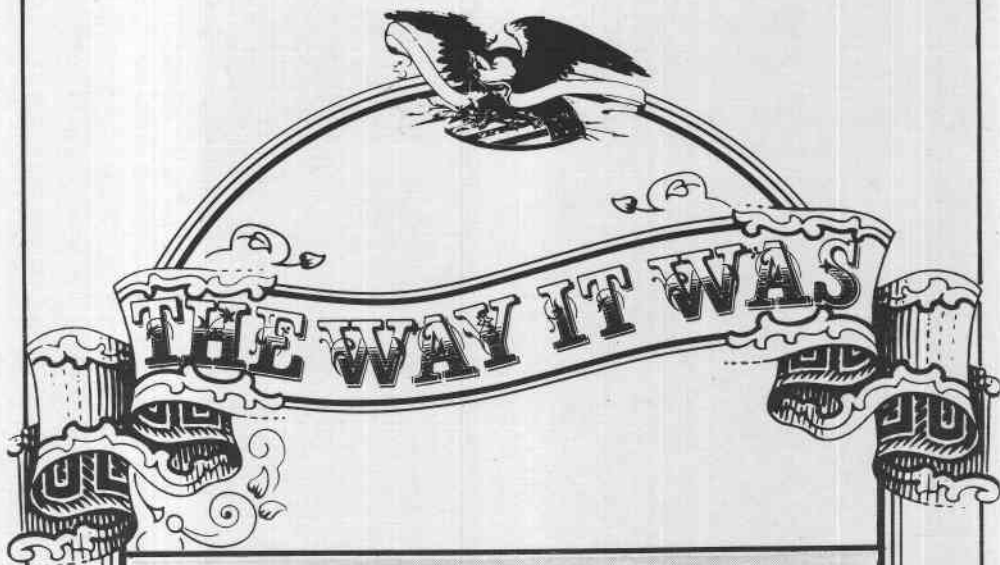


Lane County Historian



Alvadore Baseball Team, 1938

The Lane County Historical Society
Vol. XXX, No. 3 **Fall, 1985**

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Lane County Historian, Vol. XXX, No. 3 Fall, 1985

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CONTENTS

HISTORY OF ALVADORE compiled by Lois Barton	45
THE THURSDAY CLUB by Geraldine Drew	57
HAZEL PEPPER McDUFFY REMEMBERS	59

Reader Dave Ramstead responded to the Thurston story in our summer issue with the following information:

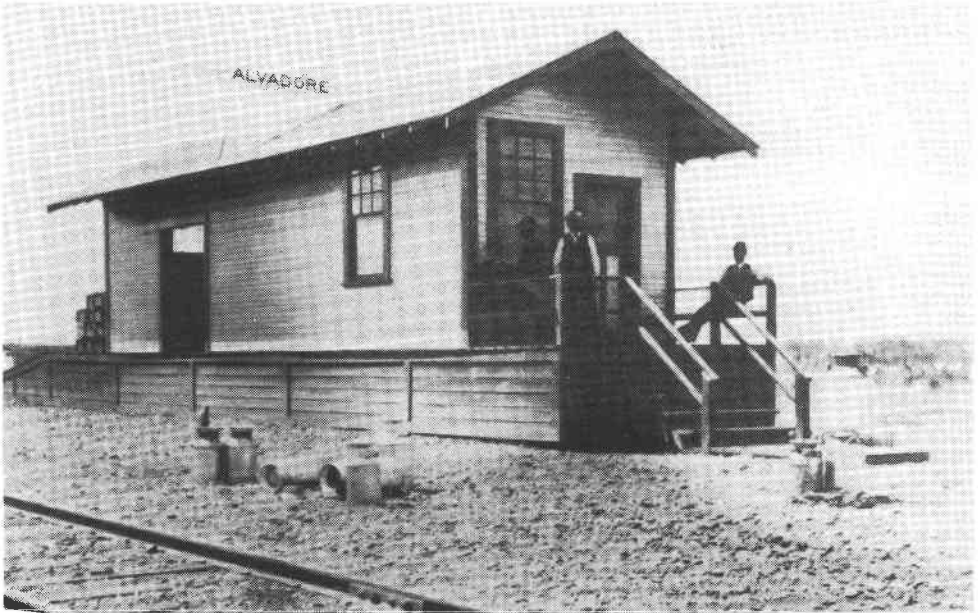
The National Archives in Washington, D.C. gives information with regard to postmasters contained in Records of Appointment of Postmasters and Post Office Establishment and Discontinuance, 1830 through September 30, 1971. This information shows that Thomas H. Hunsaker was the first postmaster of Thurston, being appointed March 16, 1877. On December 11, 1877 the post office was discontinued. It was reestablished August 20, 1888 with Martin V. Rees postmaster. Subsequent postmasters and their dates of appointment were Benjamin F. Russell, June 11, 1889; Taylor S. Rees, April 30, 1891; Ruth Rees, October 21, 1896; Ruth Chevalier, July 15, 1897. Again the post office was discontinued January 6, 1903, effective January 31, and it was reestablished February 16, 1903 with Ruth Chevalier postmaster. Frank C. White, December 16, 1903; Ross L. Mathews, October 31, 1905; Frank J. Rennie, December 10, 1929, with Mrs. Opal I. Rennie assuming charge of the office on October 22, 1951.

* * *

Assistance in collecting material for this issue is gratefully acknowledged by your editor. Special thanks go to Bill Fairlee who had a wonderful picture collection, to Barbara Hansen, Gerry Drew, Tom Day, Barry Hartford, Mary Jacobson, Maifair Myers, Helen Sanborn.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF ALVADORE, OREGON

compiled by Lois Barton



Southern Pacific train depot, Alvadore

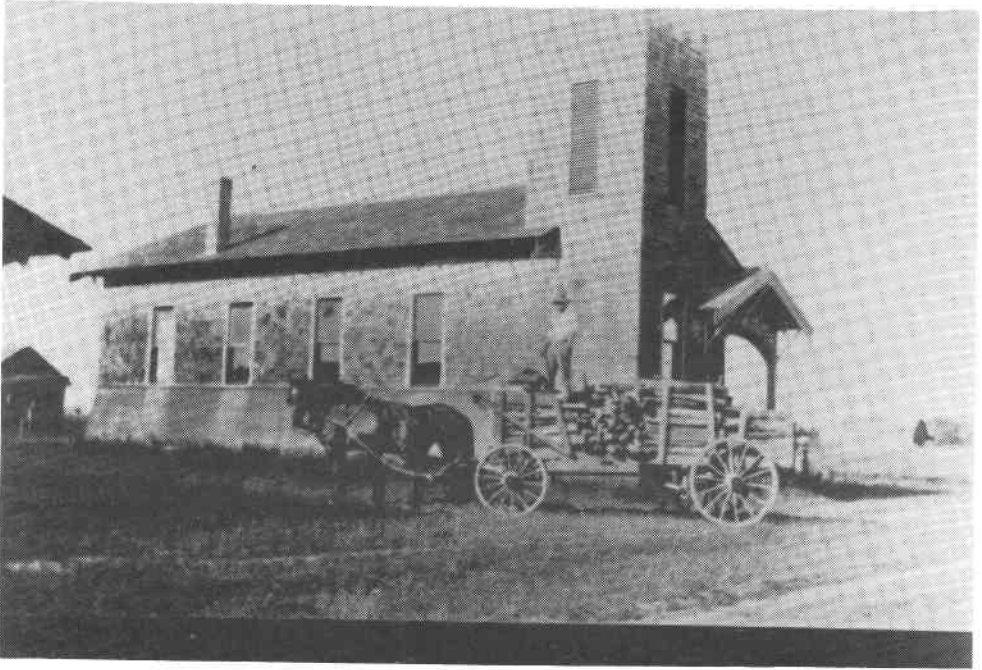
The area where Alvadore was eventually platted was locally known as Fern Ridge for many years. The name derived from a long fern-covered ridge east of the Long Tom River and extending southward from Meadow View.

Early Lane County homesteads as shown on the Metzger Map place the claims of Thomas Ferris, Green B. and Lavinia Hays, Moses Hougham and R.B. Hays contiguous to present-day Alvadore. (See map page 63)

The **Lane County Historian**, Vol. XII, p. 31, 32 states that the Hays were related to Richardsons, Hintons and Browns who homesteaded a little farther west. Green and Lavinia Hays were buried in the Richardson cemetery. R.B. or Richard Hays came first to California then on to Oregon in 1852, taking a donation land claim in Fern Ridge. He later bought acreage near Crow. (LCH Vol. VI, p. 72)

E.S. Adkins, whose arrival is described in the history prepared by the Alvadore Christian Council, was a member of the Lancaster Light Horse Cavalry, Company D., in 1865. (LCH, Vol. X, p. 6) His property is shown on an 1858 survey map as a legal subdivision, but not as a homestead.

The following article was included in **The Century Cookbook** published by the Alvadore Christian Council in 1953. Two later editions of the cookbook were produced. All are out of print today.



Alvadore Christian Church, 1920. Xury Lemmon on wagon. Fairlee collection.

ALVADORE CHRISTIAN CHURCH HISTORY

On a bright Autumn morning in October, 1853, a prairie schooner pulled to a stop on a knoll overlooking Long Tom River to the West and the green trees of the mighty Willamette to the East.

The oxen that had drawn the wagon from Kirksville, Missouri were no more tired than were the occupants of the lumbering vehicle. Many were the hardships and privations encountered on the long journey, but Edward S. and Helen A. Adkins were undaunted. Pioneers such as they have built roads, established homes, and laid the foundations of churches, schools and a civilization that has become a power in these United States of ours.

Almost at once they began their log cabin. The work progressed steadily until a home was acquired.

Their wish to have a church home as well as a material home was realized in the autumn of 1853 when a few Christian friends were invited to their home for prayers of thankfulness and meditation.

The Sunday meeting habit grew, more friends came and on December 3, 1855 Elder Philip Mulkey assumed the duties of pastor. The organization was now called Grand Prairie Church. At the end of another year, 1856, the meetings were held in the new Grand Prairie Schoolhouse.

At this time such names as Hettie Bond, (See LCH Vol. VII, p. 35) Jane

Lyon and Ursula Bushnell, who was the mother of Helen Adkins, appear on the church roster.

Later came the Crabtrees — Zimrie, Maria Jane and Sister Quincy; the Mulkeys, four of them — Parmelia, John, Sarah Jane and Louisa; and O.R. Bean. By May of '65, Mary and Melinda Ellmaker, Thomas and Martha Jennings and James and Emma Adkins were added to the ever-increasing number of members. (See note on pg. D)

Then came the wet and rainy winter of '78 and '79. It was deemed advisable for the southern portion of the congregation to find a meeting place nearer to their homes. For several years meeting were held in a schoolhouse near Clear Lake.

Occasionally Gilmore Callison preached to the congregation.

People living near Junction City took their membership to Junction City under the leadership of James Bushnell.

A few years later a group of Mennonites living in this area became dissatisfied with their location and offered their church building for sale. This building had been trekked down from Dallas, Oregon previously.

In about 1890 the purchase was made and meetings were held regularly in the new location across the street from the present Frank Goodman property.

Fern Ridge enjoyed a period of prosperity during its stay at this



Alvadore Christian Church Sunday School Class, 1934. Front row; Roy Sanborn, Don Goodman, Alene King, Colby Sanborn, Maifair Saunders. Second Row: Alta Saunders, Teacher, Dorene Bailey, Alice Bailey, Janice Adkins, Vivian Leavitt, Phyllis Day, Iris Webster, Kenneth Leavitt. Back row: Avon King, Curtis Sanborn, Ed Goodman, —, Max Saunders, Kenneth Drew, Tom Day. — Courtesy Helen Sanborn.



Philip Mulkey, courtesy Philip Mulkey Hunt

place. Then in 1915, when the town of Alvadore was platted, lots were given to the Christian Church by the Pacific Land Co. and the building was moved to its present site.

During the later years such citizens as the J.N. Carsons, J.B. Shermans, F.C. Pophams, the Byers families, Dr. and Mrs. Graham, Jeremiah Day, Dave Fishers, A.J. Cheshires, and the William Smiths were active in the church. Arthur Bates preached here during some of these years.

In 1934, while the Winthrop Halls were operating the Alvadore Store, invitations were sent out by Carmelita, his wife, to the women of the church and community to come to her house on April 4 with a view to an organization which could help the

church in all the ways women can be of help, thus unifying the women of the neighborhood, and help a fine church to minister to its own needs. Fifteen ladies were present and Mrs. Xury Lemmon was elected to be the first president. The society was called Friendly Helpers Council. The next meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Paul Saunders. It was a pot luck dinner and the women worked on a quilt for the Children's Farm Home.

From this worthy beginning the Council has never varied. When plans were made to remodel the church building in 1951, the Council donated the nucleus of the Building Fund. The work of remodeling has gone forth steadily and much credit is due to those who have so willingly volunteered their services in time, labor and finances.

Soon after the beginning of the second century of the Alvadore Church in 1953, the community started to grow rapidly.

The idea of building a larger church to meet the needs of the growing population was mentioned frequently. In October 1965, Marvin Ringsdorf was appointed Building Committee chairman. The idea of building a church was still mentioned frequently for the next two years. There was need for a new and larger church but no means for one, until in the summer of 1967, when we opened a food booth at the Lane County Fair. It was such a great success fellowship-wise that enough enthusiasm and support was generated to plunge ahead on building plans.

Dudley Snider was hired as contractor, and with some hired labor, and much volunteer help, both in gifts and labor, the new sanctuary was finished and formally dedicated November 30, 1969.

We of Alvadore are proud of our building, we are proud of our congregation, and we are proud of our record. We feel that God has been gracious unto us, for which we give reverent thanks. May the Alvadore Church live to enjoy another one hundred years in which to sow the seeds of kindness generously, to serve humanity fully, and to worship our God humbly.

NOTE: Authoritative information for this data has been taken from the diaries of Helen A. Adkins and James Bushnell, her brother, who later founded the church now at Junction City.

ALVADORE STATISTICS

In 1909 Fern Ridge, where Alvadore now stands, was owned by L. Lemmon, and purchased from him by E.L. Klemer for orchards.

A company was formed known as the Pacific Land Co., with Alvadore Welsh as promoter. About 1000 acres were secured, 400 of which were later planted to prunes.

In 1912 the location was surveyed and laid out in 25x100 foot lots which sold for \$60.00. (Railroad and Main are the principle streets running north and south. 5th, 6th and 7th run east and west). Mr. Welsh magnanimously gave his name to the fair little city and we hold the distinction of being the only Alvadore Post Office in the United States. The lots were planted to apple, prune and pear trees.

In 1913 the Portland, Eugene and Eastern Railway completed the line from Eugene to Alvadore, which would have connected Eugene and Portland. A second branch was proposed from Eugene to the coast via

Alvadore. This one did not materialize.

In 1914 Alvadore acquired a post office with E.P. Saunders as the first postmaster. Two automobiles, owned by E.L. Klemer and Mr. McKeen, cruised the streets. Residents wishing to go to the county seat, traveled by train to Eugene.

In 1915 Alvadore consisted of two grocery stores. Bob Shimin was the first storekeeper. It also had a community hall, prune dryer, railroad station, pool hall, hotel, restaurant, barber shop, lumber yard, grain and hay warehouse, furniture store, candy and soft drink store, blacksmith shop, church, an apple packing house, and a number of dwellings. Mr. Ed Hulse built the schoolhouse at this time.

Alvadore School enjoyed two years of high school during its first years. Later one year was offered, and still later the 9th grade was also left out. Mr. Kabler, Helen Coe, Mr. and Mrs. Morrow, J.B. Sherman and Jennie Bennett were some of the earlier teachers.

Farmers owned a rural telephone and operated it efficiently for several years. When wire, poles, etc. needed replacements, the line was discontinued.

In 1920 the depression struck Alvadore as well as the surrounding towns. The railroad was discontinued, and fruit growers were unable to sell their produce. The little town managed to exist, and for the next 20 years weathered the storm.

In 1937 electricity came. Mountain States put in a line after several mass meetings were held. The power and lights were greatly appreciated and people bought refrigerators, radios and stoves.

In 1939 a garage was built and is now operated by Herb Jacobson.

Work was started on the Fern Ridge Dam in this year. The construction work lasted about two years and the dam was completed in 1940. A lake four miles wide and seven miles long is formed, containing 14,000 acres in its reservoir, with 10,000 acres of water. The gates are the original radial type. The dam was built for the purpose of flood control. Many beautiful picnic areas are stationed along the shores.

In 1950 Clyde Gillette started the first nursery in Alvadore.

Some of the earlier settlers still living in this area are Adkins, Lemmons, Goodmans, Halladeys and Saunders.

As the dirt roads were **paved** more and more people were attracted to

this area to make their homes. New houses began to take shape with regularity.

In 1959 Gillette's Nursery was sold to Milton Decker. Decker's Nursery is now the largest in Lane County and 90% of the plants they sell are grown here.

In 1962 The Mike Dickens farm of the Fern Ridge Dam Rd. was sold to Breeden Brothers, and it became Clear Lake Estates, adding still more homes to the area.

In 1967 a trailer court was opened on Snyder Rd.

Alvadore still enjoys the quiet of the country that is within a half hour's drive of a busy little metropolis, Eugene. A home here is ideal!

In addition to the foregoing history of the Alvadore community, Maifair Saunders Myers has contributed the following information in a letter dated August 12, 1985.

Lois Barton, Editor

Lane County Historian

In reply to your letter of inquiry about Alvadore history I'll try to help a little . . .

My parents, E. Paul Saunders and Alta Saunders, moved to Alvadore in 1913-14. My dad was first Alvadore postmaster, but for just a short time as he wanted to care for new orchards and it was the reason they moved to Oregon from Washington. They did not homestead, however. The Alvadore area had been platted into orchards of all kinds but mainly apples. I'm enclosing a picture of the house where my parents first lived and my brother, Max A. Saunders and

I were both born in this house. It is still standing and in use (additions were put on in 50s and 60s.) It is on Orchard Lane . . . My folks did not own this home, but rented same from a California doctor-investor and later we moved across the road where my



dad purchased his own old house, and later had acres and acres of apples, peaches, prunes, pears, cherries, etc. He died in 1964 and mother in 1966 and we sold remaining acres and house about 1968. The old home there was used by Alvadore Fire Department for a drill in training and a mobile home put there and is still there.

I went to school at Alvadore Grade School where they also had the Freshman years of high school at that time (1931-32) and then transferred to Eugene High School. That old school building is still standing. It has been used for a private home for many years and is located just west of the Christian Church. The Community Hall was on second story of grade school and was a well-used building for many activities for all communities around nearby. My

mother was very active in youth groups and church. Was the choir director and pianist for church for years and years and always directed community plays we used to put on for fund raising. Church, school and community activities were our social life and a busy one too!

Ivan Halladay lives near Fern Ridge Dam and could probably tell you much history as his family lived west of church and school and near Long Tom River where we swam and in fact, I was baptized there.

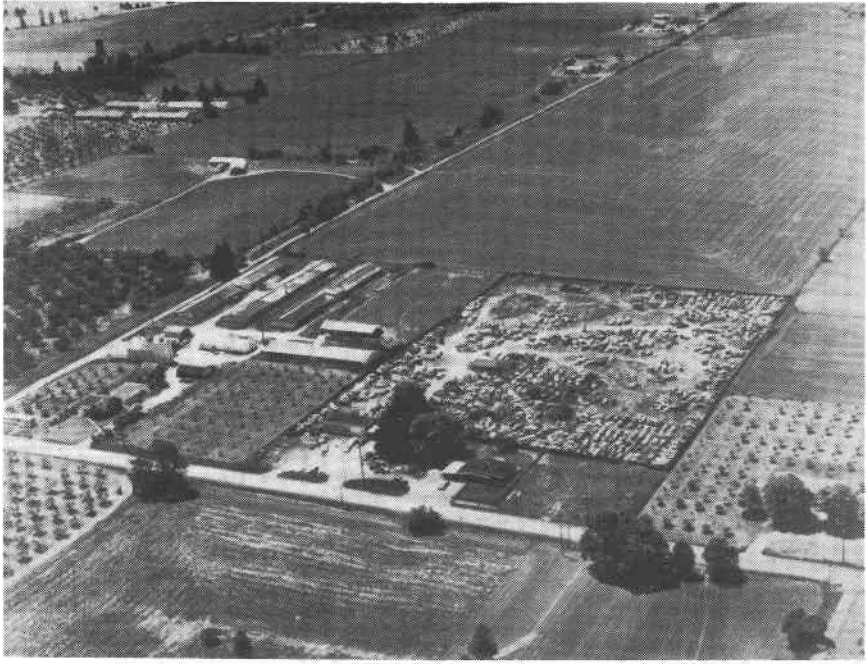
I was scorekeeper for men's Alvadore baseball team in the '30s. They played in a league with teams from Vaughn, Noti, Elmira, Westfir, etc., so traveled a lot on Sundays after church. The boys all worked 6 days a week so games were on Sunday. We had huge crowd of rabid fans and lots of fun! . . .

Alvadore Baseball Team, 1938 (on cover)

Front row: Cecil Branson, Max Saunders, Curtis Sanborn, Colby Sanborn, Bart Marrow. Back row: Don Goodman, Roy Sanborn, Kenneth Drew, Harold Drew, Emil Hansen, Bob Goodman. — Courtesy Helen Sanborn



Back row; l-r, Archie Smith, Millissa Stapleton, R.G. Popham, ——. Second row; Agnes Fisher, ———, Geraldine Adkins, Maifair Saunders. Front row; Janice Adkins, Elizabeth Holcomb, Dorothy Van Dyke. — from Bill Fairlee collection.



Aerial view ca. 1955 of the area immediately south of Alvadore, taken by Jim Hosmer by request of Lefty and Hegla Cross who operated the wrecking yard. Hartford Egg Ranch, now Alvadore RV Storage, occupies the left center. Manning's Egg Ranch at upper left and in that corner the edge of Fern Ridge Lake near Orchard Point. Alvadore Road horizontally in foreground. — From Bill Fairlee collection.

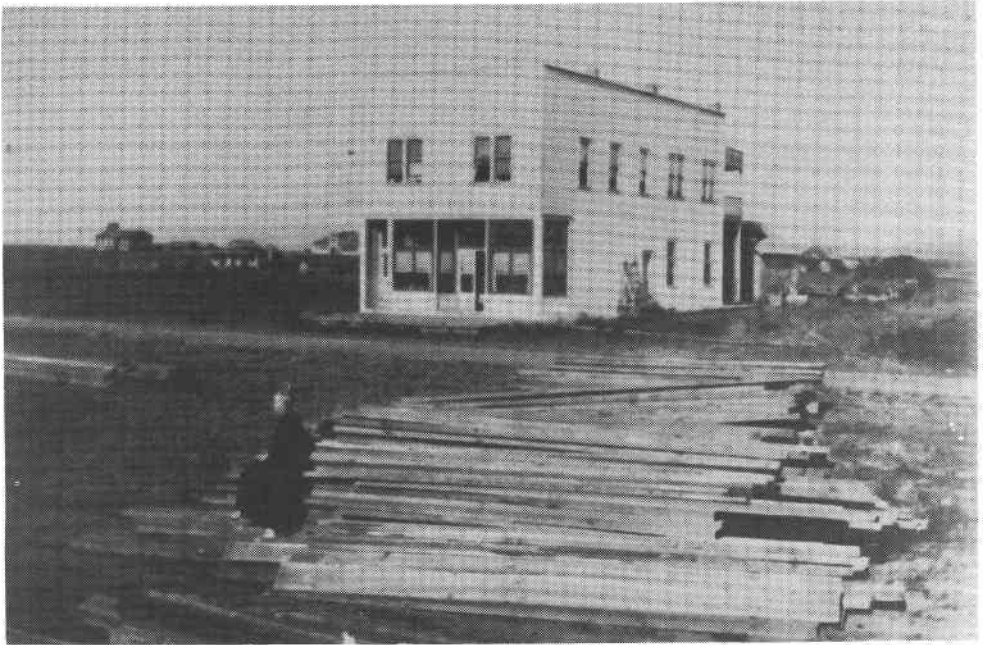
The following items were derived from notes made during telephone conversations with several former and present-day Alvadore residents. Ed.

Barry Hartford said James Thomas Hartford, his father, and Royal Manning, his uncle, came to Oregon from California in 1949 and started a chicken and egg business near Lowell. That site is now under Lookout Point Reservoir. In 1951 they moved their business to Alvadore, using the name Hartford and Manning. Manning eventually had a separate business as shown in the aerial photograph. In 1961 the business became known as Hartford and Sons, then later as Hartford Eggs.

At the peak of their production they had 60,000 chickens and brought in and processed 24,000 cases of eggs from California per week. They were feeding four tons of feed a day. He said when the government started shipping wheat to Russia and the price of grain went up from \$40 to \$200 per ton and stayed there the egg business was discontinued.

Barry also mentioned that his first grade teacher at the Alvadore school was Mrs. Persons.

Barbara Lemmon Hansen (Mrs. Emil) said her grandparents, James W. and Emily Stapleton, came to the area about 1920. They lived in and operated the hotel at that time, for Barbara's parents were married in

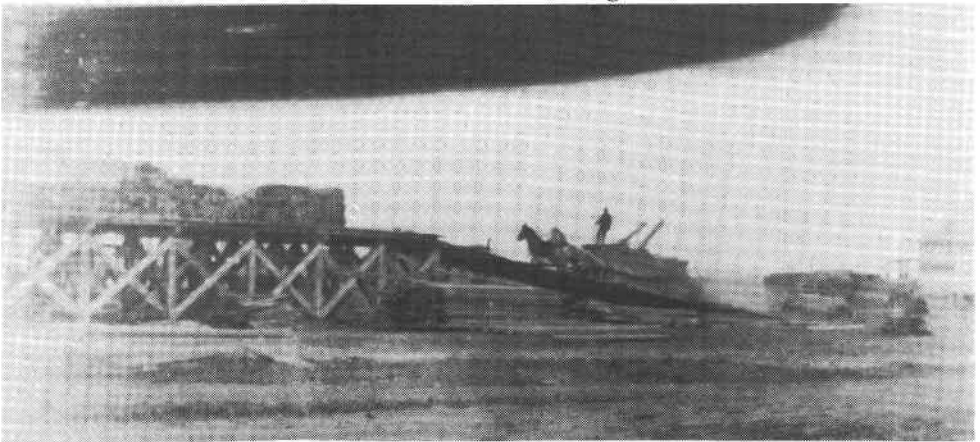


Alvadore hotel, Emily Stapleton on lumber pile – Fairlee collection

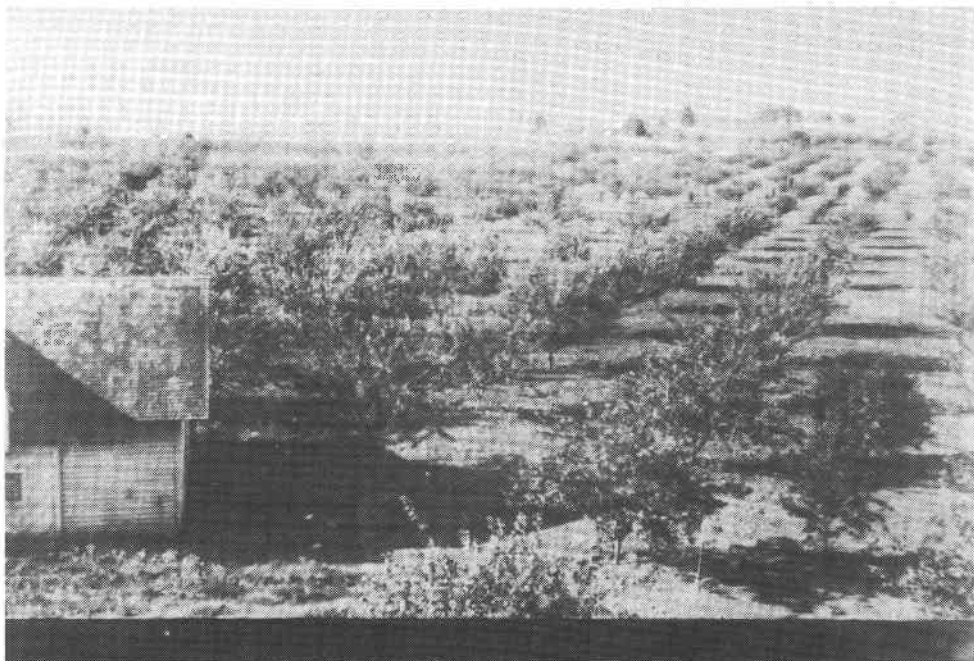
the building while her parents lived there. Barbara's Uncle John Stapleton had his real estate office in one front corner of the hotel building.

She thought the hotel clientele was mostly railroad men who took their meals there and perhaps some of them rented rooms to stay in during

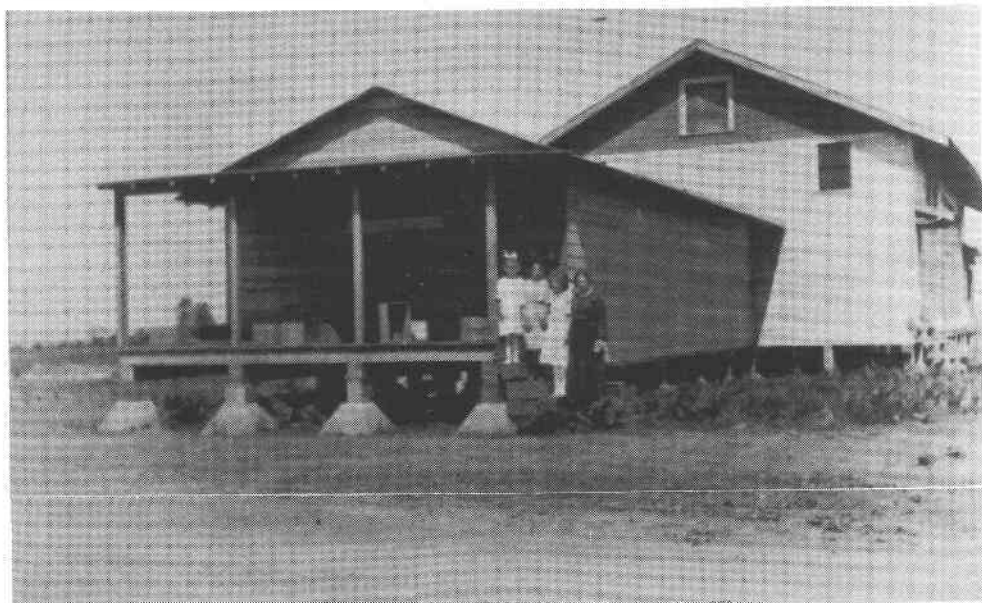
time off from their runs. Geraldine Drew said the Stapletons were the only people ever to live in the hotel. When they moved out they took up residence in a former pool hall nearby. The hotel was later torn down and lumber used in a house which is still standing in Alvadore.



E.P. Saunders lumber yard in Alvadore ca. 1920. Bill Fairlee collection



Anna and me (Mrs. Stapleton) was up on the water tower and looked over this orchard (King place). And it was a good hot day. Then we went out to Lady's (Melissa Lemmon) on the hay rack with Papa (J.S. Stapleton), had dinner with Lady and Barbara (Hansen).
— from Bill Fairlee collection.



Apple packing house, Alvadore, ca. 1920 — Fairlee collection.

Barbara's other grandfather, Lemuel Lemmon came to the area about 1898. His land is now partly under Fern Ridge Lake. The home they built stood near the present concession stand at Orchard Point. They rented a house just northeast of Alvadore while their home was being constructed. They found the rented house full of fleas when they came, so they brought in some sheep, whereupon the fleas all took up residence on the sheep and left the house clear for human occupancy.

There is a family story that Lemuel Lemmon satisfied some Indian claims to his land by giving them cattle. The Indians built a fire right in the barnyard and barbecued their beef on the spot.

Tom Day said his father, Jeremiah Day, worked as a section hand on the railroad and his mother in the store which they owned for a time about 1920. He remembered that the train ran through Alvadore till 1934. He attended first through ninth grade in Alvadore except for eighth grade. His mother came from Brooklyn, New York, and when her mother got sick she returned to help out, taking the children with her. They stayed one winter and he went to school in Brooklyn.

According to Tom, Herbert Armstrong, the noted preacher, really got his start in Alvadore. He held a series of meetings in the auditorium upstairs in the old schoolhouse. People in that community gave him money for a car and a house. Garner Ted Armstrong was a baby in arms at those meetings.

The school near Sanborns north of



Old Alvadore School — opposite Decker's Nursery — Fairlee collection

Alvadore was called the Lower Fern Ridge School. The building is still there, used as a storage shed now. Tom wished to make clear that the Alvadore area was Fern Ridge *first* and that the name has been appropriated by other communities later on.

Gerry Drew recounted the following item about the apple house. "A year or so after it was no longer in use, a farmer north of Alvadore noticed a stranger walking along the railroad track towards Alvadore at dusk. That night the apple house burned to the ground. The next morning the same man was seen walking back along the tracks. The farmer called the sheriff and told him if he went to Cheshire he could probably intercept the man responsible for the fire. The sheriff apprehended him and he was convicted of burning the building for insurance."

From STATIONS WEST, The Story of the Oregon Railways by Edwin D. Culp

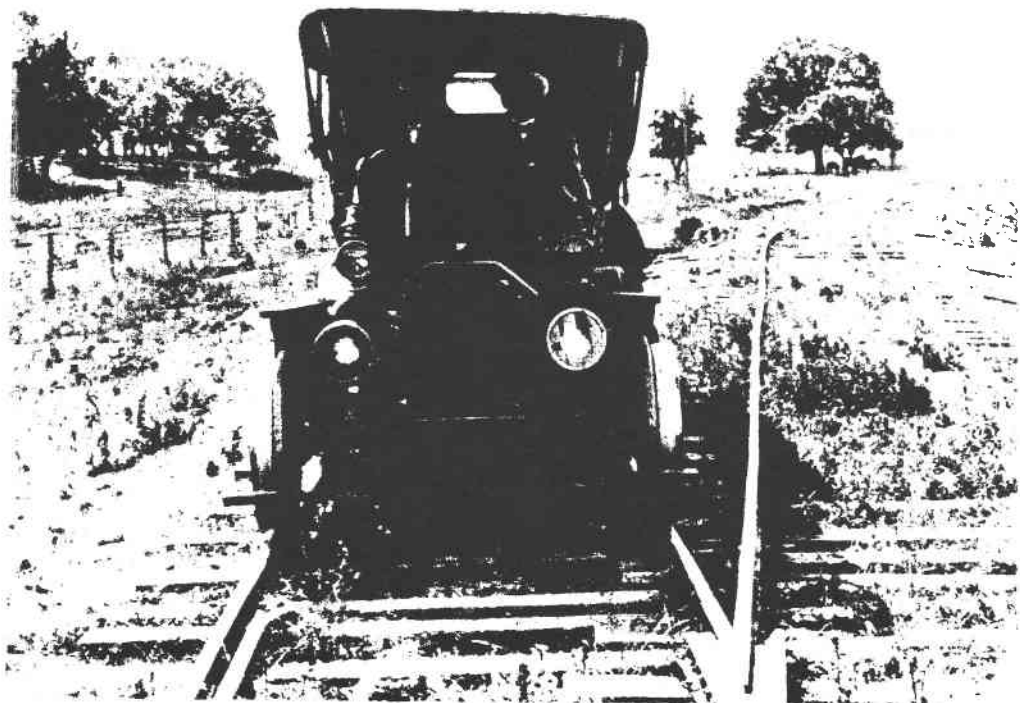
CORVALLIS & ALSEA RIVER RAILWAY COMPANY (SP)

Built by Stephen Carver in 1908, this line extended for some thirty miles from Corvallis south to Monroe, Alpine and Glenbrook. The line was intended originally to be constructed on to Alsea and thence to the Pacific Coast, but the panic of 1909 prevented Carver from securing adequate credit to finance the remainder of the road.

In 1911, Alvadore Welch purchased

the C&AR along with the streetcar systems of Salem, Albany, West Linn and Eugene with the idea that these lines would be the nucleus for an electric railroad to be built from Portland to San Francisco. But in 1912 the Portland Eugene & Eastern Railway Company (Welch's corporation) was sold to the Southern Pacific.

The Chief Engineer of the Corvallis & Alsea Railroad Company traveling over the line in his automobile equipped with flange wheels.



THE THURSDAY CLUB

by *Geraldine Drew*

In the summer of 1914 a group of men in the neighborhood began construction on a new church building in Alvadore. Their wives brought their noon meal to them. One day in August, the women decided to spend the afternoon at the home of Mrs. Carson where they organized a social and literary club and named it Thursday Club.

One of the articles of incorporation set the rules of membership:

A prospective member must attend a meeting so the members could become acquainted with her. When her name was presented for membership a secret ballot would be taken. One 'no' vote would bar her from membership at that time. However, her name could be re-submitted later and another vote taken.

Soon after these rules were made an acting vice president admitted a candidate for membership without this vote. The woman happened to be the neighborhood tale bearer. Immediately a rule was passed permitting no gossip at the meetings and no discussion of religion or politics. I sincerely believe those three rules are responsible for the club to have lasted 70 years.

In 1948 the rule of asking a prospective member to first visit a meeting was broken. When the Halls sold the Alvadore store to Pete and Anna Hill, Mrs. Hall proposed that Anna Hill and her daughter Mary Jacobson replace her sister Mrs. Hacker and her in the club's roster. Their names were voted on and accepted. We took a chance and gained two wonderful members. Both have been active until about a year

ago when Anna decided at 98 she deserved a rest.

In 1936 club members began calling each other by their first names. Those forgetting were fined a penny. Twelve cents were collected the first meeting, and for several months pennies were collected every meeting.

In reading over pages and pages of minutes I was impressed with the humor, the wit, and the deep affection the members have for each other and the club.

From the beginning, there were different forms of entertainment; often piano solos and singing. One meeting everyone was asked to wear their clothes backward. Another time we were told someone would pick us up, not on the regular day or the regular hour, and we must come dressed just as we were. Minnetta Sanborn won the prize for the messiest housewife and Mildred Hansen the neatest. No one would have enjoyed the joke on herself more than Minnetta. She even may have done it on purpose. Karl Kruck gave a talk on Russian poetry at one meeting. One January everyone wrote their New Year's resolution on a slip of paper and we guessed who belonged to each resolution.

Because current events were falling in a rut, we started assigning general topics. In June 1961 we were all to comment on the possibility of putting a man on the moon.

We're supposed to be a social and literary club and we have book reports now and then. One year we belonged to the Book of the Month Club. Another time we had a magazine exchange. That seems a good idea even now.

In the beginning, refreshments were always served at the end of the afternoon, sometimes as late as 5 o'clock. One meeting didn't adjourn until after dark.

Although the rules stipulated just two items and a beverage, hostesses began serving more and more items. You can imagine how your family at home fared every second and fourth Thursday night when you had just filled up on sandwiches, salad, and cake or cookies at 5 o'clock.

One woman admitted that in order to keep her husband happy she would set the table as soon as she got home and trick him into believing supper was about ready.

In 1954 Barbara Bailey suggested if we served refreshments at the beginning of the meeting we would be able to prepare dinner for our family with more enthusiasm. This we have done ever since.

The members have always exchanged Christmas gifts. First they drew numbers then they exchanged names. It wasn't until 1934, at Minnetta Sanborn's suggestion that we began peanut sisters.

One Christmas everyone was to give an apron they had made. In 1930 it was decided to lower the limit to spend on a gift from 25¢ to 15¢.

Several methods were used over the years to raise money. Plays and programs were put on to convert the second story of the Alvadore School into a community hall. We built a kitchen, a stage with drapes, and had seats built. Money was raised for other projects too. We had a galloping tea for a while. If you called on someone unexpectedly in the afternoon for

a cup of tea you paid 10¢. If you were there for lunch it would cost you a quarter. For five or six years we took turns bringing a potluck which was sold to the lucky number holder for 25¢.

An emergency medical fund was started in 1961 with a tasting tea that raised \$13.75. The fund was never used and eventually it was used to buy a wheelchair.

The luncheon or dinner for the husbands was an annual affair since 1916 until discontinued about 20 years ago. The annual picnic also used to be for the whole family. Now it's just for members and their children. The annual luncheon is still going although stunts have more or less been dropped.

We've had our influence too. In January 1969 a committee of Mary Jacobson, Delores Hendrickson and Jeannie Von Moos was deligated to ask the commissioners what could be done about the litter in the ditches. The commissioners said if volunteers would pick up the litter the county would send a truck to haul it off. The fire department offered their help. By May the C.Y.F. had cleaned Goodman and Snyder roads. Do you suppose that started the Litter Patrol?

In 1953 another club committee approached the commissioners to pave Alvadore road. They were assured work would start that summer. By November nothing had been done. A mass meeting was set for December 5 at the Alvadore School and eventually the road was paved.

It's nice to remember, besides having fun, the club has been useful too.

HAZEL PEPPER McDUFFIE REMEMBERS

The following story was sent to your editor by Doris Denton of Pleasant Hill, California. She explained as follows: "The enclosed story was written by my mother, Hazel Estelle May Pepper, many years ago . . . Hazel was born on a little farm near Heceta Point on 15 August, 1895. Her parents were William Henry and Ella (Rifenburgh) Pepper. They had moved to Oregon with three older children (Eva Gertrude, Frank Ellsworth and Elvia Bell) from Philips County, Kansas but I am not sure exactly when — probably a year or two before Hazel was born. Hazel married Henry Lloyd McDuffee in 1919."

The first I remember must have been shortly before my father left for Alaska to "seek his fortune". That was in the gold rush days of 1898 or when I was three years old. My father was probably preparing things around the home for my mother and the family before he left. I was three in August and he left about the first of September. Anyway he felled a big tree across the road and sawed the trunk into stove lengths and rolled them down the hill to our yard. I remember so well one of them swerved and knocked down a section of the fence which seemed a great tragedy since he was working against time. He also dug a new receptacle for the outhouse which filled with water so he filled it in and dug in another place with more success. He then moved the outhouse or "back house" as we called it, over the new hole. Then he missed a hen and by hunch dug down in the previous hole and there he found her.

I remember being talked out of my baby pillow so that papa could have a small pillow to take with him on his trip to Alaska. I saw the pillow swallowed up in his rolled up pack. It was a great sacrifice. Then I remember going with my mother to the chicken yard which was the highest point of our yard, to watch my

father leaving for as long as we could see him. I remember mother crying into her apron. I was six years old before I again saw my father, minus the fortune he had gone to seek.

I'll tell you about the man who went to Alaska with my father. He left a family of four children too. I only remember the youngest child, a boy about my age, named Quinton Quantrell Landis. The name was



Standing l-r Elvia Belle Pepper, Eva Gertrude Pepper, Frank Ellsworth Pepper. Sitting, Hazel Estelle May Pepper. Taken just before their father left for Alaska. — Courtesy Doris Denton

supposed to be that of a notorious bandit. This Mr. Landis turned out to be a murderer. He fled Alaska and never was found.

One time after we had moved across the river to Florence we went back to the old house in Glenada and found a pair of dirty sox beside a box which evidently was used for a chair. There were other evidences that a man had been staying there so immediately the imaginations of the older children went to work and they made it the hide-out of Mr. Landis.

We stayed in the Glenada house about a year after dad went to Alaska. Some time after he left my mother went to work in a hotel, "Hotel Florence" across the river in Florence. Since Eva, the eldest, about 14 or 15 at the time, was also working for a family, that left Elvia (11 or 12) and Frank (9 or 10) to take care of the house and me (3 or 4). I remember sitting in my high chair waiting for a hot cake, which was all they knew how to cook, to be ready for me. I watched the cooks, Elvia and Frank, play pranks on each other which involved the hot cakes. I remember Frank opening the stove lid and plopping Elvia's hot cake into the fire. I remember them chasing each other around and around the house outside with their hot cakes on the turner. I never could figure out the idea but to them it seemed awfully funny at the time.

Where Eva worked it was up a steep hill with a long, long stairway going up. We got our milk there. I remember visiting there. I remember they had a parlor and we were allowed in there at least once. I suppose it was when we went with mother. Their parlor was very imposing and had huge framed pictures of family members on the walls. One was of twin girls and

Frank told me it was a two-headed baby. This memory haunted me until I was old enough to realize that Frank was teasing as usual. The family's name was Young and I thought them rich 'cause they had a parlor. We never had a parlor.

One time a man rowed me across the river in a row boat to visit my mother. I think it must have been just for the weekend. I remember my mother and the other woman working there putting me up on a kitchen cabinet table to play while they were busy serving dinner in the dining room. They gave me some dishes to play with and I remember walking around on the table playing house. In the evening we, my mother and I, mother holding me on her lap, were sitting in the dance hall at the hotel watching the dancers. Mother told me not to go to sleep. I thought she told me to go to sleep. So I did and missed the whole show.

I did go to school for a while when I was four, probably near five. Another little girl and I were four. Her name was Nora. We learned to read off of a chart with very large letters. I wanted to go because I was lonesome for my brother and sisters. I suppose I stopped going when I grew tired of it. I didn't start again until I was seven.

While living in the Florence house a woman and her little girl came to live with us for a while. Pearl was the little girl's name. Pearl was an imp. There was a creek running across the corner of our yard and one day she went wading in it with her shoes on. She kept wanting me to come in too and after a while I dared to do so. How well I remember looking toward the house and seeing both Pearl's mother and Eva looking at us from the dutch door of the wood shed. We ran but I

stopped, knowing it was no use. Pearl hid under the big building at the back of the yard. Because Pearl hid she got spanked plus put to bed. Because I did not hide I just got put to bed.

There was a captain somebody who was a friend of dad's who used to come once in a while to see how things were going. He was a jolly old fellow with just his thumb and a forefinger on his right hand. He would grab my arm with his thumb and forefinger and I couldn't get away. Those digits were terribly strong. He took Frank to Heceta Point to spend a week with him. I can remember them walking out the road out of sight, Frank with a gunny sack over his shoulder with his clothes inside. They walked past the Indian burial ground which was not far from our house in a hill of sand. The kids used to go out there and dig for whatever they could find, such as arrowheads.

We heard from dad from time to time but very little of the money he sent home got through that wild and wooly country. I remember writing, scribbling, a letter to him and he wrote back that he had to get an Eskimo to read it to him.

My mother took in sewing for a while and I remember sitting in my high chair by the machine watching her when I stuck my foot into the big wheel. Those sewing machines were different from the ones today. they had a treadle worked by foot power that turned a big wheel which in turn turned a smaller wheel such as you see at the top of some sewing machines today.

My mother did many things to support us while papa was away. She took charge of the boarding house at the jetty at the mouth of the river and moved us all down there. I don't know how far it was, five or ten miles



Ella Rifenburg Pepper. — Courtesy Doris Denton

probably. We went down by horse and wagon. A couple of chairs fell off the wagon and the driver didn't know it until he got there, so mama sent Elvia and Frank hiking back up the road to find them. They came back after a while with them.

I remember wiping dishes at the boarding house and stacking them so high they toppled over and a great many of them broke. Mother had me take the broken ones down under the boardwalk and bury them in the sand.

My brother and I were up on the sand hills watching a ship come into the mouth of the river, and saying, "Suppose it gets stuck on the sand bar," and it did! The bar was exposed at low tide and later we saw people out walking around on the bar. Frank

knew that the tide was too far out for the ship to cross but apparently the captain did not. It had to wait until the next high tide to get off. That was why they were building a jetty for deeper water at the mouth of the river. A crew of men were working on it, eating at the boarding house and sleeping in a bunk house.

The dining room was not ceiled and I remember the rats used to run around the rafters at night, two of them white. We all slept in one big bedroom.

How long we stayed there I don't know but I seem to have stayed five years old an awfully long time. I remember coming back to Florence on a steamer. The dock was lots higher than the boat and they let us down into the boat in a cage-like affair on a rope. I was scared.

We had moved from Heceta lighthouse by wagon before I was two so I don't remember that move. My sister told me how we got started about four in the morning while the tide was out so we could drive up the beach past the sea lion caves. The tide was coming in fast and my sister remembers them whipping the horses as they thought we were not going to make it. We did!

I was born on a little farm up Salt Creek from the lighthouse.

There were two interesting incidents that my sisters told me of that happened on this little farm. One was that our mother was going out to the barn for something and the bull which was usually in a separate yard was loose in the barnyard. He charged mother and she ran for the barn and slammed the door behind her. Now my mother did not know that Elvia was following her. So of course the next charge was made at Elvia. Now Elvia could just reach the top of the fence but in her fright she had the

strength to pull herself up and swing over. She said she never knew how she did it.

The other happened to Eva. She said she had often heard that mountain lions screamed. Some people said yes and some said no. But she knew that they did after this experience. The milch cow hadn't come home so papa sent Eva to look for her. It was getting dusk and Eva didn't like the assignment. So she tramped over the brushy hill sides without finding her. She heard a noise in the bushes and thinking it was the cow burst through the bushes and there was a mountain lion feeding on an animal. When she interrupted him he raised up and screamed at her. So she ran home minus the cow. Papa took his gun out to find the beast. He found where he had been feeding on the animal but the lion was gone. I expect that is why the cow was hiding out. She did not want to be the lion's next meal.

I remember moving to California while papa was still in Alaska. We went up the river by boat to Mapleton. From there by stage coach to Eugene and then by train to Sisson. It was the first train I had ever seen. Also I saw my first electric lights then. Frank as usual did what he could to scare me on the stage coach ride — it didn't take much as I was already scared since the road was very narrow and ran along the side of a hill straight up on one side and straight down on the other side to the river. Heceta lighthouse is on the coast of Oregon. It used to be spelled Jauceta. Sisson is now Mt. Shasta, California.

Not long after my sixth birthday papa came home from Alaska and I did not know him. How could I when he had been gone half of my lifetime?

↑
N
TWP 16S
R 3W

↑
To Junction
City

ES Adkins
N/2 of SW 1/4
SEC 26

ALVADORE

Thos Farris DLC
Green B Hays DLC

Moses Haugham
DLC



← To Fern
Ridge Dam

To Eugene →

TWP From Metzger Map
17S R3W Survey map of 1858

L13

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