

SFR 0007

William H. MacFarlane

Oregon Agricultural Education Foundation

Sesquicentennial Award Application

Date October 8, 2007

Type of designation (please check)



Farm



Ranch

Legal owner / Applicant name William H. MacFarlane, Ed.D.

Mailing address of Legal Owner / Applicant Redacted for Privacy

Telephone Redacted for Privacy E-mail address -

Contact name (if different than legal owner) -

Mailing address of Contact -

Contact Telephone - Contact E-mail address -

Location of farm or ranch (which is the subject of this application):

County Clackamas

Distance 8 miles from nearest town Oregon City

Township 2 Range 3E Section 30

Address or physical location of the farm or ranch (which is subject of this application):

Redacted for Privacy

GPS (Global Positioning System) Coordinates, if known: -

(Please continue application on next page)

Sesquicentennial Award Application - Continued

Please provide the following information.

Founder(s):

Original family owner(s) or founder(s) Mark A. Hattan

Year this farm or ranch was acquired by founder(s) 1847

Year farm or ranch was awarded Century Farm or Century Ranch status, if applicable not sure - approximately 1960

Who farms or ranches the land today? William H. MacFarlane (certificate is signed by Tom McCall)

Relationship of Applicant to original owner. Please explain lineage. Great grandson

- ① Mark Hattan
- ② Frances Forsythe Hattan
- ③ Isabel Rebecca Hattan MacFarlane
- ④ William Henry MacFarlane

History of buildings:

Are any of the original buildings still in use? ☐ Yes ☒ No

If yes, please describe the buildings and their former and current use:

Are any of the buildings listed on the National Register of Historic Places? ☐ Yes ☒ No
If, "yes", please describe:

History of crops or livestock raised on farm or ranch:

Please describe the early crops or livestock. Crops - grain (oats), hay, milk cows, hogs, chickens, and other livestock of the time

How many acres were included in original farm or ranch? 640 acres

How did the crops / livestock / use of farm or ranch change over the years? To meet the economic needs of the period and the availability of labor. And the needs and wishes of boys in 4-H and FFA.

(Please continue application on next page)

Sesquicentennial Award Application – Continued

History of crops or livestock raised on farm or ranch – Cont'd:

What are crops / livestock raised on the subject farm or ranch today? *We have draft and saddle horses and carriage horses. Raise hay and rent pasture.*

How many acres does the subject farm or ranch include today? *20.02 acres*

How many acres are in agricultural use today? *approximately 16 acres*

The Family:

How many generations live on the farm or ranch today? *one*

Please list names and birth years:

William N. MacFarlane - 11/3/34
Sharon S. MacFarlane - 12/9/38

Please include a narrative of your family history. Please also submit historical & current photos of the property & family, as available. If photos can be provided in digital format at a high resolution appropriate for publication (300 dpi or greater), it would be appreciated.

Types of information to include in your family history narrative:

- From which city, state, or country original owner moved.
- Generational transfers of the farm or ranch property.
- Significant events in the family (births, deaths, marriages, etc).
- Any major changes to operations (methods of production, etc.).
- Additional information on crops, buildings, other changes from the original farm or ranch.

See attached stories and farm tract map

(Please continue application on next page.)

Statement of Affirmation

I, William Henry MacFarlane, Ed.D.,
hereby affirm and declare that the farm or ranch which I own at Redacted for Privacy

Redacted for Privacy, in the County of Clackamas

has been owned by my family for at least 150 continuous years, as specified in the qualifications for the Century Farm & Ranch Program / Sesquicentennial Award, on or before December 31 of the current calendar year. Further, I hereby affirm that this property meets all other requirements for Century Farm or Ranch / Sesquicentennial Award honors, including that the farm or ranch has a gross income from farming or ranching activities of not less than \$1,000 per year for three out of the five years immediately preceding making this statement. I understand that the application materials will become property of the Oregon Historical Society Library and be made available for public use. By signing below, I understand that I am consenting to the use of both information and photographs.

William Henry MacFarlane, Ed.D.
Signature of Owner

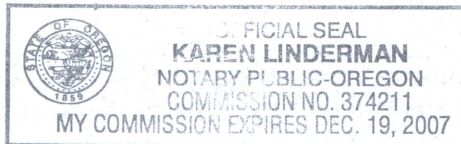
10/10/07
Date

Certification by Notary Public

State of Oregon
County of Clackamas

Be it remembered, that on this 10th day of October, 2007, before me, the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for said county and state, personally appeared the within named William MacFarlane, known to me to be the identical individual described in and who executed the within instrument and acknowledged to me that they executed the same freely and voluntarily.

In Testimony Whereof, I have set my hand and affixed my official seal the day and year last above written.



Karen Linderman
Notary Public for Oregon
My Commission Expires 12.19.07

Fees

Application Fee
(includes one certificate) \$ 25.00

Additional Certificates (\$15 each) \$ _____

Total enclosed \$ 25

Make checks payable to:
Oregon Agricultural Education Foundation or OAEF

(7/2007)

For office use only

Date Received 11/07
Century Farm or Ranch ID No. if on File CFR0085
Not on File _____
Application Approved? ☒ Yes ☐ No
Authorization GM
Century Farm & Ranch Program Coordinator
OHS Library
MSS 1604 Program ID No. SFR0007

[This manuscript had been handcopied onto business ledger paper. When duplicated the back-ground became mottled which made the text difficult to read, so I typed it, as nearly as possible to the original. Kay Alsing]

Some Recollections recopied July 12 - 1924 [retyped August 1993]

"Uncle Mark" Hattan as he is affectionately called by his relatives and friends, was born in Rock Bridge County, Virginia, on Dec 8, 1821.

At the age of nine years, he with his family, removed to Brown County, Ohio. Here they lived for five years, next moving to what is now Marshall County, Illinois. He lived here ten years, or until 1845, being at this time twenty-four years of age, and (to use his own expression) he saw a girl he liked, married her, loaded her into the wagon, and started to Oregon.

They were married the 16th day of April and started west just six days after.

When they reached the rendezvous in Jackson Co. Missouri, they found that the immigrant train had already departed, so they were compelled to wait until the next year. By May 1846, fifty wagons, averaging fully six persons to the wagon had gathered together, and on May 7th the start for the new country was made.

When they reached the Missouri the road forked. The one being the Santa Fe trail, the other leading to the north.

They followed the north road up Blue River to the Platte and on to Ash Hollow. From here they struck up to Fort Kearny. This was then a small trading post with one block house.

From the Platte forks they took the south branch and "struck" to Laramie. Before they reached this place they met a band of between three and four thousand Indians drawn up in a line across the road. The train stopped. This was their first encounter with the Indians though they had been traveling through an Indian country for many days. Imagine the situation if you can; more than three thousand Indians as fine specimens of Indian manhood as could be found, sitting their horses, impassive yet probably ready to fight at little provocation. Fortunately a peaceful arrangement was made. A committee of whites met a delegation of the Indians, and after a short "talk" blankets were spread upon the ground, and from each wagon stores were placed up on them. More and yet more was demanded. At last at a sign from the chief, the lines parted, the wagons passed thru, and a long sign of relief passed the lips of many.

Fort Laramie the next camping place was a trading station, with the usual block house. Many traders were at the post at the time, and all classes and nationalities was there represented.

Here the train rested a day, and then prepared to cross the South Fork.

The wagon beds were blocked upon the standards and they went thru in safety. Here the divide of the company began.

The ones we are following came up the North Fork. Here was another dangerous crossing. Again the wagon beds were blocked up. The stream was swift and it was necessary to wade and guide the oxen. As Mr. Hattan waded in, the water rose higher and higher. It was up to his shoulders, and the current bore him up. His wife who was in the wagon called out "Hang on to the ox's horns, there's no danger"! This he did and the ox carried him out safely. No thought of danger or drowning had entered his mind. They now found a half mile stretch of quick sand. They had entered the Sweetwater country, and began to see evidences of Nature's fancy full work. They had struck the Soap Holes, wells of moist clayey dirt. There was danger now to both cattle and men. One ox belonging to Mr. Hattan fell into one of the pits. He was brought out safe and sound "but that dirt didn't come off till we reached Oregon".

When they reached Independence Rock most of the party explored it; many wrote their names high upon its sides, and if any trace is to be seen of them after nearly sixty years, you could find the name of Mark Hattan among the rest.

The men took turns leading the train. The day after leaving the rock it fell to Mr. Hattan to lead. For a full day they travelled thru a herd of Buffalos. It was probably the most thrilling episode of their trip. Fifteen miles passed with out danger, then something frightened some of them, and the pawing and scraping and

bellowing of angry bulls began.

Horns were tossing all about the wagons. One buffalo came towards the lead team but a blow on the head with the butt end of a rifle made it circle around. Then one jumped over the tongue between the team and the wagon. "Well" Mr. Hattan says "I thot we were goners that time". but no more took fright amd we went thru all right.

The next day was Sunday. They traveled until noon and then were obliged to stop on account of the serious illness of one of the young women in the train. It was thot she couldn't possible live, but during the afternoon, she began to improve and eventually recovered. That evening a stray buffalo came into camp and was shot. The jerked meat was added to the stock of provisions. It was about this time that Mr. Hatton's team ran away one night, and the search for them caused several days delay. They were found in a hollow in the hills. During the search, the party camped overnight with Fremont, who was then out on his famous expedition. The next camp was at Pacific Springs in the Rocky Mts. Then the Sandy River was crossed. Here the roads forked again, one leading thru a desert. They decided to follow the Green River. Then they crossed over to Fort Bridger and camped. From here they went northwest to Bear River, which they followed. There they came upon the Soda Springs. The water was cool, clear, and excellent. "After nearly 60 years" says Mr. Hattan "I can remember how good that water was." It was splendid for bread, and the women baked up a supply. Leaving this place they crossed a wide desert region. At Steam Boat Springs, one man, Mr. Newton was lost, and the waited two days while a search party hunted for him. He was found safe, for he had crawled into one of the caves or pits, of the springs to keep from the wolves.

They now crossed a spur of the Mts. and entered the Oregon territory. From the hills they could look down across the level plains to Fort Hall, altho it took two days to reach it. Mr. Hattan declares this was the lovliest country he ever saw with out exception. At Fort Hall the adobe of "doby" fort was built with a wall 18 or 20 feet high, the houses being built in the wall and opening into the enclosure.

After leaving Fort Hall there was several large streams to cross. The Snake River was followed past Raft River, past Goose Creek, up steep Mountains and down steeper ones, and on till the Three Islands of Snake River were reached. Here they must ford again. The river was about a mile wide, but by crossing from island to island they would have no trouble. There was a narrow bar between islands wide enough for the wagons and on either side deep water.

Mr. Hattan had charge of two wagons and must wade and lead each team. One was taken over, and he came back and started with the other. "It was a pretty good wade." The water was running into his vest pockets when his strength gave out. His presence of mind did not desert him, and he caught an ox by the tail and was drawn to shore. One man, Mr. Turney had besides his oxen and wagon, a horse and buggy in which his wife rode. He led the way accross the bar with the horse and buggy, while Mrs. Turney and a young boy brought the team. In some way, the horse and buggy went over the side, and floated down the river. The oxen tried to follow, but the boy held them back with a chain, so the wagon could not go over. Indians were watching down the river and rescued Mr. Turney and his horse. They then rode up to where Mrs. Turney was sitting in the wagon and wished to take her baby which she held in her lap. When she refused to let them have it, they wanted to take both her and the baby. She finally made them understand that she perferred to remain where she was, and they guided the team accross the bar in safety. Soon after that they reached the Hot Springs. Every one was thirsty. The water bubbled over the rocks and looked so cool and inviting, that the dogs rushed up to drink. They soon discovered that "Appearances often decieve".

Here they cooked their rice and meat without building fires. They camped several times along Boise River. And at Fort Boise, another of the Hudson Bay Fur trading stations, they crossed the river again. Here they struck the Malheur River. Then on to Burnt River. This they followed to the Grand Round Valley. One of the young men in the train had jokingly bargained to sell one of the young women to an Indian Chief, and when they reached the Grand Round Valley he was there with his payment of thirty splendid Indian horses. He was accompanied also by a large force of his young men. Of course the girl was hidden away, and the man who had brought this new danger upon them, also disappeared till the danger was over. Trouble was expected, but the Indians were finally induced to leave.

It was now late in the fall, the Blue Mts. were crossed, Pendleton was passed, the Umatilla forded and then the John Days. Mr. Hatton says, "One day after we crossed the John Days River, some Indians came up and one lassoed one of my loose oxen. Well I took my whip and signed him to take the rope off or I'd whip him." He did it and they rode off. That is as near as I ever came to having trouble with the Indians. At the Des

Chutes River, I hired one to lead my team over, while I sat in the wagon. "This was the only river along the whole route that I didn't ford." Now the roads forked again, one going to The Dalles, the other known as the Barlow Road. The latter was chosen. "Oh there was some mighty hills on that road, some of the steepest hills I ever saw." We met Barlow and Foster with a charter for a Toll road. They were going to charge us \$5 for each wagon and a dollar a head for the loose stock. Well, Ten dollars was all the money I had in the world, and I didn't know where I was going, and I didn't want to give that ten dollars up very bad. I told 'em I'd pay 'em, but I didn't want to do it there. Well, they insisted, and said they would take it out of the wagon. Not much! says I. I don't allow any man to go into my wagon, and if you do I'll put a bullet thru you. Well they said so much I finally gave them \$5 and we came on.

When the Emigrants reached Laurel Hill Mr. Hattan was in the lead. Part way down the hill was a tree around which the road made an abrupt turn. As those know who have ridden down Laurel Hill, the descent is very steep. Some previous travellers had started down the grade, and the oxen losing control of them selves, had gone, one on either side of that tree, and swinging around in the yoke, had broken their necks. The wreck was still to be seen. Many of the Emigrants in addition to locking the wheels felled trees and chained them to the wagons to make the descent less dangerous. "Well" says Mr. Hattan "I just chained the wheels and started, and kept going. It didn't take us long to get down." When the bottom was reached we heard that some one at the top had broken a wagon tongue, and started back to help. After travelling a long time, he made up his mind he could not get back to the top before dark, so returned to his wagon to camp till the rest came down. At the foot of Laurel Hill they came upon an Emigrant wagon which they saw was out of provision. They put in as much food as they could spare and went on.

When they reached Jackknife, most of the wagons separated. Mr. Hattan with his sister, Mrs. Baker, kept on towards the Clackamas River, which they reached October 10th having been almost 160 days on the road. Mr. Hattan enjoys telling how his sister, Mrs. Baker, and another woman, Mrs. Briggs, was cured leaving the wagons. They had riding horses, and was fond of going alone, often in different trails than the rest. One day in the Mts. the road wound around a bluff, while they took a short cut over the hills. There were completely out of sight and sound of the train when they came upon a band of Indians in war paint and feathers. They were frightened of course, but women of those times kept their presence of mind even in moments of danger. Mrs. Baker made them to understand that there was a large train near by, and finally the Indians allowed them to go after taking their bonnets, which being bright, had taken the fancy of one of the chiefs.

When the Indians passed the wagons Mr. Briggs recognized his wife's bonnet which adorned the head of one of the warriors, and supposed his wife had either been killed or taken prisoner. When she appeared his relief can be imagined, though his only remark was "What the H___, Orilla, have you done with your bonnet!" From that time on those two women stayed as near the cavalcade as they conveniently could, and seemed to have lost all desire to travel by other than the beaten paths. In 1847 "Uncle Mark" took up the claim where his home now is, living on a rented farm till 1848 when he built a log cabin and moved to his homestead, and began to carve a home from the wilderness. In May 1848 he had the misfortune to lose his wife, who had suffered from consumption for some time. In June of that same year, he served in the detail of troops sent to escort Gen. Joseph Lane who had been appointed Governor to Oregon. He drove one of the supply wagons, while Matthew P. Deady drove one of the others. Many are the exciting tales he can tell of adventure on the trip, how at night they piled the sacks of sugar, etc., up at the sides of wagons, and lay between the piles to be safe from stray Indian arrows. Of the trip across the desert and occasional skirmishes with the Indians. Oh! how though he hoped to be discharged in the South, to go to the goldfields in California, however he was brought back to Old Fort Hall.

From here he returned to his claim and turned his attention to improving it.

This did not however stop his adventure with either Indians or wild animals. "Uncle Marks" Panther and Bear stories are household tales around his home.

In 1861 he married Mary Emily Wills her self a Pioneer of 1852. Her life too had been full of the dangers and excitements incident to a pioneer's life, so they were well fitted for the long and useful life which lay before them. Ten children were born to this union. One son (Albert W.) died July 11th 1887. Nine children now living and most of them settled near the old home. Six boys called the "Big Six" or the "Six big Hattans". Forsythe, John, Frank, James, Charles and Owen. Three girls, Caroline, Eliza and Clara.

Note: This is a
brief story of my
great granddads
trip across the
Oregon Trail & Barlow Rd
My Great Grandfather
was Mark Hatten.



Property in Clackamas County

LEGEND

- 1 - Field
- 0.00 - Calc Acres
- 0.00 - FSA Acres

300 0 300 600 900 Feet



Cut Out This Chart for Wartime Sugar Rationing

1942

The following table gives the sweetening power of different syrups, of honey and of maple sugar, as compared with refined. The calculations are based on sweetness equal to one cup of refined white sugar:

MAPLE SUGAR	1 CUP
MAPLE SYRUP	1 CUP
HONEY	1 CUP
SORGHUM SYRUP	$1\frac{1}{2}$ CUPS
CANE SYRUP	$1\frac{1}{2}$ CUPS
CORN SYRUP	2 CUPS

Other thrift hints to remember are serve fresh and cooked fruits often; they are a rich source of sweetness. Also, next time try a pinch of salt to increase the sweetening power of sugar in cooked food. Be sure all sugar is completely dissolved to get its full sweetness.

**Based on information prepared by the Bureau of Home Economics, United States Department of Agriculture.*



Horace Baker

and

Jane Hattan
BakerPioneer Family
of the Month

July, 1998

Emigrants of 1846

The tale of Horace and Jane Baker is a classically American story of two people who headed West to reinvent themselves on the frontier. Jane Hattan had been married in the late 1830s to a man named Morris Baxter, but he vanished in April, 1843, never to be seen again. Family lore holds that, "Morris, with a considerable sum of money on his person, mysteriously and unexpectedly disappeared, and it is supposed that he was murdered by the bandits of the prairies." Though they were not married, Horace and Jane entered into an agreement in the state of Illinois to live together as man and wife. In 1845, Horace and Jane Baker decided to emigrate to Oregon in the company of Jane's brother and sister-in-law, Mark and Martha Hattan -- who were, themselves, ultimately married only six days before setting out on the Oregon Trail.

Both Horace and Jane left behind the children of earlier marriages. Jane's three children were left in the care of her parents, Forsythe and Mary Hattan. Jane's son, Carlin, was later killed in the Civil War, and she never saw him again after leaving for Oregon. Jane's eldest daughter, Julia, emigrated to Oregon in 1882 and settled near her mother in Carver, Oregon, while her younger daughter, Mary, married and remained in Illinois. Mary returned to Illinois in 1883 to visit her. Little is known of Horace's first marriage, but probate records indicate that he left behind four children, ages 4 to 14, when he came to Oregon.

The Bakers and Hattans set out on May 7, 1846, in the company of fifty wagons and about 300 people. Their journey to Oregon was relatively uneventful, though they encountered many of the same difficulties recorded in the diaries and reminiscences of other pioneers. At one point, the party's dogs ran ahead of the wagons to slake their thirst at an inviting spring only to discover that it was a hot spring, so near to boiling that the party didn't need to build cookfires that night -- they cooked their rice and meat in the spring water. At Independence rock, many of the group climbed up and recorded their names on the massive rock formation. At Soda Springs, the wagon train paused to let the women cook and clean. "After nearly sixty years, I can still remember how good the water was. It was splendid for bread," Mark Hattan later recalled.

Along the Columbia River in Oregon, the Bakers and Hattans decided to take the Barlow Road over the mountains instead of risking a journey down the river, which at that time was undammed and quite wild. The party encountered Sam Barlow himself at the toll gate, where he demanded \$3 for each wagon and \$1 a head for loose livestock. The Bakers and Hattans were almost out of money by then, and tempers flared over the exorbitant tolls. At one point, Mark Hattan threatened to shoot Sam Barlow on the spot, but cooler heads prevailed and Barlow agreed to accept the few dollars the exhausted emigrants could pay.

A few days later, the party reached Laurel Hill. The slope itself was intimidating, but part way down the emigrants could see the wreck of a wagon that had gotten out of control and hit a tree. The lead oxen had tried to go to either side of the tree, but their yoke struck the trunk and their momentum carried them around and snapped their necks. The Bakers and Hattans chained up their wheels, felled a couple of large trees, and chained the tree trunks behind their wagons so they would drag along the ground like anchors. Thus secured against the prospect of a runaway, they slid their wagons safely down the hill.

After 160 days on the road, the Bakers reached Oregon City on October 10, 1846, and chose a homestead site along the Clackamas River. Horace and Jane filed for a 640 acre claim, but Jane's half of the claim was denied until the couple was legally married in 1852. They chose the site of their claim because it included a large basalt rock formation, which Horace, a stonemason by trade, intended to quarry and ship downstream on the Clackamas to the settlements growing up along the Willamette River. His venture was a great success, and the high-quality basalt from Baker's Quarry was used to build the Willamette Falls Locks, the Tillamook Light House, the Portland Hotel, Portland's Pioneer Post Office, and many other buildings, foundations, and rock walls throughout the area.

Horace was so occupied with his business that he neglected to build a proper cabin for his wife for ten years. In 1856, the neighbors took pity on Jane and built a cabin for the couple out of squared timbers originally destined for the gold mines of California. They built it in an unusual fashion, with a large sleeping room on the second story cantilevered out over the front of the cabin. This design was fairly common along the East Coast,

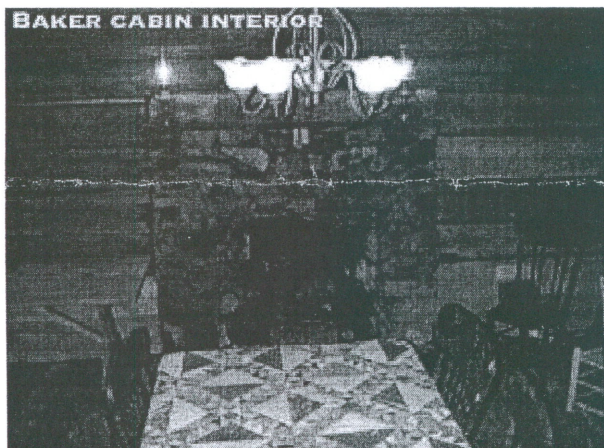


but the Baker Cabin is the only known example of it in Oregon. It is also somewhat unusual in that no pegs or nails were used to fasten together the lap-jointed logs -- the cabin is held together entirely by its own weight.

Horace Baker died in 1882 at the age of 80 and was laid to rest in Mountain View Cemetery in Oregon City. Jane Baker passed away 16 years later at the age of 79 and is buried in Pleasant View Cemetery in the town of Logan. Their descendants lived in the cabin until 1901, at which point it was abandoned.

In 1937, the crumbling cabin was restored by the Old Timers Association, which was renamed the Baker Cabin Historical Society in 1978 and continues to watch over the site to the present day. The cabin was listed on the National Registry of Historic Places in 1976, and the most recent major restoration project was undertaken in 1991.

The Baker Cabin Historic Site is located in the valley of the Clackamas River not far from the End of the Oregon Trail. [Visitor information](#) for Baker Cabin is available.



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All photos on this page appear courtesy of the Baker Cabin Historical Society.

Note: Jane Baker
was my great-grandfather's
sister. They lived
less than 2 miles
apart. They lived
in what is known today
as Baker Cabin located
on Hatten Rd