

Lane County Historian



THE WAY IT WAS



l - r, Winnie and Laura Miller ca. 1890,
Courtesy C. Dudley Miller

The Lane County Historical Society
Vol. XXXI, No. 1 **Spring, 1986**

The Lane County Historical Society

Ethan Newman, President, 2161 University, Eugene, OR 97403
Membership secretary, P.O. Box 11532, Eugene, OR 97440

Lane County Historian, Vol. XXXI, No. 1 Spring, 1986
Lois Barton, Editor, 84889 Harry Taylor Rd., Eugene, OR 97405

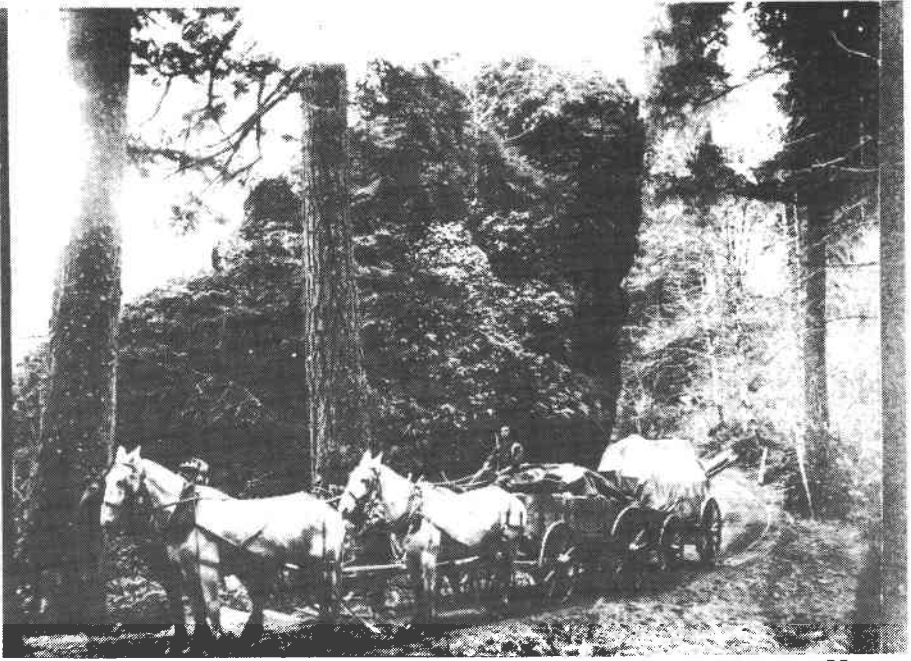
CONTENTS

A DAY ON THE MCKENZIE STAGE AND OTHER STORIES by C. Dudley Miller.....	3
A TRIBUTE TO LESLIE SWIGART KENT, M.D. by Jane Farmer.....	15
PAULINE WALTON LETTER	18

ABOUT THE AUTHORS:

C. Dudley Miller, nephew of Laura Miller, is a retired farmer and long time resident of Lane County.

Jane Farmer, known as Jane Shelton during the decade she lived in Eugene in the late '30s and early '40s, worked for a time as bookkeeper for Frank Coen of Brighter Homes Store. She returned to live in Eugene after retirement from California State Services.



Freight wagon headed upriver by Finn Rock, Courtesy Lane County Historical Museum

A DAY ON THE McKENZIE STAGE

by C. Dudley Miller

Annie Laura Miller was a talented writer whose career began soon after her graduation from the University of Oregon in 1897. Laura, as she liked to be called, was born in Eugene City, November 25, 1876. She was a truly cultured person with a most extensive vocabulary. She had a great sense of humor, played tennis, golf, spent time in the mountains and at the seashore. She reveled in fishing and canoeing, was a great bird-watcher.

Laura was the granddaughter of Douglas County pioneer John Kelly and daughter of Mary Kelly Miller and Henry B. Miller. Her father had been a partner in his father's bridge-building firm, a former state legislator and president of Oregon Agricultural College (now OSU) before serving from 1901 to 1910 in the U.S. Consular Service, first in China, then Japan and finally Ireland.

Laura's reports from many parts of the world were carried by the *Sunday Oregonian*. There was no hint of stuffiness about this young woman who had a lively interest in all that surrounded her. She was equally enthusiastic about the customs of the Orient and trout fishing on the McKenzie. Portions of her account of a trip up the McKenzie by stage, as published in the *Oregonian* October 9, 1909, follow.

There comes a time in the summer when you don't want to hurry. . . So you decide to go by stage from Eugene to McKenzie Bridge in the Cascade Forest Reserve, 56 miles from the railroad. It is 4:30 in the morning in Eugene when the alarm clock wakes you. You hate the sound and turn over to drown it, but there is a streak of red light in the east and the robins are announcing in a loud chorus from the maple trees that it is morning. Once dressed and downtown you are struck with the purposeless look of the streets empty of the people for whom they are made. Nobody is in sight except the night watchman. . . and the street seems suddenly humanized when two men and a woman come walking along carrying suitcases. . .

You seat yourself at the hotel table with six others and you sit there boiling with impatience while a little woman bustles about lamenting that the Chinese cook will not be hurried. . . and that the waitresses haven't come down yet. There is a knocking at the window, somebody shouts "Aboard," and there framed in a stiff gray hat is the grinning face of the stage driver. Two men rise hastily and seek a nearby restaurant, then the breakfast arrives, then the waitresses.

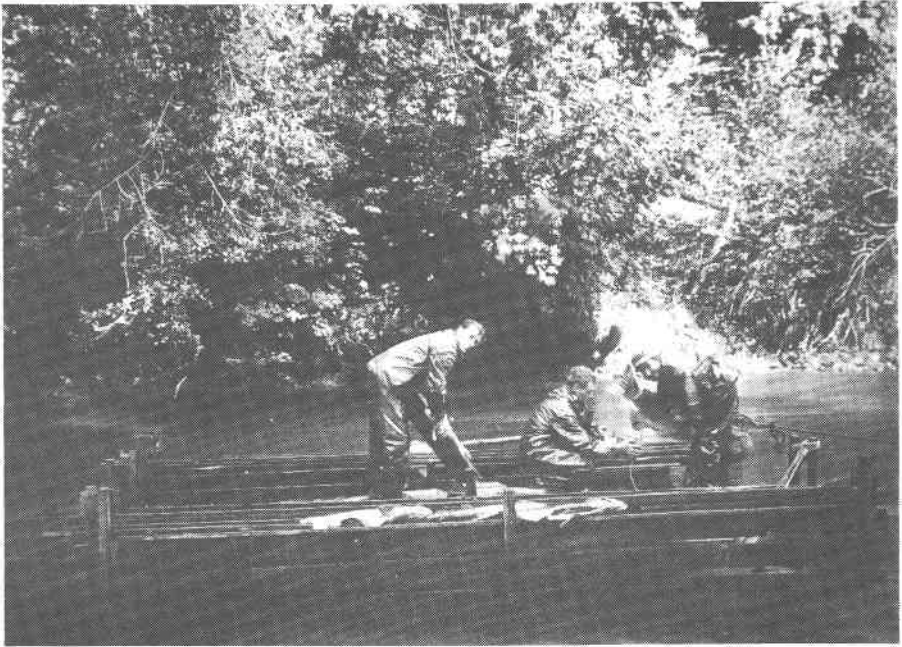
You hear a great rumbling outside and there is the big red four-seated stage drawn by four horses. The whip cracks, the colored rings on the harness jangle and you are off. Sitting on the high front seat beside the driver—you engaged the seat several days ago to be out of the dust,—and then it's the seat of honor like the

right hand of the captain on board ship. Everyone in town is still asleep except one woman in the suburbs aroused by the demon of cleanliness to scrub her front walk at 5:30. The very swallows on the telegraph wires are still dozing.

You are soon out in the country on the banks of the Willamette. And at 6—you know it is 6 because of the sawmill whistle—you are in Springfield. The driver fishes about under your feet and takes out a big sack of mail, replaces it with another, then stops at a butcher shop to get some meat for O'Briens, then is hailed from a barn and refuses to take some freight for the wagon bed is already full. Then away you go again into a long lane bordered with grain fields and occasional farm houses where sweet peas, red apples and crimson rambler roses grow, blossoming in profusion.

The lane grows monotonous, the hills on the horizon are hid in mist, and you turn to the passengers. A bookkeeper—she is going to the hot springs for a vacation, so is a banker who sometimes feels a twinge of rheumatism; a woman with a little fox terrier—she is going to visit her son on a timber claim—two quiet gentlemen—they are interested in the development of McKenzie River water power; in the back seat is a man who says never a word, while the talker of the party is a man who is going to plant trout in the river.

"They are Eastern Rainbow Trout," he says, hatched up here at the fish hatchery. They are about two inches long now and we have 180,000 of



Salmon Hatchery workers on the McKenzie, Courtesy Lane County Historical Museum

them to plant in the river and its tributaries. I'm going to stop at the hatchery and take them up in big cans." You wonder how many of those baby fish will grow to be two-pounders with all the enemies they have in the streams and along the banks.

A field of corn starts an argument, one gentleman declaring that on moonlight nights in Kansas he has heard the corn growing, and another affirming that it is impossible. He has been in cornfields in Kansas on moonlight nights and has heard no sound except the breeze rattling the corn blades.

At a road winding through the woods the woman with the fox terrier gets off. "Who is she?" someone asks the driver.

"I don't know all the women on the

road," he says, "Only the school ma'ams and the widows..."

...Jesse Jones, driver of the McKenzie stage, a fair, sunburnt man wears a tan shirt and corduroys, a gray felt hat, the one fancy touch in his costume being his black gauntlets, all fringed with a serastica on them in yellow thread. His father before him was a stage driver, he tells you, driving six horses from Roseburg to Canyonville and back the same day, changing horses every ten miles, while he himself has driven 14 years over different routes, but "Stage driving isn't what it used to be. This is my last year and I'm going back to an old farm down east."

"Did you ever drive from Grants Pass to Crescent City?" you ask, memories of a camping trip on that

picturesque road through the Siskiyou coming in a swarm.

"A year and a half," he says.

"Then you knew the old Irish miner who lived all alone at Patrick's Creek?"

"Yes. He was murdered. They thought he had gold." The poor lonely old man! How well you remember him sitting in the door of his cabin playing "Miss Maclead's Reel" on a concertina. How kind he was, giving you the freedom of his place for your camp! One morning you were sitting at breakfast when he went by with a board full of auger holes on his shoulder. He was going to put it in the sluice boxes but he laughed and said, "I'm going on a religious mission. Don't ye see me howly board?" And when you made some slight return for his many courtesies and told him goodbye, he gave you that Irish blessing; "May yer bed in hivin be aisy". . .

It grows on you as the day advances that the stage driver is the one man of importance on the stage road. A farmer comes to his gate with "Can you take a bag of cabbage to Blue River?" After while it is a boy who comes: "Can you give me change for a five? I want to pay the man that's cutting hay." A man comes running from the field with a letter in his hand which the driver puts in the crown of his hat; a young woman is hanging over the gate: "Did you tell the express agent to send out a tracer for my diamond ring?" A man gives the driver a dollar to pay for a roll of butter to be brought down from Blue River. And the driver with nothing to sustain him but a plug of tobacco

undertakes everyone's errand. From the front door of every house trots a little girl to carry in the mail sack thrown from the stage to the gate. . .

. . . You come to a group of houses and barns built about the store and post office: this is Thurston, where the chief item of news is the killing of a weasel during the night. You cross the McKenzie and come to Walterville, where all the male population is loitering at the store discussing the right-of-way suit that has stopped work on the canal running through the village. The horses are changed and the next stop is O'Briens, noted for its fine country meals and Mrs. O'Briens kindness. Then come the white buildings of the fish hatchery. . . and at noon you come to Gate Creek where you meet the stage bound for town and have "20 minutes for dinner."

Twenty minutes is so short a time to discuss a solid country meal of boiled beef, cabbage, potatoes, young onions, peas, hot bread and that best of all country desserts—wild blackberry pie—that everyone eats in a silence unbroken by any words beyond "Please pass me—." Everyone, that is, except a thin little man at the end of the table who burst out at the sight of the pie with "I have sold in the last 2 weeks 270 patent pie lifters. Yes. That's my line. 270. Do you know Mrs. Green in Eugene? She says, 'I want two, one for myself and one for my mother.' It's a great invention, one of the wonders of the age." And he is so carried away with enthusiasm over his subject that he rises from the table with his dinner almost untouched. . .



Digging power canal at Walterville, ca. 1910, Courtesy Lane County Historical Museum

"There's a box at the barn that wants to go to Blue River," someone tells Jesse Jones. But the stage is full and the box is left behind. . . The thing most evident about Gate Creek is uncultivated fields and on the mountain sides the havoc done by a forest fire 50 years ago. Everywhere are the charred stumps of great trees, and growing among them young firs and alders. And the dust! It rises in clouds, blown from the wheels by the breeze coming up the river. It blinds and smothers you, and sifts gently through your khaki coat, down your collar, up your sleeves and covers your clothing from head to feet.

You meet an old gray man driving a pony cart. That's Ole Man Finn, the one that caught so many fish in the McKenzie that the river fell 3 feet at

O'Briens. They always called him the biggest liar on the river and he was proud of it. But now his wife's the biggest one,—she says he doesn't lie.

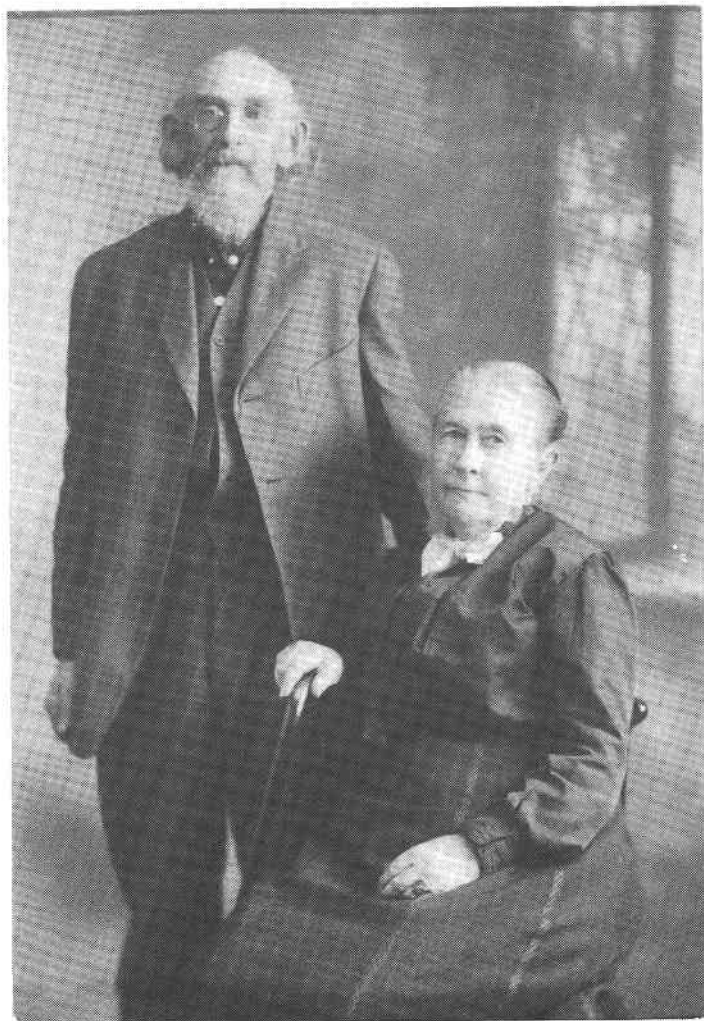
You come to a clear mountain stream spanned by a new bridge and the driver points out a footlog above, telling you he "cooned" it one dark night last winter when the stream was a raging flood, carrying a lantern in one hand and the mail sack strapped to his back. "And here," he says in a few mintues, "here is where Dee Wright killed the cougar with a revolver." And presently you come to Dee Wright himself, the tall lean hooked-nosed mountaineer who has killed more cougars than any hunter on the river. He is helping a boy unload his wagon, stalled on the hillside with a heavy load of provi-

sions for the trail workers in the forest preserve.

At Blue River, almost a tiny town because of the gold mines above, you tell the driver goodbye and a young

boy mounts the seat to finish the journey to Foley Springs.

And then about 6:30 you reach McKenzie Bridge and the Log House Hotel.



"Uncle" George and "Aunty" Melvina Frissell ca. 1909, Courtesy Lane County Historical Museum

EXCERPTS FROM A DAY WITH "UNCLE GEORGE" ON THE MCKENZIE

by Annie Laura Miller

OREGONIAN, Sept. 27, 1908

... I asked "Uncle George" (Frissell), who has lived 27 years at McKenzie Bridge, about the early settlers on the McKenzie. There was Ole Man Pepiot, a Frenchman who kept the eating-house at Gate Creek. He is dead and so are "Ole Man" Belknap and "Ole Man" Sims, who lived far up the river in the big timber. "Andy" Hickson, tall and gaunt, a great hunter in days gone by, has retired now from the life of the trail and works at the Salmon Hatchery, while "Pood," his dog, and "Mouser," the little blue pony, grow fat and lazy with inaction. "Ole Man Finn, the greatest liar on the McKenzie still lives in a lonely big white house with "Finn's Hotel" painted in long letters on its side. As we went up the river the stage driver pointed out to us the rock that Mr. Finn pulled out of the road with his pair of stout little black mules. To prove the story the rock stands there "big as a meetin' house" immovable since time began.

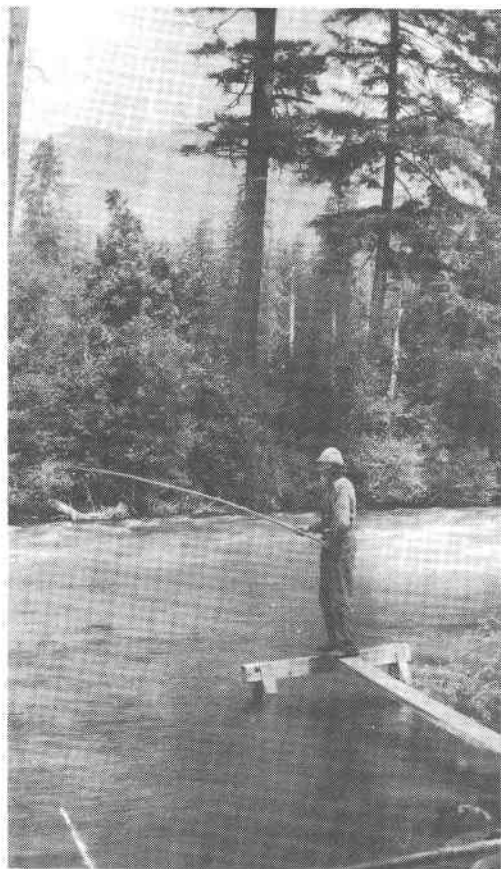
Uncle George arises early in true mountaineer fashion. This morning when we came down to breakfast he was driving the cows out of the barn to pasture. He is some 60 years old, ... but he covers the ground like a boy, and behind his round spectacles are keen eyes that can see a fish far down in the water where untrained eyes see only the rocky river bottom. He wears sad-colored clothes in

deference to the fishes' feelings, an old gray felt hat, a brown sweater coat, gray trousers and a blue flannel shirt.

After breakfast I saw an eight pound Dolly Varden on the back porch, and as Uncle George was in the garden below I went to ask him the where and the why of the fish. Uncle George said he had caught the Dolly in the garden walking among the cabbage. There is a beautiful big pool just beyond. The garden is the pride of the his life. . . but the love of his life is "Auntie," his sweet old wife, a plump little old lady who walks with a cane. She was. . . the postmistress at



"Uncle George reading the weather ca. 1910. Courtesy Lane County Historical Museum.



"Uncle" George at the "dolly hole" behind the Log Cabin Inn, ca. 1911, Courtesy Lane County Historical Museum.

McKenzie Bridge. . . Next to Auntie in his affection comes Brutus, the old asthma-smitten white terrier. . .

We carried some lettuce to the chickens.

"I've got 150 young chickens," he said, "not big enough to fry yet. An' I tell you I don't like to kill 'em. Do you know that? They know me and come runnin' to me."

We picked up a bucket of fallen apples and carried them to pigs fat to bursting with frequent meals.

"See where the limbs are broke on the trees," he said as we went through the orchard. "Where the high water came some of those big redsides roosted on the limbs. That's what broke 'em off."

Then we went fishing. . . in the edge of the forest Uncle George uncovered his head.

"I always take off my hat when I go into the woods," he said. "Reverence." For three quarters of a mile we followed the trail. . . We came to a place where Horse Creek went to pieces and ran this way and that in many small streams seeking the river through a jungle of vine maple.

"There's some pools up there on Horse Crick that nobody knows and there are big speckled fellers there that have never seen a white man nor woman," Uncle George said.

We passed an old abandoned cabin and went through an opening, scaring up a bevy of quails. Uncle George went rapidly ahead gliding through the woods more like a brook than a two-legged human being. At his heels was a string of four dogs and I followed shouting questions.

"Uncle George, aren't you ever sick?"

"No, and I'll soon be livin' on borrowed time too. Oh, a person hasn't hardly got time to be sick. If you want to be well, just keep going and don't sleep in the daytime. Some folks don't know how to live. They never learned how to eat. They'll get up with a headache and set down and eat a meal that a logger hadn't ought to put away. . . When I hear people begin to talk about their pains, I don't say

anything, but I just sneak off." Then we went over the bank to the first fishing hole. . .

I'm proud of the two reidsides I caught there. . .

"You see," Uncle George said, "That's where they live. They're at home now." A two pound whitefish took the hook. . . Uncle George. . .threw him back in the river. Then came a whale of a reidside who fought until he was done. But just as I was about to land him he floated away on the top of the water—too tired and dazed to swim while I sat down heavily on the rocks. . .and wished myself a man so that I might swear. Yet a man is on record at the Bridge who lost a huge reidside fish, hook and leader at one swoop, and

stood looking at the pool and then, "You sassy thing," he gasped.

No more fish came out of that hole.

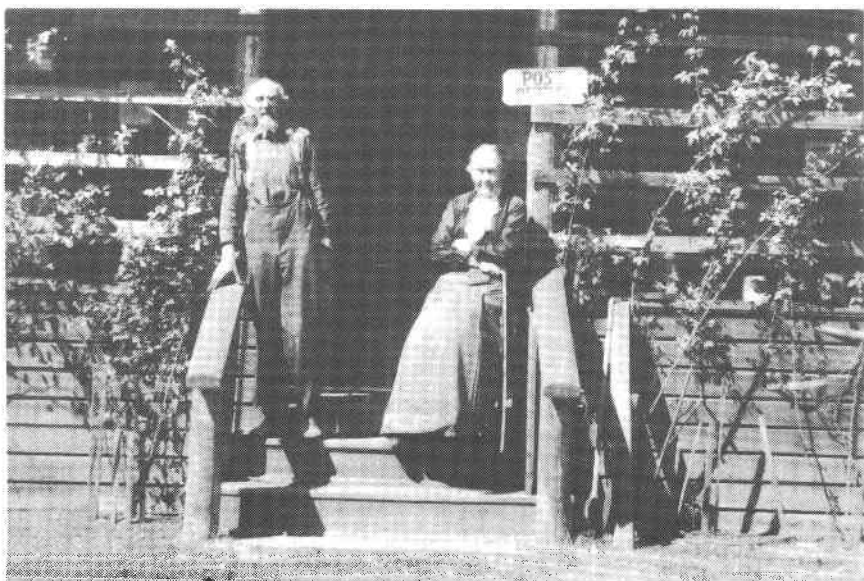
"I guess he squealed," Uncle George said as we went on down the bank. . .

When the basket was heavy and it was mid-afternoon we started back. . .In the edge of the clearing Uncle George said, "It's good to go into the woods, and it's good to come out of the woods," and I felt like adding, "Blessed be the woods."

After supper all the people thereabouts began to gather for the mail; The trapper who lived across Horse Creek; three of the cattleman's children; the old mountaineer who is a living botany book; the homesteader's wife, very picturesque in a short skirt, blue flannel shirt and



"Uncle" George and his dogs ready to go fishin', Courtesy Lane County Historical Museum



McKenzie Bridge Post Office, Courtesy Lane County Historical Museum

felt hat, with a revolver by her side; the summer boarders and a wiry dark man who is the most fearless hunter in the forest reserve. I asked Uncle George about the hunter.

"Afraid? He ain't afraid of nothin'. He'll climb right up in a tree and shake out a wildcat or cougar. . .

The four-horse stage came jingling in from Eugene. . . and Uncle George took the mail sack in to Auntie.

Just now as I sat on the upper porch watching the stars come out above the rugged mountain tops I saw him starting out patiently with a lantern to find the straying cows.

Under dateline Sunday OREGONIAN, November 7, 1909 Laura told of a pack trip through the Cascade Mountains. Excerpts of that report follow.

. . . We took a trail trip in the Cascade Mountains and were

gone. . . ten days. On the morning of the 16th of August we left Belknap Springs, and we were several hours leaving for only one pack horse was obtainable, instead of the promised two. Stout old Dan was so heaped with camping outfit that only his face and tail were visible. And what was left from his pack was tied on our riding saddles in such fashion that it took great agility to mount. Even then we discarded the tent and took in its stead a tarpaulin. We were soon across the bridge and away, following the lonely river until the trail made one Z after another on the steep mountain side. The horses went lunging upward stopping often for breath while we sat in the high backed saddles as comfortable as if we were in rocking chairs doing the week's mending. Dan's pack worked loose and the sack of tinware tied on top rattled and banged like cymbals.

"Bill" Yale, our guide led Dan, a husky plodding farm animal in mind and form, and Dan led the team at the sober gait of two miles an hour.

Were you ever in a yellow jackets' nest? It is an experience so common to mountaineers and so dreaded by them that the bravest would rather face an angry bear than be stung. We were going along at peace with the world in a beautiful spot where the trail ran on a narrow shelf between a high mountain and the river when Dan stirred them up. One horse bolted, flourishing her tail wildly. Another unwittingly held by his terrified rider exactly over the tree root from which the jackets were swarming, bucked before, bucked behind, whirled madly around and kicked with all his might until his rider's glasses fell off and she herself fell under his nose, while the third horse, safe in the distance, looked on disapprovingly. . . We had collected stings enough amongst us to agree that a sting on the side of the head hurt the worst, while one under the eye looked the worst, and one on the hand did the most damage to one's usefulness. Several days afterward we were able to laugh at the suggestion of the rider whose horse had bolted (she was unstung) that the whole incident would have made a good series of moving pictures.

That night we made the abandoned camp of the Southern Pacific Company, a little pioneer clearing of rude houses a mile and a half from the main trail. There was a spring of ice-cold water, a stove built of sheet iron laid on big rocks, a table and some. . . chairs. . . Darkness fell on us

almost as soon as supper was eaten and our bough beds made against the side of the shanty. . .

I lay looking at the stars above the big black fir trees. . . when the dog. . . he was a shepherd with a strong leaning toward bear hunting. . . aroused the camp by his growling. Mr. Yale said, to calm our fears, "Only a skunk." But the next morning after breakfast the fact came to light that an old she bear with two cubs had passed through camp.

We had turned aside from the main trail because we wanted to see the lower falls of the McKenzie, so soon after breakfast we packed a lunch and started. For more than a mile we toiled over a stream of lava that had hardened and cracked as it flowed years and years ago. . . We tried to follow the path but it was so indistinct in the rough rock and the blazed trees so infrequent that we abandoned it altogether when we heard the roar of the fall. Following up the river bank we came to the fall. It is 80 feet high and a fine sight. . .

It was late afternoon (of the next day) when we came at last to Fish Lake. Fish Lake in the spring is three miles long, but the thirsty summer sun comes up from Eastern Oregon to drink it almost dry and when we saw it except occasional pools and streamlets in a field of high grass. . . it was almost dry but extremely picturesque as we rode across it to the hotel on the other side. . . The next morning we went on over the two-mile trail to Clear Lake. Here we struck camp and remained for two days while the horses reveled in the lush grass and the society of

their kind at Fish Lake.

Those were pleasant days. We women emerged from a dressingroom made of the tarpaulin and walked through the dewy fern to the wash basin which was the lake itself, sparkling in the morning light. . . . Cooking in that particular camp was unpopular. The "stove" left by former campers was a simple hole in the ground, with a draft that blew smoke into our faces making us all cry. How the biscuits burned before they were done in the frying pan, and how the ham grew cold and was rescued just in time from the dog while the fish refused to brown and ashes fell into the beans. Our beds, in spite of the fir bough mattresses, were very down hill at the foot, and had to be padded at night with our walking boots and extra clothing and fishing tackle. We might have added our hats, but combs and hairpins would have been forever lost had they not reposed at night in our hats beside our pillows. The second night we had a rain scare and made a tent of the tarpaulin. . . . That night a young buck made himself at home in our kitchen, but our bedrooms were widely scattered and the dog was dreaming of bear, so he escaped unharmed.

One of our greatest pleasures was boating on the lake, for its waters are so clear that except in the deepest parts one sees the bottom. . . . and the boat passes over petrified trees. . . .

On the return trip we camped where Smith Creek flows into the McKenzie because there is a rock there with a famous pool beneath it full of reddsides. . . . Nine of them found their way into our frying pan. . . .

The next morning we arose, oh so early, and at 7 had everything packed and were sitting on rolls of bedding waiting for Mr. Yale to come with the horses. (He had gone for them before breakfast to their pasture a mile and half away.) The day wore on; we unpacked our lunch and ate it. . . . Toward evening Bill Yale came back. He had arisen while it was still night, met a timber wolf in the trail by the camp, and then trudged on and on back the 13 miles between us and Fish Lake where he had found the horses feasting on the grass they liked so well. . . .

But that night we forgot our troubles while our guide yarned to us. All wild animals, he said, follow man-made trails, but most of all wolves, and they have regular hunting rounds. Every two weeks they came by his place where he lives under Bald Mountain. He showed us on his gun scratches wild cats had made, and many were the tales of tracking cougar to their lairs, and of catching deer and bear alive. One cub he kept until it grew to be a bear so big that his wife was afraid the great beast might kill the children. So when it came time for the bear to "hole up" for the winter, Mr. Yale took him down to the river and shot him dead with one shot of a 44 revolver.

"Oh, I shot him decent," said Bill Yale. "I reckon he thinks he's standing there yet."

The next noon we were back at McKenzie Bridge.



DR. LESLIE S. KENT

A TRIBUTE TO LESLIE SWIGART KENT, M.D.

1882 - 1953

by Jane Farmer

Leslie Swigart Kent, the daughter of Isaac R. and Mary Frances Framan Swigart, was born 2 February 1882 at Bannerville, Mifflin County, Pennsylvania where her father practiced medicine. In early 1896 the family

moved west to Laramie, Wyoming.

She took classical courses and science electives when she attended the University of Wyoming because pre-med courses were not offered and

she was unable to go elsewhere to school because of her father's illness. She was graduated in 1902 with a BA degree. She taught English grammar in grade school and Latin and history in high school in Laramie and Sheridan, Wyoming until her marriage to Dr. James Marshall Kent, at Laramie on 17 September 1908.

When they had been married only four years, illness forced him to give up his medical practice and they moved to Nebraska with two-year old Mary Louise to be near his parents. The Kents bought a drugstore which they operated until his death in 1913.

Seven months later, Leslie began her studies at Lincoln Medical College; her M.D. was granted in 1917. After a two-year internship in the Wheatland Hospital in Wyoming, she came to Harrisburg, Oregon with her mother and nine-year old daughter. In 1920, she bought the hospital in Harrisburg which she operated for three years before moving to Eugene in 1923 where she continued her medical practice until her death, 26 May 1953.

During her active career in Eugene, she was President of the Lane County Medical Association in 1947-48, served as first woman President of the Oregon Medical Association, 1948-49, vice-president of the Oregon Medical Women's Association, delegate to 1950 White House Conference on Children and Youth, and member of the Eugene Stamp Club, Eugene Country Club, Chamber of Commerce, the Order of the Eastern Star and the Daughters of the American Revolution. In 1948, Eugene Zonta

Club cited her as outstanding Woman of the Year.

Shortly before her death, recalling the early days when she drove her Model-T Ford and waded swollen streams, waist deep in frigid water while carrying her instrument bag on her head, to attend a sick person or to deliver a baby, she commented, "Nothing exciting seems to happen to me anymore except the never-ending thrill of a new birth."

The *History of the Willamette Valley, Oregon* refers to her as "a lady of marked social qualities...exceedingly popular in the circles in which she moves, while because of her professional ability and success she commands the sincere respect of the entire community."*

Survivors included her daughter, Mary Louise (Mrs. James H.) Baker of Eugene and granddaughter, Carol Louise Baker, a sister, Mrs. A. L. Strackland of Waldport, and a brother, J. Farman Swigart of Salem. The Eugene Register-Guard devoted a large space on their front page to an account of her life and an expression of the loss felt by this community at her death after thirty years of service in the Willamette Valley.

For me, her deeply sensitive, caring attitude, far beyond the requirements of practicing her profession, was a blessing. She was our family physician for ten years. She delivered my two sons in 1938 and in 1941 for a fee of \$50 each. When my first baby was quite small there were numerous times when I wakened in the night with a crying child whose difficulty I could not discover. When I phoned

Dr. Kent just before eight o'clock knowing she was about to leave for hospital calls and she asked when I was first wakened with the baby's cries, I often had to admit that it was in the wee hours of the morning. She chided me saying I should have called her immediately and would not accept my excuse that I wanted to let her have her sleep.

At a time when our family was without income and the baby was still using baby food which we were unable to buy, she called me several times to say something like, "I have some physician's samples which I would like you to try out on the baby. Let me know if he has any bad reaction. You come by and pick up this sack of things I have for you." When I got to her office, I found she had a large grocery sack filled with jars of baby

food, Pablum, Percomorphum (cod liver oil), with a few containers on the top which were, indeed, marked "physicians' sample". She made it easy to accept her thoughtfulness and caring; she knew pride would have interfered with my accepting something labeled "charity".

I'm quite sure that if it were possible to poll the people who lived around this area during her years of practice here, many other such stories could be gathered. No one can ever know the extent of her contribution to the people of the Willamette Valley.

*Reference: *History of the Willamette Valley, Oregon*, 3 Vols. By Robert Carleton Clarke, Ph.D. published by The S.J. Clarke Publishing Company, Chicago, 1927 quotation from page 305, Vol. 2.

PAULINE WALTON LETTER

Minerva, Oregon
Aug. 19, 1902

Dear Mama & Papa:

I was so glad to get your letters I did not get them till Sunday evening as we went to the beach after all. I will not be able to tell you very much about our trip in this letter as Mrs. Bay is getting ready this morning to go down to Mr. Robert Bays to cook for the men while Clyde and the children and I bach. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bay are going on a trip out to where her people live at Crow. They will be back next Sunday and Mrs. Bay will stay down there till they come back.

Well we started for Linnea's Sat. morning at about half past nine and got to Mrs. Bay's uncle Abe Nottige's at about noon where we had dinner. After dinner all the rest of them went over to Mr. Robert Bays and I went across the river and made Mrs. Herring quite a visit. Mrs. Bay, Ella, Robert and I went back to Mr. Nottige's for supper and stayed all night. Mrs. Nottige is a very nice woman and Mr. Nottige is quite a poet. He read me some of his poems that are quite good. We got on the gasoline boat next morning at about seven and went down to Mr. Robert Bay's and got the rest of the crowd. The two families of Bays went, Mr. Nottige, Andrew an Indian who is a great friend of Clyde's, Mr. Noffsinger and myself. It only cost us 25¢ for each family. The gasoline boat goes very fast and is very nice to ride in. We had to go up to Acme to take the milk as Mr. Noffsinger carries the milk to the creamery. His boy went with us from there on. I never saw anything so pretty as the view along the river. It is very pretty all along the North Fork. The view around Florence and Glenada was so pretty

and we saw several quite large schooners. Florence has grown a good deal since we were there. We did not get out there. The view at the mouth of the river was simply grand. It was the loveliest day, the sun was so bright and warm and there was scarcely any wind. The clouds were so white and the water so blue. We saw several seals sticking their heads up out of the water. The men landed at the government works to hunt crabs, the rest of us landed over on the other side of the river on the sand beach. We stayed there about two hours and I spent the time in sitting on a big log where the waves could wash around me and looked at the waves playing on the shore. I always feel nearer God on the beach listening to the grand old ocean than any place in the world. How I did wish you could be with me, I could not keep the tears back when I thought of it. Mrs. Noffsinger came after us and tried to land on the sand beach but could not get close enough for us to step in the boat so we had to wade. It was lots of fun. We went back to the government works and got the men and then started back. We ate our dinner as we went along in the boat. We got back to Mr. Robert Bays at about half-past two and stayed there till three and then started home. They came with us as they are going out to the valley by the way of Mapleton. We got home at about six. Oh! What a lovely time we did have. I will tell you more about it in my next letter, for I have so much to tell.

I am glad you are getting along so nicely. I am getting so anxious to come home.

Well good bye for this time.

Lovingly, Paul

I send you a tiny shell as a greeting
from old ocean

Paul

Spring, 1906

YOU ARE INVITED TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Membership entitles you to receive THE HISTORIAN, published three times a year by the Society. Members are eligible to participate in periodic public interest meetings and in projects to preserve and collect Lane County History.

I would like to become a member of the Lane County Historical Society in the classification checked:

- ☐ Family membership, annual\$ 10.00
- ☐ Sustaining Membership, annual\$ 25.00
- ☐ Contributing Membership, annual\$ 50.00
- ☐ Patron, annual\$100.00
- ☐ Lifetime Membership\$500.00

☐ Contribution to Society's Preservation Projects\$_____

Your Lane County Historical Society is entirely sustained by membership dues and contributions which are fully tax deductible. Hence, we earnestly encourage present gifts and contributions, devises and bequests under wills and other forms of deferred giving such as by use of trusts and life insurance policies. For such deferred giving, your attorney should be consulted.

OFFICERS 1985-86

President
Ethan L. Newman

Recording Sec'y
Mrs. Fred Spores

Treasurer
David A. Ramstead

Vice-President
Quinton L. Barton

Membership Sec'y
Martha Frankel
(c/o Museum)

Editor Historian
Lois Barton

BOARD MEMBERS

**Term Expires
June 1986**
John H. McWade
Roy R. Nelson
Ethan L. Newman
Margaret West

**Term Expires
June 1987**
Richard Brown
Orlando Hollis
Mrs. C.A. Huntington
David A. Ramstead

**Term Expires
June 1988**
Lois Barton
Quinton L. Barton
Martha Frankel
Mrs. Fred Spores

LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
P.O. BOX 11532
EUGENE, OR 97440

Non-Profit
Organization
U.S. POSTAGE

PAID

Permit No. 658
Eugene, Oregon



Log Cabin Inn at McKenzie Bridge, Courtesy Lane County Historical Museum

ISSN 0458-7227