

THE LIFE OF EDWARD JAMES DUNN

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A manuscript on the life of his father was originally produced in 1942 by one his five sons, my Uncle Larry. The following is his statement of acknowledgment:

"Various members of the Dunn family supplied a large portion of the information necessary for the writing of this biography. The author is most highly indebted to his mother, Luella Wilkinson Dunn. The author gratefully acknowledges the assistance of Neva Dunn McFarland, Frank Wilson Dunn, Dr. Eli Hamlin Dunn, and Frank Lytle Dunn. The author is obliged to his wife, Frances Conard Dunn, for great help in the preparation of the manuscript."

I first came upon this book at the home of Mike and Barbara Dunn in October, 1994.¹ I appreciate their entrusting it to me for a time.

The Dunn family history and genealogy has fascinated me for a long time. Finding this biography is a gold mine on new facts and the details of family life! I have unbounded appreciation for Uncle Larry's endeavor--the research, listening, writing, capturing the family stories and committing them to paper before they got lost.

The original book has been changed in the sense of chapter divisions, footnotes, photographs, some editing and the information I have gleaned through my research. My rewriting is intended to clarify and add further information to the Dunn and Wilkinson stories.

Donna Elaine Dunn Johnson
Madera, California
1995

¹ Their home--the site of the family homestead originally acquired by James Wilkinson--has been designated a *Century Farm* in Oregon. It has remained in the Wilkinson-Dunn family over one hundred years.

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Part I: The Prairie Years

A New Life: Born in a Log Cabin

*I*t must have been a cold, winter day on the Illinois prairie that January 10, 1852, when Edward James Dunn came into the world. The log house in Mercer County, Illinois, a county which borders the Mississippi River, belonged to his Waters grandparents. As the first child of the seven yet to be born, little Edward was a source of joy and much concern to his young parents, Henry Parker and America (Mec). Very active from the first weeks, he accomplished all those first milestones early. At the age of nine months he was able to walk, and he talked at an earlier age than most children. Even as a little child, he manifested an adventurous and roving disposition that marked his personality and disposition.

Fascinated by Cats

One day in the winter when he was only one year old, his mother missed him from the place where she was accustomed to leaving him to play with his pet black cat. Upon investigation, she saw him about one-fourth mile away walking on the top of a snow drift along a rail fence. It was only by sending the black cat toward home that young Edward could be persuaded to return peaceably.

When Ed was about two years old his parents and his grandparents, the James Waters family, traveled back to Georgetown, Ohio, their former home. Ed's other grandfather, Wilson Thomas Dunn, and Jesse Grant had a tanning business in Georgetown. One day while Ed was playing about the vats of the tannery, he tried to throw Mr. Grant's cat into one of the vats. Ulysses, Jesse's son, was watching him and came to the cat's rescue. He took the cat away and gave Ed a spanking. Ed remembered Ulysses as a man with a big black beard who frightened and spanked him. Later, Ed knew Ulysses S. Grant as commander of the Union Army and President of the United States. Ed never again had such intimate contact with a man of national reputation.²

Child of the Prairie

Ed developed into a strong, hardy boy and helped his father on the Illinois farms which were either rented or owned. The country was new, and there was not much to be had other than what was carved out of the wilderness. Ed helped his father break prairie sod using an ox team, a difficult job. He assisted in the growing of the corn and raising of beef cattle. The various enterprises required almost continuous work, as there was very little labor-saving machinery. Many farmers of the county, however, including Henry, invented various types of machines.

² This is what is known as a family tradition. True?

School Days and Various Occupations

Ed's father did what he could to further education in his part of the county. The school, named for him, was built on his donated property. Ed took three subjects in school: reading, writing, and arithmetic, with spelling as a major sideline to writing. Henry and Mec were more anxious to give Ed an education than Ed was to be educated. Having a good time interested him more. School was too confining. Discipline proved harsh to the child who didn't have his lesson. One of Ed's classmates was whipped for spelling "box" incorrectly.

As Ed grew older he began finding his particular talents. He attended a music school and learned how to sing and to play the violin and organ. He was more interested in knowing about music than in following it as a profession.

As he came of the right age, his father and Uncle Will taught him the carpenter business.

With his background in general education, carpentry, farming and music, he was quite well prepared to face and endure the hardships of the times.

For a time Ed was interested in the ministry. He studied the Bible and went to church. The minister of the church, as Ed always recalled, was quite rabid against the scientific world. In one sermon he said, "If the world was round, all the water would fall out of the wells."

Civil War

In 1861 the Civil War broke out, having as its main background the question of slavery. Near the close of the war, Ed entered the service as a drummer boy. He could not have been more than twelve, and was not classed as a regular soldier.

The country was nearly exhausted from the length and the cost of the war. Many boys only a few years older than he and old men were entering the service by this time. Many of the young ones did not understand military discipline.

When an officer complained about the way one of the boys marched, the boy said to him, "Who is doing this marching, you or me?"

The officer called two armed soldiers. The soldiers jerked the boy about and ran him off the field and into the guard house. The next day the boy was brought to the field to face the officer. The boy was meek and tired after a night on a hard floor. He saw the need to take orders.

While Ed did not take part in any fighting, he got close enough to know sense war's reality--tough, brutal, and insane.

On one occasion the officer in charge had a small glass of whiskey set out for each soldier. After the drinks, the soldiers were sent into battle with the orders that if they turned back, they would face an army of their own men ready to shoot them. There was no turning back, but fight to the finish. The whiskey gave the men warmth and the proper spirit to endure such a predicament.

There was often little or no food at the end of a day. The men camped in groups. Without having orders to do so, some of them slipped from the camp to find something to eat by stealing it from the surrounding country. Then, upon returning the men of the group had to be careful not to let the officers know what was going on.

The old South, with its wonderful plantations and elegant society ended with the surrender

at Appomattox. In later years many Northerners felt sorry about the way the economy of the South had been crippled by the war. Other northerners, known as carpetbaggers, went to the South to inflict further damage through corrupt politics. The South never recovered entirely from the war and postwar dishonest politics as long as Ed was alive.

Marriage to Hannah

At age twenty-one, in 1873, Ed married twenty-year-old Hannah Lloyd, a county neighbor. His father gave Ed forty acres of land near his home. Ed and Hannah farmed it for about four years. Edith and Frank, their two oldest children, were born there. Ed felt that he had imposed upon his father by accepting the land. Henry continued to help them in one way or another.

Finally, Ed decided to leave the country to find what other places were like and to keep from being, according to his interpretation, somewhat of a burden on his father and mother. Being an adventurous youth, Ed was not satisfied to live a quiet life in his homeland. He felt the pioneer spirit and wanted to conquer lands. He was strong, healthy, and fearless--thereby well suited to such a task.

Ed's Uncle Will and Aunt Mary lived in Osborne County, Kansas. With their help Ed traded his forty acres in Illinois for a 160 acre farm near Osborne, Kansas.³ (North central Kansas).

The First of Many Moves: Osborne, Kansas

In February of 1877 Ed, Hannah, and their two children started for Osborne with team and wagon. Edith was three years of age and Frank was just one. Ed did not know many of the problems he was going to face by going to western Kansas, but he did know that it was wheat and cattle country.

They took great risk by moving to Osborne in that early day and in the middle of winter. Roads were often mere trails with only enough signs of life to indicate they might be making some progress. They plodded along slowly through open country for days, journeying many weeks through Iowa, Nebraska, and Kansas. Severe weather made for a cold, unpleasant trip. They stopped for awhile at Clarinda, Iowa, with his Uncle Eli when Edith developed measles.

As Ed remembered in later years, when one traveled with team and wagon in 1877, it was necessary to be strong against hardship and wary of aggression. He had to be prepared to protect himself because most men carried guns. Some were easily angered over small arguments; fist fights were often the result.

On one occasion during the trip, two parties met on a narrow road and each man expected the other to give up the right of way. In 1877 no law on those middle-western plains dictated travelers keep to the right. Instead of using good sense and cooperation to pass one another, they fought it out--with the winner king of the road

³This could be William and Mary Cochran. Mary was the fifth child of Wilson and Rachel Dunn.

A Farmer's Eternal Nemesis: The Weather

Ed and Hannah moved into a one-room house on their new farm. During the first few months they lived on what they had brought with them. They used twisted straw and native grasses for fire fuel. They had to wait a year for a crop and income. To make the situation more of a gamble, a good crop depended on the rainfall. At that time, farming in western Kansas was very chancy. Ed did not have a large reserve of goods and funds, and could not wait long for a profitable crop.

At the time of Ed and Hannah's move, the railroad had not yet penetrated to that part of the state. It proved very difficult to get one's crops to market and obtain provisions for living.

Osborne on the prairie of western Kansas was suited to the growing of wheat, sorghum and cattle. The rainfall, then as now, controlled prosperity. The average annual rainfall, twenty inches, affected the crop yield both in amount and distribution. Bumper crops might be expected every ten years.

Rain came infrequently. When it did come, it fell in torrents. Ed estimated that more than half the rainfall for the entire year fell in twelve hours. Within a short time, the dry creeks overflowed with swirling, muddy water. The bottom lands, with their crops of corn and sorghum, flooded and washed away in places.

Shortly after the downpour, the country dried up as before with crops thirsty as ever. The rain left an impervious crusty surface and eroded the fields with gullies.

During the summer of their second year, the grasshoppers came in by the millions. Drifting in like black clouds, they settled to the ground and ate everything. They left not a single blade of grass or vegetation. They even chewed on clothing and wood, inflicting severe damage on such things as fence posts and window curtains.

Settling Disputes on the Prairie

Cattle and grain shared the prairie. Ed carefully checked his fences and gates to keep the two apart. One day he found one of the neighbors had turned his cattle in on Ed's grain and made it appear as though Ed's gate had been left open.

Soon after, when the man was driving his team and wagon past Ed's place, Ed flagged him down to talk about it. The man became enraged and told Ed that if he would keep the gate closed, he would have no trouble with his stock. Ed fired right back, laying the blame where it belonged.

The man jumped down, charged, and swung a wild haymaker toward Ed's head. Ed dodged away and retaliated with a hard blow to the jaw. The man slumped to the ground. Eventually, he staggered back to his wagon and drove away. Ed had no more trouble with the cattle in the grain field.

Another time, when Ed went to work one morning, he found his plow missing. He knew some passerby had stolen it. He immediately got his revolver, jumped on a horse, and hit the trail to find the team and wagon. Riding over a wide stretch of prairie, he eventually sighted a wagon ahead. He slipped up behind it, lifted up the canvas and spotted his plow.

Then he rode up beside the man with his gun leveled and ordered him to stop.

"Is this a holdup?" he asked.

"It's up to you," Ed replied calmly. "It may be more than a holdup unless you turned around take my plow back where you found it."

The man obeyed, with Ed riding alongside of him. At this time in Kansas most questions of the character were settled outside the court rooms.

The Shovel That Wouldn't Walk Home

One of Ed's neighbors liked to borrow various tools and then failed to return them. Hannah made fun of Ed for having to go after his tools time after time.

One morning she saw the man coming across the field.

She said laughingly, "Here comes your friend to borrow your shovel again, and you will let him have it."

Ed said, "I'll bet I won't."

When he knocked, Hannah cordially asked him in. After a short visit, he asked to borrow the shovel.

Ed said, "No."

The man was amazed and said, "Why not?"

Ed replied, "The trouble with the shovel is that it can't walk back."

The man's face reddened in embarrassment, and he admitted, "I guess I have been a little negligent."

He left without the shovel.

Kansas, far from settled cities, attracted its share of criminals and others who had reason to conceal past lives. Ed knew this to be true, for federal and state officers came in on occasion to make arrests. One of Ed's best friends--whose history had not been revealed--was one of those arrested and taken back to Ohio. He had killed a boy during the Civil War.

The End and the Beginning, Again

Struggling desperately, they tried to make a go of the farm for two years. Because of the drought and grasshoppers, they could make little above bare existence. Daughter Dorothy was born during these years in Kansas.

Ed traded the Kansas farm for a place in Barton County, Missouri, near Liberal. Again, they moved--with team and wagon and a cow trailing behind--across broad prairies to their new farm in southwest Missouri, near the Kansas line.

This country's fertile soil, made farming ideal. The average rainfall was more than double that in western Kansas, and, consequently, they could produce a greater variety of crops than at Osborne. They had trees for shade and abundant pastures. They would be able to produce much more of their food at home.

Tragedy

Soon after Ed and Hannah moved to the farm near Liberal, a serious epidemic of typhoid fever broke out in the town. The water supply, no doubt, carried of the disease. People sickened and quickly died all around them.

Hannah worried about the typhoid fever. Should anything happen to her, she wanted the children send to Ed's mother, at least for awhile. That would get them away from the epidemic.

In early September of 1880, Hannah felt unwell. When Ed came in from work, Hannah's face was as red as fire. He stared at her. She walked toward the door without saying a word; then turned around, walked across the room, and collapsed. He knew she had the fever. She never completely gained consciousness, and soon passed away from the fever.

The loss of Hannah was the most stunning blow of Ed's entire life. He did not know just what to do. His morale and ambition evaporated. The children were sent first to Hannah's parents and then, later to Ed's mother.

He continued with the work of the farm, for it helped to relieve him of his mental agony. He went from day to day in silence saying little to anyone.

One day while on the road with the team and wagon, he felt unwell. He thought little of it and continued on his way. Sicker than he realized, he lost consciousness. When he came to himself again, he found himself trying to drive the team in the middle of a creek.

He got out of the creek and somehow got home. A good portion of the time he was partially delirious but the horses knew where home was even though he did not.

He managed to see a doctor and then he knew he had typhoid fever. They placed him in a home for the sick in Lamar, a Missouri town about twelve miles east of Liberal. His nurses gave him neither food nor water. The theory was to starve the fever out of the body.

When conscious, he felt like he was burning up. In fact, he was burning up and starving besides. Most of the time, being unconscious was a relief. He missed death by a narrow margin and lost about seventy pounds.

It was a wonder that anyone recovered from typhoid fever in 1880. He did so, no doubt, because of his naturally strong constitution, but it took him about ten years to regain his original weight.⁴

Henry made the trip to Lamar to take his son home. On seeing Ed in bed, Henry was amazed beyond measure at the patient's emaciated condition. Ed couldn't even raise his hand to shake his father's outstretched one. What a shock to see his robust, energetic son so reduced!

When Ed regained enough strength to go back to his farm, Henry took him. Together they sold everything he had in Missouri--at a loss--to move back to Illinois. He lacked the strength and the heart to continue alone.

⁴Fifty years later, the treatment for typhoid fever was just the opposite of "starving out" the fever. In 1930 doctors demanded the patient be given water as often as desired and a high energy, soft diet to supply the metabolic needs of the body, often forty per cent higher than normal. The theory in 1930 was a well-nourished body is most capable of maintaining itself and fighting the disease.

Ed, along with all his brothers and sisters, had the best friends in the world in his parents. No parents were ever more interested in the welfare of their children than Henry and Mec Dunn. Ed always felt a great debt of gratitude for their help at the different times of his life, including taking care of his motherless children

A Time of Healing

For a few years Ed ran a small store in Reynolds, (Mercer County), Illinois, and did some work in professional photography in his brother Frank's studio. During this time he gradually gained more strength. The fever, however, left him with neuralgia, which continued to worsen.

Being confined indoors forced him to be less physically active than he had been accustomed. He needed the exertion of chopping wood or plowing a field to help him forget his bodily and emotional pain.

Feeling the need to escape from the distress and a change of climate, he sold the store to find new employment. He had recovered a portion of his health and the adventuresome pioneer spirit of his youth. New vistas and new occupations called to him again.

He moved west across the Mississippi to find employment. He began in the fall when the rush of corn harvest had begun on the Iowa farms. For a particular farmer, Ed started husking corn early in the morning and continued all day for the wage of one dollar plus room and board. Ed drove back and forth across the field of corn with team and wagon, stopping often to husk and throw the corn against the bangboard and into the wagon box.

When it was full, he drove to the crib, emptied the load and went back out to the field again. When dusk of evening came, Ed began unhooking the team to prepare them for the night's rest. The farmer told him to leave the team harnessed, just tie them to the fence. Ed helped feed the hogs and cattle.

The farmer told Ed to take the team and get a load of corn fodder for the stock.

Ed countered, "It's dark and time to call it a day."

The farmer demanded that he get the fodder.

Ed said, "No. This is my first and last day of work for you. I want my pay."

"You can't afford to sue for one day's pay."

Ed presented his fists. "See these ugly knuckles? These knuckles will settle this case rather than the court." He then made a move on the man.

"All right, all right!

He paid the wage.

Ed, who knew about being cheated a few times, believed what Henry Ford, the great industrialist of Ed's day, once said that a man who is cheated is just as much at fault as the man who cheats him.

Pinkerton Man

Ed secured another colorful job as a Pinkerton detective. He told of being sent to Montana to trace a woman accused of murder. He found a clue to her presence in a certain community. As a cover, he moved to the town as a bachelor starting to farm. Over time he visited various stores, gambling houses, residences and saloons. Finally, his prey had the bad fortune to serve him lunch. He identified her by certain yellow markings in the iris of her eye. His identification brought her to judgement.

He developed the ability to analyze people's actions. On his various cases his suspicions were aroused whenever he encountered someone doing something out of the ordinary, actions that perhaps might be a cover for past undesirable history.

On another occasion he told of tracing a murderer to the Okanogon Valley in Washington. Traveling on horseback, he made his way through the nearly uninhabited country. In 1885 only an occasional small farm house, some sheep and cattle relieved the emptiness of the country--an ideal hideout for criminals. During this period the vast stretches of the West made a good place to get lost from the law.

Ed met the murderer in a cabin and recognized him from the description. After having a visit, Ed told him he had to leave to tend his livestock. Ed could detect that the man was somewhat suspicious, however.

After a few days, with the sheriff in the lead, a deputy, and Ed went to see the man. From a place outside the cabin the murderer shot the sheriff. The deputy then shot the assailant. That case closed with Ed gaining considerable respect for more peaceable professions.

Land Speculation in Spokane

During the year of 1885-86 Ed did considerable traveling in the Pacific Northwest on horseback. As he moved from place to place as a detective, he kept an eye out for opportunity--a place to build a business and a home. In 1886 he bought some town property in Spokane adjacent to Spokane Falls quite inexpensively. He speculated that it might be a valuable property some day because of the location.

As the years went by, he found that he couldn't keep up the tax payments on it and let it go. In later years, this land did become very valuable, just as Ed anticipated.

Dream of Alaska . . . and George Wilkinson

In the autumn of 1886 Ed returned to Iowa and got a job with a Lansing Wilkinson. He helped with the farm work and with the building of a barn. He became acquainted with George, Lansing's son, a young man of about twenty years.

In 1887 Ed decided to go to Alaska. He'd heard the news spreading like wild fire and he got gold fever. Coincidentally, George had been wanting to visit his Uncle Jim in Oregon. So, Ed, and

a neighbor friend, Mr. Thomas, (who was later to settle in Princeton, Idaho) started for Alaska in 1887, taking George with them, intending only a slight detour on their way.

Ed at thirty-five was ready for the greatest adventure of his life. As he started for Alaska, he thought of the new, strange country with gold to greet the hardy, the lucky and clever searcher. Gold hunting in Alaska appealed only to the daring, the resolute fortune-seekers.

On that day of departure, Ed had no idea he would never reach his dream. Had he known, he might have imagined a death in a frigid land, being killed by greedy, hostile men, getting lost in the great expanse of the West, even being shipwrecked along the coast. A man always increases his chances of death as more risks are taken. Adventurous people, like Ed, think little about death and take it as part of Nature's design when it comes.

They planned that Ed and George would travel to Portland, Oregon. Then George would travel south to Jim Wilkinson's home near Corvallis, and Ed would go on to Alaska.

They took the train from Iowa late in the fall. They traveled west over the Great Plains, the Rocky Mountains, the deserts of southern Idaho, and on to the Blue Mountains in Oregon, a route somewhat paralleling the Oregon Trail route.

The train encountered heavy snow and trouble in the Blue Mountains of eastern Oregon. Snowbound in Meachum for four days, the passengers had very little food. They were warned not to eat sardines, which happened to be available, because they were too rich and oily. Ed and George gave most of their food to others.

When they finally arrived in Portland, one of the coldest winters ever known in that section of the country welcomed them. The Willamette River had frozen over, the ship Ed planned to take to Alaska ice bound.

The change in plans caused George to rethink his. He'd caught the "fever," too; going to his uncle's place in Corvallis seemed pretty tame. He wanted to join Ed and be his partner in the adventure to Alaska--as soon as the ice melted.

Ed knew this wouldn't suit George's parents. Ed decided to accompany George to the Wilkinson home while waiting for the ship to be released from the ice. Ed had no idea that this minor detour would alter his plans for Alaska--and his life.

Ed and George crossed the Willamette River on ice and boarded the train for Corvallis. Being hearty Midwesterners, the intense cold seemed normal and didn't bother them.

After they arrived in Corvallis, they inquired and learned the general directions to the Wilkinson home, a distance of about twelve miles. They started on foot through considerable snow, crossing all streams and rivers on ice, and arrived just before noon.

When Sarah and Luella Wilkinson saw the men coming around the hill southeast of the house, they knew they were strangers. They carried their overcoats over their arms! Oregonians would have been wearing their coats in such weather.

Part II: Oregon

Luella

*W*hen Luella Wilkinson, a girl of fifteen, saw the two strangers walking around the hill,

she started putting the house in order for the reception. In her hurry (maybe excitement?), she broke a large lamp shade, and when the men came in upon her, she had a mess of broken glass all over the floor. This situation made for such informality that all shyness evaporated. They all became acquainted quickly and had a big laugh over the broken glass.

Jim, George's uncle, came in from the timber where he had been splitting rails, and surprised to find his nephew and his escort had arrived despite the weather.

Sarah Wilkinson had a good dinner that noon for the visitors and her family. Sarah's sourdough bread, in particular, tasted so good to Ed and George after being on the road for weeks with low and poor rations.

After a rest Ed readied himself to go back to Portland, but George still determined to go with him. Lansing, George's father, let George go with Ed so that he might have an older man for company while traveling to see his Uncle Jim. To take George to Alaska was out of the question.

The argument was delayed as Jim insisted the visitors stay a few days. He especially enjoyed his guests if they liked music and could play some instrument. Because Ed played the organ and was good company as well, Jim wanted him to stay for several days--in fact, indefinitely.

With pressure from both George and Jim, Ed decided to stay awhile. With such congenial companionship as in the Wilkinson home, it was hard for any man to leave with such a cordial invitation offered.

Ed enjoyed seeing the farm and working with the men. He never remained idle anywhere, and so became part of the farm. Having wide experience in farming and other occupations, he contributed a great deal to the operations.

Alaska could wait for awhile--possibly until spring when the ship voyage up the coast might be more comfortable and certain.

The Wilkinsons: Luella and Fred, Jim and Sarah

That winter day of 1887-88 when Ed first met Luella Wilkinson acquired significance as time went on as later they became man and wife.

Luella was born near Eagleville, Missouri, on September 6, 1872. When she was about two years of age, her parents, James (Jim) and Sarah Wilkinson, moved to western Oregon and made their home on the farm where Ed met them.

While Luella began life as a Missourian--with its slightly rolling prairies, hot summers, hard winters and corn fields, she considered herself an Oregonian, a child of the land of tall timber, hills, mild climate and diversified farming.

When Luella met Ed over the broken lamp shade glass, she was fifteen years old. She was a beautiful girl with dark eyes, light complexion, and long, brown hair. She was a brunette in the prime of life for love and beauty. A quiet and a somewhat shy girl, she did not seek to allure any potential lover. She was interested in the work of the home and enjoyed the company of the neighborhood girls.

Fred, her younger brother, sustained a birth injury which left him paralyzed on one side of his body. While not being able physically to do much work, he didn't lack intelligence and had a pleasant personality.⁵

Jim Wilkinson: honest, sociable, and hard working described him. Everyone in the community liked him for his generosity. He was not the kind that pushed himself forward among others. He showed himself steady and conservative in his business affairs. Other than a few years in the army during the Civil War, he'd been a farmer.

He was born and grew up in a farming family in Jo Daviss County, Illinois, just north up the Mississippi Valley from the Dunns in Mercer County. His mother, Jane Guthrie Powell, was the second wife (both named Jane) of William Wilkinson. Four children were born to this second marriage. Alvis Lansing was his older brother. A sister Nancy and brother Franklin were younger.

Sarah had similar characteristics as Jim's in being honest and industrious. But she had her opinions and asserted them more than Jim. And like Jim, she was sociable and liked visitors. On the other hand, she knew better than Jim when visiting had gone so far as to be wasting valuable time. Her ambition and good management played a great part in helping Jim pay for the farm and in the building of their comfortable, attractive home, without continuous debts. Her homes, both on the farm and, eventually, in Corvallis, showed her immense love for flowers and gardens.

She was born in Morgan County, Virginia, (now West Virginia) in 1849, daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth (Smith) Rankin. The family (three children) migrated west to Jo Daviss County, Illinois sometime after 1851.⁶ She and Jim married in Monticello, Wisconsin, March 4, 1868, when she was 19 and he was 26.

The Farm

Jim and Sarah were among the early settlers in the region. They cleared considerable land and developed a general farm quite typical of western Oregon and Washington of that day. A

⁵Larry Dunn mentions Fred briefly only later in his biography. According to Velma Dunn, the family seemed to be either a little embarrassed by him or very protective. They kept him somewhat out of sight. She said that sometimes he'd do inappropriate things in front of strangers or not use good sense with money, but she had the opinion it was more inexperience than lack of intelligence. She always liked him, she said. His mother left him enough money that he was always cared for, living always with a member of the family until his death in 1942.

⁶ U.S. Census of 1850 shows the family in Morgan County, VA (post office Berkeley Springs) along with several other Rankin families. By 1860 they showed up as neighbors of the Wilkinson family in Jo Daviss Co., Illinois. The youngest child, not shown on 1850 census, had been born in VA about 1851-52, according to his age on 1860 census.

number of small fields produced crops. Some cut-over land made pasture for livestock. A considerable area remained in timber, cherry and apple orchards following the contour of hills north and east of the house. The farm homestead with its buildings, garden and flowers became the centerpiece of fields and forest.

They eventually built a handsome home of ten large rooms beside a mountain-fresh spring. A flower garden, climbing grape vine and a large ivy tree rambled over the lawn next to the porch on the south side. Further south and below the house, the garden and berry patch thrived in a wide draw with drainage toward the rich lowland of the farm.

Across the draw on a northern slope lay large orchards of apple and prune trees. On farther south and east the large fir evergreen timber formed the backdrop.

A grove of huge firs protected the house from the westerly winds. As the trees grew larger, many were cut down and a line of eight trees remained.⁷ The tops of these were removed to encourage side branching. The Douglas firs grow to heights greater than 200 feet. They are more dangerous out in the open and close to farm buildings as they might blow over onto them.

Sitting on the porch, facing south, especially on a sunny spring morning when everything was fresh and green, one could easily imagine himself in the promised land.

Lush Timber Country

The farm abounded with timber, as it did throughout western Oregon and Washington. The Douglas fir attracted lumbermen to the territory, thereby aiding in the state's development. Some of the largest trees had basal diameters greater than twelve feet. The mature trees ranged from 150 to 200 feet in height.

The fir predominated the uplands of the farm. Jim Wilkinson used the large, straight Douglas firs for fence rails. Because of the great number of trees, many were burned and destroyed to have them out of the way. This exploitation of timber characterized the mind set of that era. Wood and fence rails came from only the best trees. No market or income existed for this timber. Pasture for livestock and cleared land for crops took priority.

In addition to the plentiful fir, oak, ash, maple, vine maple, alder and chitum trees flourished. In many places the trees grew so thick, very little underbrush could thrive. In place where some sunlight penetrated, patches of grass and berry briars grew lush. Wild blackberry and black raspberries excelled in flavor and abundance. The growth was impenetrable in many places.

Luella spent many hours strolling the woods, gathering all the berries the family could eat, both fresh and to preserve.

⁷In 1994 those trees remain. They stand out from the landscape so that pilots on the way to the Eugene airport spot them as a landmark, according to Hank Dunn, one-third owner of the Century Farm property along with his brother Michael and twin sister, Deanna.

Beaver Creek, the Battle Zone

Beaver Creek, a small mountain stream, coursed around one side of the farm. Jim tried to keep the creek clear of driftwood so it would aid drainage and serve as a fence. With so many trees, driftwood and underbrush in the region, he accomplished this with only partial success. He constantly fought the washouts along the banks even though the tree roots helped protect the banks' integrity.

Because of this, the creek never served as a very good fence. He and a good many others in the neighborhood strived to make it serve this purpose. Some farmer's livestock on occasion got into the neighbor's grain. The creek, consequently, was not only the dividing line between many farms but also was a border line of dispute. These and other quarrels in the community of Beaver Creek finally caused the creek to be nicknamed by some as "Battle Creek."

In the early decades of settlement, the creek also served as the source for drinking water and food. Some mountain trout swam in the creek. As the years rolled by and the community became more settled, logged off timber at the headwaters caused a decrease in the stream's flow. Jim and Ed lived in the good fishing era. With less water and more people, the fish decreased to the extent that fishing was "no fun" for Jim Wilkinson's grandsons. Timber exploitation dried up the fun for the kids, caused floods and soil erosion in the winter, and produced drought in the summer.

Dreams of Alaska Fade

As Ed stayed longer on the farm with Jim, his plan to seek his fortune in Alaska finally faded away. He possessed the flexibility to change his plans, especially if he considered them over time. He found life pleasant and opportunities possible, so why go to Alaska? He finally dropped the original plan completely. In later years he wondered about his fate had he gone to the gold fields.

The Love of Music . . .

The mutual love of music cemented the relationship between Ed and Jim. They became fast friends. Ed's played the best organ in the neighborhood. He could render hundreds of songs without the musical score. He only needed to hear a piece about three times. If he could hear in his mind, he could play it.

Jim bowed a good, old-fashioned fiddle. It was part of the loot when his company overran a southern town. Jim's comrades said, "Give it to Jim," and so when the opportunity came, the soldiers had music.

Ed and Jim concertized almost every evening. Luella took part on the guitar. Only once a week--when the mail came--did they forego their musical evenings.

. . . and Dancing

After the decision to stay in Oregon, Ed and Jim formed a dance orchestra. They played throughout the countryside, not only for the dances but for picnics and various entertainments. Folks

liked the country dances: square dances, the schottische, hop dancing and the waltz. Their group could also play the spritely jigs, hornpipes, reels and clogs.

Dances didn't occur often in any one community, but when they did, they lasted until dawn. Ed could play music and dance all night and still get up after a bit of sleep and work all the next day.

Somebody's overuse of liquor often broke up a dance. On one occasion when two young men got into a quarrel, the people lined up along the walls of the dance floor. The men were drawn to opposite corners of the room and then released. They charged and struck each other hard. The rebound caused both to fall hard on their backsides. They bawled like babies. They eventually recovered enough to get on their feet and stagger out of the room, each appearing to have forgotten the other.

Sometimes a gang of men came from out of the community to try to break up a dance. Entering at different times, they weren't readily identified as an organized group. By custom, men and women didn't dance without being properly introduced. So the interlopers generally stood around talking amongst themselves.

After awhile, looking over the dancers, they made remarks, laughed and making fun of some couple. The girl would be aggravated and her partner would take offense. This continued until the committee in charge of the hall approached the visitors with an ultimatum to act appropriately or leave.

Then there would be a fight. Sometimes the intruders got thrown out and other times the dance hall group got the worst of it. In either case, the dance generally came to a close.

Some of the best dances were held in private homes. Twice a year Jim and Sarah held a dance in their handsome country home. Jim's orchestra furnished the music for the dancing that began in early evening and lasted all night. A lavish supper at midnight consisted of most everything anyone could want. Instead of liquor, they served juices of native blackberry and other fruits.

During one of these parties, one of the men came in from outside to report a sawmill gang was coming to break up the dance. The men pulled out their revolvers with the common idea, "We will meet them."

The gang apparently learned in some way the dancers were armed and ready to meet them. They never showed up.

. . . and of Song

Ed began teaching singing. He taught the rudiments of music and voice control to sing popular music or church hymns. His singing school met once a week for three months. At the end his students appeared in concert.

He well understood he didn't have thorough training in this subject and knew his limitations. He refused to think of accepting a position on the agricultural college faculty as offered through his acquaintance with the president of the state college.

. . . and Work of All Kinds

Ed sold organs and sewing machines for Mr. Wells' music store in Corvallis for a time. He demonstrated the organ by playing a potential customer's favorite music. He played all church hymns to the religious. If they preferred dance music, he knew the tunes. Soon, they would join in

singing, having a good time. The more fun they had, the easier the sale.⁸ His techniques selling sewing machines proved less successful.

For two seasons Ed ran a grain binder for Mr. Currier. At that time binders were a new thing in Oregon. Ed had experience with them as a farmer in the midwest.

Ed also worked as a traveling salesman for the Corvallis Carriage Factory.

When not busy at these various jobs, Ed worked for Jim Wilkinson.

Plus, a Varied Social Life

The Wilkinson farm felt like home to Ed. He loved the music and companionship. He spent every Sunday there. Luella came to be the primary attraction as his liking for her gradually turned to love.

Ed and Jim often went hunting or fishing. Both men were good hunters of the wild game, particularly deer, which abounded in the area.

Ed joined their excursions to dances, parties, July Fourth celebrations. On two occasions they traveled on week-long trips to Newport on the coast.

One Sunday in August, they all climbed Mary's Peak. Standing at 4000 feet, it is the highest peak in the Oregon coast range. They drove as far as they could with the team and hack, about twelve miles from the farm. On horseback, they continued another distance up the mountainside, then hiking the rest of the way. They found some snow near the top. A heavy stand of fir grew on all sides of the mountain except on the south slope. On top a large, dense meadow of mountain brome grass had the characteristic green and bluish sheen. Sater, a cattleman, used this meadow for his summer pasture.

Several friends of Ed's from Iowa and Illinois stayed at Wilkinson's place for days because of Ed's presence. Some came with letters of introduction from Lansing Wilkinson, Jim's older brother in Iowa. The pleasant living caused many of the visitors to stay a bit too long, even two and three weeks. Strong hints that they should leave finally became necessary.

Sarah had her regular work to do and didn't have time to visit and cook for strangers for long periods. Sarah was always very friendly and kind to those who deserved it. A brilliant woman, she could never be fooled for long. When visitors became parasites, she either found jobs for them or booted them out. Some of Ed and Jim's company left without saying goodbye, consequently.

Most visitors had a good time and departed as friends with admiration for both Jim and Sarah.

Homestead in the Mountains

In 1890 Ed took up a homestead near Chitwood, Oregon. What a contrast to his lands in the Midwest! In the coast range, Chitwood receives significant rainfall, over 100 inches a year. An abundance of large fir and spruce trees as well as underbrush of vine maple, deer brake, and large

⁸His son North comments on this in his memories of his father. The good time provided by Ed sold the instrument, but often the customer was left with an instrument no one could play. This is not unlike the same selling methods a century later.

ferns covered the land densely. Decomposing logs two and three deep matted the forest floor. Rains blowing in from the Pacific left the woods humid and balmy and the ground wet and soggy. Occasional grassy meadows and creeks made a good home for many kinds of wild animals. Fifty-foot white-barked alders with diameters up to eighteen inches grew along the creeks.

When Ed came to Chitwood, he came to carve a home out of the primitive forest as dense, huge and challenging as any outside the jungles of the tropics.

According to the homestead laws of 1862 to obtain title, he had to pay a small fee and then occupy 160 acres for five years. During the next five years, then, Ed worked on his Chitwood farm while earning a living as a salesman. By 1895 he fulfilled the requirements of the law and took title to this property.

Ed came to the homestead at the end of the road from Chitwood in 1890 well pleased with it. A trail continued from the road to the bordering Selets Indian Reservation.

He planned to develop a cattle ranch. Early in 1890 Ed purchased a team and wagon and built a cabin and log stable. At the time he was transporting lumber, the creeks were running high and wild because of heavy rains. Rains came with no warning and so often during winter and spring months that one did well to take them as a consistent part of the environment. Ed learned to continue with his plans no matter what the weather.

When he started a job, he nearly always found a way to do it. Because of bridges being washed out, he carried the lumber--about a thousand pounds of it--on his shoulders, making many trips over foot logs over the creeks.

He cleared enough land, burning logs, to sow some grain and set out an orchard. He built a fence around the cleared land. Since he was away making a living a majority of the time, his ranch arrangements had to accommodate that.

A Bachelor's Life

On the first day of January 1891 Ed played for a New Year's dance in Yaquina City. On the next day he walked to his homestead from Chitwood, got the team and wagon, and drove back to Chitwood to get provisions. It rained continuously. Finally reaching his cabin that night, tired and soaking wet, he could find no dry firewood. He ate a unheated, bachelor's meal and went to bed cold and damp.

He wrote to Luella, "I am now batching for good."

Ed was a good cook when he wanted to take time. As many solitary men, however, he often ate what needed little or no cooking or skipped eating entirely.

Living in the deep, wet woods and longing for a companionable but distant girl, led to imaginative day dreaming.

He wrote to his far-away Luella:

Oh! Did you ever batch
And did you ever starve
Until your upper lip would twitch
For a good, square meal to carve?

Did you ever fry head cheese

And potatoes in one pan;
Did pepper ever make you sneeze
Right square in the yeast can?

Now, that is just where I am tonight,
And here I'll ever stay,
Unless my Lu'lla makes it right
By helping me out some day.

.....

I am staying here alone,
In my little shanty home,
 Away down here upon Yaquina Bay.
It is a horrid rub,
To be always cooking grub,
 And washing, scrubbing, sweeping every day.

Oh! My thoughts are wondering back,
O'er the long and lonesome track,
 Where I have traveled over mountain brook and
 rill.
And I long to see my Lue,
For she is my sweetheart true,
 And she is living in a cottage on a hill.

Oh! The trees are on the ground,
And the logs are all around,
 And the snags are standing thick on every flat.
And the fern has a lease
That I fear will never cease,
 But I'm trying hard to kill for all of that.

Oh! My heart is very sad
For my task is very bad,
 And it's snowing, storming, raining every day.
And my mail is always late,
And it is so hard to wait
 For your letters that drive my sadness all away.

By Edward James Dunn

Deer Hunting

Frank Dunn, his son by Hannah, had come to Oregon to work with the expansion of the railroad in eastern Oregon. He made the trek to see his father at the Chitwood ranch when he could leave his work. They enjoyed hunting together.

Ed liked hunting, whether alone or with friends. Deer provided meat for the table, and there were no seasonal restrictions on hunting or fishing in those days.

On one occasion when hunting alone, he watched quietly in the brush adjacent to a small meadow near a creek. A large buck eventually meandered into the meadow, feeding. Ed's snapped a few twigs which alerted him. Curious, the buck moved closer. Ed raised his gun quickly, fired, but only wounded it.

The deer sprang away with Ed in pursuit over hills and valleys. It finally tired from its wound. Ed caught up and put him out of his misery. After dressing out the animal and starting for home, Ed realized he didn't know the way.

It was fast getting dark, and the deer got heavier with every step. He hung it in the tree until he could come back for it.

Ed trudged on and on, only to become more confused. He pushed through heavy, damp underbrush and large ferns to high ground, seeking some landmark to get his bearings.

Darkness engulfed the forest. He faced staying there for the night. As he struggled through the dusky woods, he finally saw a tall snag on a hill. It looked familiar, but its limbs appeared reversed along the stem from what he remembered.

As he approached it, he viewed a light in the distance on a small hill. Encouraged by the thought of a possible haven for the night, he moved quickly toward the beacon. To his surprise, he found it to be a light from his own cabin! Frank sat by the lamp, reading.

The next day he and Frank made an intensive hunt for the deer, but they never found it. Ed realized he had been completely turned around. Frank's reading lamp had saved him not only from the damp, discomfort of the woods but from a wakeful watch for the cougar and bear which roamed there. Well he knew that many men had lost their lives in the forests of the coast range by losing their way. This experience made Ed more cautious in the woods.

Lonely Bachelor No More

Ed and Luella married during the winter of 1894. She was twenty-three and he was forty-four. During the next winter, 1895, after the birth of Evelyn, she joined Ed on the homestead while he completed the homestead requirements. The three months there became the most lonesome time of her life. No other women around. Hadn't she been in the company of her family since birth? Baby Eva to take care of kept her home as well.

She didn't find the Chitwood neighbors very friendly, either. When she didn't warm to their Adventist way of thinking, they turned away. The woods beyond the homestead bordered on the Indian reservation. Luella felt very vulnerable--frightened--when some of those neighbors poked around the barn and peeked in her windows. They apparently meant no harm and went away after their investigative inspections.

Ed made the mistake of telling his wife how he had been lost while deer hunting. He immediately lost part of his freedom. She wouldn't let him go alone after that. Whenever Ed was away from home very long, she worried that he might be lost again.

End of the Chitwood Homestead Era

After getting title to the homestead, he eventually traded it for property in Corvallis. He realized the mountain ranch might be suitable to a single man, but he wanted a more agreeable environment and promising prospects for his family. In the meantime, they came out of the damp forest to the comfort of the valley.

In years afterward, he always expressed his feeling of satisfaction with having established a home from the primitive forest. Those five years remained among the most pleasant of his life.

About 1894 Ed had planted a large prune orchard on part of the Wilkinson lowland. The fruit business interested him. All the trees froze, however, during the winter of 1896. He and Luella faced the problem of starting again.

Luella worked for her parents for a time while Ed continued in sales. He kept his eyes open for suitable opportunities. The eastern part of the state, over the Cascades, seemed to offer more rewards than the Willamette Valley.

Part III: The Family

Covered Wagon to Sherman County

*I*n June 1897 Ed equipped a orderly covered wagon, and he and the family started for

the wheat country of Oregon in Sherman County. The three of them traveled north to Oregon City, then east on the Barlow route over the south flank of Mount Hood in the Cascades--retracing in reverse the trek into Oregon Territory in the 1860's!

They moved so slowly, but the adventure and scenery must have been glorious. Eva, although only two years old, held a snatch of memory from the journey--her father stooping to get a drink from a spring.

Securing good food and safe water posed the most important challenge during the trip. They could buy provisions as they traveled the Willamette Valley. Then they laid in a plentiful supply at Oregon City, the last town they would see for a while.

Before leaving for the mountains, they celebrated with a delicious restaurant dinner with strawberries and cream for dessert. (Thirty years later, in his advanced years, he still enjoyed a meal which included fruit--provided a mixed drink preceded it!)

In their wagon they moved up the slopes of the mountains for two days, climbing more than 3000 feet. How they enjoyed the mountain country, the forests, creeks, meadows, snow-clad peaks! On a Sunday they moved around Mount Hood, the highest peak in Oregon at 11,225 feet. It stood high and mighty, overlooking all the surrounding country. Considerable snow still lay in drifts.

The road was poor--rocks, mud, and no bridges. When Ed came to a creek, he drove right through it, hoping the team could get them across. This bothered Luella so that she crawled back in the wagon where she couldn't see the rushing water.

In one place they ran into a swarm of mosquitoes so thick and vicious that Ed's eyelids almost swelled shut from the attack. Ed felt the hazards of the frontier in a variety of ways once again.

While still high in the mountains, Ed and Luella met some people coming back from eastern Oregon. They had been having a difficult time making a living. Their baby had died and the man was taking his wife back home to the Willamette Valley. Luella felt their discouragement and wondered if it might be their own fate.

Not unlike wives in earlier decades, Luella had doubts about the adventure, pulling up roots and starting over. And not unlike the husbands of those wives, Ed saw opportunity--greener pastures--on the other side of the mountains. Luella had heard too much about eastern Oregon and its sagebrush, desert, and lonely stretches of range land.

These disheartened folks brought her back to her original misgivings. Like the countless pioneer wives before her, however, Luella put her doubts behind her and made the best of the situation, with enthusiasm and hard work.⁹

⁹Lots of patience, as well!

Ed believed there would be plenty of grass for the horses when they came out of the timber on the east side of the mountains. There proved to be no grass in the region, however, and so they stopped to buy some hay at a ranch and ask about water on the road ahead.

"Hell, no," the rancher answered. "No water for forty miles."

They camped there for the night. The man had several things to sell at enormous prices. The next morning they hit the road very early. Soon, they came to a windmill and passed several others inside the forty miles--plenty of water!

They camped the next night at a sheep ranch where people greeted them with a little more friendliness. Ed never knew a stranger, always open and friendly with people. In the morning a woman presented a basket of fresh eggs for their breakfast.

They went down Tygh Ridge to Tygh Valley and on to Grass Valley in Sherman County. They arrived there within a week from the day they started from Corvallis, averaging between 25 and 30 miles a day.

Sherman County - 1897

The next day, Ed secured a job making hay for a Mr. Vinton. Luella cooked for the crew. The Vintons operated the town hotel and supplied the slim rations of food. Mr. Vinton had the disposition of a rattlesnake. Working for him and boarding at the hotel he owned for only a few days was tough for any man.

He and Luella were pleasantly surprised to get an invitation from the Vintons to have Sunday dinner with them at the hotel. They were further surprised at the end of the meal to be presented with a bill! Ed paid but felt that some day Mr. Vinton's unscrupulous ways might backfire on him.

On July 1 Ed went to work for Mr. Holder in Moro. The Holders, unlike the Vintons, were pleasant people, good to work for. They worked on the hay ranch about three weeks. Luella enjoyed her stay with them. They had a large, fresh water spring, very unusual for eastern Oregon. It reminded her of home.

On the Fourth of July, with a celebration in town, Ed had charge of Mr. Holder's livery stable. The Vintons came to town and put their horse and buggy in the stable.

Ed decided he would teach Mr. Vinton a lesson. When he came back for his carriage at the end of the day, Ed charged him about double the regular rate. Vinton objected and moved toward his buggy, saying he had a good notion to not pay anything.

Ed made it clear by his physical presence blocking the way that the horse and carriage wouldn't move until he got paid. Furthermore, he said, the horse and rig would be advertised for sale the next day. Should it be sold, he'd deduct the bill and send him the remainder. Should it not sell for thirty days, it would become the property of the management. Mr. Vinton paid the bill and drove away an angry man. Ed felt the incident didn't really teach him anything.

Ed and Luella moved on to the Elwood Thompson ranch for the wheat harvest. Sherman County wheat brought in the money. For \$3.00 a week, Ed worked on the header crew while Luella helped with the cooking. After a few weeks, baby Eva became ill and Luella had to quit most of her work, but they continued to live there.

The summer winds stirred up the summer fallow fields. The dirt blew everywhere. Luella remembered the place as the dirtiest she'd ever lived. The flies settled on the food and tables. She had to fan the flies off Eva when she ate.

At the end of September they moved to Wasco. The railroad building in the vicinity attracted many new residents to the area. Ed and Luella had slept in their wagon ever since they'd left home in June. As there were no available houses, they rented a store building to live in. Many people lived in tents.

The wheat farmers didn't want the railroad and had a meeting where they agreed not to ship wheat by rail. They wanted to stick with the old freight wagons to take their wheat to The Dalles and bring back supplies from the stores there. It was a big time in the town on the night the freight wagons came through.

After the railroad was built, the farmers soon forgot about the freight wagons. The wheat lay in massive piles along the tracks without sufficient warehouse space to store it.

For a few weeks in the fall Ed worked in the wheat harvest and in the local brick yard. The farm wage in this region was seventy-five cents a day. Then, he worked as a carpenter all winter for about \$3 a day, very good wages at the time. For a time, he worked as foreman for the crew building the Wasco grain warehouses.

Their second child, Wallace, was born in November, that year of 1897.

The following spring Ed became road boss and that meant he had to be away from home a good part of the time. His son Frank lived in the vicinity running a farm and working on the railroad survey crew. While Ed worked away, Luella and the two children took the train to Corvallis to visit her parents. When she returned, Ed had a new, small house ready for her. He'd built it when he finished the road job. He then went back to his carpenter's job.

Trying to Out-Guess the Railroad

Ed believed the railroad would end at Wasco, but it continued on to Moro, ten miles further. Believing that Moro was the place to find the best employment, he moved the family to a 3½ acre tract he purchased on which he'd built a four-room house. The house was made as cheaply as possible, only one board thick. He didn't want to buy property in Moro because it was scarce and expensive and there was a measles epidemic in town.

Between Christmas and New Years, when they made the move, it turned out to be very cold: ten below zero. Luella always remembered that. She felt she and the children nearly froze before he and Frank got the stove set up. Ed worked in a general merchandise store for a Mr. Gunn that winter.

The railroad did not stop at Moro either. It continued on south. Ed was ready to move again. He sold the property in Wasco and Moro. Luella and the children went to Corvallis to live at the home place.

Ed went to Arlington, on the Columbia River. He took a carload of horses to the midwest. This trip gave him a chance to see his parents. When he returned to Arlington, he took up carpentry again. An injury forced an end to that, and he returned to Corvallis.

Back in Corvallis - 1900

After a time of working for the Wilkinsons once again, they rented a house and moved to Corvallis. With the help of Mr. Woodcock at the bank, Ed bought a carload of pianos. He sold all of them but the one he kept for himself.

It was at this time that he traded his homestead property in Chitwood for a block of land in Corvallis. Located in the outskirts of town, it looked less than promising to Luella.

Ed had acquired quite a store of lumber in his traveling and trading. He used this to build a large ten room house on his new property. He claimed he wanted to sell it, so Luella didn't take much interest. She was interested in having a permanent home.

She had her way. They moved into the kitchen part of the house before the rest of it was completed later in the summer.

Corvallis Merchant

Ed bought a small store in the business section of town. It had living rooms in back. One of the neighbors asked Wallace, who was about three years old, if he were going to live there.

"No," he said. "It's too dirty."

Ed had a natural adaptation to the sales business. He cleaned and remodeled the building, then put in a stock of groceries. Business developed rapidly, and soon he had a thriving trade.

Not content to wait for his customers, he went out to people in their homes. He had his own methods of advertising. He brought in products somewhat unusual, trying to anticipate what might intrigue people to buy: patent chicken medicines, fly killer, egg maker, and other such items. Then, he had to convince the buyer.

When the flies were bad on the cows--almost everyone had a cow staked out on the edge of town--Ed would ride out on his bicycle at milking time and spray cows with the fly killer. After a short visit with the potential customer, he usually always sold a can of Lee's fly killer.

He sold other items in a similar manner. He also increased business by giving away samples of his goods. These contacts along with his salesmanship and personality established a good customer base.

He established a dressed chicken market--dressed on order. His business got so heavy, he couldn't keep up with it. Luella helped him when she could. Labor was scarce and the boys he hired for the store didn't please him.

During this time, September 16, 1902, North was born.

To ease the load of business, Ed brought in a Mr. Thatcher as partner. They rented a larger building.

On the Sunday before they were to move into the new building, a group of people came to town from Portland. They ran all over town, and after they left there was a fire in the old, wooden buildings. Ed's building burned to the ground. They did save the stock before the fire hit.

The town presented a ghastly sight the next day: the remains of burned and charred buildings, merchandise littering the streets.

The site where they intended to move suffered less damage, and after a few weeks they opened for business once again.

About 1903 Ed's daughter Edith and her husband Ernest Liddle moved to Corvallis from the Midwest. Ed hired his son-in-law to help out in the store.

Jim Wilkinson's Death

Jim Wilkinson's health was failing him. He knew he couldn't farm much longer. He traded part of the farm to Ed and Luella for the large house on the block of land in Corvallis. Sarah took Jim to the Veteran's Hospital in Los Angeles in an effort to improve his health. He died there April 9, 1904.¹⁰ He was only 63 years of age. He was missed, not only by his family but by the many friends he had in the community.

Later that year, on September 30, 1904, Navarre was born.

Transition to Farmer, Once Again

Sarah rented the farm for a few years, first to Otto Peterson and then to Ezra Thompson. In 1905 she had a sale to settle the estate. Ed bought the portions of the farm which had been deeded to Fred, Luella's brother, and Sarah in the estate settlement.

Ed and Luella thereby held title to the 400 acres of the Wilkinson farm. They then moved to the farm. Luella did not like this move because they had been doing very well in Corvallis.

Ed found it difficult to run both the farm and the store at the same time. So, he sold the business to a Mr. Johnson in 1905 and put all his efforts into farming.

His business in Corvallis had developed rapidly and was especially good at the time he sold out.

For some reason, Ed never liked the Willamette Valley. When he made this move to the Wilkinson farm in 1905, he had in mind to dispose of it later. He always felt that opportunities were better in the country east of the mountains. His expedition to Sherman County in 1897 hadn't proven as successful as he'd anticipated. However, he clung to the dream that eastern Oregon or Washington held the promise. He remembered Spokane as being an attractive place.

Luella, on the other hand, had no desire to move again. She preferred a permanent home and profitable business near her own people. On the farm, once again, she relished the life as she had in her younger years. Ed dropped the idea of moving for the time being.

¹⁰Larry Dunn in his 1942 manuscript says "Injuries which he received in the battle of Vicksburg during the Civil War always remained with him and contributed to his death."

The application for pension papers indicate only eye injuries from some poisonous plant, and those not severe enough to warrant the disability pension. There was never a mention of injuries from a battle.

The death certificate cites as cause of death: "Paresis." This means, according to medical dictionary, "A chronic syphilitic meningoencephalitis characterized by progressive dementia and generalized paralysis which is ultimately fatal."

Second Generation on the Farm

Ed and Luella did very well on the farm from 1905 to 1916 . The land produced large crops and the markets proved favorable. Depending on the season, Ed hired from one to five extra men. All farm work other than threshing, which was done with a steam engine, was done with horses. No gas engines at that time. The plowing, seeding, harvesting, marketing made constant work for at least two men.

The farm produced a variety in both crops and livestock. The leading grain crop was oats. Ed's record yield of oats was 120 bushels per acres on the best lowland. Timothy hay and tree fruits were two other important crops. At different times, Ed had herds of sheep, hogs, cattle, and horses. He took considerable pride in his draft horses, which he raised on a larger scale than other farms in the area. They were among the best. He also had a team of race horses--Abe and Jeny--which was about the fastest around. When Ed took his family to town, he like to run races with others.

The Business of Raising a Family

Laraine was born on November 1, 1906 and Henry on September 16, 1909. They completed the family--one girl and five boys. Both Ed and Luella were very fond of children and enjoyed watching them as they developed. As all children, they proved to be a great responsibility. To Ed it was a wonder that any boy ever reached manhood from the number of things they experienced which might have resulted in death.

North had two operations--once when he was six and again when twelve--on his leg for osteomyelitis. He spent six weeks in the hospital. In 1908, the first one, he was on the verge of death. None of the doctors in Corvallis knew what it was, so they sent him to Portland. Dr. Coffey saved his life.

He had another flare up six years later.¹¹ It left him with a terrible, disfiguring scar the full length of the upper right leg.

While Luella was in Portland with North in 1908, Ed wrote for her to return home because Laraine was very ill with digestive trouble. The doctor told her later that the two-year old had too many different people taking care of him and giving him unsuitable food. Laraine was troubled over the next ten years with similar sick spells.

Another time this same child rolled off a hay mow and fell, first striking a round of the ladder with his shoulder and then bouncing on his head on the wooden floor. This experience resulted in lots of bawling and a fractured collar bone.

When Navarre was about four, North sprayed him with chicken lice killer. This caused considerable irritation to his eyes. Later, Navarre put out an eye when he fell while running across a stubble field.

¹¹Edward North Dunn tells his side of this painful illness, ("If we had only had aspirin at the time!"), both from the side of the child in pain and as a physician later faced with his own patients with the disease.

North liked to climb tall fir trees and wave around in the breeze. This caused his parents a certain amount of uneasiness.

The boys got thrown from horses a number of times while growing up.

Even with all their ailments and accidents, all the children reached adulthood with bodies and minds fairly intact.

Sometimes their mother thought her boys should be reared in a barn or cave where breakable things--windows, chairs, beds--weren't available.

Often the boys scrapped among themselves over who was to do a certain job, such as bringing in the wood, pumping the water, or hoeing the garden.

Their hoeing often did more harm than good. Plants would either be cut off along with the weeds or crushed by shuffling feet.

Hoeing in the garden and helping around the house were considered women's work, "sissy work." They did best at jobs where they could do little damage--such as bringing in the cows. They yearned to do a man's work--working with the horses, using the large machinery, being out in the grain fields.

As the boys grew older, they helped considerably with the farm work. Wallace did a large share through the period from 1910 to 1915.

Eva married in 1914.

Restless Spirit Once Again

After 1912 Ed gradually became more dissatisfied with the farm. The upland fields, which included two-thirds of the crop land, had deteriorated tremendously since they had been put into cultivation. When Jim Wilkinson started to farm, they gave good yields of wheat and oats. From 1912 to 1915 the yields of oats were very low. Returns were not great enough to pay the taxes. Returns from crops on the lowlands had to cover taxes for all.

Ed suffered from high blood pressure. He rationalized the high desert land of eastern Oregon would relieve it. Restlessness was his prime motivation. He had been in one place as long as he could tolerate. He needed the move and the adventure.

In 1916 Ed rented the farm to a Mr. Groshong for three years. He then held an auction to sell all the machinery and stock with the exception of a wagon, a few horses and two cows.

On November 1, 1916, the family moved to the Fisher house in Corvallis. The livestock was kept in a stable on the property. Ed still owned grain. During the winter, Ed and Wallace took the grain to Marshfield, rented a building there, and stayed until they sold it. Ed considered starting a feed store there.

During the winter Ed traded about 150 acres of the upland acres for 320 acres on the Deschutes River in Tumalo, Oregon, east of the Cascade Mountains. By spring, he had his plans formulated for moving there. He traded some horses for a second-hand Maxwell car.

The winter in Corvallis hadn't gone well. The house was uncomfortable and the children were often sick. Navarre, Laraine, and Henry all had the measles. The family had the moving spirit. They were anxious for the coming move to Tumalo as soon as school let out.

In June 1917 Ed rented a railroad car and loaded nearly all his goods including the horses (Ike, Nell, Bill) and cows (Jersey and Bob.) With Wallace in charge of the Dunn possessions, the train moved eastward toward the new country and Tumalo.

Maxwell, Ho! To Tumalo!

The rest of the family loaded into the Maxwell for the 400 mile journey: north to Portland, east to The Dalles, and south to the Deschutes.

Ed had never driven before, so Mr. Ringrose (one of the traders of the car) went with the family as far as Portland to teach him to drive. Ed was then sixty-five years old. Mr. Ringrose found it more convenient to drive, so Ed did not obtain much practice. Ed found the car interesting but difficult to handle.

Shortly after Ed took over and drove out of Portland, he went to sleep. The car ran off the road and one front wheel ran up the bank.

Ed yelled, "Whoa!" But the car didn't stop. North, an alert 15 year old, riding in the front seat, saved them from calamity by applying the brake and turning the car from the bank.

The family stayed in Troutdale for the night. Early the next morning they started down the Columbia River Highway. Still a primitive track, it was twisting, rocky, narrow, and quite steep in places. Cliffs towered above and below. One could see the river down at a great distance in places.

Ed and the boys were scared part of the time, while Luella was frightened all of the time. Ed was fortunate that very few cars were on the road because there wasn't room for two cars to pass for long stretches. Luella made Ed pay close attention to the road. Her urging wasn't necessary. Ed was anxious enough most of the time to keep his attention where it belonged. The car could barely climb some of the hills. The boys shoved forward from the back seat to help keep it going.

They had a reprieve from their tension when they stopped for the view from Crown Point. Magnificent! The broad expanse of the Columbia came into full view hundreds of feet below as it passed through the wooded and mountainous Columbia River Gorge.

In late afternoon they drove into Hood River. This looked modest after having gambled with death most of the day. That, however, was the fatal moment, for a rock flew up and broke something significant within the car.

The garage man said the rock had broken the cylinder head. When Ed stepped on the throttle, the car gave a deep, hollow-sounding roar. The roar gave way to a wheezing sound, and that was the end. They hauled the car to the garage, and the family went on without it.¹²

The family traveled the rest of the way on the train through hot, dry, rough country decorated with sage brush, juniper trees, rocks and sand. Wallace met them there after an uneventful trip on the railroad car. They put a load on the wagon, and the family continued the four miles to Tumalo. Ed felt happy, ready to conquer the world. Luella didn't have this same feeling of elation--somewhat the opposite. The boys--being young--were eager for the new life

¹²This incident made Ed remember that his first idea about cars was probably right. When he was on the Wilkinson farm, a man tried to trade him a car for about ten acres of the best lowland. The man wanted to grow onions. Ed told him that if he had that thing, he would run it into the creek to keep from getting hurt with it. The man laughed and went away with no deal.

The "Perpetual Nuisance"

After being in Tumalo about two months, Ed went back to Hood River to get the car. After it had been repaired, one of the garage men tried to run away with it. He had run into a rock and broken the fly wheel. The thief had disappeared but the car with its need of additional repair faced Ed. He returned the 180 miles on the train. Later, Wallace retrieved the car from Hood River. It remained a perpetual nuisance, never running quite right. Ed used it for a few trips to Bend and Redmond.

On one of these trips to Bend in the Maxwell, Ed saw a car approaching with no driver in the seat, but a woman sat on the passenger side. When the two cars were about two hundred feet apart, the woman screamed and threw her hands in the air. The car zigzagged, then came straight at Ed.

Ed pulled off the road and over a rock, raising the wheel off the ground leaving the car helpless and high-centered. A man of the approaching car, who had been working on something under the dashboard, raised up when the woman screamed and finally stopped.

He climbed out to see about Ed's predicament. He offered to tow the car to town and pay for damages. He suggested Ed see what the damage might be. While Ed investigated the underside of his car, the man jumped into his vehicle and sped away. Ed managed to get a ride to Bend and had the car towed in to replace the broken spring.

Ed tried to trade the Maxwell for lumber from a mill man. Ed spoke of it as having a most wonderful engine and a most comfortable ride. The fact that the engine was large, looked well: large equating with strong. That it also made a lot of noise (no muffler) seemed to mean quality. While the mill man believed these were desirable features, he lacked confidence in his knowledge of cars. After considering the situation, he decided to keep his lumber.

One day while driving to town with Oaks Wallace, a Tumalo boy of about seventeen, Ed in some way made himself noticeable to the local police. An officer stopped him and asked for his driver's license. Oaks rightly suspected Ed didn't have a license. He spoke up quickly saying the car belonged to him and that Ed was his hired man. Oaks showed his own license. Ed said later that was the only time the boy had showed any sense.

As time went on, the Maxwell became more untrustworthy. Sometimes the car stopped unexpectedly. Other times it ran on two or three cylinders and emitted an occasional backfire. Ed had no confidence he'd reach his destination.

Parked in the garage for some time, it broke four holes through the floor. After five years he traded it to a Mr. Mayfield for a cow and calf. Mr. Mayfield, although a mechanic, made an enthusiastic trade without trying it out. It never did run, but he found it useful to hold up a tent at his spot by the river.

Ed, however, didn't win in the trade, for the cow was the poorest he ever owned and the calf died.

The Tumalo Farm

Tumalo, located on the Deschutes River in the dry land area of central Oregon, receives an annual rainfall of less than ten inches at an altitude of about 3500 feet. At the time of their arrival,

the town had two viable stores and several old wooden buildings, many of which had been abandoned. The farms around Tumalo, supporting the town, prospered on the irrigation systems in place. More projects were planned. Ed figured with the little town's strategic position on the river and the possibility of new power plants, prosperity lay just around the corner.

Ed rented an old store building for the family's residence-- a dirty place with a dusty road out front. The fenced-in yard contained nothing but a few clumps the native, gray sage. Other than the river, a small, filthy irrigation ditch provided the only water.

It didn't take long before Luella and two of the boys, Navarre and Laraine, came down with scarlet fever. A miserable situation at best, but more so in such primitive conditions. North and Wallace left the house immediately and stayed away until the epidemic had passed.

Ed and Wallace worked as hard and fast as possible building a small, but new house and barn on their property close to the river. The family moved in gladly as soon as they could.

For most of its course, the Deschutes River passes through a deep, narrow canyon of basalt. At Tumalo, the canyon walls recede from either bank forming a basin about 200 feet below the level of the surrounding country. Ed's farm with some eight islands occupied the greater portion of this basin, and the river ran through the farm for a distance of more than a mile. Good evidence showed this basin was once the bottom of a lake.

A heavy stand of juniper trees and sage brush covered the farm land when they moved onto it in 1917. Green grass, alder and willow trees covered the islands. Beaver had established homes. These islands and the river banks showed the only color other than the dusty, drab greens of the sage and shaggy juniper.

Community drives to eradicate the overly-plentiful jackrabbits sought to reduce crop damage. Armed men marched in a wide swath across the fields, killing their prey by the hundreds. Ed himself exterminated some 60 rabbits on one of the drives.

With irrigation water, this central Oregon country had good possibilities for prosperity; this appealed to Ed. He didn't like to see the rushing waters of the Deschutes untamed, going to waste-- from his point of view. He acquired a water right which stipulated he could use water from the river and return what he didn't use.

The family lived on the farm for over two years. Even with hard work, all the activity turned out to be unprofitable. World War I prices were the highest in history. Wheat reached more than \$2 a bushel. The mill in Bend demanded \$40 a 1000/board feet for lumber. The minimum wage was \$4 per day. Farmers who had goods to sell did very well.

Ed had little to sell.

He had to expend his capital to develop the farm. They cleared most of the tillable land. He built farm structures and hired men to dig a mile-long irrigation ditch, many places through rock. Ed raised rye and potatoes and put together a herd of sixteen dairy cattle. To save money on lumber for the house and barn, Wallace hauled it from Sisters with a team and wagon, a distance of nearly 40 miles each way. Shortly after finishing the essential construction, Wallace left home to work for wages.

The Dunn boys liked the Tumalo farm, especially the river and islands. Wading and good fishing, swimming and exploring--wonderful activities for active boys after their chores.

Trouble in River City

The unexpectedly high expenses for the irrigation ditch turned the Tumalo place from an enterprise with good potential to a money-loser. Eventually, he borrowed money to finish the ditch.

Some people resented Ed's fencing his land. They claimed it was public range. Only a few years before nearly all the land of central Oregon had been public domain. They were accustomed to pasturing their cattle on the river and islands. There was little other pasturage available.

The island near the Dunn's house was another source of trouble. It had been used as a picnic ground. John Stiles, the mayor, told Ed the island belonged to the town for recreational purposes and he didn't like Ed's house being so close to it.

Ed hadn't minded the people using the island and the foot bridge they had built to reach it; but he resented Mr. Stile's lack of diplomacy and the unfriendly attitude. He retaliated by putting a chicken house and a flock of chickens on the island, and then burning all the willow trees from the center. The green shade and cool, moist atmosphere of the island were replaced by a smelly chicken yard and charred stumps.

Ed had some trouble with the local cattle, too. His fences consisted of two barbed wires and posts about 30 feet apart. The wires were sometimes weighted down with rocks to let the cattle in. Without Ed's permission they liked to let the stock come across the shallow waters of the river to the rye field, then run them down to the canyon and force them across where they would fall on the slippery rocks and slide into deep waters requiring them to swim. Ed had too many boys for such programs to go far. The boys on horseback patrolled to keep the stock out.

Mid Winter on the Road West

About the time Ed got established on the place--and the family began to think of it as home--Ed's sights turned elsewhere. Mr. Groshong's lease had expired on the Beaver Creek farm, and Ed decided to move back and farm it with Wallace's help. Wallace had been working in a flour mill in Seattle. In October 1919 Ed sold all the stock except for three horses, wagon and hack. North had already left for Corvallis in September to go to high school.

In November Ed and the boys loaded the covered wagon and hack, nailed up the house's doors and windows, and started for the Corvallis farm by way of McKenzie Pass. With Ike and Nell pulling the wagon and Bill hitched to the hack with Navarre driving, the family headed for Sisters.

The first night they pulled the wagon into a rented barn. Three boys slept in one end of the wagon and Ed and Luella in the other. Their feet met in the middle making the bed somewhat uncomfortable for the first few days. During the night Laraine got sick and Luella close to it.

The next morning Ed ordered breakfast in the hotel. The following is a thirteen-year-old sick boy's account of the meal:

"He (Ed) ordered more than twice the number of eggs necessary. The eggs were served so raw that the yolks floated like yellow rafts in the watery whites. The apple sauce served was little more than apple cores floating about in water with some straw-like apple fibers. Moldy bread was placed on the table for toast. The breakfast was very unpalatable, even for those of the family who were well."

A blizzard had struck the mountains during the night which caused the pass to be closed for the winter. The party was forced to go by way of The Dalles and the Columbia River highway, making the trip about 400 miles as opposed to the 160 miles over the pass.

For the next two weeks the family plodded forward through all kinds of weather, When they arrived in Gateway, they had to stop for a day. The snow's depth was more than a foot. The horses couldn't pull the load any more.

The temperature had dropped to below zero. The wind howled. The family had lots of bedding and didn't mind the cold as long as they stayed in bed. Ed and the boys may not have minded, but Luella had to work at being a good sport. She let Ed get up first to build the camp fire and get breakfast started. He made what he called a Mulligan stew out of bread and fish. It tasted very good on those cold, brisk mornings.

After the day's layover, they pushed forward through the snow again. They were by then in the wheat country just south of the Columbia. That afternoon with the day growing dark, they weren't finding a place to stay. They needed hay and water. With darkness upon them and the snow falling again, Ed could hardly see the road. Finally, on that wintry, lonely road, they came upon a large, towering rock and a house. They stopped and Ed went to the door. He found the ranchers to be kind and friendly. They treated the family royally. Their hospitality was remembered long. The family being tired and hungry was in the best condition to accept and appreciate the acts of kindness. Ed talked and talked and played with their baby girl while the boys ate a most delicious supper.

Luella did not feel like eating. After everyone else had gone to bed, Ed and the rancher visited to a late hour and enjoyed each other immensely. Luella wanted Ed to come to bed and leave the man alone.

After that stop, the weather got better.

The family stayed in an old livery stable in The Dalles for a day. An Indian tried to make love to Luella when Ed was away. He was somewhat drunk but had an appealing personality. Luella climbed into the high seat of the wagon to keep away from him. Later that day while in the office of the stable, the Indian placed ten cents on her hand and told her that she had been very kind to him. He said that there was nothing at home for him, not even anything to eat. Luella showed no sympathy for him. The Indian wanted a friend.¹³

Learning that considerable ice and snow covered the road down river, the family loaded onto a boat for the trip to Portland. Then Luella and the younger boys, Laraine and Henry, boarded the train onto Corvallis. Ed and Navarre drove the wagons south through a number of rain storms.

The countryside looked so moist and green after having been in Central Oregon for almost three years.

The family's sojourn had taken them three weeks. They had passed through desert and humid lands, mountains, wind and rain, snow and cold weather. This twentieth century covered wagon trip had many similarities to those travails experienced by the pioneers who crossed the Great Plains half a century earlier.

¹³Wouldn't Luella's point of view on some of these adventures be interesting?!

Starting Over

The family settled again on the Beaver Creek farm. Wallace, by then twenty-three, had just rented the place on a share basis. They had to move into what had been the hired man's place--called the Willaby house--because the beautiful Wilkinson home was gone. It had burned to the ground during Mr. Groshong's residence there. Unfortunately, it had not been insured.

Not only their home but most everything else had deteriorated considerably. Most of the fences had to be replaced. The farm buildings needed repair. The orchards had suffered as a result of age, disease and lack of care. They had little machinery and only the livestock they had brought with them in the move. In three years the farm had changed from a profitable and attractive place to a run-down ghost farm.

Mr. Groshong had not lived up to his contract in maintaining the fences and keeping some sixty head of cattle on the land. There was little Ed could do but evict him and start again. Any resemblance to their former farm, its hominess and prosperity, had almost been obliterated.

The timothy hay seeded on the thirty acres of the best lowland in 1916 hadn't been totally ruined. Ed and Wallace had a good crop in 1920. A bad storm which ruined other crops further north missed theirs, which added to their profit. They sold some 100 tons of hay for \$28 a ton. With that and the fir timber cut and sold for wood, they had money to buy badly needed stock and machinery.

Ed bought a Fordson tractor and a Ford Truck. The tractor was very good for plowing and binding grain, the heaviest work of the farm, but a real nuisance to start. In cold weather its balkiness required a fire be started under it to get it warmed up enough to get going.

The Ford truck became Ed's closest pal. He built a body for it himself. It rode rough and made considerable noise but served its purpose well as a run-about.

Another purchase, a second-hand Case tractor, hadn't been his intention. Ed went to a sale and had started the bidding at \$400 and ended up owning it. A perpetual nuisance and hard to handle, it even started fires in the grain stubble. After being used for one season, it occupied space on the farm scrap pile for some ten years before being sold for junk.

Times Change

Wallace married Mary Roberts while running the farm. After about four years, he started teaching school. Ed farmed with Wallace for a year and then went back to the Tumalo place with his Ford truck. He returned to Beaver Creek after Wallace left it and farmed there for the rest of his life.

While Ed was on the Tumalo place after 1920, his family was scattered most of the time. Luella lived in Corvallis a good part of the time taking care of her mother whose health was poor. The four younger boys stayed with her during the school months.

Sarah Wilkinson had developed an attractive home in Corvallis surrounded by neat lawns and gardens. She had three rental houses built on one side of the block. She had fruit trees, blackberries, raspberries, grapes and a vegetable garden as well as flowers on most of the block. Fred, her crippled son, and Ned Shinn helped her with the work.

Ned and Fred

Jim Wilkinson had picked up Ned Shinn on the road about 1890. He had been hit on his forehead by something which had left a long, deep scar. He had lost his memory and was a tramp on the road when Jim found him and took him home. He worked faithfully for the family the rest of his life. A large person, he was stronger than two ordinary men. Ned always believed he was going to forty-six "next spring" and so he was probably that age when injured.

He seldom said a word. He'd come in and just sit. When offered a large dish or pan of food, he'd eat the whole thing without batting an eye. It didn't make any difference what it was or how much of it, he could eat it all without appearing to be satisfied afterwards.

Fred had his entire right side mostly disabled as a result of a birth injury. He walked using one crutch. He worked faithfully during his life, first for his father and mother, and then for Luella after his mother's death. He died from a heart attack in 1942.

College Boys in Corvallis

Sarah, having always been a capable business woman, had been entirely self-supporting after her husband's death in 1904. In addition to the rental houses, she kept college student roomers for several years.

During this period--1905 to 1923--many of the boys were quite rowdy. The sophomores and "rooks" fought with one another. It was the business of the sophomore Vigilante Committee to train the rooks properly by making them wear green lids, by assigning chores, and meting out various punishments with a paddle, partial hair cuts, and getting ducked. The rooks didn't take too well to this treatment. Consequently, street fights and ambushes weren't uncommon.

Boys who roomed in Sarah Wilkinson's house could go only so far in their rowdy antics in their rooms. When she put her foot down, they knew she meant business. One day she found part of a bed in the yard. Two boys had taken the pants off another and in the struggle, the bed rails had been broken. They threw them out the window and tied up the bed with ropes.

Their landlady demanded an explanation. One boy said the others were putting ink on him. She treated them to a lecture on childish behavior. To stay in the house the boys had to repair the bed at their own expense. On other occasions, she made students move out after their rough-housing.

Sarah's Illness and Death

Sarah Wilkinson was sick and helpless for almost a year before her death in December 1923 from kidney disease. Edith Dunn, Ed's oldest daughter by his first marriage, took care of her one summer. Luella lived there the rest of the time.

Sarah lived an honest, straight-forward life and had many close friends. She took a great interest in her grandchildren and did everything she could to encourage them to work for a college education. Ed and any of his family were always welcome in Sarah's home. Her inspiring and stable character and kindness will live in the memories of many.

McKenzie Pass in an Early Year

In September 1920 Ed took Luella and the boys in the truck over the McKenzie Pass for the school year in Corvallis. This road was still mostly impassable in 1920. Large lava flows and the very steep and long Dead Horse Hill, with its change of elevation of about 4000 feet, were barriers of trouble for travelers.

The most recent lava flows were very extensive at the divide. During different periods in geologically recent times, there had been rivers of molten rock which poured forth from volcanos and crevices and then hardened into weird formations. In 1920 they appeared as Satan's plowed fields of black, rough rock.

With the help of men in two other cards, Ed managed to drive a distance of 70 miles to McKenzie Bridge during the first day. Within the next five years the road was rebuilt with an improved surface.

Pursuing the Dream

After a short visit in Corvallis, Ed returned to Tumalo by way of the Columbia River Highway in his faithful Ford truck. He batched all winter.

He hired a Ralph Gentry to help him part time, bought a team of horses (Pete and Pansy), and started the work of clearing land and growing crops. He planted about 70 acres of rye and 25 acres of potatoes.

The work of irrigating the crops gave considerable trouble. The main ditch from the river had so many leaks, only the larger ones could be repaired. The banks were made of the rock, gravel and soil removed during construction. Since most of the ditch was along a hill, considerable water seepage to the lower side occurred. Large projects use cement to shore up the banks, but because of the expense, Ed had to rely on silt and clay from the river to repair the smaller leaks.

During the following summer Ed found one of the main problems rose from too short a fall along the 1½ miles of ditch. In some places, Ed's original surveyor apparently planned to have the water run uphill. After the boys arrived at Tumalo for the summer, Ed made another survey with his level. They then removed the high places in the bottom of the ditch to give a more uniform fall.

The furrow method of irrigation was used with small furrows about three feet apart crossing the field. The land hadn't been leveled so irrigation remained difficult.

Ed got good crops of both the rye and potatoes. Rye hay grown in Central Oregon was good cattle feed whereas rye grown on the Beaver Creek farm, as Ed had observed earlier, was poor feed. Ed attributed this difference to the higher mineral content in the rye grown east of the mountains. The heavier rainfall in the west leached the minerals from the soil. The potatoes grown in new soil were disease-free and of a high quality. He sold them for \$1 per 100 pounds.

Between Valley and Desert

During the school year North and Navarre went to Corvallis High School while Laraine and Henry were in the grades. After school was out in June 1921, Luella, North, Laraine and Henry went to Tumalo to join Ed. Wallace took them there by way of the Columbia Highway in his Buick. The

highway by this time was a good, hard-surfaced road. Navarre stayed on the Beaver Creek farm to work for Wallace.

Vacation of Adventure in the Cascades

During the summer while the boys helped with the farm work, they were immensely interested in the Cascade Mountain barrier to the west. They--and especially North as the oldest at home and with a most investigative mind--yearned to explore those mountains some day.

North finally stirred Ed to a curiosity about them, too. Ed often talked about going somewhere for an outing, but it never seemed to happen. But once he made up his mind, he went about it on a big scale. Luella favored a vacation trip but hadn't pushed the issue. Finally, in early August Ed's inspiration reached a peak, so the family embarked on a four-day camping trip to the mountains.

Luella, Ed and the boys loaded the truck with food, bedding, and other provisions for camping. They followed the Century Drive out of Bend with Ed driving and the boys in back behind the cab. The truck rambled along roughly and noisily about 15 miles per hour. The boys were shaken about continuously and received hard bumps as the truck bounced over the rough places on the road. Ed inclined to take his half of the middle. Luella, on her side, told him when a car wanted to pass as he was hard of hearing and often didn't hear the sounding horn of an approaching car.

They drove south to La Pine through country covered with immense quantities of volcanic pumice. The porous rock ranging in color from white to pink came from the molten quartz blown high into the air from volcanos in the Cascades, perhaps from Mount Mazama. Now, its blown out crater forms the world's deepest lake, Crater Lake.

They all noticed a huge bed of grayish-black lava out in the plateau country seeming to have no connection to lava flows from the mountain. The surface appeared spectacularly rough, weird. Ghostly caves, ice caves and a red cinder butte had formed within its bed.

Ed commented, "This is a god-forsaken place where the devil was once turned loose."

They drove west out of La Pine. As they left the high desert of sage brush and juniper, the plateau showed jack pine. At high elevations very little jack pine grew and the yellow pine forests predominated. They motored through huge stands of timber two feet thick and 100 feet tall. This, the favored timber of the lumber people, ran along the eastern slope of the Cascades. Rushing mountain streams and moist meadows refreshed the low-landers.

They made camp the first night on the shore of Big Lava Lake high up in the Cascades. As they arrived at sunset, the road running northwest of the lake looked as if it were a narrow, magic passage into a dream world with the heavy, dark, evergreen jungle along either side and a soft, rosy-pink fairyland in the distance.

The rays of the setting sun playing on scattered clouds along the horizon gave to the western sky a brilliant display of shades of scarlet intermingled with the fluffy, dusky clouds. To the north across the shadowy lake, the Sisters and Bachelor Butte stood like supernatural giants in a mystical inland sea. The snow on peaks and slopes of the mountains shone pink. The rosy hues blended softly into sky blue tints along the lower inclines, then gradually darker as the light gave way to shady gloom of the evening mountain woodland. They all reveled in the wonderland of that scene at Big Lava Lake.

The family enjoyed supper by the campfire, basking in the quiet peace and the invigorating air. They slept side by side on the ground.

Early the next morning, Ed arose first. After building a campfire, he gave an Indian war hoop and danced around like a wild man. It carried him back in his imagination to the days of the early American Indian who lived by the campfire in community with Mother Nature. He continued his Indian capers throughout the trip.

They found a small resort at nearby Little Lava Lake, the headwaters of the Deschutes River. Ed arranged with the owner to rent a motor boat to take the family for a ride on the lake. Clear as crystal, the water in shallow places appeared as a light emerald fluid bathing dark, basaltic rocks. The water of the depths was a rich bluish-green. Schools of small, speckled, gray-green fish could be seen occasionally.

For the rest of the day, they drove through rough mountain terrain over unimproved roads. Much of the time, they were on or near the Oregon skyline trail which runs nears the summit. They savored the many lakes, meadows, woodlands, and snow-clad peaks. Heavy fir timber covered nearly all the country, although the timber on the topmost ridges was grotesquely dwarfed and bent from rigorous winds and thin soil. They could see the distinct timber line on distant hills. In places, such as on the slopes of Bachelor, long tongues of black lava reached far down into the timber's growth.

Good Fishing

Ed stopped at Elk Lake to camp for the night.¹⁴ The largest lake in the region, it had a good summer resort and many boats. The next day they rented a boat for some fishing. They could see the Dolly Varden swimming in the shallows.

While North had the pole, a fish about 18 inches long struck with a bang and then swam swiftly back under the boat. Even though the small pole was about half-doubled, North finally landed the fish, with Ed enthusiastically giving advice. Everyone was excited!

Later, Ed and the boys walked on a trail through heavy woods over the summit of the mountains to Horse Lake. The fish there, for some reason, were small speckled trout and not the large Dolly Varden trout of Elk Lake. The distance between the lakes was said to be three miles. That was the longest three miles Ed and the boys ever walked! Ed counted his steps on the way back to check the distance and found it had to be far more than three miles.

After they spent the night on Elk Lake, Ed continued the trip to Lost Lake.

While the boys hiked, Ed went fishing on the lake. He used an old raft he found beached. The raft, made of small logs, was about five by eight feet. He used boards to paddle. He had to stand near the middle for balance. He propelled the raft some distance from shore, although it was awkward to handle. Then he rested the oars and drifted. He cast out a line with the hope of getting a Dolly Varden for breakfast.

After some time several large fish started to play about the hook with its alluring but treacherous grasshopper bait. Finally, a large one--maybe three feet long--darted by the others,

¹⁴As I tried to trace their route on the map, I see the lakes named are on the Century Drive east of Bend. If they went to LaPine first, then they had to have back-tracked.

grabbed the bait and hook, and shot for deeper water. The line was short and when the fish came to the end of it, there was a violent impact which almost threw Ed, but he pulled him in and dragged him onto the raft.

When the fish flopped, Ed jumped on him. This threw the raft off-balance and over he went into the water. After this ducking, he recovered the pole and the paddles and climbed back onto the raft. But the fish was gone.

Cold, wet and somewhat downhearted, he paddled back to shore. Later he talked and laughed about his hard luck. Some day he vowed to go lake fishing again.

The Mountain Climbers

The boys, meanwhile, had hiked over many pumice-strewn, timbered hills and climbed high up the side of Broken Top Mountain. This mountain is jagged with some four fingers rising over 9000 feet. The sides are strewn with rocks, pumice and gray and red cinders. In places the rocks of the almost vertical cliffs showed all the colors of the rainbow, like huge Indian blankets.

They discovered a small crater covered with glacial ice and crevices near the top on the east side. As they climbed higher over snow fields and steep slopes of cinders, the wind prowling about the high fingers roared about their ears. Awesome! The wind made it feel like an alien land, haunting, far from anything they knew or could be certain about.

To look out over the surrounding country from high upon the mountain was most thrilling. The mighty snow-clad Bachelor stood to the east in an inland sea of evergreen timber and jewel-like lakes. They had reached the crater, but with night coming, they started back. Sometime later, they meant to climb to the top of that mountain.¹⁵

On that day when Ed fished and the boys climbed in the mountains, Luella sat in the shade on the lake shore and fanned away the mosquitoes. She watched her husband closely as he paddled about on his unreliable craft. Ed was sixty-nine then and she knew he should be careful. Ed, however, didn't think about being elderly and went ahead with his work and pleasure as he always had. He was still a very healthy and strong man despite his age.

When evening came, the family had supper on the shore. Although everyone else wanted to stay there for the night, Ed wanted to drive ahead a distance, to head toward home.

¹⁵ And so they did. A year later, with Navarre with them this time, They climbed to the top of both Broken Top and the Bachelor. The climb up Broken Top by way of the crater (the route the boys followed) was dangerous. The steep slope near the top had many loose rocks and cinders. One had to travel cautiously with both hands and feet. When on top, one could look almost straight down for about a mile into a deep valley between Broken Top and the Sisters. This breath-taking view from on top of a high pile of shaky volcanic cinders and rock was enough to make anyone's knees shake. The valley was a paradise with green timber and small lakes. Small, white, fluffy clouds floated about. It looked peaceful, beautiful, and quiet in the mid day sun. This magnificent and thrilling view from the top of Broken Top was something that the boys would always remember.

Too Soon, Home

He really had no idea where he was going. He drove across Dutchman's Flat and around the foot of the Bachelor. Driving eastward from Bachelor, they descended rapidly from the mountains to the plain. Places where they could camp and where water could be obtained had practically disappeared. Ed drove on and on through the pine zone and out onto the dry lands.

After some time, several lights appeared on the eastern horizon. Ed thought he might be a sheep camp, and he would stop there for the night. His reluctant passengers grumbled at the thought of sleeping with sheep when they could have camped in the mountains. The exhilarating vacation had ended too quickly. Ed's rush to go home disappointed them.

The so-called sheep camp turned out to be Bend. What an insult to the city of 10,000 people! Soon enough, after just a few more miles, the family arrived home. The beds and board of home sure felt welcome after the camping trip, even if they hadn't wanted it to end. Everyone felt well satisfied with the venture.

A Formidable Opponent

In early spring Benton County subpoenaed Ed to appear as a witness. He returned to Corvallis by train. While looking after the court business, he had a pleasant visit with his family.

In the Beaver Creek community a sawmill worker/farmer, the plaintiff, sued a neighboring farmer, the defendant, for slander. The plaintiff claimed a man's reputation in the community was his most valuable asset. He had good evidence from a number of witnesses that the defendant had been accusing him of stealing. He brought suit for \$8000.

The defendant was surprised but, at the same time, felt complimented that anyone would think that he had that much money. He retained the law firm Yates and Lewis for his defense. The lawyers realized they had a difficult case. They were well aware of the convincing evidence against their client. They approached their case by visiting neighbors and inquiring as to their opinions of the plaintiff. Should the plaintiff have few friends, then his reputation would not be worth much.

Mr. Yates ran into difficulties. By the time he visited Sarah Wilkinson and Luella, he gradually became more frantic, and he asked question after question. They were unable to give him much helpful information. Mr. Yates thought Ed might know something to rescue his case. As to this, Luella would not commit herself, but Sarah said that he might. Mr. Yates took a chance and had the subpoena served.

In response to their questioning, after his arrival, Ed answered enigmatically, "When a rusty nail is pulled from a wall, it always leaves a scar."

The lawyers, naturally, wanted to know what he meant.

"You wait for that when I'm on the witness stand." He wouldn't tell them more.

They all laughed and bet that Ed would win the case for them.

What the statement really meant was that the plaintiff had a past and that there were still some who remembered it.

When the plaintiff saw Ed in the court, he tried to postpone the trial to a later date. When this was not granted, he dropped the case. He even paid Ed \$60 for his trip and trouble.

Ed returned to Tumalo. In June after school let out in Corvallis, Wallace again took Luella and the four younger boys to Tumalo for the summer. Ed purchased J.M. Griffin's Tumalo grocery store and post office. North worked for Ed there, while the younger boys helped on the farm.

In his position in the store and post office, Ed had observed conditions in the community. He was disgusted with the government for granting many useless forty-acre tracts to World War I veterans. The government kept the transactions quiet. The veterans one by one left the county after losing what little they had. Ed felt the government's efforts to reward and rehabilitate the soldiers could have been more worthwhile. Ed usually favored Republican party policies.

That fall Luella, North and Navarre went back to Corvallis while Laraine and Henry batched with their dad all winter. Their meals were poor quality that winter. Milk and potatoes were plentiful, but fresh vegetables, fruits and meats scarce. Ed fed his boys and himself on left-over merchandise from the store, such as stale bread and unsold candy.

Bootleggers' Supplier?

Those were Prohibition years. Tumalo, located in a secluded, out-of-the-way place, had more than its share of bootleggers--evidenced by the relatively sizable sales of sugar and kerosene. Rumors hinted that lava caves were handy distillery sites.

One of the irrigation project men, apparently not knowing the location of the distilleries, bought vanilla from the store for his intended beverage. He said he liked to make cakes when out on trips. On one occasion, before going to the headwaters of the ditch on Broken Top, he purchased eleven half-pint bottles of pure vanilla extract--84 percent alcohol.

When next they saw him, he had flushed cheeks, watery eyes and a broken hand. He told Ed he'd had a fight with a man on the side of the mountain. Ed asked him about his cake-baking, but he didn't seem to remember having cake on his trip!

His mother came down town on a tear accusing the garage people of selling her son intoxicating liquor. She threatened to put them all "in the pen." Her son happened to be a man of about forty and should have been capable of handling himself.

School Days in Tumalo

Laraine entered Tumalo High School as a sophomore. Henry was in the grades. The high school consisted of a teacher, a classroom with a large wood-burning stove, a small pantry-like room for a laboratory, and a student body of nine. They elected Laraine their student body president.

With the help of the teacher, he wrote a constitution and bylaws for the associated students. After other officers were elected, only five students remained to be governed.

During the school year in the courses of general science and biology, the teacher conducted five laboratory periods. First, he demonstrated a chemical reaction by placing a piece of metallic sodium in a pan of water under a bell jar. A violent explosion followed, blowing the jar against the ceiling. The students ducked under the table, escaping harm from falling debris. The teacher rationalized something about the sodium being old.

For the second lab class, the teacher took the students down on the river and told them that the remains of bodies of dead animals and dead plants were in the trees. It was an outdoor lesson the cycle of life.

Third, the teacher with the help of the students tested milk with a small Babcock tester. The milk from Ed's two cows tested 7.0 and 2.2 percent butterfat. Ed disagreed, said the teacher's figures were wrong.

The fourth lab class was unofficial. Just before noon the teacher made a difficult assignment plus an English exam for the afternoon. The students were to write essays on something which had inspired them. During lunch time, the students united in a body and played hooky the rest of the day. They went to the Deschutes canyon and watched woodchucks play on the ledges of the basalt.

Fifth, the teacher took the students to Redmond to see a track meet.

Ed, as his father before him, valued scholarship and learning. He had no use for the Tumalo schools and told Luella that the boys were not to attend there another year.

The Tumalo Project Ends

During the next summer, the store burned. Fortunately, Ed had insurance on both the building and merchandise this time. He had become disgusted with the farm what with the high taxes and a Federal Land Bank debt on it. Wallace planned to leave the Beaver Creek farm after harvest, so Ed moved back there in September. He tried to sell the Tumalo place but never found a buyer. After holding it for a few years, he deeded it to daughter Eva and her husband Jim Chamberlain, along with its debts. Eva and Jim made the place a success and were living there in 1942.

Slowing Down? Not Much!

One day in the winter of 1923-24, shortly after Sarah Wilkinson's death, Ed went to the doctor in Corvallis and had an operation for a hernia. The doctor gave him a local anesthetic. After performing the operation, the doctor allowed him to walk to the town house, a distance of some ten blocks. Just as Ed reached a bed on the lower floor, the effects of the anesthetic began wearing off, and he collapsed from exhaustion. He stayed in bed about a week. As he recovered, he split stove wood to help regain his strength. A robust fellow, still, at seventy-two!

Ed lived with Luella on Beaver Creek for the rest of his life. There was no profit in farming during the ten year period from 1923 to 1933. However, with the help of Henry, they made a living and some farm improvements including the building of a new, comfortable home and barn.

The Boys Grow Up

The parents wanted a college education for each of their sons and helped them in many ways. They helped with tuition, although at least one son had a full scholarship in college (North). Sarah Wilkinson willed her Corvallis home to Ed and Luella. After her death, the boys did their own cooking and housekeeping while going to school. Considerable food came from the farm--milk,

meat, canned fruits and vegetables. With the good food, they boys kept healthy and did well in school even though they cooked very little.

During the summer months of high school and college, some of the boys helped on the farm and others worked at the Oregon Caves. North graduated in pharmacy, Navarre in zoology, Laraine and Henry in agriculture. All played in the college band. North and Laraine played clarinets, Navarre the trombone, and Henry the cornet.

After becoming a teacher, Wallace carried college work during the summer months and graduated from the University of Oregon in education. He played the cornet, too, and later directed high school bands. In 1942 he continued teaching at North Bend, Oregon.¹⁶

After all the boys had graduated from college, Ed and Luella sold the town house.

North and Navarre went on into medical school in Portland. After graduation both went into private practice--North in Moscow, Idaho,¹⁷ and Navarre in Florence, Oregon.¹⁸

Laraine took graduate study in scientific agriculture at Iowa State in Ames and Washington State in Pullman. In 1942 he was on the soils division staff of the University of Minnesota in St. Paul.¹⁹

Henry was a capable farmer both before and after graduation from college. As Ed grew older, Henry took his place. He and his mother continued the operation and management of the farm after Ed's death.²⁰

In 1942 Ed's two oldest children by his first wife, Hannah, lived comfortably on opposite sides of the nation. Edith lived in Corvallis and Frank in Waldorf, Maryland. Dottie had died a few years previous of a heart attack in Chaffee, Missouri.

A Hearty Man Dies--Vigorous to the End

Ed passed away at age 81 in February 1933 at his Beaver Creek home. He sustained a blood clot from a leg injury inflicted by a wild horse. With Ed on its back, the frightened horse whirled about and broke Ed's leg by crushing it against the side of a stall.

¹⁶Wallace lost his first wife, Mary, by death. He remarried and lived, at the last, in Reno. He lived a long, healthy life to age 91.

¹⁷North stayed there in his medical practice for 52 years, dying at almost age 84 of a heart attack. He had seen a patient in his home earlier in the day.

¹⁸Navarre continued living there until he died in 1993 at age 88. Living on the coast during the years of World War II, he and his wife, Marie, had some harrowing adventures and stories to tell.

¹⁹Laraine (Larry) finished his teaching career with many years at University of Nevada at Reno. He then retired to his wife's family farm in Ottawa, Kansas. He lived to be 82.

²⁰Henry raised his family of the farm and lived there until he died in 1990 at age 81.

Ed lived a long, eventful life, rich with many experiences. A somewhat restless man, he loved the adventure associated with innovative occupations and new territory. Following a conservative business in one place for a lifetime would have been a death of his spirit and passions.

His pleasing personality and native talents in conversation and music made him popular with others. Wherever he went he found friends and employment. Ed had ambition, courage and strength and, thereby, survived many hardships and disappointments.

This man lived through a very dramatic period in the expansion and development of our nation. His life spanned the era of the Civil War, the development of the Middle West prairies, and the winning of the far West. His spirit found outlet in the opportunities of the times.

EDWARD J. DUNN ACCIDENT VICTIM

Benton County Farmer Dies
When Heart Trouble is Caused by
Accident

Edward J. Dunn, for more than 25 years a farmer in Benton County died late last night at the family home several miles south of Corvallis. The funeral service is to be held at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon in the drawing room of the Hollingsworth funeral home with Dr. James E. Milligan of the First Methodist church officiating.

Although he was born in Mercer County, Illinois, January 10, 1852, Mr. Dunn has spent almost 50 years of his life in Oregon. He had worked industriously on his farm and from its soil had reaped sufficient funds to send his five sons through college. Two of these, Dr. Edward and

Dr. Navarre Dunn, are now Portland physicians. Mr. Dunn delighted in his ability to keep at work and at the age of 81 was making regular trips to Corvallis with produce from the farm and was supervising the work there. The beginning of the end developed several days ago when he was kicked by a horse and his leg was broken. He suffered severely yesterday and heart trouble developed last night.

Mr. Dunn was the son of Henry Parker and America Waters Dunn. He was married first to Hannah E. Lloyd, the wedding taking place October 29, 1873. To this union were born three children, Mrs. Earnest Liddle of Corvallis and Mrs. Dottie Packwood and Frank Wilson Dunn of Chaffee, Missouri. Mrs. Dunn passed away a number of years ago and Mr. Dunn came west to

Oregon in 1886. In 1893 he married Miss Louella Wilkinson of Corvallis. Six children survive with the widow. They include one daughter, Mrs. James (Evelyn) Chamberlain of Bend, and five sons, Wallace Dunn, Tallamook; Dr. Edward Dunn and Dr. Navarre Dunn, Portland; Lorraine Dunn, Ames, Iowa; and Henry Dunn, at the farm home.

Other relatives include one sister, Mrs. Neva McFarlin, Corvallis, and two brothers, Frank L. Dunn of Oscola, Nebraska, and Dr. E.H. Dunn of Kansas City, Missouri.

For a time and until 1905 Mr. Dunn operated a store in Corvallis. He had since been on the farm south of Corvallis with the exception of three years spent on a farm near Bend, in central Oregon.