

Lane County Historian

WAY-BILL.

CALIFORNIA AND OREGON UNITED STATES MAIL LINE.

Yreka and Portland.

Tuesday July 17th 1866

OREGON STAGE COMPANY,

Sam Hill Driver.

TIME OF DEPARTURES AND ARRIVALS.

GOING NORTH.

LEPT.	DATE.	HOUR.	ARRIVED.	DATE.	HOUR.
Yreka.	<i>July 17th</i>	<i>4 Am</i>	Jacksonville.	<i>17th</i>	<i>5 1/2 P.M.</i>
Jacksonville.	<i>" 18th</i>	<i>4 Am</i>	Canyonville.	<i>18th</i>	<i>10 - P.M.</i>
Canyonville.	<i>" 19th</i>	<i>5 - 30 - 5/12</i>	Roseburg.	<i>19th</i>	<i>2 - 45 Am</i>
Roseburg.	<i>" 19th</i>	<i>1 - Am.</i>	Oakland.	<i>"</i>	<i>4 - 40. Am</i>
Oakland.	<i>" 19th</i>	<i>5 - 10 A.M.</i>	Eugene.	<i>19th</i>	<i>5 - 30 P.M.</i>
Eugene.	<i>" 19th</i>	<i>5 - 45 P.M.</i>	Corvallis.	<i>19th</i>	<i>11 1/2 P.M.</i>
Corvallis.	<i>" 19th</i>	<i>11 3/4 P.M.</i>	Salem.	<i>" 20th</i>	<i>6 - 10 P.M.</i>
Salem.	<i>" 20th</i>	<i>7 - 20 P.M.</i>	Portland.	<i>" 20th</i>	<i>5 - 1/2</i>

Chas. Mayhew Agent.

WAY-BILL OF OREGON STAGE CO.

LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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The editor will be pleased to receive manuscripts which deal with the history and life of Lane County, Oregon. Manuscripts submitted for publication should be typewritten and double-spaced. If author wishes manuscript returned, please enclose self-addressed stamped folder.

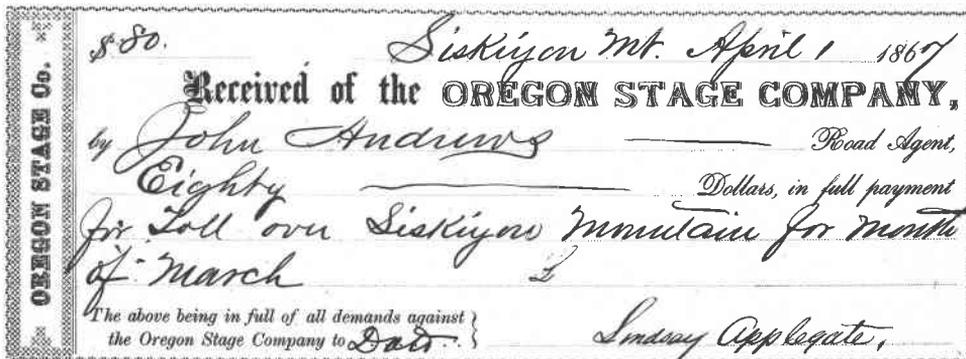
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OREGON STAGE CO. CHECK SIGNED BY LINDSAY APPLGATE, ROAD AGENT

All photographs, Way-Bills, check and map used in story, "From Sacramento to Portland in Seven Days" from the Oregon Collection, University of Oregon Library, courtesy of Mr. Martin Schmitt, University of Oregon Curator. Exceptions: Cartwright House, courtesy of Lane County Pioneer Museum; Metropolitan Hotel, Roseburg, courtesy of Douglas County Historical Museum.

CORRECTION: Lane County Historian, Vol. XV, No. 4, Page 79; photograph is of Harrison Kincaid, not of Thomas Kincaid as noted.

From Sacramento to Portland in Seven Days

By Inez Fortt

"Such an event as the starting of a Daily Mail Coach to Portland," reported the *Sacramento Daily Union* on September 15, 1860, "should be announced by the firing of cannon and other indications of enthusiasm."

The occasion was the inauguration of stagecoach and mail service between California and Oregon on September 15, 1860. The U.S. Congress on June 21, 1859, had directed the Postmaster General to enter into a contract with the California Stage Company for daily service in stages between Sacramento City in California and Portland, Oregon, running through in seven days, from April 1 to Sept. 1 and in twelve days the balance of the year, at \$90,000 per annum.

The new daily coach service provided by the contract for the years 1860-1864, followed the route from the south to the north as follows: Sacramento to Nicolaus, Marysville, Oroville, Chico, Tehama, Red Bluff, Cottonwood, Shasta, French Gulch, Trinity Center, Calhan's Ranch, Scottsburg, Yreka, Jacksonville, Canyonville, Roseburg, Oakland, Eugene, Corvallis, Albany, Salem, Dutchtown, Oregon City, Portland. The estimated distance of the route was 710 miles. Stages would leave Portland and Sacramento every morning at 6:00 o'clock.

There were sixty stations along the route, 14 district agents, 75 hostlers, and 35 drivers. In order to service the route there were 28



FOUR-HORSE STAGE COACH

coaches, 30 stage wagons and 500 head of horses. Though the contract allowed for a seven day run, the schedule usually was six days and seven hours.

The beginning of stagecoach service was greeted with enthusiasm. The *Sacramento Daily Union* reported further, "Today the trips of The Daily Overland Mail Stage between Sacramento and Portland will commence from each terminus at six o'clock a.m., to continue daily . . . This is an important era in the history of California staging and indeed that of the whole country. We do not now recollect an instance of such a long continuous line of staging on a single mailing route—some 700 miles in extent—as one under notice. There are settlements for the whole distance, and the postal facilities which will be rendered to the people on the route is to them of the utmost importance, as they are most convenient to the citizens of Sacramento and Portland. No one need now to subject himself to the delays of the uncertain ocean mail service, but can write daily, or when he pleases. A person, also, who has no desire to risk his life on the rough coast of Oregon, can take a quiet seat in the stage, pass through a most interesting section of country, and reach Portland at his leisure."

Stage coaches had appeared in California in 1849. A stage line was operated between San Francisco and San Jose, another between Sacramento and some of the towns on the American River. By the autumn of 1858, the *Marysville Express* reported there were few enterprises "equal in magnitude of operations in amount of capital invested or number of men employed." The Company was running 28 daily stages, using 1,000

horses, 134 Concord coaches and wagons, 184 agents, drivers and hostlers employed."

Though Oregon in 1859 had been granted statehood, it still existed in a state of "virtual isolation." Communication between Oregon and California had been maintained by ocean travel or by horseback and pack horses over the mountains. The overland route was difficult and hazardous; mountain barriers with rough and circuitous trails connected the Willamette Valley with the Sacramento Valley. The continuous menace of Indians along the trail increased the dangers of any travel.

The discovery of gold on the American River in 1848 increased the need for quicker and safer means of travel between Oregon and California.

During the early 1850's some stages were operated in Oregon, especially in the Willamette Valley but the first move to connect Oregon and California by stage came from the south. The California Stage Company which had been formed in 1854 by means of a merger of stagecoach lines, had been moving its operations further north into northern California.

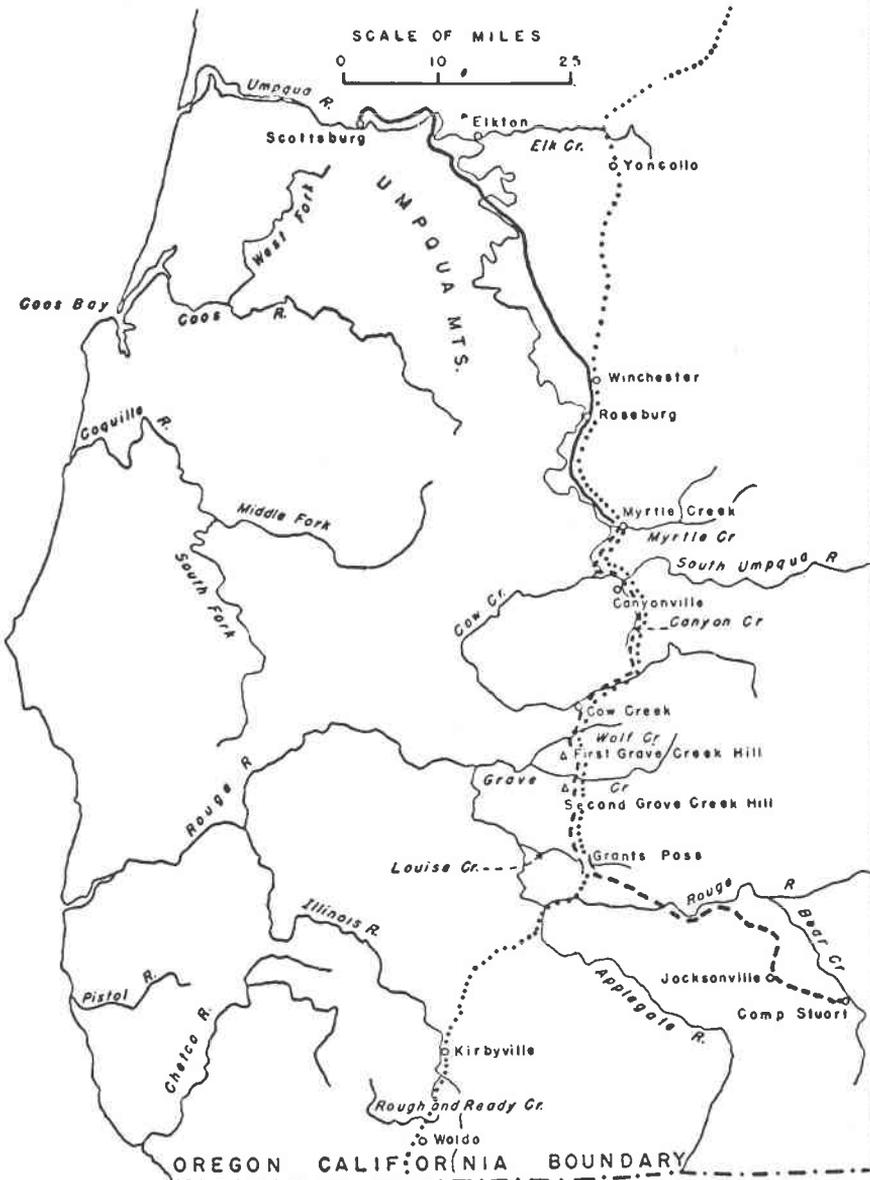
"A few coaches ventured over an old immigrant road," reported H. C. Ward, "avoiding Trinity and Scots Mountains," but as "Indians attack stages, killed stock tenders, burst stations and stole horses," it became necessary for the California Stage Company to substitute a "saddle train" over certain parts of the route.*

Editorial Note: "Famous in the annals of the Pacific Northwest staging is Henry C. Ward who began his career in September, 1849, as one of the very first drivers in California. Then in 1860 Ward

*"The California Stage Company in Oregon" by Oscar Osburn Winther in *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, Volume 35, Pages 131-138.

MILITARY ROADS IN SOUTHERN OREGON

- Route of Applegate-Alvord Survey of Comp Stuart-Myrtle Creek Route, 1853
- Route of John Withers Survey of Myrtle-Scottsburg Route, 1854
- Oregon-California Stage Route



OREGON CALIFORNIA BOUNDARY

Authorities: Maps prepared by the Topographical Engineers, U.S. Army, available in the National Archives

Charles F. Strong, 1948

came to Portland to operate stages over the Oregon-California Line. Later his name became connected with pioneer staging into Idaho. Toward the end of his life Ward was the Portland stable superintendent for the Wells Fargo and Company Express; this company cared for him until his death in 1904." **The Great Northwest** by Oscar Osburn Winther; Albert A. Knopf, 1947; Pages 199-200.

In 1857 the California Stage Company constructed a road over Trinity and Scots Mountains and by 1860 the road had reached Jacksonville where it met the wagon road which had been completed in 1859.

Portions of the southern military roads had become a part of the Oregon and California stage route to serve as an artery between the Sacramento and Willamette Valley settlements. Other portions of the road had developed through usage as immigrants traveled on horseback over the narrow trails to and from the California mines and slowly transformed the trails into rough and possible roads, which in time accommodated horse-drawn wagons of supplies.

But adequate travel was only possible through the dry season. An English traveler, Frank Marryat, made the comment, "No one knows what a wagon will undergo until he had mastered the California (and Oregon) trails and gulches. Bills of fare," continued Marryat, "consisted of a tough beef steak, boiled potatoes, stewed beans, a nasty compound of dried apples and a *jug of molasses*."*

In 1860 the first stagecoach of the California Stage Company traveled over the completed road, "The Big Road," from Sacramento to Portland linking the states of California and Oregon for the first

time by an overland route. It also meant that the new state of Oregon in the year 1860 had stagecoach and railroad service between Portland and the Atlantic seaboard. Exactly one year earlier stagecoach service had been established between St. Joseph, Missouri and San Francisco.

* * *

The world of the stagecoach and The Big Road was a world unto itself. Everything on the Big Road revolved around the arrival and departure of the stagecoach—the Four-Horse Team or the "Six-Horse Limited." It was a world of action, of pageantry and drama.

George Estes in "The Stage Coach"† graphically describes life on The Big Road:

"The silvery tones of a bugle peals forth the army stable call, blown by Jack Montgomery, driver of the Six-Horse Limited which rolled and rocked like a great cradle, down the southern slope of the Kalapooya (sic) Mountains.

"As the Six-Horse Limited raced at a dead run down the lower slope of the mountain, every one strains forward to watch the amazing turn the fire-eater, Jack Montgomery, will make before the stage stops. The racing animals stretch out until they seem twice their ordinary length. Their polished jet-black harness and gleaming silver buckles shimmer in the sunlight: their nostrils swell; their tails beautifully knotted, point straight upward; their perfectly shod feet scarcely touch the ground; the stinging lash of the sinuous whip in the Driver's right hand unrolls straight out, thirty feet, and the cracker looses (sic) a rattle of musketry over the leaders' ears. He has given them the 'silks.'

*"Express and Stagecoach Days in California" by Oscar Osburn Winther (Stanford University Press; 1936. Pages 80, 102.)

†"The Stage Coach," George Estes, Troutdale, Oregon, 1925.

"The snow-white team . . . swerves sharply — describes a horseshoe curve—the heavy coach lurches outward—its eleven passengers grip the hand rails for very life—there are yellow discs on the side of the coach in the curve that spin loosely—the inside wheels are two feet above the road—the stage rolls on the outside wheels clear around, going at full speed. The coach nears the tavern entrance.

"Those who watch cease breathing. They know what is coming. Unconsciously they lean sideways to ease the strain which must press upon the passengers and everything about the big chariot the next second.

"The twenty-four foot whip snaps out a tenor note.

"Bang!

"The powerful brake is shot on. The Driver, held in his seat by a wide leather strap, sets the horses back on their haunches. The Six-Horse Limited stops suddenly as if hurtled into a mountain side, exactly in front of the stockade gate of the Striped Horse. The Driver made the turn and stop with such perfect control of his champion team and rocking stagecoach that the two-inch ash on his giant black cigar was not shaken off."

Editorial Note: The Striped Horse Stagecoach Station was nestled in Pass Creek Valley between spurs of the Kallapooya (sic) range. The Stage Drivers "laid over" at the Striped Horse. It was the home end of their runs, both north and south.

The Stage Driver was Lord of the Big Road. He worked "extra" on the swing stages for months, sometimes years, before he became a "Regular" Driver and was elevated to the Six-Horse Limited—the Peerage.

His whip was his pride and joy. It was made from Oregon oak, water-seasoned for two years, then

oil bathed and polished. When finished it was eight feet long, from 1½ to 2 inches at the butt, tapering off at the end and ornamented with wide bands of silver every few inches from the butt to the small end.

The whip lash was sixteen feet long, double the length of the stock, not more than 5/8 of an inch thick. At the small end was the cracker, made of silk floss and shoe-maker's thread waxed (with beeswax) and braided. The strain on the cracker was so terrific that it had to be rebraided and the broken threads renewed at the end of every trip.

In the Stagecoach Station, the Driver was the official host, sitting at the head of the table, his stage whip against the chair, "the sixteen-foot lash falling into graceful whorls on the floor. He always kept it near. Some said he was born whip in hand and would have it buried with him. Instead of calling the girls for service to his guests, he softly flicked their hair or ankles with his whip-cracker.

"Around his waist was a broad leather belt dangling two horse-pistols (raised from colts he said) and a bowie knife.

"He wore brilliant knitted silk suspenders over his red flannel shirt and a red bandana handkerchief around his neck. His coat and breeches were of the same near black as his hair and mustache."

He was the "lord in his way," said Bancroft, "the captain of his craft, the fear of timid passengers, the admiration of the stable boys and the trust agent of his employers."

All stages were drawn by four or six-horse teams. Hostlers and horse-shoers gave the horses the best of care. Estes wrote, "At the end of each trip they were loosed in the barnyard to roll in wet dirt,

then washed, blanketed, fed and bedded for a good rest; after this they were curried thoroughly and their eyes, teeth and feet inspected. Their forelocks and manes were laced, their tails braided and the ends knotted into large white balls. They were driven but twelve miles in one run, then, after a rest, they were returned to the starting point, making but twenty-four miles in twenty-four hours.

"The horses were never cracked with the whip. It was a rule of the Road that they must not be. They were intensely proud and a Stage horse, once whipped, lost his self-respect and vaulting ambition, and must, by the Superintendent's orders be sold or shot.

"When the Driver wished the last spurt of speed obtainable from his team, he 'gave them the silk,' which meant that the silken cracker had spoken the most powerful command it was capable of. It was the expression of his will to the champing team, and from it they knew their duty better than if they could have understood his spoken word. He could make the cracker send out the crackle of musketry

while shaving the hairs from the ears of his leaders; he could change the hissing snarl of the long lash to the low murmur of a bee swinging in the chalice of a wild marigold.

"Concentration and long use had ground and polished the experienced Driver's skill with his long whip to a rapier's point. He could lay open the flesh of a Head Agent's cheek at ten steps or gash his throat with a gaping door that instantly let out his life. . . . He could touch with the tip of his cracker, an object thirty feet distant. This was accomplished by the reach of the Driver's arm and body and the 'stretch' of the slender whip cord."

The coaches were called "Concord Thoroughbraces." The massive running gears, wheels, axles, hounds, tongues, and double trees were chrome yellow, ornamented with black strips and single red roses. The body was olive green with single large panels in which were beautiful landscapes. The tops and sides were of heavy black oil-cloth over hickory hoops interlaced with strong leather straps.



SIX-HORSE STAGECOACH

The large boot in the rear, for baggage, was of heavy gray waterproof canvas, strongly reinforced with thick leather bands. The boot in front, below the high seat, was similarly protected and carried the United States Mail locked in leather bags and the Green Treasure of the Express Company.

The Thoroughbrace from which the Stagecoach got its name was an enormous pair of leather straps or slings which were firmly fastened to the front and rear axles and on which the coach body fitted like a swinging cradle or a cradle on wheels; the roll of which took up and neutralized the roughness of the road and made travel speedy and comfortable over otherwise impassable roads.

Inside the coach, six to nine passengers could be accommodated, seated on the comfortable upholstered seats. Other passengers rode on top of the coach. The high seat of the Driver held three persons. The Driver's was number one, the middle space next to him was always reserved for a favorite passenger. The third seat on the outside was occupied by the Shot-Gun Messenger for the Wells Fargo & Company, who was there to protect the Treasure Box of the Company usually filled with gold dust shipments.

Robberies were not infrequent. Many a stage was held up by "road agents," passengers searched and stripped of valuables. But usually it was the "Treasure Box" of the Wells Fargo & Company, the bounty most robbers sought, aware of the shipment of gold on board.

In addition to the Concord Thoroughbrace there were other vehicles such as the "Mud-Wagon," lighter than the Concord and closer to the ground to reduce the danger of "over-turning." The Mud-Wagon was also slung on

thoroughbraces rather than on main-springs. In addition there were "light-spring" wagons with four or five seats placed across, sometimes covered by an awning. But only the Six-Horse Limited carried the U.S. Mails and the Wells Fargo & Company express Treasure Box.

The Concord, Mud-Wagon, Spring-Wagon, etc. all traveled The Big Road. It was a road of northern snows, summer sunshine, it was a road through immense chains of mountains and three beautiful valleys, the Willamette, the Umpkaw (sic) and the Rogue. It was a road surcharged with life, drama, excitement, danger. It was a sentient thing.

It was Oregon's Big Road and the Big Road was forever.

* * *

There were stagecoaches in the Willamette Valley in Oregon Territorial Days. In 1850 Charles Ray operated a stagecoach and carried mail and passengers between Oregon City and Salem. In 1852 a stagecoach ran between Salem and Champog. Two brothers, B. and E. W. Davis established a weekly stage service in 1857 between Corvallis, Eugene and Winchester on the Umpqua. However, it ran only during the dry season and during the rainy season, mail and passengers were conveyed by horseback. The fare from Eugene City to Winchester was \$8.00.

Other stages followed and soon Eugene City had regular stage service to various points in the Willamette Valley. Whitman Brothers operated a four and six-horse stagecoach between Eugene City and Mapleton; it left the "present route of Elk Prairie west of Noti and by following the Chickaheniny and Nelson creeks, intersected the Lake Creek Road near Greenleaf."

Earl McNutt, a former mayor of Eugene, was a stagecoach driver at the turn of the century on the stage route between Eugene and Mapleton.

Later, "after a road had been cut through Badger Mountain, down Wildcat Creek to the Siuslaw and to Swisshome, the mail and stage coaches from Eugene followed this new route. Stage stations were established every twenty or thirty miles where horses were changed and passengers fed or put up for the night. One of these stations on the Siuslaw was known as Meadow and was owned and operated by a Mr. Tallman."*

In the *Oregon Historical Quarterly* (Volume 46, P. 241) is an account of a stage wagon journey in November, 1859 from Corvallis to Eugene City:

"Traveled in stage wagon which carries mail once a week to Eugene City. Day, cloudy and cold, roads in many places very muddy. Crossed several creeks and water courses which were thickly bordered with timber. Land is mostly enclosed, with farm houses here and there, fields of wheat with its green blade giving a richness to the landscape. Having proceeded more than twenty miles without changing horses or stopping to feed them, to the dry bed of a creek, the bridge over which, like many others, formed of trees laid across over which rode planks and are placed without even being nailed down. Our horses got over the planks, but there being a considerable rise, and a mud hole proceeding, and the driver urging on the animals, they turned aside, and one of them got off the bridge, and seemed likely to draw the wagon after him but happily, our driver, by great exertion, was enabled to

prevent it. The traces being loosed, the horses regained their feet, and after an hour's hindrance, we were reseated and on our way again. We reached Eugene City, a small town about 600 inhabitants, about 8 p.m. . . . and glad to find a comfortable bed at an hotel whereon to rest our weary limbs, after a jolting ride of 40 miles."

Sidney Warren in *Farthest Frontier: The Pacific Northwest*, (MacMillan & Co., 1949, Page 71) noted, "Oregon in the 1850's was enlarging in many respects, during the decade, population figures had nearly quadrupled, reaching 52,000 in 1860. Eugene with a population of about 600, laid claim to being the principal trading center in the colony and boasted nine dry goods establishments, two book stores, several industries, a courthouse, a college, various professional men and several churches under construction."

On December 17, 1864 an announcement in the *Oregon State Journal* appeared as follows:

ST. CHARLES HOTEL
Eugene City, Oregon
A. Renfrew, Proprietor

This established and popular hotel is open for the accommodation of travelers and the public generally.

Commodious rooms, a well supplied table, and good beds are among the inducements offered to guests at this hotel.

The California and Oregon Stages have their offices in the St. Charles, and make it their point of starting and arrival.

Parties traveling in their own conveyances can have their vehicles and animals well cared for.

A. Renfrew, Proprietor

*"Oregon Geographic Names," by Lewis A. McArthur; Binford & Mort, Portland, 1925.



CARTWRIGHT HOUSE

Another hostelry or Stagecoach Station was the famed Mountain House Hotel known as the Cartwright House. Darius B. Cartwright built the Inn on the Territorial Road near what is now Lorraine. It served as an official Stagecoach stop for the California and Oregon Stage Line on "The Big Road." Later, it became an United States Post Office.

In "Scrap Book of an Historian: Frances Fuller Victor" by Alfred Powers in *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, (Volume 42, Page 326) is a description of a stage ride in Oregon and California in the fall of 1870 by Mrs. Victor. "Not wishing to hurry my journey, I stopped for a day in the pretty little town of Eugene to rest and enjoy the scenery. . . . I found little enough of business life in this portion of the Valley, where neither steamboat or whistle breaks the quiet monotony at present, water enough to carry boats to Eugene existing only in the rainy season. . . . On the morning following my arrival I left Eugene—the only passenger

inside or outside the stage. . . ."

The era of the stagecoach was slowly coming to a close. The *Albany Evening Democrat* of January 19, 1876, reported, "On the 15th inst. the rates of fare on the routes of the Oregon and California Stage Company were raised to 15c per mile. We suppose the advance is caused by bad roads. The more passengers have to walk and the harder they work to pry the vehicles out of the mud, the more they are charged for the privilege."

As the costs mounted and contracts with the United States Government were not obtainable of sufficient amount to guarantee proper service, the California Stage Company went finally into eclipse. The mail contract was sold to Henry Corbett, publisher of the *Portland Oregonian*. The new line was named The Oregon Stage Line by Corbett on July 1, 1866. It continued to operate between Oregon and California until the states were linked by rail in 1887.

*The Dillards of Dillard Road**

By Fay Hampton Robertson

In 1894 when I was seven, sister Hazel, five, brother Hubert, two and baby sister, Lucile, six months old, we moved with our parents, Horace Hampton and Laura Dillard Hampton, to the old ranch of our grandparents, William and Alzura Dillard, on Dillard Road.

Father had secured the property in a trade with Grandfather Dillard who had suffered serious financial losses, partly due to repercussions of the Panics of the 1890's which had reached the West Coast; Grandfather had signed two promissory notes for neighbors which they were unable to pay when due because of the hard times. It fell to Grandfather to pay them off and he was forced to mortgage the ranch or sell it to meet his obligations.

The ranch, house, barns and sheds seemed very large to me. There were two parlors with a double fireplace. A large central hallway with winding stairs led upstairs to three unheated bedrooms and an unfinished attic warmed only by a chimney. It was a delightful place to play and we roller-skated there during the long winter months. It also served as storage for apples, potatoes, squash, etc. The woodshed joined the kitchen to the north and held a winter's supply of fir wood for the kitchen range and oak wood for the fireplaces.

Close by the house, to the east, was an unlighted smokehouse where hog meat was cured; a welcome change from the pork was chicken with dumplings, sometimes deer meat. I recall seeing deer on the wooded hill pastures

grazing among our cattle. We also had turkeys and geese. The geese were plucked each summer, feathers used for pillows, feather beds. On special occasions a turkey or goose was killed and roasted.

East of the smokehouse were two winter pear trees, an early apple tree, a peach-plum tree and a fig tree. To the north was a large vegetable garden with gooseberry, currant bushes and strawberries.

Near the front yard was a grape arbor. In the summer it was a cool place for our hammock and Mother's swing rocker. Across the fence to the northwest were several large maple trees which provided further welcome shade.

Of course there was no indoor plumbing. Even the finest houses in Eugene City had "out-houses" in their back yards. Our privy was no exception. It was a respectable distance from the house and back of the woodshed. There was no fancy toilet paper; the weekly newspaper, an old catalogue or almanac served this need.

Our privy was a "two-seater" and well it was for we needed two "holes." After I was pecked on the bottom by an enterprising hen which had gained access through a loose board, I never went unescorted to it or any other privy. To this day I have a fear and dislike for all feathered creatures, especially chickens.

Our large living room on the east side of the hall was very comfortable for family living. In winter it was heated by one of the double fireplaces and during the cold months Father never let the fire die out. The embers were cov-

*Dillard family photographs from collection of Fay Hampton Robertson.

ered with ashes before bedtime. In the morning kindling and fresh logs were added to start the fire. After it was burning brightly, Father started the fire in the kitchen range and we children dressed before the open fire while Mother prepared our ample farm-style breakfast and Father with the hired man did the chores.

The fireplace had an iron rod with two hooks on which hung two cast iron kettles in which Mother cooked boiled meat, beans, etc. Potatoes and eggs in shells were baked in the hot ashes, sad irons sometimes heated before the glowing coals.

The living room was lighted by a fancy (kerosene) hanging lamp. In the other room small lamps were placed on the long mantle, one on each side of the big Seth Thomas clock. We played checkers or Parchesi and popped corn over

the hot coals. Sometimes Mother read aloud to us from our few books, the *Bible*, *Pilgrim's Progress* and an illustrated copy of the *Horrors of the Johnstown Flood*. We also had a weekly newspaper and the *Youth's Companion*.

I do not recall attending school until after we moved to the ranch. Our school was nearly four miles away in Goshen. It was too far to walk and I was too young to ride that far on horseback. Father took us to Goshen to stay at Grandfather Dillard's. I became very homesick and was taken home. Mother taught me to read and write and there was no more school until sister Hazel and I were able to ride horseback to school.

Grandfather Dillard was a very quiet man, with mustache and beard. He rose at daylight, worked until dusk six days a week. He prepared his own breakfasts. Very re-



GRANDFATHER WILLIAM RENSHAW DILLARD AND GRANDMOTHER ALZURA DILLARD

ligious, he said Grace before supper, read favorite passages aloud from the *Bible* and had family prayers before retiring. He was devoted to his wife and family.

It was Grandmother who provided music and recreation. She played the jew's harp and an accordion. She and Belle, a foster daughter who played the piano by ear, played and sang old tunes and hymns.

Grandmother was born and reared in Tennessee. Her father, Joel Hendricks, owned slaves. Her mother's maiden name was Webster and she was a first cousin of the famed Daniel Webster. I remember Grandmother smoked a clay or corn cob pipe. She said the family doctor in Tennessee advised smoking as a cure for asthma.

In later years she gave up smoking to chew small quids of plug tobacco. She carried the tiny pieces in a small purse in her chemise and believed her chewing habit a secret from family and friends.

Editorial Note: "Women of Colonial quality not infrequently smoked pipes, a survival from Colonial days of the 1600s. They took snuff as frequently as any elegant ladies in England . . . came to believe the patriotic way to use tobacco was to chew it. In the Walworth Museum at Saratoga Springs, N.Y. is a combination kneeling-cushion-footstool-cuspidor used by a chewing worshiper in the 1700s." **The Americans: A Social History of the United States** by J. C. Furnas, J. C. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1969, pages 222, 243.

Grandmother had the first sewing machine in the area (now in the Lane County Museum). On a trip in 1869 by covered wagon to Missouri and Texas, Grandfather bought the machine. Grandmother and her sewing machine became very popular. She sewed for her family, relatives and friends. She also made coats and trousers for the men folks.

Father was a cattle man as well as a rancher. In the winter he made trips to buy yearling cattle. He drove them home to pasture and fatten up on hay for the fall market. A hired man did the farm work during his absences.

Before we were old enough to play games, Mother cut out horses, dogs, cows, calves, pigs, sheep and people from old newspapers. We built houses, barns and fences to house our cutouts.

Later, evenings were not all play times. As we grew older, we tore worn garments into strips, sewed the ends together and wound them into balls. Mrs. Delph of Goshen wove the strips on her hand loom into carpet runners which mother sewed together into carpets, later tacked down over clean straw on the floor.

Quilt making was a continuous activity. The patchwork or "crazy" quilts were made from woolen scraps sewed on flour sacks and the edges embroidered where joined. Others were made from quilt patterns which were exchanged freely. Quilting sessions were social affairs for the women.

It was a gala event when a dance was held. In a long building on the ranch formerly used for a creamery, the floors slick and smooth, the square dances were held. Sacks of wheat and oats were used for seats and lanterns furnished the light. There were fiddlers to play and a "caller" for the square dances. The pace was fast and continuous, the only way to keep warm in the unheated building. Many came from quite a distance for the dances.

Ranch life was a work-a-day routine from sunrise to dark the year around. Wash day was an all day chore. Clothes were soaked the night before in wooden tubs; in the morning they were placed in fresh

hot water and rubbed on a washboard with home-made soap (lye and waste kitchen fats). The white clothes were boiled on top of the kitchen range in a copper boiler, rinsed in tubs, blued and starched. Some fortunate women had a hand wringer which was attached to the side of the wooden tubs and removed after each wash day.

The wooden tubs also served as bath tubs. Bathing was a ritual on Saturday nights. All water was pumped from a well or brought from a spring, then heated in the boiler on top of the kitchen stove. The tub of bath water was placed near the warm kitchen stove. Usually the same water served the entire family, the smallest and cleanest getting a bath first. As the baths progressed, more hot water was added.

Ironing was a tiresome process. To save fuel, the irons were heated on the kitchen stove over the oven area while bread, pies, cakes, and cookies were being baked. Occasionally Mother ironed in the evening, the sad irons heated at the fireplace.

Sometimes, in the evenings, butter was churned in the dasher churn, anyone old enough, took a turn.

The year was divided into seasonal activities. Spring meant ploughing, crop seeding and garden making for the men. For Mother it meant house-cleaning. During this period the entire house was in a chaos. Furniture and beds were covered with sheets. The floors were scrubbed, ceilings brushed with a broom wrapped in cloth and the painted walls washed. The rag carpets were taken up, put over the clothes line and pounded with a long stick to get out the dirt.

All summer long Mother canned and dried fruits, made jams, jel-

lies, put up vegetables. The pantry shelves were loaded with filled jars and crocks. Father and the hired man cut wood, made repairs in addition to farm work.

The large barn was divided into sections. There were stalls for the horses, managers in front; in the rear, on pegs hung harness, bridles and saddles. There were cow stanchions and separate enclosures for the calves. Huge bins of grain were in the center section and nearby, machinery and wagons were stored.

Many tons of hay were stored in the loft. In winter it was pitched down daily to the stock. All work was done manually—hard labor with very little profit at the end of the year.

As children we did not think of the hard work. We bottle-fed and played with the orphan lambs and calves. In spring we picked wild flowers, trilliums, orchids and lamb tongues. Later, we picked wild strawberries and native wild blackberries so plentiful in every pasture and found along the rail fences.

We went to Eugene City for the circus and the Fourth of July celebrations. For many years, my brother, Hubert, thought the July 4th celebration was for his birthday which fell on that date.

Finally, we were old enough to ride our ponies to the Goshen school. There were five gates to open and close but we soon mastered the knack, without dismounting. We named each gate. The first one was Chain Gate because it was kept closed by a loop of heavy chain. The second was the Pole Gate for it was made of peeled poles. Number three was the Apple Gate named for the luscious Bellflower apples on an apple tree nearby, just right for eating in the fall. We usually shared them

with our ponies. The fourth was in our Grandfather's calf pasture. Because it was near a hog pen we called it the Hog Pen Gate. The last gate was a mile further east, just before the railroad crossing at what is now Old Highway 99S. Of course we called it the Railroad Gate.

There were no graveled or surfaced roads, just knee deep mud in winter and deep dust in summer. The two plank bridges over Wild Hog Creek were often under water and at times washed away during high water. We tied our ponies in a shed near the Roney General Store which was also the Post Office. School was not dismissed until 4:00 and by then our ponies were cold, hungry and impatient from their long wait. They made up for it by running most of the way home and we would be mud-spattered and often soaking wet on our arrival.

Before we entered the house we had to unbridle, unsaddle and feed our mounts. Like them, we could hardly wait to rush into the warm kitchen and gobble up the good supper Mother had ready. Sometimes we could not attend school because of bad weather. Our parents would help us with our lessons so we could keep up with our classmates.

Our schoolhouse was a one-room one. The teacher, usually a man, taught all the grades. There was a fall term of three months, a spring one of three months. There was a "pitcher" pump in the school yard and we all drank from the same dipper. There were two ante-rooms inside the front door; the boys' at the right and the girls' at the left. There were shelves for lunch pails and hooks for wraps. The long school room was well-lighted by tall windows on both sides and heated by a large wood-burner

stove. A long blackboard was across the front of the room and back of the teacher's desk. The pupils sat at double desks. We could choose our seat mate and stay together as long as we did not whisper in school.

At first we carried our lunches to school in a pail. It was difficult to manage our lunch pail, books, hold on to the horse's bridle, and open and close five gates. Later, Mother packed the lunches, first in cloth napkins, then in oilcloth and the bundle tied to the back of our saddles.

On December 22, 1897, the last member of our family was born. Father and a midwife, Mrs. Matthews from Goshen, assisted with the birthing of a baby girl named Julia Gladys.

In December of 1902, Father sold the old William Dillard ranch and we moved a mile north to our paternal grandparents' old home, the Hampton Ranch.

Today, the old house, big barn, and feed shed are no more. The orchard and fences are gone. The rutty, winding, narrow road is now a modern hard-surfaced highway. All that remains is the name, the Old Dillard Road and memories.

* * *

The Dillard name has been a part of America for over three centuries. The first Dillard in America, according to family records, was George Dillard, member of the House of Burgesses in Virginia. In 1648 the General Assembly of James City (Jamestown) on the Powhatan River (James River) in a report of the House of Burgesses, London, England, stated that George Dillard named along with John Tucker and Silvas Martin "were gentlemen of good repute."

James Henry Dillard, son of George Dillard, received large

grants of land and moved across the Powhatan River into Surrey County and established a trading post.

The next generation of Dillards branches out in all directions, migrating to Arkansas, Alabama, Texas, Tennessee and North Carolina. Some developed large plantations with slaves. Dillards served during the Revolutionary War and in the Civil War, Dillards fought on both sides.

Great-Great Grandfather William Dillard, born in North Carolina, 1732, settled in Tennessee and later moved to Missouri. He and his wife Sarah had six sons and two daughters.

Two of the sons, William and Samuel, went to California in 1849 and struck it rich in the gold mines. On the way back, they went into Mexico and bought a large band of horses to sell in Missouri. All went well until the drove spotted a band of wild horses and stampeded. After a fast ten mile chase,

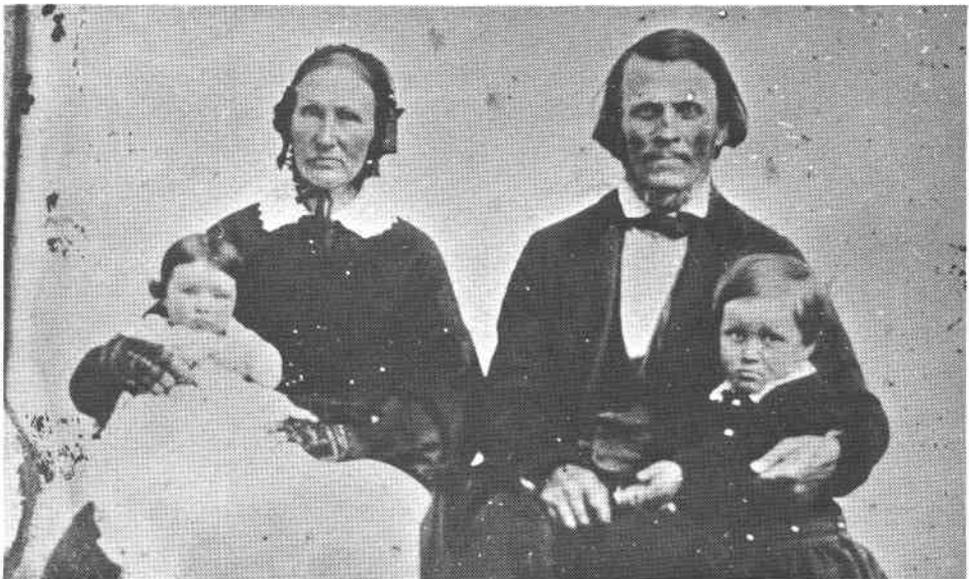
the animals were recovered and sold for a substantial sum of money.

It was an era of adventure and "westward fever." In 1856, Samuel, John and (great-grandfather) Stephen Dillard joined a wagon train of sixty at Springfield, Missouri, and crossed the plains to settle near Petaluma, California.

Two years later, the three Dillard families moved to Oregon: John Luther Dillard, a Presbyterian minister, settled at Dillard Station (named for him) near Roseburg. Samuel Dillard chose the Cottage Grove area.

Editorial Note: "John Dillard . . . came to Oregon by ox team in 1850. In 1852, he settled on a donation land claim, 11 miles south of Roseburg." **Oregon Geographic Names** by McArthur.

Great-Grandfather Stephen Morgan Dillard with his wife Julia Ann Renshaw Dillard and their family of five sons and three daughters, settled about four miles southwest of Goshen. His land



Great-Grandfather Stephen Morgan Dillard and Great-Grandmother Julia Ann Renshaw Dillard with Horace Dillard and Julia Dillard Bishop.

holdings with that of three sons, (Grandfather) William Renshaw, Luther Martin and George Milton Dillard comprised around two thousand acres.

The Renshaw lands at the extreme end of the old Dillard Road, then called Alder Street, was hilly, rocky and covered with fir and oak trees. A small school house was on the land, also used for church services on Sundays.

In the Stephen Dillard family, Grandfather William was the eldest of the eight children. Two of the sons settled in eastern Oregon, Horace in Burns, Robert in Prineville, who later moved to Colorado. Of the three daughters, one, Mary, settled in California, a second, Amanda Marie, unmarried, died at age 31.

The third daughter, Sarah Ann, married A. S. McClure, a survivor of the Lost Wagon Train of 1853. One of the McClure's eleven children was William Edgar McClure who became a professor of science

at the University of Oregon. In 1897, McClure was asked by the United States Government to determine the height of Mt. Rainier in Washington. On this mission he lost his footing and slipped from the mountain to his death on July 17, 1897. From his notes which were found, the altitude of Mt. Rainier was listed as 14,526 feet. Today McClure is memorialized on the campus of the University of Oregon by a dormitory named for him.

As time passed, the Dillards grew into numbers, married into many local families, so that today members of the Dillard clan are Delzell, Stowell, Dugan, Eby, Walker, Hampton, Reed, Bangs, Patterson, Cochran, Scarborough, Emmons, etc.

It was my mother, Laura Henrietta Dillard who married Horace Hampton of the Hampton family, and I, Fay Hampton Robertson, am a descendent of the pioneer Dillards of the Old Dillard Road.



Members of the William Dillard Family at the Dillard home on Old Dillard Road.



The Stage Coach Six-Horse Limited at the Metropolitan Hotel at Roseburg, Oregon. Driver Al Beard, shown here, lost his mind coming down the north slope of Roberts Mountain and let these six horses run away, wrecking the coach and killing one wheel horse. This team with a "new" wheeler brought President Rutherford Hayes and party to the Metropolitan Hotel in 1880.

—Photo and caption, courtesy of George Abdill, Director, Douglas County Historical Museum.

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NAMES	Nos.	WHERE FROM.	DESTINATION.	Dollars.	BY WHOM RECEIVED.
Jas. Patterson	1	Yreka	Ashland	8 00	Mayhew
Pyungus	2	Jacksonville	Willam Springs	2 --	Bierke
J. P. Wenger	1	Leguins	Canyasville	2 --	Driver
Wm. Kane		T. McDermald	Driver	3 50	Driver
S. Sisters of Charity	3	Jacksonville	Portland	✓	on Ticket No. 2178
O. a Brown	1	do	Salem	0 m	Spindup No 188
Mrs. George	1	Leguins	Corvallis	5 --	Miller
Mrs. Birken	1	do	do	5 --	Miller
Mrs. J. Gray	1	do	do	5 --	Miller
S. B. Whitteker	1	Shasta	Portland	9 75	Pronger
John Pichel	1	Corvallis	do	10 --	W. M. Co
E. Merthen	1	Albany	do	8 --	Miller
Way fare				50	Whitthun
				\$49-	
		17	8-		
		9	41-		
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