

CFR 0091

Christine E. Evans

(Application missing)

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Bullards Woman Gets Century Farm Recognition



CENTURY FARMER Mrs. Christine Evans shows the certificate presented to her by Gov. Robert Holmes at the Oregon State Fair in a ceremony honoring owners or operators of farms which have been in continuous ownership in their families for 100 years or more.

Mrs. Evans is granddaughter of the late John Hamblock, who received a land grant from Abraham Lincoln for his part in fighting Indians on the warpath along the Oregon coast. She has in her possession a total of 12 presidential grants dating back to the Lincoln and Johnson administrations.

The ceremony at the fair was sponsored jointly by the Oregon Department of Agriculture and the Oregon Historical Society.

The document presented to Mrs. Evans reads: "John Ham-

block, founded 1857, with the award of this certificate, is duly enrolled by the Oregon Historical Society as a Century Farm in recognition of 100 years enduring service in the finest agricultural tradition of the State of Oregon." It is signed by Gov. Holmes, R. J. Steward, state department of agriculture director; Marguerete E. Berg, Oregon State Fair Commission chairman; Thomas Vaughan, Oregon Historical Society director, and James Harrison, Coos county judge, who first approved Mrs. Evans' documentary qualifications for the Century Farmer title.

Mrs. Evans has for many years been Bullards correspondent for Western World.

Edward F. Hoffman, Myrtle Point, is the other Century Farmer from Coos county.

(Western World photo)

Mrs. Evans and her son's family still live on some of the land, raising cattle. She applied this week for Century Farmer. Clerk June Simmons observes the documents with interest. Some were signed by Andrew Johnson and U. S. Grant.

MRS. CHRISTINE EVANS

First Coos Century Farmer Named

By BOB FRENETTE
Staff Writer, The World

BANDON—The men who were thought the best Indian fighters were living with squaws. They talked of the great risk involved in spreading the word from Port Orford up the coast that the Indians were on the warpath. But they would go if the price was right.

All of this made John Hamblock's blood boil in February of 1854. He volunteered to go himself.

For this and his action in the Indian Wars of 1855 and 1856 John Hamblock of Bullards (earlier of Port Orford) was granted land, formalized in a document signed by Abraham Lincoln in 1864.

This week his granddaughter, Mrs. Christine E. Evans, applied to the Coos County Judge for the honor of Century Farmer. She lives at Bullards, adjacent to the bridge north of Bandon, on 90 of the original 160 acres, where she raises beef cattle.

The Century Farm program is sponsored by the Oregon Historical society and the State Dept. of Agriculture to honor all farm families in Oregon who have worked the same land, or part of it, for 100 years or more.

The Governor will present each qualifying family a document in a colorful ceremony at the Oregon State Fair.

Mrs. Evans Qualified

County Judge James Harrison said that Mrs. Evans is evidently qualified for the honor and that Coos county is fortunate in having a chance to be represented in the program, which is connected with the Centennial. Mrs. Evans has been the only resident to apply in this county.

Mrs. Evans has her grandfather to thank, she said. She is quite proud of him.

John Hamblock, a native of Prussia, was a resident of Coos county from 1854. He worked in and about sawmills before turning to farming and raising stock. He also conducted a general store at Bullards (then known at Randolph) and served as postmaster and justice of the peace.

Hamblock worked in the lumber business, usually as head

sawyer, in Prussia, St. Louis, and San Francisco before coming to Port Orford in 1854. In 1857 he took up a preemption claim of 160 acres near the mouth of the Coquille, carried on general farming, stock raising, and dairying, and finally acquired 800 acres. (The Evans property leads to the Bandon lighthouse.)

But facts do not do justice by a man. Fortunately, Mrs. Evans has an original letter Hamblock wrote in 1902 in connection with a reunion of Indian War veterans at Salem that year.

Most of the letter follows. Hamblock could not spell well, but his English is colorfully colloquial, vigorous, and direct. The letter is unfinished because his wife, Mrs. Evans' grandmother, told him it sounded too boastful.

"Some Brave Man"

"I came to Port Orford in 1854 and was there during all the Indian trouble heit building a fort, stood guard in the night, and scoured the woods in day time hunting for red skins. I done all what a volunteer could do. I volunteered to go in the darkest of night, to go up the coast as far as the Coquille River to notify the People to come to Port Orford for safety. When the news of the Rogue River masacre was brought in Port Orford, there was quite an excitement and guards were put out in all directions, and everybody was told to be on the lookout for there own safety. They were trying to induce some brave man to go up the coast, and bring the folks in Town.

"The man were thought the best Indian fighters who were living with Squaws, but they talked of the great risk it was to fort the River in the night, and go through hostile bands of indians. Elk River, Sixes, Fouras Creek and New River had to be fortified and it was in Month of February, the Streams aupp up and dangerus quicksands.

"The man, two of them, would go in the morning, if \$50 was paid them, and finished with two best horses in town. It made my blood boil to hear it. There were folks up the coast who were as good as we are and one hours delay might cause scores of there lives to be sacrificed.

"I hired the best horse in the

Place and paid \$10 out of my own Pocket for the use. The owner know me well, and he told me that nobody but me could get that horse.

"It was about 9 o'clock and so dark when I left town I could not see a man on a mule ahead of me. I was going fast as I and the horse knew the road well for a ways. I ran almost over a man on a little mule and could not see him untill he hollowed, what are you up too and who are you! It was Mr. Dickson a gold miner from Cape Blanco on his way to the Cap to notify people that far. We went together as far as the ferry at Elk River where Mr. Aron Dyer lived, he told me that I could safely ford the River on that horse at the mouth, which I did, but a cold N. East wind sprang so fierce I though it would blow me off the horse.

"When I got on high land at Cap Blanco the moon begin to give me a little light and I could then find the right train better, to Sixes River. There I made an effort to ford but found the River to deep and dangerus. I then called for the ferry for some time at last I recieved an answer and some one asked me what I wanted I told him that I wanted to get across with a horse, then I had to find my way up River about a quarter of mile when he came with a little cano big enough to carry us two and the saddle the horse swam after us.

This man was A. H. Hinch afterwards the discoverer of the Blak Sand Mines at Randolph, he came from the Indian Range where they had a big war dance.

"We went to the House at the Mouth of the River where a Mr. Doge with a family of 8 lived and a lot of men stopping there over night. I remember some of them: T. Flanagan late Banker of Marshfield, Jim Scinner, T. Daughady, Hinch, and two more. Two men got there gunes and went on guard. Jim Scinner went and got his mule to go with me to bring his Pack train from the Coquill I was verry glad of that as he was better acquainted with the road and fording Florras Creek and New River. It took but a few minutes to get ready.

"Jim sayd go ahead John Your horse has got the longest legs, but my bobtail nag can not be beat. Not quite 1/2 mile from the Dodge's house as we were winding our way up the bluff on the North side We came to a sudden half we medt about 25 or 30 indians coming towards us from the bluff, the could not see us but we saw them. Jim had been for a few years in uper Rogue River and Yrika, the sight of an Indian did not unnerve him. Get your pistol ready but don't shut unless we have to, by that time the first Indian was within about 10 feet of me my horse gave the biggest snort I ever heard and dashed ahead. Jim's mule let loose with such a loud snort it almost scared me.

"Jim shouded, my bobtail nag can not be beat. The Indians fell to the right and left, but there was not much room to get out of the way. I felt my feet bomb against them. They were on the way to masacre the Doge family, and they would have done so had I been 1/2 hour later."

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