BARNES VALLEY TOUR REPORT—JULY 18, 1986.

The tour to Barnes Valley seems to have been a success from the feedback we've received. The only complaints we've heard were "We didn't know about it!" The weather was perfect, the company was great and the dust wasn't too bad. (I've seen worse) Everyone was very cooperative and we really enjoyed ourselves.

My father's smarty remark that he's furnish the porta-potty was accepted, Paul built a frame and tacked two tarps to it and Presto! we had all the comforts of home at our lunch stop. I think the women especially appreciated it, I know I did.

We made several stops along the way, and at each stop different people had something to add. I was surprised at how many people had some connections with Barnes Valley.

There were 44 people, 13 vehicles, and 2 dogs on the tour. The ages varied from 12 to 90 plus. With new batteries the bull horn worked to enable most people to hear. Our lunch stop was very pleasant, with plenty of parking space and lots of clean shady spots to spread out and eat our biscuits or whatever. Some were a little fancier than others, with their little tables and all. I think we were all ready for a little food and rest. Many took the hike up to the top of the gravel pit for a look out over the south end of the valley. With a bit of help even Florence Horn made it to the top, to her delight. The younger ones scrambled up on top of the cliff. After a line-up at Paul's version of a "Chick Sales", we loaded up for the last tour stop, my grandparent's ranch.
The buildings are all falling in and it's sad to see that, but that is what time and lack of care does. When I look at it I don't see ruin, I see curtains on the windows, smoke coming from the chimney, and maybe a saddle horse tied to the gatepost. I hear the sound of dogs barking, stock moving around, someone hanging away in the old shop, and Grandma DeVaul working around in the old kitchen, making good smells come from the old Home Comfort. In my mind I can be a little child again, coming banging in the screen door with a "Hi Grandma, I'm hungry".

It too soon was time to go so Paul and I took a very rough short cut back to our homestead to get the barbeque going. Several had said they didn't want to drive after dark so we didn't want to be too late. Bozo Noble helped Paul cook the kebobs, every one set out their pot-luck dishes and 39 of us had a very tasty meal, and relaxed for awhile, visiting.

Paul and I would like to thank every one who went, furnished food, helped with the meat, offered items of information, and added their bit to the enjoyment of the whole trip.

Billie DeVaul Fitzhugh
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THE "OVER-LOOK"
Getting people to commit themselves was a problem. Time for the Tour was getting closer and Paul and Billie Fitzhugh needed conformation in order to buy the lamb, cube it and have 24 hours to marinate it in the Shrilankan manner for shish kebobs. The calling committee got on the phone and in a few days 50 people said they wanted to go on the tour.

Sack lunches and liquids were required for the lunch break; pot-luck and table service for the BBQ at the DeVaul cabin about 2 miles from Gerber.

The meeting place was at the B.L.M. at Gerber Reservoir at 9 A.M. Friday July 18th. Some arrived early and some arrived late. It was nearly 10 o'clock before the caravan of 13 vehicles with 44 occupants started trailing north along the Valley with Paul Fitzhugh in the lead pickup accompanied by Bill Ganong, Sr.

We saw the Gerber Ranch from a distance. Three of the Gerber girls were with us on the tour, Sylvia Gerber Bruce and her granddaughters, Mariam and Katharine Bruce, Marilyn Gerber Livingston and Margaret Gerber Cheyne. They, like several others with us, Mary Gift Noble and her sister, Edith Gift Walsh, Silas and Charley Kilgore and Louise Flackus Kilgore, Orval and Bea DeVaul, Billie DeVaul Fitzhugh, Paul Fitzhugh and Madge Fitzhugh Walker, had grown up on the homesteads in the area and were with us on this tour.

One of our first stops was the old Shoen McKendree place (1800 to 1911) before it sold to Bill Casebeer (until 1938) and is presently owned by Ned and Marilyn Gerber Livingston. The gate and the loading chute are still there held in place by very large boxes filled with rocks at the gate posts. The old home is long gone but the trees surrounding it remain.

From there, on road #375, we passed Norcross Springs and Coulter Springs, turned onto road #397 and dropped into the Barnes
Valley Creek area to Dillard Field owned by Johnny Dillard's folks. Dan Malloy and Jimmy Doherty later owned the area and sheared sheep there. The DeVauls also sheared sheep there one year. On down the road on the right was Mud Springs all fenced in. One time Will DeVaul's horse stumbled down the hill there and dumped him head-first into that spring. His big felt hat was plastered down over his face and he was mud from head to toe.

Further along the creek was Matson's sawmill, later sold to Peyton. There had been cabins on both sides of the road near the trees. About 20 men lived and worked there as it took 17 men to run the mill. Bob Elliott remembered working at this Mill when he was about 15 years old.

Across the creek was Mrs. Inman's place by the quaking aspen trees. She hand-dug a well and ran this place. She later married Joe Vinyard, who came from Warner Valley. After that it was called the Vinyard place.

The Hugh Gibsons lived where the old stage road came over the hill. Mrs. Casebeer was a Gibson. Will and Laura DeVaul lived there a short time when they first came to Barnes Valley.

Next, the old Howard Kirk place now owned by Garrett. Then the school house which is long gone, was just before the old Tull place. Preacher Tuttle taught there about 1916-'17 and 1918. Another school was over across the valley near the Batchelder place.

Edward Tull homesteaded in 1891 and built a big house and barn. There isn't much left of it now. It was bought by Roy and Joe Tracy, then Vernon and Charlie Walker. About 1935 Dan Malloy and Jimmy Doherty bought it. Later owners were: a McCoy, Paul Tschirkey, Dr. Warren Hunt and then Ed Garrett who is the present owner.

The remains of the Sherwood homestead cabin are above the road on #397.

A little past 12 o'clock we arrived at the gravel pit and the "Over-Look". There was plenty of space for parking the 13 vehicles and lots of flat area to set out folding chairs in the shade of a few trees here and there. After our sack lunch quite a few climbed to the top of the "Over-Look" to view the valley while others just enjoyed sitting and visiting and reminiscing.
Some of the early homesteads there were: Lapham-1891, Batchelder-1891, Henry Pitz-1892, Matt Haynes-1893, Mary Dillard-1898 and James Nail-1896.

Paul Fitzhugh had built and covered a frame for a porta-potty which came in very handy during our rest period.

After packing up and leaving the "Over-Look" we passed the Arkansas Reservoir which Tracy had filed on, then Sherwood and it was finished to its present height by Garrett. Then on past land owned by Ray Utley and later Dan Malloy and James Doherty in the 1930's. Then past the Walker Field owned by Charlie and Effie Walker in the early 1900's and later bought by Will and Laura DeVaul.

We stopped at the old DeVaul ranch. The old shop and spring house remain and part of the old house. It will probably be torn down soon by the new owners.

We drove past Strawberry Dam which is in Lake County and is on road #375. Tull is off to the right just prior to road junction #3931.

Paul and Billie Fitzhugh started for the DeVaul summer cabin (on homesteaded land) ahead of the rest of us to get the charcoal lit and heating. By the time everyone else got there, parked, got out the cakes, pies, cookies and the many salads that had been refrigerated in camp coolers, set up their chairs and got out their plates and cups, the Shish Kabobs were ready to be sampled. What a feast!! Everyone enjoyed relaxing in the shade, eating and visiting. About 7 o'clock most of us started for home, looking forward to a bath or shower and dust免费 clothes.

A few were tired for a day or two after that long trip over bumpy, dusty roads but glad to have been able to see a part of the country we had never seen before.

-----Mae L. Smith-----
Most of us "Old Timers' remember the home of Coley Ball, a Klamath, once known as Tecumseh. It was located at the Crooked Creek Turn-Off to the Oregon State Fish Hatchery some two miles north of Klamath Agency on Highway 62. A short distance to the south another stream breaks out in a crystal clear spring at the eastern edge of the highway, called Tecumseh Creek and Spring.

Asking a friend who knew the countryside well, she refreshed my memory in an apt way by writing, "Coley lived on a lush little spot which looked like a "hanky-sized island". This no doubt even then joined the larger meadow which now ties in with land across the present highway.

It was in this setting I first saw Coley. He had grass in his hat, willow boughs in his pants belt. I supposed it was to keep mosquitoes away but someone opined he used it as camouflage, for even the willow pole with a spear with which to impale fish was disguised. Then I did not realize he was in disguise, and I thought he was queer.

His main food was venison, fish, epaws, lambs quarters, duck, geese and duck eggs. These were easily obtained, but trapping a deer in a pit or killing one with a bow and arrow took not only skill but quick action. Coley being such a deliberate moving person I often wondered at his prowess considering his size. He robbed the wild duck nests. Coley did not care what age or state of hatching the eggs were in. When someone remonstrated with him he said, "What's the difference, they are still eggs and nothing can get in and nothing can get out."

No doubt Coley's home site looked small compared to the man who occupied it. He was to Wood River Valley what the giant is to the circus. He had a modulated voice---like the sound of smooth running water or a gentle breeze in the trees. It had the ring of nature that gave it a lilt.

Coley used to travel on horse-back and even on an ordinary size pony his feet almost touched the ground. This pony was used for the regular trips Coley made to the creamery at Fort Klamath.
At that date the creamery was on a bend in Wood River, on what was the original John Loosley homestead.

John Loosley built the creamery with the idea of shipping butter to Ager in Siskiyou County for the California market. But he found by the time it reached Ager over the Topsy Grade and down the Klamath River to be picked up by the Southern Pacific for consumption in San Francisco, it was oil. Really, the only jubilant person was Coley, for he had been given all the butter-milk he could drink.

The failure of the creamery was a great disappointment to the people of Wood River Valley as they had all invested heavily in milk cows.

Not daunted, John Loosley converted the creamery into a cheese factory. This proved a great success.

Coley was always on hand and where he used to drink buttermilk he now consumed cheese curds. Amazed at the amount Coley devoured the creamery crew weighed him before and after his gorging, to learn his weight had increased 15 pounds. Sounds fantastic but so was his appetite.

Coley was used to moccasins which he made himself. He later became modern and decided to wear shoes. Mr. Momyer, the sutler at the Agency, had to have his shoes made to order so huge were his feet.

When at a ripe old age Coley died, his size still presented a problem. Mr. Momyer said, "We really had to build the coffin around Coley he was so large. Take a person 6 feet 10 inches tall and weighing 310 pounds, it took a lot of coffin."

Coley had many friends. He was so congenial one could not help but like the man. His size gave him dignity and he was always neat, as was his cabin.

He seldom rode in a canoe as there was too much of Coley---his weight was equal to that of three small men.

Today in the Hill Cemetery it is an easy matter to locate Coley's last resting place as it is so wide and long.

-----by Elizabeth Loosley-----
(as written in Echoes #6)