

BUCKBOARD TALES

SANDY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.
OCTOBER 2019

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Plus many more

PRESIDENTS MESSAGE...

Another summer has passed and with it some changes have been made at the museum. With the leaving of Sandy Jordan, we have seen some of our volunteers step up to fill the void. Ken Funk has taken over as the paid employee and is overseeing the museum a couple of times a week and on the weekends. Lori Putman has volunteered to oversee the gift shop operations. Nancy 'D' Johanesen is taking the responsibility of getting the quarterly newsletter printed and posted. I would like to thank them for stepping up to the tasks at hand.

In other museum news, our property on Baty Rd. is in the final stages of being sold. This donated property by the Shelley family is greatly appreciated to bring needed funds to the museum. Again I would like to thank all of our wonderful volunteers for all the work they put into making our museum one of the best places to visit in the area.

Wynn Thies, President

QUARTERLY MEETING

"EARLY PEOPLE IN NORTH AMERICA"

Board member, Gary Moore, local anthropologist, will present a 20 minute presentation at our October 27th quarterly meeting at 1:30 pm in the museum meeting room. Local author, Teresa Merrell, who wrote a book for young children being prepared for a younger sibling, will share her experiences of how the book came to be.

Come and join us for light refreshments and an update of what is happening at the museum.

Memorials & Honorariums 07/01/2019-thru 09/30/2019

IN HONOR OF: General Fund

SHS Inc. museum fund
SHS Inc. museum fund
SHS Inc. museum fund
SHS Inc. museum fund
SHS Inc. museum fund
SHS Inc. museum fund

IN MEMORY OF: Memorial

Carolyn Frasier
Carolyn Frasier
Dennis Crow
Russell L. Johnsrud MD
Parents Roy & Mary Allen &
Siblings Roy, Rex, Shirley & Len
The Ziemer family
~~Crownover, Cathy~~

Membership Renewals

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Buxton, Sheila
Castle, LaDonna
Crownover, Cathy
Dudley, Stephen & Nancy
Funk, Linda
Gerberding, Sue
Gernhart, Shirley & Zeldon
Gettmann, Linda
Haselwander, Pat
Hewitt, Robert & Rita
Key, Bert & Jackie
Marjorie, Stuart
McKay, Jenean
Montgomery, Martin
Peer, Sandra E.
Sah, D.O. Mathew, Dr. & Mrs.
Spencer, Sandra
Verdoorn, Mina
Wand, Helen
Wille, Kate

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OUR APPOLOGIES

For the Incorrect information in a previous issue of
Buckboard, and wish to correct ourselves...

*Jenean E. McKay for her memorial
donation for her sister, Janet Chickie Bacon*

THANK YOU!!

Laurie DeFazio
Exhibit Designer

Just a brief check-in and thank you to all who participated in our Mt Hood Interactive display; we had 112 total responses. 19 responses called the mountain "home." 11 responses simply said "snow." Over 40 responses attempted to describe Mt. Hood; "majestic," "sharp and fierce," and my favorite, "the shape of an old pick-up." Skiers, backpackers, hikers, campers, all love being in the fresh air of the outdoors! Some responses mentioned the mountain is an active volcano; while others will always remember Mt. Hood just the way it is a place for fun, family, and memories. One response pretty well sums it all up, "it's pretty cool."

An Employee's Note

It has been my distinct honor to serve the visitor's, friends and families of the Sandy Historical Society as a volunteer, as a director on the board of directors and now as your employee. I will continue to be the docent, researcher, genealogist, light bulb replacer and whatever else gets thrown my way (within reason). Thank you all.

Sincerely and Respectfully,

Kenneth Lewis Funk

TO ENHANCE THE MIND

OVERCOME THE NOTION THAT WE MUST BE
REGULAR, IT ROBS YOU OF THE CHANCE TO BE
EXTRAORDINARY!

Quilting and Fiber Arts Club <><><> BUSY FALL PLANS

The Quilting and Fiber Arts Club is very busy this time of year. We are getting ready for the fabric sale coming up on Friday, October 11th and Saturday October 12th from 10:00-4:00 on the second floor of the museum. We will be selling quilter's quality fabrics and other notions at a very reasonable price and we hope that you can all come and support the museum through this fundraiser.

Congratulations goes out to our 2018 raffle quilt ticket holder, Stacey Gonsalves of Gresham, OR. The Museum raised over \$2,100. The 2020 raffle quilt ('Down on the Farm') has already made it's debut. We are excited to show it off and sell tickets at \$2.00 each or 3 for \$5.00. You may purchase tickets at the museum at any time, but we are also going to be at the Harvest Moon Bazaar at Good Shepherd Church on Thursday-Saturday, November 14th, 15th and 16. Please check their website for more specific details.

This year's quilt is a special nod to all of the barn quilt trails across the country. We have been so fortunate for many years to have had Dennis Dries, of Paradise Quilts in Sandy quilt so many of our quilts. However, since he is no longer quilting, we were able to get Becky Knopp of Aloha, Oregon to quilt this one and she has showcased the barn quilt theme beautifully, from putting shafts of wheat in the corners to chickens in the barnyard!

To carry on our activities for the fall, we are planning a retreat to be held later in October for members of the quilting club. It will be a fun time for all of the members and a time to start thinking about our own fall projects. We are always looking for new members and you can check out the group on the 2nd and 4th Thursdays of the month. We have a great time together!

Keep Stitching, Shirley

A NOTE FROM OUR CRAFTY SIDE

If you like to craft, "Come" have fun with us!!

Tuesday October 15, 2019 10:00a.m. – 2:00p.m.

We are making items to sell in the Museum Gift Shop.

All materials will be supplied

Bring your own scissors, cutting tools, sewing machine, lunch and "ideas".

For more information please call,

Cathy Crowover 503 481- 5216.

Hope to see you, Cathy

Old Fashioned Recipes

Apple Cobbler

1 ½ c. Brown Sugar

1 ½ c. Oats

¾ c. Sugar

1 ½ c. Flour

¾ c. Margarine

1 ½ tsp Cinnamon

4 c. Sliced Apples

Mix first 4 ingredients together and put half in bottom of greased 9x12-inch pan. Spread apples all over the pan, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and put other half mixture on top.

Bake at 350 degrees 45 minutes. Serve plain or with Cool Whip or Ice Cream.



Visions of the Past

My story this month for the Buckboard starts with Visions of the Past. The Visions of the Pioneers heading out in search of the Western Dream from our awesome Past sparked many stories. Stories of hardships, romantic endeavors and the development of towns throughout Oregon will come to life in Visions of the Past.

This is Part 2 of Bill Vandervert Bear Hunter, Bend, Oregon

Our story in the last issue of The Buckboard ended with the Shoshone and Bannock Indians stealing livestock. They are approaching the Clark camp with a look of mischief in their eyes. Hutchinson Clark, then 17, will not leave his mother and little sister...

"He climbed upon a wagon wheel to get his gun, which was in the wagon. Mrs. Clark and Grace were in the wagon. Sperry and Huffman ran and took shelter in the rocks by the river bank. The Indians fired and Hutchinson Clark fell with a bullet through the heart. Mrs. Clark screamed and the Indians fired at her. Grace threw her arms around her mother to protect her. The bullet went through her wrist and went on through her mother's heart, killing her instantly. Grace started to get out of the wagon, when one of the Indians fired at her, the bullet entering just below the armpit and passing entirely through her body. She fell beside her brother. The Indians tore off her clothes and threw her down over the bluff. She fell on the sand beside the river. The Indians rolled stones down on her, some of which struck her, leaving her with scars on her forehead that remained the rest of her life.

"Thomas Clark, hearing the shooting, rode at full speed toward the wagon with his hounds which were baying loudly. The Indians, seeing him coming, thought he was leading a large number of whites so they mounted their horses and fled, driving the blooded Kentucky horses with them. When the main wagon train came up a party was organized to pursue and punish the Indians. Charles Clark led the party. They overtook the Indians, who attacked them, killing one of the white men and wounding another. The Indians fled, taking the stolen horses with them.

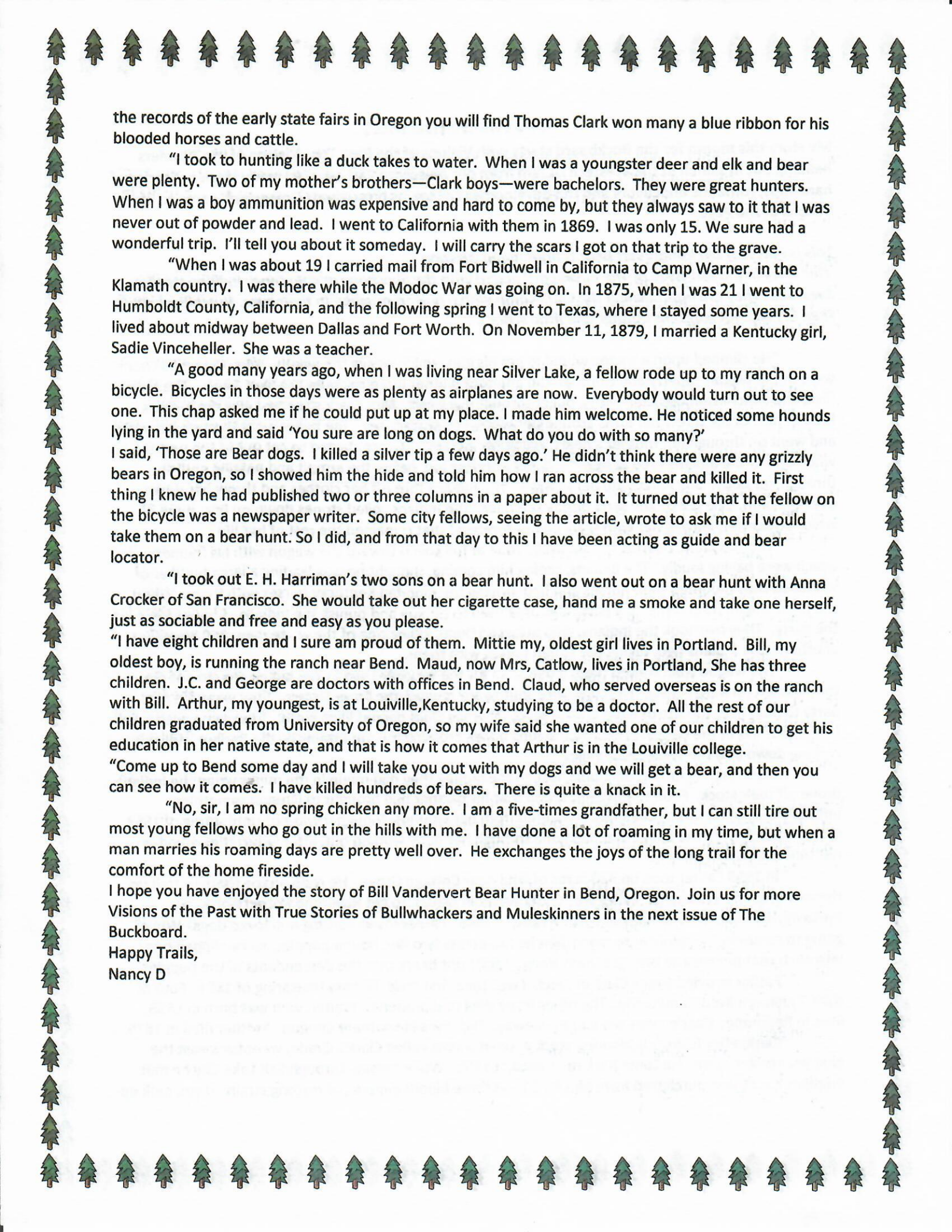
"The wagon train waited there a day or so for the wounded girl to die, but as she did not die they started forward slowly. The train bore southward toward the Three Sisters. They were the first party to pass over the site of what is now Bend. Thomas Clark named Pilot Butte. They came pretty well to the foothills of the Cascades and then swung north, crossing the mountains by the Barlow Trail and coming down into the Willamette Valley.

"Clark and my father, of course, lost all the money they had made in the mines when the Indians drove off their stock. Father, however, found that his partner had brought to Oregon something infinitely better, for Grace Clark had recovered from her wounds, though it was not until spring of 1853 that the patch from the bullet that had gone through her body worked out, after which the wound in her side healed completely.

"In 1853 Father took up 320 acres of land near Cottage Grove. He rode on the foothills trail up the valley, as the Willamette Valley was under water in places, to get Reverend Robert Robe, a Presbyterian minister who had come to Oregon in 1846. Father loved hunting and loved dogs. While going to summon the minister to marry him he ran across two fine hound puppies, so he slipped one into each coat pocket and brought them along. I still hunt bears with the descendants of the puppies.

"Father married Grace Clark in 1853. I was their first child, born in the spring of 1854. Four of their 7 children lived to maturity. The other three died of diphtheria. Walter, who was born in 1855, lives in Redmond. Charley was killed in a runaway. Dick lives in southern Oregon. Mother died in 1875.

"Clark, after losing his blooded stock at what is now called Clark's Grade, went back east the next year to get more. He came back to Oregon in 1853. While passing through Salt Lake City he met Brigham Young and purchased from him for \$1600 three blooded mares of trotting strain. If you look up



the records of the early state fairs in Oregon you will find Thomas Clark won many a blue ribbon for his blooded horses and cattle.

"I took to hunting like a duck takes to water. When I was a youngster deer and elk and bear were plenty. Two of my mother's brothers—Clark boys—were bachelors. They were great hunters. When I was a boy ammunition was expensive and hard to come by, but they always saw to it that I was never out of powder and lead. I went to California with them in 1869. I was only 15. We sure had a wonderful trip. I'll tell you about it someday. I will carry the scars I got on that trip to the grave.

"When I was about 19 I carried mail from Fort Bidwell in California to Camp Warner, in the Klamath country. I was there while the Modoc War was going on. In 1875, when I was 21 I went to Humboldt County, California, and the following spring I went to Texas, where I stayed some years. I lived about midway between Dallas and Fort Worth. On November 11, 1879, I married a Kentucky girl, Sadie Vinceheller. She was a teacher.

"A good many years ago, when I was living near Silver Lake, a fellow rode up to my ranch on a bicycle. Bicycles in those days were as plenty as airplanes are now. Everybody would turn out to see one. This chap asked me if he could put up at my place. I made him welcome. He noticed some hounds lying in the yard and said 'You sure are long on dogs. What do you do with so many?' I said, 'Those are Bear dogs. I killed a silver tip a few days ago.' He didn't think there were any grizzly bears in Oregon, so I showed him the hide and told him how I ran across the bear and killed it. First thing I knew he had published two or three columns in a paper about it. It turned out that the fellow on the bicycle was a newspaper writer. Some city fellows, seeing the article, wrote to ask me if I would take them on a bear hunt. So I did, and from that day to this I have been acting as guide and bear locator.

"I took out E. H. Harriman's two sons on a bear hunt. I also went out on a bear hunt with Anna Crocker of San Francisco. She would take out her cigarette case, hand me a smoke and take one herself, just as sociable and free and easy as you please.

"I have eight children and I sure am proud of them. Mittie my, oldest girl lives in Portland. Bill, my oldest boy, is running the ranch near Bend. Maud, now Mrs, Catlow, lives in Portland, She has three children. J.C. and George are doctors with offices in Bend. Claud, who served overseas is on the ranch with Bill. Arthur, my youngest, is at Louisville, Kentucky, studying to be a doctor. All the rest of our children graduated from University of Oregon, so my wife said she wanted one of our children to get his education in her native state, and that is how it comes that Arthur is in the Louisville college.

"Come up to Bend some day and I will take you out with my dogs and we will get a bear, and then you can see how it comes. I have killed hundreds of bears. There is quite a knack in it.

"No, sir, I am no spring chicken any more. I am a five-times grandfather, but I can still tire out most young fellows who go out in the hills with me. I have done a lot of roaming in my time, but when a man marries his roaming days are pretty well over. He exchanges the joys of the long trail for the comfort of the home fireside.



I hope you have enjoyed the story of Bill Vandervert Bear Hunter in Bend, Oregon. Join us for more Visions of the Past with True Stories of Bullwhackers and Muleskinners in the next issue of The Buckboard.

Happy Trails,
Nancy D



REMEMINISING WITH THE REVENUES



Frances and Lydia Revenue came to Sandy, Oregon in 1853. They settled on 320 acres of land from a donation land claim along the Barlow Road, where they started a trading post. One of their children, Alice Revenue Webster, wrote a story about their life as follows...





BARLOW ROAD TRADING POST

By Alice Revenue Webster



My FATHER AND MOTHER came to Oregon in 1853. They stopped on the Sandy river because the oxen were tired, the river abounded with fish, and the forest with game. It was a good place to spend the winter, and by spring they saw possibilities of a home there.





Father started a trading post on the Barlow road. Mother planted a garden, and as the nine children began to grow up, we had, a good life.





I should like to correct the impression that pioneer days were hard. That is not true. We had a happy time, with an abundance of food, though it was simple.





The streams were teeming with salmon and trout. We had elk, deer, and an occasional bear. As the years passed, father began raising hogs to sell around to the neighbors.





Mother always had a garden and kept her seeds from year to year. In the autumn the cellar would be full: Cabbages hung by roots from the rafters, carrots, rutabagas, salted salmon, diced venison, dill pickles. We made our own vinegar and soap, the latter from ashes and bear grease; we made jelly from crab apples or Oregon grape; we preserved or dried blackberries, salmon-berries and gooseberries and gathered wild hazelnuts. With all these riches, our cellar was a wonderful place.





Father would go to Oregon City for coffee, sugar, salt, flour, whole nutmegs, sticks of cinnamon and saleratus. Saleratus was baking soda used instead of baking powder.





Sometimes we had bread, if not bread, we had boiled wheat. Sometimes for two or three weeks we would not have much except boiled wheat, but we were lucky.



For clothes, our mother would buy unbleached muslin by the bolt in Oregon City, after it had been brought "around the Horn." She would dye the pieces for our dresses brown, with ash tree bark. The dresses were all made by hand in one style, with waist and skirt. The children's dresses were fastened to the back, and it was a sign of being grown up when a girl began to wear her dresses fastened in the front. I remember how mortified I was the first time I wore a waist buttoned in the front.





Our shoes were made by a cobbler who came around once in a while. He cured hides and made shoes,--flat, moccasin- like shoes with buckskin laces. We knitted our own stockings, and I remember how I learned to knit by making a garter about an inch wide when I was six years old.





TO MAKE THEIR HOMES



We always had sheep, and our mattresses and quilts were made of wool, covered with blue denim. We had no sheets and used old dresses for nightgowns.






Small children never had shoes or coats. They didn't need them. Mother had shawls, as every woman did, brought from the East, and all girls and women wore sunbonnets.





We had happy times, and the school was the center of our social life. The first school in our locality was built on our land, and I remember when Harvey Cross, later a judge at Oregon City, was our teacher. I also remember when we had the mumps. Then mother tied a piece of salt pork on each swollen cheek with a long piece of cloth which went under the chin and was knotted on top of the head. We gaily went off to school and discovered that every other child in school was tied up that day, too. We were running around the schoolhouse laughing and shouting, "The mumps, the mumps, we got the mumps" when somebody said, "There comes Mr. Cross! He's got the mumps, too!"















Sure enough, Harvey Cross was all tied up with salt pork, the same as we were, and we had the most hilarious school day I ever experienced, because everybody had the mumps!







So far as I know there just two Indian scares that affected our neighborhood. One was in 1856, before I was born.



Father had gone to Oregon City for supplies, and mother was left home with the small children. About dusk a courier came by shouting that there was an Indian uprising. Mother was alarmed, of course, and immediately decided to take the children to the nearest neighbor. The lantern was not very good, and the forest was thick. There was a sort of path, but many fallen trees and the thick underbrush made the going hard even for an adult. For the children it was a nightmare, being lifted over large logs and having to roll over logs not so high, and pushing aside branches that flipped into their faces with a cutting sting.





At last they reached the neighbor's cabin, but the place was empty. Mother was dismayed and disappointed, and the children were half asleep, but they could do nothing except turn around and go back home, back over the trail again. Daylight came before they got back to their own cabin, which helped, and as they arrived, father came out.





He had heard of the uprising and had traveled by foot all night to get home to his family. All was well, but I don't think father ever quite forgave our neighbor for going off to the settlement without inquiring about mother.



WITH HER OWN WINGS







The other scare was in 1878, the time of the Willow Springs Massacre at the foot of the Blue Mountains. I think all of eastern Oregon went to the Willamette valley during the night. People went on horseback.







There were wagons and wagons that came over the Barlow road. They camped in our lane and everywhere.





I'll never forget that time. It was about the worst experience I ever had, yet there was no danger to us.







The remedies, like the salt pork for mumps, which our mothers used, were the remedies that were available. Oregon grape root was boiled into a decoction for fever and blood purifying. When father had pneumonia, mother made a poultice of grated skunk cabbage root. For poison ivy, bush-bean leaves were boiled in milk, and we were washed in it. Yarrow tea and licorice syrup were given to us when we had colds. Blackberry root syrup was used for dysentery, and mother made tea from sheep droppings for us when we had the measles.





My mother was always nursing the sick children and helping women at childbirth. I remember how men would come for her at all hours of the day and night, and she would ride off on horseback. After some hours mother would be back to tell us about the new baby at somebody's cabin.






Church services were held in the school house when circuit riders came; and we had spelling bee, a debating club, socials, and writing school. At church services the women and men were separated, but on social occasions, **everyone mingled, and all were welcome.**



People were dependent on one another and had to get along. One never knew when he would need help, and no one could afford to get mad or to be dishonest. Father never refused help to people, and he was always repaid. That old feeling of tolerance and friendship still exists among the families who lived together.



Yes it was a good life.



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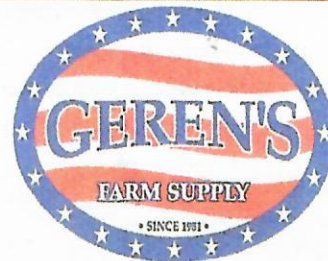
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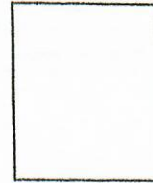
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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12TH & SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13TH

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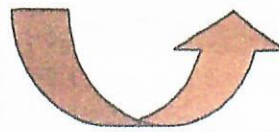
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