

EDMOND HAGLER AND RACHEL RHODES YANCEY
Grandparents of Bernice Yancey Stinson

By Bertha Y, Jensen
R#1 Blackfoot, Idaho in 1947

*The last time I saw Grandpa (my great grandfather) he was walking along Main St. in Klamath Falls, I honked and we exchanged arm waves. That was in 1949. He would have been 95.
Wm. R. Stinson, 1995*

Edmond H. Yancey, son of Jessie Pratt Yancey and Susannah Catherine Hagler was born 17 July 1855 at Fort Weber (Ogden) Utah, where his parents lived.

When Ed was two years old, his parents, with the rest of the Yancey families, (there were Hiram John Yancey, the father and his sons, William Riley, Jessie Pratt, Hiram J., and Oliver and daughters, Emeline, who married her second cousin Thomas Yancey, and Charlotte, who married Lem Davis and Elizabeth, who married Thomas Wycoff and Adeline who married Gilbert Cox and went back to Kansas), left in the middle of the night for Fort Bridger, forty miles away, where some soldiers were stationed. Ed's grandfather, Hiram John Yancey, had sent word by Lem Davis for the soldiers to meet them. They had just met the soldiers when the Mormon arrived on the trail, they had quite a time with them but finally won out and went on with the soldiers to FT. Bridger then on to Carson City, Nevada, where another son, Jessie Pratt, Jr., was born 5 September 1857.

While in Carson City, Jessie Yancey was hired to haul poles for Manuel Penrod and Mr. Comstock who had a placer mine. While hauling, he uncovered the main ledge and they gave him an interest in the mine. He, thinking it no good and of a roving disposition, traded his interest to the two men for a yoke of oxen and with his family and the rest of the Yancey's went to Placerville, California where another son, James was born in 1861. Note about the mine: Later Mr. Penrod sold his interest for one thousand dollars, but Mr. Comstock held his and the company froze him out. The mine was named the Yellow Jacket and proved to be the richest mine on the Pacific Coast.

During the Gold Rush days to California, Edmond was six years old and well remembers the jewelry men that were robbed and murdered by Three Fingured Jack, the gambler. Three Fingeured Jack was accused of crime and hanged to a tree the next day; Ed remembers running a mile to see him hanging on a tree.

There were over 180 Chinamen mining in a creek in front of the Yancey's when a stump fell on one and he was killed, the rest were superstitious and all left. During this stay in Placerville, flour was cheap, but at Carson City they could get one dollar a pound. Edmond's father and Hiram and William Riley packed ten horses and with 200 pounds on each animal started to Carson City thinking they could make some easy money as they had paid about 75 cents a sack for it. They were snowed in on the way in the mountains and had to feed the flour to the horses and almost starved themselves before they could get out. Hiram went blind a few years after that and thought it was caused by being there so long.

Thomas Yancey left the families there at Placerville to join the Army during the Civil War and was never heard from again. His wife Emiline later married Ambrose Toleman but there were no children. The Yancey's then went to Heildsburg where two daughters were born, Susannah in 1862 and Hannah in 1865.

While here, Ed's father farmed and while here the Yancey family split up. Hiram J. went back east in 1866, Jessie went to Nevada, William Riley and grandfather Hiram John, Oliver Yancey and Lem Davis went to Oregon and settled in Cottage Grove. There in a small old cemetery overgrown with weeds may be found the resting place of Hiram, father of the Yancey's mentioned above, He died 3 June 1887.

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Jessie Pratt Yancey traded his farm for a span of horses and a wagon, and went over what is called the Dogtown Route to Susanville, enroute to Nevada, and here a daughter, Louisa, was born in 1867. Then in the fall of 1868, they went to Myrtle Creek, Oregon, near Cottage Grove, and landed there for Christmas dinner with Ed's Aunt Charlotte Davis and family.

In the spring of 1869, from Myrtle Creek they then went by way of Pitt River, camped on Pitt River Friday night, and as it was so nice they decided to stay till Monday. While they were eating breakfast Sunday morning an Indian rode into camp and asked how long they were staying. Ed's father said they were going to stay a few days and he told them they had better not as there were some Indians up the river and that they had burned some houses and hay stacks and might come this way.

The Indian helped them get ready to leave. They had to ferry the river on a raft made of logs, pushing it across with poles. They made 14 trips across. At that time, they had a two horse team and a four horse team. Ed was driving the four horse team. It was ten o'clock when they landed on the other side of the river. Ed's father handed him the whip and told him to head for Susanville 90 miles away and get there as quick as he could.

He knew what that meant and lit out, the others following. They arrived there without a stop. Just before they got to Susanville, they had to go around quite a grade, the moon was shining and Ed saw some men on horses ahead of him and thinking it was Indians put his whip to his horses and went past them as fast as possible. and never stopped until he reached Susanville. He found out afterwards they were men out after the Indians. There were several people killed east of there that day.

They went to Steamboat Springs and stayed there that summer, cleared off a lot of sage brush and put in a crop late that fall. They sold everything they had and went to Reno, taking the first train that went over the railroad after the two roads were connected to Promontory Point in Utah. They were on the train 11 days before they reached Omaha, Nebraska. It was loaded with immigrants and miners. When they said stop, it stopped and it started again when they said the word. They would stop and shoot prairie dogs and buffaloes, and stopped two nights on account of Indians. They stopped near Devils Slide and some of the men wanted to go and slide down Devils Slide and started out, but found it to be farther away than it looked. They stopped one day on account of a dust storm.

A special train followed loaded with government troops and soldiers. When they reached Omaha several Indians got on the train. One big Chief had two women's scalps on his belt, one with black hair and one with red hair. They ferried the Missouri River there and took another train to Topeka, Kansas where the railroad ended; it being a branch road. Here the Yancey's hired a man to take them to Mound City to where a sister of the Yancey's boys lived, Adaline Yancey, who had married Gilbert Cox. She had been partly blind for several years as a result of scarlet fever.

Edmond's father bought a team wagon and milk cow and moved to Pleasantown, Kansas, two miles from Mound City; he bought a lot there and built a house, this was in the spring of 1870. And here another son, Stephen, was born. Later they sold and went to Hamberg, Iowa where their daughter, May, was born and where they bought forty acres of ground. In the spring of 1872 they traded their place for a span of mules and traveled to Omaha; loaded his family wagon and mules on the train and came to Ogden, Utah, went to Bingham Canyon and worked at carpentry around the mines.

In 1871, Edmond being 16 years old, drove the mules and hauled gold bullion from the mines to the railroad making around 20 dollars a day for the summer. That fall, Ed's father came to Cloverdale, near Cottage Grove, where his grandfather, Hiram John lived. On the road to Cloverdale they camped on Humbolt

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River near Battlemountain, Nevada. They chained the mules to the wagon and staked out the horses. During the night the horses stampeded, pulled the stakes and left. Ed's father pulled him out of bed and put him on one of the big mules they had bought, with only his shirt on and told him to follow the horses. It was dark, but the mule took the trail and came onto them about 4 o'clock in the morning.

Ed sat on the mule till daylight then took the horses to camp. When he arrived he was using his shirt for a saddle blanket, and was scratched from head to foot from the brush he had ridden through. When they arrived at Tulelake, they camped near where Merrill, Oregon now is. A bunch of soldiers came by with 63 Indians taking them from Tulelake to Fort Klamath, Oregon. During the night some one fired a shot, the soldiers thinking it was the Indians (Modocs) started shooting and thirteen were killed. Capt. Jack and three others escaped. That was the start of the Modoc War of 1872.

In 1987, I four wheeled the Applegate trail from the Humbolt River west of Winnamucca, Nevada to Keno, Oregon. It seems that this trip of Ed's was at least on much of the Old Applegate Trail. Wm. R.

The next morning the Yancey's passed the soldiers and saw the 13 dead Indians. They went on and camped the next morning at Linkville (renamed Klamath Falls in 1893). The Army officers wanted to send a bodyguard with them but they refused, they traveled all day and that night they saw a camp fire ahead. Ed took one of the horses and rode on ahead. When he got within a short distance he dismounted and crawled close enough to see it was white men, then rode back to the wagon and reported. It was Bill Miller of Crewell, Oregon with six hired men taking cattle to the nearest shipping point which was Winnamucca, Nevada.

The Yancey's then came to Cloverdale as stated and rented the Judkin place on Camas Swale, planted 40 acres of wheat which were a failure. While there, the whole community for miles around celebrated the Fourth of July in 1873 at Pleasant Hill. Ed Yancey, with his four horse team hauled the boys to the celebration. After the harvest and with the wheat crop a failure, they left for Eugene, with four mules, six horses and three wagons. Ed's mother driving one team with the family.

They hauled Ed's wagon from Eugene, Oregon, with two and one half tons of government supplies, to the Indians at Fort Klamath. They delivered it at the Agency, received their pay from Jessie Applegate, bought a supply for themselves from the same load cheaper than it was in Eugene. They then went to Austin City, Nevada arriving in the fall of 1873, where they were in the wood business about a year, then in cattle about three years on a ranch three miles west of town.

During this time, Ed met and courted Rachel Rhodes, a girl of his childhood days. Edmond's father's brother Hiram Yancey had married his second wife, the widow Rhodes who had three daughters, and that family had lived with Ed's folks awhile, then moved away, leaving Rachel there.

Ed and Rachel decided to get married, and on March 21 they took his sister Susan, who was fourteen years old, and started with the hack and team for Austin City. They camped one night on the road there and the next day Ed went to the Justice of the Peace, W.K. Logan, to get his license. He was disappointed to find they could not get a license without the consent of her mother as she was not of age, so he rode back twenty miles to get the consent of her mother, got back that night, but too late to get the knot tied, so they were married on the next day, March 23, 1876. They spent three days there on their honeymoon, and two days returning home, then made their home with his folks on the cattle ranch.

In June 1876 another daughter Rachel was born to Ed's parents, Jessie Pratt and Katherine Hagler Yancey. In the fall of 1876, they sold their cattle and went to Mason Valley, and another son was born, Alfred Wesley, which made eleven children, Edmond being the oldest.

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Ed and his wife and two children (Ivan and Ida), went with Ed's parents to Bode, California that summer and in the fall they went to Prineville, Oregon where a daughter, Ida Blanch, was born 14 January 1881. They left his folks there and moved out on a ranch on Crooked River about 16 miles from Prineville.

While there, Ed farmed and freighted from Prineville to the Dalles and Burns, Oregon. During this time, three more children were born; Frank, Ethel and Carl. In the fall of 1888, they moved to Cottage Grove, Oregon, by team over the McKenzie Pass, where their other children, Irvin and Hester were born. Ed farmed several different places in the neighborhood, at one time renting the Knox place. He also freighted to the Bohemia mines 35 miles away, also ran a thrashing machine about four years. He then bought a place on Row River and lived there until 1898, then moved to southern Oregon near Grants Pass.

In 1909, owing the illness of their daughter, Ethel, who was suffering from Tuberculosis, they moved to Arizona to see if it would help her, but she died about a year later, and they moved to Caldwell, Idaho, where his folks lived, and stayed two years. They then moved to a logging camp out of Eugene, Oregon, where they lived several years then moved to Klamath Falls, Oregon,. While living there, they went to visit the folks at Cottage Grove when something went wrong with the car and it overturned and Ed's wife Rachel was killed. That was in 1922, on the then sharp curve, on the south base of Sexton Mountain.

All of the family were married and Ed lived with first one and then another of the family, working until over seventy years old. And now at the age of 92 years (1947), living mostly with his son Frank and daughter, Ida, is able to keep busy most of the time at odd jobs here and there, on his 92nd birthday walking to the cemetery three miles away and back, and is coming to Idaho in 1948 to a Yancey family reunion.



*Edmond and Rachel
50th Wedding Anniversary*

My mother, Bernice Yancey Stinson Mauldin, took me and to the 1947 Yancey family reunion at Aunt Ida's house in Cottage Grove. Wm. R.



*Back
Irvin
Carl
Frank
Ivan*

*Front
Hester
Rachel
Edmond
Ella
Ida*