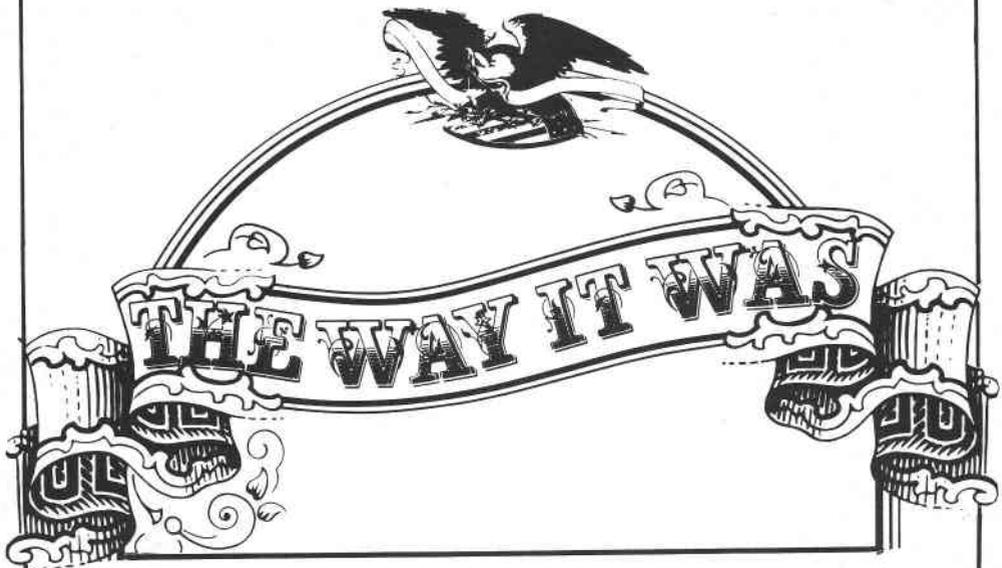


# Lane County Historian



CANARY Post Office

courtesy David Ramstead.

**The Lane County Historical Society**  
**Vol. XXXIII, No. 1      Spring, 1988**

# The Lane County Historical Society

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Has your family story been told? Do you have pictures of early Lane County people, places, events? We would like to help you preserve these valuable bits of history for posterity. If you have something to share, please write your editor at the address above, or phone me at 345-3962, and we will plan to be in touch to work out details.

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## TSILTCOOS LAKE POST OFFICES

by David A. Ramstead

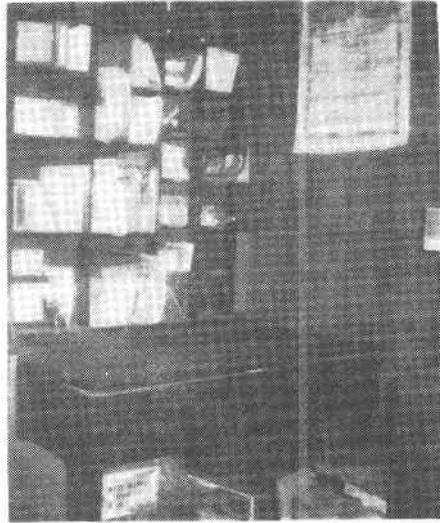
Tsiltcoos is an Indian name which has been shortened to Siltcoos by the U.S. Board of Geographic names. Siltcoos Lake in Douglas and Lane Counties is a fresh body of water covering several square miles. Siltcoos River, several miles in length, connects it with the Pacific Ocean. Tsiltcoos is said to be the name of a local Indian chief or an Indian family name. Another version is that it means "plenty elk". Tsiltcoos Lake was originally called Ten Mile Lake by the early settlers. Siltcoos Lake was formed by sandbars and dunes drowning out the stream mouth from the sea.

Many settlers came to the area in the late 1880s and early 1890s to claim land under the National Stone and Timber Acts. Land could be bought for as little as \$5.00 or \$10.00 an acre, and little of the land around Siltcoos Lake had been settled because of its isolation and lack of accessibility.

Six post offices were near Siltcoos Lake at various times, beginning in 1892, with only one remaining.

The post office of **Ada** was established in Douglas County on December 14, 1892, with Mrs. Jaretta A. Wilkes first of three Postmasters. It closed on August 31, 1957 with mail to Gardiner. Ada was named for Ada Wilkes, daughter of the Postmaster, who, with her husband Benjamin F. Wilkes, settled there in 1889. In 1905 the office came into Lane County by reason of a boundary

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Postmaster's desk and post office of ADA.  
courtesy of Mrs. Millard Martin.

line change. The post office was in their home, previously built by Fred Anderson of lumber gathered on the ocean beach, towed up the outlet and on across the lake with a rowboat, then hauled on a sled half a mile to the building site. The walls were papered with newspapers.

The post office was always on the east side of Siltcoos Lake. It was in the Fiddle Creek Valley, always near Fiddle Creek, which flows into the lake, which in turn flows into the Pacific Ocean. Fiddle Creek was so named because of an injured trapper, isolated by a broken leg, who played his fiddle to while the time away. William Bay was the first carrier, bringing the mail by horseback, rowboat and at times, on foot.

William Boyd was appointed Postmaster August 16, 1905. Mrs.

Millard Martin, wife of the third and last Postmaster, tells that the post office was first in a homestead cabin on the east side of the George West farm (an early settler there) of Siltcoos Lake where Fiddle Creek comes in (NW¼ of Section 6, T20S, R11W).

William Boyd was Postmaster when the Martins came to the area in 1916. At that time the mail came in by train and was picked up at Ada Station (on the Coos Bay Line of Southern Pacific). It was picked up by the mail carrier and brought up Fiddle Creek to the post office by boat, as long as the creek was high enough. The lower landing was below the Fiddle Creek bridge, where the boat had to stop and the carrier had to find other means to get the mail on to the post office. Carl Mikkelson was carrier from 1919 to 1932. He was a big, husky fellow, and when the mail was light he carried it by hand from the landing. When there were several sacks he carried it in a two-wheel cart.

William Boyd kept the post office in the corner of the kitchen in his home (in the SE¼ of Section 31, T19S, R11W). The post office was a desk with a lid that raised up and all of the supplies were kept there except the Triner scale, which was on a box in the corner behind the outside door. The upper part of the desk had pigeon holes for holding the customers' mail.

Mr. Boyd died in December, 1921. Millard Martin was appointed Acting Postmaster February 6, 1922 and appointed Postmaster May 16, 1922. He receipted for the following U.S. Post Office Department property from Mrs. Anna Boyd on January 21, 1922:

- 1 Triner Scale
- 1 small Fairbanks scale
- 1 book Register of Money Orders Issued
- 1 book Register of Domestic Money Order Advices Received
- 1 Cash Book of the Domestic Money Order Office
- 4 Domestic Money Order Books
- 1 Postmaster's Account Book
- 2 Window Registration Books
- 1 Registry Delivery Book

When Mr. Martin took over the office he also took the desk which Mr. Boyd had used. The desk and scales were moved to the front room of their old home, located on the present county road (in the W½ of NW¼ of Section 32, T19S, R11W). The Martins were building a new home at that time and in 1923 the post office was moved into the spare bedroom of the new house, where it remained until the office closed in 1957.

After the mail carrier, Carl Mikkelson, moved away, Pete Holesapple was carrier. Then a fellow by the name of Graves was carrier. Clinton Cleveland was then mail carrier for a number of years. Marie Riddell was then a carrier, who was succeeded by Francis Burch, who carried the mail until the trains quit running in 1954. The mail was then brought to the Westlake Post Office on the west side of Siltcoos Lake, near Highway 101, and brought across the lake where a carrier picked it up and brought it to the Ada Post Office. A rural mail route was later established between Gardiner and Ada, with Charles Slonecker and then his wife, Louise Slonecker, as carriers.

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Post office locations in the Siltcoos Lake area of Oregon's central coast, courtesy David Ramstead.

She kept the route after the Ada Post Office was discontinued.

Another post office east of Siltcoos Lake was **Alene**, established December 14, 1892 (the same date Ada was established), with Julie C. Fremont first of four Postmasters. When it opened it was about 3½ miles north of Ada (in the SW¼ of Section 10, T19S, R11W), also in Douglas County on the north side of Maple Creek.

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The inland mail route east of the lakes between Florence and Gardiner (there was a more direct mail route on the ocean beach) was commenced about 1892 by reason of the many settlers in the area. At that time Woahink Lake was called Clear Lake, Tsiltcoos Lake was named Ten Mile Lake, and Tahkenitch Lake was called Five Mile Lake. The mail route started from Florence by rowboat

across the Siuslaw River to Glenada (a post office on the south shore of the river), then traveled by horse to Five Mile Creek. It was then about a seven-mile trip by rowboat down Five Mile Creek to Five Mile Lake; then across that lake to a landing near the railroad tunnel. It was then a three-mile walk carrying mail bags and packages to the Alene post office.

William Service was one of the first mail carriers on the inland route east of the lakes. H.H. Barrett, and later his son, hauled the mail up the ocean beach before the coming of the railroad. Elmer and Ed Miles carried the mail on the inland route almost eight years, beginning about 1900. Arthur Austin bought out Ed Miles in 1907.

William T. Carle, who had settled there in the fall of 1886, became Postmaster August 21, 1903. The office was then in the NW¼ of Section 20, T19S, R11W. Frank Ferguson became Postmaster April 29, 1908 and the office moved 1½ miles northwest to the SW¼ of Section 8 at the site of the later post office of Canary. Orrin C. Stanwood became Postmaster September 19, 1910, when the office again moved ½ mile south to the SE¼ of Section 12 and ½ miles east of Maple Creek. Frank Ferguson again became Postmaster on November 25, 1911 and the office moved back ½ mile northwest. At that time the office was located in the Stanwood railroad flag station in what was later Canary.

**Canary** Post Office was established July 31, 1916, with John H. Mathews first of two Postmasters. It was to be named Stanwood for the railroad station, then Treowen, but postal

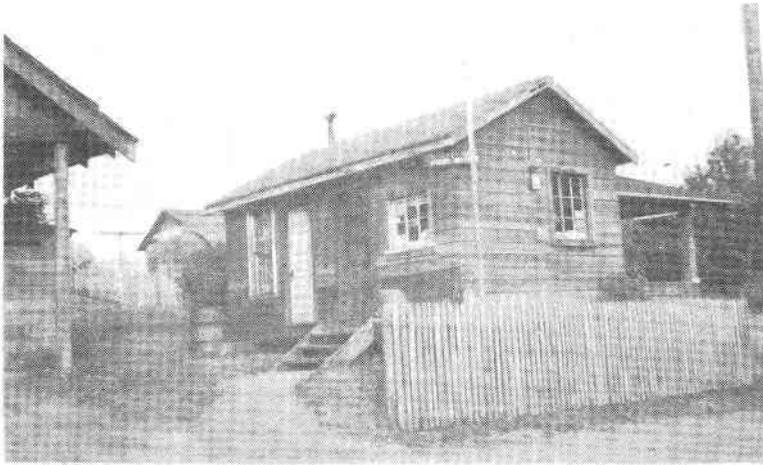
authorities settled on the name Canary, which name had no local significance. It was ½ mile west of Maple Creek (in the NE¼ of the NW¼ of Section 17, T19S, R11W), 200 feet north of the railroad tracks. Canary was the site of a very large lumber mill and was a big lumber shipping area. Mrs. Alice C. Nute became Postmaster May 12, 1919. John H. Mathews became Acting Postmaster October 1, 1921 and again Postmaster October 21. He had taken the office in with his store, which store building is still standing and being used as a residence.

Canary Post Office closed January 31, 1940, effective January 23, with mail to Siltcoos.

**Siltcoos** Post Office was established July 31, 1916 (the same date Canary post office opened), with Roy E. Johnson first Postmaster. It was on the northeast shore of Siltcoos Lake about two miles from Ada and was named for the lake. Subsequent Postmasters were John A. Barker, appointed December 31, 1919; John T. Miller, May 19, 1921; Mrs. Eva A. Miller, April 3, 1925; Mrs. Frieda McCoy, January 10, 1928 (Acting August 10, 1927); Perry F. Close, February 11, 1929 (Acting January 14); Mrs. Milly Odessa Hurd, June 22, 1943; and Charlotte B. Smith, October 21, 1955.

Siltcoos Post Office closed July 7, 1963, mail to Gardiner. There was a Siltcoos railroad station nearby.

**Booth** Post Office was established July 27, 1934, with Clara P. Law first Postmaster. It was named for Robert A. Booth, a prominent Oregon lumberman and a co-owner with A.C.



WESTLAKE, courtesy David Ramstead.



First Millard Martin Home, third site of ADA post office, courtesy Mrs. Millard Martin.

Dixon of an island on Siltcoos Lake. He was a founder of Booth-Kelly Lumber Company. It was located near the south end of the lake (SE¼ of Section 11, T20S, R12W) on the Coos Bay Line of Southern Pacific Railroad, which station, Booth, had been named earlier. The Post Office Application stated the population to Lane County Historian

be supplied by the office was 400 people.

Booth Post Office closed November 30, 1944, mail to Gardiner.

**Westlake** Post Office was established September 30, 1915, with Fannie E. Clarke first Postmaster. It was so named because it was on the west shore of Siltcoos Lake. The com-



Site of ALENE post office in Stanwood railroad station at later CANARY. Courtesy David Ramstead.

munity was started by W.P. Reed in 1914. The community was incorporated in 1962 with the name Dunes City in order to avoid being included in the proposed Dunes National Park.

Subsequent Postmasters have been: Zilpha A. Bamford, appointed April 18, 1916; Mrs. Genevieve Cain, appointed February 4, 1947 (assumed

charge July 1, 1946); Vina M. Reavis, appointed January 12, 1961; and Emma T. Thomson, appointed August 18, 1966.

Westlake Post Office remains in operation. It is located about one-half mile east of Highway 101 and 1½ miles north of the Douglas County line.

□

## FIRST ASCENT OF THE NORTH SISTER?

by *Everett S. Hammond*

Ed. Note: The original letter from Mr. Hammond is among the archives at the Lane County Historical Museum. Mr. Hammond's business card lists him as occupying the Chair of Historical Theology at Kimball School of Theology, Salem, Oregon.

260 S. 15th, Salem, Ore 10/23, '35  
Editor Register-Guard,

Dear Sir,

Some months since I saw a copy of your paper in which you advanced the claim for a Professor in the State University that his ascent of the North Sister in 1877 was the first ascent of that peak. I wish to send you a bit of history not hitherto published.

In the summer of 1872 my father, Rev. Joseph R. Hammond, was pastor of the Methodist Church in your city. There are a few still left in Eugene who remember him. In August of that year four of us went horseback into the mountains on a camping trip. The party consisted of my father and mother, myself, and a Yale divinity student who boarded with us, having come west for health reasons. His name was Isham, I think the initials were J.H. He had been quite a traveller, and had done some mountain climbing in the Alps.

We went up the McKenzie for some sixty miles to some sulphur springs on the bank of the Belnap river. (I forget the name of the owner). We had planned to stay here, but finding no pasture for our horses we pushed on the next day to what was called Summit Prairie. Shortly after, finding a "blazed" trail, we followed it until we came to another good-sized prairie.

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*Then we found our trail still going on through the woods, and we followed until we came to the lava beds. After looking about some time we rediscovered our trail going on over the lava beds, and we followed it. This brought us to a delightful little valley with two streams uniting; one with chalk-colored water (White Branch?), the other beautifully clear. Here we ate our dinner, and leaving our horses, started up the middle peak. We reached the timberline about sunset, and here we spent the night. The next morning we started about daybreak. We continued the ascent until we came out upon a spur of the mountain with a wide glacier between us and the summit. We had no safety appliances, nor helps for such work, so we did not dare to attempt to cross, and very reluctantly retraced our steps.*

Mr. Isham went on ahead and rejoined us some hours later. He reported that he had succeeded in reaching the summit of another one of the three peaks, and that he had found a crater from which he thought the lava had come. I am satisfied it was the North Sister he ascended, for at least these reasons: 1st, while I paid no attention to directions there (I was not quite nine years old) I am sure from our route we must have climbed on the Northwest side. The mountain

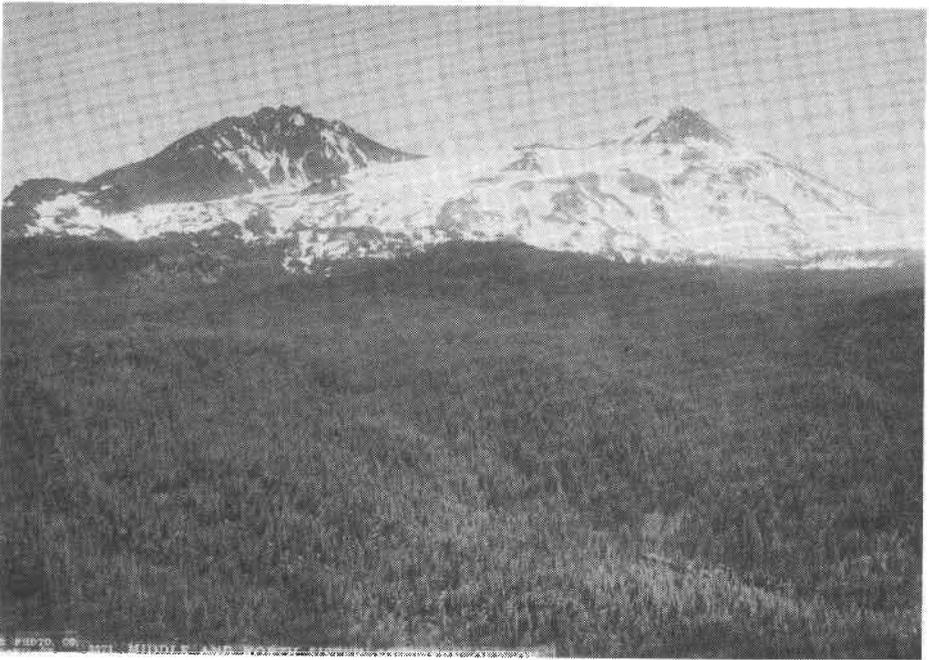
he ascended was near, and plainly visible from the point we had reached. 2nd, The South Sister would have been remote, and it would have taken him much longer to reach and climb than the time he was gone. 3rd, while I know nothing of the three peaks except what I saw and can remember, the fact that he found a crater would doubtless identify the peak. I might add that Mr. Isham was a Christian gentleman of the highest character, and his word was absolutely dependable. He gained in health in the west, returned to Yale, and I understand entered the ministry of the Congregational Church.

I do not know where the trail led beyond the point where we left it at the foot of the lava beds on the side next to the mountain. I never heard who made the trail, nor their purpose. Whether they climbed one or more of the peaks I have no idea.

I make therefore three claims. 1st that Rev. Mr. Isham was the first white man to climb the North Peak. 2nd that my mother was the first white woman to come as near to the summit as she did. 3rd that I was the first white boy to attempt the ascent.

I shall be glad to get further data upon this matter.

E.S. Hammond



Middle and North Sister, ca. 1903. Kiser photo, courtesy Lane County Historical Museum.

## A BOARDMAN FAMILY CHRONICLE

by *Harry L. Boardman*

The following excerpts are from a manuscript loaned by Joy Palmerlee of Berkeley, CA, and tell of her grandfather's early life and years as pastor of Eugene's First Baptist Church. Ed.

... My grandfather, Amos Boardman, born in 1791, married Lydia Worcester in 1814; and in 1818 moved from Bridgewater, N.H., to Harwick, Vermont with his wife and four

children. ... Here the rest of his family of twelve children were born. The youngest, Thomas Worcester Boardman was my father... My father migrated to Iowa, Kansas and



l-r: Delia Hanford Boardman, Alfred, Harry, Thomas Worcester Boardman, courtesy Joy Palmerlee.

the Pacific Coast, and lost contact almost entirely with his own family. . . . Grandfather was a strictly religious man . . . I recall once hearing father tell of an experience he had when a child, which well illustrates this point. He was walking, on a Sunday afternoon, by the stream which flowed past the house. Seeing a shad which had killed itself trying to leap the fall, floating near the bank, Thomas secured it and took it home. But his father reprimanded him sharply, not on the grounds that perhaps the fish might not be good, but for doing such a thing as that on the Sabbath; and the boy was required to throw the fish back into the stream.

. . . Some time in the later 1850s father made the long trek to . . . Iowa. On August 25, 1859 he married Delia Hanford. In 1865 the family moved back to Ohio, near Delia's family. I was born at Dover, Ohio, June 23, 1866 . . . .

In 1870 father outfitted himself with a team of horses and a covered wagon and we made the journey to Kansas . . . Father settled on a claim on Osage County. I remember the wide prairies, the making of wild hay, the humble board cabin in which we lived, and a little shop where father shod his own and the neighbors' horses . . . . I have the most vivid recollections of the prairie fires in the autumn — long lines of light on the horizon at evening, and our feeling of fear as father "backfired" to protect us . . . Father had an ice house — a little shack where he stored ice cut in the winter from a nearby small lake, packing it in sawdust and taking

chunks out in the warm summer days.

. . . It was in the summer of 1872 that father began to talk of Oregon.

. . . In the summer of 1874 the grasshoppers came — a scourge so terrible that I can never forget it. They blackened the sky at midday, ate every living green thing over all that territory; covered the ground and the sides of the houses. I think this visitation greatly strengthened father's desire to get away from Kansas. In October 1874, we traveled emigrant style on a train made up in part of freight cars and in part of passenger coaches. The coaches were on the rear end of the train, which was often very long. This train moved slowly and stopped often, but this did not detract from the enjoyment of the trip for us children. We were a full week on the way from our starting point to San Jose, California, our first destination. Father had some relatives here, and we spent a week with them before going on to Oregon.

. . . A short trip one late afternoon by horse-drawn stage coach to the southern tip of San Francisco Bay, and by a little stern-wheel steamer to San Francisco, where we transferred to the ocean-going vessel for the last lap of the journey to Oregon . . . This vessel — the Oroflam — was a small, slow-going craft, badly buffeted by the waves, and I suspect, not too seaworthy. The voyage was rough. Father and Mother were both deadily seasick. I was not sick, however, and so enjoyed even the ocean part of our long trip. I think it must have taken two days and nights before we finally came, one bright morning, into the mouth of the

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Columbia River . . . . At breakfast that first morning at Portland, in the old St. Charles hotel, we had salmon steaks. We stayed with the Doanes — cousins — for two weeks. . . .

As soon as possible after we had arrived in Portland father went on a trip up the Willamette River looking for a place to settle . . . he made the trip by river boat. After a few days absence he came back to us with the news that he had found the place; and so we took our leave of the Doanes, crossed the river again on the little ferry, (the docks all being on the west side) and embarked in the early morning on the small, stern-paddle-wheel steamboat for an all-day trip . . . The water was low, being the late fall season, and as clear as crystal. In that clear water we could see hundreds of salmon — great fish gleaming in the sunshine, sporting in the stream. At some of the riffles in the river the boat would grate on the bottom, and the boatmen would take long poles and push it off. Late in the afternoon we turned into the mouth of a narrow and sluggish stream, the Yamhill River. It was so narrow and so crooked that the boat made very slow headway, and the poles of the boatmen were in use most of the time pushing the craft off the banks.

We landed . . . at Dayton, the head of navigation. Thomas Henderson met us with a team and wagon and took us to his home in Amity. . . . For several weeks we made our home in part of the Henderson's big-rambling farmhouse. . . . Father soon found employment as a blacksmith and I was sent to school. The life in Oregon had begun.

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. . . The winter of 1874-75 spent in Amity was notable for me as a boy on account of one principal thing. It was during a revival meeting in the small Baptist church there that I professed conversion — a very serious matter, “getting religion” as a boy of eight . . . Thanks to a devout father and mother and the influences of a genuinely religious family life, I never had to be “converted” over again.

. . . Pastor Ezekiel Russ lived at McMinnville, and served the church at Amity as one of several charges. Through him father became interested in McMinnville, and early in 1875 he went to McMinnville prospecting for a permanent location for the family. McMinnville appealed to him as a place to live in part because the Baptist college was there, and a good Baptist church.

. . . I was fifteen years old when we moved from McMinnville to a farm four miles west in the hills where the elevation gave mother relief from her asthma. . . . the very next year the new college building was erected. In the basement of the new building was a “commons” where the dormitory students, living in the building, might board. Father and mother became caretakers for the building, so for the next three or four years we lived on the farm in the long summers, and in the college building in the winters. I stoked the furnaces to warm the building, and did much of the janitor work. . . . During these years I completed work of preparation for college and did the work of the freshman year. The college was a preparatory school for the most part, corresponding to an academy or high

school. . . Perhaps a dozen students, all told, were doing actual college work. In the spring of 1884 I graduated from the preparatory department of the college. . . I had an oration to deliver as my graduating performance. I got through the speech and was turning to take my seat in the midst of great applause when down the main aisle came a sweet girl, Olive Powell, carrying an immense bouquet, which she tossed into my hands! . . . At this the applause was redoubled, she retreated gracefully to her place, and I sat down suffused with blushes. I went to college one year at McMinnville. That fall I taught a 5 month term of school. . . asthma recurred and we moved to Colfax in eastern Washington

. . . In 1886 I became a student at Colfax College. . . Here in Colfax College I studied for three years, finishing a four year classical course . . . I was the first graduate of the new college. My one critical illness came to me at Colfax. I developed an acute attack of inflammatory rheumatism . . . I taught school two terms while prosecuting my studies at Colfax . . . After graduating in 1889 I spent the summer working for a building contractor in Colfax and Pullman. In the fall I taught a four month term of school in Pine City. Following the close of this term of school I was asked to go to Spokane and supply the pulpit of a newly organized Baptist church there . . . I had formed a strong attachment for Myrtle Jackson at Colfax . . . We became engaged. This was the situation when I went to Spokane for my supply term. I

found that I had some gifts in preaching; fooled myself into thinking that a short theological preparation was all I needed; and thus would avoid the long delay which would be involved if I went to seminary . . . at Rochester NY.

When I returned from Spokane in the spring of 1890 I worked on the Colfax Commoner, a weekly newspaper . . . I worked for the paper until September. I had made arrangements to go to the Baptist Theological Seminar at Chicago. The seminary opened a new world to me. Next summer I went back to work for the paper during the summer and fall and on December 3rd we were married. 1891 . . . back to Chicago with Myrtle and a baby . . . Then a church in Tacoma Washington. Ordination as a Baptist minister in Colfax. Panic of 1893 closed my work with the Baptist mission in Tacoma. Accepted a call to the Eugene Baptist Church in November, 1893.

When the call to Eugene was first extended to me I declined it. There were two reasons . . . One was that I had heard . . . that any pastor would have trouble with certain prominent elements in the church if he endeavored to make practical application of the gospel to public morals and community affairs, especially as regarded the liquor business. And since I was quite determined to fulfill this part of what I thought a true ministry should be, I hesitated to come to Eugene. A further reason, and the one which was really most determining, was a feeling that Myrtle would not be equal to the

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heavy responsibilities which would inevitably devolve on the shoulders of the wife of the pastor of such a church, in such a community, as Eugene. This was the direct result of my having asked dear Myrtle to marry me before she had received the education and general training which would have better qualified her for such a task. I felt this keenly, myself, though Myrtle, I believe, had not fully come to realize just what it would mean for her.

In response to a telegram asking me to reconsider, I wired acceptance of the call to Eugene. The salary offered by the church was \$900 a year, with no parsonage . . . I rented a small cottage on Eighth Street, just across from the church building . . . Here we lived and worked for nearly three years, till the summer of 1896. After one year we moved from the cottage on Eighth Street to one somewhat larger and more homelike just around the corner on Pearl St. . . . then came a local political campaign with moral implications into which I threw myself with more zeal than wisdom. This fact resulted in imperiling my standing and influence with some of the best people in the church. Hereupon I developed a characteristic psychosis: My usefulness here was probably over. I was appointed president of McMinnville College. After ten years I was to be back again in the familiar surroundings of boyhood.

The Eugene community, including as its outstanding characteristic the State University, was a constant stimulus to the young pastor to do his best in his work, especially in the

pulpit. I had some most appreciate listeners in my congregation, notably Prof. Mark Bailey, of the University faculty. How kind he was, how wise, how genuine! One Monday morning not long after our settlement in Eugene there was a knock at the parsonage door. I went to answer and there stood Dr. Bailey. He came in and sat down in the room alone with me. He complimented me on my sermon of the preceding day; and then expressed solicitude for my voice if I did not treat it more kindly. I was speaking more strenuously than was necessary, he said; and becoming too much exercised in my delivery. The thought was beyond criticism, but perhaps I could be a bit less demonstrative, with benefit to myself and without disadvantage to the listeners. It was tactfully done, and was a lesson withal which I much needed to learn. I thanked him heartily for his helpfulness. As a small boy in McMinnville twenty years before I had known him and revered him as a kind of superman. Now this same man was sitting at my feet from Sunday to Sunday as I tried to preach to him and the rest. He always *looked* as if he were enjoying my sermons! He was a past master in helping me to overcome my boyish ineptitudes. He was one of the rarest characters I have ever known.

There were other good listeners in the audience at Eugene. One of the best was Deacon B. F. Dorris who always sat in the end of the second pew from the front on the right main aisle, i.e. at my left. He was a genial, kindly man, very faithful to his church, and always a good friend to

his pastor. He was treasurer of the church and had his office at the city hall, being clerk of the city of Eugene at the time, and for many years before and after. On Monday mornings I would walk down Eighth Street to his office, have a little chat with him about the work of the previous day, etc., and he would hand me my weekly salary, usually in cash just as it had come in the day before in the collections. The whole Dorris family were bulwarks of strength to the church in those days, particularly the Dorris girls. There was a quartet of them who sang in the choir; Alice (who was teaching in Eugene at the time), Kate (Mrs. McAlister), Cecile and Benetta. Their singing as a quartet of women's voices was the finest I have ever heard or known anywhere. Sue was another member of this interesting Dorris group, equally efficient in her way; and Mary (Mrs. Seymour Condon), who did not live in Eugene then, was the sixth member of "the Dorris girls" as they were popularly known in the community. There were two brothers, Ed and George, older, whom I knew less well. Their mother was a charming woman in her family life and faithful to her church. To me the Dorris family were outstanding as members of my first church, and did not wane in interest as the sequel will show. Myrtle admired this group very much and they were sweet and kind to her always. I could write a long list of names of other loyal and lovely people in the church at Eugene, did time and space permit.

Eugene was a charming place to live, not least of all because it was in

close proximity to the famous McKenzie river . . . . We (Myrtle, Grace and I) made a camping trip in the summer of 1894, going with Rev. J. F. Day, pastor of Springfield, and his family (on the upper McKenzie. We went in his wagon behind his big, strong team of horses. Myrtle was fond of such outings, and to me they were always the very essence of enjoyment. Again in 1895 we camped for two weeks near Prof. and Mrs. J. W. Johnson (President Johnson of the Univ.) at McKenzie Bridge. Trout fishing was the great thrill on these trips. I also made short trips to the river by wheel, on the same quest, and often with success . . . . those were the years of the first bicycle craze. Of course I had to have a wheel to "help me in my work". Really it was chiefly to assist me in my play. I could tell some interesting adventures I had with that first bicycle. This it will readily appear that the years at Eugene were full of interest and satisfaction — until the great shadow came. Myrtle was never well after Faith's coming; and in the spring of 1896 Dr. Loomis startled me one day by telling me that her lungs were badly affected. She was about the house and able to do most of her work during this spring, and seemed to get through the ordeal of breaking up and moving to McMinnville fairly well. Soon after getting settled in our rooms at the college . . . she gradually faded away and on April 27, 1897, passed away.

. . . When the call came to me to go to my old school as its president, I felt it most appropriate that I should do so, conditioned only on my assurance

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that this would be an opportunity for valuable and effective service . . . . Ever since . . . my two years of study at the University of Chicago Divinity School I had been distinctly conscious of a tendency to question many of the assumptions of regular orthodox Christianity . . . . as the years passed I found myself restive in relation to many requirements of the regular, orthodox, Baptist faith. Particularly did I sense this as I discovered that the "regulars" so often were little disposed to make practical application of the teachings of Jesus to the correction of the evils of the social order. I felt this in my work at Eugene, and so when, having resigned the pastorate there, this call to the college came to me, I found myself favorably disposed toward it at once. Education, I was sure, even denominational education, would be more conducive to freedom in thinking than the pastorate of Baptist churches.

Seven years at the college . . . . I have always considered my principal service to the college the raising of the standard of work by two full years, bringing it up to what we now call a standard junior college . . . . My average salary for the seven years was

not more than \$1,200, including everything. I have the satisfaction (if I can call it that) of having worked longer and for less money than any other president in the college's history, before or since. . . .The list of subjects I taught at one time or another while president at McMinnville: Greek, Latin, History, English (Composition and rhetoric), Philosophy (logic and Christian evidences), Psychology, Pedagogy, Sociology, Economics and Public Speaking (principally coaching debaters). I had never taught any of these subjects except English before going to this job, and in the case of several of them I had never studied them before taking charge of the class . . . . presumptuous would be a more appropriate designation than versatile. I married Alice Dorris Sept. 1, 1898 in the family home at Eugene; Father died and Mother came to live with us at McMinnville, which she continued to do almost without change from 1900 till her death in 1915.

Ed. note: From the college at McMinnville, Harry Boardman went to several pastorates and eventually to teaching at Riverside Junior College until his retirement in 1938.



Myrtle Jackson Boardman, courtesy Joy Palmerlee.



Harry L. Boardman, courtesy Joy Palmerlee.

## OREGON HOMESTEAD CLAIM NO. 2605

by Lois Paschelke

Our last issue (Fall, 1987) carried a story about Jacob and Nancy Bahr, who homesteaded in the community of Mabel. Lois Paschelke has kindly furnished more information about the homestead which they settled, giving us a picture of land use over nearly a century of Lane County history.

Mennonite minister Jacob Bahr and his wife Nancy came to the Mohawk Valley to help organize a congregation and church in what later became the town of Mabel. To raise funds for that effort, they proved up on a claim for 160 acres of land and received their Homestead deed from the Roseburg Land Office on June 3, 1891.

As they developed the claim, they built a small two-story house and a forty-foot square barn of lumber cut, it is believed, on a small water-powered sawmill built near Mabel by Andrew Workman and Washington Adams. Adams was a skilled woodworker who finished the boards with a wood lathe he had built. He liked to finish cedar boards for house interiors. The Bahr house has a large room over the kitchen with the ceiling, walls and floor of the raw cedar paneling. A heating vent into the room from the kitchen stove below, makes it appear that this was aimed to be a storage room.

The barn was put up with hand-hewn beams, held together with wood pegs and the rough-cut lumber for the walls was put up with square nails. Both buildings were apparently built facing true west but when Southern Pacific built their railroad up to Wendling, they had to move the barn

out of their way. When they set it down, it was katty-corner to the directions. This was a source of irritation to Paul Paschelke, a later owner. He was a man who took great pride in being very precisely correct in all he owned or did.

On March 28, 1896, the Bahrs sold their property to J. A. and wife Phebe Royer for fifteen hundred dollars. The Royers sold the place to Paul Paschelke for twelve hundred and fifty dollars on November 27, 1901. This represented the savings Paul had earned in working his gold claim in the Alaskan gold rush.

After buying the farm, Paul wanted to go back up to Alaska to rebuild his cash money supply, but his wife, Lizzie, didn't want him to leave her alone with baby Arthur. So, instead, he sold the old-growth timber on his one hundred acre hillside across Mill Creek from the house and barn. He got a fortune for those days — five thousand dollars.

Then he did something that made his neighboring farmers think he had taken leave of his senses. While they were working to clear their forestland and even piling and burning the logs to create fields and pastures, Paul Paschelke took advantage of the standing cull trees left by the loggers. They made good seed trees and, in some twenty years later, he had a

timber covered hillside again. He came from Germany where tree-farming was the thing to do with forestland.

Paul and Lizzie Paschelke had two more sons, Walter, in 1904 and Leo, in 1908. Both were delivered at home by their grandmother, Adeline Pioch, who was the midwife for the upper Mohawk Valley.

Leo was the son who continued to live on the farm and, on November 3, 1939, Paul and Lizzy gave him a deed for twenty-five acres of the tree farm. Paul died in 1942 and, five years later, Lizzie moved into Eugene to live with son Walter. Leo and his wife Lois bought the rest of the farm from her, as shown by the deed she gave, dated August 7, 1951.

Leo, primarily an independent contract logger with his brother Walter, continued to care for the family tree farm until a 1968 accident in a rock quarry forced him to retire. Medical expenses forced him to subdivide over one hundred acres of the

homestead claim.

Leo's elder son Robert planned to marry in 1974 and, in a deed dated February 19, 1984, Leo and Lois gave him the old house and two-plus acres. He and his family have lived there until December of 1986, when they found it necessary to move into Eugene.

In the latter part of 1988, a family from Vancouver, B.C. is making plans to buy the house, barn and remaining twenty-two acres of the Bahr claim. By then, the claim will have been broken up into twenty-one parcels. The tree-farm subdivision will remain tree covered.

The new buyer wants to restore the barn to its old appearance before it was damaged by the Columbus Day wind storm in 1962. Though the homestead can no longer be located on a property map, old-timers should always be able to recognize it as they travel along Paschelke Road, northeast of Marcola. □

From W. H. Weston,  
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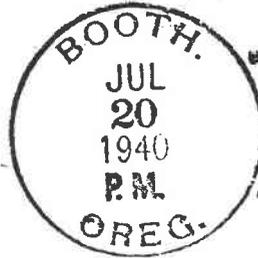
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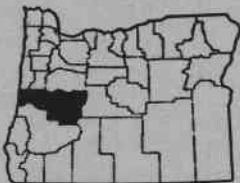
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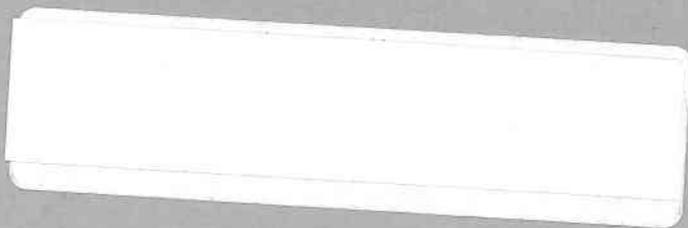
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**Bend stage in deep snow ca. 1927, McKenzie Pass area. Stevenson photo, courtesy Lane County Historical Museum.**