

when "reconstituted" it was quite a place! I thought Bill had originally said it was a 1-storey house on the back part — but Bill said he didn't know the picture existed until about a couple of months ago. Note the bedding being aired upstairs in back. Think those are apple trees to get apples for masting from? I hope you are as thrilled at getting this picture as I am — Bill, won't vouch for its authenticity as he doesn't know anything about it except from his some sort-of-cousin, but he knows of no reason to strongly doubt and the "cousin" does not stand to gain anything by falsifying when he tries to keep his pictures to himself.
Love, Bob

Lewiston, Idaho.
Tuesday Evening
6-27-67

Dear Mom —

This one is a bonus but I wanted you to know of the picture of La Frambois' house that Bill came up with. I received two Thermofax prints in the mail today and talked to him over the Northern Pacific phone line — I don't know just what the set up is, but there has been a change of personnel at the top in the SP&S and he seems to be working at least part time. Anyway, he tried to photograph the paper print

but had no luck so
somehow or other he
got the old print to a Thermo-
fax machine (I didn't ask
how he did it) and sent me
the two best prints though
as he admitted, they were
very poor — as was the
original. From his description,
I think the original must be
an early paper print made
from a ~~copy~~ negative ~~from~~
~~a~~ on a glass plate. I am
sending you the better one
of the two copies. On the
other copy I have been
working drawing in the lines
where they are missing
and reinforcing weak lines

— every line I made had
something to justify my putting
it in — and getting it up in
such a shape that I can
photograph it since Thermo-
fax copies are not permanent.
I think that the retouched
print shows the house
much better than the Thermo-
fax. I have not tried to
do anything with the trees
except where they are against,
or very close to the house.
I am anxious to copy the
retouched Thermofox but I had
best wait a day or two to see
what else I can see that
would improve on my copy.
As to the house itself —

Promised
put out sent
May - 1968
to H. of S. Cal.

A Second Look at Michel Laframboise

"Is Captain Michel indeed aboard your Cadboro?" inquired the Governor of the Russian American Colonies at Fort Ross, or in such a vein his message ran, "For I have a great curiosity to see the person so celebrated in California."

So much a legend had Michel Laframboise, brigade leader for the Hudson's Bay Company, become within his own lifetime. He did nothing to dispel the legend, finding that the image of a fearless nemesis of the treacherous, the virile possessor of "a wife in every tribe", the bargainer who could out-talk any Indian enhanced his standing in the pragmatic world of the fur trade. His crew was trespassing on the occasion of the Russian governor's call and both men were aware of it, yet Michel came out of the confrontation with the loan of twelve horses and the promise of any necessary aid in rejoining his brigade, at the moment discreetly hiding inland.

The separation of a leader and his crew had come about through unfamiliarity with the California coast. Laframboise was a land man, who had mistaken Trinity for San Francisco Bay, and after waiting a month to rendezvous with the supply ship, had ridden six hundred miles up to Fort Vancouver to learn what had become of it. The Cadboro, too, had returned to headquarters to find out what might be known of Laframboise and his brigade. They

eventually met at Fort George (Astoria) and returned together to California.¹

Missed connections were not unusual in the trade, the wonder being that they were not more frequent by reason of the vast territory ranged over and the lack of means to communicate. On the trail and by river Laframboise was apparently infallible, however vague about marine landfalls. He had been on the California run from its inception in 1832. McLeod had broken trail as far south as Mount Shasta a few years earlier, but the regularly established brigade was to go into the Sacramento Valley in the autumn, winter in French Camp, and return to Fort Vancouver in the spring. Occasionally a leader held his crew in the south throughout the summer, sending out his peltries by a pack train that returned with supplies for a second winter hunt.

Prior to being assigned the California run, Laframboise had been twenty years on the lower Columbia and in western Oregon. He knew every creek and trail from trapping along them, trading for skins or tracking down hostile natives in reprisal for some depredation.

1. The full account of Laframboise's California hunt and missed connections is given by James Douglas, Acting Chief Factor in the absence of Dr. McLoughlin, in the Hudson's Bay Record Society Publications, Vol. LV (1941), pp. 252-254 and 288-290.

He might be called Company Hatchet Man, for he was immediately dispatched to any scene of trouble, sometimes alone but more often with five or six others, to treat with the culprits or to kill if necessary, but to keep the killing to a minimum. Donning a full Chinook costume, painted and feathered, he sallied in willingly, whether to blast native huts with the Company's little brass cannon mounted on the bow of a rowboat or to comb the almost limitless canyons of the Umpqua for the goods and murderers of Jedediah Smith's unfortunate party.²

Little is known of Laframboise's early life and parentage upon which to predicate the complexities of his nature. He came from a De Noyen ancestor, dit Laframboise, who emigrated from France in the early 1700's.³ The "dit Laframboise", meaning raspberry, was probably acquired somewhere along the line by army custom, the remarriage of a mother or as a simple nickname; French Canadian names teem with such doubles. Michel, by his own affidavit, was born in 1792 in Canada, but his exact birthplace is in dispute,

2. See Burt Brown Barker, ed., Letters of Dr. John McLoughlin, 1829-1832, (Portland, Oregon, 1948), Letters 21, 26, 240, 243, and 248.

3. Roland-J. Auger, Provincial Archives, Quebec, to the author June 1, 1965.

4. "To add to the perplexity of the Editor, the residents . . . commonly possessed, in addition to the inherited surname, a nickname; more rarely a citizen might possess two nicknames; and

one record giving Varennes, another St. Laurent, but in either case, near Montreal.⁵

He received a fair enough education that he was able to read and write both French and English in an era when few French Canadian engages could do either. He enlisted in Astor's Pacific Fur Company at the age of eighteen and sailed on the Tonquin as "a carpenter" for the post to be established at the mouth of the Columbia. When the Pacific Fur Company was sold to the North West Company in 1814, and that in turn was absorbed by the Hudson's Bay Company six years later, Laframboise transferred from one company to the next in the way of many employees.

frequently he was better known by his nickname than by his inherited name. . . . To contemporaries, who enjoyed first-hand knowledge of their neighbors, the custom, apparently, presented no particular difficulty; to the investigator of a distant generation the case is quite the otherwise." From The John Askin Papers, Vol. I, 1747-1795, ed. Milo Quaife (Detroit Library Commission), 1928, p. 20.

5. Donation Land Claim No. 778, filed in Oregon City, Oregon, April 28, 1852. (Photostat)

Early in his employ of the last company Laframboise first emerges as a personality. David Douglas, botanist trudging through the rain soaked forest in 1826, was more than glad to come upon him. "Reached camp at dusk", he wrote, "where ¹ found Michel Laframboise, our Cheenook interpreter, and an Indian boy. . . The former kindly assisted me to pitch my tent, and gave me a little weak spirits and water, with a basin of tea, made from some that he had brought from Fort Vancouver, and which greatly refreshed me. Rain very heavy. Sunday, 29 October, 1826." ⁶

The misanthropic Hall Kelley had similar timely comfort at the hands of his "good Samaritan", who could kill six savages or tend an ill competitor with equal celerity. Back into the holster with the old round-gripped pistol, out with the compact little "first aid kit" with its nested boxes!--the kit that went up and down the California trail with him year after year, one box for folded papers of quinine, one for arsenic, another for powdered rhubarb or sulfur or mercury or any of the rough-shod doled out by the post physician to brigade leaders setting out with a crew. Kill or cure was the method, and we hear nothing

6. "Journal of David Douglas," Oregon Historical Quarterly, Vol. VI, p. 93.

of the former as a result of the treatment.⁷

We see Michel emerge as a bragging, lying, affable, compassionate and earthy man. Wilkes wrote of his "indomitable courage" and his "civility"; George T. Allen ridiculed "our 180 mile gentleman" as incredibly boastful of his horsemanship; a Protestant missionary could imply that to fall from his horse "in a fit of intoxication" and to crack his head was not unexpected and probably deserved by an inebriate.⁸

In his metisse wife, his extrovert and generous nature was well complemented. After twenty years of varied native companions and, in the main, unrecorded offspring, he married in the Church in 1839 and became the responsible, if indulgent, father of eight more children. Emilie was no submissive Indian wife; she was spirited, intelligent and literate and a match for Michel in any odds. Still cherished among the family heirlooms is the

7. Mention of the medicines in common use may be found in the accounts of Dr. William Bailey with Ewing Young. See Oregon Historical Quarterly, Vol. XXI, pp. 292-293, or see

William Fraser Tolmie, Physician and Fur Trader, (Mitchell Press, Limited, Vancouver, B.C., 1963), p. 202ff.

8. For references, see Charles Wilkes, Narrative; George T. Allen in Oregon Pioneer Association Transactions, 1881, pp. 57-58; Rev. George H. Atkinson in Oregon Historical Quarterly, Vol. XL, p. 368.

beautiful garnet necklace he gave her at the birth of their last child, Abraham.⁹ The Laframboises were a compatible and ebullient pair.

Michel retired nominally about 1840, when he took a land claim on the south side of the Willamette River above Champoege and built a somewhat pretentious frame house on a little rise beside the old Indian race course. A small creek to the rear was deepened and dammed to water the stock, and a log barn and a small grist mill built nearby. Emilie's outdoor brick oven stood in front of the house under the oak trees, and somewhere in the yard was the sundial that had become a family joke. It was a handsome piece with a little brass singing bird at the east and the same bird with his head under his wing at the west, but it would never give the correct time. Somehow it had been oriented to the magnetic rather than the celestial north—. Still, it was ~~a handsome~~ highly ornamental and a fit match for the statuettes of bulls and the peach-colored porcelaine urns that stood on the mantle in the big front room, for Emilie loved show and Michel was able to indulge her.

9. Born December 31, 1856. (Records of the Catholic Mission on the Willamette, photostat.) It was not unusual to give the name of a deceased child to another. In this case their first Abraham had died in 1840 at the age of five days.

She lived into the present century, an old, keen-witted grandmother who brought up the children in the knowledge of past times when Michel and she, as "Monsieur" and "Madame", had lived prosperously on their big claim on French Prairie.

"We had fairly close neighbors, two of them, and the door was always open to all that wanted to stop.¹⁰ We used to get together and bake bread—we had a big BIG oven! All the womens, they would bring their dough and we would bake and bake. The men were doing butchering then. When the day was over we would all eat hot bread and butter with blood pudding, brains and fresh leever. That was always the time to show off your best pickles and preserves, and when the men started drinking their "big wine" and smoking their pipes and talking their big talk and telling their lies was the time to bring out the pickled and marinated birds from the year before—the best piece was breast of duck marinated in vinegar, salt and sweet red wine.

"The young peoples used to like to get a dance going sometimes but they had to be careful that the priest didn't know about it beforehand. It had to appear very casual and spur-of-the-moment. It maybe planned for a couple of weeks. At the dances the boys and girls never came in couples. The house would be always clean like a tooth and Monsieur and Madame would be sitting on the porch or somethings like that when a young fellow would drop by

10. The neighbors were Andre Longtain and Joseph Despard, retired engages with native wives and large families, mostly girls.

to ask Monsieur's opinion about something that he really didn't care anything about. Soon some other young fellows would ride up and they would arrange a race, always winding up in front of the selected house agains and always asking Monsieur to call out who the winner was. Some filles would have wandered along by that time and they would stop on the porch with Monsieur and Madame ~~of~~ to watch the race. The boys they yelled a lot. Then every boy would tease every girl. Monsieur would then invite all in to taste his wine and roast some apples in the fire or fireplace. Then Monsieur would start a song—he had a good and strong voice and he knew all kinds of songs—he could sing for hours—but he would get the young peoples to sing too. Then while some sang, some would dance, and then Monsieur and Madame would quietly leave from the sight but not from the sound. The little children were sent to bed. When it was late enough Monsieur would always serve cold meats, cakes, dried fruit, bread, barley-water and so on. Then Monsieur and Madame would escort the visiting girls home in a horse-drawn wagon or cart, but most of the girls really walked home hanging onto a boy's arm and leading the horse of the boy, not so far from the cart to cause gossip but far enough to make sweet talk—and all the time Monsieur and Madame looked straight ahead and heard nothing."

Never a pillar in the Church, Michel still saw to the usual rites regarding his family and remained on good terms with the priest. He was a sharp trader with the Americans, slickering them whenever he could, but with his French neighbors he was the soul of generosity. Whenever a home in need came to the attention of the priest, he would merely send an Indian with a cart round to Laframboise for a load of supplies for "an unknown" poor family. Michel had so instructed the priest; he did not want to know where the provisions went.

Christmas was a different matter. At that season old Michel himself mounted his high, two-wheeled cart and drove around the whole settlement distributing "Christmas gifts" of produce--squashes, corn, meat and all sorts of provisions in abundance. A poor family might receive a quarter of beef, or if the family was large, even a half. Distances were long, roads bad, and there had to be so much visiting and drinking along with the gifts that it sometimes took a month to make the rounds.

At first Emilie had made dolls for their little girls; later on the girls themselves helped make dolls for the Christmas distribution. The neighborhood young folks made something of a bee of it, the boys providing leather and whittling out wooden arms and legs while the girls stitched up bodies of soft deerskin. The dolls were about twelve inches tall and made to sit up by

weighting the bottoms with little bags of sand. The rest of the stuffing was of feathers and some sort of sweet-smelling herb designed to make the dolls more attractive. (One battered old doll still remained into the present generation. The children did not care for it: "The leather tasted bad." Through a split in the stitching they sometimes caught a faint whiff of the "sweet-smelling herbs".) A stick ran up through the body into the head, which was made of rawhide molded over a knob. The doll features were tooled into the hide, with eye-sockets set deep so that the eyes, which were large blue beads glued in endwise to show pupils, were not on the surface but in natural position. The faces were painted white and red, but on the centenarian survivor the paint was so worn and peeling that it was hard to say what it had been originally. The head was made of two pieces of leather or skin, the piece in the back having the fur left on. This "hair" got worn off in time, inevitably. Emilie used to say that Michel had a ^{made} dollhouse for his little girls and their leather dolls, and that later on, when they had china dolls, they still seemed to prefer the home-made ones in the dollhouse. (We picked up half of a doll's tiny china teapot at the house site, now a cultivated field.)

Even after retirement, Laframboise returned to the trail from time to time to lead one more brigade or guide an expedition,

but his main interest now lay in his growing cattle herds and their improvement through selective breeding. The Boys' School at St. Paul, hopefully begun at the Mission to teach native and metis sons an agricultural way of life, had never reopened after losing its pupils to the California Gold Rush, and Father Bartholomew Delorme, who had returned half-dead with the stragglers, gave his set of Maison Rustique books to Laframboise as one of the few farmers on the Prairie who might profit from them, being literate in French. The volumes no doubt contributed to his interest in herd improvement. A slip torn from some religious paper still marks the page he had been reading on the construction and stocking of fish ponds.

Much jockeying for position along the river followed the covered wagon influx of the forties, the establishment of a Territorial Government, and the passage of the Donation Land Claim Laws in 1850, with the original Canadian settlers generally losing to the brisk and knowledgeable Americans. How Laframboise came to shift to a claim north of the river, patented long after his death, has never been fully explained.¹¹ The most logical thought

11. "The problem . . . is as difficult as any of which I have knowledge. . . . Between 1846 and the time when his land was patented Laframboise could have changed his mind about many things." David Duniway, Oregon State Archivist, to author, September 19, 1967. The question of Laframboise's homesites is more fully developed in the unpublished Life of Michel Laframboise by the author.

is that his original claim, taken when land was free for the settling, exceeded the limits allowed under the Donation Land Law and had to be scaled down to conform.

In order to file under the 1850 law, he was obliged to take out citizenship papers, which he did reluctantly on October 14, 1851, while remaining "thoroughly unreconstructed" at heart. "He never did become reconciled to the idea that this land belonged to the United States. He hated the notion of anything American"—thus the recollection of his descendants.

From the new site he ran a ferry across the Willamette at Champoege, or hired Indians to run it for him, for age and bad eyesight were overtaking him. His precise and delicate handwriting had by this time become a coarse scrawl requiring two lines to accommodate his lengthy name. He suffered a paralytic stroke during his later years, and having sold his land claim in two parcels, went to the home of a daughter, probably Josette Labonte, as she alone of his five girls was married at the time.

There he died two years later, January 25, 1861, and is buried unmarked in the Old Cemetery at St. Paul, his "sepulture" having been witnessed by two old companions, Pierre LaCourse and Cuthbert Lambert dit Robillard. The big house that he had built on a rise well back from the river "because he feared high water" washed away in the great flood of the following winter. Emilie

outlived him by forty years; she does not lie beside him, but in Vancouver near her step-son, Young Michel, whom she had cherished above her own children, or so it seemed to them.

Harriet D. Munnick

"Still Michel Laframboise--Only Older"

Jim is not his name, but it will do. As he holds the delusion that his employer is unaware of his Indian ancestry, he resents any question reflecting it. Only when he is slightly warmed by liquor or taken by surprise will he offer much more than "Oh, 'way back along the line somewhere", or "That was my mother's name! She was raised on the Prairie," or he will fall silent about the origin of some pourboire he is tendering. For Jim is boss in a job that is slightly above his ability to handle, and he must operate on a pinched budget besides. At times it becomes necessary to ask outside help or material from a man he does not entirely trust, but one who has never failed to bail him out of his current problem. Jim then produces some token, with just enough grudging information to prove its worth, for his man is a lover of history.

The gift usually comes from a vaguely defined region "up in Washington". "Everybody in the family had a lot of old stuff from the Hudson Bay Store." He will tell just so much and no more. His own words will have to constitute the story, since no verification can be made beyond the evidence inherent in the article itself.

The first gift to cross the desk was a small footed glass, but whether a wine glass for the table or a glass an apothecary might use has never been determined. It is well built and heavy, with a solid base continuous with the stem. Both rim and base have been cut and polished. Jim had no reticence about the glass, since family was not involved. He had found it many years before, he said, while digging post holes in the vicinity of the lagoon at old Fort Vancouver, long before the National Monument marked the spot. The lagoon had been filled in shortly after the American Army took over the site, but the lagoon bed was mucky still. He had brought up the little unbroken glass from a depth of three or four feet, along with bits of corroded iron. Some of his post holes went through a sort of textured soil that he thought might once have been wood. He had saved the glass for a curio only, and if his man cared to have it, well, it was his.

A second bit of glassware followed some time later. This was a salt cellar of common pattern, large and square on four solid feet. In contrast to the wine glass, which had come pristine from the mud and water, the salt dish was nicked and battered by hard usage and tinted purple with age. Strangely, an individual sterling silver salt spoon two inches long still accompanied the dip. "The barrel", Jim said tersely, then added, "A mouse had made a little nest in it."

"My grandmother's slate," he said of the next. "She went to school at the Cowlitz Mission." Who his grandmother was or when she attended the mission school was not forthcoming. The slate might be of any time in the past century. One side is scored with columns

for sums. If only Jim were not so tight-lipped! He knows a great deal more than he will tell.

One day near the beginning of the Christmas season he appeared with a fine old gimballed brass lamp socket, such as were once used on shipboard. No doubt it had once held a glass font for whaleoil. He was, for Jim, almost voluble concerning it and gave a straightforward account. "My great-grandfather was named McKay, Thomas McKay, I think it was. He came from Scotland, Aberdeen, if I remember right, where he had spent his apprenticeship building steam engines. As a young man, the company he was working for sent him to Fort Vancouver to help install and troubleshoot the engines in the Hudson Bay ships. He stayed on in the employ of Hudson Bay as an engineer or fireman or repair man of some sort. This was some time in the 1840's; my grandmother was born in 1849, and she had an older brother." (No mention was made of the race nor ancestry of the children's mother.) "Some time or other a Hudson Bay boat burned, either intentionally after being grounded, or accidentally fired and grounded in a salvage attempt. Great-grandfather McKay salvaged hardware from the burned boat and built a small boat for himself for use on Puget Sound. He ran it for a while, then he got drowned, and the boat went to his son, who had a farm near Cowlitz. The son removed all the salvagable hardware and the engine. He sold the hull as a barge and the engine to a mine operator to run the pumps. Along in the 1880's or early 1890's the son built a small steamboat, not much more than a launch, to operate on the Columbia and Cowlitz Rivers hauling farm products and so on. He used the same hardware from the old boats, and a threshing machine engine. The boat did not prove either seaworthy or economical, so it was burned after the engine and hardware were removed. The engine was later used in a sawmill; this lamp is one of the old original Hudson Bay boat fittings."

Could the Hudson's Bay boat have been the Seabird, wrecked near Victoria in 1858?

A year later the last to date of his gratuities appeared, with an apology for its poor condition. This was a round silk fan, painted with a romantic scene of a lord and several ladies and a gypsy fortune-teller, the artist, A. Laurance. It is, as he observed, well-worn and grimy. "It was given to Old Madame," he explained. "She treasured it." He very nearly refused to reply when his man pursued the lead respectfully. "It was a gift to cherish. Old Madame who?" After a long, tense pause, Jim answered shortly, "Name was Laframboise."

Old Madame Laframboise--that would be Emelie Picard, wife of Michel, whose love of finery was chronicled by Elijah White, riding out

with the fur train in feathers and blue broadcloth and bells, aged sixteen. I do not know when she died, only that she outlived her husband by many years but never outlived her taste for dress. Somewhere is a garnet cross laid away, much prized by Emelie. It had been part of her rosary, but the beads had been broken and lost. Some priest had got it for her when she lost an earlier rosary given to her at the time of her baptism and marriage in 1839.

Little by little the family history unfolds with successive visits between the men; it is unfolding still. Jim's mother died in 1964, quite aged. "She slept a great deal of the time. One night she went to sleep and didn't wake up." Soon after, Jim, who had been clearing up her things, gave his man two pictures. The girl in the Civil War era taffeta dress and the little parasol was his grandmother, born in 1849 to steamfitter Thomas McKay. She was educated at the Cowlitz Mission, and had used the lined slate. The man in the daguerreotype case is the Laframboise son that she married.

A few months before her death, Jim showed his mother the picture from the Labonte album, that of the chesty Frenchman with his native wife and small baby. She said it "looked like Emelie Laframboise; the man she didn't know." Emelie (if she) was still slender and pert when the picture was taken, which could not have been earlier than the mid-1850's, by "McGowan, Cathlamet". She looked far more native than white, with the thin-lipped, proud carriage of the Indians east of the Cascades. She dressed in a smart pre-Civil War foulard gown with white collar and cuffs and a velvet band, and a narrow ribbon holding back her heavy, dark hair. She held her latest baby, who was wearing a long white christening robe, one would guess, as proudly as if he were the first created man. Stocky, dark Michel, seated beside her, stuck out his chest in pride also, but it is plain to see he had met his match in his wife in more ways than one.

The resemblance between the man in the picture and the known pen-and-wash sketch of Laframboise made "by a sailor"--perhaps Drayton or Agate of the Wilkes Expedition in 1841--together with the quasi-identification of Emelie by one who knew her, leaves little doubt that both pictures are of the same "low and corpulent" man that Wilkes described. But by the time of the photograph, no longer did he wear the "full Chinook costume, painted and decked" of the interpreter Alexander Ross saw, nor the high-muffled stock and scarf of the post master of the thirties; he was now soberly dressed in conventional black. Gone were ^{his} vivacity, gone the abandoned hilarity that threw him from his horse in a fall that would have killed him had he not been so drunk. His ~~hair~~ ^{hair} and beard ~~were~~ ^{were} decently trimmed, and he posed stiffly with an air of conscious respectability, yet he still managed to look vaguely simian.

Other photographs down the line show his sons rather typical metis, his daughters poised and fashionably dressed. One, Josette, is hollow-eyed and doomed, another laced tightly into a braided print gown, another--the one who "was sent to Virginia to study music"--quite the calm lady of distinction, one a wide-eyed young girl with sensitive lips and scrambled hair. They seem to have inherited their mother's ability to wear clothes tastefully.

Michel Laframbois had a farm on the river at Champoeg, where he died in 1861 and near which he was buried in the old Cemetery at St. Paul, but he had also a farm west of Vancouver, where he lived at some period. The house stood at Laframboise Road and Xavier Street, below Vancouver Lake, at a spot now occupied by an aluminum plant. It is this Vancouver home that Jim's mother best remembered, apparently, when she would recount to the little boy bits about "stuff from Fort Vancouver" and what old Emelie had told her about life in the early days.

There were many good articles about the house, she remembered, for Michel had done well enough in the Company and on the farm. Among the recollections she handed down to Jim was a pair of tall, peach-colored vases or urns that stood on the mantelpiece. They pictured people in fancy costumes, she said, very ornate. There was also a pair of brass candlesticks, and many Chinese things, such as the blue and white footed bowls that had belonged to Emelie's parents, and an elaborate tea caddy embossed with roses and grapes and the arms of Great Britain, and tall gray and brown ginger jars. Ginger, Jim explained parenthetically, was used in many ways other than as a condiment. "In our family we used to pickle meat with it. The meat was cut into small pieces and put to soak in ginger. When you wanted to use it, most of the ginger would wash out. We used ginger tea for colds, too." There was the lacquer box neatly fitted with little trays for medicine to be carried in a packsaddle on the trail, and a Chinese doll for the little girl to play with, any number of nice things no longer recalled.

All sorts of tools had been bought at the Fort--everybody had those, like the froe and the tongue-and-groove planes and the perforated iron paddle used for stirring soap. Old Michel had a deep interest in stock improvement, and little statuettes of bulls were a sort of hobby with him; he had them all around! There was a set of big books, "Maison Rustique", that Father Delorme had brought out to use in the boys' school at St. Paul. They were in French, of course, and bore Father Delorme's name in front. When the school died out with the California gold rush, the books were given to Michel Laframboise as one of the few farmers who could read and profit by them. There was still a scrap of paper marking the place

he had been reading about the construction and stocking of fish ponds.

The mention of the books, and of an early fountain pen belonging to "Old Madame" opened the way for a direct question as Jim related his impressions. "Of course she was literate!" he said with some surprise. "Her Bible was in English. She read both English and French. She understood English, but she wouldn't speak it." Emelie had been married at sixteen, in 1837, or it may have been even earlier, fur-trader fashion, and where she got her education was something of a puzzle. Had it been at Fort Vancouver in the early school, or had her father, Andre Picard, who was evidently literate, as the master of a post, taught her? Jim gave the matter some thought, then said family legend had it that Michel taught her. One winter they were snowed in somewhere for the whole season, during which time he taught his wife to read and write. She must have had abundant native intelligence to master both English and French in one winter.

Most appealing of the legendary items that have sifted down to the present are housewifery bits, as if Emelie had been the Betty Crocker of her day. All baking was done in beehive ovens out-of-doors, in Canadian fashion, and the loaves taken out with a peel, once they were settled on the Prairie and the trail campfires left behind. Candles were expensive "when she was first married", and the common people had no suitable fat nor knowledge of candle-making. Instead, they peeled small cattail stems and took out the pith in a long core. Any small dish or container, usually a clamshell, held fish oil, into which one end of the pith dipped while the other end rested on the rim.

As for wild food other than fish and meat, Jim did very well for a man to recall her ancient recipes. His mental cookbook, which he claimed was sketchy indeed, included:

- lily buds and sprouts, fried
- Cattail bloom spikes, fried
- cattail pollen--flour
- cattail roots, pounded--flour
- cattail stalks (young)--like asparagus
- berries of all sorts
- rose hips
- elder berries--in batter, fried in deep fat
- choke cherry--soup
- wild onions
- dandelion roots--coffee
- some sort of grass seed--boiled
- water cress--raw
- milkweed--boiled in three waters
- violet leaves--boiled
- violet flowers--raw, for salad

Choke cherry soup and violet flower salad would seem an experiment worthwhile trying.

LaFramboise on the Farm

1793-1861
(1842-1858)

Did Bill, Michel's step-great-grandson, know where Michel's house had stood on French Prairie?

Not exactly; it was about half or three quarters of a mile west of Champoege, and while Bill's mother had never known it, she could describe the place from Emelie's stories. It sat on a knoll or ridge some distance from the river, the highest piece of ground on the farm that was near the road and away from the river, for old Michel was afraid of high water. The house faced the road. There was a small creek nearby which was deepened and dammed to water the stock. The barn was right beside it. The barn was log, but the house was of lumber, two storied on the front, with a long, single story part going out behind. The parlor went clear across the front of the house with a big fireplace opposite the door from the porch, which ran clear across the front of the house. They had fairly close neighbors, two of them, and the door was always open to all that wanted to stop. It was apparently a very popular place.

(Andre Longtain
and
Joseph Despard)
H.O.M.

(As nearly as Bill could remember, and he has almost "total recall", this is the way his mother used to tell it as a quote from Emelie in her mixed up French and English, complete with accents and pantomime, for Bill is an excellent mimic.)

"We used to get together and bake bread--we had a big big oven! All the womens, they would bring their dough and we would bake and bake. The men were doing butchering then. When the day was over we would all eat hot bread and butter with blood pudding, brains, and fresh leever. That was always the time to show off your best pickles and preserves; and when the men started drinking their "big wine" and smoking their pipes and talking their big talk and telling their lies was the time to bring out the pickled and marinated birds from the year before--the best piece was breast of duck marinated in vinegar, salt, and sweet red wine.

"The young peoples used to like to get a dance going sometimes, but they had to be careful that the priest didn't know about it before. At the dances the boys and girls never came in couples. It maybe planned for a couple of weeks but it had to appear very casual and spur-of-the-moment. The house was always clean like a tooth and Monsieur and Madame would be sitting on the porch or somethings like that when a young fellow would drop by to ask Monsieur's opinion about something that he didn't really care anything about. Soon some other young fellows would ride up and they would arrange a race, always winding up in front of the selected house agains and always asking Monsieur to call who the winner was. Some filles would have

wandered by by that time and they would stop on the porch with Monsieur and Madame to watch the race. The boys, they yelled a lot. Then every boy would tease every girl. Monsieur would then invite all to taste his wine and roast some apples in the fire or fireplace. Then Monsieur would start a song--he had a good and strong voice and knew all kinds of songs--he could sing for hours--but he would get the young peoples to sing, too. Then while some sang and some would dance, then Monsieur and Madame would quietly leave from the sight but not from the sound. The little children were sent to bed. When it was late enough, Monsieur would always serve cold meats, cakes, dried fruit, bread, barley-water, and so on. Then Monsieur and Madame would escort the visiting girls home in a horse-drawn cart or wagon, but most of the girls really walked home hanging onto a boy's arm and leading the horse of the boy, not so far from the cart as to cause gossip but far enough to make sweet talk--and all the time Monsieur and Madame looked straight ahead and heard nothing."

Was LaFramboise religious, a pillar in the church?

"That bull-shitter? NO! said Bill. But he was always on good terms with the priest, and although he was a sharp trader with the Americans, slickering them whenever he could, he was the soul of generosity with his French neighbors. Whenever a family in need came to the attention of the priest, he would merely send an Indian with a cart round to LaFramboise for a load of supplies for "an unknown" poor family. Michel had so instructed the priest; he did not want to know where the supplies went.

Christmas was a different thing. At that season old Michel himself mounted his high, two-wheeled cart and drove around the settlement distributing "Christmas gifts" of provisions--squashes, corn, meat, all sorts of produce in abundance. A poor family might receive a quarter of beef, or if the family was large, even a half. Distances were long, roads bad, and there had to be much visiting along with the gifts, so that it sometimes took a month to make the rounds.

At first Emelie had made dolls for their girls; later on, the girls themselves helped make dolls for the Christmas distribution. The young folks made something of a bee of it; the boys provided leather and whittled out wooden arms and legs, while the girls stitched up bodies out of tanned leather, like deerskin. The dolls were about twelve inches high, and made to sit up by loading the bottoms with something heavy, like sand. The rest of the stuffing was feathers and some sort of sweet-smelling herb designed to make the dolls more attractive. One battered old doll still remained in Bill's childhood. He did not care for it--"The leather tasted bad." Through a split in the stitching he sometimes caught a faint odor from the "sweet-smelling herbs". A stick ran up through the doll's body into the head, which was made of rawhide leather molded over something round. (Or a knob carved on the end of the stick?) The features were tooled into the hide, with

eye sockets set deep, so that the eyes, which were large blue beads glued in endwise to make pupils, were not on the surface but in natural position. The faces were painted white and colored, he thought, but on the one he remembered the paint was so worn and peeling it was hard to say. The head was apparently made of two pieces of leather or skin, the one in the back having the fur still left on; this "hair" got worn off in time, inevitably.

Emelie used to say that Michel had made a doll house for the little girls and their leather dolls, and that later on, when they had china dolls, they still seemed to prefer the home-made ones in the dollhouse.

(A few days after hearing Bill's foregoing report, we investigated the site, matching his description with a Land Office map and a contour map. There seemed to be little doubt about the location. The little creek drains out of Ady's Lake, a thin, deep meander lake like a sudden gash in the silted fields. The knoll is a sharp little rise or ridge. At the end above the lake we found a great concentration of bricks somewhat removed from the greatest concentration of shards and window glass bits, perhaps the remains of Emelie's "big big" beehive outdoor oven. The house seems to have stood exactly where Bill said it did, between the river and the old "race track" road. A few firs stand between the site and the rim of the lake, and several fine large oaks, if standing in those days, as from their size they must have stood, would have been at the side of the front yard. The view in front is of grain fields sweeping up the rising ground toward the present road. Amongst the shards of blue willow, painted cottage ware, bottle glass, and printed ironstone, we picked up half of a child's doll teapot.)

He was a thoroughly unreconstructed man. He never did become reconciled to the idea that this land belonged to the United States. He hated the notion of anything American. He refused to pay taxes and never filed a claim on his land, though he did become an American citizen late in life, apparently to secure his land rights for his heirs.

Oh, yes, the rest of the Christmas holiday. Christmas started with High Mass at midnight, very fancy and showy, and a feast afterward, then home with many stops along the way for drinks, cookies, candies, and so on. Christmas for the family was on Christmas Eve, before going to church. Holiday festivities and visiting and so on lasted until January ninth. Sometime in there, near the end of the season, there was a big feed at the church and a "Le Gateau des Roi"—some sort of a big cake. Everybody had some, but the boys and the little girls had another; the boys' cake had a bean hidden in it, and the girls' a pea. The boy and girl who got the hidden bean and pea were the king and queen of the Festival of St. -----I can't remember the name of that saint. But it was on January ninth, and the end of the festivities.

The bell at St. Paul that called everybody to the church could be heard far and wide across the prairie. They rang it morning and evening every day, and I think at noon as well. When someone died, they rang one loud "Bong", followed, after a pause, by six strokes for a woman, nine for a man. This was followed by the "age of life" bell, a stroke for each year. And that's all I can remember right now of what my mother used to say Emelie had told her about Christmas on the prairie.

* * * * *

This is Bill's story in his own words, with few questions asked and no interruptions, lest all be lost. He does not love the Laframboise name, being only a step-relation, but he is discerning and tries to be objective. "Monsieur" and "Madame" are of course Michel and Emelie Picard Laframboise, his wife. One by one their little relics trickle down to me through Bill's hands -- Michel's books and tools and silver pencil, Emelie's pictures, chinaware, and garnet necklaces.

From the photostat of his marriage record, I see that Michel spelled Laframboise with but one capital letter. Once, when he seemed to pause to dip his quill in the inkpot, he left out the "b" upon resumption.

On Laframboise Road

Now that her husband was dead and the old home sold, The Prairie held nothing ~~more~~ for Emelie. Young Michel was still single in a big house on the farm near Vancouver that his father had provided for him earlier. This son, although not her own, was cherished by Emelie over all the rest, or so they felt with some resentment. In her eyes he could do no wrong. So taking her younger children with her, for the older girls were now married, at work, or at school, she went to live on the Vancouver farm.

For years the old white house could be seen behind its trees on a country road west of town, still known as Laframboise Road, between the Columbia River and Vancouver Lake. It is gone now, and an aluminum plant occupies the site, but then it was a commodious, somewhat elegantly furnished home where Emelie ruled in matriarchal dignity. Peach colored urns painted with French court scenes stood on the mantle; Old Michel's statuettes of bulls, his books on agriculture and hers on religion, the family tree done in hair by one of the girls at school, her carved picture album that had a music box concealed in a false cover, and a horde of other Victorian trivia filled the rooms. Nothing, it seems, was ever destroyed.

Emelie saw to it that Michel's single state was soon corrected. She learned through the priest that a young widow with a small child had lately returned from The Prairie to the parish of Cowlitz, which had been her home before her brief and tragic marriage. Emelie had the gentle young Margaret installed as housekeeper in the Laframboise home before the moon changed, with the expected result: Michel presently married her. His sisters took it illy to have the erstwhile "servant girl" elevated to a position of some authority over them, though it is unlikely she ever asserted the prerogatives of her new status. One head in a household was better than two. She was ever obedient and respectful to her mother-in-law, and genuinely loved her.

Emelie, she always averred, was fair. She was determined, and even vindictive when crossed, feeling certain she was being thwarted in a course that was right, but she was fair. Any gift to her own small children called for a similar gift to Margaret's little Rose, and when Michel's own children came along, it was share and share alike for all. The little girl grew up absorbing all the woman-talk between her mother and grandmother, all the half-legendary days on the trail and wholly legendary native tales, which she could

recount verbatim all her life, having what is called a photographic memory.

Since Michel was now provided for, Emelie felt she was free to marry again when a newcomer from Canada, his name not recorded, began to come calling with serious intent. She was willing, and set about wedding plans. One of the items she bought was a set of dishes in the Indus pattern, a popular design of water birds and plants done in brown and touched up with rust color. As this pattern was registered by Ridgway in 1877, it is certain that the belated romance came after that year.

Her children were aghast at the idea. Their mother was hale and full of fire, but she was sixty-five years old. The fellow must be an adventurer who had his sights set on her money, or worse yet, on the farm! After a guarded consultation together, someone--no doubt Michel--issued an ultimatum: Get Out and Stay Out.

Although the directive was given in person and with grim seriousness, the suiter refused to heed. He and Emelie were both old enough to manage their own affairs, and the family could save its breath, his response implied. As a newcomer, he perhaps did not recognize the deadly intent of a metis when defied.

He failed to come at the expected time the following week, and the next week after. What Emelie thought no one knew, for she kept her own counsel. A familiar horse, which no one admitted knowing, had been found a few days after the first defection grazing along a wooded trail with the saddle under his belly. The third week, or thereabouts, boatmen in one of the backwater sloughs of the Columbia fished up the waterlogged body of a man with the face shot away as if with a shotgun blast. Identification was considered "impossible", regardless of the suit of clothes he was wearing, and the coroner pronounced it a case of "accidental death".

Still no one said anything at home, not even Emelie. They never discussed the affair in all the years that followed, but they felt they knew what she thought: "Amongst them they had done it, one or all of them, only not Michel. She would suspect them all the rest of her life and hold it against them. Michel and Margaret were the only ones that could be trusted now."

Young Michel's Wife

Margaret McKay was not pretty, but she was as winsome a little maid as ever stood before an early day photographer. She would have been about sixteen at the time of the Civil War and wore the full hoop-skirted dress of the ~~era~~ era, gathered and pleated to a narrow waist. It was made of dark taffeta with a self-edging of tiny pleats around bell sleeves and shoulder width bretelle; a little turn-down collar of white and puffed undersleeves with buttoned wristbands gave her a look as modest as that of the Sisters who had overseen its construction. She wore no wedding ring, and it is quite likely the dress was a finishing project at the Cowlitz Mission School. Her heavy dark hair was confined in a snood, one dainty hand held a parasol, while the fingertips of the other touched a ~~jardinier~~ of roses.

Two items from her schooldays at the mission remain, one, her slate with one side scored with fine lines to aid in adding sums, the other memento half a torn motto. This may have been meant for a bookmark, having been kept all the years in Emelie's Bible, or it may have been simply an exercise in needlework, like a sampler. The word "Love" remains; the missing half may have continued "God" or "Thy Neighbor". It is worked on the sort of strong perforated cardboard used for such Victorian wall mottoes as "God Bless Our Home", in remarkably delicate stitches of green, coral, and yellow silk; one looks twice to see that it is not painted instead.

The convent school would certainly have provided also thorough training in good manners, morality, and religion. Upon graduation, a schoolgirl was considered ready for marriage and homemaking. Margaret, we fancy, steps out of the little brown picture to face the world.

Her father had not been French, but Scotch. His given name is thought to have been Thomas, but he is not the Thomas McKay well known at Fort Vancouver. He had served his apprenticeship in building steam engines in Aberdeen. As a young man he was sent by his company to Fort Vancouver to help install and trouble-shoot engines in the steamers coming into use in the fur trade empire during the eighteen-forties. He remained in the Northwest in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company as engineer, fireman, or repair man, and after the withdrawal of the Company to Canada, worked in the same capacities for other steamship lines.

In his early days during the 1840's he took a native wife, of whom nothing is known beyond the birth of a son to her in 1847 and of a daughter, Margaret, in 1849. The family seem to have lived on a farm in the Cowlitz settlement, which was home port for McKay between runs. Sometime during his employment as repairman, he decided to go into business for himself in a small way. An unknown ship, said to have belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company, was burned accidentally or possibly by intent,

probably during the gold rush to the Fraser in 1858. Circumstances suggest it might have been the Sea Bird, which was not, however, a Company ship. McKay salvaged or purchased some of the hardware and built a small boat for use on Puget Sound. In some unrecorded way, probably by storm, the boat was eventually damaged and McKay was drowned. His son removed the hardware, sold the hull for a barge, and sold the engine to a mine operator to run a pump. Presently, about 1890 at a guess, he built a small steamboat, hardly more than a launch, to run on the Cowlitz and Columbia rivers hauling farm produce. He used the same old fittings, twice salvaged, and a threshing machine engine for power. The boat proved to be neither economical nor seaworthy, so once more the hardware and engine were removed and the hull burned. The engine went into a sawmill. Through all the vicissitudes of successive boats one piece of original hardware has come down to the present, a gimballed brass lamp socket now permanently aground on my living room wall.

Meanwhile, Margaret had married a French Canadian, Des Rivieres, lately come from the East and not a Hudson's Bay man. The young pair went down to French Prairie, where there was construction work to be had, for Des Rivieres was a sort of blacksmith-carpenter by trade. Here their daughter Rose Marie was born in 1873. Shortly afterward the young husband was killed in a construction accident, thought to have been in the railroad work then being crowded through in the race between competing lines.

Margaret returned with her baby to her people at Cowlitz, where Emelie Laframboise instead took charge of her future. The Vancouver house would seem to have been well filled with three sets of children, for to Emelie's younger children and little Rose Marie, Michel and Margaret shortly added more of their own. "But Rose Marie was the apple of young Michel's eye", her grandson recalls, "and he gave her, if anything, more affection than he did his own children, though he loved all children and would give them anything they wanted--teased them a lot, but would give in at the end."

Although not serene, the household was not wholly inharmonious under the dictatorship of the matriarch. At some period of her later life Emelie left the Catholic Church for the Evangelical United Brethren, her devotion no whit abated, for in her nature piety was an essential ingredient, whatever expression it assumed or what personal storminess it must reconcile. She taught her children and grandchildren from Illustrated Scripture History in two volumes, whose worn edges and loose pages testify to intensive use. The fine steel engravings, of which there are many,

done in the fashion of illuminations without color, may have lightened for the children the Biblical moral tone of the lessons. As the books are printed in English, which Emelie could read but would not speak, the question comes to mind as to how she managed the Bible stories. Perhaps reading aloud did not count for speaking English in her lexicon.

Alder Bark and China

The culinary practise of a half-blood housewife was a curiously mixed heritage. Since a girl's native blood always came from the maternal side, she learned from her mother how to gather and prepare food in the ancient way of the tribe. Yet these native mothers, being adept in adjusting to the situation at hand, had shortly learned the use of white Man's goods, including foods. In the universal way of women they became good or bad housekeepers according to their ability or incentive. Some learned to bake bread of first quality, others could not make passable butter, but all modified the old ways to some extent once they had left the trail for settled life in a cabin.

Their daughters learned the old native ways by oral tradition or by experience on the trail with their parents, and they learned cabin cookery as their mothers interpreted it. Those who attended mission schools got a foundation of home economics from the European born Sisters. When they married, their white husbands remembered the old French-Canadian ways as the best and tried to teach the girls as they recalled their own mothers' household. All in all, the half-breed girls may have been better equipped for pioneer life than the covered wagon white women. Although the latter often ate wapato, it is doubtful that they ever waded out into the swamps to gather it or the wokus, or dug the camas that were still staple winter food amongst the tribes.

Here comes to mind Maurice, who is a husky high school coach, but when a child he had been small and weak and so was treated like a girl. "I was always with my mother a lot when she went to visit her relatives", he said. "I heard all the old legends then. I went with her to gather wokus in the lakes. That is the yellow pond lily. The seed pods grow on the bottom of the stem, like a bulb. (He seems to have been mistaken about the part they gathered being seeds.) They used to wade out deep for it. Now they go out in canoes. They have a split stick with a wooden piece to hold it apart, or metal if they could find it. They take hold of a stem and follow it down and then pull off the pod with the hook; or if the water is deep, they slip the top of the stem through the hook and follow it down that way. They sun-dry the seeds and grind them up and preserve them in water. No, they don't ferment; they will keep all winter. It looks like sand, good eating. Now they eat it with sugar, like mush, but of course they used to eat it plain.

"Tules—we used to eat them all the time. You pull up one of the stems; if you pull it right, you bring up a white part at the base. You cut off the very bottom, a half-inch or so, and

eat the white part raw. What does it taste like? It tastes neutral, sort of chalky, perhaps.

"Gu-wam, that's a trash fish. People won't touch them, the white people, but they (the Indians) always ate them. You'd see the fish by the dam at the mouth of Williamson's River, thousands, looked like millions. They would scoop them out and dry them over a fire, and they would keep for years. They would cut off the heads and boil them to eat. Yes, you'd think they would be boney and scaley, but." (But what? Ate them anyway, or did the heads boil into a gelatinous mass? He ~~st~~ simply left it there.)

On the other hand, the recollections of Marguerite Pichet are wholly of the old French way. She recalled the visit of the priest, Father Blanchet, when she was five years old. "To us little children," she said, "it was like God coming into the house. We all kneeled to receive his blessing. He put his hands on my head and blessed me, and said, 'Get up, little girl.'"

"Then he said, 'Come on, children, eat with me. I want you all at the table.' (There were seventeen of them.) I will never forget that day! When I was about ten or twelve years old I used to knit socks for him. He was like a saint on earth. All the people loved him. When my mother baked every Saturday, making bread in the big brick oven outside the house, the largest loaf was always for the priest."

The whole picture was an overlapping collage of the two cultures, the wild game against the beef and pork and poultry of the primitive farm, wild berries supplemented by cultivated apples from the Fort, native herbs dressed like garden vegetables. The grandchildren of Emelie Picard, whose mother was an Okanagan woman and whose father a postmaster in the Hudson's Bay Company, remembered her as a matriarch fond of dress and garnets. But the very early customs of her girlhood lurked in the back of her mind, to be brought out and recounted to her devoted daughter-in-law Margaret as the two shelled peas or kneaded bread in the kitchen they shared at Fort Vancouver.

Ordinary cat-tails growing in wet places were much more widely distributed than wapato; you could take the root or bottom part of the stalk, she would explain, and pound it into flour. You could make flour out of the pollen, too, only it was hard to collect very much of that. Take the stalks when they were young and you could cook them like asparagus. You could fry the flower heads, like fish, while they were still green and tender. Wokas, the yellow water lily, could be used about as well; you fried the buds and boiled the young sprouts.

"Berries of all sorts, just the same as now, we had. Also, rose hips are good to use. The blue elderberries we had in a special way; we mixed those in a batter and fried them in deep fat, like beignets. The choke cherries we made into soup.

"You can boil all sorts of plants for greens—dandelions, nettles, ferns, violet leaves, just about anything, and milk-weed, too, only you must boil that in three waters to get rid of the bitter. Wild onions you may cook or not, just as you choose. Grass seed you can boil for porridge, and dandelion roots for coffee. A Frenchman must always have his salad, so you have water cress or any little young plant and season it with violet flowers, something like bacon they taste. But the violet leaves you must boil."

"Nobody needed to go hungry. It was a woman's place to keep her eye out sharp where such things grew. Cat-tails for mats, cedar roots for baskets, stones for grinding, such things she must know where to find. If she need a candle, she pushed a stick of pith out of a cat-tail stalk and set it in a clam shell full of fish oil or bear grease.

"We knew lots of wild medicines, but we got ginger from the Company store, and that is good, too. Nothing better than hot, strong ginger tea to break up a cold. It will also preserve pickled meat. That is why we have so many ginger jars about the place. Now," she would finish imperiously, "you may bring me a coddled egg in the little blue Chinese cup, and be sure you put the cover on to keep it hot!"

Tabu

~~"Still M-L Only Older"~~~~Barrel in a Barn Loft~~ *still*

Jim is not his name, but it will do. As he holds the delusion that his employer is unaware of his Indian ancestry, he resents any question reflecting it. Only when he is slightly warmed by liquor or taken by surprise will he offer much more than, "Oh, 'way back along the line somewhere", or "That was my mother's name! She was raised on the Prairie.", or he will fall silent about the origin of some pourboire he is tendering. For Jim is boss in a job that is slightly above his ability to handle, and he must operate on a pinched budget besides. At times it becomes necessary to ask outside help or material from a man he does not entirely trust, but one who has never failed to bail him out of his current problem. Jim then produces some token ~~from the barrel~~, with just enough grudging information to prove its worth, for his man is a lover of history.

~~Sometimes the gift comes from "the barrel", sometimes from "the barn loft" in a vaguely defined region. "Oh, up in Washington. A whole loft full of old stuff the family had, stuff from the Hudson Bay store." Perhaps the things he extracts from the left are not his to give. In any case, he will tell just so much and no more. His own words will have to constitute the story, since no verification can be made beyond the evidence inherent in the article itself.~~

Everybody in the family had a lot of old stuff

The first gift to cross the desk was a small footed glass, but whether a wine glass for the table or a glass an apothecary might use has never been determined. It is well built and heavy, with a solid base continuous with the stem. Both rim and base have been cut and polished. Jim had no reticence about the glass, since family was not involved. He had found it many years before, he said, while digging post holes in the vicinity of the lagoon at old Fort Vancouver, long before the National Monument marked the site. The lagoon had been filled in shortly after the American Army took over the spot, but the lagoon bed was mucky still. He had brought up the little unbroken glass from a depth of three to four feet, along with bits of corroded iron. Some of his post holes went through a sort of textured soil that he thought might once have been wood. He had saved the glass for a curio only, and if his man cared to have it, well, it was his.

A second piece of glassware followed some time later. This was a salt cellar of common pattern, large and solid on four square feet. In contrast to the wine glass, which had come pristine from the mud and water, the salt dish was nicked and battered

by hard usage and tinted purple with age. Strangely, an individual sterling silver salt spoon two inches long still accompanied the dip. "The barrel", Jim said tersely, then added, "A mouse had made a little nest in it."

"My grandmother's slate," he said. "she went to school at the Cowlitz Mission." Who his grandmother was or when she attended the mission school was not forthcoming. The slate might be of any time in the past century. One side is scored with columns for sums. If only Jim were not so tight-lipped! He knows a great deal more than he will tell.

omit here { "I'll ^{tell} bring you a ^{about} vase," he announced, after some particular favor. "It came from the Hudson Bay store at Vancouver. It has raised pictures on it, maybe the Hudson Bay seal, I don't know." It turned out plainly to be no vase, but a tea caddy, though the lid was missing. It probably once had a pewter cover fitting over the neck, which is the only undecorated part of the urn. Delicately modelled garlands of flowers and bunches of grapes are applied to the shoulders, and below is the British coat of arms of the period of the fourth King George and King William, from 1816 to 1837. The piece is earthenware, highly glazed in orange-brown that in artificial light quite resembles carnival glass. How an article of the sort fits into Jim's background is something of a puzzle.

One day near the beginning of the Christmas season he appeared with a fine old gimballed brass lamp socket, such as were once used on shipboard. No doubt it had once held a glass font for whale oil. He was, for Jim, almost voluble concerning it and gave a straightforward account. "My great-grandfather was named McKay, Thomas McKay. He came from Scotland, Aberdeen, I think it was, where he had served his apprenticeship building steam engines. As a young man, the company he was working for sent him to Fort Vancouver to help install and troubleshoot the engines in the Hudson Bay ships. He stayed on in the employ of Hudson Bay as an engineer or fireman or repair man of some sort. This was sometime in the 1840's; my grandmother was born in 1849, and she had an older brother." (No mention was made of the race nor ancestry of the children's mother.) "Some time or other a Hudson Bay boat burned, either intentionally after being grounded or accidentally fired and grounded in a salvage attempt. Great-grandfather McKay salvaged hardware from the burned boat and built a small boat for himself for use on Puget Sound. He ran it for a while, then he got drowned, and the boat passed to his son, who had a farm near Cowlitz. The son removed all the salvagable hardware and the engine. He sold the hull as a barge and the engine to a mine operator to run the pumps. Along in the 1880's or early 1890's the son built a small steamboat, not much more than a launch, to operate on the Columbia and Cowlitz Rivers hauling farm products and so on. He used the same hardware from the old boats, and a threshing machine engine.

The boat did not prove either seaworthy or economical, so it was burned after the engine and hardware were removed. The engine was later used in a sawmill; this lamp is one of the old original Hudson Bay boat fittings."

Could the Hudson's Bay boat have been the Seabird, wrecked near Victoria in 1858?

A year later the last to date of his gratuities appeared, with an apology for its poor condition. This was a round silk fan painted in a romantic scene of a lord and ladies and gypsy fortune teller, the artist A. Laurance. It is, as he observed, well-worn and grimy. "It was given to Old Madame," he explained. "She treasured it." He very nearly refused to reply when his man pursued the lead respectfully. "It was a gift to cherish. Old Madame Who?" After a long, tense pause, Jim answered shortly, "Name was Laframboise."

Old Madame Laframboise. ^{that would be} Was she the Emelie Picard, wife of Michel, whose love of finery was chronicled by Elijah White, riding out with the fur train in feathers and blue broadcloth and bells, aged sixteen? I do not know when she died, only that she outlived her husband. ^{by many years} Do not be concerned, Jim; this chapter will never be public. The things you part with will be better cared for than in a barrel in a barn loft. What other treasures may not that trove contain!

she never cultivated her taste for dress. (cross here)

* * *

Little by little the family history unfolds with successive gifts; it is unfolding still. Jim's mother died in a nursing home in March, 1964, quite aged. "She slept a great deal of the time. One night she went to sleep and didn't wake up." Soon after, Jim, who must have been clearing up her things, gave his man two pictures. He had had a few drinks and talked quite readily about the pictures and the family back of them. The girl in the Civil War era taffeta dress and the little parasol was his grandmother, born in 1849, the daughter of steamfitter Thomas McKay. She was educated at the Cowlitz Mission; hers is the slate I have. She married a Riviere (or Desriviere) and lived on French Prairie, where one child, Jim's mother, was born, probably in the 1870's or 1880's. Here Desriviere drops out of the record.

and wife of a Laframboise now.

~~The grandmother then married a Laframboise, son of Michel and Emelie "Old Madame" Picard. His is the picture in the worn wooden daguerreotype case. There were other children of this marriage, but Jim seems to hate the very name Laframboise and will not discuss them. His mother (Rose?) married a German and had at least one daughter and Jim, who is now in his fifties.~~

A few months before her death, Jim showed his mother the picture from LaBonte's album, that of the chesty Frenchman with his native wife and small baby. She said it "looked like Emelie Laframbois; the man she didn't know". ~~Emelie would have been her step-grandmother, and true grandmother of Louis LaBonte II.~~

In his mother's Bible he came across an embroidered bookmark and a ring of black hair. "I know nothing of their history," he said. "I remember dimly a sort of family legend about a girl who died in her teens; there might be some connection there."

omit

The girl would probably have been a Laframboise. The embroidery is the 1850-1860 sort made in cross-stitch on a perforated card, like the "God Bless Our Home" mottoes that used to hang over doorways. This bookmark, no doubt made at school under the careful eye of the Sisters, is so delicately worked in fine silk that it must be examined to make sure it is not painted. Half of it is missing. The part that is left reads "Love", and the lost half may have read "God", which would have been about the right length for a bookmark. Jim kept the lock of hair and the Bible, which was in English, but gave his listener the embroidery.

Of a fountain pen of early model he said it had belonged to Emelie Laframboise, "Old Madame". "Of course she was literate!" he said with some surprise at the question. "Her Bible was in English. She read both English and French." Emelie had been married at sixteen, in 1837, or it may have been even earlier, fur trader fashion. Where she got her education is something of a puzzle. ~~Jim never mentions her going East to school, as he probably would had she done so.~~ Beaver's school at Fort Vancouver is as good a guess as any, since "one third of the school" was girls when he took over in 1836. Emelie may have attended the Company school under previous teachers also.

She used to tell Jim's mother, her grand-daughter of sorts, how they made light in the early days "when she was first married". Candles were expensive and the common people had no suitable fat nor knowledge of home candle-making. Instead, they peeled small cattail stems and pushed out the pith in a long core. Any small dish or container, usually a clamshell, held fish oil into which one end of the wick dipped while the other end rested on the rim.

Everybody had brick outdoor ovens, she said. Bread was baked on stone shelves around the edge after the fire had been pulled out. A long wooden shovel (peel) was used in the process.

(food here)

Michel Laframboise had a set of Maison Rustique books which found their way into our library in 1965. Jim thought they had been issued to him by the HBC in order that he might act as a sort of unofficial agricultural agent amongst his illiterate neighbors, but I doubt it. As "B. Delorme" is written on the flyleaf of volume four, it seems more likely the books were brought by that priest when he came to Oregon from Belgium in 1847, and that in some way they were passed on to Laframboise.

(omit)
(Father Delorme went to the gold fields in California with the Prairie men as their spiritual advisor. He contracted the plague along with the rest, and was near death at one time, but eventually recovered and returned to the Prairie, where he was pastor at Saint Paul's in 1853-5 and again from 1871 on.)

The discussion of the books opened the way for a direct question about how Emelie learned to read and write. Jim gave the matter some thought, then said family legend said that Michel taught her. One winter they were snowed in somewhere for the whole season, during which time he taught his wife to read and write. She must have had plenty of native intelligence to master both English and French in one winter, unless she had a previous foundation, or she may have continued learning as her children grew.

During the last few months Jim produced a set of planes, of which he claimed to know nothing except that "they came from the loft". They are thin hardwood frames with removable steel blades held in place by wedges, four in the set. Evidently they were used in beading or grooving cabinet work, and although rusty, are in good usable condition, and show, by sweat and grease marks, the position of the workman's fingers and thumb as he used them. Later he added a tremendous, well-beat shake froe to the set.

The final tool to cross the desk has been thus far unidentifiable. "I don't know what it was used for," said Jim. "I know what we used it for--stirring soap--but I don't think that was what it was made for." It looks like nothing so much as a home made assagai pierced with thirteen holes, a ridiculous thought. Various historical buffs have shaken their heads over it. One group, after much merry speculation, soberly pronounced it a wife-beater.

Notes and
Source Material,
Letters, etc.

*this is totally
different from the
ancestry researched
by [unclear] Smith &
Lowell*

MICHEL LAFRAMBOISE

*See my blue
notebook, on
Drouin's
Laframboise*
11-12-73

The first ancestor of this family in Canada is Pierre De Noyon dit Laframboise (old documents also show: Pierre De Voyon), born in 1682 or so, son of Léonard De Noyon and Anne Le Tay, of St-Martin de Poitiers, France, who came in Canada in the early 1700's. In Montreal, on May 24, 1706, he married Jeanne Provost, and the couple had 7 children. The family spent many years at St-Laurent, near Montreal, where Jeanne Provost died and was buried 24 February 1755. Pierre De Noyon dit Laframboise, also died and was buried at St-Laurent 11 October 1758.

Pierre and Jeanne Provost had three sons to get married:

1. Nicolas, born in 1713; married at St-Laurent de Montréal 1 August 1735 to Cunégonde Langlois, daughter of Antoine Langlois. Amongst their children, there was a son Antoine, born at St-Laurent de Montréal 12 June 1756.
2. Louis-Laurent, born in 1720; married in Montreal 28 August 1741 to Louise Langevin, daughter of Antoine Langevin; they raised a family of at least twelve children: seven sons and four girls.
3. Jean-Baptiste, born in 1731; married at St-Laurent de Montréal 5 March 1753 to Angélique Germain, daughter of François Germain. Out of their five children, they were two sons.

Michel Laframboise, your great grandfather, is certainly the grandson of either Nicolas, Louis-Laurent or Jean-Baptiste Laframboise. And Michel Laframboise is certainly born at St-Laurent de Montréal. Unfortunately our sources of informations stop in 1760 in Quebec city.

Michel Laframboise appears under number 91 in the official list of people in the Columbia for Winter 1813-1814, according to the Hudson Bay Company Archives, F4/61, fos. 6-7d (cf. B.C. Payette, The Oregon Country under the Union Jack page 189). If Michel Laframboise was about 22 years old in 1813, this would place his birth around 1790 or so. His name also appears in the list of persons employed by the HBC in North America, from June 1, 1821 to June 1, 1824. (cf. Payette, Id., page 620).

We suggest that you write to Mr J.-J. Lefebvre, Chief Archivist, Court House, Montreal, and ask him to kindly have a search made in the Registers of St-Laurent between 1782 to 1792 to find the birth certificate of Michel Laframboise. You will then have the names of his father and mother.

Roland J. Auger
ROLAND-J. AUGER, genealogist

Quebec City, 1 June 1965

Personal
4-1-66

In a telephone conversation today Bill was quite expansive and I feel he told me all he knew on the subjects I asked him about.

1. Who was Des Rivers -- his grandfather?

He was a French-Canadian but not a Hudson's Bay man -- he came later. He was a sort of blacksmith-carpe~~n~~ter. He had worked on boat construction and was killed in some sort of a construction accident shortly after Bill's mother was born -- 1873. It was somewhere about Woodburn and Bill thought it may have been on railroad construction but wasn't sure.

2. When did Michael LaFranbois live on a farm at Vancouver?

There was a little confusion here but it appears that "old Michael" probably never lived there except in a transient nature. He had some land on what is now known as LaFranbois Road in the Fruit Valley area which he "let" to a son also named ~~Michael~~ Michael. Michael (young) farmed this land and after Michael (old) died it appears that the farm was actually owned by Emily LaF. but young Michael ran it and they built a house on the farm near where the present Vancouver city limits intersect LaFranbois Road.

3. How did Bill's grandmother know the LaF.'s?

After his grandmother became a widow she moved up near Cowli~~t~~z to be near her relatives. While Emily LaF. was at the mission (or at least in that area) the priests put her in contact with the widow DesRivers. Emily LaF. hired her as more or less of a companion and helper. Bill's grandmother and mother (who was quite young) went to the LaF. farm at Vancouver to live. After they had been there but a short time young Michael and Bill's grandmother were married. The LaF. girls (daughters of Emily) were mortified at their brother marrying a "servant-girl" and since young Michael was supporting the family Bill's grandmother - the erstwhile "servant-girl" assumed a position of some authority over them. Emily seems to have backed her up all the way because Michael (young) could do no wrong. Michael (young) begat a bunch of kids which were mixed in with the youngest of Michael (elder's) kids. Emily seems to have insisted that all be treated exactly equally -- including Bill's mother -- same clothes, schooling, discipline, attention, and all. Emily sounds as though she was a strong matriarch! Emily's children gradually left home -- married, etc. Bill's mother remembered Emily as a very outspoken person with a great deal of intelligence and ~~st~~ determination -- quite fair and kind until someone crossed her -- then she became vindictive and sneakily underhanded to get her way and to protect her precious Michael (younger). On the whole Bill's mother loved her as a person very much but was not blind to her shortcomings. She always treated Bill's

mother very well -- very kindly -- and the girl was ~~ex~~ the apple of Michael's (younger) eye who, if anything, gave her more affection than he did his own children though he loved all children and would give them all anything they wanted -- teased them a lot but would give in in the end. Apparently Michael (younger) was not a strong personality -- he was so completely dominated by Emily LaF. The big splits in the family largely occurred because Emily doted so heavily on Michael (younger) and would hold a grudge at anyone that held a different opinion than she did. She was mad at most of her own children when she died -- about 1890-95. Michael (younger) got all the property she had. Emily was buried in a small family plot on the farm but she was later moved -- he doesn't know where. Michael (younger) died soon after and was buried there likewise. Bill's grandmother lived until about 1914. Emily's children claimed they should have gotten some of Emily's estate. When Bill's grandmother died all of her children shared equally but Bill's aunts and uncles felt that since it was LaF. property they should get it all rather than sharing with Bill's mother.

4. Did he know where Michael (elder) house was on French ~~Pr~~ Prairie?

Not exactly -- it was about $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile west of Champoeg and while Bill's mother had never known the place she could describe it from Emily's description. It sat on a knoll some distance from the river -- the highest piece of ground ~~between~~ ^{away from} the road and the river because Michael (old) was afraid of high water. The house faced the road. There was a small creek nearby which was deepened and dammed to water the stock -- the barn was right beside it. The barn was log but the house was made of lumber -- two stories on the front with a big porch and a long single story part going out behind. The parlor went clear across the front of the house with a big fireplace opposite the door from the porch. They had fairly close ~~neigh~~ neighbors -- two of them and the door was always open to all that want to stop. It was apparently a very popular place. As nearly as Bill could remember it this is the way his mother used to tell it as a quote from Emily in her mixed up French and English -- complete with accents, etc.:

"We used to get together and bake bread -- we had a big big oven! all the womens they would bring their dough and we would bake and bake and bake. They men were doing butchering them. When the day was over we would all eat hot bread and butter with blood pudding, brains and fresh "leever". That was always the time to show off your best pickles and ~~jams~~ ^{jams} and when the men started drinking their "big" wine and smoking their pipes and talking their big talk and telling their lies was the time to bring out the pickled and marinated birds from the year before -- the best piece was breast of duck marinated in vinegar, salt,

and sweet red wine. The young peoples used to like to get get a dance going sometimes but they had to be careful that the priest didn't know about it before. (At the dances the boys and girls never came in couples.) It maybe planned for a couple of weeks but it had to appear very casual and spur-of-the-moment. The house was always clean like a tooth and Monsuer and Madame would be sitting on the porch or somethings like that when a young fellow would drop by to ask Monseur's opinion about something that he didn't really care anything about. Soon some other young fellows would ~~hide~~ up and they would arrange a race -- always winding up in front of the selected house agains and always asking the Monseur to call who the winner was. Some filles would have wandered by by that time and they would stop on the porth with Monseur and Madame to watch the race. The boys they yelled a lot. Then every boy would tease every girl. Monseur would then invite all to taste his wine and roast some apples in the fire or fireplace. Then the Monseur would start a song -- he had a good and strong voice and knew all kinds of songs -- he could sing for hours -- but he would get the young peoples to sing too. Then while some sang some would dance -- then Monseur and Madame would quietly leave from the sight but not from the sound. The little children were sent to bed. When it was late enough ~~he would always serve cold meats, cakes,~~ Monsuer would always serve cold meats, cakes, dried fruit, bread, "barley-water", etc. They Monseur and Madame would "escort" the visiting girls home in a horse drawn wagon or cart but most of the girls really walked home hanging onto a boy's arm and leading the horse of the boy -- not so far from the cart to cause gossip but far enough to make sweet talk -- and all the time Monseu and Madame looked straight ahead and ~~said~~ ^{heard} nothing."

Notes from Kepfleur

At first Emelie made dolls for their girls; later on both the girls and she made dolls for Christmas for children on the Prairie. The boys provided leather, whittled out arms and legs of wood, while the girls made bodies of tanned leather, about twelve inches tall. One was still extant in Bill's childhood. He remembered it was loaded with sand at the bottom, then stuffed with feathers and "some sweet-smelling substance", with a stick through the body into the head. He used to chew the doll for the pleasant smell. The head was made of rawhide, stretched and dried over something round, the features tooled into the hide. The eyes were deep set blue beads, endwise, the face painted white (?), and the hair left on one side of the head, like cat fur. The dolls were distributed at Christmas time along with Michel's cart loads of meat and provisions.

"Grandma" said Michel had made doll houses for his girls, which they always preferred to the boughten houses that came later.

Among other unseen but reported possessions of Michel is his domino set of ivory. It appears dominoes was a great favorite pastime.

LaFramboise and David Douglas in the Umpqua Country

1826

Oregon Historical Quarterly #6 p.93

Douglas wrote: (condensed) "Reached camp at dusk, where I found Michel LaFramboise, our Cheenook interpreter, and an Indian boy, who told me that the savages had been very troublesome ever since our brigade of hunters had left him some days ago. The former kindly assisted me to pitch my tent, and gave me a little weak spirits and water, with a basin of tea, made from some that he had brought from Fort Vancouver, and which greatly refreshed me. Rain very heavy. Sunday, 29 October, 1826"

DeMofras, OHQ # 26, p. 168, lists LaFrambois as having one mill.

Laframboise on the Farm

April 1 1986

In a telephone and personal conversation today Bill was quite expansive and I feel he told me all he knew on the subjects I asked him about. Adrian R. Munnick

1) Who was DesRivieres, his grandfather?

He was a French Canadian but not a Hudson's Bay man--he came later. He was a sort of blacksmith-carpenter. He had worked on boat construction and was killed in some sort of construction accident shortly after Bill's mother (Rose Marie) was born--1873. It was somewhere around Woodburn and Bill thought it might have been on railroad construction but wasn't sure.

2) When did Michel LaFramboise live on the farm at Vancouver?

There was a little confusion here but it appears that "old Michel" probably never lived there except in a transient way. He had some land on what is now known as LaFramboise Road in the Fruit Valley area which he "let" to a son, also named Michel. Michel II farmed this land and after Michel I died it appears that the farm was actually loaned by Emilie LaFramboise, but young Michel ran it and they built a house on the farm near where present Vancouver city Limits intersect LaFramboise Road.

3) How did Bill's grandmother, the McKay-DesRivieres girl, come to know the LaFramboise's?

After his grandmother became a widow she moved up near Cowlitz to be near her McKay relatives. While Emilie LaFramboise was at the Mission, or at least in that area, the priests put her in contact with the widow DesRivieres. Emilie LaFramboise hired her more or less as a companion and helper. Bill's grandmother and mother, who was quite young, went to the LaFramboise farm at Vancouver to live. After they had been there but a short time young Michel and Bill's grandmother were married. The LaFramboise girls, daughters of Emilie, were mortified at their brother marrying a "servant girl" and since young Michel was supporting the family, Bill's grandmother, the erstwhile "servant girl", assumed a position of some authority over them. Emilie seems to have backed her up all the way, because young Michel could do no wrong. He begat a bunch of kids which were mixed in with the youngest of Michel the Elder's kids. Emilie seems to have insisted that all be treated exactly equally--including Bill's mother--same clothes, schooling, discipline, attention, and all. Emilie sounds as though she was a strong matriarch! Emilie's children gradually left home, married, and so on. Bill's mother remembered Emilie as a very outspoken person with a great deal of intelligence and determination, quite fair and kind until

someone crossed her; then she became vindictive and sneakily underhanded to get her way and to protect her precious son Michel. On the whole, Bill's mother loved her as a person very much but was not blind to her shortcomings. She always treated Bill's mother very well, very kindly, and the girl was the apple of young Michel's eye; he gave her, if anything, more affection than he did his own children, though he loved all children and would give them anything they wanted--teased them a lot but would give in in the end. Apparently he was not a strong personality, being so completely dominated by his mother. The big splits in the family largely occurred because Emelie doted so heavily on Michel and would hold a grudge at anyone that held a different opinion than she did. She was mad at most of her own children when she died, about 1890-1895. Michel the Younger got all the property she had. She was buried on a small family plot on the farm but was later moved, Bill doesn't know where. Her son Michel died soon after and was buried there likewise. Bill's grandmother (his widow) lived until about 1914. Emelie's children claimed they should have gotten some of Emelie's estate. When his widow died all of her children shared equally with Bill's aunts and uncles, but they felt that since it was LaFramboise property they should get it all rather than sharing with Bill's mother.

- 4) Did he know where Michel, the Elder's, house was on French Prairie?

Not exactly; it was about a half or three quarters of a mile west of Champoeg, and while Bill's mother had never known the place she could describe it from Emelie's stories. It sat on a knoll some distance from the river, the highest piece of ground near the road and away from the river, because old Michel was afraid of high water. The house faced the road. There was a small creek nearby which was deepened and dammed to water the stock. The barn was right beside it. The barn was log, but the house was made of lumber, two storied on the front with a big porch and a long single story part going out behind. The parlor went clear across the front of the house with a big fireplace opposite the door from the porch. They had fairly close neighbors, two of them, and the door was always open to all that wanted to stop. It was apparently a very popular place. As nearly as Bill could remember it (and he has almost "total recall"), this is the way his mother used to tell it as a quote from Emelie in her mixed up French and English, complete with accents and pantomime, for Bill is an excellent mimic:

"We used to get together and bake bread--we had a big big oven! All the womens, they would brigh their dough and we would bake and bake. The men were doing butchering then. When the day was over we would all eat hot bread and butter ~~and~~ with blood pudding, brains, and fresh Leever. That was always the time to show off your best pickles and preserves, and when the men started drinking their "big wine" and smoking their pipes and talking their big talk and telling their lies was the time to bring out the pickled and marinated birds from the year before--the best piece was breast of duck marinated in vanegar, salt, and sweet red wind.

"The young peoples used to like to get a dance going sometimes but they had to be careful that the priest didn't know about it beforehand. At the dances the boys and girls never came in couples. It maybe planned for a couple of weeks but it had to appear very casual and spur-of-the-moment. The house was always clean like a tooth and Monsieur and Madame would be sitting on the porch or somethings like that when a young fellow would drop by to ask Monsieur's opinion about something that he didn't really care anything about. Soon some other young fellows would ride up and they would arrange a race, always winding up in front of the selected house agains and always asking the Monsieur to call who the winner was. Some filles would have wandered by by that time and they would stop on the porch with Monsieur and Madame to watch the race. The boys they yelled a lot. Then every boy would tease every girl. Monsieur would then invite all to taste his wine and roast some apples in the fire or fireplace. Then Monsieur would start a song--he had a good and strong voice and knew all kinds of songs--he could sing for hours--but he would get the young peoples to sing too. Then while some sang some would dance, then Monsieur and Madame would quietly leave from the sight but not from the sound. The little children were sent to bed. When it was late enough Monsieur would always serve cold meats, cakes, dried fruit, bread, barley-water, and so on. Then Monsieur and Madame would "escort" the visiting girls home in a horse drawn wagon or cart, but most of the girls really walked home hanging onto a boy's arm and leading the horse of the boy, not so far from the cart to cause gossip but far enough to make sweet talk--and all the time Monsieur and Madame looked straight ahead and heard nothing."

Old Michel suffered a stroke about two years before his death. This probably explains the sale of his 640 acres in 1857 and 1859, as well as his mark "X" on the papers. As to where the family lived during these remaining two years, Bill was not sure, but he said he recalled dimly some mention of living with a newly married daughter. It would seem most likely the daughter would have been Josette, the eldest, married to Louis Labonte II in 1858 and living at Champoege at the time of the flood. Michel was dead the spring before that event, and probably Emilie and the family had gone to the son at Vancouver. The Labontes "lost all they had", according to Mrs. Riner (if she is the daughter in question) but a great amount of LaFramboise material remains.

Did Michel attend McLoughlin's funeral in Oregon City in 1857? He had no idea, Bill said, but probably he did. McLoughlin sometimes came down to the LaFramboise farm to spend a few days, but not his wife, whom Emilie did not care for, feeling she was "uppish". The Prairie men, who would not dream of visiting McLoughlin at his home in Oregon City, rallied around at LaFramboise's house happily. The family and their guest all attended church at St. Paul on Sunday. The children did not care for McLoughlin, no doubt being too much in awe of him.

Was LaFramboise religious, a pillar in the church? "That bull-shitter? NO!" said Bill. But he was always on good terms with the priest, and although he was a sharp trader with the Americans, slickering them whenever he could, he was the soul of generosity with his French neighbors. Whenever a family in need came to the attention of the priest, he would merely send an Indian with a cart round to LaFramboise for a load of supplies for an "unknown" poor family. Michel had so instructed the priest; he did not want to know.

Christmas was a different thing. At that season Old Michel himself mounted his high, two wheeled cart and drove around the whole settlement distributing "Christmas gifts" of provisions--squashes, corn, meat, all sorts of produce in abundance. A poor family might receive a quarter of beef, or if the family was large, even a half. Distances were long, roads bad, and there had to be much visiting along with the gifts, so that it sometimes took a month to make the rounds.

At first Emilie had made dolls for their girls; later on the girls themselves helped make dolls for the Christmas distribution. The young folks made something of a bee of it; the boys provided leather and whittled out wooden arms and legs while the girls stitched up bodies out of tanned leather, like deer-skin. The dolls were about 12" high, and made to sit up by loading the bottoms with something heavy, like sand. The rest of the stuffing was feathers and some sort of sweet smelling

herb designed to make the dolls more attractive. One battered old doll still remained in Bill's childhood. He did not care for it--"The leather tasted bad." Through a split in the stitching he sometimes got a faint odor from the "sweet smelling herbs." A stick ran up through the body into the head, which was made of rawhide leather molded over something round. (My own idea would be the stick had a knob on the end to keep the head in shape.) The features were tooled into the hide, with eye-sockets set deep, so that the eyes, which were large blue beads glued in endwise to make pupils, were not on the surface but in natural position. The faces were painted white and colored, he thought, but on the one he remembered the paint was so worn and peeling it was hard to say. The head was apparently made of two pieces of leather or skin, the one in the back being of fur still left on; this "hair" got worn off, inevitably.

Emelie used to say that Michel had made a doll house for his little girls and their leather dolls, and that later on, when they had china dolls, they still seemed to prefer the home made ones in the dollhouse.

(We picked up part of a doll's china teapot at the house site.)

A few days after hearing Bill's foregoing report, we investigated the site. From a land map Helen once copied and from the contour of the land, there seemed to be no question about the spot. The little creek drains out of Ady's Lake, a thin deep meander lake like a sudden gash in the silted fields. The Knoll is a sharp little rise or ridge. At the end above the lake we found a great concentration of bricks somewhat removed from the greatest concentration of earthenware shards, and thought of Emelie's "big big" oven. The house seems to have stood exactly where Bill said it did and the map has it, between the river and the old "race track" road. A few firs stand between the site and the rim of the lake, and several fine large oaks, if standing in those days, would have been at the side of the front yard. The view in front is one of sweeping grain fields on rising ground in front, and behind the little creek and another rolling ridge between the house and the tree bordered river.

The "two neighbors" closest were probably the Longtains on the east and the Despards on the west, both near, and both with large families of about the same age as LaFramboise's own.

"He was a thoroughly unreconstructed man". He never did become reconciled to the idea that this land belonged to the United States. He hated the notion of anything American." He did not take a patent on his claim at Champsoez, perhaps for the above reason.

Kelly improved & Laf- engaged an Ind-
convey him "40 or 50 miles down the Umpqua" (?)
with Rondeau "attendant & guide" to the
new party. (Kelly: History of Settlement - p 263-4.)

(Boston, 1852). Reprinted as

Powell: Kelly on Oregon.

↓ K. seems to have accompanied the Laf-
brigade all the way to Fort V. - on
Oct. 27, 1834. ahead of Young's brigade.

1837 (Cattle drive) "They were following Laf's trail
down," (he had gone earlier). Dr. McL's letter to
headquarters: "Forseeing that you would wish to send
for cattle, I desired Laf- to be on the 15th May in
Trenidad Bay, & if he ^{could} find ~~any~~ ^{a place} to hunt, he was
to be equipped for that object, but to examine the Country
going along, & if he had found no place to hunt, he would
have to bring a band of Cattle with his party, which
consists of 30 men, & they are the only people we have
qualified for such an undertaking, or disposable, if as said
they have found no place to hunt, as I presume it is
your desire to lose the chance of a valuable hunt from
30 men, for to bring about 600 head of Cattle, however, as
soon as we can we will get them." (Laf- did not
bring cattle.)

Notes from Holmes "Ewing Young."

"Old Raspberry" - still referred to as such on F. P.
1832-34 - "M. L. F. ordered to trap down the ^{P. 82 + m} ~~Calif~~ ^{Calif} & Cal
coasts, but found few gophers, so turned
east somewhere in S. Ore. to the central
valleys. - trapped San Joaquin Valley and
was moving north at the time they
met E. Young. Joined by John Work in
the Sacramento Valley.
(See: Our Brigade to the Bonneventure, (San. Fran. '94)
for diary of John Work - Alice M. Maloney)

P. 87 - Americans with Lafi's brigade - ("")
T. Smith (?)

Alex Carson

John Turner (Jed Smith - 1828). He left the
brigade Jan. 16, 1833, to go with the Americans,
but paid his debt & returned traps &
horses first (Work)

P. 104. "French accent," "Where is Capt. Kelly?" (Hall J.)
(1834) Kelly ill on way up from Calif. Laf.
had been following the Americans up the
Sacramento & over the Sierras & overtook
them near Roseburg. Laf. gave him hot
venison broth & quinine. After 3 days

LaFramboise in California--1838

Synopsis of Douglas's letter of Oct, 18-21, 1838, to HBC Committee

The Cadboro left Vancouver the first of May with supplies for the Southern Trappers under LaFramboise, in California. They were to rendezvous in Trinidad Bay. The Cadboro remained in Trinidad until July 8, without receiving any word of the trappers, whereupon it turned around to sail back.

In the meantime, the Southern Trappers had reached the Bonaventura Valley the 15th of November the previous year (1837) after a slow trip down because of the weakened condition of their horses. The Sgasta Indians gave no trouble. LaFramboise had been instructed to explore and hunt the Feather River but by this time the snow in the mountains was too deep to cross. He therefor hunted that winter in the low regions around San Francisco Bay. Winter camp was established at the junction of the Feather and Sacramento Rivers. Game was scarce and the weather inclement, but otherwise the winter was uneventful, and the hunt successful. On May 1, 1838, they broke up winter camp and proceeded to the sea coast, fourteen days, but at a point 100 miles south of Trinidad. They were entirely unfamiliar with the seacoast, hence the mistake.

They remained at the coast until June 6th, with no word from the Cadboro. LaFramboise then moved his camp back 30 miles and instructed his men to remain there until August 1st, while he and seven others went by land back to Vancouver to find out the situation. If he was not back by August 1, they were to go back to the Bonaventura region and he would meet them there later. LaFramboise and his seven men reached Vancouver on July 9, before the return of the Cadboro, causing alarm on the account of the ship's safety. Douglas immediately started outfitting LaFramboise for a return trip by land with supplies for his men, and at the same time sent down to Fort George at the mouth of the Columbia supplies for the Cadboro, in case of her arrival, so that she could put back to sea at once without coming all the way to Vancouver. Fortunately, word came that the ship had reached Fort George before LaFramboise set out by land, so he and McLeod joined the ship and sailed south.

They headed for Cape Mendocino, and scouted all along the coast southward, but got no replies to their signals, so decided the men had retired to the Bonaventura. The ship decided to anchor as near as possible, while LaFramboise and his men went inland to find his party and bring them back to the ship for supplies. The nearest safe harbor was near Fort Ross, the Russian post. They were uncertain of their welcome, but found the Governor of

of the Russian American Colonies, who happened to be visiting aboard a Russian ship at the time, cordial enough. "On his Excellency's ascertaining that Captain Michel (LaFramboise) was on board the Cadboro, he expressed a great curiosity to see the person so celebrated in California, and Captain Michel, no ways deficient in tact, during a subsequent interview, took the liberty of intreating his Excellency's aid in enabling him to rejoin his people, and with much address obtained the loan of twelve horses. That number being inadequate to the purpose, " the rest were obtained from the Spanish Governor and LaFramboise, with ten men, met his men on the Feather River and hurried them and the winter's catch of furs down to the coast. They got supplies for another year and returned to the interior for another hunt, not returning to Vancouver at all. They were to Rendezvous at Trinidad (now well known to LaFramboise) the following May (1839), get supplies, and put in a third season on the Bonaventura, as hunting was good.

Hudson's Bay Record Society Publications, Vol. LV (1941)
McLoughlin's Fort Vancouver Letters, First Series 1825-38
Pages 252-4 and 288-90 (Oregon City Library)

LaFramboise's Injury

Spectator, August 24, 1843

Mr. La Framboise was severely injured on the 22nd inst. by a fall from his horse. Mr. La Framboise was on his way from this city (Oregon City) to his residence in Yamhill County, opposite to Champsee, and the accident occurred near the city. Mr. La Framboise is not considered dangerously injured.

Guide for Geo. T. Allan.

See O.P.A.T. { 1881, p. 57-58 - M^cBride } ?
 { 1897, p. 54 - Allan } may be transposed.

1. "La Framboise lived at the mouth of the Chehalis, where I saw him many times before his death" - John R. M^cBride
2. See entire article by Allan - "our 180-mile gentlemen" - L. had boasted about his prowess as a rider in California.

LaFramboise in California

From Oregon Historical Quarterly, March, 1936, Vol 37, P 9 ff.
"Hudson's Bay Company in California", Alice B. Maloney

P.11 Ewing Young, in the fall of 1832, found the San Joachin already hunted, and on the American River met Michel (LaFramboise) with a large force of HBC trappers.

p.12 Hall Kelly, the American promoter, on his way north to Oregon from Mexico in the autumn of 1834, was overtaken by LaFramboise and party coming from the south. L. brought him on in. ill + thankless

p. 12 In June, 1835, it was reported that LaFramboise had headquarters on an island in the Sacramento River, and in November of that same year LaFramboise was warned to keep out by Vallejo.

P.12 The Columbia trappers and traders usually retired in summer northward, to return in September. Vallejo speaks of orders of the government known to LaFramboise the year before (1834) against taking beaver, but in a spirit of hospitality he offered to permit a temporary encampment at Sonoma; otherwise the Frenchman must retire within twenty four hours or be treated as a smuggler.

P.13 J.A.Forbes, an Englishman who had come to California in 1831, took charge of the California department of the HBC in 1836. The nearest outpost of the company was at French Camp, near the present city of Stockton. It was the policy of the Company to keep its trappers away from settlements. LaFramboise is named as the founder of the settlement . . . (he) gave the French name Buttes to the rocky hills in the Sacramento valley. Pierre Lebec, one of LaFramboise's trappers, left his name to mark the site of a fatal encounter with a grizzly. In the Pioneer Museum at Stockton, an early map of the townsite of Castoria (French Camp) has a reserve on the creek marked Trappers Landing, and a square in the town's center is set aside as a fur traders' rendezvous.

P.14 In 1840 John Sutter . . . wrote Fort Vancouver forbidding the return of LaFramboise. Warnings meant little to LaFramboise, who was a seasoned trader, interpreter, diplomat, at times a spy, and at all times a leader and enemy to be feared. No man could rival him in knowledge of trails and tribes.

James Douglas . . . came to California in January, 1840, with the ship Columbia and a venture of goods. He had a conference with Alvarado (Gov.) regarding the trapping parties of his firm, and notes in his report: The first topic introduced was a delicate one relating to our party under LaFramboise, who have for several years been trapping in the valley of Tulares. Alvarado, on Jan. 4, wrote the alcalde at San

Francisco Bay to urge him to cause the withdrawal of LaFramboise until a decision was reached. The terms of the agreement permitted the Company to bring in thirty trappers at the principle ports of entry. The trappers must become Mexican citizens and conform to the laws of the country. The Company was to pay a tax of two shillings sixpence on every skin taken. Douglas claimed no profit could be made unless the trappers were allowed to range the whole country, whereas Vallejo wished to restrict them to the territory west of the Sacramento. The matter seems to have been left in abeyance, with the result that the trappers ranged wherever possible, and the weak government did nothing.

Before returning north, Douglas negotiated terms by which the HBC would be permitted to establish a post within the port of San Francisco; also that their vessels might engage in the California trade if put under the Mexican flag and their commanders naturalized. This agreement was approved by C.F. McLoughlin, and a commercial establishment was set up at Yerba Buena in 1841. The Company confined itself in the main to wholesale trade.

Continued negotiations and arbitrations between the company and the California government were in progress during the years following the opening of the trading post.

Sutter has left a description of the Spanish (?) brigadeencamped on the American River:

The HBC sent every year a party of trappers who took a great quantity of furs. Their women, who were squaws and half-breeds, made moccasins and shirts and pantaloons/~~put~~ of dressed deerskins, which were greatly in demand. I bought large quantities of this clothing from them, only they could not sell furs. This was considered a great crime by the HBC. They might sell deer-skin, but not beaver or otter.

The HBC used to send their trappers down from the north. They would enter the valley of California in the fall and leave in the spring, hunting and trapping during the winter. The men were chiefly Canadians, half-breeds and Indians. They came and went in large crowds. When they pitched their tents it was like a village. In every one of these companies was the leader, an agent of the HBC to whom the trappers delivered their furs and from whom they obtained supplies. This leader's name was LaFramboise. He came every year for four or five years.

I did not think it right for them to carry off furs in this manner. They also bought stolen horses from the Indians. . . . An export duty was placed on furs . . . so high that it ceased to be profitable. So the HBC abandoned the Valley of California and there were no trappers but my men.

Marsh, another Californian, complained about the HBC trappers. "The Mexican government could not prevent their coming, and after his (Marsh) arrival, he cut into their trade by giving the thirsty trappers aguardiente in exchange for furs. LaFramboise was then their leader and he caused Marsh a good deal of trouble by buying mustangs that the Indians had stolen from his corrals." (Lyman, John Marsh, Pioneer.)

As the fur trade to California decreased in importance, Simson complained to McLoughlin, who replied that he had been obliged to get LaFramboise out of virtual retirement in 1842 to conduct the trip, "but the conduct of the men was so bad that under no consideration would Mr. LaFramboise return. He had only promised to go for one trip. 'I am', said Mr. LaFramboise, "through the Mercy of God come back safe because I gave way to my men; if I had assumed the tone of a master I would have been murdered by them. I will not venture again.'"

As pressure from citizens, government, and Sutter increased to force out the HBC from California, Sutter was asked by Micheltoreno (?) to come to his aid in 1843. Rae, of HBC, backed Alvarado, who lost. In Sutter's list of men in 1845 "we find Michel LaFramboise. His presence there is unexplained." (Maloney) Rae committed suicide January 19, 1845. LaFramboise is said to have journeyed from French Camp to aid Rae's widow and to assist in handling the business of the company. (Dye)

Hudson's Bay Record Society Publications
McLoughlin's Letters, Series II 1839-1844

P. 25

On the 22nd of June (1840) Mr. LaFramboise and party arrived (from California). The profit on the hunt of the party is within a few pounds of the same amount as in 1839 (980 plus pounds). It was intended to have sent another in charge of the party but we had so much business to attend that I could not spare an officer and I prevailed on Mr. Laframboise to continue in charge. On the 23rd he left with a party of 24 men to hunt south of the Umpqua and to be here in June next.

P. 251 March 23, 1841

(Douglas to McLoughlin, who was absent. Douglas had been to California to treat with the Mexicans about rights, etc.) Respecting the other matters connected with this voyage, it only remains for me state that I succeeded in purchasing 661 cows @ 5 and 6 dollars a head, and 3670 choice ewes @ 2 dollars each, payable in equal amounts of goods and cash; these, with some diminution through accidents on their route into the Beunaventura, where I left them, in the early days of this month, are now journeying towards this place, and I am in hopes they will arrive here before the middle of June.

P. 39 May 24, 1841

Of course as yet we have no account of Merre McKay, Laframboise, and Steel with the sheep and cows, it is yet too soon.
McL.

P. 81 Oct. 31, 1842

The California party under Mr. Ermitinger made poorly out, but still by letting those men hunt in this vicinity, they would be tampered with by our opponents, I sent them back to hunt in the Bay of St. Francisco under the charge of Mr. Laframboise, and it is probable they will remain out two years.

P. 123 Nov. 15, 1843

They sent their winter hunt to St. Francisco to Mr. Rae, who sent it here by the Vancouver. The party arrived here the 10 ultimo; they made but a poor spring hunt, which they sent to Mr. Rae, however, the expedition will pay, and has accomplished the object I had in view, and this winter they will hunt about the Umpqua.

P. 194 July 4, 1844

I have not heard from Mr. Rae since May, 1843, when our party left there to come here, at which I am not surprised, as we have no communication with that place except when our vessels or hunting parties go there, and since 1842 we have had no hunting parties in that direction.

proceed direct into the valley of the Beunoventura, make a brief stay at Dumais River to collect winter provisions, then push forward along the east bank of Smith's River, beyond which are situated our last discoveries, and they will hunt there for the season. They are instructed to keep as far from the coast as possible, in order to avoid intercourse with the settlements; to conciliate the amity of the Indian population, and to exert the influence they may so acquire in advocating the cause of our Spanish allies; but in no case are they to identify our interests with theirs, by resorting to violent measures. In the event of unavoidable communication with California, I addressed a note to the Governor General for the purpose of disavowing such parts of Laframboise's engagements as would necessarily place us in collision with the natives, on the principle that he was not authorized to form engagements of any kind, and least of all such as would inevitably involve us in difficulties with our own government; and also to assure him of our anxiety to effect, by other means, the pacification of the country, which is evidently the main object of the treaty.

I have received satisfactory advices of Mr. Laframboise's progress to Rogue's River, from whence I regret that Mr. Joseph McLoughlin was obliged to return, in consequence of a severe pulmonary attack, accompanied by a discharge of blood through the mouth, from which he is now partially recovered. This misfortune has weakened the effective strength of the expedition but Laframboise must do his best alone, as it is impossible to reinforce him for this season.

P. 233 March 20, 1840

Mr. Laframboise applies also for leave to visit Canada in 1841.

(The 1839 hunt did not go according to plan, however.)
HBC Rec. Soc, McL's. Letters, second series, p. 217

James Douglas to the Committee Oct. 14, 1839

I will next proceed to notice the movements of the Southern Trappers, led by Mr. Laframboise, whom it was our intention, as I informed Your Honors in my last letter, to equip for the hunt of Outfit 1839 at Trinidad Bay; we were however prevented from following out this plan by the arrival of the intelligence, early in the spring, that Mr. Laframboise was in route to the Columbia with the entire party, in consequence of various unpleasant accidents, which rendered a more protracted stay in the vicinity of the Mexican settlements imprudent. They accordingly arrived here in June with excellent hunts, and their furs in the highest order. Although greatly displeased with Laframboise for departing so widely from the letter of his instructions, yet when informed of the circumstances of peculiar difficulty in which he had become involved, their depressing effect upon his mind, and considering that we had sustained no actual loss, nor even been exposed to any serious derangement, his conduct appeared in a very excusable light. From his report he was kept during last winter in a state of constant alarm by the enmity of Gen. Vallijo, the commander of the Mexican frontier, who repeatedly ordered him to leave the country under penalty of seizure; his people were moreover beset with a host of petty traders who by many tempting allurements sought to swindle them of their furs, and to crown his difficulties there was no retiring from the spot then occupied without sacrificing the winters hunt.

In this distressed state he was imprudently induced to enter into engagements with his Excellency, Juan B. Alvarado, the Governor General, binding himself, on behalf of California, to chastise the hostile frontier Indians, who commit incessant depredations upon the peaceful inhabitants of the country. This circumstance produced the desired effect, a respite from annoyance on the part of the authorities, and I am firmly of the opinion that the party might have prolonged its stay without the slightest danger; Laframboise has been, however, so completely scared that he thought only of escape and took to flight on his return the moment the roads became passable in spring. This closed the campaign of 1838 with very fair returns, but still most oppositely to my wishes, which are averse to permanent withdrawal from the Buenaventura while it continues to offer profitable employment.

All things considered, I determined to maintain the party, and to employ them on the same ground, under command of Mr. Laframboise assisted by Mr. Joseph McLoughlin, a young man of determined character, with 33 engaged trappers and Indians, forming a well appointed party of 35 persons. They were dispatched on the 20th of July, when the horses of the expedition were sufficiently recruited to attempt the journey, and will

J. N. Hancock

Il est devant du point de l'horizontal, en cannelé, vissé, et

non quelconque, et de l'ouverture du jour de la fête,

"Agent in Japan about 1890; before or after arrival."

James Douglas
Michael E. Brimble

John C. Williams, Thomas M. Kelly

1844

Susigne. Léprieu a signé avec nous.

L. N. Blanchette

B. 189. Ce huit juillet mil huit cent trente neuf, nous prêtre soussigné avons baptisé Michel, âgé de vingt ans, enfant naturel de Sieur Michel Laframboise, et d'une femme, Safite de nation, infidèle. Parvenir Andrie Picard qui n'a signé. Léprieu a signé avec nous.

L. N. Blanchette

B. 190 Ce huit juillet mil huit cent trente neuf, nous prêtre soussigné avons baptisé Agathe, âgée de trente ans, Kôhoga de nation, maraî- ne Catherine Rusie qui n'a signé.

L. N. Blanchette

B. 191 Ce huit juillet mil huit cent trente neuf, nous prêtre soussigné avons baptisé Marguerite, âgée de vingt cinq ans, Schinouk de nation. Maraine Catherine Rusie qui n'a signé.

L. N. Blanchette

M. 58. Ce neuf juillet, mil huit cent trente neuf, vicaire de deux Michel bann accordé par nous grand vicaire, et la publication du Laframboise troisième entre Sieur Michel Laframboise, commis dans le Service de l'Honorable Compagnie des Vais de Hudson, et Picard ci-devant du District de Montréal, en Canada, d'une part, et Bernadette Imilie Picard, fille d'Andrie Picard, cultivateur au Vallambette, et d'une femme, Okanagan de nation, défunte, d'autre part, ne s'étant de la part d'aucun empêchement, ni opposition quelconque, et du consentement du père de la fille, — Nous prêtre soussigné, Missionnaire, avons reçu leur mutuel consentement de Mariage et leur avons donné la bénédiction nuptiale

en

en présence de James Douglas, Secy, C. T. et Comman-
 dant en chef au Fort Vancouver, et de John M^{re} Leach,
 Secy, Chief Trader, témoins; et de plusieurs autres mission-
 naires, devant lesquels les dits époux, ainsi qu'en présence
 de leur André Picard fils de la fille, ont reconnu pour leur
 enfant légitime Josephite âgée de dix mois; Le dit époux
 reconnaît pour son enfant légitime un enfant du nom de Michel,
 issu d'une autre femme, et ayant l'âge de vingt mois. L'époux
 n'ayant eu aucun enfant auparavant; l'époux a signé avec moi.

Emilie Picard

James Douglas

Michel Sarambaire

John M^{re} Leach

Geo T. Mun / Thomas McKay

M^{re} Fraser Johnie

W. K. R. C.

J. N. Blanchet & Co

M. 59
 Jm. Bte.
 Dubreuil
 &
 Marguerite

Le neuf juillet mil huit cent trente neuf, vic l'adversaire de deux
 leur accordée par notre grand vicari de Monroignien de Liche, et
 la publication du troisième entre Jean Baptiste Dubreuil, engagé dans
 l'époux de la chape dans la prairie, et devant de l'âme du bout de
 l'île de Montréal, d'une part, et Marguerite, Youkita de nation
 et baptisée, d'autre part, ne s'étant déclaré aucun empêche-
 ment, nous prêtre saignés, missionnaire, avons reçu leur man-
 dat consentement de mariage et leur avons donné la bénédic-
 tion nuptiale en présence de leur Michel Sarambaire et de
 Jean Baptiste Jeandoin saignés, devant lesquels les dits époux ont
 reconnu pour leurs enfants légitimes Michel âgé de quatre ans et
 demi, et Baptiste âgé d'un an et demi. Les époux ont signé.

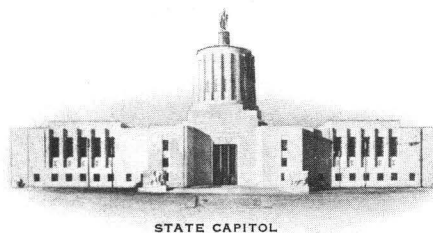
Michel Sarambaire

J. B. Jeandoin.

J. N. Blanchet & Co

B. 192
 Victoria
 M^{re} Millan

Le huit juillet mil huit cent trente neuf, nous
 prêtre saignés avons baptisé sous condition Victoria,
 âgée d'environ dix huit ans, fille naturelle de James M^{re} Millan



OREGON STATE ARCHIVES
OREGON STATE LIBRARY
SALEM 10

19 September 1967

Mrs. Harriet D. Munnick
Route 1, Box 136
West Linn, Oregon 97068

Dear Mrs. Munnick:

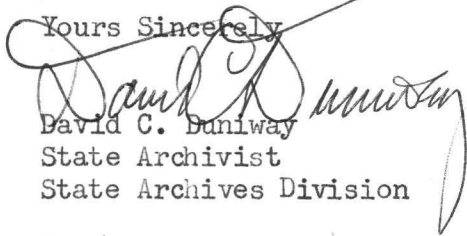
The problem with which you are wrestling is about as difficult as any of which I have knowledge. From the Provisional Government Land Claims, Vol. 1, p. 96, we find that Laframboise filed his original claim on January 20, 1846; it was for 640 acres in Yamhill County, opposite the landing at Champoege, and did not extend to the other side of the river. Between 1846 and the time when his land was patented under the Donation Land Claim Law, Laframboise could have changed his mind about many things. We find, for example, numerous claims by Robert Ady who evidently was jockeying for preferred position, and there may be at least two claims for Joseph Despard, none of which match the actual claims which they evidently received from the Federal government. At one time in 1848 Ady was Laframboise's neighbor in Yamhill County (to the west); claim recorded January 25, 1848 and abandoned June 28, 1849 (Vol. 7, p. 114).

Laframboise's claim, as shown on the BIM plat for which we furnished you a copy, may reflect his actual donation land claim as filed with the Federal government but I suggest that you write to the National Archives for copies of all papers in his file (No. 2267). In addition to the information which these documents should furnish you, the National Archives should have a copy of the actual land grant which he received. In order to determine meets and bounds and apply it to a map, you will need to compare the information which you evidently already have from the surveyor's notes against the final certificate.

If you are interested in pursuing the details of land ownership along the river at Champoege, I suggest you spend some time here studying the Provisional Government land claims and plotting bounds of claims as you find them. You should also study the Marion County miscellaneous records which we have, covering land transactions from 1849-52 which may clarify additional problems. The Yamhill County Clerk should have similar records for his county.

I hope this will be of some assistance to you.

Yours Sincerely


David C. Dunaway
State Archivist
State Archives Division

DCD/mk

From Yamhill Co. Courthouse

Michel La Frambois sold E. half (320 acres) S.P.C.
for \$2500 April 1857 to Thomas J. Hubbert
of Champoug

signed Milton Elliott
+ John Anderson

April 28, 1859 - at Champoug

I, M. La Frambois formerly of Yamhill Co.
for \$250 sell to Oliver Abernathy & Ori Arton
West half claim #60 T3SR2W & Claim #78
T4SR2W Notification #478 - 320 acres.

B. J. Hurstfield
H. B. Dequiere

Michel La Frambois
his mark.

J. D. Crawford Justice Peace
May 27, 1859

Township 35R2W

John S. Smith

Page 4

(didn't finish notes on this one) property was
next to above property.)

From Marion Co. Records.

Joseph Despard U.S. patent 640 acres 1873
He sold N. $\frac{1}{2}$ of claim 1856 to J.B. Ducharme
and 1859 318 $\frac{1}{4}$ acres more to J.B. Ducharme.
and Ducharme sold 318 $\frac{1}{4}$ acres to Wm C. McKay
(A new McKay unless William Cameron McKay is the one)
In 1866 Joseph Despard sold a piece of land 68 acres to
Chas. Dequiere. And in 1867 to James McKay 3 part - 210 acres.

Deed of Laframbois DLC to Hubbard April 22, 1857
Book of Deeds E Page 53 Yamhill County Court House

Know all men by these presents that I, Michell Laframbois, of Yamhill County, Territory of Oregon, and in consideration of the sum of twenty five hundred Dollars to me paid by Thomas J. Hubbert of Champoeg, Marion County, O.T., the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, do hereby give, grant, bargain, sell, and confirm unto the said Thomas J. Hubbert all my right, title, interest, and estate in and to the east half of my land claim situate in Yam Hill County, Territory aforesaid, on the North bank of the Willamette River opposite to Champoeg aforesaid and containing three hundred and twenty acres of land (more or less), Bounded as follows, to wit:

Beginning at a point bearing as follows, from the intersection of the East line of section two, township four south Range two west with the north bank of the Willamette River, viz-

N 60° W 11.00 chains
West 10.00 "
S. 60° W 7.50 chains to the S.E. corner running North 80 chains
thence N 59½° W 46.38 chains
thence S to the Willamette River
thence down said river to the place of beginning. Together with all and singular the appurtenances thereunto belonging on or in any ways appertaining, including the ferry boats--to have and to hold the said described premises to him, the said Thomas J. Hubbert, his heirs and assigns forever. And I, the said Michell Laframbois, do hereby covenant with the said Hubbert that I am lawfully seized in fee simple of the said three hundred and twenty acres of land by virtue of residence and cultivation thereon in accordance with the act of Congress donating land to settlers in Oregon, approved September 27th, A D 1857, and the amendments thereto, that I have a good right to sell the same, that I shall warrant and defend the same against the lawful demands and claims of all persons. Witness my hand and seal this twenty second day of April, A D Eighteen hundred and fifty seven.

Signed, sealed, and delivered
in presence of
Milton Elliot
John Anderson

Michell Laframbois



Territory of Oregon
County of Yamhill

I certify that I am personally acquainted with Michell Laframbois, the person represented in and who executed the foregoing conveyance and that he this day personally acknowledged to me that he executed and signed the same of his own free will. Dated this 22nd day of April A.D. 1857

Robert Caufield
Probate judge of Clackamas Co. O.T.

Recorded May 25, 1857, at 2 (P) o'clock P.M.

Geo. W. Steward, Recorder

Second Deed (west half) recorded in Book F, page 157
April 28, 1859

West half of claim No. 60 in Township 3 S R 2 West
and claim No. 78 in Township 4 S R 2 W

(X) his mark

Phraseology very similar to above deed, not copied.

Sold to Oliver Abernathy and Ira Arton

M. LaFrambois Cert H 2267

Patent for LaFramboise Donation Land Claim (1866)

The United States of America

To all whom these presents shall concern, Greeting:

Know there has been deposited In the General Land Office of the United States Certificate numberd twenty two hundred and sixty seven of the Register and Records at Oregon City, Oregon, whereby it appears that under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved the 27th day of September, 1850, entitled "An Act to Create the Office of Surveyor General of the Public Lands in Oregon, and to provide for the survey and to make donations to settlers of the said Public Lands ~~in Oregon~~, and the legislation supplemental thereto", the claim of Michael LaFramboise and his wife Emily LaFramboise of Yamhill County, Oregon, Notification No. 778 has been established to a donation of one section, or six hundred and forty acres of land, and that the same has been surveyed and designated as Claim Number Sixty, being parts of sections twenty six, twenty seven, thirty four and thirty five, In Township three ~~of~~ South of Range Two West And claim Number seventy eight, being part of section two in Township four South of Range two West, according to the official plot of survey returned to the General Land Office by the Surveyor General, being bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Beginning at a point twenty chains and twelve links North of the South West corner of section twenty six in Township three South of Range two West and running thence South fifty nine degrees and fortyfive minutes, East sixty five chains and thirty links, thence South seventy three chains and sixty three links, thence South Sixty degrees, West two chains and fifty links, thence South fifty nine degrees, West eight chains, thence South seventy five degrees, West nine chains, thence North forty seven degrees and thirty minutes, West nineteen chains and sixty five links, thence North forty five degrees, West fourteen chains and ten links, thence North thirty nine degrees, West fifteen chains and twenty ~~five~~ links, thence North forty nine degrees, West five chains and eighty links, thence North thirty one degrees, West ten chains, thence North fifty degrees, West twenty two chains, thence North sixty degrees, West three chains and seventy seven links, thence North sixty five chains, and thence South fifty nine degrees and forty five minutes, East twenty nine chains to the place of beginning in the district of lands subject to sale at Oregon City, Oregon, containing six hundred and forty two acres and fifty hundredths of an acre.

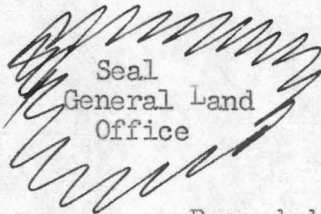
Now know ye that the United States of America in consideration of the promises and in conformity with the provisions of the Act aforesaid have Given and Granted and by these presents do Give and Grant unto the said Michael LaFramboise and to his heirs the East half and unto his wife the said Emily LaFramboise and her heirs the West half of the tract of land above described.

Recorded March 18th 1878
Ellery Rogers County Clerk

In testimony where of I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, have caused these letters to be made Patent and the seal of the General Land Office to be hereunto affixed.

Given under my hand at the City of Washington this eighth day of October in the Year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and sixty six, and of the independence of the United States the Ninety first.

By the President: Andrew Johnson
By Eawp (?) Neil Secretary
W. Clanger (?) Recorder of the General
Land Office



Recorded Vol. 8 page 164

Yamhill Co. Court House
Records of Deeds

Apr. 14 - 1966

Patent for Land Claim -
Michel Laframboise -
1878



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CAUTION

From maps in
manuscript
office

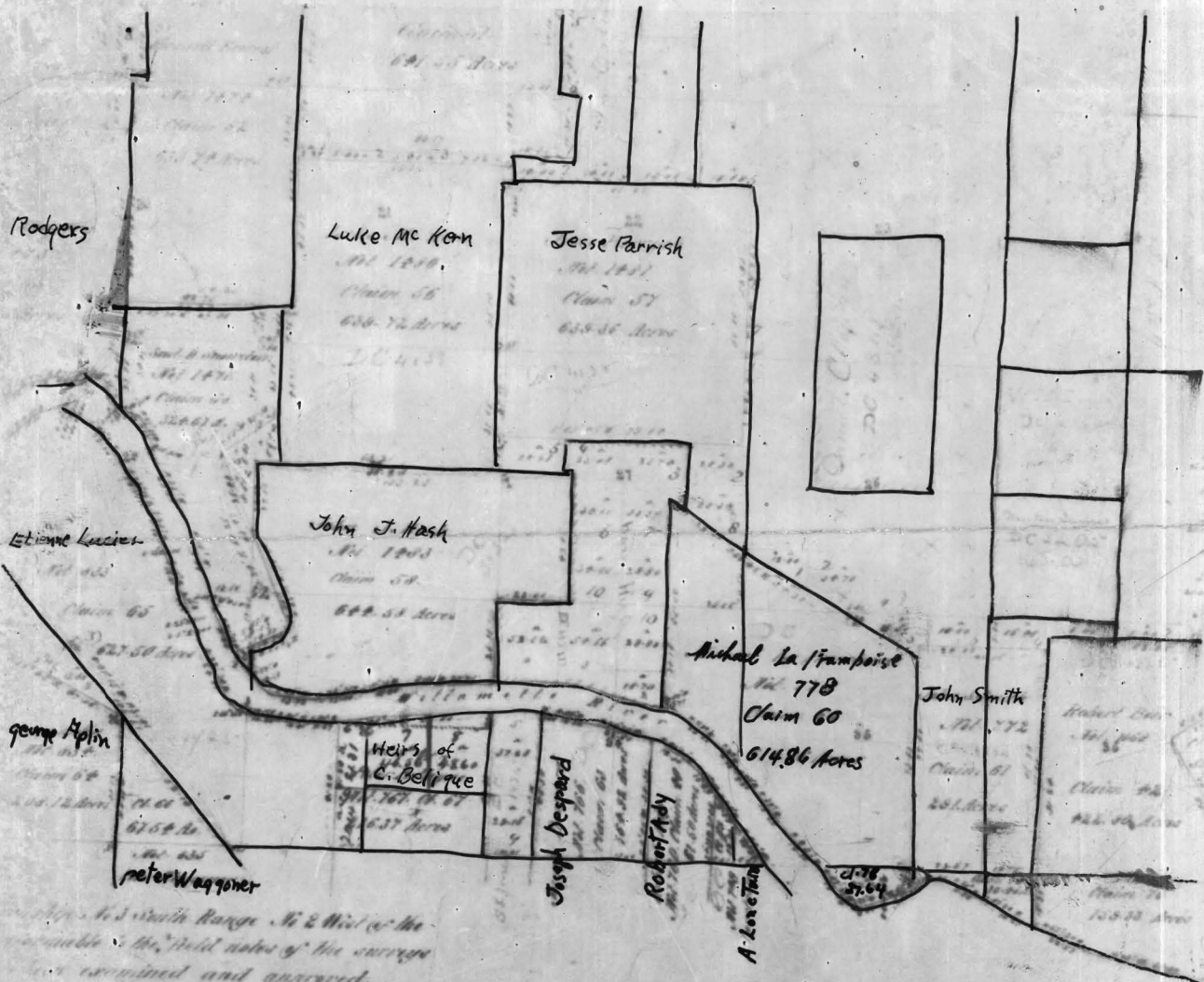
This is a rough free hand deal
Creeks mostly guess work from 2 different size
maps but you can get general idea.

I wonder if Maston is Joseph Matthe.

Since reading those letters of J. McLaughlin 1829-32
with repeated instructions about horses for brigades I am
convinced H.B.C. used this strip of land between Champeau
& Bellegue or maybe including our location as their farm.
Some place I read "Jean Baptiste Despartes McKay - later known
as Despard" But he could not be one & the same as J.B.D. McKay witnessed
marriage of Jo. Despard¹⁹³⁹. Now the LaFrambois house shown here on south side
is on what was Joseph Despard's land grant.

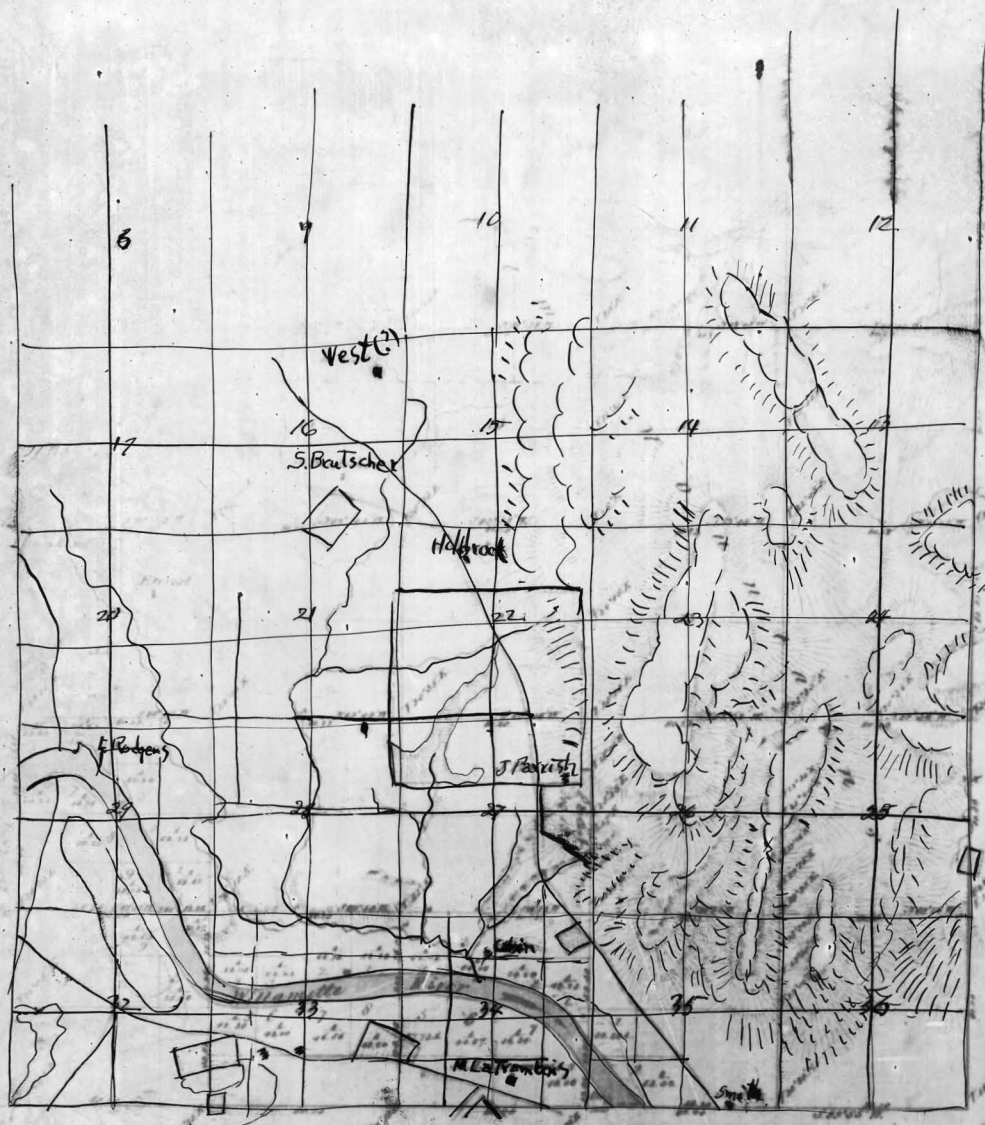
That was where Johnny lived.

I know The Eldridge's - son of Freeman - owned it and their
son lives on the upper part - I know them & have asked about
their abstract but they think it only goes back to the U.S. Grant
1866 to Jo. Despard. Maybe I can get more information
some day. He may condescend to talk a little some time.
Have hoped in the past to prove it was our Despardy.
We can explore any time.



W. W. Chapman

Surveyor Gen. of Oregon

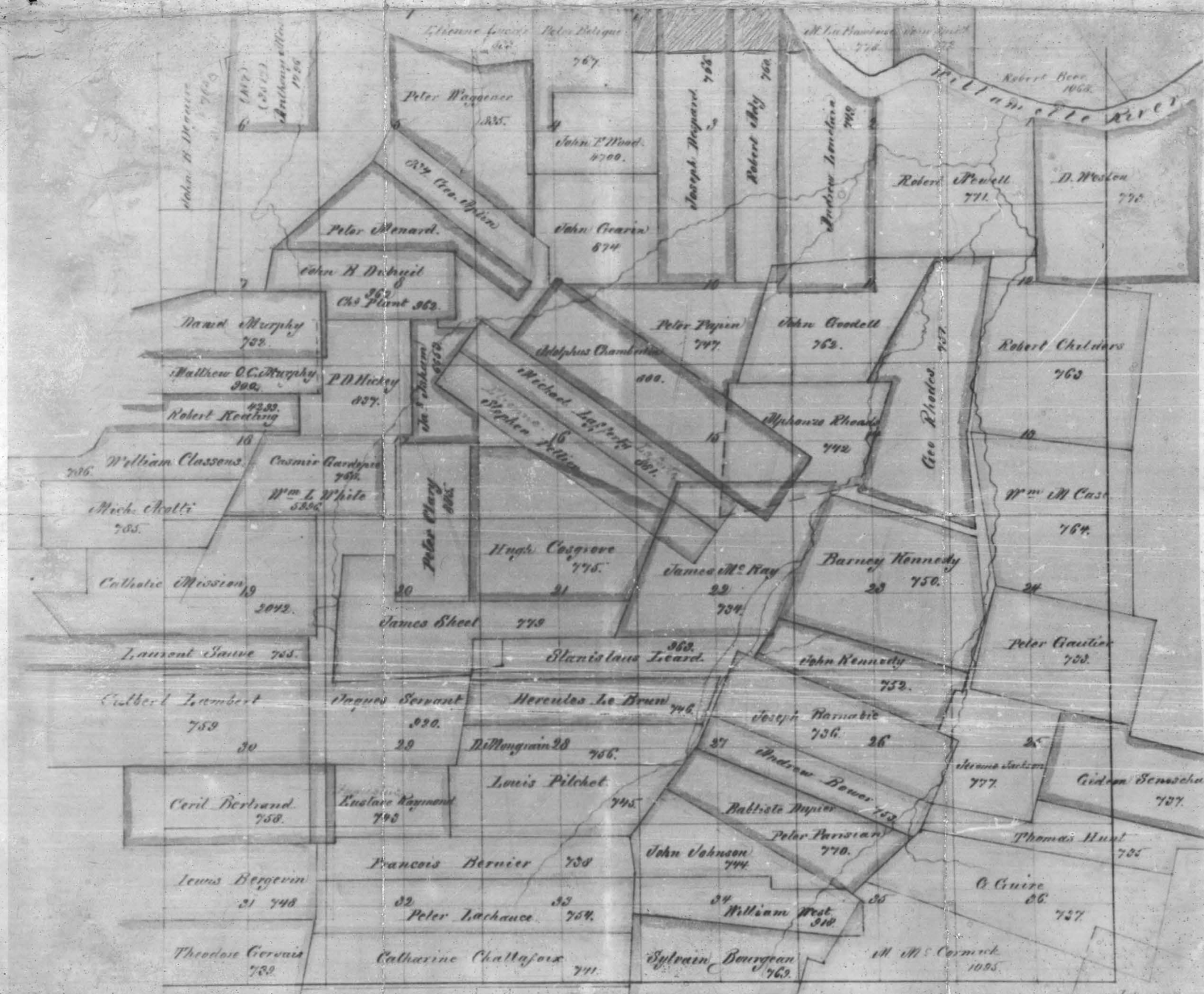


20th May 1852 2nd Quarter 1852
 Dec 17 1852 4th Quarter 1852

The above map of Township N.3 South of Range N.2 West of the Willamette Meridian
 Territory of Oregon is strictly conformable to the field notes of the Survey
 thereof in file in this office which have been examined and approved
 Surveyor General's office
 Oregon City Dec 17th 1852

J. B. Preston

#2



OREGON STATE ARCHIVES

RECORDS OF U.S. Interior Dept. BLM.

7 line 14

93



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E. 12209 First Avenue
Opportunity, Washington
May 23, 1966.

Mrs. Harriet Munnick
Box 136, Route 1
West Linn, Oregon

Dear Mrs. Munnick:

I received a letter from my great-aunt, Mr.
Rose M. Lage, of Damascus, Oregon, in which
she stated that you had made inquiries of the
Hilleary Family of Damascus.

Michel La Franchise & Emily Picard were my
great great-great grandparents. I have a list of
their children that is complete as far as I
know. I have other information on this line
that I will not mention at this time. I have
been working on this line for two years now.

May I ask if you are a member of the
Hilleary Family. Aunt Rose has, also, given me
quite a bit of information on this line. I think
that perhaps we may be able to help each
other with our search.

I shall await your answer most anxiously.

Yours truly,

Miss Patricia Healey

William Hilleary m _____

| Henry m. Louisa LaTramboise (Anastasia)

| John Hilleary m. Kate Feathers
(sister Rose Feathers Lays)

| Harold Hilleary m _____

| Patricia Hilleary

George m. Ann ^{blind} (?) (Angelique LaTramboise
(Skamawaka - 6 or 8 children

Dick - white woman

E. 12209 First Ave.
Opportunity, Wash.
May 31, 1966

Spokane

99206

Mrs. Harriet D. Munnick

Dear Mrs. Munnick:

I have received your letter of May 26, 1966, and I shall answer your questions to the best of my ability.

I received most of my information from a book by M. Lona Nichols entitled "The Mantle of Elias". This book contains early Oregon Catholic church records.

I assume the girl in the picture to be Louisa La Fambaize Hillary. We know that Louisa did marry Henry Hillary of Sammamish, Oregon on May 5, 1870. This information is based on a marriage license obtained from the Clackamas County records. Henry Hillary was born in Washington, Iowa & came across the plains by covered wagon as a boy. My mother has told me she thinks from what she heard my father say that Ann La Fambaize married a Hillary also. I have not been able to find any record of this. I did find where Angelique or Ann La Fambaize had a child named Pickett. Does this name have any meaning to you? I should very much like to have a copy of this picture of Louisa. Do you have an idea of how old she was then? I would say she was about 18 years of age.

I am enclosing my list of Michel La Fambaize's children complete as far as I

know.

About Michel, himself, I know that he left New York aboard "The Tongvin" September 6, 1910. I have a book, "Mc Laughlin And Old Oregon" written by Eva Emery Bay, in which he is mentioned numerous times. As you already know, he is mentioned throughout the Hudson Bay's records.

Our records of Juste or Joseph La Framboise agree perfectly. Her mother was recorded as a Sapot Indian woman. She married Louis La Bonte second April 14, 1856 at Vancouver. They had seven children, Louis, Francois, Andre, Jean Baptiste, Magaire Jeremie, Edwin, and the youngest Josephine. Louis La Bonte was married to a Caroline Moutaur either before or after he married Juste. From your letter in which you state she died young, I assume Caroline Moutaur was his second wife. His mother is listed as Marguerite Clatopp probably from the tribe of Indians to which she belonged. I have the above children's birth dates, also. I should be most interested to know more of the Juste La Framboise La Bonte line.

If you would not mind, I should like any pictures + information of Michel + Emelie that you may have. I have pictures of Henry William + Livia that I am enclosing for your inspection. They are taken on their homestead at Damascus. He, also, had considerable property at other places.

My records state that Michel II's mother was unknown. As this was taken from the same records, I have no reason to doubt the truth of it. By the way, my records show that Michel La Framboise was of St. Thomas, Quebec, Canada. Do you have any information

Further of this?

I have tried to outline your questions
thoroughly. I hope I have been of help
to you.

I hope to hear from you soon.

Yours truly,

Patricia Hillary

- 1- My records state that Michel, II died at the age of 4 or 5. I have no birth or death date.
- 2- Josephite or Jasitte was chr. at age of 10 mos. we do not agree on birth date. I have July 8, 1939
- 3- Joseph - chr. 25 Dec. 1841 - I wonder if Francis La Fambasin could have been a brother to Michel? I have the reference where he married Denise Dorian. This one stumped me too.
- 4- Anastasie or Louisa - chr. Aug. 3, 1844 died March 6, 1928
- 5- Marguerite - chr. Sept. 19, 1847 -
- 6- Rose - Nov. 4, 1849
- 7- Angeline - Oct. 5, 1851 - (married a Lillie?)
- 8- Jean or Eugene - ^{chr.} Feb. 5, 1854 - died Apr 6, 1935
He married Nancy White.
- 9- Abraham - chr. Oct. 31, 1856 -
- 10- Jasitte - 1831 - died 12 Mar, 1837 -
Do you have any idea why two children were christened with the same name?

Also, why are there two Abrahams listed in your letter?

Emilie Picard La Fambasin died Nov. 1, 1905.
She was born in 1822.

P.S. Please return the enclosed pictures.
I can have copies made. They are from our family album.
(over)

Upon trying to get the pictures from
the album, I found they could not
be taken loose & there are pictures
on the back, so, therefore, I cannot
cut them out. I am sorry. If you
know of any way this can be
done, please let me know.

P. L.

E. 12209 First Ave.
Opportunity, Wash.
June 20, 1966

Mrs. Harriet D. Munnick

Dear Mrs. Munnick:

I am returning your photos marked as to which ones I wish at this time. By the way, I found photos of Henry & Louisa Gilleary in my father's album which can be detached. I am now having copies of these made. I will send them to you at a later date.

I delayed answering your letter immediately as I was & am still trying to find out more information of Anne Gilleary (La Frombair). She definitely did marry a Gilleary, presumably one of Henry Gilleary's brothers. My mother remembers my father talking about the La Bouter & La Frombours, but because she did not know them, she does not remember too much about the family. We do know Anne & family moved to Washington. In 1944, at the age of 93, she was known to have been living in Omak, Washington. I have written to the cemetery there hoping that perhaps she was buried there with her husband. Unfortunately, she is not buried there. I have started again, so perhaps I shall have an answer soon.

Emilie Picard La Framboise died in 1905 according to my records. I have no place of burial for her. Just as a guess, I would assume she would be buried at St. Paul with her father, Andre Picard, & husband Michel. As I understand it, there is a pioneer monument erected there commemorating these two. I should be anxious to know the answer to this question myself.

By the way, Jean La Framboise later changed his name to Eugene. I cannot remember if I told you this once before or not.

I am glad you called my attention to the youngest child I listed, Josette. She, of course, is someone else's child. Whose, I don't know.

I haven't much more information at this time, but if you have any question please write.

I have written to Canada for a birth certification of Michel, but had no luck. I will share the expense if you should be successful. There is a woman who will do research of the French-Canadian La Framboise line for a fee of \$25.00. I have intended to have this done, but I must get the money first.

I shall send the pictures as soon as possible.

Thank you for the information of your last letter.

Yours truly,

Patricia Hilary

6. 12209 First Avenue
Opportunity, Washington
July 11, 1966 99206

Mrs. Harriett D. Munnick

Dear Mrs. Munnick:

I am enclosing two pictures one of Henry & Lucina Lillean & one that I thought perhaps might be of interest to you, a picture of their homestead at Damascus. If you are interested I have a picture of Lucina at about age 80. Please let me know if you would like a copy.

Upon further examination of my records, I find that possibly Joseph LaFramboise, father of Francois, could have been Michel's brother. I have information in different places & sometimes overlook for a time what is right under my nose.

I wish to confirm some information concerning Jasette's children, so I am enclosing what I have along with some questions. I have seven children listed. Is this number correct?

I certainly appreciate the thoughtfulness behind the sketch you sent with your letter. I have wanted to go there in person (to St. Paul.) & still do, but I now have something very nice to put among my notes. Thank you also for the pictures you enclosed.

I am still trying to get information

of Anne Hillary. I have two different letters out now, but so far I have had no success. I mean I haven't heard from either of them.

There is a La Fombria th who lives not far from here & I have contacted him by letter also in hopes that he may be related to me.

Wether I could hardly believe that Isutt's daughter - in-law is still living. I think this is marvelous.

I will write when I have more information.

yours truly,

Patricia Hillary

Josette & Louis La Bonte^{II^{IS}} Children

- 1- Louis La Bonte^{III} - no problem here
- 2- Francois " - no "
- 3- Andre " - did he die young also?
- 4- Jean Baptiste " - " " " " "
- 5- Nazaire Jeremie - " " " " "
- 6- Edwin - I have no birth date or any other information of him. Can you help me?
- 7- Josephine - no problem

who or which one of the above children is Antoine, born 1867-1884 - you enclosed his picture with your letter?

I don't actually have access to "the Mouth of Elias". I can get it at the library, but I cannot take it out of the library. All of my facts were taken down in note form.

pld

E. 12209 First Avenue
Opportunity, Washington
99206
September 26, 1966

Dear Mrs. Munnick:

This is just a short note to let you know that I haven't forgotten you.

at the present time, I have two clues. One Hillary at Everett, Washington, is helping me as much as he can.

As soon as I hear from him, I will pass on the information to you.

Yours truly,

Patricia Hillary

Rockaway, Oregon

May 11 - 1966

Dear Mrs. Munnick -

I wasn't able to obtain as much information on the daughter of the French trapper as I expected.

The half breed Indian woman who married a Hillary and who lived in this neighborhood was ^{She married Henry Hillary.} Louisa. She was around eighty when I saw her about 1923.

She was small, straight and very Indian and resembled the woman in the picture of Anastasia (The one who married a Hillary).

I went to see Mrs. Hugh Lape who was Rose Feathers and who was born about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from here on the Rock Creek road where the Hogel fern bairy is now. She is eighty two, very alert mentally.

She has lived in this community all her life and now lives in a trailer on the property, the Hammers Church bought from the School district.

Her sister Kate Feathers ^{married} John Hilleary - ^{son of Henry + Louise} then son Harold died in Spokane, leaving a least one daughter.

In trying to recall names the other night I gave you wrong names for both Henry and Harold. (John Hilleary's Father & ^{son} ~~son~~)

There were three brothers, Henry - George + Dick Hilleary. I can't learn the name of their father but it seems to me it was William. We knew Dick (a nickname) and he told of looking with his father when he was a young boy - Said he was so strong and cleared so much land. Accidentally he cleared about fifty feet ~~on~~ on all sides of his land & fenced

if it be bought a fat acre place in
1975 adjoining his place.

Mrs. Lape said George lived at
Kamaka, Wash. & had 6 or 8
children. She couldn't remember
his wife's name but she knew the
family and thought she might have been Indian.

Dick Hillary married a white
woman and he had a son & daughter
who live in Portland. No Indians
in there.

Mrs. Lape said Louisa, who
married Henry Hillary, had a blind
sister who was called Anne and
she married, and I believe had a family.
Could she have been Anastasia?

After all that name is quite a
mouth full and would sure to be
shortened. But the picture you
showed me of Anastasia didn't
look like the picture of a blind
woman.

Of course, I may be talking

of the wrong tree, and she, Loise,
might not have been a daughter of
Le Franc's (?) at all. Plenty of
French & white trappers lived with
Indian women out here.

The reason I thought Loise was
his daughter was because of the
name Hilary.

Mrs. Lape keeps in touch with
her niece in Spokane (great niece)
and she is very anxious to meet you
as the niece wants to get as much
information on her family as she
can. So if you could find the time,
I could take Mrs. Lape to see
you. I wish she could have heard
your talk the other night. I am
so glad I did. She was fascinated when
I told her about the dolls, pictures &
old case that was Emily's only
possession.

Mrs. Lape and her sister Kate

3/ I was both country school teacher in
Clackamas County as was my oldest
sister, who graduated from the tenth
grade at Oregon City in 1898 weighted
down with knowledge as she thought.

I really ^{can} write better than this
but I am hurrying to get my letter
in the box before the postman
comes and then drive this old
lady out to the yard work again.

Thanking you I remain
Charlotte H. Smith.

My phone number is 658-3707.
Mrs. Lays number is 658-3845.

Mrs. Charlotte Smith
R.1 Box 150
Clackamas - Oreg.

97015-

Interview with Mrs. Rose Peathers Lay, Clackamas
Oregon, Sept. 13, 1966. Her sister Kate married
~~Harold~~ John Killary, son of Anastasia (Louise)
La Dambrose Killary. Mrs. Lay is now 83, and
has lived in the Damascus area all her
life. She was a country school teacher, Kelcomb,
for one school.

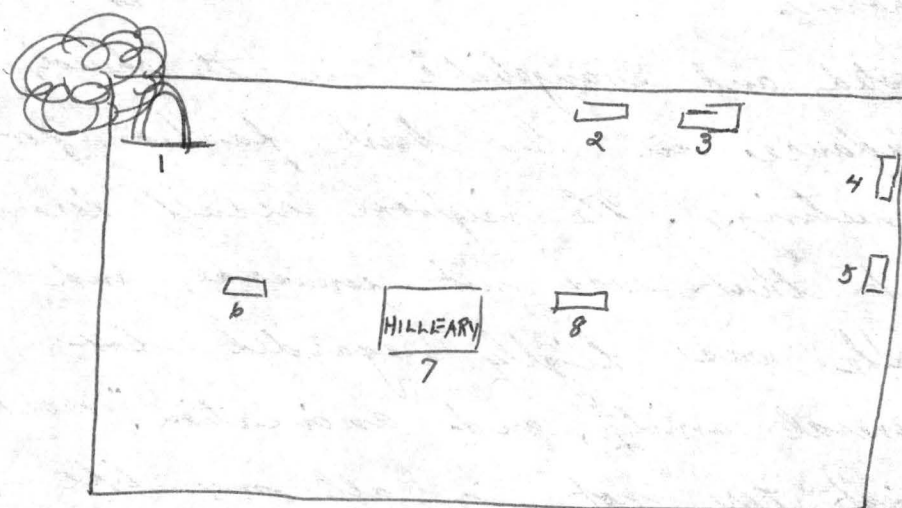
Louisa was small, straight, very Indian look,
slender and quick. "She went like a flash." "She'd
drop in (at Anderson's) every week with some
bit of news, after church news, then off and
away. She died of "just old age" in 1928.

She had two children, John and Pearl,
and one adopted daughter, Charlotte Larkins,
who was some Killary relative. Her mother
had died; Charlotte herself, "a beautiful girl,"
died in 1890 of T.B. Pearl was married
several times, last to a Ford. Her first
husband, who probably lies next to her on the
Killary lot, died young - "Cusick, or something
like that. I knew him; he was a fine young
man."

Louisa had worked as a domestic in Oregon
City. That is where she met Harry Killary, who
was a teamster at the time. They had a
big farm on both sides of the Oregon City - Sandy
road just west of Damascus. A huge cherry tree.

stands by the road, and a sharp wooded hill rises behind. A fort once stood to the west on a lane leading toward the hill, but all trace of the fort is gone. The Hillary house still stands, though so much altered its identity might be questioned. Mrs. Lape believes the original was log, and may still be incorporated in the body of the house. They retired to a small place ~~after then~~ on the Keise road to the east in their later years, where both died. This is the house in the picture.

Henry had no professed religion, but Louisa became deeply involved in the Dunkard, or Church of the Brethren, that flourished at Damascus around the turn of the century. She (and her husband) donated a site for the church on the east side of their farm, adjacent to the cemetery, which was given "for a burial ground" by another farmer. Among the records of the present Community Church, which Mrs. Larsen (?) Anderson keeps, is the deed to the church site, signed in 1898 by Henry and "Louisa A." Hillary. There is also a picture of the original church, a small board-and-batten building with a belfry, like



All marked with undertakers' metal tags, mostly illegible, except John.
Charlotte - white marble
Henry - granite

1. Charlotte, dau. of H. & L. Hilleary - 1890 - Aged 15 "The lovely flower has faded"
2. Probably Cusick, Pearl's first husband
3. Pearl Cusick Ford
4. Kate Feathers Hilleary, wife of John. (- 1922)
5. John Hilleary - ¹⁸⁷¹⁻¹⁹⁴⁷~~(1844-1918)~~ son of Henry and Louisa "Aged 76"
6. Probably Dick Hilleary, brother to Henry
7. Father. Henry Hilleary - "A good name is better ⁽¹⁸⁴⁴⁻¹⁹¹⁸⁾ than precious ointment"
8. Louisa Anastasie LaFramboise Hilleary, wife of Henry. (1844-1928)

an early schoolhouse.

Louisa was devoted and evangelistic in the church, rounding up attendance in her brisk fashion for the monthly meetings. The neighbors recall her as "Indian," but that was not unusual, and no reproach. She was highly regarded for her kindness, general amity, and animation. "Never a word against her, not in all my life did I hear a criticism, which is unusual, for Grandma Kilbary was respected or loved by all."

After her death her son John, whose wife Kate had died earlier, brought Louisa's trunk down to the Lays for storage. "We had it around for years. After while I stored it in the barn, and when we left the farm, we just left it. The relatives used to go through it to take what they wanted; I've no idea what became of it, but how I wish now I had saved those things!" It contained pictures from which Mrs. Lays could identify from memory the pictures I showed her of Emily Laframboise, Anastasia, and the girl with flowing hair as "one of her family for certain, from the upper part of her face, just like Pearl."

June 1966

What Mrs. Riner Remembered of the Laframboise family.

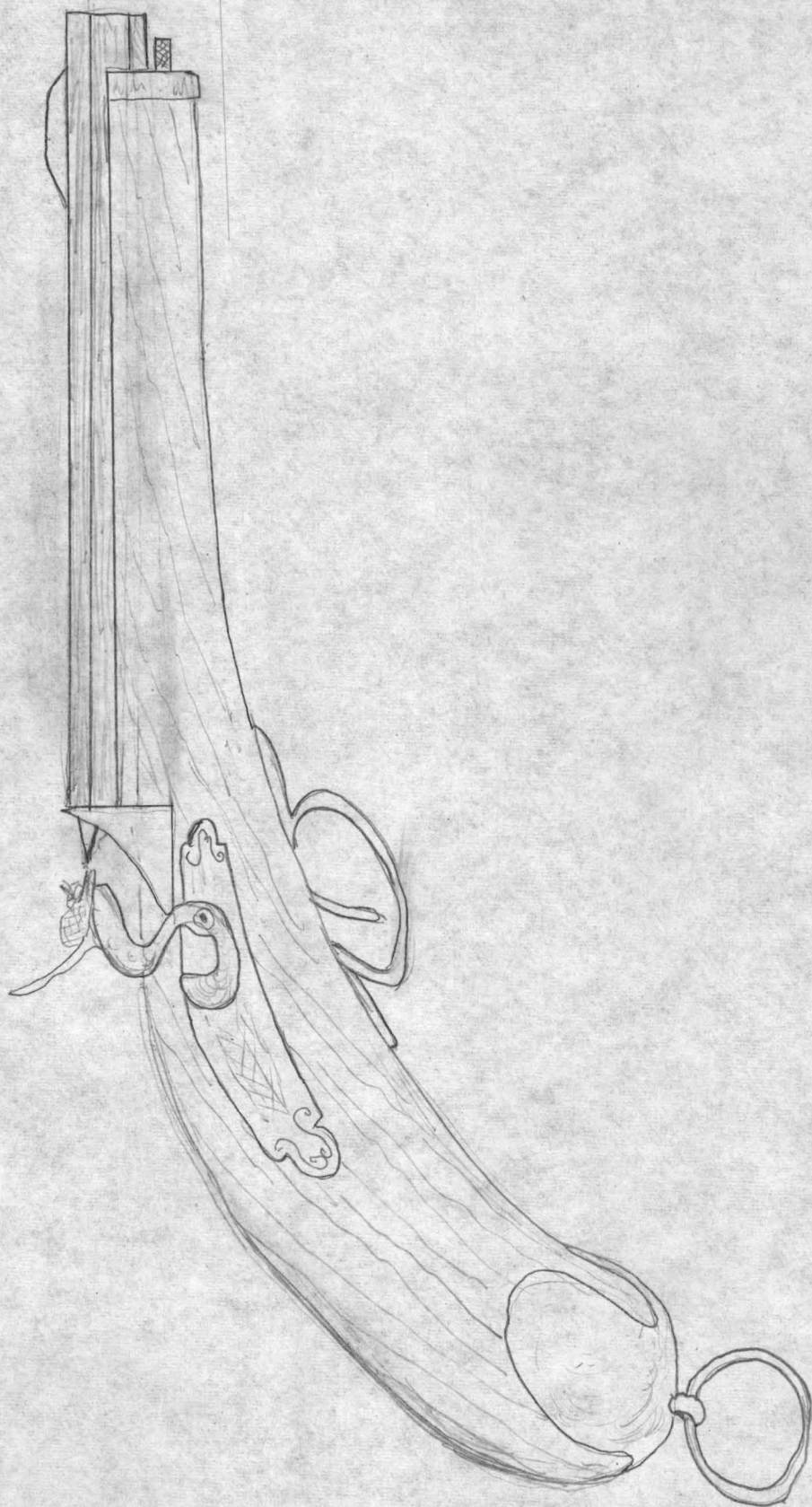
The girl that married Henry Killary had a funny name - let me think - Stager, that was it, Stager. (Anastasia) She used to come over here a lot. She worked for Coleman's, (two houses to the north.) Once she was here for two weeks. Frank liked her. (Francis, Louis III brother? Doubtful - he may have been dead by the time Josephine was married). She would say, "Now just like a friend, Frank, no more, just like a friend!" She lived at Clackamas after she was married.

She had no brothers.

There was one blind, yes. She was here one time with Stager. At the table they cut things up for her and helped her. She said, "My eyes are so poor I can't see that much - I can't eat that." She had not been blind always; I don't know what caused it. She may have married a Killary, too, I can't remember. (true).

Nazaire ~~Andre~~ Labonte (Josette's son) was burned to death. It happened in a tavern. He had a bottle of alcohol (whisky) in his pants pocket, and somehow it got broken. One of the fellows,

(bartender?) threw a lighted match at him,
for a joke, and the fire ran all up his
back. He died in a Salem hospital quite
a while later. It wouldn't heal, and he
had to lie on his stomach all the time,
and it got so he couldn't breathe - his
lungs were all cramped up that way.



The Beaver

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

If undelivered in ten days return to Box No. 4010, Winnipeg, Canada R3C 2P7

SECOND CLASS MAIL REGISTRATION NO. 1401

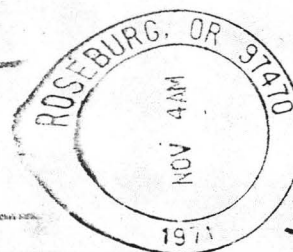
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Box 136, Route 1,
WEST LINN., Oregon,
97068, U.S.A.

PLEASE DELIVER FLAT

HARRIET D. MUNNICK
Route 1, Box 136
West Linn, Oregon 97068

FEUM



Magazine

Adrian R. Munnick

902 S. Palouse

Walla Walla Washington 99362

~~Photo~~
~~Do Not Fold~~

Claudine Chalmers
134 Yale Ave.
Mill Valley, CA 94941
(415) 388-4779

12.19.89

Dear Mrs Munnick,

Thank-you very much for the photos from your files which I xeroxed and am returning to you. They are indeed interesting to form an image of his life on the Trail & after. I will also read again Nuris's text on Laframboise -

Here are the references concerning Father Brouillet:

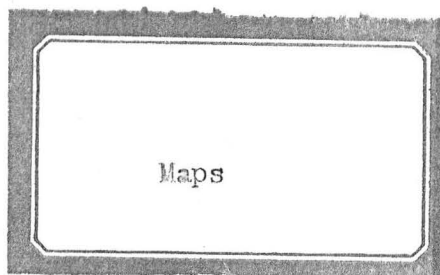
- Harold Whelan : The Licpus Story, 1826-1856 (borrowed from State Library)
- John B. McGloin : Antoine Langlois, Pioneer Priest in Gold Rush San Francisco - Historical Society of Southern California - p. 154-155 *

I would like to know if the Laframboise print you sent me comes from your personal collection, and also how I could obtain a slide of it.

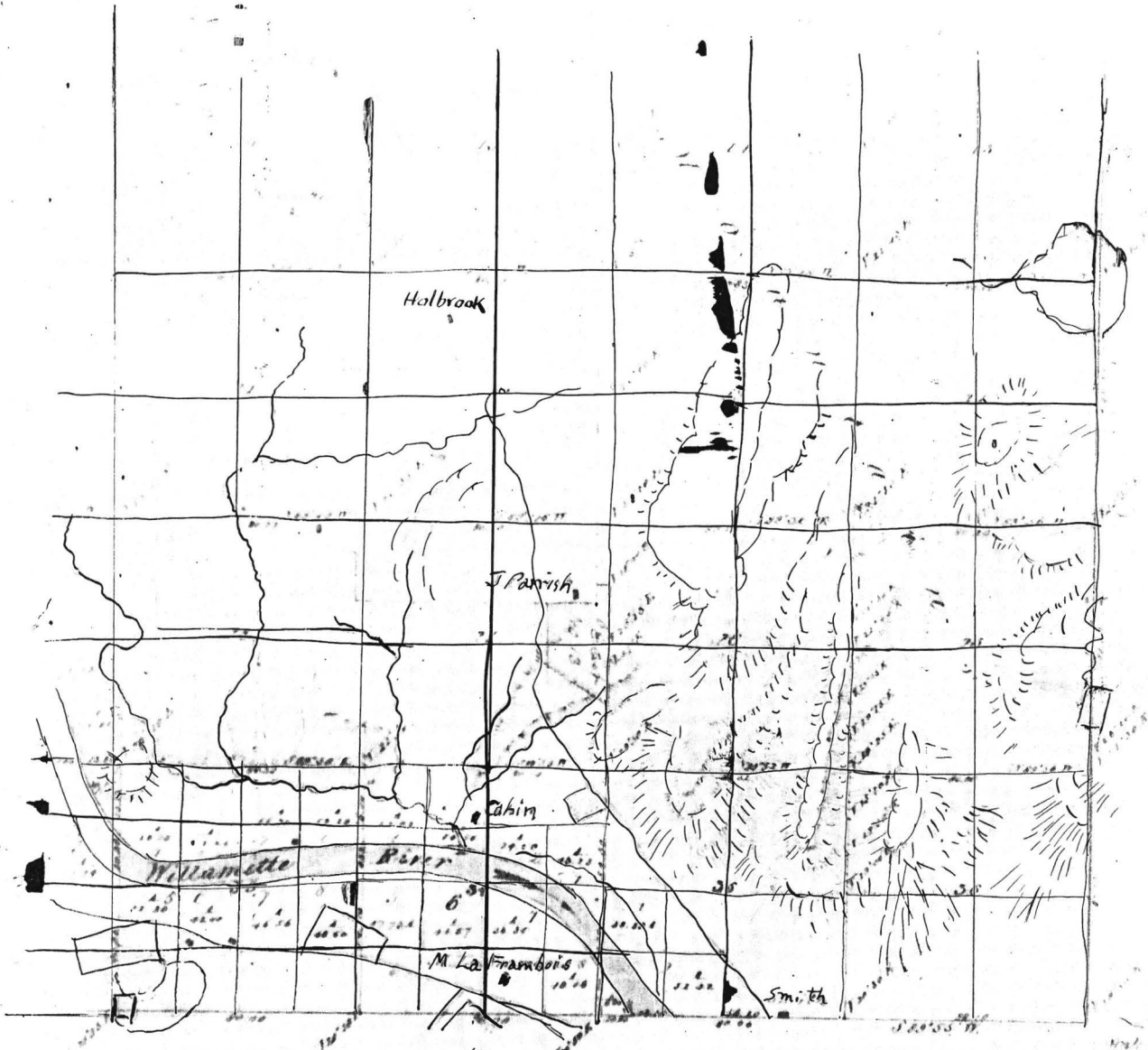
Thank-you very much for your help,
Sincerely,

Claudine Chalmers

* It states that Father Brouillet reached SF. in December 1848. The source seems to be the Correspondance between Father Gonzales & Blanchet.

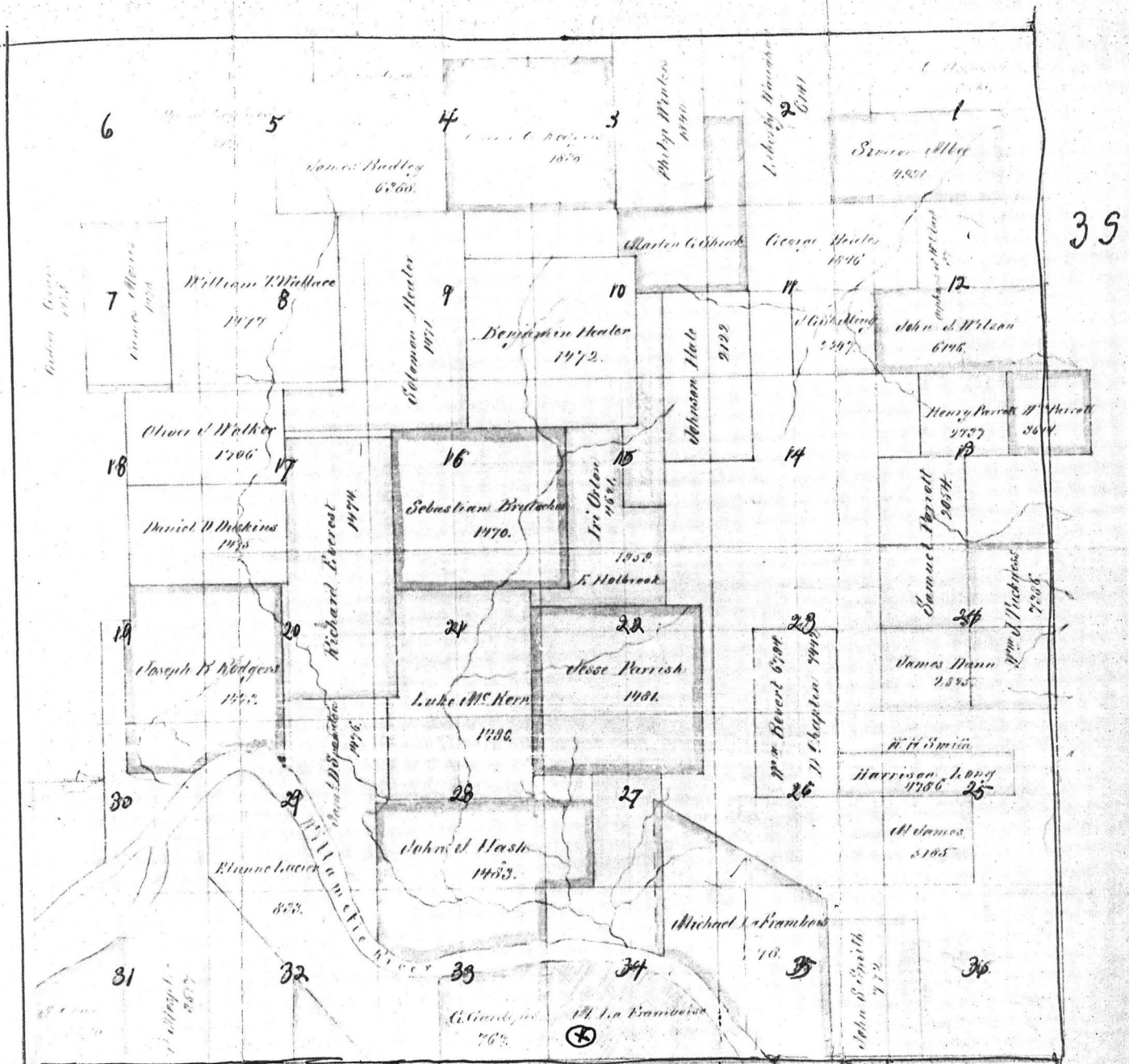


T. 3 S. - 2 W.



When charged in the
 When Surveyed Sur. Gen's Account
 20th May 1852 2nd Quarter 1852
 17th Dec. 1852 4th Quarter 1852 N. 4

The above Map of Township No. 3 South of Range No. 2 West of the Willamette
 Territory of Oregon, is strictly comparable to the field notes of
 thereof on file in this office which have been examined and ap-
 proved by the
 Surveyor General's Office
 Oregon City Dec 7th 1852



SEP 18 1967 A.M.

Form 124-7-3

STATE OF OREGON
ROUTE SLIP

TO:

Date 9/13/67
Mrs. Munnick

FROM:

U.S. Interior Dept. BLM
Film 14 Item 93
State Archives

76294

1854

Michael Laframboise

Notification 778

27.64 A in T4 R. 2 W

614.86 Acres in T3 R. 2 W

= 642.50 Acres

P. N. 78 in T4 R. 2 W

and 60 in T3 R. 2 W

Situated in Sections

2, 35, 34, 27 and 26

Commenced at the S. E.
Corner which is a 6
Balm of Gilead 10 inches
in diameter marked C 78
T. 4 R. 2 W

from which a balm of
Gilead 40 inches in diameter
Bears S 33 1/2° W, 33 M
House Bears S 58° W

Thence up stream

This is the Yamhill part of claim
only, north side of Willamette River

on left bank of the Will
amette River

Variation 20.30' E

S 60° W 2.50 ch

S 59° W 8.00 ch at 7.50 ch ferry landing

S 75° W 9.00 ch

N 47 1/2° W 19.65 ch (at 18.00 ch enter
creek, 20 ft. wide

Course South)

intersect meander
post on town line
between Sections 2.
and 33

N 45° W 14.10 ch

N 39° W 15.20 ch

N 49° W 5.80 ch intersect meander
post on line between
Sections 34 and 35
T. 3 R. 2 W

Township 30 N 2nd of Willamette Meridian

N 31° W	10.00 ch.	35.16	enter white Oak 30 inch d.
N 50° W	22.00 ch (at 18.00 ch enter oak 06 ch)	60.00	enter prairie Come East on
N 60° W	3.77 ch (wide course S 10° E. 1/2 S 50° W)	65.00	N 10° W
	where set post mark.		where set stake for N
	C 60 S 30 N 2 nd		W. corner of C 60 from
	from which a white		which an oak 3 inch
	fir bears N 50° E, 03 ch		in diameter
	Thence		Bears N 48 1/2° E 2.41 ch
North	on West Boundary of C 60	59 3/4 ch	Thence
	Variation 20° E		on North boundary of C 60
1.10	enter creek, Course S 30° W		Variation 20° 30° E
5.00	top of Bluff 40 ft high as 40	5.50	enter road course S 30° E
30.16	intersect section line		and N 30° W
	25.05 ch West of section	10.50	enter bush Course South
	corner Mark S 30 N 2 nd		40° E
	27.26, 34.35	14.00	begin to ascend hill
	Variation 22° E	29.00	intersect section line 20.12 ch
31.25	enter road Course N 45° W		North of section corner mark.
	and S 30° E		mark: S 30 2 nd 27.26, 34.35

At 29.50	enter creek; Course NW Variation 19° E	
42.50	Variation 20° "	
52.50	enter Main Course East	
68.30	intersect section line N 89° 53' W 6.60 ch West from 1/4 post on line between sections 26.35	
69.30	enter Brush	
70.00	enter creek; Course S 10° W	d 40
74.25	enter creek; course S 45° W	
94.30	where set post for N 6° E. com of C 60 from which a red fir 8 inches in diameter Bears N 1 1/2 W 1.08 ch	d 100
There		
South	Variation 20° 30'	
27.38	enter bald hill Course East or W	d 40

At 34.00	enter Fresh Course N 60° E and N 6° W	
57.80	enter Spring creek; Course S 30° E	d 30
59.63	enter road Course East & W	d 40
	leading to Oregon City and Dayton	
61.13	enter creek; 12 ft. wide Course S 40° W	
63.85	enter creek; 18 ft. wide Course S. 20° E	
69.70	enter creek; 20 ft. wide Course S 40° W	
68.01	intersect section line or town line S 89° 53' W 236.7 ch from section corner marker C 30 R 2 W 1.2.35; 236	
69.13	enter creek; 10 ft. wide Course S 50° E	
72.80	enter creek; 15 ft. wide Course S 20° E	

73.63

intersect the Commencing
Corner

The land in the S. W.
portion of this Claim
is of first rate and excellent
timber chiefly red fir
the N. Eastern portion is
of a second rate and very
rotting the timber is scrubby
oaks and red fir

Commenced the Survey
February 28th and
finished March 1st 1884

29

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D. W.

EBERHARD

The following recollections were written by John Eberhard of Newberg Oregon in the late 1940's.

John Eberhard was born near Champoeg on Jan. 26, 1870 the son of J.G. Eberhard of Bucyrus, Ohio and Louise Jones of Champoeg. They were married in January 1866. Six children were born to them.

John Eberhard wrote the recollections for Jean Abner of Dundee who asked him to write the recollections of his early life in the St. Paul and Champoeg area.

J. G. Eberhard, father of John Eberhard was born at Bucyrus, Ohio, Nov. 25, 1832. At about 6 yrs of age his parents moved to Colon, Michigan, where he resided until 22 yrs of age. He then started for California by way of New York and Panama, crossed Isthmus and came to San Francisco and went to mines. He landed there in 1855 and came to Oregon in 1859. He landed at Butteville Dec. 3, 1859 where he stayed with Abe Ryneerson. His wife being Eberhard's first cousin and daughter of Barney Ginsel Eberhard and Betsy Eberhard. He worked for Ryneeson in his blacksmith shop and went to school 3 mo. in daytime. Their principal work was making plows and other blacksmith work.

John P. Eberhard, Born Jan 26, 1870

My first recollections of St. Paul were the Catholic Church and the stores there as I was a very small boy. Chas. O Pelland, who I first remember as having a store at Champoeg, a partner of Adolph Jette. Sen Spiette Pelland sold his part to Byron Clark of Butteville whose wife was related to the La Ronques of Butteville, (a sister of Frank Sawyer. Albert (Bert) Pelland was born at Champoeg. Chas Pelland moved to St. Paul and ran a general merchandise store with Riette for sometime at that place, selling the store to Jones and Langtry, and removing to his farm where he resided until his death. A man by the name of Delschneder had a grocery store on the north side of the road in the house where the Goldls (Girdle) lived. Ben Girdle lived there and sold it to Ernsts. Emmet Kirk finally came in to possession of the old Pelland store.

John P. Eberhard's first recollections of Champoeg

I was about 8 or 9 yrs of age when I started to summer school to Callie Colman, Mrs. Tom Colman. My next teacher was Ect Engle of Woodburn. Next was J.B. Leatherman of Woodburn.

II

The old timers I remember were Dr. Batlg. My first Dr. Chas. Pelland and Jette who kept store. Mr. Manson, a former Hudson Bay Factor, and his granddaughters, Sarah and Emma and Grandson, Billy Ogden (Manson's Whitman sons, Steve and Donald survivors) Mansons two sons Donald and Steve daughters Iga and Anna "Mrs Trem and "Mrs. Chris Newby. Anna was the mother of Sarah, Anna and Billy Ogden. Norbert Bernier and family Dr Batly, my first Dr, Tom, Longtan and family Joe, Osborne and family, The McCanns, Mary, The Bob Ady family, Hoefer and Zorn. The Hureto ran the flour mill. The Flynn family who lived on a farm near the graveyard. Bob Osborne family The Goodell family, Fabion Rivette, a brother to Mrs. Norbert Bernier, Pat Kertgon, a saloon keeper, "Old Bill Wallace", who ran a doggery below the school house near the Champoeg creek . Louis Joe Prevost Mary and Mary Bonny, The Prevost family who lived on a farm about 2 miles, their children attended school at Champoeg. Mrs. Bernier and boys, Chas, Joe, Ed, Steve and a sister Milvina, Mrs. Bernier married with old Fithchy, Abernethys lived across the river in Yamhill county.

Mr. and Mrs. John Piette who later was a partner in a store with Chas O Pelland at St. Paul . Ephraim La Fabb or La Face, a school boy, Charly Riley, a couple of old drunks halfbreeds, old Marmit and Paul Menard. Tom Hubbard, who was killed by Tommy Garand in the store at Champoeg. He went to the pen for 10 years. Castelman lived across the river. Dave Weston and sons, Jim and Louis, daughter, Jane who married Dolf Jette , Jim Holston, his wife Prady, was a Hunt, sister of Henry Hunt and daughter of Mrs. Ady by a former marriage. Mose and Columbus Huffaker (of the Jesse James outfit). Their mother brother, Jim, sister Lilly, Mose Married Sarah Ady. Ed, Jeffry and sons, Henry and Andy

The descendants of old man Ritchy were Margaret, Tom and Jack.

Margaret married Ed Bournier. Hervey Cameron, a Scotch Canadian Briggs, wife. Louis Sadie and Cyrus McGaffy family, Charley, Addie Maud and Jesse. The Luke family ran first sawmill I remember. McCormicks and Forsyths next. John Fellows, Molly and daughter, Angie. Mrs. Comer daughters Villa Dial and Ruth Comer.

Real Old Timers

Dr. Newell I believe was brother-in-law of Joe Meek lived in a house across the road from the store and for a short time it was called Newlsville. My father bought a book from Joe Meek which I still have.

Wm McKay lived not far from Champoeg. His father had a grist mill out on the creek on the farm afterward owned by son, John McKay. There was a Licheutaler farm--lived up toward McKays. Goodles were early settlers.

The town of St. Paul when I first saw it was just a cow pasture, and the cows grazed in front of the church. It seemed on Sundays All cows would gather there and jingle their bells until the Priest sent someone to drive them away, and was full of hound dogs and cars now and then a stray hog would wonder in to see the sights and fleas were awful. Us kids liked to go there on procession Sunday (Corpus Christi). Saloons were closed during mass, but the back door was unlocked.

The church bell was the most beautiful tone you ever heard, but it has lost its tone somewhat. My mother who lived at St. Paul in the early 60 tys with the Pete Murphys, said it was first used at St. Louis, a mission. It was shipped here from the E. Coast, perhaps around the Horn.

My first recollections of St. Paul Ore.

My first recollections of St. Paul, Oregon were the brick church, and the stores there as I was a very small boy. John Piette (Pee et) and Chas O. Pelland ran a general merchandise store. Pelland formerly with A. Jette

ran the old store at Champoeg. John Piette also lived at Champoeg. Pelland sold his part of the store to Byron Clark of Butteville. Piette and Pelland went to St. Paul and were partners in the store.

Bert Pelland was born at Champoeg. A man by the name of Delschneider had a store in the old house where the Coffees lived and afterward owned by the Girdle family, now owned by the Ernests. Pelland and Piette sold the store to Jones and Langbry and finally by Peter Kirk Sen, who turned it over to his son, Emmet, who ran it for a long time, I well remember old Dr. Brentano, son, John Rind and Cawsmere. Others were Peter Kifk and sons, John, Emmet, Peter and Jim, Dan, Mary and Maggie . According to the old timers St. Paul was not much of a place until after the flood of 1862 which wiped out Champoeg which was the largest town between Oregon City and Salem. Before the crick church was built my uncle told me that services were held in a building down towards the river, hence the name Mission Landing. I do not know who had the store there before Piette and Pelland but there was a store there a long time before. Delschneider was there with his little store. One of the pioneers merchants--my father traded with him quite a lot. There was a family by the name of La Foutam, do not know if they had a store or not.

The Cook family, Nicholas, Jim Bob the barber who ran a shop at Gervais and was a happy go lucky fellow and was well liked for his humor and would kid the old bald headed men for not having hair worth cutting. And Joe, a great apple eater who always had his pockets full of apples and jack knife to peel them.

Mr. Ernest, who was a shoe cobbler, his shop was on south side of the street across from the old coffee house, Frank and Henry Arns, Patrick Mullen, The Connors, the Kennedy family, Mrs. McDonald in later yrs who

served meals at her home in the 1890's. The Andy Hughs family. Some real

old timers were the Jake Belangers. There ~~were~~ others I knew but can't remember their names.

Dr. Bouret was about the first Dr. I remember practicing in St. Paul, except Dr. Brentano, Dr. DuGas practicing there later and then Dr. White who married Gertrude Harding. Mr. Harding and Hugh Cosgrove were some of the first settlers on the prairie. They marked off large tracts of land and were finally awarded this land for being pioneer settlers. Le Brun also grabbed a good chunk.

Other Drs at St. Paul were Dr. Vandendy, Dr. Byrs, Dr. Newsome, Dr Edwards. The St. Paul Booster Club had a man by the name Petv John to help boom the town. He didn't do so hot so they lowered the boom on him and he left for greener pastures. Father Chabot was Parish Priest at this time. Howard Murphy was the towns caper cutter. They played baseball on the square in front of the church. When 10 o'clock mass the priest went out and chased them in. Some ran away.

The old timers I remember well were one eyed Jurtres, old man Coffee known as the Gopher Smoker and his old woman. Frank Davidson, Johnny Doud, who lived up by the cemetery. The old Chalifonxs(Shalifoo) Frank Lambert, the town bully, his brothers Alfred and Star. Old Gus, his cousin known as Old Boogaw and mother. Raymonds and Labontas, Chouquetts, Billy Trevor, hiwife Biddy Vrivettes, Rosy Crete, Berners, Boutins,

Names of old time loggers and river men.

Joe Bernhardt, Mr. Cresoun, Fulquarto ldg--Sam Cunningham, Frank Lambert, Chas K. Spalding, Sam Edmonson--piling John Neal--logs, Jim Eldridge--piling, Albert Sem, towboat captan, Str Vgene, Bill McCully,

two boat Str Vgene, Sam Linton, tow boat Str Sevn, George and Steve McClure--loggers, Arthur Riggs tow boat captain, Str Geey Eggle, Tom Jones--tow boat, Spaldings boats, Charley Rittenhouse, Tow boat worker Steve Davis tow boat worker also cooked water doodles for the Neal boys. Louie Ernst--Frank and Henny Arhns., Alfred Lambert, Charley Warner, Skow Bill Lawson, log puncher, Curly Tout, log puncher, John Eberhard tow boat, watchman, firemen, deck hand, Str Eugene. Grant Hole-- log driver also in Spalding office at Salem,

Old Johnny Doud he feels mighty proud

Like a big sunflower in the garden

He sings mighty loud to entertain the crowd

And you can hear him on the other side of Jordan

composed by
E L E

①

I

J S Eberhard Father of John Eberhard
Was born at Bucyrus, ^{Ohio} Nov. 25 - 1832
at about 6 yrs of age His parents moved to
Colon Michigan. Where He resided until
22 yrs of age He then started for California
by way of New York and Panama
crossed Isthmus and came to San Francisco
and went to Mines. Landed there 1855
Came to Oregon 1859.

Landed at Butteville Dec 3 - 1859
Stayed with Abe. Ryneerson. His wife
being ^{Eberhard's} first cousin and daughter of
Barney Ginsel Eberhard and Betsy Eberhard
He worked for Ryneerson in his Blacksmith
Shop and went to School 3 mo in daytime
Their principal work was making plows
and other Blacksmith work

② II John P. Oberhard, Born Jan 26 - 1870

My first recollections of St Paul were the Catholic Church, and the stores there, as I was a very small boy.

Chas. G Pelland who I first remember as having a store at Champag, a Partner of Adolph Jette. ^{Sen} ~~Pellet~~ Pelland sold his part to Byron Clark of Butteville, whose wife was related to the La Rouques of Butteville, (a Sister of Frank Sawyer).

Albert (Bert) Pelland was born at Champag. Chas. Pelland moved to St Paul and ran a General Merchandise ^{with Pellette} Store, for sometime at that place, selling the store to Jones and Langtry, and removing to his farm where he resided until his death.

A man by the name of Delschmedee had a Grocery Store on the North side of the road in the house where the Golds (Girdle) lived. Ben Girdle lived there, and sold it to Ernsto Emmet Kirk finally came in to possession of the Old Pelland Store.

③

III

John P. Eberhard Born Jan 6 - 1870
First recollections of Champag

I was about 8 or 9 yrs. of age when I started to
Summer School to Callie Colman, Mrs Tom Colman
My next Teacher was, Ed. Engle of Woodburn
Next was J. B. Leatherman of Woodburn

The old timers I remember were Dr Baile
My first Dr. Chas. O. Pellard and Jettie who
Kept Store, Mr Manson a former Hudson
Bay factor, and His Granddaughters Sarah and
Emma and ^{Granny} Billy Ogden ^{Whitmore} ^{Son} Steve & Donald
Mansons two Sons Donald & Steve Daughters

Aga and Anna Mrs Trein and Mrs Chris Hewby
Anna was the mother of Sarah, Anna and
Billy Ogden

Robert Bernier and family
Dr Baile My first Dr. Tom Longtin & family
Joe, Osborne and family, The Mc Cannos Mary
The Bob Ady Family Hoefer & John
The Hineto ran the Flour Mill

The Flynn Family who lived on a farm near
the grave yard, Bob Osborne family

The Goodell family, Fabien Rivette a Brother
to Mrs. Robert Bernier, Pat Kerrigan a Saloon
Keeper, "Old Bill Wallace" who ran a digger
below the school house near the Champag Creek
over

(H) IV Louis Joe Prevost Mary and Mary Binger
The Prevost Family who lived on a farm
about 2 miles their children attended school
at Champoeq.

Mrs. Bernier and Boys
Chas. Joe ^{Ed.} Steve, ^{and a sister Melting} Mrs. Bernier married with
Old Rithchy, Abernethys lived across the
river in Yamhill County.

Mr & Mrs. John Piette who later was a
Partner in a store with Chas. C. Pelland at St Paul
Ephraim LaFabb or La Fave, a School Boy
Charly Riley, a couple of Old drunks Halfbrads
Old Maumit and Paul Meriard

Tom Hubbard, who was killed by Tommy
Grand in the Store at Champoeq
He went to Pen for 10 yrs.

Castelman lived across river.

Dave Weston's Son Jim & Linn Daughter Jane who
Jim Holston, His wife ^{Prady} was a Hunt, sister of
Henry Hunt and Daughter of Mrs Ady by
a former marriage.

Mrs and Columbus Haffaker of the
Jesse James outfit Their Mother Brother Jim
Sister Lilly, Mrs married Sarah Ady
Ed. Jeffery & sons Henry and Andy

(5)

(V)

The descendants of Old Man Ritchy were
Margaret, Tom and Jack
Margaret married Ed. Bourner.
Herby Cameron a Scotch Canadian
Briggs wife. Louis Sadie and Cyrus
The Gaffy Family, Charley, Addie Mand + Jesse
The Lake Family ran first sawmill at
Hammer. The Cornicks and Forsy the next
John Fellows, Molly + Ang. Angie
Mrs Comer Daughters Villa Dial + Ruth Comer

Real old timers

Dr Hewel I believe was Brother in law of
Joe Meek lived in a house across the road
from the store. And for a short time it was call
Hewel's will, My Father bought a book from
Joe Meek, which I still have.

Wm. Mc Kay lived not far from Champseg
His Father had a grist mill out on the Creek
on the Farm afterward owned by Son John Mc Kay
There was a Lichtenaler Farm - lived up the
towards Mc Kays, Bowles were early settlers

(6)

(VI)

The town of St Paul when I first saw it was just a cow pasture, and the cows grazed in front of the Church it seemed on Sundays all cows would gather there and jingle their Bells until the Priest sent someone to drive them away, and was full of Hound Dogs and Curs now and then a stray hog would wander ⁱⁿ to see the sights, and fleas were awful. No kids liked to go there on Procession Sunday (Corpus Christi) Saloons were closed during mass, but the backdoor was unlocked.

The Church bell was the most beautiful tone you ever heard, but it has lost its tone somewhat. My brother who lived at St Paul in the early 60s with the Pete Murphys. Said it was first used at St Louis a mission, and then brought to St Paul.

It was shipped here from the E. Coast Perhaps around the Isthmus.

(9)

(VII)

John P. Eberhard Born Jan 26-1870

My first recollections of St Paul are
were the Brick Church, and the stores
there as I was a very small boy

John Piette (Pee-et) and Chas G. Pelland
ran a Gen-Merchandise Store

Pelland formerly with A. Jette ran the
Old Store at Champoeg. John Piette also
lived at Champoeg. Pelland sold his part
of his store to Byron Clark of Butteville
Piette & Pelland went to St Paul and were
Partners in the store.

Bert Pelland was born at Champoeg

A man by the name of Delschneider had
a store in the Old house where the
Coffers lived and afterward owned by
the Girdle family now owned by the Ernest
Pelland & Piettee sold the store to Jones & Langley
and finally by Peter Kirk Sen. who turned it
over to his son Emmet who ran it for
a long time. I well remember Old Dr. Brentano
Son John Ring, and Carlos more. Others were
Peter Kirk and Sons John, Emmet Peter
and Jim Dan, Mary and Maggie

(89)

VIII

According to the old timers St Paul was not much of a place until after the flood of 1862 which wiped out Champag which was the largest town between Oregon City and Salem.

Before the Brick Church was built my Uncle told me that ^{Servicos} were held in a building down towards the river.

Hence the name Mission Landing.

I do not know who had the store there before Piette & Pelland but there was a store there a long time before.

Delschneider was there with his little store one of the Pioneers Merchants.

My Father traded with ^{him} quite a lot.

There was a Family by the ^{name} of LaFontaine do not know if they had a store or not.

9

IX

The Cook Family Nicolas, Jim Bob the Barber who ran a shop at Serrais and was a happy go lucky fellow and was well liked for his humor and would kid the old Bald headed men for not having hair worth cutting. And Joe a great apple eater who always had his pockets full of apples and a jackknife to peel them.

Mrs. Ernest who was a Shoe cobbler, His shop was on South side of street across from the old Coffee House, Frank and Henry Arns, Patrick Muller, The Corners

The Kennedy Family, Mrs. Ine Donald ⁱⁿ later Gros who served meals at her home in the 1890's.

The Andy Hughes Family

Some real old timers were the Jake Belangers. There were others I knew but can't remember their names.

(19)

(X)

6 Dr Bouret was about the first Dr I remember practicing in St Paul

Except Dr Brentano, Dr Du Gas practicing there later and then Dr White who married Gertrude Harding.

Mr Harding and Hugh Cosgrove were some of the first Settlers on the Prairie.

They marked ^{off} large tract of land and were finally awarded this land for being pioneer Settlers. Le Baron also grabbed a good chunk.

Later

(Vandandy)

Other Drs. at St Paul were Dr Vandandague Dr Byers Dr Newsome Dr Edwards

The St Paul Booster Club had a man by the name Petyjohn to help Boom the

He didnt do so hot, so they lowered the Boom on him, and ^{he} left for greener pastures.

Father Chabot was Parish Priest at this time.

Howard Murphy ^{was} the Towns Caper Cutter.

They played Base ball on the Square in front of the Church. When 10 O'Clock came the priest went out and chased them in, some ran away

4

10

(X1.)

The old timers I remember well, were one
Eyed Tartan Old man Coffee known as the
Sopher Smoker and His old woman,
Frank Davidson Johnny Doud,
who lived up by the Cemetery

The old Chalifoux (Shalifox) Frank
Lambert, the town Bully, His Brothers
Alfred and Star. Old Gus His cousin
known as old Boogaw and Mother.

Raymonds and Labontas.

Chouquetts, Billy Trevor His wife Biddy
Wivettes, Rosy Crete, Berniers, Bontins.

1/12

(XII)

Names of old time Loggers and river men

Joe Bernhardt, Mr Cresorn Fulquart old
Sam Cunningham, Frank Lambert
Chas K. Spalding, Sam. Edmonson - piling
John Neal. logs, Jim Eldridge - Piling
Albert Sam Twoboat Captain Str Eugene
Bill McCully, tow boat " "
Sam Linton, tow boat Str Seem
George and Steve McClure - Loggers
Arthur Riggs tow boat Captain Str Ray Eggle
Tom Jones - tow boat, Spaldings boats
Charley Rittenhouse, Tow boat worker
Steve Davis tow boat worker also cooked water
doodles for the Neal Boys.
Louis Ernst - Frank + Henry aphms
Alfred Lambert, Charley Warner, Skow
Bill Lawson, Log Puncher, Curly Tout, Log puncher
John Elkhord Tow boat, watchman, fireman
deck hand, Str Eugene
Grant Holt - Log driver also in Spalding
office at Salem.

(XIII)

Old Joking Doud He feels mighty proud
Like a big Sunflower in the garden
He sings mighty loud to entertain
the crowd

And you can hear him on the
Other Side of Jordan

Composed by
L.E. L.

(XI)

Covington House - Bird, VonPhiester, Pambrun, etc

Fred Locksley, Oregon Journal, July 22, 1922 - Elizabeth Bird

I was marrieed in this old house. We stood in front of that inner door. I was born in Hilo in the Sandwich Islands, June 19, 1840. My mother was a Hawaiian. My father was John Ramsay von Pfister. My father's mother was a Scotchwoman. His father was an officer under Commodore Wilkes and was on the Peacock. My mother lived at Hilo. Her name was Anna I. Kapua. That means, in the Hawaaiian language, 'a flower'. My father resigned from the Navy, married my mother and took up his residence in the Sandwich Islands. The marriage ceremony was performed by one of the missionaries. That was in 1839, the same year that the missionaries in the Sandwich Island~~s~~ sent the printing press to the Whitman mission. As you know, this was the first printing press used west of the Rocky Mountains. I was the first child born to my parents. They had two more children, both boys. My mother died at the birth of her third baby.

Sanford B. Dole, later president of the Territory of Hawaii, lost his mother when he was 3 years old. I was 6 years old. Mr. Bishop was a missionary there. Sanford Dole and I were sent to the Bishop home to be cared for. One of Mr. Bishop's children, Serano, was a playmate of mine. I stayed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bishop for a year. About a year after my mother's death my father married Sara Rhodes. Her sister Anna had married Richard Covington, the man who owned this old log of yours. /Lockley/ Richard Covington was a civil engineer. He came from London as an employe of the Hudson's Bay Company. I 1846 he taught the children of the Hudson's Bay employes in this old house.

After my father's marriage he moved to Honolulu. He and his brother-in-law owned a plantation on which they raised coffee. When gold was discovered in California in 1848, my father's brother, Captain von Pfister, sent for my father to come to California. He told him that he could make his fortune in the mines. My father sent my step-mother to live with her sister and sent me to a boarding school in Honolulu kept by an English family named Gubner. My father's brother started a saloon at Sutter's Mill, now called Sacramento. My uncle, who looked very much like my father, had thrown a drunken Mexican out of the saloon. The Mexican swore he would be revenged. He met my father and mistook him for Captain von Pfister, his brother, and stabbed him and killed him.

My father was a Mason, so the Masons raised a fund which kept me at the boarding school until I was 11 years old. My brother John was 6 years old at the time my father was killed. His uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Covington, sent for him at Honolulu. He went to them at Vancouver. They adopted him and educated him. When I came to Vancouver my brother was 15 years old. He was a fine violinist. He went to the mines in Boise basin, and from that day to this we have never heard a word of him, though of course we suppose that he was killed there. My mother went back from the Oregon country to the Sandwich Islands when I was 11. She apprenticed me to a dressmaker. When I was 17 years old, I came to Vancouver. I reached here June 1, 1857. The sailing vessel on which we came from Honolulu was consigned to Leonard and Green of Portland.

They had the first wharf in Portland and owned the old waterworks and the gas works. Dugald McTavish, an oldtime Hudson's Bay man, met us at Vancouver. Captain Ingalls, who was a friend of my uncle Richard Covington, sent a four-mule team to meet us and brought us to this house here on Fourth Plains. It was a good thing that this old house was so roomy, for when I came here there were 17 people living in it. You see, Mr. and Mrs. Covington were running a boarding school, and in addition to our own family there were quite a number of students.

Charles J. Bird did the butchering for Mr. Covington. His mother, after the death of Mr. Bird, married John Calder. Mr. Calder took up the first Donation Land claim on Fourth Plains. My uncle, Richard Covington, took up the second. After the death of Mr. and Mrs. Calder, Richard Covington was appointed administrator of their estate, and guardian of their children. The first time I saw Mr. Bird was during a church service at the old stockade half a mile from here. I had not been here long when they employed me as a teacher, and I taught in this old stockade.

I married Charles J. Bird April 5, 1858. Dr. John McCarty, chaplain at Fort Vancouver, performed the ceremony. No a person who was present at my wedding ceremony is now alive. After my marriage I moved to my husband's farm. I have had 7 children, 5 of whom are still living. In the old days, Lieutenant U.S. Grant used to ride over here to visit the Covingtons. He and Richard Covington were warm friends. When Grant became president he appointed Mr. Covington to a position in the bureau of engineers at Washington, D.C. Mr. Covington rented this claim, but the renter did not have success with it, so it was sold at sheriff's sale. Jersey Van Fleet bought the 640 acres for \$1500.

Mr. Covington was born the same day as Queen Victoria. He was an artist of considerable ability. You probably have seen sketches that he made of Fort Vancouver in 1855.

I often think back to the old days in Honolulu. The Doles, the Castles, Coles, Bishops, Diamonds, and most of the missionary families of those days did well financially and their children and grandchildren are now wealthy. My uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Covington, both died in the Sandwich Islands. They went there after Grant's second term. In these days as soon as a president went out, the new president put in all his own friends and let the old officeholders out, so after my uncle lost his place in the bureau of engineers, he went to Honolulu, where he died.

If you will look up in the old records you will find that in about 1861 or 1862 I was teaching in the old log house near here. This old house, in which I was married, is probably the oldest building now standing in the state of Washington, and it should be fixed up and preserved as a relic of the days of Oregon's provisional government.

*from John C. Jackson
1984*

LANGLOIS SISTERS - ORIGINS UNKNOWN

MARGUERITE LANGLOIS m. ABRAHAM MARTIN

→ FRANÇOISE LANGLOIS m. PIERRE DESPORTES

MARGUERITE MARTIN m. ÉTIENNE RACINE

I HÉLÈNE DESPORTES m. GUILLAUME HÉBERT

FRANÇOIS RACINE m. MARIE BAUCHER

MARGUERITE RACINE m. JEAN GAENON

II FRANÇOISE HÉBERT m. GUILLAUME FOURN

ANNE RACINE m. PIERRE ALAIN I

JEAN GAENON m. THÉRÈSE ROCHERON II

MARIE FOURNIER m. PIERRE BLANCHE

JOSEPH ALAIN m. MARIE JOSEPH PETITCLERC II

MARGUERITE GAENON m. MICHEL DUMEST

IV LOUIS BLANCHET m. ANGÉLIQUE SOLY

ANGÉLIQUE ALAIN m. J. BAPTISTE BUREAU III

MICHEL DEMERS m. CHARLOTTE AUDIN IV

JEAN-PIERRE BLANCHET m. ROSALIE BLANCH

JACQUES BUREAU m. FRANÇOISE DEVAUX IV

MICHEL DEMERS m. ROSALIE FAUCHER VI

FRS. NORBERT AND A.M.A. BLANCHET (Bis)

ANGÈLE BUREAU m. ZEPHERIN BOUDREAU V

MODESTE DEMERS (BISHOP) (1)

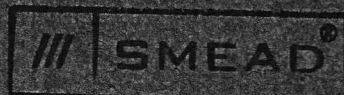
CHARLES DUMOULIN m. MARIE HÉLOISE BOUDREAU (1)+(2)

MARIE-LOUISE DUMOULIN m. RÉAL LASSIE (2)+(3)

CHARLES HENRI LASSIE m. BERTHA NELLIGAN (3)+(4)

MARIETTE LASSIE m. GEORGE BROWN (4)+(5)

COLEMAN



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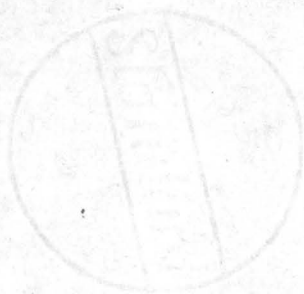
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Colleen M. Gooding
St. Paul, Oregon
St. Paul Union High School



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JAMES COLEMAN

James Coleman, my great great grandfather, entered this world, July 21, 1821 and left it, June 11, 1911.

At the age of 13, he became self-supporting by working in a tanyard in Jackson County, Indiana. Wanting to be a farmer, he moved to Louisa County to pursue his career. Here he met, fell in love, and married Francis Murray. They were joined in Holy Matrimony, June 5, 1847.

James' main interest was farming. To further his interest, James, Francis, 4 yoke of oxen and what possessions they owned, started the long, arduous journey across the plains in a covered wagon.

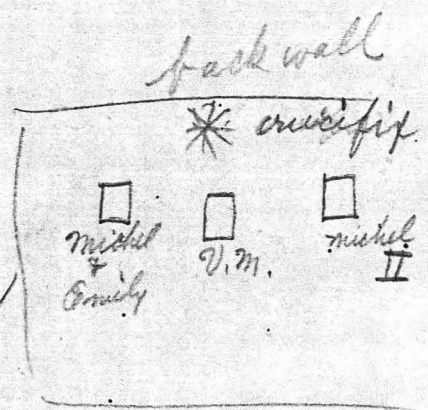
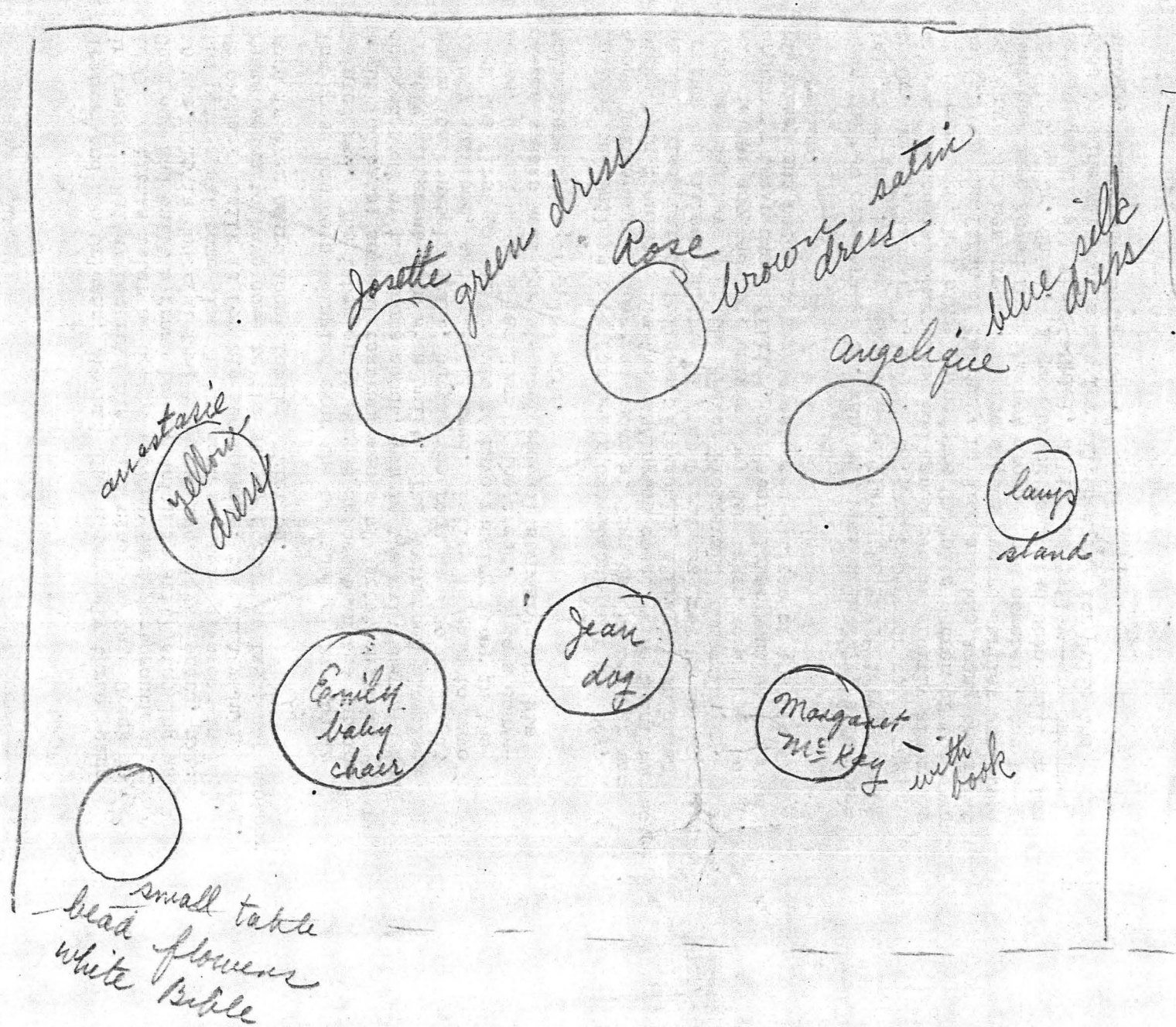
Arriving in Oregon, James and family took residence near Muddy Creek, in Yamhill County. In the midst of wild timber, he hewed trees and built a cabin by himself. They lived here for several years.

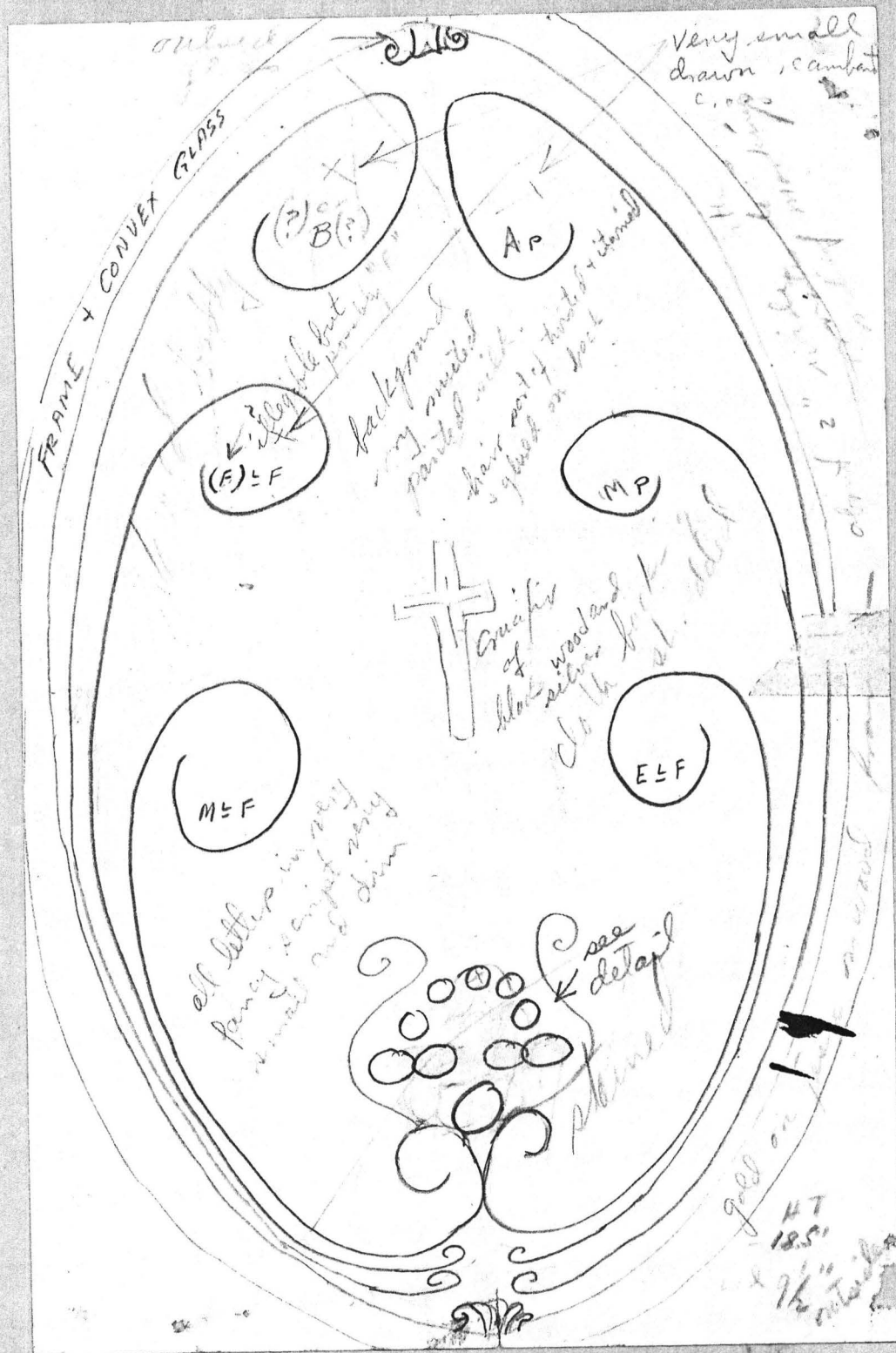
In the year of 1849, the lure of gold, drew him to the Golden State. James, an industrious person left Oregon and located a mill near Sutter's Mill. His luck was good, but he cared more for his family, which he left at the Mission in St. Paul. After disposing of the mill, he returned home.

With the proceeds from the mill and prospecting, he purchased 250 acres of farm land near St. Paul. He engaged in farming the land and raising his family which consisted of: Anna, John, Mary, James, Thomas, Eliza, Charles, Stephen, Emma, Louise and Frank. He lived here until his death.

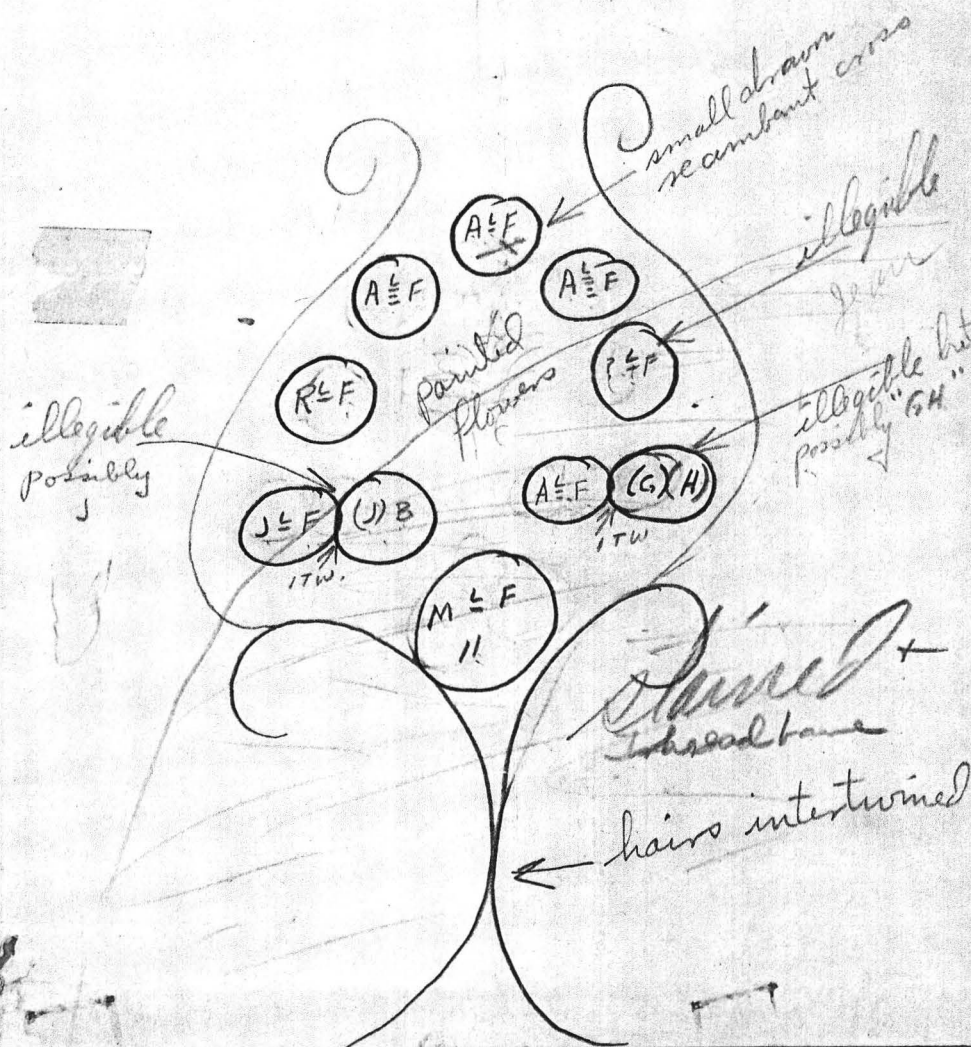
The record of his life should prove a source of gratification to his family. He was self-made, chairitable and made conditions in the community better for his fellow man and for himself.

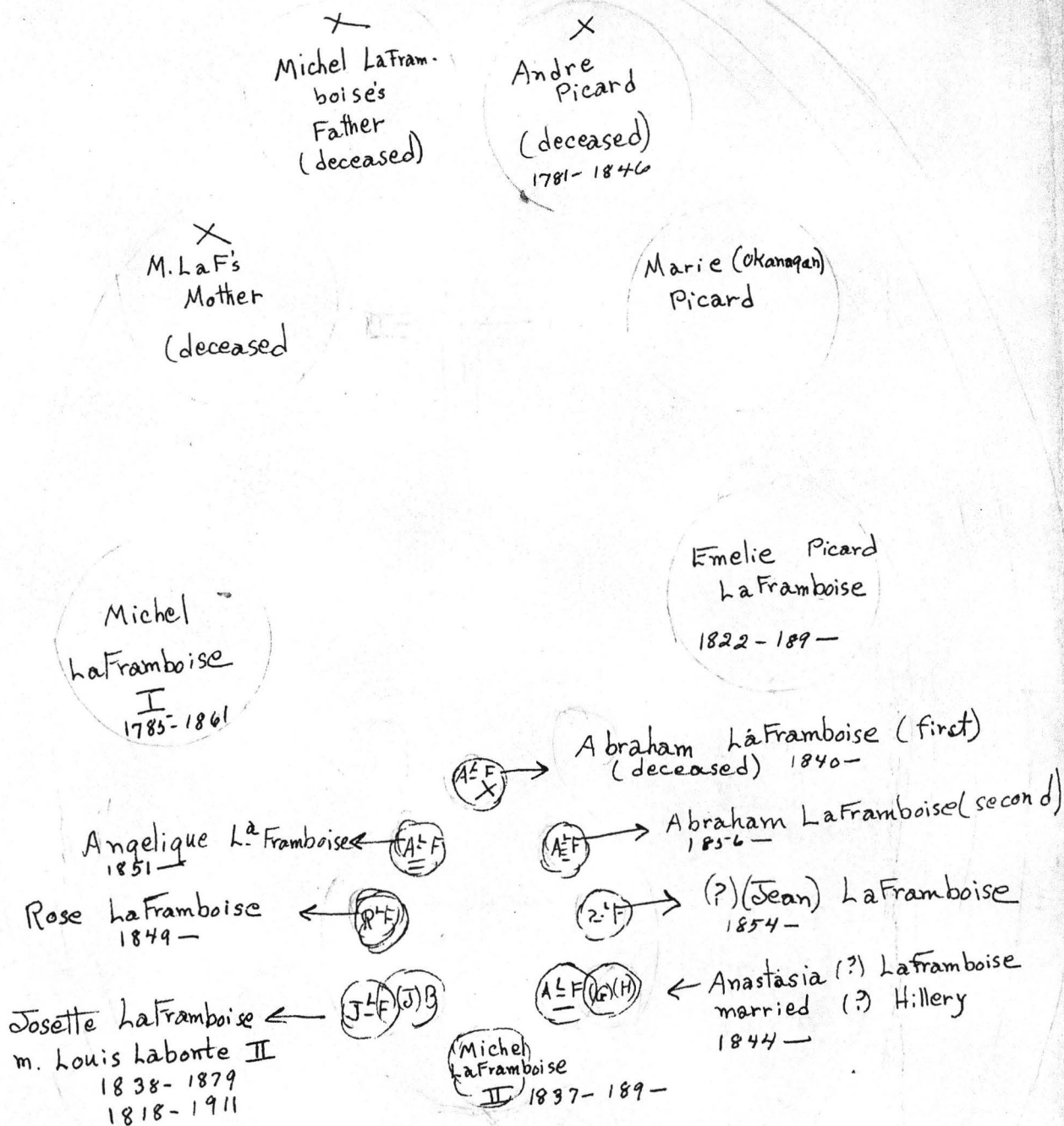
Hair Wreath



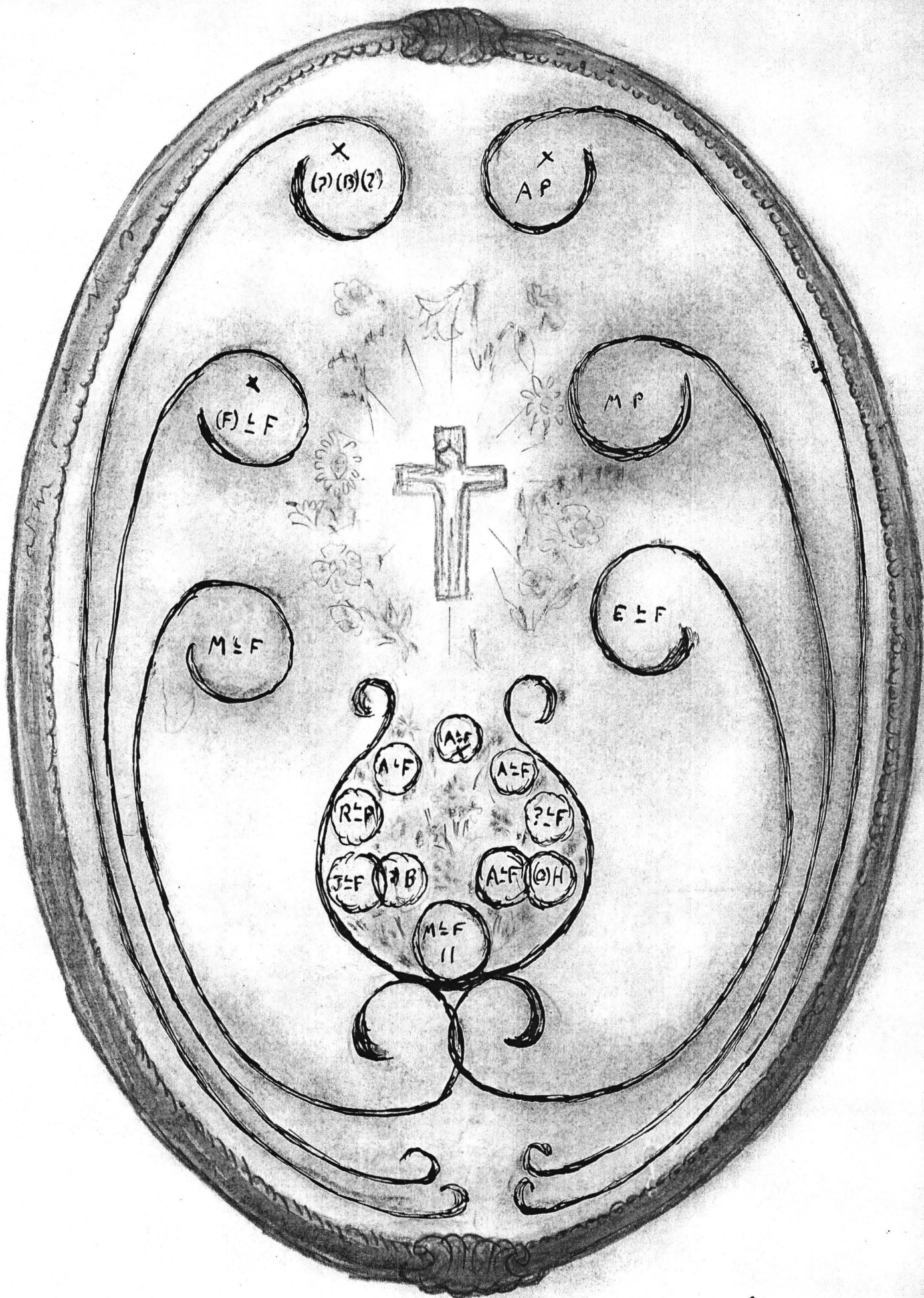


number of marks under 2
in A^LF may not
be correct because
very dim but
thinks it is.





Apparent "translation" of hair picture in possession of LaFramboise descendants. Picture sketched by Adrian under Bill Kepfleur's direction, (April, 1966) shortly after he gave M. the salvaged lock of Michel's hair. The original is deteriorating badly, he says.



Report of old Portland wigmaker after examination
of hairs from wreath, 1965

hair has been stored
with arsenic which
shrinks diameter of
hair and lightens color
of hair.

at bottom of jar
surface only. If you
dry out again life gone.
Loss. Will tend to be
brittle - arsenic makes
worse.

Should be stored in
air tight case with
clear cover with little
bag of silica gel and



Corner of LaFramboise DHC, west
of Champoeq. Holy lake in grove of
trees left middle background.

Oct-1966

