

Dr. G.B. Kuykendall  
(Recollections)

"While we lived at Fort Simcoe we did most of our "store trading" at Yakima City, a small town at the mouth of the Antanum creek just at the edge of the reservation outside. At that time the place was known also by the name "Stomach Bitters." There was a postoffice, two little stores and two so called saloons or grogeries, a blacksmith shop and livery stable, all of which were in very primitive ~~ways~~ style. Yakima City was at that time a wild wooley place, where cowboys, Indians cattle and sheep men and horse raisers and a few outskirt ranchers congregated on Saturdays and Sundays and consumed almost incredible quantities of bad whiskey. Some of these denizens became noisy and obstreperous and there were numerous fights and scuffles and an occasional gun play. Drinking, gambling, horse racing with the accompanying betting and carousing were the Sunday amusements and formed the social amenities of the day. This little pioneer town was twenty five miles from the fort where the business of the agency was transacted, and where the Indian Agent and the employes resided. The road from the Fort to Yakima City was very near level, and was fine at nearly all seasons of the year, but in the timber time there was a part of the road became very dusty, the part which ran across the sagebrush plain beyond the Simcoe creek. We found however that by getting a good early start we could get down to town and do whatever business we had to do and return the same day, and in the long in the long days of summer we had abundant time. We aimed to do our main trading at The Dalles where we could get better prices and have an opportunity of having several and larger stores and more variety to select from. But we frequently had to patronize the little town at Yakima, when we ran short of things we could not get at the agency commissary.

At that time the hotel was kept by David Guillard, Mr. G.W. Carey was running the principal drygoods store. Among the people who lived and did business in town and near by were the Careys, Guillands, Parkers, Splawns, Schannos, Plints, Goodwins and many others.



I sometimes in fact quite frequently made visits to the little town to see the sick and sometimes these professional calls require me to stay over night. I remember being called down there to see a case which required me to stay until next morning. After getting to town as I was putting my team up at the stable I noticed that one of my horses, a fine black and a splendid driver, was sick. He had been having occasional attacks of colic and grew better soon and I ~~was~~ did not give a great deal of attention to him. I was kept very busy during the evening and in the night the court house took fire and there was great excitement. There was no water or fire department and everything was dry as powder and ready for a quick and hot fire. It soon became evident that the building could not be saved. Soon the streets were lighted up almost as bright as day and people were running here and there halloing. There were some buildings that were near enough to be in imminent danger of being burned out, and this and that plan was suggested for trying to save them. Amid all the excitement there did not seem to be any authority, not any one who could get the crowd to do anything in any practical way. Seeing the confusion I called out to the crowd and proposed that some go to carrying water from near by wells, and that the roofs be thoroughly wetted down and then suggested that a lot of blankets be procured and thoroughly wetted and that these be hung over the sides of the houses. They all appeared to fall in with the idea and we went to work with all the speed we could and were not any too soon either, for the buildings would soon have been all aflame. With the water on the roof and wet dripping blankets on the wall there was a great stream, but the wood did not ignite. The courthouse, a light wooden frame building, built out of resinous pine soon burned down. Next morning my fine black horse was dead and I not only had to lose him but had to pay for having him drawn off out of town and buried, and besides was left 25 miles from home with my buggy or hack and one horse. I was very sorry to lose the horse



for he was one of the best drivers I ever owned, and I felt condemned that I had not given him more care and done all I could for him. Being kept very busy and the fire coming on, I had forgotten the poor old fellow.

While it was not the plan to allow the physician of the agency to go outside to practice among the whites, yet when there was nothing serious demanding my presence at the office at the agency, I made trips out in the surrounding country and quite frequently to Yakima City. I did a good deal of ~~much~~ work assisting the agent in making up his quarterly reports of the business of the agency, and far more than compensated for all the time I was away.

The Antanum valley was in the early days very malarious in spots and there were some very severe cases of remittent and intermittent fever, some of which were very severe with a tendency to malignancy. I was called to attend several such. The milder cases of malarial attacks were quite numerous and there were various troubles of malarial origin.

... The settlers on the Antanum and down the Yakima built little cabins of cottonwood logs "chinked" the cracks with split chinks and plastered the cracks over with mud mortar made of the soil. The roof was not shingled but heavy poles put along from end to end of the building and on these poles were laid brush and then straw so as to form a thatched roof. These primitive cabins were usually without floors, the hard smooth packed earth being almost like asphalt and were really more comfortable than would be supposed. There was generally one window consisting of one sash of small lights, or of one pane of glass, and sometimes just a hole cut in the log wall and thin cloth nailed over it. A few of the cabins had floors but this was an exception and was a luxury in those days. The doors of the primitive cabins were of several varieties but none were panelled and varnished and none had door bells (sic) but the string of the wooden latch hung out in welcome to everybody.



The pioneer ~~sutler~~ settler in the valley had not a very elaborate outfit, but I was once surprised on going to one of the thatched cabins of the early days that had mud plastered walls. It was situated out in a plain with hay stacks about and lowing stock. It was not far from ~~Toppenish~~ where Toppenish now stands. On entering the house I found a carpet on the floor and a piano in the corner, with comfortable but not fine furniture. While the place seemed to be rather crowded and close, yet to me, coming in after a long ride through 16 inches of snow and in the storm it seemed to be remarkably cosy and comfortably, really it was ??

When we went to Fort Simcoe, the larger part of the land in the Yakima Valley was yet unclaimed, and what was claimed was held by squatter's right, and much more land was claimed than could be held legally for the stock men wanted range, and were not looking for farm land. There was none of the sage brush country of the valley and foot hills taken up or what was taken was included in claims taken for watering places or for the sake of small patches of grass land. A large part of the Antanum valley and of the country across north of the Yakima, and out from The Toppenish country to the region in the vicinity of Sunnyside and on over towards Priest's Rapids was one unbroken sage brush wilderness and the larger part was thought to be utterly worthless for anything except for cattle range for the winter. At ~~that~~ that time we had never seen the effects of irrigation upon the sage and sand lands in the world was thought by us to be practically valueless. We could have bought any amount of the best of it from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre, the government price., but would have thought it a wild visionary speculation and wasting. At that time the country was thought to be only good for stock raising and there were few if any who thought of making it a permanent home.

During ~~the~~ our first years at Fort Simcoe there was a great deal of feeling among some of the stock men just off the edge of the reservation



against the Indian agent Rev. J.H. Wilbur, because he insisted on their not poaching upon the Indian's rights and running their stock upon the reservation pasture and hay lands. Some of them, whenever they could, would drive their herds of cattle upon the lands of the Indians and herd them there, and the stock would eat off the grass that rightfully belonged to the Indians. And what was worse they frequently drove off the cattle belonging to the Indians and branded them and claimed them for their own. Then when the Indians claimed their own, the white intedopers frequently roundly abused them, cursed them or threatened violence and sometimes offered violence. The Indians complained bitterly of these things and brought their complaints to the agent. Mr. Wilbur being agent for the Indians, he felt it to be his duty to resist such outlawry. Because he opposed the high handed intrusions of these frontier cattle and horse men he incurred their enmity and wrath. There was for several years a good deal of bitterness against the agent and they circulated all kind of hard stories about him, telling that he was cheating the Indians and was growing rich raising stock on the grass belonging to the Indians. They fomented all kind of ill will, took whisky on the reservation and gave it to the Indians knowing that when the Indians were partly under the influence of drink they could do almost anything with them, by giving more of the bad whisky. The bitterness went to the length that a lot of toughs got together and filled up with forty rod as the bad whisky was called because of its supposed ability to kill at forty rods distance. When they were well filled and had become reckless they proposed to mob Mr. Wondor Wilbur when he came into town. Some of his friends heard of their schemes and went to the roughs and told them that if they made a move there was going to be some bloodshed for there was a crowd of men there who were going to defend Mr. Wilbur since he had not wronged them and was only doing his sworn duty in protecting and defending the Indians in their rights.



The men on the agent's side were very determined and if the toughs had made a move there would have been a bloody time. As it was the insurgents cooled down sufficiently to abandon their undertaking and took it out in more drinking and cursing the Indian agent.

While we were there it was a very common occurrence for the Indians to come to the mool mool making complaints that some of the outside stock men were driving off their cattle or were herding stock on their lands. It is a wonder that the Indians did not retaliate and kill and eat the cattle men's stock. The cowmen on the outside did frequently accuse the Indians of this, but there were very few instances of this kind so far as could be learned by close investigation. The cattle men were far more frequently the transgressors, for if their stock had not been on the Indian's land there would not have been the opportunity for the Indians to kill them.

Later the government and the Indian department at Washington made provisions for the Indian police force on the reservation who were kept on duty and whose business it was to look out for the intrusion of the stockmen to watch for thievery and report it, and to also see that whiskey was not brought on to the reserve by the low down whites and the squaw men. After a few wholesome lessons by arrest by mounted and well armed Indian police, the cattle thieves found it better to stay off or at the worst to do whatever they did in a very sly manner. Before cattle men drove off stock openly and defiantly, supposing that public sentiment on the outside would sustain them.

When a white man was arrested he always made a tremendous roar and blustered about and made great threats.



Episcopal Church Building-Roseburg

During the summer of 1860 my father and uncle George had a contract for building the Episcopal church in Roseburg, Oregon. I was working with my father at the time at whatever building contracts he took when I was not in school. The plan was, with this contract, to go to Roseburg and camp on the ground and board ourselves. And by the way, this meant that I should do the cooking for the crowd. We should in this way be right on the ground day and night and so not lose any time. We fixed up a sort of temporary camp, out of some of the lumber that was to go into the building and were getting along well with the work but when we were ready for the roof, having put up the rafters we did not wish to shingle the building until after the side walls were all on, so as to stiffen up the frame, so that it would stand wind and storm. The roof was a very steep, gothic and would catch an immense force of wind and be liable to blow over without the walls were first enclosed and well nailed.

The building committee had not succeeded in getting the lumber for the siding on hand and it seemed that we should have to stop. The building committee was very anxious to have the roof put on anyhow and take the chance of wind. My father and Uncle George explained the danger of doing such a proceeding, but but they insisted that we go on and put on the roof. We had urged the committee to get the siding but from some cause they failed to do so. Against the better judgment of my father and Uncle George, they went to work to putting on the roof, but first braced the building as well as they could, with heavy braces well nailed.

On the back end of the building there was a little vestry room, which we happened to have enough siding to close in, and we had moved our bedding, some of it into that, and had put one bed there and another out on a loose floor in the main body of the church. A night or two after the roof was on and while we (my father and I) were sleeping in the church a storm came up in the night. The wind blew with great



force, and there was a heavy shower. The wind wakened us up and we were lying awake in bed talking and fearing the wind would increase and the building be blown over. Gust after gust came along and finally there was a strong blast came along and I knew from the sound of it that the building was likely to go over. I said to my father, "it is going over this time sure," and I leaped out of bed and ran back out and before I had gotten away from the building I was in the midst of a crash of falling lumber, that was crashing down on my head. I never knew just how I did get out without being killed but the building went over with a mighty cracking of timbers. A work bench or some lumber sustained the timbers partly and the walls did not get low down enough to hurt my father, but the place in the bed where I had lain had a very heavy two-inch plank lying lengthwise just ~~where~~ where I had lain. My father was untouched.

Uncle George, who was in the vestry room, was not hurt and that ~~was~~ room was only badly wrenched and had not gone over. When a light was procured I found that I had been knocked down into the mud on my knees, but I had sustained no great harm. Had I remained in bed I should have been killed instantly, perhaps while if my father had started to run, it is not likely that he would have escaped as I did. This accident seemed to produce a great shock upon me, some way. I remember that for three years whenever there was a heavy wind or even a mild wind, I was afraid the building I was in would blow over. No reasoning would dispel this fear. I actually knew there was no danger but I felt there was, and fear and nervous dread conquered reason. I very well remember several occasions when there was wind and I was in the house that there was not one chance in a million that the wind would effect, and yet I was afraid and should have been, even if I had been in a room with solid stone walls.

Years afterward after I had studied medicine, I have thought about the effect of a panic or shock to the nerves caused by such a fright as I received. In 1863 while we were in Idaho City, Idaho, we were putting up



a building, to be used for business purposes, and we were sleeping in it, much after the same manner as we were in the church. Uncle James Stark and I were in bed together and along in the night I dreamed that the building was going over, just as the church had and gave a spring out of bed. ...

The next morning after the church blew down we found it sprawled out over much ground than it had occupied standing and the timbers very badly smashed up. The question arose immediately, "who is to stand the damage of this accident?" We put it up to the church officials, that they had been fairly warned, before what might happen, and insisted that it would not be proper to make us bear all the loss occasioned by the smashing of timbers and lumber, and the cost of taking the lumber apart and putting it up again. An equitable arrangement was reached, and everything went on as smoothly as before, with no thought of ill feelings,

The church was rebuilt and completed and dedicated and stood for many years, a house of worship for a worthy and influential society.

The facts in regard to erection of this church have been mentioned to show how I spent my time when not in school. My father took contracts for building dwellings, stores, barns and almost every other kind of structure. In that every day every foot of lumber that entered into the construction of buildings was dressed by hand, all flooring and ceilings was hand matched and doors and sash and mouldings were hand worked also, and the building of a house meant taking everything "from the stump up" many times. Very often some of the lumber that entered into a building was in the standing tree when the building was started. But in some respects the carpentry of that time was superior to that of today.

As a rule, heavier foundations were put into buildings and stiffer stronger frames were built. Some of the old wooden structures erected fifty years ago are yet standing and in a fair state of preservation and the climate being soft and damp favors early decay of wooden structures.



My father and uncle George nearly always worked together, taking contracts and dividing profits or losses, and I never knew of any disagreements as to planning, working or settlements, during all the time they worked together. It would be difficult....

"At that time, and for some years afterward, their families lived about eight miles north of Roseburg. Uncle George lived about 2 1-2 miles southwest from my father's place. They made it a rule to never work on Sunday, except in cases of extreme necessity. I have known them when they had a lot of lumber spread out to season and a storm came up on Sunday, to go out and pile up, or cover up exposed material, but that was about the extent of their labor on Sunday. On Saturday in the afternoon a little earlier than common, labor was stopped and tools put away, and everything arranged for a day's rest and "lay off." When we were working in Roseburg or some little distance from home, we always went home on Saturday evening and both families made it a rule to go to church every Sunday morning and evening. The younger members of the families attended Sabbath school and frequently the others also.

I have often wondered how much of this spirit of reverence and religious feeling and principle of life was due to the early religious lives and character of our Dutch ancestors, who carried their little ones so regularly to the old Dutch churches for baptism within a month of their birth.

I have wondered whether this tendency to the family, is one that has been transmitted by inheritance to the descendants, through the nearly three hundred years of Kuykendall life in America.

#### The old Camas Swale Creek Sawmill.

Some time about 1856-58 my father and uncle George built a saw mill at the mouth or just above the mouth of the Camas Swale creek, near the North Umpqua river. The Swale creek was mostly dry in midsummer or had so little water in it that it was a trivial stream, not to be



thought of as a water power, but when the winter and spring seasons were on, it carried sufficient water to run quite a mill. Lumber had to be hauled, at that time, long distances, and father and uncle George had use for a great deal of lumber in their business, and they determined to have a little mill of their own, so as to be independent of the distant mills, and to save the expense of hauling over the long, bad roads, that were common at that time.

They knew that the time they could saw was quite limited, and that the supply of timber that was available was not sufficient to warrant a great expense in erecting a mill and so they studied out plans for the construction and operation that were extremely simple and inexpensive, and that yet proved to be quite sufficient to give them a good supply of fine lumber, for their own use and quite a lot for sale to the neighbors in the surrounding section. They builded a dam across the creek that raised the water and gave them a head of about 7 or 8 feet and by means of a large water wheel with a large drum running horizontally on the shaft of the wheel, they got both power and motion in an exceedingly simple manner. The large drum had a long belt running around it and to the pulley connected with the circular saw, so as to have only these two wheels in the whole mill. There was no loss of power by extra machinery, and the amount of lumber ye old thing cut was astonishing. By running continuously, day and night during the wet season, they managed to saw out piles of lumber.

Growing in the valley around there was quite a good deal of white oak, and a fine quality of black oak (something unusual for fineness of grain) and good working qualities..and there were large alders along the river and near by gulches, this timber with an occasional log of laurel, made fine hard wood to use in making furniture and in wagon work. In this way the winter time, when building could not be well carried on, they put in their time to a good advantage getting material for summer and fall work. I was quite young and the experience



of running this mill, of making, handling, stacking, piling and measuring lumber gave me a good practical knowledge that made me an efficient aid in helping to keep up the family expense. Looking back upon those days, after the lapse of so many years, they seem to have been happy days and more so, because they were days of useful labor and effort, interspersed with many healthful wholesome discussions.

There were was (sic) much real enjoyment and pleasure connected with the running of the old mill. Early in the spring when the water began first to fall a little, when the water above the dam would run down and for a short time there would be no water flowing over the dam, the creek below the dam would go dry while waiting for the mill pond to fill up. At these times there would be a lot of fish imprisoned in little rocky basins below the dam a short distance and we had great fun catching them, before the pond filled up and the water began to flow over. We caught many a fine mess of large fish this way.

...The old mill has long since gone into decay, I do not know as there is anything to mark the spot where it stood, but I suppose the excavations for the foundation still show, and possibly there may be something to show of the old dam. Timber became scarce, better mills were erected nearer by than those that supplied the country when they built the old saw mill, and it became unprofitable to run it. The old saw was sold to owners of other mills and such of the machinery as could be used was sold or disposed of. Later high water undermined the foundation and it tumbled down into a wreck of ruins. There are no doubt some of the old settlers there yet, who remember the old mill. D200 3060

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## Indian Legends

(Near Mabton)?

It was near here that the Indians had told me the ancient or wateetash Mosquito god used in the long ago to live. This old god they called WaWa, accent on the last syllable. ~~Dedoad~~ Here he lived a great monster that was larger than the largest ox. Here he had a tepee and dominated the passway up the Yakima river. The Indians used to go up the Yakima and out to the lakes above to fish and ~~told~~ old WaWa watched them when they came along, pounced upon them and sucked their blood out of them and cast their withered and depleted bodies aside. The Indians were in mortal terror of old WaWa and his victims had been so many they feared to go up the river to fish, and so were in distress for food. In their trouble they appealed to Speelyai, the Indian coyote god to help them get rid of their monster mosquito enemy.

Speelyai pitied their sorrow and suffering and planned to accomplish the destruction of WaWa. Changing himself by magic from a coyote to a young strong Indian warrior he made ready for battle. He dressed himself in a fine suit of buckskin, had a warrior's cap, a belt from which were suspended a stone knife and ax, and armed with a bow and arrows and all the armaments of an Indian brave he took the trail leading up the Yakima and soon came in sight of the tepee of old WaWa, the ancient Indian Mosquito god.

It was yet quite early in the morning, the grass was covered with cold dew. Speelyai assayed to pass along by the house of WaWa. ~~Told~~ when the god came out and said who are you, where are you going. This is my country and I don't allow people to pass here. Speelyai was extremely polite and said "I see my brother that you seem to be cold, your wings are wet and you are chilled. Let us go into the house and I will build a fire for you so that you can warm up. In those very ancient times the cold dew and moisture affected old WaWa just as the common mosquito of today is affected by cold and wet. WaWa seemed to be stiff and



god around with difficulty. So Speelyai made up a fine fire in the hut and Wawa stood around warming hi self and was beginning to stretch his legs and wings and to feel pretty fine. When Speelyai saw this he gathered

a lot of dram s traw and green sage and threw them upon the fire, which at once smothered down the flames and made a huge smoke. Wawa who had been standing around rubbing his hands and wings and enjoying the warmth now began to smother and wiped his eyes which were smarting so that he could not see. Finally he stooped down to get fresh air and then laid down to get his breath. At this junctiure Speelyai drew his great stone knife and cut off old Wawa's head.

Then standing over him he said, "You have been murdering and sucking the people's blood and keeping them starving for fish and camas long enough. You ~~OO~~ shall never be permitted to do so again, and with his stone ax he split open the head of Wawa, when lo, millions of misquotas such as we have today flew out, and swarmed over the Yakima, Toppenish and Sattaas bottoms. Then speelyai pronounced a curse on Wawa. He said you can never againt orment the eople and take their lives, but you may be permitted to live, little insignificant things you can buzz and fly over people and may annoy them, but you can never kill ~~the~~ ~~add~~ them any more.



## War Time Recollections

Along in 1860 the whole country, east, west north and south was in a ferment of excitement over the slavery question. As this is a matter of common history it is useless for me to speak of it in details.. My father had always been a Whit and anti-slavery man and for several years had feared that there would ultimately be war.. from the beginning my father was a strong Lincoln man, having unbounded faith in Honest Old Abe. Many were the hot debates we had with the champions of Stephen A. Douglas the Little Giant and with the advocates of Breckenridge and Lane. We were far removed from the centers of activities, but we caught the entire enthusiasm and spirit of the times. My father was outspoken in favor of Lincoln and the Union and the calling a halt to the extension of slavery. He never could brook the Dred Scott Decision and denounced as a relic of barbarism the dictum of Judge Taney that the negro had no rights and the white man was bound to respect. He advocated the gradual elimination of slavery from where it existed with compensation to slave owners for their slaves. The fugitive slave law was an abomination in his eyes because to its terms if forced every man in the north to help catch and return negroes to their masters or on failure to do become a violator of law.

.. I remember that in our academy where I attended school the party spirit ran strong whether we desired it or not. We appeared to be ~~and~~ unable to ~~resist~~ resist the forces around us. It was in the very atmosphere. People had to be for or against the Union, there was no left no middle ground. Later on the attempt to take middle ground brought the charge of Rebel Sympathizer or Copper Head. When I think of how it was with us, so far removed from the actual field of strife, and how intense was the feeling worked up among the Pacific Coast people it does not seem so much wonder that there was a feeling of intense bitterness in the south. All their home life, their traditions, beliefs and customs were entwined within the old slave system.



..Demogugues had worked up a sectional feeling and the South did not understand the North and the north did not understand the South, and there was little disposition to be calm,dispassionate deliberate discussion..

.. It was our lot to live neighbors with General Joseph Lane, the candidate on the ticket of the radical pro-slavery wing of the Democratic Party. Old Joe as he was familiarly called lived only five miles distant from our home, and we knew the family well. LaFayette Lane attended school at the academy where I did, and we were boys together. General Lane was an extreme radical Southerner, a genial social man and hospitable as a neighbor, but intensely bitter against Seward, Chase and Lincoln. General Lane was elected United States Senator from Oregon 1859 and in 1860 ran for vice president. Being defeated he left the senate and while on his return home he was bringing with him a number of fine fire arms, guns and while dismounting from a stage coach accidentally discharged the gun he was carrying, receiving a wound which was long in healing and from the effects of this he never fully recovered. There are many who thought this accident prevented his taking more active part in aiding the cause of secession and that we might have had fighting on the Pacific Coast. At times when Public feeling is so wrought up and there are two intensely partisan sides there are liable to be many exaggerations or even gross misrepresentations on both sides.

One of his strong suits in a political campaign was to win the women and farmers over to his side, and he worked for free distribution of seeds to a finish in his electioneering. While traveling horseback in early days through Southern Oregon and Willamette Valley he carried packages of various kinds of seeds and distributed them among the wives of the pioneers along the way of his travels. I have heard repeated many times by our Southern Oregon people his story saying that on one of his electioneering trips he stopped at a farm house



for dinner and the good lady had beans on the table. The Old General lauded beans to the sky, told the lady he never in all his life tasted such delicious beans. He begged he would give him a few for Mrs. Lane who would be delighted to have them planted. He wanted to get a start of these remarkable beans. Then the way they were cooked too was something remarkable, worthy of the finest chefs in all the land. He would be pleased to tell Mrs. Lane just how to cook beans the same way. The good old lady felt flattered through his unctuous talk and as he was departing handed him a little package which he accepted with a profusion of thanks telling her how wonderfully pleased Mrs. Lane would be. Going on some distance farther he called at another house in the neighborhood, talked politics, praised the fine farm and ladies bright beautiful children and then he happened to think of the beans and he told the lady he had some of the most delicious wonderful beans he ~~had~~ ever come across in all his travels. He had eaten some of them in Washington City and they were so very fine that he had procured a few of them for some of his very special friends, and he would be pleased to give the lady a sample he had done up especially for her. The lady was delighted and thanked him gratefully. A few days later the lady number one happened to go visiting to lady number two and lady number two related how General Lane had brought her some wonderful beans all the way from Washington especially for her. She then brought the little package and displayed it. Then lady number two said "for land sakes," "I gave those beans to him myself, that cloth is a piece of Lizzie's dress. Then the ladies had a great laugh and a talk in which soft, soft Blarney, General Lane and beans were mixed up.

General Lane was a true southerner, born in Buncombe county, N.C., a state where many Kuykendall were living at the time of his birth and where many yet live. .

In time of the Mexican war he served the country with bravery and we can afford at this time to forgive and forget the extreme prejudiced views he held during the Civil War. The general died



in 1881, having lived during all his later years in comparative obscurity and in rather straightened circumstances financially. He could not espouse the union because of his life long tradition and intense feeling for the South. He dared not take an active part on the other side. Had he lived in the South he would no doubt have been an active factor in the Confederate Cause. As it was the war went on without his help or hinderance.

(earlier life)

It was after this time at Drain Oregon that we got cramped on account of a heavy subscription for the Drain academy made by twelve persons, one hundred dollars each given in form of a joint note. It was the understanding that as long as the interest on this note was paid there would be no demand for the principal and also that each party signing was to be held only for the one hundred dollars. Yet it seems that the note had been made and signed as a plain joint note so that each and every individual signing was held for the whole. Some of those who signed the note with my father lost their property and some left the country and it began to look as if my father was going to be left to pay the whole twelve hundred dollars. I urged my brother William Kuykendall who was then living at Drain to get the amount subscribed by each individual segregated and separated so that each signer should be held for what he actually subscribed instead of becoming responsible for the whole thing.

...I remember hearing Rev. J.H. Wilbur say "John Kuykendall is the best man I ever knew, they don't make any men like him any more, and they have lost the pattern for such men these days."

..Shortly after we moved from the place where we wintered on the Umpqua ~~at the~~ River just above Winchester on the north side, my father built a small but comfortable frame house at Wilbur, where we made our ~~shop~~ home from 1954 for many years. Father put up a good substantial



frame house at Wilbur...soooo shop soon after we located there. It was a two storm frame building quite well adapted for the purposes designed. Here in this shop I learned much of practical use in regard to mechanical work. My father and Uncle George, his brother, were the leading mechanics of the country. During the summer there were houses to rebuild for people around. Winchester was then the main town in Douglas county Oregon, and father and Uncle George did much building work in that new town, two miles distant from our home. Later on, owing to a picaunish selfish management of the townsite of Winchester, Roseburg was laid out by Aaron Rose at the mouth of Deer Creek on the south Umpqua River. The old policy of Rose in the selling and distribution of his town lots and encouraging business enterprises was so much more liberal than that of the proprietors of Winchester that in a short time Roseburg began to forge ahead rapidly and build up while Winchester began to dwindle. In a short time the business men of Winchester began to move to Roseburg the newly started town. Stores, hotel, land office, private residences were taken down piece by piece and hauled over to Roseburg and set up again exactly as they stood at first. Father and Uncle George did most of the moving of these buildings and it was surprising how well the parts of the houses went back together. When we went to move these houses before a nail was drawn every piece in sight was marked beginning at one corner and going around the building on the outside. Then inside each room was gone over and every board of flooring and ceiling and every casing of window or door was marked so that it could be put back in the same place when the building was set up. Here I got some excellent experience for I did most of the marking. For each building we had a little memorandum book in which was noted down the markings of each separate piece, so that after the material of the building was torn down and the pieces were hauled to the place for setting up, the memoranda of this book was taken as a guide for putting the building back together again. It was a matter of surprise that so little trouble



was found that so little trouble was found in placing the pieces back just where they belonged. When the buildings were torn down and the lumber scattered out, it looked as if it would be impossible to ever tell anything about how it went back together but we were as careful to pile the parts together that would come together in setting the building up again. My father and uncle George became experts in this work of building moving and their services were much in demand and the profits were quite satisfactory... There was no wagon makers in the country, and wagons and carriages of all kinds were exorbitantly high priced and those who bought and sold them considered it their right and privilege to "skin" the people to a finish. People in the neighborhood were forced to have a good deal of all kinds of repair work done. Opening up a new country was hard on wagons, plows, harrows and all kinds of farming implements. Broken axels, coupling poles, tongues, shafts, spokes, and felloes were very frequent.

..it was a common sight to see a lot of wagons and farm machinery standing about the shop awaiting their turn. Making new wagon wheels or filling wheels as it was called, stocking plows, building harrows, all such work, and making furniture, doors, sash door and window frames and almost any and every kind of work was the daily round of duty in the shop and the establishment became one of the useful institutions of the country.

...When we first moved to Wilbur the erection of the Umpqua Academy building was just begun. The first year of our residence there was spent mostly in work on this building. That was a busy year. That summer, my brother, John Wesley and I and Isabel my sister went to school in a little log house two hundred yards east and above where the new academy building was located and placed. I remember what a busy hive of industry there was about the site of this new building. It was placed at the base of a high hill somewhat up the slope where it commanded



A fine view of the valley out south and west. Here the plows and scrapers wer busy in grading out a place for a foundation of the building, and to form a level yard about it. Men with ox teams and all the needed appliance were on the ground, busy at work. All kind of material was being hauled to the spot. Lumber, hewn and sawed timbers, stone , lime, sand were being hauled in ready for operation. There was hardly a man in all that section that did not have something to do with the work of the erection of the new building which was the first academy ever/ organized in the county, and this the first academy building.

...my father was then in the prime of life, and only about 34 or 35 years of age, having four children.



I have sometimes thought suppose some people as much superior to us in knowledge and power were to come among us, to debauch our women, take possession of our lands and homes, rob us, drive us out, disease our children, fill our young men with poison, disregard treaties and law and all promise made; if we should see our children fading away, dying almost rotting with loathsome disease brought by the usurpers, what would we do? Would we not fight? Would we not do worse than the Indians? Every drop of blood in our veins, every fiber and nerve of our bodies would vibrate with hatred and thirst for revenge, and we would be transformed into demons bent on murder and destruction.