

It takes more than a good resume to get a government contract.

Edwin S. Clark (-)

From Recollections of Cora Loehr Clark, daughter of Francis F. Loehr and wife of Edwin S. Clark, in "As Told by the Pioneers."¹

"I was born in 1863. My father crossed the plains in 1852 and settled in the Willamette Valley. He served in the Rogue River war in 1855-56. Mother crossed the plains in 1859, coming straight to Walla Walla. Father brought his cattle up from Oregon and located on the Walla Walla River two and one-half miles from Touchet in 1859. He was attracted by the fine pasture land and the stream. Our nearest store was at Wallula. Father's timber claim was where the penitentiary now stands. My father was a government surveyor and my husband was the city engineer and engineer for the O. W. R. & N. railroad.

Walla Walla river was a much larger stream when we played along its banks in the 1860's and 1870's. We had a row boat. Our only playmates were two quarter-breed children. Their father was a white man. I was eight years old before I ever saw a white woman excepting my mother. Father's surveying duties kept him away quite a bit of the time, and mother and us children never had a way of traveling, and there were Indians prowling around.

We had a one-room log house with lean-to and a loft, reached by a ladder, where the boys slept. We cooked in the fireplace. Mother made the most delicious scones, dropping the dough in a frying pan which she placed in front of the fire. We hung our kettles on a crane.

"One of the best meals my mother ever cooked, we had to run away from. It was in the year 1878. Our first new potatoes and peas made part of that dinner which I shall never forget. Father had brought down two wild ducks that morning and mother dressed them, then made a currant pie. Just as everything was on the table, a man dashed up on his horse, shouting, "Three hundred Indians on the warpath!"

"Mother snatched a few trinkets and valuable papers and she and us children joined the procession of settlers on their way to the fort. Father refused to leave his place, but hid the most treasured possessions in the old dug-out which had been his first home. It was overgrown with grass and vines, so he felt it to be a safe hiding place. We met the soldiers, but no one turned back. There was no battle, and in a day or so we returned home,

"We were near the old camping ground of the Indians. In the fall they came for choke cherries and black and red haws. They dried this fruit

and from the farmers they bought or begged pumpkins, and stewed them and dried the pulp.

Frenchtown was not far away, where many of the French Canadians who were with the Hudson's Bay Company, had settled with their Indian wives.

The cattle trail went past our farm and the cowboys always bedded down on some vacant land near us, so they could be near water. They would come to the house and get milk and other provisions. One of the most wonderful sights of my childhood was 10,000 head of cattle being driven to Cheyenne.

Father drove his ox team to Wallula for provisions. He always bought in quantities. He bought calico and domestics by the bolt; coffee, tea and sugar and other necessities in large quantities. One time he drove the ox team to Wallula and "fast freight" had just been unloaded from a boat. It had to be in Walla Walla by sundown. Freighters had horse teams at that time and they refused to take it, as it was a 32 mile drive with a heavy load. Father agreed to do it, and left Wallula at 4 o'clock in the morning. That evening, just as the sunset gun was fired at the fort, he pulled into Walla Walla with the load of freight.

"We had no school when I was a child and never any church services, Sunday school, or anything of the kind."

ⁱ **"Told by the Pioneers,"** Tales of frontier life as told by those who remember the days of the Territory and early statehood of Washington. W. P. A. Sponsored Federal Project No. 5841, 1938.