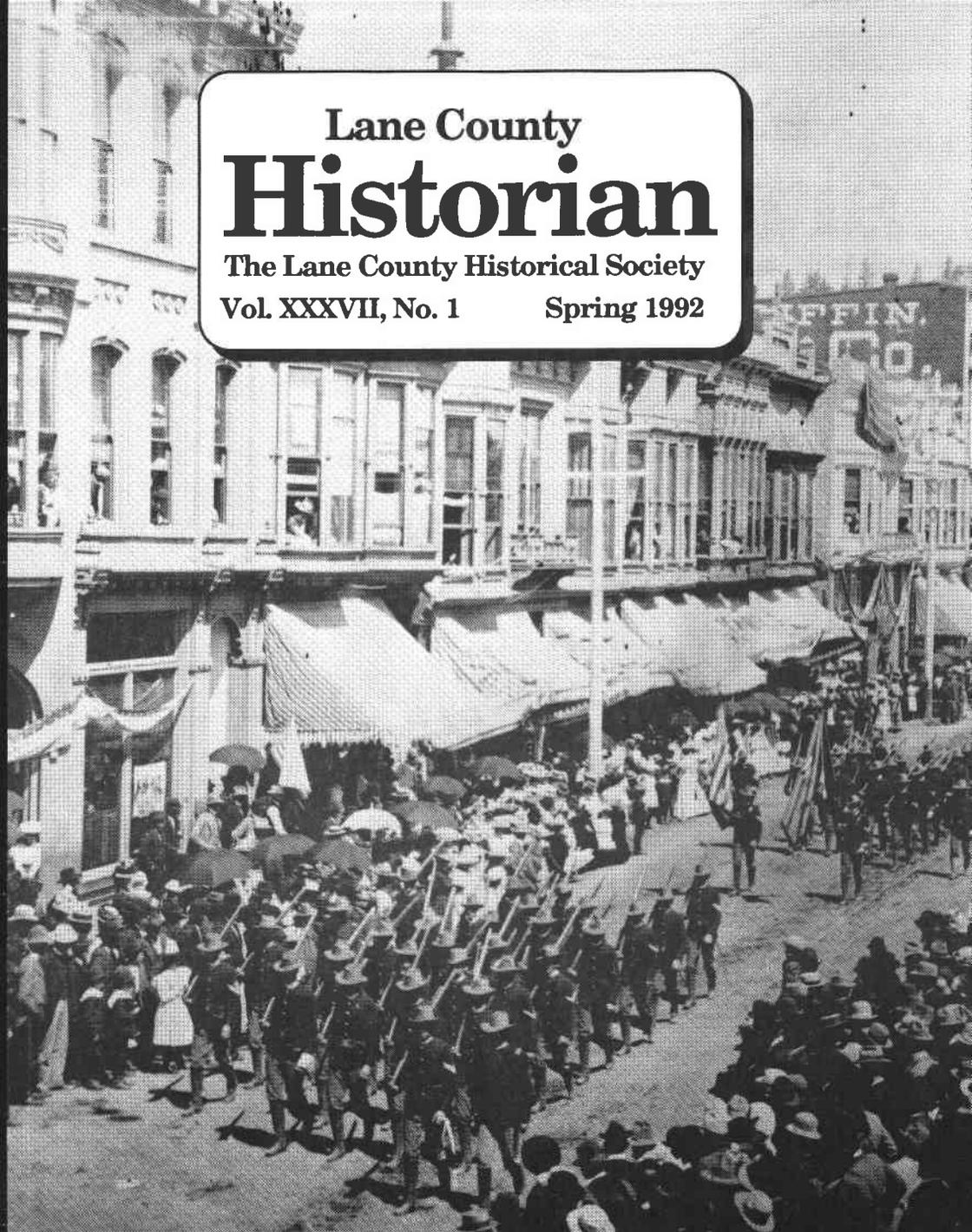


Lane County
Historian

The Lane County Historical Society

Vol. XXXVII, No. 1

Spring 1992



**The changing face
of Willamette Street**

The Lane County Historical Society

Ethan Newman, President, 2161 University Street, Eugene, OR 97403
Membership Secretary: PO BOX 11532, Eugene, OR 97440

Lane County Historian, Vol. XXXVII, Number 1, Spring 1992

Ken Metzler, Editor, 2051 East 26th Avenue, Eugene, OR 97403
(Phone 343-4496)

Janet Burg, Assistant Editor; Lois Barton, Contributing Editor

Contents

Footnotes to history 1

Introducing a new department in the Historian, with special attention to recollections about the early days, and also about mud, Indian legends, noteworthy dates, and occasional trivia.

The changing face of Willamette Street 8

Photos from the Lane County Historical Museum and The Register-Guard show how life and times have changed along the main stem of Eugene, Oregon.

Driving Oregon's pioneer off-road logging trucks ... 15

It's the strangest sensation to see that ancient (but still serviceable) vehicle in the museum at Oakridge and to realize that you were the first behind the wheel—and you're still around to talk about it! By Roxie Metzler.

Book Review 24

Lee Crawley Kirk reviews A Long and Wearisome Journey, a book about Lane County pioneers on the Oregon Trail.

Cover

Willamette Street is the scene of this 1900 Fourth of July parade. See our special photographic layout on "The Changing Face of Willamette Street," starting on page 8. Photo from the Lane County Historical Museum.

Footnotes to history

A compendium of items, some historic, some new, about Lane County. Indian legends, for example. Also memorable dates. Comments about the land, the scenery, the weather, the naming of landmarks, the coming of the automobile. Also about mud.

Footnotes—a new department

We planned this new department to add a dash of color to accounts of Lane County history. Footnotes, by one definition, are sidelights to the main event. Don't expect sensational revelations in them, but do look for interesting tidbits, insights into the way things used to be, historical explanations for the way things are, and early observations about this land and its people.

You may detect a subtle theme in our selection of items for "Footnotes." Let's imagine that you plan to have lunch with pioneers Elijah Bristow and Eugene Skinner, Lane County's early settlers. What would you talk about? You'd probably begin with small talk; that's the way most conversations start between strangers. You'd talk about points of common interest—the land, the weather, your appreciation of the good living that Oregon and Lane County offer. If you're a native Oregonian you might talk about forebears coming to Oregon. Recent immigrants may find that their reasons for coming to Oregon are similar to those of the pioneers. Some



historians suggest that Oregon continues to draw immigrants today for the same two reasons it did 150

years ago—(1) a vague dissatisfaction with life in Indiana, California, or wherever, and (2) the lure of starting a new life in a more exotic locale.

In recognition of these points of common interest, you'll find in "Footnotes" a selection of early comments on the weather, the land, and observations on what we now recognize as historic occasions. Think of the items in "Footnotes" as conversation starters in your dialogue with Skinner and Bristow.

Once past the starters, feel free to tackle other issues. Skinner settled in Eugene, Bristow in Pleasant Hill, in 1846. Would our history have been different if the reverse had happened?—*Ken Metzler, Editor*

Speaking of land

"This soil is so bad that a man couldn't raise hell on it with seven naked ladies and a barrel of whiskey."—*Oral Crowe*
(Source: *Sawdust & Cider: A history of Lorane, Oregon and the Siuslaw*)

Valley, 1987. *Crowe never returned to farming after receiving a letter notifying him that he had been appointed a Lane County commissioner. He served from 1924 to 1935.*)

Skinner's view

"In the month of november last we had a full of some 2 inches of snow one night—the next morning it looked Irregular to see Tomato Pumpkin Cucumbers & Bean blossoms Peering through the Snow it was all gone by ten o'clock and the vine Continued to blossom until about the Middle of Dec."—*Eugene Skinner*

(Skinner, founder of Eugene, wrote those comments to his sister in 1860. Source: Lane County Historical Museum.)

What's in a name?

Southeast of Blue River, near the south fork of the McKenzie River, stands a big rock. A surveying party chose to camp by the rock one time, and the cook attempted to bake some biscuits. Legend has it that the attempt was a near-disaster. The monolith promptly gained the name Deathball Rock. The name spread to a nearby hill, now called Deathball Mountain.

An Indian and a white man had but one horse between them on a trip from the coast to the Willamette Valley. They decided to "ride and tie." That meant one would ride the horse ahead of the other who proceeded on foot. At

some point, the horseman would dismount, tie the horse for use by the other, and continue afoot. The original walker would take his turn on the horse, ride ahead, and tie the horse for his partner. This worked well until the white man, nearing the valley, reneged on his promise to tie the horse at the juncture of two creeks. "Him no tie," exclaimed the Indian upon perceiving the other's deception. The site became known as "Notie" (eventually Noti); one of the streams at that juncture became Noti Creek, the other the Long Tom River.

Around 1870 railroad magnate Ben Holladay had an idea for building a west-side railroad that would join his already-existing east-side railroad a few miles north of Eugene. The place where the two lines were to join was named Junction City. It has retained that name even though the planned juncture never occurred. The community eventually justified its name as the junction of Highways 99 East and 99 West

(Source: Oregon Geographic Names, by Lewis A. McArthur, 1982.)

In 1880 a retired sea captain named William Cox took a skiff into a sea cave on the western shore of Lane County. Inside he found a huge cathedral-like cavern 125 feet high and extending 1,500 feet long. A few sea lions lazed about. Captain Cox stayed inside too long, though, and by the time he prepared to leave, the entrance was blocked by a newly raging surf. Days later the surf calmed and Cox made his escape the same way he came in. Chances are he was the first white

man to explore the cave, and you'd think history would have accorded him the honor of attaching his name to it—Cox Cave, perhaps. But no, the place has since been known as Sea Lion Caves

(Source: *Oregon's Salty Coast*, by Jim Gibbs, 1978.)

Mud

“Skinner’s Mudhole.” Informal, irrelevant name given to early Eugene.

“The mud [in Eugene] is as thick as boarding house custard and about the same color. . . . It is a shame that something is not done to remove that quivering sea of mud.”—*Roseburg Review*

(Source: *The Story of Eugene*, by Lucia W. Moore, 1949.)

Q. What was it like going to school back then, when you just had eight grades in one room?

A. Milo Johnson [of Florence]: Oh, it was lots of fun. Oh, we had battles: throwing mud and stuff at one another. We’d choose up sides.

Q. How did the teacher feel about that?

A. Well, she didn’t like the looks of us when we came back in. We made a bunch of those mud balls, and boy, when you got hit with one of them you really knew it!

(Source: *Season of Harvest: Recollections of Lane County, 1975— a series of taped interviews of pioneer citizens by youth under auspices of the Lane County Youth and Children’s Services.*)

The Willamette River’s Middle Fork in 1899

Twelve miles southeast of Eugene, nestled in the little valley of the Middle Fork, is the village of Jaspar [sic]. It is a tiny village, just a few old brown, unpainted houses, and is built on the right bank of the river. This river, which is one of the three forks of the Willamette, is very clear and smooth, flowing noiselessly over the great rocks and stones plainly visible through its mirror-like waters.

In the middle of the river, just opposite the village, is a whirlpool which contrasts strangely with the even, unruffled surface of the rest of the stream. There is apparently no cause for this eddy and the Indian has tried to account for it by attributing it to the supernatural.

He says that just beneath this whirlpool there is a large cavern, and in it dwells an old witch. The witch, who is the sister of a god, was once very powerful and had control of all the Middle Fork Valley. But one day she disobeyed her brother, who was her superior, and thus brought upon herself his anger. He was powerless to harm her while she was in her own country, but once on his land he had full power over her.

A few weeks after this time, the god went to the north to attend a hunting feast, and the old witch, feeling perfectly safe, crossed over into his territory. She roamed about for several hours destroying and ruining everything that lay in her way. At last when she got well into the valley of the Coast Fork she was discovered by her brother

who lay in wait for her, and was pursued by him for many miles. He sent after her many poisonous darts and arrows of fire but so swift was she that they all fell harmless far behind her.

She was at last overtaken by him when she had almost reached her own land and he pronounced a terrible curse on her. He doomed her to dwell forever in her cavern under the river and never more to see a human face.

As a warning to all men to beware of her frightful dwelling place he put this seething, boiling vortex of waters above her terrible den. If you will listen closely on dark, stormy nights, you can hear her voice trying to entice men into her cave.

To the Indians the bad and destructive elements of nature are always connected with some evil spirit. As this whirlpool is so dangerous, this is probably the reason that the idea was suggested to them of something evil haunting it.—*Lenore Elizabeth Gale*

(Source: Original document, Lane County Historical Museum. The author wrote this as a composition in English A, Oct. 30, 1899 at the Eugene Preparatory School operated by the University of Oregon. History does not record what grade she received, but her teacher wrote: "An interesting myth. . . . Study how you can improve the concluding sentence.")

A few noteworthy dates

1812. Donald McKenzie, trapper for Astor's Pacific Fur Company, explored the upper Willamette Valley, discovering a singularly vibrant

and picturesque river which became known as McKenzie's Fork, now the McKenzie River.

1846. Eugene F. Skinner, for whom Eugene is named, arrived in Lane County.
1851. Lane County organized by act of Legislature, named for Joseph Lane, Oregon's first territorial governor.
1853. "Eugene City" chosen as the name of Skinner's thriving community, population 120.
1856. Columbia College opened on what is now called "College Hill" in Eugene; plagued by troubles, it burned twice and was abandoned in 1860.
1861. A great flood ravaged Lane County; some say the Willamette River at Eugene was at least 20 feet above its normal level, and four feet of water covered the entire valley floor.
1862. Incorporation of Eugene City.
1863. James "Bohemia" Johnson, on the run from the law, penetrated deep into the mountains east of Cottage Grove and discovered gold, giving rise to the Bohemia mining district.
1867. *Eugene Guard* started publication; predecessor of *Register-Guard*.
1870. Eugene population 861.
1872. Incorporation of Junction City.
1874. Bridge built to connect Eugene and Springfield.
1876. University of Oregon opened; Ferry Street Bridge built.
1885. Incorporation of Springfield.
1887. Incorporation of Cottage Grove.
1887. Electricity came to Eugene.
1891. First mule-powered streetcars came to Eugene. They lasted until

about 1900.

1894. Telephones installed in Lane County with about 25 subscribers using hand-crank phones.

1893. Incorporation of Florence.

1893. Incorporation of Coburg.

1904. First automobile came to Eugene.

1907. Electric trolley cars began operating in Eugene. They were replaced by buses in 1927.

1909. Incorporation date for Creswell.

1935. Incorporation of Oakridge.

1954. Incorporation of Lowell.

1962. Incorporation of Veneta.

1969. Construction began on Eugene downtown mall.

1979. Incorporation of Westfir.

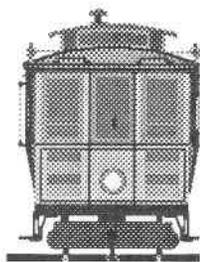
(Sources: Oregon Blue Book (for incorporation dates); back copies of Lane County Historian; Lane County: An illustrated history of the Emerald Empire, by Dorothy Velasco, 1985; Eugene: Downtown core area historic context statement, by Jonathan M. Pincus and the City of Eugene, 1992.)

The auto comes to Lane County

"I was 12 years old when I saw my first automobile. . . . It was a big Studebaker, is what it was. A two seater. It was a nice rig. Well, we found out it belonged to a doctor from Eugene. And after awhile he came out, and there was about 12 or 15 of us there. Well,

he came out and laughed to see us, and he said, 'I don't suppose you boys have ever seen a car before.' And we hadn't, none of us. He said, 'Well, if you'll get over, I'll give you a ride.' So he backed that car out on the road and took off up the road with it and that was really something. We were a happy bunch."

—Howard Cox (Cottage Grove)



"The car was a real threat when it came, but it was a big advantage too. I remember my brother was raking hay with a little dump rig when one of these contraptions came down the road and scared the horse. He ran off and kicked my brother's shin and laid several inches wide open. The doctor came out from Junction City in a run-about which cranked from the side. I asked him how fast he came, and he said, 'Oh, about 15 miles an hour.' Well, we didn't laugh at that; we thought that was doing pretty good!"

—Clarence Pitney (Junction City)

(Source: Season of Harvest: Recollections of Lane County, 1975—taped interviews of pioneer citizens by youth under auspices of the Lane County Youth and Children's Services.)

A nip and tuck fight

Diary: Sat Feb 18, 1868: "The wind is from the north this morning, though not very cold. Froze a little last night. For some days past it has thawed a little but the nights generally have been cold enough to arrest the work of the day; and the result has been a protracted battle between heat and cold, by which neither has very materially gained—a sort of 'nip and tuck'

fight, in which, thus far, 'nip' has rather the advantage. I never before saw so long a cold spell as at present, in Oregon. It has been very detrimental to Oregonians—not because the weather has been very cold, for it has not—but because they are not prepared for it. The winters are generally very mild here and but few make any preparation for cold weather. As a consequence hundreds of bushels of apples and potatoes have been frozen, and are a dead loss to their owners. Stock has suffered more or less also. We hear that a sheep raiser near Brownsville has lost 1,000 head of sheep, and that another living near Land Ridge has lost 550 head within a few days past. They appeared well until the crust formed on the snow; this prevented them from digging down to the grass.”

—*Ellen Hemenway Humphrey*

(Source: Original document, Lane County Historical Museum. *Ellen Hemenway, daughter of Dr. Ansel Asa Hemenway, was 14 years old when she arrived in Oregon in 1853. She is said to have ridden her own pony across to Oregon. She married in 1860 and lived on a farm about five miles west of Eugene City when she wrote this entry in her diary.*)

An omission

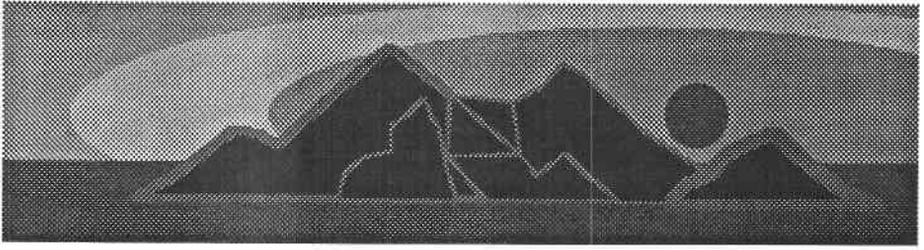
Robert D. Clark, former president of the University of Oregon and author of *The Odyssey of Thomas Condon*, writes to correct an omission in the Fall issue of the *Historian*. Our story on the Eugene Public Library mentions “Alice Hall, wife of the second

University president,” but, of course, it should have read Alice Hall *Chapman*. Charles Hiram Chapman was the University’s second president.

Dr. Clark’s letter continues: “Dr. Alice Hall Chapman was a physician and, as Dorothy Grant writes, ‘advanced in her thinking.’ She was responsible for organizing the Fortnightly Club. The club, in turn, sponsored the establishment of a public library and has supported it for nearly a century. As a footnote I might add that the first public library in Eugene was established before the University of Oregon opened in 1876. The following year, the two newly organized literary societies at the University bought the library’s books and transferred them to Professor Bailey’s classroom on the campus. A second footnote on the elegant Alice Hall Chapman: Keith Richard, University of Oregon archivist, tells me that she was a cousin of Theodore Roosevelt’s mother. The Roosevelts, as a wedding gift, gave the young Chapmans the famous Grant Tour of Europe.”

Origin of the Three Sisters

In the early days, the mountains separated the east and the west of Oregon, just as now. Each side was led by a deity. It seemed unfair to the east-side god that the rain clouds dropped their moisture on the west side of the great mountains, arriving dry on the east. The west basked in luxuriant growth while the east became a desert. The east-side god attached a rope to the rain clouds and pulled them over to his



side. Thus it rained generously until the west-side god pulled them back. Back and forth they went in a battle that lasted until the west-side god, tiring of the game, turned them to stone. They promptly fell on top of the great mountains where they remain to this day, known as the Three Sisters.—*Indian legend*

Prohibition

“When Oregon went dry in 1910 before the other states did, everyone went and hogged the liquor. . . . When I was a young lad in Yoncalla, the boys used to hop a freight train and go over the border into California, which wasn’t dry yet. . . . They were runnin’ booze like they run dope nowadays.”

—*Frank Baker, Oakridge*

(*Source: Season of Harvest: Recollections of Lane County, by Youth and Senior Exchange Project, 1975.*)

Finn Rock

Finn Rock, a famous landmark on Highway 126, once stood on the other side of the McKenzie River. According to tales circulating the McKenzie country, Benjamin Franklin (Huckleberry) Finn brought the rock to its

present location. He attached a buckskin harness to the rock and drove a team of mules across the river. The mules pulled so hard that the harness, wet from the river, stretched all the way across without moving the rock. So Finn attached the harness to a tree. When the sun came out, why, over came the rock.

(*Source: “Adventures in Folklore,” by J. Barre Toelken, Old Oregon, January-February, 1965.*)

Research query

The Cornish-American Connection wants to learn family histories of those who emigrated to North America from Cornwall, England, in the late 19th and early 20th Centuries. The organization is compiling a data bank of names of emigrants and wants to hear from those with Cornish surnames, which typically begin with PEN (such as Pennington or Pender), TRE (Tremayne, Treece), POL (Polglase), or end in O (Kitto, Clemo). Other typical Cornish names: Chenoweth, Nankivell, Pasco, Spargo. Write to Shirley Ewart, 12050 Southwest Lincoln Street, Tigard, Oregon 97223. Ms. Ewart is co-editor of *A Long and Wearisome Journey* about a pioneer Lane County family (see review, page 24).

The Changing Face of Willamette Street

Photographs spanning more than a century show the changes in Eugene's main stem, the street that once served as the commercial heart of the city and then retired to an uncertain future.

The Greek philosopher Heraclitus said it first around 500 BC and said it best—there is no permanent reality except the reality of change. Photographs on these pages illustrate more

By 1884 downtown included 25 brick business buildings, more than 50 wooden buildings, and three hotels with a fourth under way. That was a cold and snowy year; people went ice skating on the Millrace.

Willamette Street continued to thrive well into the 20th Century. For a time it thrived in the age of the automobile. But the car became a major factor in development of suburban shopping malls which led to the street's decline in commercial vitality.

No matter what the future of Willamette Street may be, it remains a street

than a century of change in what was once the commercial heart of Eugene. This famous first photograph of Willamette Street shows a developing downtown community with a newspaper office. Although 1864 is inscribed on the negative, the scene is thought to be closer to 1874. The *Guard* did not open until 1867.

By 1874 the railroad had already come to Eugene (1871), a factor that spurred growth. Within 10 years the population rose from 1,000 to 2,000.

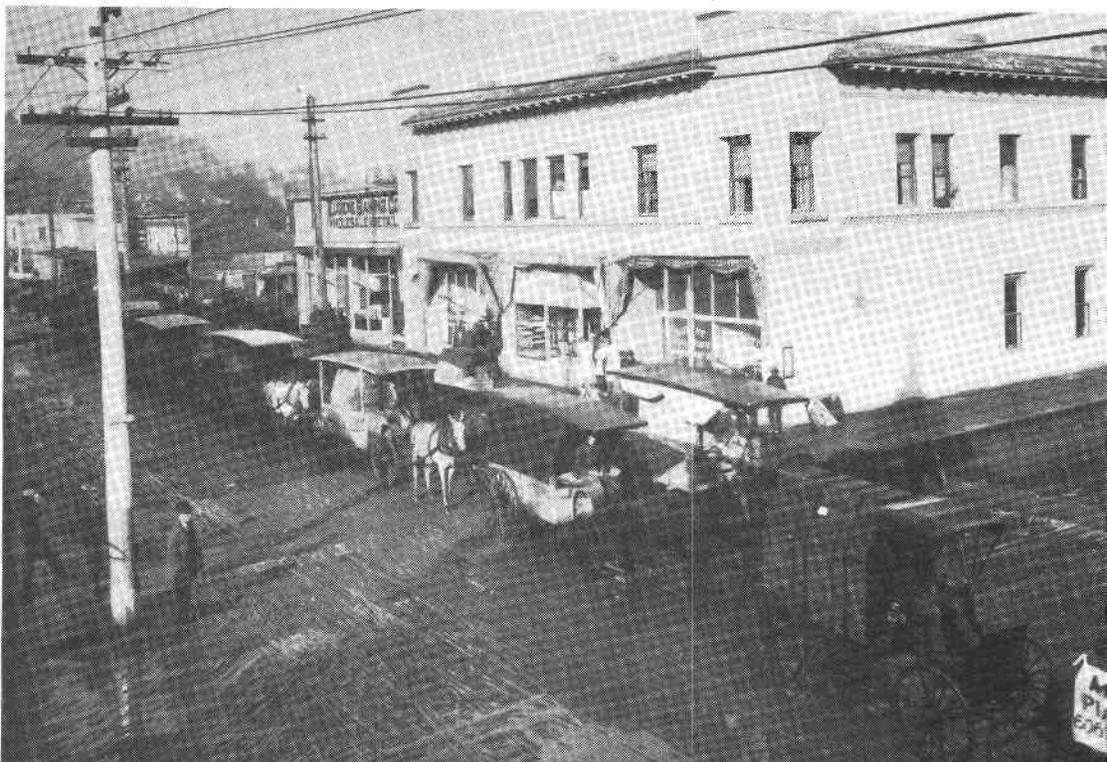
of memories. Many of the city's most historic commercial buildings remain there. Eight are listed on the National Register of Historic Places, including the Southern Pacific Depot (1880), the Smeede Hotel (1885), the Palace Hotel (originally Gross Hotel, 1903), the Ax Billy Department Store (now the Downtown Athletic Club, 1910), the McDonald Theater (1924), and the Post Office (1939).

With luck and care, these links with history will change but little.

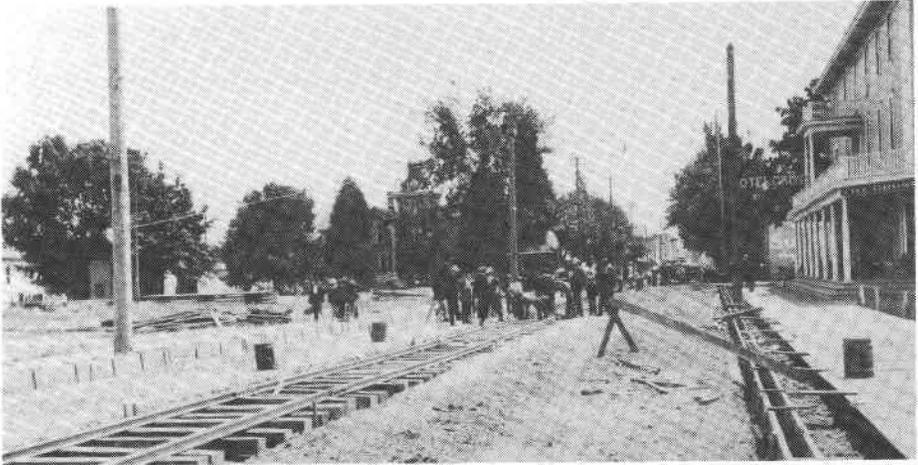


1895 *The view south from Sixth shows bustling downtown business section with wooden sidewalks. Photos are from the collection of the Lane County Historical Museum. Dates are approximate.*

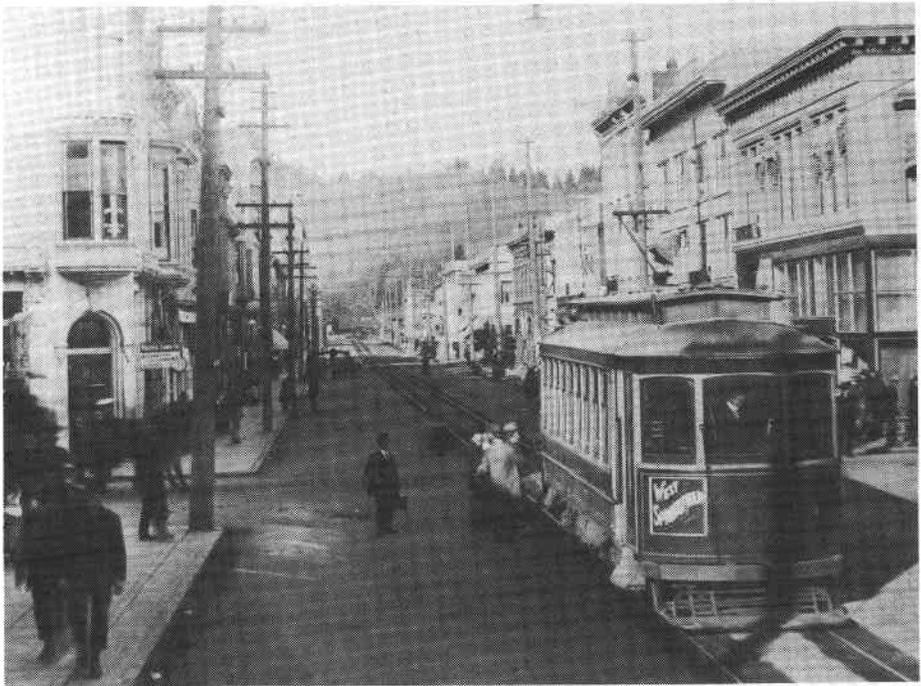
1906 *Seventeen drays wait in line to unload pianos at Morris Piano Shop. This scene looks toward the north from Seventh Avenue.*



... Changing Face ...



1907 *Laying streetcar tracks along Willamette. Hotel Gross, a survivor built in 1903, is on the right. Looking south from near Fourth.*



1910 *Willamette Street assumes a more cosmopolitan look with new streetcar line in this scene looking north toward Skinner Butte.*



1919 *The Sixty-ninth comes marching home, passing along Willamette between Sixth and Seventh.*

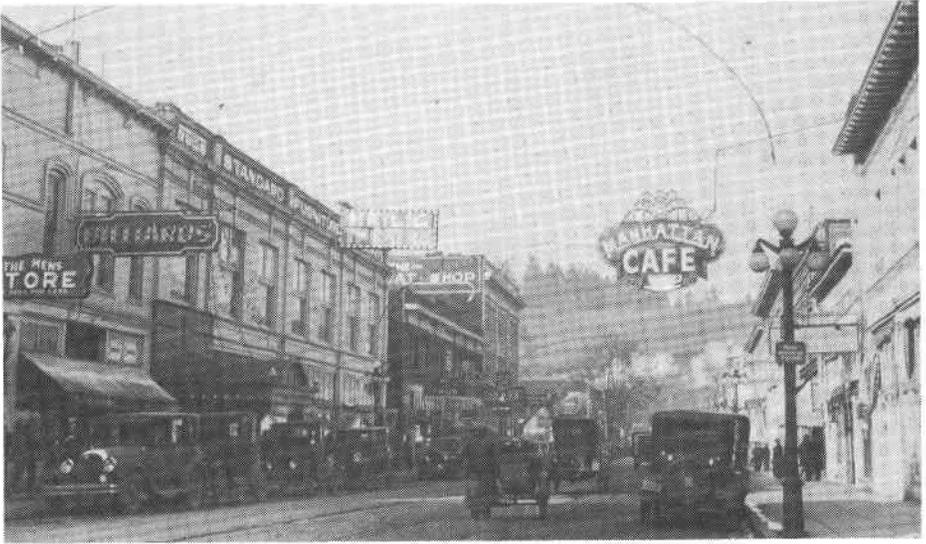
Winter snowfall gives scene between Seventh and Eighth an eerie feel.

1920



Spring 1992

... Changing Face ...



1928 *Busy Willamette Street adapted reasonably well to the age of the automobile—at first. This is looking north from Seventh.*

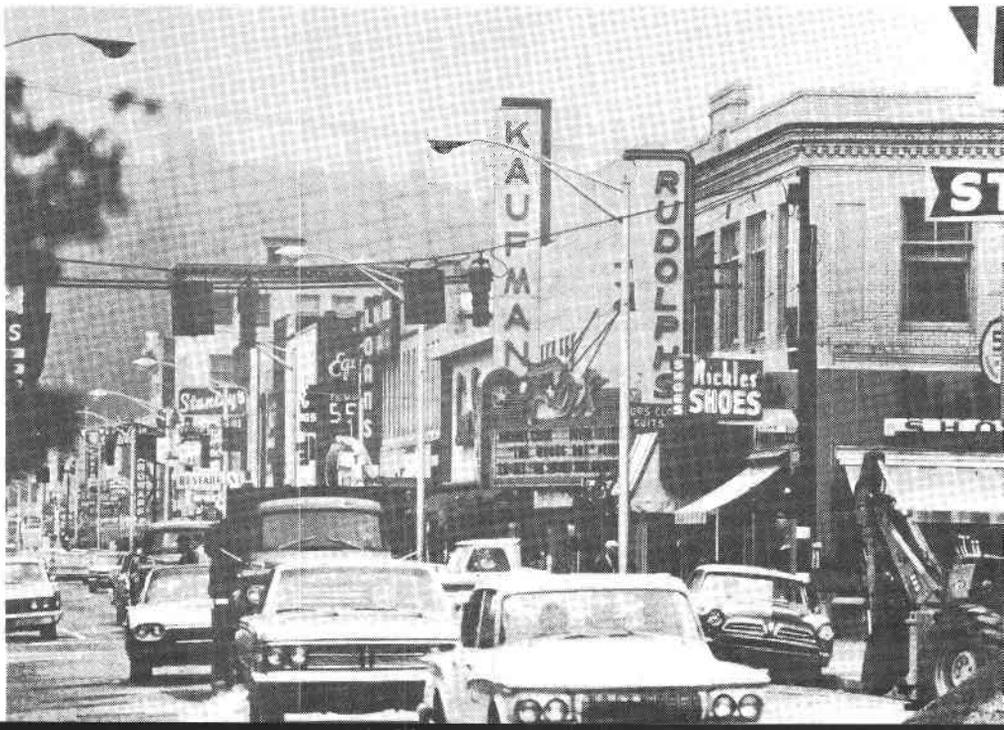


1935 *Long line awaits movie "The Love Captive" at Heilig Theater. Originally built for live stage, it succumbed to urban renewal.*



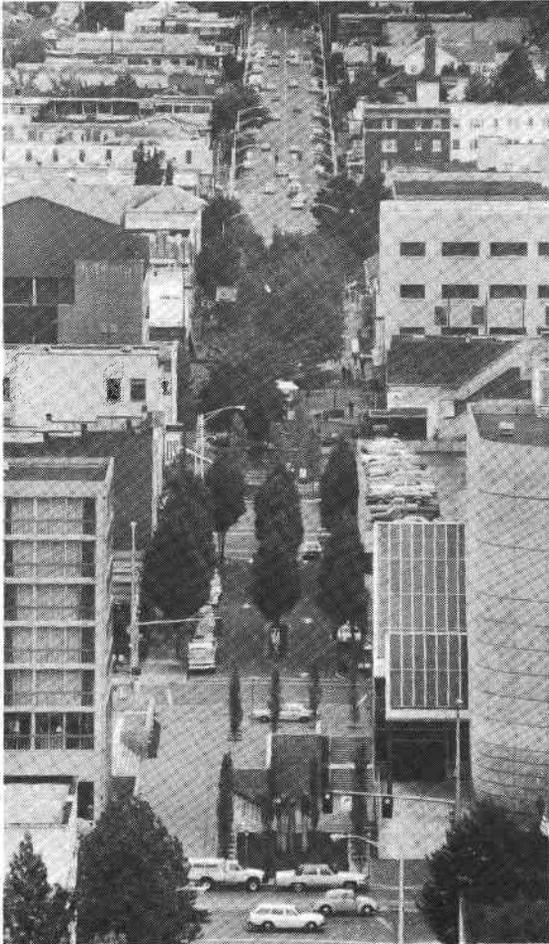
1951 *Christmas decorations dominate this scene looking south from Sixth. The city's one-way traffic pattern was in effect by this time.*

1969 *A last drive on Willamette just before work began on the mall. This and subsequent photos courtesy of The Register-Guard.*



... Changing Face

1970 *Work progresses on the newly designed pedestrian mall*



1984 *A final look at Willamette Street, as viewed from Skinner Butte.*

Driving Oregon's pioneer off-road logging trucks

The years: 1938 and 1939. The scene: Camp Five, Westfir Lumber Company. A daughter, astonished to learn of her father's seminal role in Oregon logging history, undertook to record his recollections, commentary that may have been inspired by the discovery that the truck he drove a half-century earlier had found its way into the Oakridge Pioneer Museum.

By Roxie Metzler

This narration is the compilation of two interviews tape-recorded with my father, Wesley E. "Red" Clark, in 1991. The magnitude of Red's experience with the Westfir Lumber Company surprised me, since I had only heard fragments of this important period of my father's life. Until recently I was not even aware that he had been part of this piece of logging history. Most of my awareness had centered on his experiences in World War II in the Army Combat Engineers and on the heyday of logging in Western Oregon in the 1950s when I was growing up in Powers. So when he began to talk about this seminal time of his life, it

came as a complete surprise to me. For some reason, Dad chose to re-live this experience. In fact, he grew up during those two years. About 1970, Red decided to get out of the logging/lumber/road construction business. He had a second career as Roadmaster and Director of Public Works for Coos County. In 1982 he retired for good—except for keeping busy with a well-maintained 1968 grader.

We met at Pleasant Hill for breakfast and then headed for Westfir. With a recorder running, I asked Red to tell me how he got started working in the woods. He told how he got the job

Condensed from the author's original report. Roxie Metzler, a high school teacher in Springfield, works summers as a fire lookout. She taped interviews with her father as part of a writing project at the University of Oregon. Photos provided by Roxie Metzler and the Oakridge Pioneer Museum.



A youthful-looking Wesley Clark (foreground) at the start of his truck driving career at Camas Valley prior to taking the job at Camp Five.

driving one of two brand-new trucks, the first off-road trucks in Oregon, at eighteen.

The first log truck I ever drove was in 1936; I was fifteen. I drove on private road that summer, and that winter the guy offered me a job hauling down the highway, and I had to refuse it because I wasn't old enough. I couldn't drive legally on the private road, but I lied about my age. Then when he told me I could stay on for the winter and haul on the highway, I told him, "No, I guess not."

He got suspicious because jobs were hard to come by. And he asked me; he said, "You're not old enough to drive on the highway, are you?"

And I said, "No, I'm not."

He said, "How old are you?"
"I'm fifteen."

He damn near threw a fit! He said if I'd gotten hurt, he'd of been in jail the rest of his life!

In 1938 I drove lumber truck from Camas Valley to Dillard. That's where I was working when I got the job up here. I was eighteen when I came to Westfir. Wages in those days were—oh, in Camas valley they was about fifty cents an hour, and this job in Westfir paid seventy-two-and-a-half cents an hour, so we considered that a pretty good wage.

When we reached Westfir, Dad pointed out how things had been when he worked there. The covered bridge and the office building, now being restored

as a bed-and-breakfast lodge, are still there. *Everything else is gone. The store stood across the road from the office.*

Right here's where we used to get on the train. When I worked here there was a dam below here, and this was all mill pond. This was where the store was: right here. The one thing I remember about that store, they had a little restaurant and a soda fountain, and they made the best damn milkshakes I ever drank. That was before the days of soft ice cream. They had to use good ice cream.

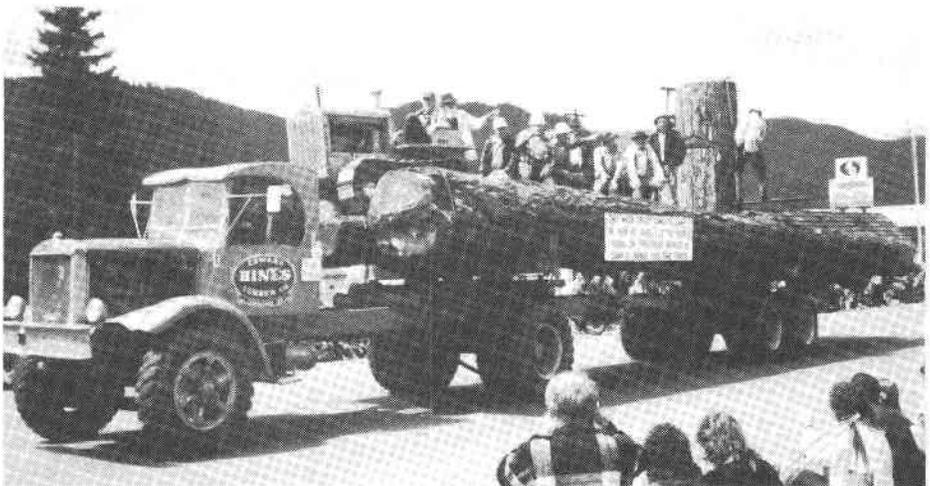
The morning I arrived, we ride into Camp Five, I think it's about fourteen miles from Westfir, on the train. They had a locomotive and one old pullman car and one boxcar that the men rode in to go to work. I rode the train into camp and when I got off the train I was met by Old Man Workman. The only interview I had was, he walked up to me and asked me if I was the truck

driver. And I said yes, and he kinda looked me up and down, and he said, "You're kinda young, aren'tcha?"

I said, "Well, yes..." And that was all he said. I just went to the truck, got in it, and started to work.

I think that day was still about the most outstanding thing I can think of. I was scared. I had heard a lot about the Old Man Workman, and I was scared of him, and when I first saw that truck, I was scared of it. I backed out there to get my first load of logs—I'd just started to move the truck, and here was the Old Man Workman standing on the running board on the opposite side of the cab. He rode from there clear into the re-load with me. He didn't know anything about trucks, but he knew whether a guy could drive one or not. Never said a word. But he sure looked. He had that look in his eyes.

We continued up the North Fork, stopping at the site of Camp Four, a few



The giant Mack truck Wesley Clark drove at Camp Five still runs. Here it makes an appearance at the 1984 Tree Planting Festival parade in Oakridge.

miles upriver from Westfir. It is a large open area along the east side of the road. There is no inkling it was once a bustling camp.

They were still using Camp Four when I got here; they were in the process of building Camp Five. Camp Four here probably had forty bunkhouses and a cookhouse and various other buildings. When they built Camp Five, they enlarged it. And I believe that there must've been fifty or sixty new bunkhouses. That'll be hard for you to believe when we get there because it's changed so much. You can't see where they would ever have had fifty or sixty bunkhouses.

They worked about two hundred and fifty men in Camp Five. Camp Five had a bigger crew because they didn't start any cat logging until they had moved to Camp Five. And so, in addition to the steam donkey logging that they'd always done, when they got to Camp Five, they started a cat side, and they also had the steam donkey logging side, so it was a bigger operation.

As we continued northeast along Road 19, Red would point out evidence of former operations. In response to questions, he began to describe the camp and his job.

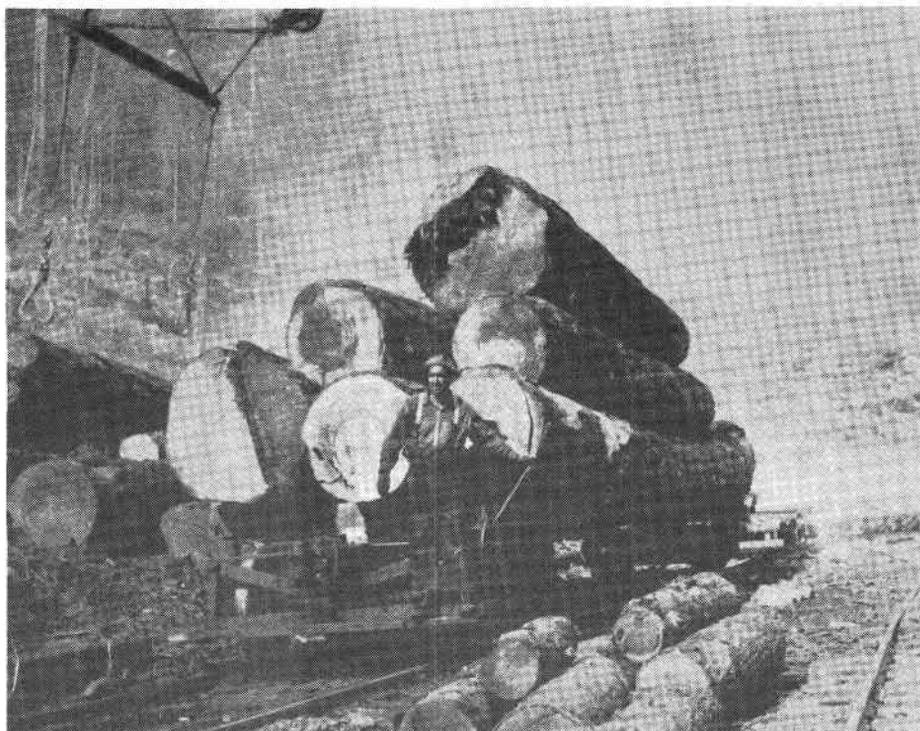
They would log an area, I guess in the neighborhood of thirty acres to one spar pole. Now, along this canyon, of course, they always had their landings on the railroad here. They just logged everything to the railroad. They set up at Camp Five after they had logged the canyon out. And when they

got up to that area, they started expanding the logging in all directions and started using truck roads so they could bring everything into one re-load at Camp Five.

Everything in Camp Five was new—all the buildings, all the equipment, all of the cookhouse equipment. The cooks were women. That is, most of the people in the cookhouse were women. But there was a man cook: the head cook. One time a bunch of the guys got to complaining about the food, and so they had a big meeting in the cookhouse. They finally decided they was gonna take a vote on whether to run the cook off. So they said, "Everybody in favor of running him off, let's have a show of hands." They started to count the hands, and there was a guy sitting over in the corner had his hand up; hell, it was the cook! He voted to run himself off. But they didn't have enough votes to get rid of him, because he was a good cook. The food was good.

I'd haul—the average day was probably six or eight loads of logs. And sometimes as high as ten. The trucks were there when I got there; they were both brand new. They hadn't hauled any logs yet. It was just the beginning of truck logging to the end of the railroad. They stopped building railroads and started building truck roads at that point.

It was about a quarter of a mile from the camp to the landing at first. In camp they had what they called the re-load. We hauled the logs from the landing to the re-load, and our first landing was about a quarter of a mile away. We didn't load the trailer; we'd just back the trailer and truck out to



Giant Douglas fir logs came out of Camp Five during Wesley Clark's time there. This was the re-load area where logs were loaded onto rail cars.

the first landing; they'd load us again. As soon as we got a little further away from the re-load, we started doing things the usual way. After each load, they would load our trailer, and we would drive back to the landing normally. The further you went, the easier it got. At first, man, that was tough. There were nights I'd come back and be too tired to even eat. I'd just fall into bed.

We talked about the truck and his finding it in the Oakridge museum.

You know, in this day and age, everything on your trailer is controlled from the cab. But that was before they

got the engine brakes. And they had water on their trailer brakes. All you did was slip a lever in the cab to turn that water on. And each wheel had a little water valve on it. The water tanks was right on the trailer. And you had to open that water valve to each wheel to run water on your brakes to go down the hill. When you got to the foot of the hill, you'd go back and close them. The front trailer ride, the pipe that's between the bunk and the cab, was also an oil tank where the oil dripped onto the chains. And the guy there at the museum, he thought that every once in awhile you'd get out and open that and let oil run on the chain, and then shut it off. And I told him, I

said, "That wasn't how it worked." In the morning you would open those and adjust them, so that it just dripped all day long on those chains to keep the rollers on the chains oiled.

The guy at the museum was showing me a picture of the Incline, and he said, "I have no idea how steep that thing is."

And I said, "I can tell you exactly how steep it is."

He said, "You can?"

And I said, "Yeah, it was seventy-seven percent."

I remember, he wrote it on the back of the picture.

The Incline was a railroad track built right up the side of a mountain, up onto what they call High Prairie. And it was seventy-seven percent, straight up the side of the canyon. And they had a huge donkey at the top—they called it a snubbing machine—with about a two-and-a-half inch cable that they would hook onto those loads of logs and let them down the Incline with this big machine, down to meet this other railroad that ran up the North Fork. And then they'd pull the empties back up. All of their operations was up on the Flats, up there where they had Camp Three.

They had lots of trouble with that Incline. I've heard stories that when one of those'd get away, those eighty-eight-foot logs would go end over end down that slope. They had their locomotives up on top, too, up in the High Prairie country, and they'd bring them out to the top of the Incline with these locomotives, and there they would hook on to them with this huge cable they had on that snubber, and let them down over the Incline to meet

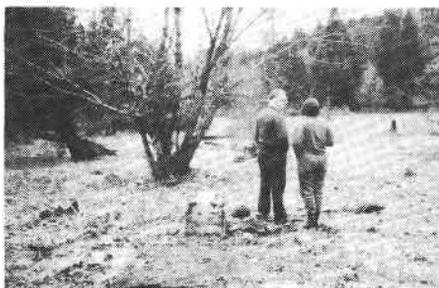
this other railroad.

You can imagine what a sight that was; seventy-seven percent is really steep. When we'd walk down here to fish, going back up that Incline, those ties, it was almost just like going up a ladder.

I'll tell you, there's a lot of logging history up here; it's just too bad that they didn't preserve more of it. I couldn't find the Incline that last time I was up here. It's all grown up. A guy's gotta remember, that was fifty-two years ago.

We arrived at the site of Camp Five. It is just over a bridge, alongside the river, off Road 19, where 1926 goes uphill and to the north. It is a large clear area, and when you actually walk around in it, bits of metal and faint tracks are visible. The only evidence of a building is one small slab of concrete. We drove into the camp site on an unmarked gravel spur that dead-ends in a circular clearing, the site of the re-load. Red talked about the men who had lived there.

This piece of concrete, I would guess, had something to do with the cookhouse. It could be that they had—



Only a slab remains of Camp Five as Clark revisits with daughter Roxie.

oh, like their big freezer, something, you know, where they felt like they needed concrete under it. . . .

I'm really pissed off, because they didn't leave some old ties or something. I know, in general, exactly where things were here, and those family houses over there. I don't know where the garbage pit was. The bull cook took care of all the trash.

This level went further back, but it's been built up to get a gradual grade, and I know in my own mind that this used to be that old re-load area. Down here at this end of this area was where the switches were for the track that came up here to the re-load, and the engineer always blew a long whistle as he was coming into camp.

One morning, he pulled that goddam whistle cord, and about the time he did, that car we was riding in, that old boxcar, split a switch, and went crow-hopping down over the ties. The engineer had the whistle cord down, so he didn't even know it! And here was that goddamned old boxcar, jumping all over hell. And we had a great big stove in that boxcar, just red hot. And I was sitting over against the wall, and I looked up, and here come that stove. I'll tell you, there was some scrambling going on!

There was days when they would load a half a million feet with one machine. Of course, you take an eighty-eight foot log, you know, or the seventy-twos, and sixty-fours, and you pick up one of those bastards, you got some scale. When they first started that re-load, it was funny; but it wasn't funny either. They'd pick up those logs to load them on the cars, and they

was having a hell of a time getting anybody that could run that thing enough to keep up, you know, good enough. They'd put a guy on there in the morning, and by ten o'clock, they'd can him. I'll bet you they canned at least ten guys that I know of. In fact, one time old Bill Verrier—they had put a guy on that machine one morning. He loaded a load or two, and the Old Man said, "He ain't gonna make it, Bill. Go can him!"

Bill said, "Goddammit, Walt! I'm getting tired of canning these guys! Whyn't you go can him yourself?" So the Old Man did. . . .

Used to always listen for five long whistles. That was for the stretcher. Anytime you heard five long whistles, somebody was hurt. That was the only communication they had, you see. They didn't have any two-way radios.

Two men that I remember were killed. One guy was killed on the re-load landing. And a timber faller was killed when he was falling a snag. The guy on the re-load, they had the tongs in one of those eighty-eight foot logs, and the guy on the machine was picking the log up and going toward the railroad car with it. And this guy was climbing over another log, and he didn't get far enough endways, and the end of that log came right against the other one. He was between it and the log that he climbing over. Oh, and one guy was killed in the tunnel at Westfir.

We had a guy come up here that was a head loader; he loaded the trucks. He was a Norwegian; his name was Axel. And we asked him if that was a nickname. He said, "Hell, no! I got a brother named Driveshaft."

He's the guy that on Friday after-

noon—he always went to town Friday night. Well, on all those steam donkeys, they had a pump that was run by steam, but it pumped water, like for fire or something. And it had terrific pressure. Well, old Axel, on Friday afternoon, he loaded the last load and pulled off all his clothes, got up on a block of wood, and told the old wood buck, he said, “Now I wantcha to hose me down!”

And the old wood buck said, “By God, Axel, I don’t wanna turn that hose on you; that’s got a lot of pressure.”

“Aaaahhh,” he said, “I’m all right! I wantcha to hose me down!” The old wood buck, he turned the steam on that pump, and he swung the hose around, and hit that Swede right in the chest, and he just went and turned a backwards somersault off that block of wood. I mean, it knocked him completely off of it! . . .

We never played baseball or anything. If anybody wanted recreation, they’d go to town on Friday evening. They ran a train in from camp into town on Friday evening and back to camp on Sunday evening. The biggest attraction was the dance hall in Oakridge. That area you called Willamette City? Well, we called it Gonorrhoea Flats. And the name of the dance hall was Shady Nook. And the saying went that there were two sides: the Shady side and the Nooky side.

We drove back down the North Fork, toward Westfir, still looking and reminiscing. We had wanted to find the site of the Incline. We were unable to locate it for certain, though Red thought he knew about where it was.

If I’d spend enough time, I’ll bet I could find that Incline. I doubt if there’s anything left of those rails, you know; they could sell those.

Don’t they have any historians at the Forest Service? That Incline was such a piece of history, and it’s too bad there’s nothing left.

I came down that Incline to go fishing; in fact, more than once. It was probably a thousand feet long; maybe more. Someplace back in that area might be where that Incline is. It’s too bad; I don’t suppose you can find the top of it either. The Incline’s about the only thing we haven’t located.

See that bench up there, above the road? I’m almost sure that’s where it had to be.

I still don’t know why we did it, but Slim and I walked down in there fishing one time, and you know these huge round line spools, wooden ones? There was one of them up there at the top of that Incline. We rolled the sonofabitch in the river. Before it got to the bottom of that thing, it was making leaps, you know, two hundred feet long, out in thin air. It went clear to the river. I still don’t know why we done that. Of course there wasn’t anybody down there to hit. Well, you come into a bunch of men like that when you’re eighteen years old, and in two years you do a lot of growing up—a lot of it.

After transcribing the hours of tape, there seemed to be plenty of information about Camp Five. But I was lacking some kind of meaning, some closure. So I called Dad and asked to meet again.

Thinking back, in the two years I



Wesley "Red" Clark, 1991.

was there, I saw a turnover of men in that camp, I would guess, at least two hundred men that came and went. Without a doubt, that was the toughest, roughest bunch of men that I was ever around in my life. And that includes being in the service and every place else.

It's funny, but I never did see any of those people again. The only one I ever saw that I'd worked with was this Stewart that I ran into in Myrtle Point, that was telling me that the Old Man Workman would like to have me come back.

I learned more about handling men from the Old Man than anybody else I was ever around. I seen him fire several people, and he never minced any words. If a man asked why he was fired, he didn't hesitate. He'd tell him, for instance, he'd say, "You don't know the first goddamn thing about whatcher doing!" Or he might tell a man, "I gotta getcha the hell outta here before you get killed!" There

wasn't any of this beating around the bush.

You know, when I lived there you couldn't imagine anything except that camp would always be there. It was permanent. A camp that size, that was about as permanent as it got, other than a town. And the timber . . . the timber seemed endless. Huge big old-growth trees, every place you looked.

The one thing that sticks in my mind is that I went to work there more or less as a boy. And when I left, I was damn close to a man. You had to be to survive.

The other thing that sticks in my mind, it seems almost impossible to me to have driven that truck, and gone and done the things I've done through my lifetime, and then happen to be back in Oakridge and find the damn truck in a museum! And here I am, still running around.

It kind of bugged me for a week or two. So when that guy opened the door on that shop up there where they've got that truck, I saw that thing sitting there—I had the strangest feeling, looking at it. It looked like something from the past, which it is, but it was something I was so familiar with.

The smell of it struck me, especially when I was explaining to the man in the museum about how the oil dripped on those chains; you could still smell that oil.

Usually when you go to a museum, you see something like that, like an old locomotive or something. And you wonder about the people that operated it. Well, here sits this damn truck, and I know who operated it, because it was me. It's real strange.

Book Review

A long trail west: three views

By Lee Crawley Kirk

A Long and Wearisome Journey: The Eakin Family Diaries, 1866. Edited by Shirley Ewart and Jane and John Anderson. Maverick Publications, 1991. Paper, 263 pages, \$12.95 plus postage. (Call (800) 333-8046 to order or write Maverick Distributors, Drawer 7289, Bend, OR 97708.)

On New Year's Day 1866, Stewart Eakin and his 16-year-old daughter Jane (Jennie) both started new diaries. It was an important year for the family, for in April they would set out from their home in Bloom, Illinois, to make the cross-country journey by wagon train to Eugene, Oregon. As the trip commenced, another family member—19-year-old "Little" Stewart—would also keep a daily report of the trek.

It is always interesting to read accounts of the trials and triumphs of these arduous, adventurous sojourns. It is highly unusual, however, to have three diaries from one family representing three different perspectives of the same events. The elder Stewart conveys his sense of duty by recording the economics of the journey. Young Stewart's attention is focused primarily upon the care and feeding of the mules, his personal responsibility. Jennie describes womanly concerns—cooking, scenery, wild flowers, the opportunities to bathe.

The book is arranged chronologi-

cally with entries from the three journals under each date. The younger Stewart's record begins on April 23, the first day of the trek, and ends on August 25, the day the family reached Eugene. Stewart Sr. and Jennie continued their diaries to year's end.

Of particular value in this book are the notes that follow each section. In addition to genealogical and geographical clarifications, the notes also describe various terms, customs, and incidents. They offer an interesting speculation on why so many young children "fell" from the wagon to be injured under the wheels—as was four-year-old Walter Eakin on this journey.

Although two decades of heavy use had established the overland wagon route, the trip was still a formidable prospect. It was undertaken by Catherine and Stewart Eakin and Stewart's elderly parents (Robert and Margaret), eight children aged four to nineteen, and several young men. Despite injury, illness, and setbacks, the family made the journey in four months and two days. Catherine Eakin died shortly after their arrival.

Because the Eakin clan and their relatives were important figures in early Lane County, this book should interest local historians and genealogists, as well as anyone interested in our pioneer ancestors.

Board Members, Lane County Historical Society

Term expires 1992

John McWade
Ethan Newman
Marty West
Bob Cox

Term expires 1993

Alfaretta Spores
Lois Barton
Frances Newsom
Donald T. Smith
John Pennington

Term expires 1994

Orlando Hollis
Hallie Huntington
Hugh Simpson
A. J. Giustina
Ken Metzler

You are invited to become a member of the Lane County Historical Society

Membership entitles you to receive the *Historian*, published three times a year by the society.

Members are eligible to participate in public interest meetings and in projects to collect and preserve Lane County history.

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

- Family membership, annual..... \$ 10.00
- Sustaining membership, annual..... 25.00
- Contributing membership, annual..... 50.00
- Patron, annual..... 100.00
- Lifetime membership..... 500.00
- Contribution to Society's Preservation Projects..... _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to Lane County Historical Society, P.O. Box 11532, Eugene, OR 97440