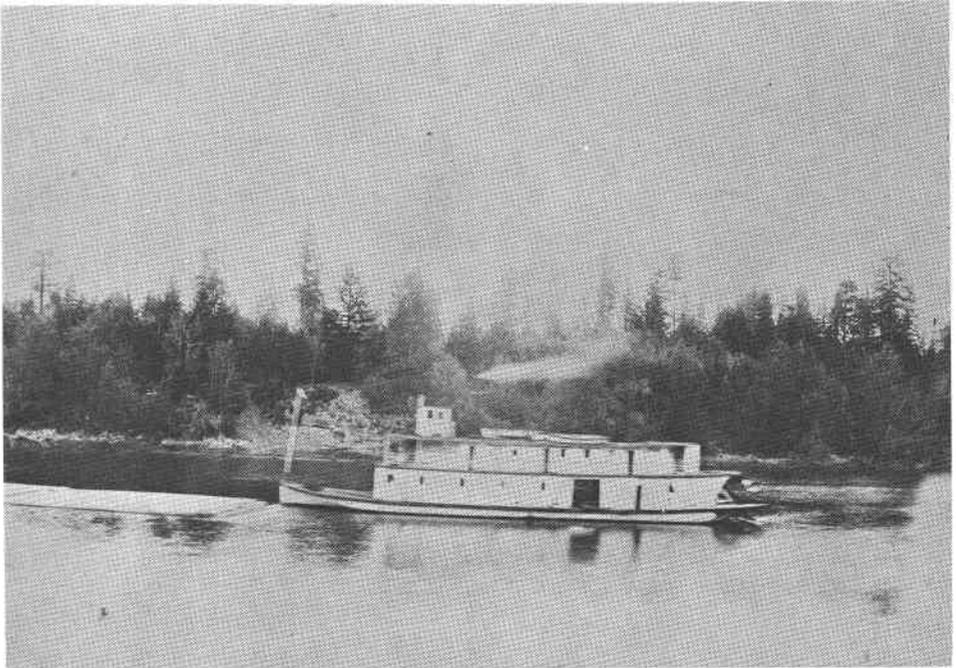


# Lane County Historian



The "City of Eugene" launched at Eugene, Oregon in October 1898.  
(Lane County Historical Society collection)

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LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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# LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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The *Historian* is always in need of material for publication. Manuscripts submitted for publication should be typewritten and double-spaced. If the author wishes to retain his copy, then please submit a duplicate copy for consideration.

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The boatyard site was just to the west (left) of the old Ferry Street bridge.  
(Lane County Historical Society collection)

# When Eugene Became a River Port

By Alfred L. Lomax

"She climbs the riffles and bars like a thing of life," wrote a bubbling Eugene *Daily Guard* reporter plugging a river excursion on the new sternwheeler "City of Eugene." The boat had been launched in November, 1898 from a boatyard just west of the old Ferry Street bridge. "The air is balmy, the vegetation along the river is bursting forth in the joyousness of springtime and all nature is smiling" continued the effervescent reporter as he promoted the idea of a boat trip to Harrisburg on May 21, 1899.

The occasion was to be highlighted by local musicians on board, supplemented by light refreshments and the prospects of family picnics. The stern ultimatum of NO INTOXICATING LIQUORS may have disappointed the bar flies, but assured the local option segment of the population that the trip would be respectable.

Tickets were available at Goldsmith's, Deacon's and Auten's cigar stores, the corner drugstore, and at Sommerville & Bergers store. By May 20th 80 tickets had been sold and the ice cream and lunch counter concessions had been given to Taylor & Holden, owners of The Banquet restaurant. Everything was ready for a day of fun.

Riverboating had been tried many years earlier when a 90-foot sternwheeler, the "James Clinton" called at Eugene on March 13, 1856. Other evidence is revealed in the Peoples Transportation Company advertisement in the *Oregonian* of April 17, 1869 which stated that boats left Oregon City for

100  
H5

Salem, Albany, Corvallis and Eugene on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. In 1874 U. B. Scott put the 8-inch shallow draft "Ohio" on the river. This venture may have suggested the idea to Captain Isaac Gray\* and his son Dick of building another shallow draft craft. Backed by the Eugene Transfer Company, work was started in May 1898. Lumber came from a neighboring mill back of Skinner's Butte and the machinery from Frazer's Eugene Iron Works at 192 East Eighth Avenue. The boiler was fired by 24" cordwood.

After the launching ceremonies of October, 1898, which were witnessed by a crowd of enthusiastic citizens, outfitting was done back of the Sladden farm at the foot of Lawrence Street. To prevent vandalism by the town ruffians the Gray boys acted as nightwatchmen.

When boiler pressures were being tested and the unmusical whistle blast (which people said sounded like the tearing of a piece of cloth) bounded off the slopes of Skinner's Butte, Eugeneans knew that river transportation had come to the upper valley. A roundtrip trial run to the bridge proved that the craft was not yet ready for business; violent vibrations in the engineroom indicated that the bed plates were not properly secured. The deficiency was remedied at the outfitting yard.

Townpeople were so thrilled with their new, homeowned splashing river craft that Mayor William Kuykendahl appointed William

\*Acknowledgment is made to Dr. Edward E. Gray, son of Captain Gray, and member of the Board of Directors of the Lane County Historical Society, for assistance in the preparation of this story. Captain Gray came from a family of shipbuilders at Portsmouth, England.

Mayer and Drew Griffin a committee to collect money to purchase colors for the boat. They were successful to the tune of \$51.50.

On March 24, 1899 a steamboat inspector's certificate was issued and the "City of Eugene" was legally approved to navigate the Willamette River and to carry cargo and passengers. Dimensions were 132' x 26' x 15" (draft). The shallow draft craft created no end of amazement among river men as it was reported that "she could run on a heavy dew."

On Good Friday, March 30, 1899, the "City of Eugene" lifted her lines Portland bound with 800 bushels of wheat and several directors of the Eugene Transfer Company on board. Because Captain Gray was not a licensed Oregon pilot, Captain James L. Smith, who wore a top hat, was at the wheel. Upon arriving at Portland, rude waterfront scuttlebutt dubbed her "The Freak." "It is unlike anything which has yet appeared on the Willamette River" said an *Oregonian* reporter. She received the same uncordial treatment at Salem where it was said she resembled a Mississippi tugboat.

Besides the pilot, there were Purser Kirkland, two engineers, two firemen, six to eight deckhands, a cook and a helper. These grumbled about leaving on a Good Friday, but departure was made without incident.

Minor opposition soon developed at Albany, terminus of the Corvallis & Eastern Railroad (said to be a Southern Pacific property) with a seacoast terminus at Yaquina, Lincoln County. Produce and merchandise destined for San Francisco from upper and mid-Willamette Valley farmers and merchants were taken to either Albany or Corvallis, transferred to the train

and transhipped to steamboats at the port. Until the Eugene sternwheeler appeared on the scene, goods were often hauled by dray or freight wagons to the above towns as a protest against high rail freight rates.

The charge of rate cutting and invasion of territory was made by the railroad against the Eugene Transfer Company's boat and resulted in prohibiting the use of their dock by the sternwheeler. This so aroused the ire of Campbell Brothers, publishers of the *Daily Guard* that they wrote a vigorous editorial saying "The fight is on, business men; protect your interests and those of the farmers." This disconcerting situation was ameliorated by an announcement that through freight rates to Eugene had been arranged with the Dollar steamship interests which had placed one of their steamers on the coastal run to Portland.

Competition also developed on the lower river at this time with a rejuvenated sternwheeler called the "Eugene," an older craft built in 1894.

Now that the local sternwheeler had proved that the upper Willamette River was navigable, the need for the removal of channel obstructions was self-evident. The Eugene boat had become involved with some of these, notably going aground on Christmas Day, 1899, and at another time foundering, raised, patched and continuing in service. Gravel bars were a constant menace, especially during low water periods. Inspection by the U.S. Army Engineers resulted in the assignment of the snagboat "Mathloma" to the Junction City section and subsequently to the Skinner Rapids near the Sladden farm.

The acumen of Eugene business men had been successfully demon-



The "City of Eugene" moored between a barge and the "Grey Eagle," at Salem, Oregon  
(Lane County Historical Society collection)

strated in making the town of 10,000 population the head of navigation. What could be more appropriate than to celebrate with a river excursion? Enough tickets had been sold to make the occasion a success and all was in readiness for the trip to Harrisburg, when, sad to relate, the floating pride and joy of Lane County's metropolis failed to arrive on May 20th, the day before the big event. The sponsors regretfully announced that the boat had been detained in Portland for repairs to a broken capstan, a winchlike contrivance used for lining the boat over shallow riffles at low water. But she would return next Friday the 26th. Immediately, Captain Gray and F. E. Dunn left by train for Portland to inspect the damage and oversee the repairs. Fuller explanation revealed that the boat had reached Harrisburg on the upriver trip

when the break occurred. Seventy tons of cargo were unloaded there to lighten the craft, and 30 tons of wheat taken aboard on the return trip to Portland. Seven teams left Eugene for Harrisburg to haul the Eugene cargo home.

Although cancellation of the Eugene excursion was disappointing, the little sternwheeler continued on her roundtrip schedule, but now under lease to Captain Gray who rode as purser. Farmers and townspeople living along the river used to wait expectantly for the homecoming whistles as the sternwheeler chugged around the bend near where the new Valley River shopping center is located.

Rate cutting episodes involving the boat and the railroad continued. Patronage of the boat service was erratic in spite of the lower freight rates. Personnel problems crept

into the picture as drunken crews and their sobering-up periods delayed the service.

About 1900, the little vessel, which had tried so valiantly to reduce shipping costs for Lane County farmers, found a mooring berth at the foot of Lawrence Street, where but a few months before she had been outfitted. She lay there until the S. K. Spaulding Lumber Company bought it to haul logs between

Newberg, Oregon City, and Portland and on the Columbia River. Locks had been built at West Linn opposite Oregon City several years previous so that traffic could be hauled around the falls.

A reminder of those enterprising days is the steering wheel or helm of the old sternwheeler donated to the Lane County Pioneer Museum by Mrs. Clifford Spaulding of Newberg in November, 1952.



**Dr. Edward E. Gray, son of Captain Isaac Gray, and helm of the "City of Eugene" on exhibit at the Lane County Pioneer Museum, Eugene.**

Photo by Nancy Lomax

# *Early Eugene as I Remember It*

By Mary Skipworth Corum

Early Eugene as it was in the late 1880's and up to about 1895 was a far cry from the modern city it is today.

My family, consisting of my father, the late E. R. Skipworth, my mother, and myself, arrived here late in November, just a week before my third birthday. My father, who was a young attorney had come to Eugene to join the late Judge Walton, who had already established a successful law practice here. Judge Walton was a kindly old gentleman, as I remember him, whose lovely old home with its spacious lawns running down to the mill-race on Ninth street still stands today as one of the lovely spots of old Eugene. Judge Walton owned a carriage drawn by a team of matched Palomino ponies, and almost every Sunday afternoon during the summer time he, with his gracious wife and daughters took us for a long drive, up the old McKenzie road, or over the Mohawk bridge, or perhaps out the river road toward the then village of Junction City.

We soon became acquainted with the other early day attorneys and their families. One of the most picturesque of the group was Lark Bilyeu. He was very tall and thin, and on the Fourth of July he always represented Uncle Sam. Riding in the parade, wearing a "stove pipe" hat, and dressed in a red, white and blue striped long tailed coat, and blue bunting trousers; together with his clowning ability, he portrayed the character perfectly. But he was a brilliant lawyer, too, and was considered especially good in criminal trials.

Then there was Absolom C.

Woodcock, known as A. C., a scholarly, quiet man, never in a hurry, I can see him yet in my mind, short, and stout, liesurely strolling up and down Willamette Street on warm summer afternoons, a pleasant smile habitually on his face, and a big cigar in his mouth. He was an able lawyer, and probably had the best legal education of any attorney here at that time, but he did not like to argue a case in court.

Another prominent attorney of that time was Seymour Condon, a son of the late Dr. Thomas Condon, the famous geologist of Oregon.

Then not to be overlooked were the two Dorrises, George B. and his nephew George A. My father and George A. Dorris were about the same age, and they seemed to take a great liking for each other. After practicing two years with Judge Walton, my father decided to set up his own office, and while he an George never really formed a partnership, they were so closely associated that they might as well have been partners. Their friendship lasted through the years, neither would take a case against the other. The tie was broken only when in 1904 my father passed away at the age of forty-five. Soon after, Mr. Dorris retired from the law, and developed the Dorris asparagus farms which have become well known throughout the West.

During my father's practice with Judge Walton he was appointed by Governor Pennoyer to be clerk of the Supreme Court. This position he held all during Governor Pennoyer's term of office. But we kept our residence in Eugene, father coming home on Friday afternoon

on the "local" train that ran from Portland to Roseburg. He would return to Salem Sunday afternoon, and how well I remember those Sunday afternoon walks to the little old Eugene depot; it was an event, watching the train puff in and leave, that few people of the town missed unless bad weather or illness kept them away.

There were in those early days a few other attorneys, whose names I cannot remember, they came, and after a few years moved on, and others came to take their place, but there was one who remained to become one of Eugene's prominent lawyers, the late E. O. Potter, who came in 1888, and became a member of the firm, Potter and Woodcock. At this time my father had a young brother, a lad in his 'teens, who wanted to study law. Father took him in his office and trained him in every phase of legal work. About two years prior to father's death he was admitted to the bar, and had my father lived I am sure he would have been proud of his young brother, George Franklin Skipworth, who later became Circuit Judge G. F. Skipworth, and served on the bench thirty-nine years.

Eugene was not without its picturesque early doctors, in fact it had one outstanding one whom every old timer will never forget. I don't know exactly the year Dr. Sharples came to Eugene, but I do know that he was here when we arrived. Many people bragged that they wouldn't have him in their house, but just the same, he enjoyed the largest practice in the town and surrounding country of any physician, and when anyone was in dire danger of death they called for Dr. Sharples. The doctor weighed three hundred eighty pounds, yes, I heard him tell one of my family exactly that one day

when he called at our home to see a patient. Contrary to the usual spic and span grooming of a physician our good old doctor, was, to the amusement of his friends a little inclined to be careless in his appearance. But his good sense, and intelligence made up for what he lacked or rather chose to ignore of the finer points of social life. His visits were an event in any home. His mode of transportation was a buck board hack drawn by a pair of buckskin colored ponies. I can see him yet in my mind, tearing down the street, whip in hand lashing the ponies, his broad back extending the full width of the buckboard seat. He would dash up to his patient's door, come puffing into the room and exclaim, "Bring me a drink of water, and bring the pitcher or a bucket, don't just bring it in a glass." When the pitcher was brought along with a tumbler, he would wave the glass aside, turn the pitcher up to his lips and drink the pitcher empty at one draught. If his call was to a country home where he had been on the road some time he has been known to make his way straight to the kitchen before seeing his patient, and ordering someone to cook him a dozen eggs and several slices of ham if they had it. His home was a small unpainted old house on the south east corner of Eleventh and either Oak or Pearl Street. I am not sure after these many years and changes in the appearance of the town. A very large oak tree stood in the front corner of the lot, and completely covered the doctor's house. While other early Eugene doctors were building nice homes for their families, he still continued to live and rear his children in this humble home. Another strange anomaly was that with all his profanity and seeming disregard for culture he was a

model father and husband. He was tenderness itself with his frail cultured little wife, who was a cripple in a wheel chair, and his son and daughter grew up to be highly respected and well educated people. His son became a prominent Seattle physician, and his daughter a teacher in high schools; both graduated from the University of Oregon.

At last when old age came upon the doctor he retired from practice, and developed a fine prune orchard in the Pleasant Hill area, being one of the first to advertise and promote the dried prune industry of this region.

With all his unusual characteristics the old doctor had many, many warm friends, and it was an old saying around here about the turn of the century that "Dr. Sharples had forgotten more than most doctors ever knew."

Another of the earliest doctors was Dr. F. W. Prentiss, an Englishman, who was in every way an entire contrast to Dr. Sharples, though they were good friends, and often consulted each other. Dr. Prentiss was a tall, handsome man, speaking in crisp English accents, and always faultlessly attired in light striped wool trousers and long Prince Albert navy blue broadcloth coat, homberg hat, kid gloves, and carrying a gold headed cane. When a patient was too far away, he rode a beautiful snow white horse, Prince, and I can recall yet how stately the doctor looked, sitting very erect riding about the little town of Eugene. Even in those days of dust and mud the doctor always looked as if he had just stepped out of a band box.

These I have mentioned, and others, Dr. McKinney, Dr. Cheshire, Dr. Kuykendahl, Dr. McCornack, Dr. Tom Harris, Dr. John Harris, and perhaps a few others

whom I can't remember are all gone but not forgotten. They were good doctors; the best of their time, and they are remembered with love and respect, by old timers, many of whose lives they at some time saved.

The earliest grocery store I can remember was owned and run by L. O. Beckwith and his wife. The store was located on the south east corner of Seventh and Willamette Streets. The Beckwiths were a kindly, childless middle aged couple, and I remember the store had a great attraction for me and all the children of town because they kept a large cage full of white rats in the store. The rats were kept to entertain children while their parents traded, and it worked wonderfully well, because no child would wander about the store or even budge from the fascination of watching those milling, racing rats. The cage was up on a pedestal just high enough so a small child couldn't put his fingers in the cage and be bitten.

Our first home was a cottage we rented from Dr. Vern Henderson, an early day dentist. It stood on the exact spot where the new court house stands today. Later my father bought a lot at the north east corner of Sixth and Washington Streets, and had a home built. In those days there were no cement walks, not even in front of the business houses on Willamette Street. But in time the town finally decided that the old board walks must go. My father was city attorney for fifteen years, and all during those early years the city was constantly being sued by first one old lady then another. They would step on a loose board and fall, or a board would break in two and one end would fly up and hit them. So after a good many expensive law suits the city council

passed a law that everybody had to put a cement walk in front or along the street at his place. It was then that Eugene really began to feel like a city. And were the people proud of those cement walks? You would have thought no place else on earth had them. And when the cement walks came, it also became unlawful for cows to wander about and browse around town at will, although everybody had a good fence around his yard.

But the first few years we lived in Eugene there were not even board walks, except down near the business part of town. There were just planks laid here and there over the worst mud holes in the paths.

Street grading was another big step. Of course there was no sewer system for a long time, and even when we built our new house at Sixth and Washington the sewer didn't go out that far. A reliable plumber told my father the sewer never could go out that far as the lay of the land was such that it would be an impossibility to put a sewer out Sixth Street. However I am happy to say that several years later a way was found to build a sewer, or at least the early day plumber's theory was disproved.

In those early days Eugene was not the level piece of land it appears to be today. Before any streets were leveled and graded a good many of the early board walks were up on stilts so to speak, and I think after a hard rain the most popular place for youngsters from all over town was Olive Street between Sixth and Eighth. There was a big dip in the land there, and about all winter the water stood in there quite deep. As I look back now, it is amazing that some child wasn't drowned. The

side walk on both sides of the street was up on a trestle about three, and in some places four feet above the ground. When it rained some times the water would get up to within a few inches of the level of the sidewalk. We kids used to ride our bicycles over the walk when the water was high, and frequently a board would float away just after we had crossed. Then we would try it again with here and there a board missing. It was very exciting, but nobody ever got hurt. I went over it every day in the winter going from my home at Sixth and Washington to the old Central school. There were other and safer routes I could have taken, but I preferred this one.

During those early days when Eugene was a small town, almost any common place happening could take on the proportions of an event, and to individual families events were happening quite frequently. I well remember the day my father came home from his office and announced that he had been invited to deliver the main address to the law graduating class of the University of Oregon. My mother's face beamed with pride, then became sad as she said she could not go to hear him. My parents were then expecting a new baby, and in those days of exaggerated modesty no woman expecting a child would be seen at a commencement exercise at the U of O. So my mother dressed me up in my best and I proudly accompanied my father and listened primly to his address, though his speech and oratory were well over my head, I did enjoy the ride to Deady Hall on the old mule street car, and I enjoyed watching old Wiley, the Negro driver wield the whip and yell at the mule.

Then Eugene finally grew up to a new court house, its third one,

and that time my mother, little brother (now Judge Marvin Skipworth of Coos Bay) and I sat with other attorney's families and listened to my father who was one of the speakers the evening the new court house was dedicated.

By then it was 1898, and Eugene was changing fast. When the first settlers had started Eugene, two wells had been dug; one at the corner of Eighth and Park at the edge of the old first court house lawn, and the other at the north east corner of Eighth and Willamette. At each well there was a horse watering trough, also a large old wooden sink where dusty travelers could wash, and an old fashioned pitcher pump with a tin cup on a string fastened to the sink. In the course of time the old sinks became water soaked, mossy, and smelly. The water, too, often came out of the pump with angle worms in it. But still nobody did anything about it. Finally a Eugene doctor brought the matter of the impure water to the attention of the city council, and the old wells were condemned. But many old timers, and especially old loafers who sat and whittled in the shade near the wells on hot summer days, protested that it was all foolish new fangled ideas to destroy those old wells.

The well at the corner of Eighth and Willamette was in front of one of the earliest dry goods stores which I did not see mentioned recently in the Sunday Register-Guard when it was recalling old stores and businesses of early days. The store was owned and operated by J. H. McClung, a tight lipped, quiet Scotchman. He was highly respected, and was prominent in civic affairs. He served many years on the school board, and in the city council. When he retired he sold the store to two men who had

clerked for him for years, Mr. Weatherbee and Mr. Cockerline. They in time sold to McMoran and Washburne, and they in turn sold to J. C. Penney. The Tiffany Davis Drug store in a different building now occupies the spot, and one would never dream that that busy corner was once a loafing place beside an old well shaded by giant maple trees, but I have seen it so.

Across the street on the south east corner of Eighth and Willamette was another dry goods store owned by A. V. Peters. When Mr. Peters passed away at a good old age the store was discontinued, and a new bank building replaced the old store building.

Speaking of early merchants, Eugene seemed to have had quite a large percentage of Jewish business men, considering the small size of the town. The Betmans had a men's clothing store someplace on the west side of Willamette between Seventh and Eighth, and the Lauers had a store also along there in that vicinity. They had a big beautiful home on the south west corner of Sixth and Willamette. Then, of course there was Sam Friendly's big store, known all over the valley for its fine quality dry goods. The Goldsmiths had a cigar store, the Swartzschilds had a book and stationery store which today is still in business as Cressy's, and Soloman Baum had a dry goods store that later became Ax Billy's. But the most picturesque of all the Jewish merchants was A. Sanders. He sold boots and shoes, red flannel underwear, and ten dollar men's suits, besides work clothes and Indian blankets. Not many women shopped at his store, but the men liked him, and when a man went into the store he nearly always came out laughing at one of Sander's rather shady stories. He was a shrewd trader and built up

a big business in hops, becoming one of the wealthiest men in this locality, despite his appearances and the appearances of his dark drab little store.

And at last in about 1897 came high school days for Eugene. At that time Portland and Salem were the only Oregon cities having a high school. The first two winters our high school was carried on in a room on the second floor of Mount's hall, a building two blocks off Willamette on east Broadway. The Principal, E. A. Ressler and Miss Emma Chase were the teachers. The third year the school was moved to the old court house which had been moved just back of the then new court house. Besides Professor Ressler and Miss Chase the faculty now included Miss Sadie Atwood, Miss Emma Wold, and Mr. John Warfield. I started my freshman year there. We students used to amuse ourselves by watching the mice come out of holes in the old walls and floors, and scamper about the class room. Eugene at that time had one licensed house of prostitution, and it happened to be located on the corner directly across the street from our high school. During study hall periods our windows looked straight that way, and we girls got quite a kick out of counting the men who went into that house every day, and especially those who came out every morning after school had taken up. The next year the old court house was condemned and abandoned as a high school building. We were moved over to the old Central which had been reclaimed and repaired after having been condemned for a time. It was but little better than the old court house, and each year became more crowded, until at last the school board built the new high school building which is the city hall to-

day. It was a beautiful building for that time, and one of the most modern high school buildings in the state. We were very proud of it, but we were a shamefaced bunch of students after one brush with the law. By that time, 1904, high schools were fairly common over the state, and high school football was in full swing. We had a game scheduled to play with Albany. In order to make a good showing, our principal, Dr. Bechdolt wanted as many students as possible to accompany the team to Albany, to cheer for them. Practically every student in school was going, but no amount of pleading and begging could induce my mother to consent to my going, so with a sad face that Friday afternoon I turned homeward from the depot after seeing nearly the whole student body get on the train for Albany. Monday morning the school was in a hub-bub of noise and excitement, Eugene had won the game, and it seemed to me that every friend I met had to tell me what a lot of fun I had missed. But I soon believed the saying "he who laughs last laughs best," because before noon the sheriff came to school and arrested every student who had gone to Albany, even the boys on the team. It seems the hotel manager in Albany had requested the arrest. Yes, you've guessed it, our whole crowd had carried off everything loose in that hotel as souvenirs of the trip. Every student had to go home and bring back every piece of silverware, every salt and pepper shaker, every blanket and towel or anything else taken from the hotel. The manager finally agreed to drop the charges if everything was returned in good shape. This was done, but old Dr. Bechdolt who had been educated in the strict military schools of Germany was anything

but soft. With his great shaggy eyebrows bristling, his heavy gray mustache twitching, in bellowing gutteral German accents he surely told the students what he thought of such doings. Everybody crept around school pretty quiet and meek for some time, but feeling lucky they got off as well as they did. My, was I glad my mother had put her foot down and said I could not go.

All this seems amusing to me now as I look back in retrospect over the years, but was serious business to us teen agers then.

There were many amusing things happening in the dear old town, along with the sad, the tragic and the pathetic. Its all a part of a town and its people.

One amusing incident I often think of with a smile concerns Dr. Sharples, whom I mentioned earlier in this article. A young minister and his bride had come here from Boston to take charge of one of the local churches. They were exceptionally cultured and refined people. In the course of time a baby was expected, and the minister's mother-in-law came out from Boston to be with her daughter during the birth of her first child. Dr. Sharples was the attending physician. He came blustering and puffing into the room, yanked the covers off the young mother to be, threw them on the floor and went to work to deliver the baby. The lady was having a hard and painful time, and her mother was hovering over her, giving her love and encouragement, when the old doctor turned to the minister and said "Get this old S.B. out of this room, if you want me to get this baby." Only he used the nasty words themselves not just the initials. Needless to say this gentle, refined Boston lady had her opinion of a certain western doctor.

Another source of amusement, and sometimes annoyance to the town's people was the clothes cleaning problem. The town had only one cleaning establishment, and in those early days one could never be sure how a garment would look after it had been to the cleaner. The method of delivering cleaned clothes was by little boys on bicycles after school and on Saturdays, and one usually waited a month for a garment to be returned, so slow and primitive were the methods used in those days. One particular energetic and ambitious delivery boy was the little McCallum boy, a son of Rev. McCallum of the Christian Bible College. One Saturday he was barging down Willamette street on his bicycle when he spied a dignified matron who had sent some skirts to the cleaner. Waving gaily he called to her "Hi, Mrs. — your skirts will be up tonight." Sure enough that evening he brought them. The lady was quite embarrassed at his friendly, thoughtless greeting of the afternoon, but such was the homey, informality of a small town before the turn of the century.

One unpleasant thing I well remember was Memorial Day, or Decoration Day as it was called then. It was a dreaded nightmare to the small children of the Eugene schools. It was usually a sweltering hot day, and all the grades from the first through the eighth were required to march to the cemetery. The pupils from Geary marched to Central and arrived about ten o'clock. We at Central had been standing in line, first on one foot and then the other since nine o'clock. We then marched on to Patterson where they had been waiting in line. We then proceeded on to the I.O.O.F. cemetery where we still had to stand at at-

tention while a minister made a long prayer, then a Civil War Veteran spoke, the National Guard played Taps, and laid a wreath on a soldier's grave. But this was not all. Some prominent citizen gave the long address of the day, the Star Spangled Banner was sung, and another long closing prayer was given by another minister. By this time it was nearly two o'clock and we tired and hungry kids were dismissed to walk home if our legs could get us there. Some of the smallest ones just sat down and cried. One year I remember there

were so many small ones who couldn't make it home, the school superintendent got the hotel busses to come to the cemetery and haul them home, after the busses had met the 2 p.m. train.

And so it goes. We don't do things the old ways anymore, but we were a happy people, and though many were poor, many had tragedies in their lives, for the most part we got along well. I wouldn't take a million dollars for my experiences and memories of growing up in a small town in the horse and buggy days.

## *Before Lane County Was Settled*

*The Oligocene Marine Molluscan Fauna of the Eugene Formation in Oregon*, Bulletin No. 16, Museum of Natural History, University of Oregon.

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Thirty million years ago most of Oregon west and north of Eugene was covered by a warm shallow sea. In this sea, on its bottom and in the muds of the bottom lived numerous animals. The sea has long since gone. The muds have hardened and now form much of the older rock exposed in the Willamette Valley. Within this rock is preserved the shells and skeletons of the fauna of the former sea. Near its shore are found the leaves of plants which grew nearby. Excavations for roads, sewers, houses, etc. frequently expose large numbers of these fossils. The former presence of such a sea is then not surprising to those who have happened to see the remains of clams, crabs, sharks, wood-borers, sand dollars, and marine snails that once occupied it.

Paleontologists have studied the

various members of this fauna for nearly one hundred years, however, Bulletin 16 is the first time the whole story is included under one cover. Mrs. Hickman, the author, has not only described the seventy different kinds of animals now known, but has also illustrated them and compared them with others known from Oregon, Washington and California. In addition she has included maps of their occurrence, the extent of the Oligocene seas and charts of the relative age of the fauna. The conditions under which the fauna existed are discussed and localities where specimens have been obtained are listed in an appendix. Two hundred and twenty six photographs make it possible for the amateur to identify specimens he may have collected or to visualize what each animal looked like.

This 112 page publication is technical but contains much for the layman interested in the pre-history of Oregon. It may be obtained from the Museum of Natural History, of the University of Oregon at Eugene (97403) for \$2.50.

## Manuscripts in the Lane County Pioneer Museum:

### *Letter to Mahlon Harlow from William Ward*

March 23, 1852

In May 1850, Mahlon Harlow and his wife, Frances Tandy, and her widowed mother, Sarah Scott Snelling Tandy, left their home in LaFayette County, Missouri and struck out for California. Their plans changed, however, and they resided first in Yamhill County, then settled in Lane County in October 1851. Harlow staked a donation land claim at the forks of the Willamette River. In 1852 he was elected the first county clerk of Lane County.

The letter to Harlow reproduced below was written in 1852 by William Ward, a friend back in LaFayette County.

In the letter Ward notes several people who were planning a journey to Oregon "when grass comes." Of those, Jacob Gillespie and Walker Young and Young's wife Polly ("Pop" in the letter) Gillespie, actually made the trip and arrived at Lane County in 1852.

Ward also advises Harlow to arrange to have his slaves who were left in Missouri, sold. Gillespie, however, "brought two negroes with him, a man and a woman, to Oregon with him. They were not slaves but came because they wished to . . ." (Quoted from Mrs. Ella Baker, Gillespie's granddaughter in *Eugene Morning News*, July 25, 1934.) Gillespie became preacher at the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Eugene City.

The punctuation and spelling are as they were in the original which is filed in the Lane County Pioneer Museum. (Transcription by Chris Bettis, Librarian.)

Wellington, Mo.

March 27th

To                    MAHLON H. HARLOW    my much esteemed friend  
Of                    WILLAMETTE FORK    this letter I send  
He Lives in        LANE COUNTY    the richest of land  
And                 SKINNERS' POST OFFICE    the nearest at hand  
In                    OREGON TERRITORY    far, far to the west  
Around             BY NEW YORK    for the nearest and best

At home March 23rd 1852

My absent but highly esteemed friend

Your favor was rec'd on  
Saturday by the same messenger that carried my letter to the  
office to my good friend Bob. I felt truly gratified to learn how

well you are pleased with your new home and I trust you will properly appreciate the blessings you enjoy and with all your heart return unceasing thanks to our "Father who is in heaven" for the unmerited mercy and grace which He bestows upon you. I rejoice that He has safely conducted so many my friends, thousands of miles, amidst continual dangers and toils. If any of you could feel less than grateful to your God for such manifest goodness I would be affraid and ashamed to designate that person as my friend. But I believe I know some of you well enough to say, such a thing with you is impossible. You need not expect a regular built up letter. I will give just such as you would wish, and irregular chit-chat mongrel. Your Document for \$..... on your brother came safe. He is at this time engaged in the cattle department by Russell & Renick at \$500 a year. Creath seems entirely disposed to act the part of a brother to him. He bought Harris's farm (the Tandy place) for him and I have no doubt will aid him in paying for it. I think if Cuddy had the race to run over he would hardly take the back track

As Bobs letter may miscarry I will repeat some matters. Jacob Gillespie, G. W. Harris, Two or three of the Wallace families, W. H. Cook William Handy and many others are ready to start for Oregon when grass comes. I believe fully if not more than half the farms in this part of the country could have been bought very low this season, such is the great phrenzy which has siezed the folks for moving to Oregon & Cala. Next year you may look for an immense emigration. From the eastern states there will be an immense number this season if newspaper accts may be credited

The rapping or spirit communications are greatly on the increase. There are a good many of them in St. Louis and the Spirits predict there will be a large accession to the number of mediums (or persons thro' whom the spirits discourse) by the next year. Whether the whole matter is a song or a sermon I do not pretend to say If it be a hoax it is certainly most strange for a great many well informed persons put implicit confidence in the matter. I intend if any of them get up to Lexington to pay them a visit and I think I can decide very soon If there are guardian spirits that watch over their friends I *know* there are some in spirit-land that do that kind office for me and if there is any intercourse between the dead and the living I believe I shall hear from them If certain questions should be answered *correctly*

there will certainly be one more convert to this strange doctrine. You know I am a great believer in some of my dreams. I have in my sleep thought I received warnings which from after occurrences I felt constrained to view as remarkably *strange*—strange because I had good reason to believe certain matters, about which I had no suspicion before those events—those warnings seemed to come thro the agency of my deceased wife and Sisters

Whatever the result may be I will (if I live) give you an account—Dont Hicklin died last Thursday night—a few days before that he swore he wished to die just that people might know how rich he was—His wealth is here—where is he???

Mrs. Tandy's folks brought about \$775 last year. I could not get over \$100 for Jim with his precious encumbrances Henning offered \$300 for Jim without them. The Doctors now refuse to take patients by the year and as there is a combination among them there is no telling what Betsy and her brood may cost. Last year it \$30 including a *new comer*. Neall's feet have become so desperatly bad that I have put at the shoe business with Duck at \$70. Holloway hired Mary at \$70. Beththeny's child died—the rest have had very good health—they are a troublesome set—If you can arrange matters I would earnestly advise you to make arrangements and have them sold as soon as possible. The most of you are *far* off and if you undertake the matter have it properly fixed up by a competent lawyer. Negroes now are very high at this time & may remain so for a year or so but I think they are bound to come. Mary would bring \$800. Press and Jerry \$1,000 each and Jim might go up to \$1500. I cannot say how much

From this you may easily *guess* my reasons for giving the advise I have given. I hurt my back very badly three months ago & have been on the invalid list ever since. I have been so strongly urged to move to Lex. that you need not be surprised to hear I am there. Some of the old set are keen as briars. Such old Gen'Graham Houx Houx offered me an office *free* if I would settle in the town and some 5 or 6 say they will warrant their own bills to pay the expenses of my family. I am strongly inclined to go—partly to educate my

—partly to make money and also for the facility of going to church. We have no preaching here now, *Scarcely*—Juddath & Minerva Staps were about Christmas. James Ewing is squeezing up toward Miss Amanda Walker Young stole J. Gillespie's Pop and miss Betsy Thomas ran off (was she *under* or *over* age?) with a moving Oregon man named Miller. J. G. was quite wrothy at first but got into a good humor and persuaded his son-in-law to go to O. and going he is.

He ought to trade off more of his gals for ox drivers Mrs. Staps has rented out her farm & is now at Chapel Hill. Nathaniel was well the last I heard from him Yours friends here all well so far as I know. I saw Creath last Saturday. Old Isaac Chapman as he grows older, grows more and more fond of the critter & gets some desperate bad *falls*

He got pretty badly frosted in some of his sprees I am sorry to say whiskey-drinking is rather on the increase in this region. I was at Harris's sale last Saturday and I am satisfied there was twice as much whiskey as water drank—guess water followed in the footsteps of its illustrious predecessor pretty freely before sabbath set in. This neighborhood has been very healthy ever since last spring one year. Sarah is quite unwell at this time—one of her old fashioned spells—you'll guess wrong now I almost know—I can't get her in the humor for Oregon, nor even to let me go. She says she knows I would never get back—well I told her I would secure all my property to her & the children except an outfit—"yes but you would sure to die"—Well I'd get my life insured and you would have that too—but no, no. Don't you think women are very *contrary* animals?

"Vain is the man who by his power or skill, Would Stem"

"the torrent of a woman's will, For if she will, she"

"*will*, you may depend on't—And if she"

"won't, she *won't* And there's the end on't."

So much for womanology. Our Rail road from St. Louis to the western Mo. boundry will probably be completed in 10 years—A bill has passed Congress giving alternate sections on the route on condition it

is completed in that time. Korsuth is at St. Louis I suppose at this time. He got up the ladder a *leetle* too fast for brother Jonathan for after he had time to scratch his head a little he concluded that Washington understood the policy of our country something better than this modern a postle of European Liberty. Jonathan does not fancy the trouble of going so far to fight the Russia Bear, but if *Bar* will just come to him he'd fight him in a *minit*. I send you a wood cut of the Magyar Chief K, but from it I cannot judge much about him—your eyes are younger, perhaps you can. You must excuse this scratch. I will not undertake to read it. Write soon. May Lord bless you and yours and all of you. Farewell

M. H. Harlow

Your Friend Wm Ward

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It is said Col Domphan is appd govr of the Mormon State. An army it is said is to accompany the officer judges & sufficiently strong to enforce the laws of matrimony. There would be but little trouble here to get plenty of volunteers to cut the dirty scoundrels from the face of the earth. A good many advocate the propriety of making short work with them. You may anticipate little mercy for them if they force the U.S. to make war upon them.

I have no doubt a very eventful period of the world is close at hand. Europe will soon be a vast battlefield for the history of which I cannot do better than refer you to the Revelation of St. John. There I think you may find it—Once more farewell.

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The library of the Pioneer Museum needs articles related to George Melvin Miller (1851-1931), especially 1. his calling card with the map of the United States and his proposed sea-to-sea highway; 2. photograph of his patented "Flying Machine" model of 1892; 3. personal letters.

If you can fill these gaps in the Museum library, please notify the Museum, 740 West 13th, Eugene.

Copy of old sheet in the Old Tandy Bible—Ages of the Negro slaves owned by Grandma Sarah Tandy, wife of Jackson Tandy. On the back of this old sheet was one more entry as follows: Sarah Ann the daughter of Heneretta was born January 9, 1850.

Suey the Mother of the under named Children  
 was born August 14<sup>th</sup> 1773  
 Fanny was born Feby 9<sup>th</sup> 1803  
 Fanny was born Feby 18<sup>th</sup> 1806  
 Mary was born June 14<sup>th</sup> 1808  
 Betsy was born Feby 2<sup>th</sup> 1811  
 Azza was born Nov 19<sup>th</sup> 1813  
 Lucinda was born June 12<sup>th</sup> 1816  
 Altiat was born about the year 1801 or 1802  
 William the son of Fanny was born Feb<sup>th</sup> 1820  
 Emily the daughter of Fanny was born Feby 7<sup>th</sup> 1822  
 Lucinda the daughter of Fanny was born Feby 1824  
 Martha the daughter of Fanny was born Feb 1825  
 Nancy the daughter of Mary was born Sept 21<sup>st</sup> 1827  
 Lucinda the daughter of Mary was born Dec 1<sup>st</sup> 1828  
 Fanny the daughter of Betsy was born Dec 1<sup>st</sup> 1828  
 Preston the son of Caroline was born June 17<sup>th</sup> 1830  
 Daniel the son of Mary was born August 28 1830  
 Nealy the son of Betsy was born Nov 1<sup>st</sup> 1830  
 A Son born to Mary Dec 14<sup>th</sup> and departed  
 this life on the 16<sup>th</sup> Inst } 1831  
 Milton the son of Caroline was born Jan 15<sup>th</sup> 1832  
 Heneretta the daughter of Betsy was born Aug 2<sup>nd</sup> 1832  
 Mary Elizabeth the daughter of Mary was born Feb 12<sup>th</sup> 1833  
 Emma Susan the daughter of Betsy was born April 8<sup>th</sup> 1834  
 Bethany the daughter of Betsy was born August 13<sup>th</sup> 1835  
 Martha the daughter of Mary was born June 13<sup>th</sup> 1836  
 Emily Amanda the daughter of Betsy was born Oct 11<sup>th</sup> 1837  
 Arthur the son of Mary was born Dec 8<sup>th</sup> 1837  
 David the son of Betsy was born Feb 13<sup>th</sup> 1840  
 Hillary the son of Betsy was born 1842  
 James Ashberry the son of Betsy was born 1844  
 John Thurston the son of Betsy was born Dec 25<sup>th</sup> 1846  
 George Ann the daughter of Betsy was born January 19 1849  
 Mary the daughter of Lucinda was born Nov 21<sup>st</sup> 1848  
 Rebecca the daughter of Lucinda was born September 17 1847

## *Tribute to Bill Hayward*

Public Meeting of the Lane County Historical Society, December 14, 1969, in Harris Hall, Lane County Courthouse.

By Alfred L. Lomax

The Society's public meeting on December 14 honored the memory of Bill Hayward, eminent and colorful University of Oregon track coach for 44 years. This meeting, held on the twenty-second anniversary of his death was appropriate but purely coincidental. Included in the introduction of new members and guests was Mrs. Bertina Hayward.

Former associates and long-time friends who recounted interesting and amusing experiences with Hayward were Bill Bowerman, track coach; Shy Huntington, former football star and football coach; and John Warren, former University basketball coach and assistant track coach.

William Lewis Hayward was of French-Canadian ancestry. His early life in the province of Ontario and Nova Scotia, Canada, proved him to be proficient in many sports, but finally he decided track was his major interest. This decision took him to many state and county fairs where he participated in foot races for jackpot money, events which imposed a certain hazard. It was the unethical practice of the losers of those races to set upon the winner after the races, but according to Bowerman, Hayward kept a waiting horse and buggy nearby and so avoided the inevitable aftermath of a beating.

A decision to go into collegiate coaching took him to Princeton University and the University of

California, thence to Pacific University and Albany College in Oregon. Hayward's coaching methods at these schools produced winning football and track teams which regularly trounced the University of Oregon. In 1904, Virgil Earl, Director of Athletics (many years later Dean of Men), figured the way to have winning teams was to hire Hayward, and offered him a two-year contract as athletic trainer.

Hayward loved to fish, and it is reported that a factor in his decision to come to the University of Oregon was the proximity of the renowned McKenzie River and its fighting rainbow trout. After hooking one of these beauties, Bill himself was hooked, the prelude to forty-four years of residence in Eugene and on the athletic staff of the University.

In addition to his coaching duties he was also director of men's and women's physical education for several years. As the university expanded, coaches were hired for various sports and Hayward became the full-time track coach.

Winning Pacific Northwest track and field meets became traditional. His reputation as the producer of champion sprinters, distance runners, and pole vaulters carried him to the Olympic games.

At one time in his coaching career Hayward trained Gentleman Jim Corbett for his great fight on the barge at San Francisco, a job he may have gotten from his reputation as a tough boxer, a career he followed for a short time.

As an inventor of athletic contrivances to protect injured athletes he had no equal. All three of the speakers related incidents where special harnesses, pads, and

braces were used to keep star athletes in competition. John Warren's and Shy Huntington's animated remarks supplemented those of Bill Bowerman to create an afternoon of lively interest for the Society's members.

In 1934, his alumni athletes, many of whom had attained business and professional prominence, paid Bill Hayward a tribute for his thirty years at Oregon. His influence on their lives is a never-ending subject when the old grads get together.

Some of these young men came to the university with no particular athletic talent, but under Bill's tutelage they developed into superior athletes. The speakers recited many incidents of how Bill

would come into the gloomy locker-room when team morale was low, but after a stirring pep talk returned to the game full of fight to win, a philosophy which continued long past the day of the contest and into the young men's lives. According to John Warren, "That is how we athletes got infused with the famous Oregon Spirit."

An appropriate conclusion to this report is found in *The Story of Eugene* by Lucia W. Moore, Nina McCornack, Gladys W. McCready: "He died on December 14, 1947, but the spirit of the bronzed, erect man who came to Oregon to fish and stayed for almost half a century will always hover over Hayward Field and Oregon's athletic destinies."

### *Excerpt from the Daily Eugene Guard, May 31, 1899*

Charnelton Mulligan died May 30, 1899 at his home in Springfield of heart failure, age 72 years, 11 months, 10 days. The funeral occurred at 3 p.m. at the I.O.O.F. cemetery; services by Reverend Blackwell.

Charnelton Mulligan was one of the best known and most respected of Lane County's pioneers. He ar-

rived in 1847. Like Eugene F. Skinner he gave 40 acres to Lane County for the purpose of locating the county seat in Eugene, his 40 acres lying south of the corner of Eighth Street. He gave freely of his money, time and property in building up the commonwealth. His name has been a synonym for good deeds, uprightness, and manhood.



**Sarah Snelling Tandy**  
(Mrs. Jackson Tandy)

Born: Dec. 13, 1794, Kentucky; married: Nov. 6, 1814, Christian Co., Kentucky; died: Aug. 21, 1864, Eugene, Oregon. A widow for twelve years, she accompanied five of her eight grown children to Oregon, arriving here in the spring of 1851, after spending a winter of terror in Salt Lake City, Utah.

LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
740 West 13th Ave., Eugene, Oregon

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U.S. POSTAGE  
**PAID**  
Permit No. 96  
Eugene, Oregon

Wellington, Mass  
March 27<sup>th</sup>  
To Mahlon H. Harlow my much esteemed friend  
10  
Of Williamette Fork this letter I send  
He lives in Lane County the richest of land.  
and Skinner's Post Office the nearest at hand  
In Oregon Territory far, far to the west  
Around By New York for the nearest and best

Photo of Envelope of Letter to Mahlon Harlow from William Ward, March 23, 1852