarah's Uncle Robert was a Craghead, as were the sons who were killed and their mother who was imprisoned. Religious meetings were a favorite pastime, and photography was a fascinating new discovery.

A CLIMACTIC TIME

The decade of the 1870s was indeed climactic for Clackamas and especially for the Matlocks. The railroad came; the settlement of a town began; Dorothy's mother was born; the Matlock store and Noble's house were built; Noble was elected to the state legislature; W.T. Matlock died; Francis and Amanda Talbert moved from Happy Valley to Clackamas; the first grange in Oregon was formed; the Methodist Church and a new school were built - all on land donated by W.T.; W.T.'s and Noble's homes burned; and, finally, the Matlock curse and financial disaster fell.

Unfortunately, we have no letters telling us our characters' whereabouts and activities during this period. But research and "Cousin Lena" come to our aid, especially the latter - orally, face to face, and in letters to Dorothy and to other younger interrogators.

Born at Clackamas in 1863, Lena lived - to the fullest, I might add - all her 95 years there or within 40 miles. We knew her well and saw her often when Dorothy's family lived on N.E. 81st near Fremont. After our marriage we saw her occasionally while Mrs. Dutton lived with us. Relatives would bring her to our house to visit Mrs. Dutton and we would take her home. Or we would take Mrs. Dutton to visit her a week or two then go to bring her home. She and Mrs. Dutton (Ruth Inez Matlock) were double cousins, their mothers being sisters, Sarah and Hopie Craghead, and their fathers, Noble and Theodore Matlock being brothers.

Old and long a widow at the time, Lena lived alone at Scotts Mills, northeast of Salem. Her two widowed sisters, Nell and Clair, came from Los Angeles and lived together near Lena in a little rented house.

Although she talked incessantly, Lena was never offended if she was interrupted, or if someone changed the subject. For that reason and because she was an interesting talker, people enjoyed her.

The 1865 deed by which W.T. gave the land for the first church and school and for the cemetery states that the building was already on the site. Mary Craghead Capps probably taught there and the building probably burned between 1862 and 1871 when W.T. gave another site farther south and west for a new school, the site where a school stands to this day. Again the children must have had to walk to Rock Creek to school until a new one was built, about 1873.

Lena said the first commercial building in Clackamas was across the railroad. "It was built by Grandpa Matlock (W.T.) and his two sons, Papa and Uncle Noble. Uncle Noble had the store there at first, and there may have been a post office. He was only there a year when Papa took over the store and post office. A short time later it was taken over by Aunt Mary Mills (she had remarried) and Mr. Phillips."

"Uncle Noble's house (the Thornburg house) was the first in Clackamas. Wade's was about the third, I think. I know when they all were built, as we were living at the store then.

"Grandpa Talbert built the Methodist church. He furnished most of the money and did a good deal of the work.

"Aunt Jane Matlock Campbell planted the maple trees and their house was there, with the barn below on what is now (1957) Mrs. Bailey's land."

This statement of Lena's helps with our chronology. Marshfield (she calls it Clackamas) was platted by W.T. - or at least the plat was filed then - in 1870. The first deeds were recorded that year, among them deeds to Noble, Ellen and Theodore. In the pioneer files at the Oregon Historical Society we found a statement by Mary Craghead Capps Mills that she was the post mistress at Clackamas from 1876 to 1879. Before that Theodore and Hopie ran it and the store for a few years, about 1874-76. Noble, the first postmaster, was there in 1873 when the post office was officially approved and may have been operating it unofficially before then. Before it could become official the name had to be changed. As a town on the coast had beaten them to the name, MARSHFIELD, it became CLACKAMAS.

The maple trees that Jane Matlock Campbell planted between the time of her marriage in 1852 and her death in 1864 were surreptitiously cut down at night some ten years ago, to the consternation of the entire community. They had graced the area of Clackamas Street and 82nd Drive, just north and east of the present post office for at least 110 years. They were cut down to make room for a real-estate office which the owner knew the community would oppose.

It was probably only a few years after her death that Jane's husband, Samuel Campbell sold his 320 acre donation land claim to her father, W.T. Matlock who platted the north portion of it into THE TOWN OF MARSHFIELD. The Campbell home, of course, stood near the old trees. It is gone now.

Lena said that her family was living in the store building when Noble's house was built. That was probably in 1874. When Ruth Inez Matlock, Dorothy's mother, was born, July 7, 1871 her family was living in a small house on the rear of the home site. It probably became the guest house when the main house was built. The new one was quite a nice home. It became known as the "white house" to distinguish it from W.T.'s which was called the "big house". This was Noble's second home. We don't know what happened to the first one which was farther north and east, down in the bottom near his parents' home, east of the cemetery and southwest of the present radio towers.

Noble and Sarah built their new house about 100 feet east of 82nd Drive and a similar distance north of Talbert Street. A short time later Sarah's mother and step-father, Amanda and Francis Talbert, moved from Happy Valley to Clackamas. Then in their 60s, they were probably finding farming increasingly difficult, and they wanted to be near their children most of whom were in Clackamas.

They built a house east of 82nd Drive and south of Talbert Street, right across from Noble and Sarah. It faced east, on the street now called 93rd. Now, in 1984, the old house is still standing there. It was occupied by family descendants at least through the 1940s. Until recently it was occupied as a residence. Now it is used for storage and is falling into disrepair.

Amanda and Francis lived out their lives there, Francis dying in 1881 at age 77, Amanda in 1900 at age 90. He was the first Grange Master. During her last 20 years Amanda was virtually confined to her rocking chair by arthritis in her back. Although she wrote letters and sewed she spent most of her time piecing quilt tops. Their son John lived in the old house with his parents in their old age. He, too, lived in it the rest of his life, into the 1920s.

INTERLUDE

In December we met John for lunch at the Sunnyside Inn near Clackamas. It was his 36th birthday. Afterward we drove over to the old town of Clackamas to refresh our memories of it. The original settlement now ranges from 80-110 years old. We could hardly believe the state of dilapidation we saw. The old, original Marshfield, now the northerly fringe of Clackamas, consists of vacant, untended land and scattered, old, small, dilapidated houses, sheds, businesses and industries.

I mentioned the old Talbert house which still stands but is used for storage. Just west of it on the corner of 82nd Drive and Talbert Street, the old Matlock store and post office yet stands.* But it has been remodeled so many times I can't be sure that any of the original building remains. At least that is the old Matlock store Dorothy remembers from her childhood. Her Uncle Carey Matlock then owned and operated it. His old home still stands, too. It is about a block west of 82nd on the south side of Talbert St.

A recent history of Clackamas says the original store and post office stood east of the tracks, beyond the end of Talbert Street. On the south side of Talbert, just west of the tracks stood the old Clackamas Hotel. It is gone now.

The old building in which Dorothy's mother was born disappeared about 1980. It was a small, odd-shaped structure standing on the north side of Talbert Street, across from the old Talbert house. It looked like a guest house or a partial, "beginner house". Indeed, it might well have been just that. An old relative, gone now, told us that it was built by Wiley Chapman for his brother-in-law, Noah Noble Matlock whose family lived in it while their main house was under planning and construction. It was just behind the main house, called the "white house". When the latter burned about 1878 the "beginner house" remained. It had been used as a residence until the 1960s after which it was only a storage shed - 110 years old.

* * * * *

THE LAST DAYS OF WILLIAM TYNDAL MATLOCK

The following 5 page letter to W.T. is from Joseph Hawkins Matlock, the youngest of 8 brothers. W.T. never made the visit to Indiana. These two brothers married Ballard sisters. The "grandmother" in the letter was the mother of the two sisters, Mary (Ramsey) Ballard. Louisa and Caroline are two more Ballard sisters. Jefferson, John, Burton, David and West are Matlock brothers. The missing brother is George who had gone to California and never heard of again, possibly drowned while rounding Cape Horn. We don't know what became of his photograph. Another Ballard sister, Jane, or Jincy married a Vertrees. We know nothing of W.T.'s illnesses except that his daughter-in-law, Sarah Catherine Craghead Matlock, in a letter to her husband, Noah Noble Matlock, told him that he should come home and check on his father who, she thought, was talking and acting strangely. And, a few days before W.T.'s death, Noble who was serving in the legislature, was excused from attending a session because his father was gravely ill.

*This is not the first store which was east of the railroad.

Wabash, Ind January 27th, 1869

Dear Bro.

Your last letter is not before me, & I cannot refer to its date, but will endeavor to answer your enquiries as well as I can. I am now in an Office of my own for the first time in nearly five years. It is almost a task to me to attempt any thing like a history of matters concerning myself during ~~during~~ that period but you seem to desire to know all about me which is very natural. I will relieve your mind in the first instance and at once by saying, that I am now restored to comfortable health and soundness of mind & body for which blessings I ought to express to you a feeling of thankfulness to a kind and overruling providence. It will be about five years the first of April since I left my home at Warsaw to visit Missouri. We then had Grand Mother living with us. She had been sick a long time, the lamps had not been blown out of nights in our house for two years. Her disease was chronic - a disentery - or diarrhea. No language can convey an adequate idea of her suffering or of our nightly watchings and toils. My wife was also sick and had been for months. We however had Louisa with us and an excellent hired girl at the time of my leaving home. I had plenty of business as a lawyer and super added to all this the troubles of the war bore very heavily upon my mind. It was under these afflicting circumstances I found my health failing, & thought I would leave home a few days. I did so - visited our bro Jeffersons, and then took a little trip further west in Mo. I had just started home on the 4th of April when the accident happened which proved so serious to my health. The road bed was muddy and soft & in bad condition. The cars were running upon an embankment of some eight feet high, and the ties and rails were pushed from their places pell mell, all went before the cars - thus the train seemed to run over the rubish tossing us like balls for some distance when fortunately the hindmost two cars became uncoupled from the train. I was in the rear car. We were tumbled down the embankment, the car turning nearly upside down.

At about this instant I received a severe blow upon my head the upper right side of the temple rather below the top of my head. It partly separated the scalp from the skull. After coming to consciousness I laid my hand upon my naked skull - but I am entering to much into particulars. Let us make the remainder of the story shorter. - A large stove was lifted off me, I was taken out, & returned to consciousness in a dreamy half delirious condition. I was very kindly cared for by strangers, and after my wounds were dressed at my own request I was taken to Chicago accompanied by a gentleman - a stranger - who was with me. I was kindly treated all the way and from Chicago I made my way home, & my wife says I was unable to tell what had happened until refreshed by a knap. Here I must cease to follow a personal history closely. It would take too much writing. Suffice it to say that a month after the accident I entirely despaired of my recovery, but perhaps my friends never gave up hope. But what you desire to know is the result. Well, I freely confess that for a considerable time - perhaps a whole year - the injury to my mind was so great as to be apparent to myself and my friends. Now there is a feature about the case which I desire to allude to, which is so similar to what I suppose you have experienced - (judging from letters) - as to lead to the hope that you may be benefited by the comparison, and for this reason only I shall take some pains to try to communicate it.

Now I will premise that I had been dispeptic and was in failing health at the time of the accident. Also not forgetting the other circumstances mentioned above and also that I had previously for a year perhaps noticed some irregularity of the hearts action and weakness of the pulses. Keeping these several facts in view I will here state that the first alarming effect of my injury was about a month after my return home when in bed one night I felt so distressed by the irregular action of the heart as to be unable to rest. I attempted raise up and having Sat up in the bed, my difficulty Suddenly increased, and I Sunk down unable maintain my position.

I began rapidly to grow cold and as I thought had every Symptom of approaching and immediate death, as soon as able to speak I informed my good wife that my hour had come not entertaining a doubt that such was the case. - The physician was called and all means resorted to to keep up circulation - such as Stimulants, bathing, etc. I remained however in a prostrate condition for perhaps 24 hours or more, the extremities generally cold and the pulse barely discernable, the while fully believing that I must die, but finally I rallied a little and to make the Story Short as possible, I merely will say that many times for two years afterwards I had similar attacks. The prevailing Symptom was failure & want of the hearts action - Sometimes Sharp pain at the Same point. Often the pulse would be 124 per minute & so feeble as to be barely felt, during some three years almost daily Spells of very laborious and difficult breathing usually coming on worst when I would retire at night, coldness of the feet hands legs and numbness of the face with tightness and compression of the lips - Many and indescribable Sensations of the heart & brain etc, etc. I generally had my judgement but was entirely unfit for business of any kind - Memory Short and mind more or less impaired of which I was perfectly aware which occasioned great mental Suffering. I was generally able to go around and went all I could. Spent a part of two Summers in Illinois - took all the exercise I could - and too much Sometimes. Now be it remembered that Severe dispepsia was all the while present.

TREATMENT

I might say Substantially, I took no medicine or at least what little I did take was of no Service. The things which have benefited me are these. 1st proper outdoor exercise, 2nd the Entire disuse of Pork, lard and coffee, 3rd The use of Brown or Graham bread instead of fine flour, 4th bathing with vapor and warm water, 5th rubing and Keen Spating of the body by a Strong healthy person. 6th the use of a battery, but if not in skillful hands it will do more harm than good.

RESULTS

The process of recovery has been gradual entirely So. It was not until within the last year that I felt at all competent to go into an office though I did Serve two years as Mayor of this City but the duties were light.

I am now probably as well in body and mind, thank God, as I have been at any time in ten years, and have within the past few days entered a law Office for the purpose of resuming the practise.

Remarks upon the above

My case was one of Severe dispepsia, greatly aggravated by the rail road ac-

cident, and by the great nervous prostration which ensued and was consequent upon that accident as well as the other above mentioned facts and circumstances. It is true the heart was dangerously effected, and so were the other vital organs, but these were not the primary difficulties. -

I forgot to mention Sleeplessness as a Symptom. I now Cultivate Sleep as Nature's great restorer and can do up a good job at it now. I remark further that the use of bread of unbolted flour will keep the bowells regular all the time without a grain of Medicine.

Present Habits

I have not had an ounce of Pork or lard in my house in 3 years or indeed since my removal from Warsaw, and would not permit any person to put it on my table. I Keep the unbolted flour all the time. We use butter for shortening and beef, & fowls for meat. Rich pies and cakes will not do. Plain living must be used. Now if you can derive any benefit to yourself personally I shall be richly paid for my trouble of writing so much about myself.

Opinion

You will pardon me if I say that I am your brother, and knowing the family as well as I do I am of the opinion, that your case is not organic heart disease, but in all probability, you are dispeptic, and suffer from Constipation or at least you are dispeptic, but I hope not near so badly so as I have been. Now I advise you to give some heed to my suggestions relative to diet exercise, etc, and your heart will take care of itself. My experience warrants the assertion. I have not now a Symptom of heart disease, but could bring it on any time by drinking coffee eating Serious flesh or lard in my bread or too much fine flour for a few days & thus destroy my health and perhaps my life. Your Case may not be Similar, but I verily believe that it is, in many respects. I have never found two cases altogether alike But I feel that I have written too much, and that it is possible other Subjects would interest you more.

Religion

I now cannot dismiss this Subject without Saying a word upon the religious bearing Suggested naturally by these reflections. When I felt Sure that my time to depart had arrived I had one great regret which troubled me and that was that I had not tried to give the influence of my life more decidedly on the Side of Christianity. I cannot now devote much Space to the Subject but will Simply Say that Since that time I have tried to take a more zealous and emphatic Stand for the cause of Christ. The world has Seemed to me more corrupt, more fleeting and vain than ever before, and it Seems to me that our only hope Should be centered in and fixed upon that Spiritual life proposed to us by the Gospel of the Son of God, and we ought So to live and So to pray that we Shall have the witness in ourselves that we are passed from death unto life which has its beginning here and its full realization beyond the Shifting Scenes of time. In my afflictions I think I can See the hand of a merciful providence forcibly arresting my attention, and pointing me to the life which is to come. And although I am now restored to comfortable health yet I do feel that I have no continuing duty here but it is only a question of a few more Summers at most when I shall again be called to relinquish my hold upon things mortal, and Shall it be our happy lot to meet amongst the redeemed where all errors are corrected, when all partake of the Same heavenly Spirit which is the life of all true Religion here, and which the Savior promised his disciples upon the Event of his leaving the world, - and my brother if we had not that promise, the Christian Religion in its purity would have departed the

world with him. Such is the teaching of the Scriptures Such is the experience of every true disciple. If we expect to be ready to die We must be Spiritually minded, must do justly, love Mercy and walk humbly before God. But I must desist.

Finance

I had a good business at Warsaw & had acquired some property, but afflictions of myself and family had tended to keep me down, I was probably worth \$5000 & had a business which promised to pay well, but 5 years have elapsed & most of the time I have been at heavy expense, and the pinching wants of Some of our near friends have compelled me to divide with them. I have given our deceased bro. Jefferson \$200 gold. Bro. David \$210 greenbacks Louisa Herren \$214 greenback, Caroline Hay in various things over \$200 all of which Since my misfortunes except the \$200 to Jefferson. I now own a large Lot about 2½ acres beautifully situated in the Suburbs of Wabash on which I built a nice frame house last Summer & fall & have a nice little Orchard just beginning to bear. The property is worth 4 or \$5000 but I am in debt, and my other available means will fall short from 2 to \$500 of clearing me of debt. I am entirely still out of business, but as above remarked have just entered a law Office, and am unable to purchase a library. How I will succeed in geting into business again I do not know, others are ahead of me, and although I have hopefully remarked that I am restored to health yet this must be understood of my kind of health. The truth is I am delicate and can not stand too close application to books or office work, nonetheless, I hope by strict economy to be able to keep my home.

Other Matters

My wifes health is still poor as it ever has been. She has real Organic heart disease, so say physicians & So I believe, but she is usually able to do her work by my assistance, as we have become too poor to keep a hired girl.

Caroline Hay is living with her daughters in a rented house - makes her living by weaving on a loom which I had made for her. Two of her girls are teaching School. You might infer that they are geting along pleasantly, but I am Sorry to Say that She has as little hope of this life as any woman I ever Saw - or at least as little to hope for. Two of her girls are rather intelligent & smart, but alas how parents hearts are broken by unkind and undutiful children. The last remark applies especially, to the son who is now in Iowa and to Molly, but I will say no more except that they - the girls have thus far maintained decent credit in the Community, and that I succeeded in geting Molly into her present position of teacher in the Union School in this City, which pays well. Louisa Herren lives in a very comfortable dwelling of her own in this place with her daughter Carrie, but there is still an existing Mortgage of \$200 to the School fund. She would have been turned out homeless and penniless if she had not found a friend. Her health is very feeble and she is Subject to frequent attacks. Carries health is pretty good and She is industrious & kind. Her other daughter Molly is living with her husband at Peru 16 miles below here.

The Vertrees family are Scattered, none of them have done well. Bro John still lives on his old place & is very comfortably Situated and is in good living Circumstances. His youngest daughter I think will be married before long. His other daughters have respectable husbands who have been well provided for by their parents. Bro David now lives in Southern Ills. - has 80 acres of land there and is Still preaching. I forget the name of his Post office. I have not heard from West or Burton for a long time.

Conclusions

In your last letter but one you made a Statement of your circumstances & your childrens and asked me the question whether you ought to try to help Some of the needy friends here. At the time I hardly felt like answering the question, but I have now given you Some hints from which you can See a little of the real Situation leaving you to do as your ability and Judgement dictates. You know the history of your wifes people tolerably well and my Connection with them.

You always Seemed desirous that I should be kind to them. In general I have endeavored So to be, and I can not avoid Saying that they have not always been kind to me by any means but the old Stock are So now as far as I know - those that are living, indeed they could not be otherwise and would not wish to be I presume. Now how far you feel disposed to be kind and generous to them is a matter for yourself to determine. A Small donation of \$500 to get Caroline a little home would be a great thing for her if you felt like giving it. It would be but a Small thing in Comparison to what I have done for your wifes people, but as above remarked it is a question which I do not undertake to decide for you. I have no children, and am not therefore as well prepared to Say how far a mans obligations must be fulfilled towards them before he can be charitable to others.

But before concluding this extraordinary long letter I must express the hope that when it reaches you it will find you and yours in the Enjoyment of improved health and prosperity and that you and Betsey will live to be able to take the first passenger express train when the great Road is finished, and come and See all of us poor folks and learn the rest for yourselves on the Spot - And I will remark that if I were So situated as to be able to do So, I think it not improbable that I should visit Oregon if I live a few years.

I must not omit to say that Almira always desires to be remembered to her relatives in all my letters. She thinks of you all with great affection and kindness. It is her nature to be affectionate and kind. And now kind friends can you read this Scribbling. I can write better, but it is a great labor for me to write & you must take a little of it off of me by patient reading. I can read almost any writing and I presume you can.

Affectionately your Brother

J. H. Matlock

P.S. Enclosed find my photo.
Almira did not have any, and did not feel well enough to go down town, but promises hers at a future time.

Notes: The writer, Joseph Hawkins Matlock, was at one time Prosecuting Attorney at Warsaw, Indiana. He was also the first mayor of Wabash. A third Matlock brother, "Jeff" (Thomas Jefferson), married a third Ballard sister, Nancy. After his wife Almira died Joseph remarried and died soon after. We suppose he left many letters which have been lost to us, regretfully. Jeff and John helped build the NATIONAL ROAD through Indiana.

Although his health was apparently failing W.T. continued to serve as County Judge. The Oregon City newspaper, THE SPECTATOR carried the item that Noah Noble Matlock had been excused to visit his father, Judge Matlock who was gravely ill. A few days after his death on September 19, 1872, THE SPECTATOR carried another item - that the Clackamas County Court opened its session by standing in silence one minute in memory of Judge Matlock.

One more comment on the foregoing letter - it is interesting that 3 of the 8 Matlock brothers married 3 of the 7 Ballard sisters.

Before going on I'll try to identify W.T.'s land more specifically. I've already said that he purchased his son-in-law's land claim which adjoined his on the south. The south line of the combined property was the present Carver-Estacada Highway where the traffic lights are. The west line was the present Johnson Road, west of the 82nd Avenue Freeway. The north line was about where K-Mart is now, and where the railroad crosses under the 82nd Avenue freeway, and on eastward, some $\frac{1}{4}$ mile south of Sunnyside Road. The east line was about at the foot of the hill, east of the radio towers, running south to the Carver-Estacada Highway. The east line is also east of the new Interstate Freeway, I-205 which runs north and south through the property, as does the railroad. The total property comprised some 1000 acres.

W.T.'s will follows. It refers to several other tracts of land which he had purchased, adjoining his donation land claim. These would increase his acreage to some 1100 acres. He calls his place of residence MARSHFIELD. Apparently the post office, CLACKAMAS, had not yet been founded in 1872.

He gave land to his Campbell grandsons because their mother, his daughter, Amanda Jane, was already deceased. He gave his grandson Grant C. Matlock, land because one arm had been paralyzed by polio.

Interestingly, he calls his son Noble N., while the family Bible shows Noah Noble.

The will mentions only a grist mill. We don't know what became of his saw mill. It may have burned. The impartiality and consideration shown in the will are striking. Its attempt to protect the family into the future is extraordinary. It certainly shows no sign of senility. The foregoing 1869 letter from his brother shows that W.T. was unwell. Sarah Catherine, in a letter to her husband, Noah Noble said he should come home and check on his father who was acting strangely. He died just 8 days after the will was written. Perhaps his law partner and his two sons helped with it.

His idea of placing the mill in trust to protect it from Noah Noble's creditors sounds ingenious. Unfortunately though, it does not seem to have worked. More on this later.

The final page attests to W.T.'s prominence and respect in the county. We didn't see any other will so honored. Obviously, the County Clerk felt that W.T. deserved the special honor of an entire page, as commonly used for a citation or award.

Estate No 239, pages 142-146, Will Records, Clackamas County, Oregon
Recorded Oct 7, 1872

I, William T. Matlock of Clackamas County in the State of Oregon resident near Marshfield in the said County, being of sound mind and disposing memory, but in feeble body health, and knowing the uncertainty of life to me as well as to all others, do hereby make and declare this my last will and testament, hereby revoking and annulling any and all Wills by me heretofore made, to wit:

First, I give, devise and bequeath unto my beloved wife, Elizabeth Matlock all my personal property of every name, nature and description.

Second, I give and devise to my said wife, Elizabeth Matlock, for the term of her natural life, Lot two (2) in Block five (5) in the town of Marshfield, Clackamas County Oregon, as laid off by me.

Third, I give, devise and bequeath unto my said beloved wife, Elizabeth Matlock, also for the term of her natural life, all that portion of the original donation claim of myself and wife, and on which we now reside, which now belongs to and is owned by me, except that portion including the mill and mill site which is hereafter otherwise disposed of.

Fourth, After the decease of my said wife it is my will and wish, and I so devise, that the land hereinbefore devised shall descend to my heirs at law, as though I had made no will, except that William M. Campbell, eldest son of Samuel L. Campbell, and my daughter, Jane, is not to receive or inherit any portion of said land, Harry H. Campbell to have his share.

Fifth, I give, devise and bequeath unto my son, Theodore J. Matlock, Lot one (1) in Block one (1) in the Town of Marshfield, Clackamas County, Oregon, as laid off by me.

Sixth, I give, devise and bequeath unto Harry Herbert Campbell, my grandson, , Lots three (3) and four (4) Block twelve (12) in the Town of Marshfield, Clackamas County, Oregon as laid out by me.

Seventh, I give, devise and bequeath unto Frank W. Campbell, my grandson, Lots one (1) and two (2) in Block twelve (12) in the town of Marshfield aforesaid.

Eighth, I give, devise, and bequeath unto my grandson, William M. Campbell Lots three (3) and four (4) Block thirteen (13) in the town of Marshfield aforesaid.

Ninth, I give, devise and bequeath to the School District in which they now are or at any time hereafter may be under the Common School System of the State of Oregon, Lots one (1) and two (2) in Block thirteen (13) in said Town of Marshfield, to be forever used for the purposes of Common School Education in the Town of Marshfield or the District in which it may be situated.

Tenth, I give, devise and bequeath unto my daughter, Ellen Chapman, wife of Wiley Chapman, and to her children after her, the following described tract of land in Clackamas County, to wit: Beginning at

the quarter section post on the North and South line between sections nine (9) and ten (10) in Township two (2) South Range two (2) East, running thence West 20.25 chains, thence North 15 chains, thence East 54.50 chains, thence South 9.29 chains, thence West 34.25 chains, thence South 5.71 chains to the place of beginning containing 52.18 acres more or less.

Eleventh, I give, devise and bequeath unto my grandson, Grant C. Matlock, son of Noble N. Matlock the following described tract of land situated in said county to wit Commencing where the present track of the Oregon and California Rail Road crosses the line of the original Donation Claim of myself and wife, on the North side side of Marshfield, thence on a NorthEasterly direction along the southerly line of said Donation Claim eighteen rods, thence South eighteen rods, thence West to the RailRoad track thence Northerly along said Rail Road track to the place of beginning, containing two acres more or less.

Twelfth, All the remainder of the tract of land described in a deed made to me by John Derry the 30th day of December 1854, recorded in pages 732 and 733 of Book "D" of the record of deeds in said Clackamas County, which lies East of the present track of the Oregon and California Rail Road, I hereby give, devise and bequeath unto Myra M. Youmans, wife of W. Freeman Youmans and to the heirs of her own body.

Thirteenth, I give, devise and bequeath unto Wiley Chapman, husband of my daughter Ellen, Lots (2)two and three (3) and four (4) in Block eleven (11) in the town of Marshfield aforesaid. In case said Wiley Chapman shall not sell said lots before his death, said lots to descend to the children of my daughter Ellen.

Fourteenth, I give, devise and bequeath unto my daughter Myra M. Youmans aforesaid and to her heirs the strip of land now belonging to me, lying West of the town of Marshfield, being supposed to be a strip about 30 rods long and 4 rods wide more or less.

Fifteenth: I set apart the following described portion of my donation Claim:-The center of said tract on the Easterly line of my donation claim, shall be the middle of a small stream on which is now situated my grist mill, Such tract shall be so surveyed with lines parallel with the donation claim lines, as to include the creek, Millrace, dam and mill and appurtenances, so as to include not more than ten acres-Said land, Mill and appurtenances are to be considered in three equal undivided parts. The first undivided third thereof I give, devise and bequeath unto my wife Elizabeth Matlock for the term of her natural life, with remainder over after her decease, in equal portions to my daughters Ellen Chapman and Myra M. Youmans and their heirs. The second undivided one third of the same I give, devise and bequeath unto my son Theodore J. Matlock and the third undivided one third of said property I give devise and bequeath unto said Theodore J. Matlock in trust nevertheless for the use and benefit of my son Noble N. Matlock. It is my desire that said property so devised in trust shall be held and managed by said trustee so as not in any way to be liable for the debts of said N.N. Matlock. but the net profits of the said property so devised in trust to be paid over to said N.N. Matlock by such trustee on the 1st days of

WILL

OF

W. T. MATLOCK

FILED OCT. 7, 1872

R. F. CANFIELD

CLERK

RECORDED ON PAGES 142, 3, 4, 5,
AND 146 IN RECORD OF WILLS
FOR CLACKAMAS COUNTY OREGON

R. F. CANFIELD
COUNTY CLERK

We found no obituary for W.T., no biography, only this from the Oregon City Weekly Enterprise, September 20, 1872: "Died - Judge Matlock, an old and respected citizen of this county, died at his residence near Marshfield yesterday at 11 o'clock. The funeral services take place at 2 o'clock today." *

It is strange indeed that we find no more than this on one who played a significant if not prominent role in early Oregon. His children and grandchildren seemed unaware of his true stature in local and state affairs. Stories they had heard of senile things he had said or done in his last years may have caused the obvious derision that was apparent among his grandchildren. One of them whom I came to know quite well was especially derisive. That was Carey Matlock who was 7 years old when W.T. died.

In the 1930s a WPA historian came to Clackamas to write its history. Unfortunately for W.T. he called on Carey for information about him. The stories he heard must have been so uncomplimentary that the writer ignored them, printing only a brief statement of the Matlocks' crossing of the plains.

During the 1880s several biographical histories of Oregon were written. For a few dollars descendants could have biographies of their admired ancestors included. W.T.'s descendants may have been unaware of this. Or they may have lacked the money or the esteem to buy one for him.

THE MATLOCK CURSE

You may remember that W.T. hired two men to help in crossing the plains. Each of them drove an ox team and wagon. Arriving in Oregon, one of them stayed on with W.T. as a hired man. As time went on he became a trusted assistant in running the farm, saw mill and grist mill. W.T.'s two sons, Noble and Theodore ran the store and post office and helped supervise the farm and mills.

About 1872 - we don't know why - Theodore moved to East Portland and went to work for a steamship company. Later he started a real estate company. That left the "top hand" more in charge of running the mills and farm for W.T. When something came up about which he and W.T. disagreed a confrontation ensued. The man flew into a rage and left. Before leaving, though, he placed a curse upon W.T. and his family to the fourth generation. The curse seemed to work as the third generation was still bemoaning it when I came in 1931.

Theodore's real estate office was in the area of S.E. Stark and Grand Avenue. His home was farther north and east, near 9th and Ankeny. We found this in the old city directories. At that time East Portland was a separate town as were a number of others which are now Portland neighborhoods. Among them were Sellwood, Lents, Montavilla, Albina, St. Johns, and Linnton.

Theodore seems to have become locally prominent, or almost. He was among the leaders in movements resulting in the first bridge across the Willamette, the old Morrison Bridge, in the 1870s, and the deepening of the river's shipping channel. His real estate firm sired the FRANK L. MCGUIRE COMPANY which was prominent in the 1930s.

After W.T.'s death his widow, Betsy, continued living in their "big House". You may recall that she over-stuffed her stove upon leaving the house. The stove over-heated, set the house afire and it burned to the ground. Then she moved into the small guest house

* He was 66.

behind Noble and Sarah's new home where they had lived before their new house was built and where their first daughter, Ruth, was born.

Incredibly, Betsy did it again - left their house untended, with a fire in the stove. Once more a fire broke out, burning the house to the ground but leaving the little guest house standing to remind Matlock descendants of the tragedy for a hundred years.

We saw that little, oddly shaped house many times as we drove by. Probably because it brought up horrible childhood memories of the fire Mrs. Dutton always seemed hurt, turning her head away as we passed.

Mrs. Dutton told of the terrible experience when their fine home burned. She was 7 years old. When the fire was discovered her older brothers, her mother and any other adults who might have been around first tried to fight the fire then gave up and began carrying and throwing things out of the burning house.

Sarah took her 4 youngest children - 7 year old Ruth, 5 year old Agnes, 3 year old William and 1 year old Louisa - a safe distance away and left them on a blanket, in the care of Ruth. Even in her old age Ruth shuddered when she recalled the horrible experience. Many things must have been saved - including our old furniture.

OUR OLD FURNITURE

I've said that Noble and Sarah built a house in Clackamas. Before doing so - even before their marriage - he made the old bed and dresser as a wedding present for her. They were made chiefly from the cherry and maple wood of the old covered wagons which had borne the Matlocks across the plains in 1847.

The head and foot boards of the bed contain one horizontal member of Douglas fir. On top of those members are knobs to which were fastened the ends of ropes or buckskin strips. The original side rails also had those knobs. Thus, the ropes or buckskin strips were stretched length-wise and side-wise across the bed very tightly forming a firm, flat surface upon which "ticks" filled with straw or corn husks were placed. Upon the ticks a "feather bed" was laid. The feather bed was simply a finer tick, filled with goose feathers and goose down, forming a soft, comfortable bed. On top came the sheets and quilts. We aren't sure whether there were blankets, too.

The straw and corn ticks cracked and popped when the sleepers moved. Every summer the ticks were emptied and refilled. But the feathers and down were more precious and durable, serving for years.

Dorothy's family seems to have stayed with her grandmother for a number of periods during her childhood when Grandma had a big house in Montavilla. Dorothy and Louise, during those times, had the daily task of making Grandma's bed. How careful they must be to get the bedding straight and tight. They had to run a broom handle over the spread until it was perfectly smooth.

Earlier, when Dorothy was 3 or 4, Grandma would sit in her rocker for hours, knitting. Dorothy had a little red rocker of her own. She would place it beside Grandma's, get in it and rock, trying to keep in unison with Grandma.

Back to the old furniture. After Sarah died, in 1926, Auntie (Agnes) had the old bed lengthened. That necessitated replacing

the original side rails with longer ones. They are of Douglas fir and lack the knobs which were not needed for the NEW FANGLED spring and mattress.

The little butterfly table, originally of pine, came across the plains, too. Later, it was broken and mended with fir.

The little chair with the rawhide seat also crossed the plains in 1847. As far as we know it hasn't been altered. It is pine?

The curved top bride's chest is probably the oldest piece. It is of Tennessee tulip wood, commonly known there as YELLOW WOOD. The curved top is one solid piece. It was probably formed by steaming. We think it came from W.T.'s parents, John and Eleanor who were married in Roane County, Tennessee in 1801. Perhaps it was Eleanor's HOPE CHEST. The sides and top were covered by deer skin. When we had it restored, about 1975, we had the deer skin removed as it was badly deteriorated.

Noble and Sarah's 9 children were born in the old bed -all but the last one at Clackamas. When she moved to Portland (Montavilla) about 1910 the widowed Sarah brought the old furniture with her, along with her two unmarried daughters, Agnes and Louisa. At her death in 1926 the furniture went to her daughter, Agnes who had lived with her mother ever since they came here. About 1942, a few years before her death, Auntie gave the furniture to Dorothy's brother, Noble who had just moved to Portland and had no furniture for his newly rented unfurnished apartment in the same building where Auntie lived.

The old, octagonal China sugar bowl with the BROKEN OFF handles also crossed the plains in 1847. Ellen, 18, the oldest surviving Matlock child, brought it - filled with peach jam.

The youngest child, Merle, about 1900, used the last cherry wood remnants of the old covered wagons to make a small box for each of his 3 sisters. Two of them, those of Ruth and Agnes, grace our bedroom today. The third, that of Louisa, escaped us. We keep papers in ours. They are about 5x7x12 inches - very nice.

In 1951 Dorothy's brother, Noble, moved to Chicago, taking the old furniture with him, by train. He took it with him to Washington D.C. in 1962-63. When he and his wife, Casey, separated in 1972 she relegated the old furniture to storage in the basement of her apartment building. Upon learning that we sent for it. This time it came by truck. So, over a period of some 125 years it has crossed the plains 3 times - by ox drawn covered wagon, by train and by truck.

Upon its arrival Dorothy called a man to come and see about refinishing it. He came, looked and said, "Lady, that is antique furniture. You don't want it refinished, you want it restored!"

I forgot to discuss the old dresser. We don't know a lot about its construction. The faces of the top drawers are of bird's eye maple. The top, front and ends look like cherry. The bottoms, backs and ends of the drawers seem to be of pine or fir.

* * * * *

The following letter from Hopie to Amanda and Francis, her mother and step father in Clackamas, should have come earlier, before the fire which burned Noble's house.

*According to family legend, Dorothy says, it's fiddle back maple.

East Portland Nov 2, 1877
(about 1875)

Dear Mother and Father

I have come to the conclusion that none of you intend coming to see us at all. If you can't come why don't you write sometime. Think Mary could come if she tried hard enough. We are all pretty well. I had a spell of the sick headache Tuesday have not entirely recovered from it. We have had two such pleasant days. I presume you have had the same. If it will only continue so but that is not to be hoped for I fear. We are expecting Arabel Dufur here this evening to stay several days. Mr. Powers stayed with us two nights this week, Maj. Bruce one night.

Theodore has just come home and brought a rag carpet for our sitting room. He and Nellie are measuring it off. Lena and Grace are getting supper. Myrtie says tell Grandma she is coming up to see her next time Papa goes to Marshfield and stay an hour. I don't know when we will make you a visit. Can't you and Father come down Thanksgiving day and stay two or three days

Our cow has been sick several days is getting well now but we are out of butter do you make any to spare now if you do the first opportunity send us 3 or 4 pounds.

Theodore got 3 Buff cochin chickens yesterday, two roosters and a pullet. Tell Mary if there is any patterns in the bazar for childrens water proof or dresses or anything else to either bring or send them down forthwith. The children are out of clothes and I don't know how to make them.

Harrison and Wife expect to go east of the mountains next week. Theodore remains here just as before.

I will have to stop and help the girls get supper ready. Answer this as soon as you can and send butter.

Oh my touch me nots are in full bloom yet. Nellie says she want to see you and is Molly staying with you.

Respects to all

(Arabel is here)

Hopie Matlock

P.S.

Anybody that says that my wife can't write an interesting letter are not judges now for instance, she says I stay here the same as before - well what of it - why simply this - the NW SS & Com * Co - has sold out, and I have worked for them 3 years and have given pretty good satisfaction - they keep me on at \$100 a month to settle up their business. I will have a little office and plenty of cigars - so come down and have a smoke. I shall be here till spring then -----x We are going to have turkey Thanksgiving. So with a send on the butter. TJM (Theodore J Matlock)

* Probably NORTHWEST STEAMSHIP AND COMMERCE COMPANY.

Notes: We don't know Jajor Bruce, Mr. Powers, Harrison, nor Arabel. Perhaps Hopie is running a boarding house. Lena, Grace, Nellie and Myrtie are 12, 10, 6 and 4. Theodore says he has been working for that company 3 years. So he must have left Clackamas in 1872, probably soon after his father died. His salary, \$100 a month seems quite high for the time and place.

INTERLUDE

Going back to the Matlock curse, Dorothy and Louise have been racking their memories. They think it went something like this:
 "Curse you, Bill Matlock. May you get your reward in hell. May you nor yours ever have land, money or honor again. Curse you, root, stock and branch through the third generation!"

* * * * *

This writing of Dorothy's autobiography has been interrupted for several months. First, my sister, Roxie, had the fourth printing of her Fuller book nearly finished when she died suddenly. As quite a number of persons were expecting the reprint, I felt obligated to finish it for her. That took a month or more.

Then I got the flu - the worst and the longest I ever had it. Although taking tylenol, at our doctor's direction, my fever ran as high as 102. It ran nearly 100 for almost 3 weeks. With the fourth week almost gone, I'm still weak, with a cold and cough. Louise had it too - not as severely but lasting even longer. For some strange reason Dorothy didn't get it, for which we are thankful.

* * * * *

Linda and Sarah visited us, March 31-April 7. Linda said it's too much for both her and Dorothy to bring all 3 children at one time. So, in the future, she will bring only one at a time, in turn.

After visiting John, Sue, Kate and Jane on Sunday we spent 3 very pleasant days at the beach. The weather was good enough to encourage activity on the beach - twice each day. On the way down we had a picnic on the Wilson River, between Forest Grove and Tillamook. We found the latter's museum closed, as it was Monday. But we toured the plant where the famous Tillamook cheese is made. We found some low sodium cheddar cheese and the best ice cream we can remember. Unfortunately, it is sold only locally.

Going north along the coast, we stopped at Rockaway Beach where we had a fine, long walk on the beach. Continuing north very enjoyably, we stayed over night at Tolovana Park Inn. As the preceding week had been spring vacation, we expected to find lots of vacancies. But we found few - none fronting on the ocean. Facilities were crowded with families and students from Idaho and Washington which were having their spring vacation that week. Linda and Sarah swam in the motel's indoor pool. All of us walked on the beach or played in the surf.

On north next day to Seaside - early enough to find vacancies facing the ocean. Explored the town, shops and restaurants, not to mention the beach. Bought a kite for Sarah who assembled and flew it - very successfully and joyfully.

Next morning, on north to Fort Clatsop, a replica of the quarters where Lewis and Clark and party spent the winter of 1805-6. On to Astoria where Linda and Sarah climbed the 150 feet high Astoria Column which affords a magnificent view of the coastal mountains and the Columbia River delta. We saw several cargo vessels working their way up and easing down the river to and from Portland.

Returning to Portland, it began to rain when we left Astoria. We went up the Columbia River Highway, past Hudson, near Rainier, where I taught school 1932-35, and Scappoose, where we lived and I taught, 1935-39 while Dorothy taught on Sauvies Island, and Holbrook, where Dorothy taught 1955-61.

Although Dorothy was rather indisposed the last day, it was a fine trip. Linda did all the driving. Louise went with us, of course.

* * * * *

May 21, 1984. This interlude may grow into a diary, with Dorothy's autobiography fading to a secondary effort. First, we had to find and reserve a place to hold our golden wedding reception which was coming up in 5 months. We wanted it to be on Saturday, September 29 as it had been 50 years ago. But we found that, in the better places, all Saturdays were already booked up a year or more in advance. We had to change the date to Sunday, September 30.

Next, we found some more of Dorothy's old family letters, and spent several weeks typing them. Dorothy, with a magnifying glass, deciphered and read them aloud while I typed them. There are doubtless others we haven't found. And we found more of Dorothy's ten year old notes. We'll try to work the letters and the notes into the portions of her life story which have already been written without confusing you any more than we can help.

Then we returned to preparing for our golden wedding. It took me about two weeks to type up a list of names and addresses for the invitations. Although incomplete, we have about 170 people on it. In the meantime Dorothy started on a new diet. She wants to lose 40-50 pounds before September 30 - lost 5 pounds in ten days. Fearing that she was losing too fast, the gal at the Diet Center called our doctor to ask how fast she could safely lose weight.. His answer was, "Just get it off!"

THE CURSE FALLS

Family legend says Theodore left Clackamas under a cloud, that he was somehow connected with the loss of the Matlock holdings and that he fled to Canada then to Los Angeles. He never returned. Noble was left to face his mistakes. There was bad feeling between the two families for years. Mrs. Dutton never forgave Theodore. She and her sister, Aggie, despised the McGuire Real Estate Co. with which Theodore was associated. They were sure that it was involved in their parents' financial ruin.

Having found them in the deed indexes we know that the disaster involved foreclosures. We lacked the taste to pursue them in the court records. W.T.'s will placed his business holdings in a trust consisting of undivided thirds, one for Betsy, one for Noble and one for Theodore. As Noble had creditors lurking the trust was to be held by Theodore. We don't know whether the creditors succeeded in getting only Noble's third or whether they also got part or all of Betsy's or even Theodore's. At any rate Noble seems to have lost everything. After his home burned in 1878 he too left Clackamas. A nephew, Balfe Youmans, remained in Clackamas until his death in 1936. A son, Carey, returned to Clackamas in the 1920s, dying there in 1942. Those were the last Matlocks in Clackamas.

95-A



Noah Noble Matlock, about 1895, age 64.

95-B



Sarah Catherine (Craghead) Matlock, about 1925, age 87.

Noble

NAME Noah Noble Matlock

BORN 4 April 1831 PLACE Hendricks Co Ind Belleville

MARRIED 29 Dec 1859 (1859) PLACE Clackamas Oregon

DIED 11 Feb 1895 PLACE Noble, Marion Co Oregon

BURIED AT Clackamas Cem

RESIDED AT Ind; Marion & Clackamas Co Oregon

OCCUPATION Farmer Legislature CHURCH AFF. Baptist

MILITARY SERVICE Rogue Indian Wars, Oregon 1856

FATHER William Tyndall Matlock MOTHER (Maiden Name) Elizabeth Ballard

OTHER SPOUSE None

Hon

SPOUSE Sarah Catherine Craghead

BORN 18 Aug 1838 PLACE Georgetown Pettis Co Mo

DIED 19 Jan 1926 PLACE Portland Oregon

BURIED AT Clackamas Cem Clackamas Oregon

FATHER Jonathan Craghead MOTHER (Maiden Name) Amanda Newbill (7 names)

OTHER SPOUSE None

NO. Page 95-G

SOURCE OF INFORMATION
 Noah Noble's Bible
 Amanda's Bible
 Family records
 1860 Fed Census Ore
 Clackamas Co
 Indian Wars Claim
 #807 Ore NN Matlock
 Mar rec Marion &
 Mult Co Oreg
 Obit Amanda Talbert
 Pacific Christian
 Advocate 9 May 1900
 Dorothy Hammill
 1905 NE 77th Ave
 Portland Oreg 97213

CHILDREN

	CHILDREN	BORN		DIED		MARRIED	
		DATE	PLACE	DATE	PLACE	DATE & PLACE	SPOUSE
1 children	Charles Orville Matlock (Charley)	28 Sept 1860	Clackamas Oregon	15 June 1924	Oakland Calif	15 Aug 1888	Elsie Viola Iller
					b Clackamas Cem	Marion Co Ore	
2 sue	Claude Craghead Matlock (Claude)	9 Jan 1863	Clackamas Oreg	25 Dec 1939	San Francisco Calif	30 Sept 1894	Mary J Meiggs
3 sue	Carey Noble Matlock (Carey)	18 Sept 1865	Clackamas Oreg	10 May 1942	Clackamas Ore	1. 2 April 1889	Cora Maulding Marion Co Ore
					b Clackamas Cem	2. Chuff Squires	
4 sue	Grant Carl Matlock (Grant)	9 Feb 1867	Clackamas Oreg	28 April 1940	Portland Oreg	6 May 1903	Percie S Dickinson
					b Portland	Portland Oregon	
5 sue	RUTH INEZ MATLOCK (Ruth)	7 July 1871	Clackamas Oreg	27 Oct 1954	Salem Oregon	11 Aug 1896	Daniel Livingston Dutton
					b Clackamas Cem	Marion Co Oregon	
6 sue	Agnes Pearl Matlock (Aggie) Teacher	21 Dec 1872	Clackamas Oreg	13 Jan 1946	Portland Oreg	Unmarried	
					b Clackamas Cem		
7 sue	William Theodore Matlock (Will)	14 Jan 1875	Clackamas Oreg	15 May 1945	Oroville Calif	1. 15 Sept 1898	Lodema A Gibson Eugene Ore
						2. Mabel Lee	
8 issue	Lillian Louise Matlock (Dot)	6 March 1877	Clackamas Oreg	2 June 1937	Portland Oreg	30 June 1909	Albert Baldwin Smith
					b Clackamas Cem	Portland Oregon	
9 sue	Merle Elmo Matlock (Merle)	5 April 1880	Salem Oregon	26 Sept 1943	Ukiah Calif	23 June 1909	Elese M Just Portland Ore
					b Clackamas Cem	2. Lily Matlock (No relation)	
10							
11	No children of the 3 second marriages.						
12							
13							
14							

The following two pages are photographs of Noah Noble and Sarah Catherine's first eight children. The last one, Merle, was yet unborn. The photos were taken in late 1879 or early 1880.

95-D

Charlie, age 19



Claude, age 17



Carey, age 14



Grant, age 12

95-E

Ruth, age 8½



Agnes, age 7



Will, age 5



Louise, age 2½

95-F



Merle, the youngest (9th)



Charlie (1860-1924) 24)

(first child)

95-G



Claude Matlock, Second Child
About 1890-1900
(1863-1939)

95-H



Carey - third child
(1865-1942)

95-I



Grant - fourth child
and wife, Perci Dickenson.
(1867-1940)

95-J



Ruth - fifth child
(Dorothy's mother)
(1871-1954)

95-K



Aggie
(sixth child)
(1872-1946)



Will
(seventh child)
(1875-1945)

95-L



Lillian Louisa - eighth child

(1837-1937)
1877



Merle - ninth
(last) child.
(1880-1943)

