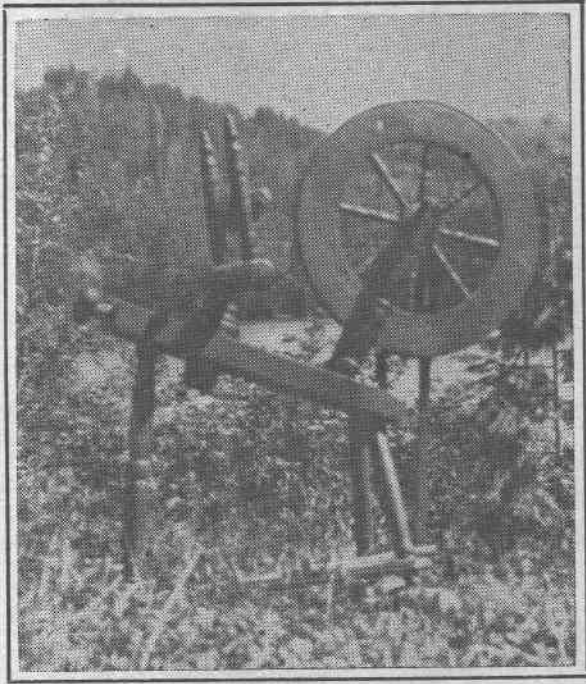


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# The Siuslaw



**Pioneer . . . 1948**

**WE** extend our sincere appreciation to the undaunted Siuslaw pioneers and for their patient toil which has made our coast land a paradise for dwelling and opportunity.

**Highway 101 South**

Lake Cleawox Motel  
Lakeshore Lodges  
Lake Woahink  
Harris Motors—Glenada  
Schneider Motor Co.  
Cleawox Service Station

**Highway 101 North**

Grimshaw Bros.  
Auto Service  
Cyr Junction Cabins  
Pigeon's Grocery  
Vernon's Cabins  
Munsel Lake Resort  
Burger's Cabins  
Heceta Junction  
Horseshoe Court  
Mercer Lake Resort  
Andy's Tavern  
Les and Edie Anderson

**Highway 101 North**

Davy Jones Locker  
Siuslaw Forest Products  
Basford's  
Antiques and Gifts  
Twin Lakes Resort  
Sea Lion Caves  
Hi-Way Motor Service  
Dorchester Village  
Tompkins Cabins  
Roofing and Water  
Proofing—C. G. Mack  
U. S. Cabins and  
Mobile Station  
Lewis & Lewis—Cushman  
General Merchandise

**Mapleton**

Mapleton Garage  
Jensen Repair Shop  
Acme Lumber Yard  
Harry Levage, Coos Bay

**Florence**

Cooper's Meat Market  
Harley and Cherry Saling  
Bill's Auto Service  
Florence Welding  
and Machine Shop  
Cooper Bros.  
Carrick's Food Center  
Otto Rice  
Charles Graden—Real Estate  
Florence Frozen  
Food Market  
Front Street Garage  
Ready's Grocery  
Murray's Hardware  
Gudge Brothers  
War Surplus—E. K. Howard  
The Sportsman  
H. M. Petersen Motor Co.  
City Bakery  
Carroll Drug—Pills for Ills  
W. J. Kyle—Insurance Agency  
Siuslaw Shake Shop  
Hotel Ragan

Johnston Motor Co.  
De Luxe Cafe  
Florence Bowling Alley  
George and Mary's  
Trading Post  
Young's Body Shop  
Parsons' Drugs  
Ziemer Chevron Station  
W. J. McCready  
Lumber Co.  
Hathaway's Dept. Store  
Western Lane  
Feed and Seed  
Siuslaw Plumbing  
Supplies  
Florence Theatre  
Womer's Variety Store  
Horn's Studio  
Coast Laundry and  
Dry Cleaners  
Brynd's Shell Service  
George Crain—Saw Filing  
Baybridge Court Apts.  
Nelson and Weber  
The Siuslaw Oar—Western  
Lane's Pioneer Printing Office

*Long established homes and age-old traditions had to be abandoned by the ones who listened to the call of the West. Miles and thousands of miles they journeyed toward the setting sun--to the land of promise, a wilderness with lakes and streams, game and fish, milk and honey, hardships, loneliness and homesickness.*

# The SIUSLAW PIONEER

AUGUST

Dedicated to the Pioneers of western Lane county, Oregon,  
and to presenting the historical data of their heroic times

1948

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## TWO LITTLE GIRLS

By Laura Dahlin Erlandson

Two little girls live in a house surrounded by flowers. They keep house together, sing together, laugh together and perhaps now and then they weep together too, for sometimes little girls must cry. They are seventy-three and seventy-five years old. Both have seen their Golden Wedding days. Both are widows now. But they have children, and grandchildren and great grandchildren, who come to visit them in the house among the flowers.

They were the youngest two of the nine children of Joseph M. Morris and his wife Elizabeth Anne, early Siuslaw pioneers, who settled on the North Fork in 1880. The previous year, Mr. Morris had come to the Siuslaw country and had selected the spot he found suitable for a home.

On a little three-masted lumber schooner the family came from San Francisco to Gardiner, Oregon, a little mill town seaport. They landed at the home of Hank Barrett, the old stage owner, and they stayed in his

old Indian shack for three weeks. It was between Christmas and the New Years day of 1880 when they landed there.

The youngest child, Alice, was five years old then. To this day she remembers the dog she owned which she was allowed to bring with her to the new home. She well remembers how her dog, and another dog on the schooner would slide across the deck as it rocked from side to side and how they would snap at each other in passing.

After they came to the home in the wilderness, this dog was her friend and guard. When she wandered past the clearing around the cabin, he pulled at her skirt with his teeth and made her come back. Her sister Annie was six years old and would be seven the following April. Annie remembers that Christmas was spent on the ocean and New Years day was spent in the Indian shack.

Assisted by the two older sons, Joe and Marion, the father built a cabin on the homestead. Dur-

ing this time the mother and four youngest children stayed on in the Indian shack in Gardiner. Here they slept in bunks and on the floor. The oldest three children had remained in California.

When the cabin was finished the mother and four children came up the beach to Florence in Barrett's stage. From Florence they took a row boat up the North Fork river to where Portage bridge is now located. Here was the new home. Here the mother planted a locust tree which yet stands there.

The first dwelling was a little one-room cabin with double decker bunks around the room. Besides these, one bed on the floor and one on the table were made up nights.

As soon as possible, the father sawed down trees, split lumber and built a house with a living room, two bedrooms, an upstairs and a lean-to kitchen. Annie recalls how fine it seemed to move into the new house.

After this the father and the boys started clearing land.

Shortly after their arrival, a Scotchman named David Munsel took land on the other side of the North Fork river, opposite the Morris homestead. On a wheel-barrow he brought his bed, household utensils and tools including a fifty-pound grindstone up the beach from Gardiner to Florence and thence by rowboat up the North Fork to his homestead.



Alice and Annie Morris

"He was a very large man and oh, so strong," said Alice.

David Munsel made tables and chairs for the pioneers. Many of these pieces of furniture may yet be seen in the Siuslaw country. Munsel Lake and Munsel Creek are named for this big man from bonnie Scotland.

Other neighbors of the Joe Morris family were the Harings who had come to the North Fork a year before them, and Joe's brother Jim Morris and family who settled a little farther up the stream. Also a family named Hitchcock came and took land on the other side of the North Fork and not far away. And there was Alfred Buttolph, the

surveyor. Before long a teacher, Miss Carrie Vanderburg (later Mrs. Lindsley) came and taught school.

Annie and Alice went to school with Walter, Emma and Clara Haring. Years later Annie's daughter Lorena attended school with the youngest three of the Haring children: Josephine, Loretta and Agnes.

At this time there were no houses built by white men in Florence. There were only Indian shacks. The chief's house was the largest, and was used for a hotel by the whites. Mrs. Andrews, later victim of the slide above Mapleton, was one of the first managers. Mrs. Safley also managed it for some time. Two or three years after arrival on the North Fork, Mrs. Joe Morris took over and used it for about three years. Encouraged by George Melvin Miller, she built the Florence Hotel which is still standing. The dining room in this hotel was the first large room in the Siuslaw country and was the source of much enjoyment. On Saturday evenings the chairs and tables were pushed aside to make room for dancing. In rowboats the few scattered settlers came to join in. There was no school in Florence, but Annie and Alice attended school in Gardiner. Their father moved there with them when they were 12 and 10 years old.

Annie and Alice recall that George Melvin Miller many times

walked from Eugene to Florence. He was influential in promoting the construction of the first road between Eugene and Mapleton and in arousing the interest of Eugene business men and officials in the growth of Florence by setting forth the resources and advantages of the Siuslaw country.

Annie was not quite seventeen years old when she became the bride of Ezra Marr, January 30, 1890. On the 7th of September the same year Robert Bernhardt married Alice who had just passed her sixteenth birthday.

For some time Ezra and Annie Marr lived in Florence where Mr. Marr had first a variety store and later soft drinks and a butcher shop. The Marr house is still standing and is occupied by Mrs. Lulu Titus (Mother Titus). Later the Marr family lived near Sutton Lake on a homestead taken by Annie's brother Marion. The building they lived in stood approximately where Twin Lakes Grocery is located now. It was close to the county road leading to Florence. This county road at that time consisted of two tracks where the horses and wagon wheels could go, while the brush in the middle of the road swept under the wagon box. Before long Mr. Marr bought the homestead of Mr. Boomer, an early settler without family. This was located by an unnamed little lake, which later received the name of Lake Marr by George Melvin Miller

who purchased the ranch from Mr. Marr.

Robert and Alice Bernhardt lived for many years on Duncan Slough. They raised a family of six sons and one daughter. Alice was only 29 years old when she was surrounded by this flock of little people— happy, healthy children. She was a beautiful singer. Seated at her organ, with her children gathered around her, she led them, singing the evening hymn at bedtime. She wrote poetry, too.

Many years have gone by. Now only Annie and Alice live in the house among the flowers. But children, grandchildren and great grandchildren come to visit them. And old friends love to call, and talk about the olden times. On the porch, children find a table sand-box with clean sand, agates and sea-shells to play with. On the wall above this table is a large sheet of stiff white paper, and on it neatly printed in large letters is the following poem written by great grandmother Alice Bernhardt:

Where the ocean's breezes blow,  
Where the Rhododendrons grow  
Where the sun sets in golden  
glow,—  
Our country by the sea.



Alice Bernhardt and Annie Marr

Where the grass is always green  
Yellow butter, milk and cream,  
Vegetables fit for a queen,—

Our country by the sea.

Where the sea gulls love to play  
Crabs and clams hold forth their  
sway

Salmon glisten in bright array—  
Our country by the sea.

Where the sand is pure and deep  
Where nature all her beauty  
keeps

Where God's love in our hearts  
does creep—  
Our country by the sea.

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Mr. and Mrs. Z. S. Young were one of the first families on the Siuslaw. Diella or Mrs. Young was the first white woman on the Siuslaw and their daughter was the first white child born on the river, April 7, 1878. She is now Clara Tulisan Smith of Sacramento, California.

## OVER THE OLD SIUSLAW ROAD 20 YEARS AGO

By Nellie Cornelia Moore

Before the days of paved highways and good roads a trip from Florence to Eugene was considered quite an event. "Going outside," we called it.

About a week or so before starting, we would inquire about the condition of the road. Was it passable or would you have to dig your way out? If Mike Kyle or Hans Petersen told us they had been out lately, we too felt sure we could make it.

So, starting out early with an ax and a shovel in the car, we hoped to reach Mapleton by noon. But took a "shoe box lunch," just in case—

Leaving Cushman, we climbed up the mountain on a narrow, crooked one-way road, overlooking the river and the railroad track. The view was beautiful but the road was too narrow to enjoy it.

We just held our breath, hoping the next curve would be less treacherous. These curves were called switch backs, and in some places we had to back up to make them.

Reaching Mapleton we heaved a sigh of relief, as from there on the road was good. Today as we motor along the highway to Mapleton we can fully enjoy the luxury of it all!

The "Old Siuslaw Road" is now gone and forgotten — but some memories still linger. For instance—

My brother was driving down from Portland one evening to visit us. Knowing it to be a one-way road, he drove very carefully. Suddenly he saw a light, and stopped, but no one came. Finally he called out "Yo, ho—have you a car?" After repeating his call several times, a voice came over the still night air. "Yo, ho—no, we haven't any car, only a boat!"

Imagine his chagrin, when he found that the answer came from an upstairs window of a farm house across the canyon!

But he always thought it a good joke to tell on himself, to the boys, back home at the office.

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Clam chowder on the Siuslaw, Indian style—Soak the clams over night in a fresh water stream and in the morning throw them into a hollowed log containing water heated to the boiling point by hot stones. After they have opened scrape the clams from their shells and replace in the water with chunks of jerked or smoked venison, dried wild onions, and wapato roots.



## THE SKIFF WAS BARELY ABOVE WATER

By Mrs. Lizzie Tripp Dennis

On March 7, 1883, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore F. Tripp and their family of six girls came from Crawford county, Iowa, by way of Lorane to Scottsburg and down the Umpqua river to Gardiner by boat. Then we transferred to a horse drawn stage driven by Mr. Hank Barrett and rode 20 miles up the beach. Then we walked across the sand hills about a mile I should judge and were met by a young man by the name of Mr. William Safley.

It rained in torrents and the wind blew a gale. We were soaked to the skin and nearly frozen for there was no top over the stage. We were loaded into a small skiff, eight of us and the oarsman, and all our luggage, and taken across the river. I have often wondered what saved us from going to the bottom, but I suppose God was in our favor and took care of us. Anyway, we landed all safe and sound at the Safley hotel.

We stayed there several days and then father rented a ranch

up North Fork from Mr. McGloan and we stayed there a year or more. Then we bought a ranch at the head of South Slough and stayed there until his passing October 3, 1896.

There wasn't much to Florence when we arrived there, two small hotels, a small store owned and run by Oscar Hurd, and a lot of Indian shacks. There were no roads in the country at that time, and not many settlers.

Plenty of wild animals roamed the mountains which constituted a big amount of our meat supply.

Mother passed away January 15, 1927. The girls all branched out in different directions. All are living excepting the second one, Mrs. Isabell Anderson, who passed away some years ago. I, being the oldest, am now 79. I live in Eureka, California. I could tell a lot more, but don't want to make the story too long. I have one sister in Florence, Mrs. Bertha Johnson, and one son, Lloyd Kneaper.

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The first white couple to be married on the Siuslaw was James A. McLeod and Miss Mary Hadsall, in 1882. They were also the first to go to housekeeping in other than an Indian tent.

The first Indian marriage at which a minister of the gospel presided was in Indian Town in November 1892, when Rev. W. H. Church united Frank Drew and Miss Lucy Barney.

# Ten Mile News Letter By 'Tsiltcoos'

Early History of Settlements Around Lake

To The West April 22, 1892

Have you ever seen Ten Mile Lake? Perhaps not. We think few of the Florence people have ever been over to see this beautiful lake and surrounding country.

Well, you cross the river, climb the hill, and following the road two or three miles you will reach Clear Lake. There you must procure a boat, and steering southward, you row the entire length of the lake, landing at Mr. Colvin's place.

Mr. C. will be at the gate and by his pleasant smile and winning manner will try to entice you to stop—"there is nothing further on." He lives "next to the jumping off place," etc., but don't listen to him—press right on.

An half mile walk brings you to Mr. Anderson's place where you will be confronted with a view of the finest lake in Oregon.

Mr. Anderson is a genial old bach who swears by all that is great and good that he can make as good bread as any living woman. He was considerably elated last summer over the prospects of making big money from the sale of his farm to a gentleman who talked "big hotels, cottages, summer resorts, etc." but the gentleman failed to put in an appearance when expected

and Mr. A. has accordingly squared himself for another season at gardening and improving his place generally. With the coming of the now assured railroad will come buyers by the score.

Adjoining Mr. Anderson on the east is Dr. Thomas' place. The doctor is putting in a good, big garden—his family have not arrived yet. His place comprises a long peninsula, in the shape of the human foot and leg. Around at the end of the north arm of the lake is Mr. Finsterwalder's place.

On the north side of the lake is where Mr. Erhart has anchored a base. This is his fourth year and his place has taken on the appearance of an improved farm. He has recently set out 120 prune trees. The settlers generally are putting out fruit trees as fast as they can conveniently do so. In a few years this will be a fine fruit country.

Following out, the northeast arm widens into what is known as Little lake. E. B. Miller's ranch borders on this lake. Maple creek comes in at this point. Along the northeast shore of the lake are found the ranches of Mr. Alexander and Mr. I. L. Brewster, two pieces of school land lie between them. Back of the school land Mr. Good, a gentleman from Washington, has

taken a ranch, and is expected to arrive with his family this spring.

Directly opposite Mr. Brewster's place, and across the east arm of the lake, is located the home of J. W. Brewster. Mr. Brewster, Sr., has built a house and has done some slashing—he has not moved his family here yet.

Following up the east arm we come to the home of Miss West and her nephew, Geo. West. Their house is situated back a few rods from the lake. They have a good creek bottom which George is improving and fast getting under cultivation. He, like all the rest of us, believes there is a brilliant future for the lake country.

Further on we find Mr. Wilkes' place bordering on the east arm. Fiddle creek comes in at this place. Mr. Wilkes' house is about half a mile back from the lake situated in a fine valley. He and his family by hard work have gotten their ranch in pretty good shape. The latest news from Eugene relative to immediate action on the part of the railroad floored him completely for a few days, but he is coming on again all right.

I believe I have introduced you to all the Ten Mile people. Come over and shake hands, you will find everybody friendly and hospitable. Oh! I beg your pardon, Mr. David,—last but not least—I nearly forgot you. Mr. D. has taken a homestead on the north-

west side of the lake, adjoining Mr. Colvin and Mr. Anderson. He has built a house and is making many other improvements.

The land on the south and southwest is heavily timbered and is owned by non-residents, waiting undoubtedly for the sign to come right when they will build sawmills and turn their timber into lumber. There are still a few pieces of good government land in this vicinity.

Tsiltcoos.



Joaquin Miller, Poet of the Sierras, was an early day resident here living in Pirates' Cove and like his brother George Melvin Miller, a great enthusiast for this Siuslaw coast land, its attractions and development.

# 'Fiddle Creek' Tells of Fiddle Creek

Another Letter to Newspaper in Florence

To The West May 6, 1892

We appreciate the Ten Mile letter very much, but we are somewhat jealous because Fiddle Creek was left out. We will now proceed to introduce you to the creek and its people.

The writer of the Ten Mile letter left us at Mr. Wilkes' place. After leaving Mr. W.'s you steer in a north-west course until you reach Mr. Mitchell's ranch. Mr. M. is an old gentleman, also a bachelor who has been here some three years. He says he has about twenty-five acres cleared and a good deal of it under cultivation.

Now just turn your face the other way and take a view of Mr. Houghton's place, which comprises a gently sloping hill, some good gulch land and fine marsh land, the grass of which is capable of fattening a great number of cattle. Mr. H.'s house is situated on the incline of a gradual slope, facing the creek. Back of the house is an alder flat dotted here and there with evergreens; before it the marsh stretching out in the purest green to meet the creek.

Let us go on a little farther, perhaps the distance of a quarter of a mile; here the creek makes a turn and you go due north. Here Mr. Husby's place begins, and a very good place it is, too, mostly bottom and bench

land, good for raising anything that is planted thereon.

Opposite Mr. H.'s ranch commences Mr. Gibson's homestead, which is as good a ranch as can be found in Douglas county. There is about sixty-five or seventy acres of bottom land, which cannot be excelled in fertility. The rest of his place is mostly upland, especially adapted to horticulture. He has been here little more than a year and a half, and has planted about two hundred fruit trees of various kinds and nearly an half acre of strawberries and other small fruit.

Next we find Mr. Young's place. He has been here some four years, has quite an extensive place, which is taking on the appearance of an old ranch. He has quite an orchard set out which is in full bloom, making it a beautiful sight to behold. At Mr. Young's house is the head of tide, so we must go the rest of the way on foot. North of this place we come into the county road.

Following the road eastward about three-quarters of a mile you come to the D. Miles ranch. He has been here only one year. Notwithstanding his coming in at the late hour, he has got a fine ranch, nevertheless, one of the best on the creek for fruit and cereals, as most of it is

bench land lightly covered with alder and very easily cleared. There is plenty of bottom land on his place for gardening purposes.

One-half mile farther on we find D. W. Vanderburg's farm. It is very much like the others heretofore described, well adapted to grain and fruit. Perhaps you think here is the jumping off place, but you are mistaken, for onward the distance of about three-quarters of a mile we come in sight of Mr. Brown's ranch. Mr. B. is a gritty old fellow, and says he is going to see

the outcome of this young Eden.

Adjoining Mr. B. on the east C. H. Vanderburg has taken up his quarters and is improving a very fine ranch. Opposite Mr. V. on the north side of the creek is Mr. Boren's residence. His ranch is much the same as Mr. V.'s, mostly upland and bottom. Adjoining Mr. B. on the east is where Miss Estella Miller's ranch is situated.

There are many more places still farther on, but time will not admit a description of them. So we will wait until another time.  
Fiddle Creek.

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## DRIVING THAT FIRST SCHUSTER COW HOME

One of our pioneers, Anthony Schuster, has lived at Siltoos for the past fifty-four years, "landing in Florence on the 21st day of March in 1894."

The family first went to Eugene looking for the Peter Erhart family. Mr. and Mrs. Eusebius Schuster and Mr. Erhart were school mates in Paehl, Germany, in Bavaria.

On arrival in Eugene the Schusters found their old friends the Erharts had moved to Siltoos Lake on the coast. Many of the Florence residents were in Eugene on a whisky trial and the Schusters found they could make the trip out to the coast with them. The roads were too bad for the stage to make the trip, so all went to Newport. Arrangements were made to have Mr. Kyle send the tugboat

for this party. The trip was a rough one, the tug striking bottom seven times coming in over the bar.

The Schusters settled on what was originally the Alexander homestead. Mr. Alexander was the first to be buried in the Masonic cemetery near Cushman.

Anthony tells the story of bringing their first cow to the ranch. The three Schuster boys, Gus, Anthony and Con, bought the cow and a few chickens from an Indian family who then lived on the now N. L. Austin place at Canary, four miles away. It took the three of them two days to bring the cow home.

Other neighbors were the Niel Christensen and the E. B. Miller families besides the Erharts, to welcome the Schusters.

Mrs. James Christensen.

# FRANK AND ELIZABETH KNOWLES

Pioneers of 1878 Took Up Farm at Site of Mapleton.  
This vivid story of their pioneering is written by Margie  
Y. Knowles, Historian, as Told by Mrs. Frank Knowles

Mr. Knowles had just put up a shelter for us and started in to clear his land. In a little piece he spaded we planted beans. I guess the rabbits thought the beans were planted for their special benefit, judging by the way they pruned the vines. We had rabbit pot pie for our first Fourth of July dinner in the Si-uslaw valley.

When Mr. Knowles would get tired of working, which was not often, he would go fishing down on the creek and would take me along to hold the boat steady for him. The boat was a canoe which he had dug out of a log. Suckers were the usual catch, and these suckers with tender young maple leaves for greens were our mainstay in the way of food until our potatoes matured in the fall.

In 1877 a Mr. Duncan had a cannery and sawmill near the mouth of the river which gave employment to several men. In the fall of 1878 Mr. Knowles went to work as carpenter for Mr. Duncan. He put up a one-room house with a fireplace made of stones, and so we moved to the mouth of the river.

I picked a lot of huckleberries and Mr. Duncan furnished the cans and had them cooked in the fish vats. My! but they were

good! In September we gathered a lot of salal berries and dried them, and so we had fruit all winter.

When we moved back home we had fish, potatoes, bear meat, and bear's oil for butter. We would toast our bread and spread bear's oil over it as a substitute for butter. We caught the bear in a trap. Later we bought a cow, and when we wanted something extra I would roast potatoes in the ashes and we would have roast potatoes and cream.

About this time we built a house of two rooms of split alder slabs set up on end, and a shake roof. It had a fireplace of stone for about four feet up and the rest shakes. As soon as we got some land cleared we sowed a mixture of mesquite and other grasses that would stay green all though the winter but was not very nutritious.

Our first work animal was a big ox that was worked with a home-made yoke and home-made traces, and had a ring in his nose.

Our next domestic animals were a hen and a rooster that we bought of Indian Lester. We raised six chicks until they were old enough to take care of themselves, and then a skunk dug un-

der the hen house and killed all my little chickens, but fortunately left the old ones. The next day it seemed as if there had been a funeral around our house. We started right in raising chickens again and in time succeeded in getting a flock. I have often thought how we used to dig in every time we had a misfortune. But we were young and in good health and misfortunes never kept us down.

In December a baby girl came to live with us—the first white child born at Mapleton. Before that time Ernest Funk's grandparents and their children had come in and were located two miles below us. They came in 1877 and located on what is now the Hall place.

That winter the river froze over several miles below Mapleton. During that winter Mr. Knowles made some furniture which was all we had. He also made a tub, some pails, a washboard, a bread tray and a soap dish. I did most of my washing in the creek until Mr. Knowles made the tub and washboard. People now cannot realize how we treasured these simple utensils.

He also felled a tree back of the house and dug out troughs for salt fish, meat, soft soap, etc. He put a roof over these troughs and used a part of the shed thus built for a shop and also for a woodshed.

In the spring we got herring and smoked them in the chimney

and I then learned why they were called chimney herring.

The first year we were on the Siuslaw our farm tools consisted of a mattock, a froe, an axe and a hoe. Our cooking utensils were a baking kettle called a Dutch oven, a frying pan, and two or three quart cans with wire bales, and six bone handled knives and forks. I cooked over a fireplace for two years, and such good baked beans and bread as we did have!

Mr. Knowles carried a 100-pound stone from the creek, smoothed it up and fixed it in a frame for a grindstone. It was the only grindstone between Florence and Lake Creek.

The next year after we came Mr. Knowles felled a cedar tree and from the log split boards which he dried in the house. With these boards he built a boat. We melted pitch and ran it into the seams which we smoothed up by running a hot iron over them. Then we went boat riding, enjoying it greatly.

Our finances were getting low, so Mr. Knowles went away to work. We got a little girl, Ernest Funk's mother, to stay with me while he was gone. I was afraid of the Indians although I did not need to be, as they were very kind to me and would help me, and laugh at the mistakes I made when I would try to talk their language. I will never forget their kindness to me when Mr. Knowles was sick.

By this time our farm was be-

ginning to look mighty good to us. In the spring we planted many kinds of vegetables and every morning we would rush out to see how they were growing. We had a good garden that year for the land was very fertile. We had it fenced to keep out the animals.

I remember my first fright of wild animals. Before Frank made my wash tub and board I had to stand in the creek to wash and Frank felled an alder tree for me to hang clothes on. One day while hanging clothes I heard a crackling in the bushes and turned around and saw a bear close to me. I was terribly scared but grabbed a pan and began pounding on it and singing at the top of my voice. I thought that would scare it away, and it did.

The next winter was quite uneventful, just work, work, work.

In May 1880 Mr. Knowles was returning from one of his trips down coast and bringing home a cow and calf that had been left down river to feed during the winter. She had eaten some larkspur and died the next day after getting home. I had nothing to feed the calf so cooked up hay and mixed in some eggs. The calf seemed to like it and thrived on it. One day I was out looking for the calf and Mr. Knowles was working around when he saw the house was all afire. It had caught in the bedroom where little Maude was playing with some long hat splints. She had stuck

the ends in the fire and carried them to the bedroom and set the bed afire and by the time I could reach her was terribly burned. She lived four hours.

She was seventeen months old, the first white child born at Mableton, and hers was the first death. She is buried on the knoll where the house stood. The house was burned to the ground and we saved only a few things. I had to go down to Mark Hadsall's to stay while Mr. Knowles built a shake shanty about nine feet square on the bank of the creek. The fire was outside. In July this house burned down, and I went to Dr. Kennedy's place (now the Warner Waite place) and our next baby was born.

Mr. Knowles built our next house on the bank of the river just above Saubert's dock. It was built of planks that washed ashore and were towed here by rowboat. It was built box fashion and had a shake roof. We lived in that house at the time of the flood. We began building our big house just after the flood of 1890.

In the fall of 1878 two families settled below us by the creek which bears their name, Hadsall. Three or four years after this a school district was formed extending from the McCloud place to Lake Creek. It took in one married woman, Mrs. McCloud, in order to get seven persons under twenty-one years of



age. The first school was built by subscription.

Mr. Knowles bought some sheep and then got me a spinning wheel and I used to spin the yarn and knit all the stockings and sox the family wore. He also made the first gas boat.

Looking back it seems like some of the time it was pretty

hard, but we didn't seem to mind it. We were young and not afraid to undertake any problem, however hard, so we just kept on and grew up with the country.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Knowles are now deceased, he passing on May 6, 1929, aged 75, and Mrs. Knowles March 26, 1948 at 94.

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## CAPT. H. P. JOHNSON EARLY RESIDENT

Horace P. Johnson, resident here more than 50 years ago, was born in Tioga county, N.Y., April 9, 1832, and became a Civil War veteran serving as 1st Lieutenant of Co. B, N. Y. cavalry until the death of its Capt. Gear near the end of the war when he was breveted Captain to succeed Gear and in which capacity he served until the war was ended.

He saw over four years of duty and was in 42 battles and many skirmishes. He was shot through the hand at the battle of Ashby Gap and was partially crippled from then on.

Moving to Minnesota when the war was over, he was married in 1869 to Miss Caroline Bergner in Minneapolis. Four children were born to them, of these two sons, Elmer and Frank, are still residents here.

After the passing of this wife in 1882 he went to Nebraska where he was united to Miss Mary Schaffer in 1887. Seven children were born to this union, four of whom and the mother

are now living, one son, Horace C., who served in the 117th army squadron, passing Jan. 11, 1919, after service in World War One.

The Johnsons came west by covered wagon and first settled on Chickahominy Creek, a tributary of the upper Siuslaw, then went to Glenada, and later to Florence or in the fall of 1891.

Moving to the Safley ranch on the North Fork in 1892, they built a house and engaged in dairying and general farming.

The family lived here for two years and their only way of reaching Florence and market was by rowboat. Then the original Amos Haring homestead was purchased and another house built thereon and where the captain lived until his passing Sunday, October 17, 1915, aged 83 years and six months. He had been an invalid five years, the victim of paralysis.

His was one of the families chosen for honors at the 1948 Pioneer Picnic held at the grange hall in Mapleton.



Front: Alice Vanderburg. Front row: Ray Vanderburg, Emily Vanderburg (mother of Caroline L. and Darius Vanderburg), Leone Vanderburg, Bertha Karnowsky (mother of Emma K. V. and Arnold K.), Ralph Vanderburg. Back Row: Emma Karnowsky Vanderburg, Samuel G. Lindsley, Caroline Lindsley.

## Vanderburgs Pioneers of North Fork

Alice Vanderburg Large gave this history of the Vanderburg family at the Pioneer meeting held August 23, 1947:

Clymon Vanderburg was born 1707, husband of Roxanna Kelly, born 1709, died at sea as he was returning to New York from Holland where he had gone to settle his father's estate.

Their son, Clymon, went to Canada with his mother's brother, John Kelly. There he met again his childhood friend, Maria Mitchell. They were married

in Toronto in 1812. One of their sons, John Kelly Vanderburg, was reared by his great uncle after whom he had been named.

John K. Vanderburg, born March 10, 1816, and Emily Colver, born March 11, 1824, were married January 1, 1843, in Ohio. She was the great-great-granddaughter of General Morgan, the hero of the battle of Cowpens in the Revolutionary War.

The John K. Vanderburgs had ten children, all of whom except

the youngest, Charlotte, were born in Iowa. Six of the children, Caroline, Winfield, Philma, Robert, Darius and Charles, lived to come with their parents to Oregon by wagon train in 1864. The first winter was spent in the Willamette valley. The following year they went over rough mountain trails to Coos Bay to join some relatives living on the Coos river.

Before coming to Oregon, John K. Vanderburg had invented a sorghum press from which he received payments until his passing away.

Caroline Vanderburg came to Florence to teach school. She taught the first school on the North Fork. She and Samuel Lindsley were married in 1882. In 1884 her parents and brothers Robert, Darius and Charles,

came up from Coos Bay. Her father came and took up a homestead adjoining theirs on the North Fork.

John K. Vanderburg died in 1889 and his widow Emily lived with her daughter Caroline until her death in 1906.

Caroline and her sister Charlotte, who later married Herbert Hanley and went to eastern Oregon to live, taught school in the Siuslaw and Maple Creek schools for many years.

Darius Vanderburg married Emma Karnowsky on January 1, 1891, and they lived on their homestead on Fiddle Creek until the winter of 1907 when, because of the illness and subsequent death of Caroline Lindsley, they moved to her place on the North Fork where some of the family have continued to live since.

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## Hunting "Gooley Ducks" on Heceta Beach

AS TOLD BY JOHN MOORE

Back in 1928 I was strolling along the beach one morning when I met a friend of mine from California down by the jetty. He carried a gun in his arms and was blissfully gazing about.

I asked him, "What are you doing, Steve, hunting bear on the beach?"

"No," he answered earnestly, "I'm hunting 'gooley ducks'."

"Oh," I said, "Have you seen any yet?"

"Yes," he replied, "I saw some

over by the south jetty, but they were too far away to shoot."

I chuckled softly to myself and went on my way, thinking it a good joke not to tell him that gooley ducks are clams, not birds! I'm still wondering if he ever found out?

Or, as the saying goes, ignorance is bliss.

Note—To the uninitiated geoducks is the name of a large clam.

# High Waters and the Great Slide

By Nellie E. Petersen

After an absence of thirty-two years, Mrs. Mary Tanner, Siuslaw pioneer now residing in Crescent City, Cal., returned to Florence for a visit with old friends and relatives. She was pleased with the changes and improvements made, and declared had she known such changes were to be made would never have left. She is an aunt of the late John Tanner.

Mrs. Tanner came to the Siuslaw with her husband in 1887. They homesteaded the land later owned by Louie Hegstrom on the Eugene-Florence highway about eight miles above Mapleton.

Two years of hard work and they had a small one-room shack of cedar shakes, a barn and a few acres of land cleared. Fruit trees planted; a flock of chickens accumulated. They owned a cow, and had an 11 months old baby boy.

In February of 1890 there was two feet of snow in the mountains, which went off during a warm rain. Creeks began to rise and were soon over their banks. The lowlands disappeared and Mr. Tanner went out to carry hay to higher ground for the cow in case the water went so high he could not get to the barn. Mrs. Tanner, fearing they

might even have to leave the cabin, put on a big kettle of beans and mixed up a batch of bread. The rain continued but the water finally ceased to rise and they decided they were safe where they were.

Suddenly it began rising more rapidly than before. Frantically they worked to put what they could out of the water's reach. Mrs. Tanner carried bed and bedding to high ground and threw what she could into the attic while Mr. Tanner hastily gathered his chickens up and tossed them also into the attic.

By this time the water was so high, and still rising, that Mrs. Tanner could no longer get to and from the house to high ground, and her husband carried her and the baby from the cabin, wading in water almost to his hips to reach safety. He then took the few things saved higher up the hillside where the bed was made up in a hollow stump and there they spent the night.

All night the rain poured down. Next morning water was lapping at the entrance of their rude shelter; and still rising. Hurriedly, they carried bed and scanty food supplies still higher. The springs were laid across two logs and the bed made up once more. Their only shelter

now was one of their precious blankets Mr. Tanner stretched tent fashion over the bed which, of course, did not keep off all the rain and there was much dripping through.

The barn was gone; the house afloat. Mr. Tanner waded through water nearly to his neck to reach the house. He carried a rope with which he tied the house to an apple tree to keep it from following the barn. The stove pipe had fallen in and the chickens, escaped from the attic, were huddled together along the comb of the roof.

After much labor the chickens were rescued and released on the hillside where they were not long in finding the bed and at once took possession of the narrow space beneath. There they chattered and complained constantly but could not be driven out.

For three days they were on the hillside before the water receded enough to allow them to return to what was left of the house.

"My that house looked good to us," said Mrs. Tanner.

On one side of the room the flooring had been pushed to the ceiling. The stove was unharmed, and pipe all there. Both went to work with a will, gathered from the hillside and attic what was left and before long the house began to take on a look of home once more. Even to the 5-gallon stone jar which had been standing there before the flood,

and still stood there, not even cracked.

Precious school books which had been brought into this country and kept in the bookcase (a box nailed on the wall) were gone. They were discovered among driftwood miles away. The ten gallon keg of vinegar was found some time later in a drift a mile and a half away.

Farther down river was the home of the Andrews family. They already had a nice two story house, a good barn and cleared fields. This homestead was at the foot of a high mountain and near the bank of the Siuslaw river.

With so much snow in the mountains and going off so rapidly, this mountain of loose earth and huge boulders covered with a heavy growth of trees, suddenly gave way and roared downward. The Andrews home and the farm buildings in its path were buried under tons of debris. In the house were Mrs. Andrews, a small son and daughter. Mr. Andrews and an older son near the barn were tossed into the river where they clung to some drift, finally climbing up on it.

For hours they lay on this drift, floating down river for ten miles before their cries were heard and they were rescued. It was then discovered that the son Warren's leg was broken.

Continuing across the river the slide completely blocked it and it was then that the already

high stream began rising again forcing the Tanners to leave their cabin and flee to the hills.

In three days the water had dug out a new channel through the slide and the water dropped as rapidly as it had risen.

But the site of the Andrews home! There nothing could be seen but boulders, twisted and broken trees. To this day it is still the grim reminder to all who know, those half exposed huge rocks laying as they did when the slide stopped 50 years ago.

At that time Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Cushman were living in the cookhouse at Acme. It stood at the river's edge across the present highway from where the two-story building known as Cox's apartments once stood. At that time, however, there was only a small, one-room cabin on the hillside.

Mrs. Cushman had been on the Siuslaw only one year. She had brought from their home in the east a few of her best pieces of furniture and rugs, which helped make the old mess house less bleak.

About midnight a crash awoke the family and Mrs. Cushman's mother who was living with them, discovered the long porch extending along the front of the building had been raised and crashed back against the house by a huge wall of water.

Hastily slipping into their clothes and stopping only long enough to set a few things up on

the table from the floor they left. But in that short time the water was a foot and a half deep on the floors and they could tarry no longer.

Mr. Cushman hurried them up the hill through the rain and broke open the Cox cabin where they stayed for three days before the water dropped enough for them to enter the mess house. They then discovered the water had been three feet deep in the rooms, well over the table tops. More than a foot of mud lay on the floors and in the store room the food was ruined, including a hundred pound sack of green coffee. "I do believe there was a wagon load of it, it had swelled so," exclaimed Mrs. Cushman.

Then the task of cleaning up was begun. Everything that could be used again was taken from the mess house and cleaned. Rugs were slushed up and down in the river to free them of the heavy coating of mud.

"But they were ruined," Mrs. Cushman murmured sadly.

Much livestock was lost, and Mrs. Cushman told of how she watched a horse, standing on the island near Acme for three days, holding his head as high out of water as he could. The third morning he had disappeared. It had been so hard to watch and be helpless to aid or rescue him that it was almost a relief to know he had gone.

A woman living on the south

side of the river kept her cows alive until they could reach pasture again, by feeding each one a few slices of bread each day.

Covering the whole country was a thick layer of mud, carried down river from the mountain slide. Roads everywhere were washed out. Stores of food, so necessary to the pioneers, destroyed. Those living on the low lands left without homes, clothing. Many might have starved had it not been for the kindness of the few who had food.

At Florence a sandhill lay between Kyle's store and the schoolhouse which stood where the old grade school building still stands. From the river to that point the land was low. When the flood reached that place it flowed on up to the west of

Kyle's store. All walks were afloat.

Every small boy was happy. No pair of boots was high enough, and the boys were not long in getting in over the tops, or going in completely when trying to navigate a raft of their own make. A boat was kept at the school for several days to ferry the children across.

When the flood had subsided, trunks, boxes, furniture and clothing were found scattered along the ocean beach and, wherever possible, when found, they were returned to their owners if at all usable.

These facts were given me by Mrs. Mary Tanner, Mrs. I. B. Cushman and Dave Kyle, and are as they remembered them as having occurred in this great disaster in February of 1890.

## The Flood Took Lives and Homes

Told by Lillie Knowles to Margie Y. Knowles, Historian

The flood was caused by a slide up at the Andrews place at 2 o'clock in the morning of Feb. 2, 1890.

Albert and I were afraid something would happen for we had been up the hill back of Andrews' house with Mr. and Mrs. Andrews the fall before picking huckleberries, and had seen great fissures in the ground. It rained so hard all during January that we expected a flood, and

all day Feb. 1 rocks had rolled down the hill. Mrs. Andrews wanted to leave and go over the hill to our place, but Mr. Andrews refused, saying there wasn't any danger to them. They discussed which way they would go if the slide did come. As the rain continued they moved to the barn where it was higher. It finally came with a terrible rush, and Warren jumped from the barn window and ran along

the river bank shouting for them not to come for they couldn't get through. Finally he called for help as his leg was caught in the logs and other stuff that had come down the river and he couldn't get loose. Mr. Andrews went to help and both were washed away in the flood. Later they were picked up alive at Point Terrace. Mrs. Andrews, Ruby and John were buried in the slide along with the cows and chickens. Afterward a body was found held in the rubbish along the river bank in front of what is now the High School. It was so disfigured they could not tell whether it was Mrs. Andrews or Ruby. They brought some of the hair up to me to see, and I told them it was Mrs. Andrews' because Ruby had red hair, and this was dark. They never found the bodies of Ruby and John.

When the slide came at 2 o'clock it choked off the river at Mapleton so it was way lower than lowest tide, but it backed up at Walker's so the water came up 9 feet in two hours. Mr. and Mrs. Walker took the two boys, Eli and Ray, some bedding and bread, and went up in the barn loft. They watched the water come up, in and around the house. After a while the door opened and chairs, furniture, a trunk and other things floated out and down the river. Then they saw the house go down the river too. A few days later they

found all three of their steelyard weights in a row on a log down river. The river finally broke through about daylight and flooded below.

Uncle Frank Knowles owned the Saubert place and his house sat near, and a little up river from the approach to the dock. About daylight he saw the water going down and knew there would be a break soon, so he got a long rope and tied it around the house and fastened it to a pear tree that stood near. Almost as soon as he got it tied the jam broke and the flood came. He and Aunt Lizzie took the children and climbed the hill back of their house and saw the flood strike their house and turn it around. Then they got in a boat and went around the hill to grandpa E. C. Knowles' place (where the Grade school is now) and tied their boat so they could get into it from the upstairs window. Water was all over the flat at the mouth of Knowles creek, and came up two feet in grandpa's house. They moved all they could upstairs. Sediment lay two inches all over the lower floor when the water went down and they used a hoe to clean it out. Water on the Frank Knowles house was up to the top panes in the windows, and left sediment four feet in the orchard along the bank of the river so the trees grew two sets of roots later. Next day after the slide Andrews' cat came to Neely's place at Seaton.





## Karnowskys Pioneers of The Siuslaw

Arnold Karnowsky is the young lad in this group and has lived on Duncan Slough since 1885. His parents, Wm. and Bella, came from Germany in 1880, living in Chicago for four years, then in Roseburg; from there

to the Siuslaw by wagon train. The father was a skilled carpenter and the son also handy with tools constructed the old spinning wheel shown on the cover of this book. This family and the Vanderburg family were honor-

ed at the 1947 picnic and the old wheel was also there.

It is told of Grandfather Wm. Karnowsky that he never felt

settled or had his roots down till planting a grapevine. His last one, planted on Duncan Slough, bore fruit until recent years.

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## PIONEER DAYS, HAPPY DAYS

As Told to Editors of 1948 Siuslaw Pioneer

William Bernhardt arrived in Florence five o'clock p. m. of February 4, 1884, in his 22nd year, coming from Chicago as far as Drain, Oregon, by railroad, walking from there to Scottsburg, then by steamer down the Umpqua to Gardiner, walking up the beach road to the Siuslaw and crossing it to the little village now Florence.

Of it he said "buildings there at that time were the Morris hotel now the Florence hotel, the old Safley boarding house nearby and a number of shacks. The sand ridge back of Cooper Bros. store then extended into the river some distance and made a strong current difficult to pull around when in a boat.

"In 1884 I was employed by Dr. J. F. W. Saubert in building the first sawmill here. There were six of us putting it up. The mill was run by steam power and could cut 40,000 ft. of lumber a day. In those days you took two logs to the mill and Dr. Saubert sawed one for you.

"After this job was done I was employed on the river and was engineer on the Mary Hall, the first steamboat on the Sius-

law; later on the Robarts and other boats.

"The Lillian first gave tug service to ships coming into the harbor. There were 12 two-masted schooners making this port regularly. Their crews usually comprised a captain and four seamen. These carried out from 80,000 to 200,000 feet of lumber. After the Lillian came the Kyle's tug Robarts which carried on a freight service from Yaquina Bay. But the first boats to come in were the little sailing sloops that took out loads of salmon.

"I served as chief of the first fire company, was on the school board for three terms and on the common council. There were lively elections in those days over county and local issues.

"Experience with boats on the Siuslaw led to my following the sea 47 years. I went from here to the Umpqua, engineer on the Hunter and at Bandon on the Gleaner. But often I was homesick for the Siuslaw country and always felt it to be home.

"Looking back I recall that pioneering was a pleasure in this favored coast area. There

were no great worries. You went to bed at night and had a refreshing and sound sleep.

"Venison was our main meat. I never knew a person wasted any. If you had more than you could use, the extra portion was shared with a neighbor.

"When gulls were hunting fish the pioneer could follow their lead and scoop a half bucket of candlefish or smelt out of the water at a time.

"When we got to know the Siuslaw Indians we found them the finest neighbors in the world.

"One of the first white settlers was Davy Moss, sometimes called the father of Florence. He was an old Hudson Bay trapper and made his home in a little shack on the east side of the sand ridge before mentioned. Here, too, was an Indian burying ground for as the river washed the sand away at its edge skulls were often bared and disclosed to view. When a half dozen or less new settlers came in Uncle Davy became restless and before long went to the deep woods to make his home, saying as he left "Getting too dern crowded here."

"There was old Indian Dan, who supplied the sawmills with oil he rendered from seals he had first hunted with a club. Once though he was lying sprawled naked on the beach, his brown skin glistening in the sun and a shot from a hunter's gun just missed him. After that

he took to using a gun in his own hunting operations. He was most comical and usually greeted you with a big grin.

"Old Indian Tom had the prettiest teeth you ever saw. He said he got them chewing lots of clams.

"Another was Old Whiskers, so called because of his long whiskers, who would sit in his canoe at the mouth of the North Fork. Fishing a week at a time seemingly, for a sturgeon. One day my father and I were going by and we stopped to watch him



Dan Quixote, Indian Dan, belonging to the Umpqua tribe, passed away at his home here in Indian Town, Tuesday morning, Nov. 29, 1910, claimed to be 115 years old. He was one of our best known Indians.

land a six-foot sturgeon without tipping over his small canoe. The contest was long and skillful and the fish about filled the length of the boat. Father wanted to buy some of it so we offered him two bits for the tail. Whiskers shook his head, Father kept offering him more and each time was refused. Finally, reaching into his pocket he fish-

ed out a bright new penny, holding it out to the fisherman.

"Quicker than a wink, Old Whiskers grabbed the penny, and almost as quickly flopped the whole huge fish over into our boat. Then he paddled away swiftly without saying a word or even looking back."

It didn't cost much to live those days.

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### CAPT. STEEAR 20 YEARS ON RIVER

Capt. Thomas A. Steear was born in Orange county, N. Y., May 4, 1837, next youngest of seven children, his parents both of New Hampshire but both dying in New York. His father, John Steear, was a farmer and this son assisted in its work and attended common school in season until at the age of 13 he left home and became messenger boy aboard a merchant ship. After three years he entered the U. S. navy as gunner and served in the Crimean war for the French government but on a U.S. vessel chartered by France.

A big event of his naval service was when he witnessed the Merrimac sink the Cumberland and Congress at Hampton Roads. Later as a soldier he participated in the battle of Sand

Creek against the Comanches and Arapahoes where 800 of the Indians were slain.

After 14 years in the navy he left it and located in Colorado, engaging in the cattle business until coming to the Siuslaw in 1887 and buying a farm three miles southwest of Mapleton, spending at least 20 years steamboating on the Siuslaw in connection with his farming enterprises.

He married Miss Mary A. Campbell of Illinois in 1878 in Colorado. Of their children John settled near them at Mapleton, dying in 1944; Mrs. Susie Jensen resides in Glenada, and Mrs. Anna Beers at Indian Creek. Capt. Steear was a charter member of Florence lodge A. F. and A. M. The family were honorees at the 1948 Pioneer picnic.

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### GEORGE E. PRESCOTT PIONEER TEAMSTER

He came to Florence in 1889, walking down from Waldport. He stopped at the Florence hotel

for dinner, not expecting to see any one he had ever known but who should be there but Charlie

Behnke, then a young man, with whom he had played on the docks in Michigan when both were boys. It was a great pleasure to these two friends to meet so unexpectedly and an experience they often recalled.

The government was preparing to build a road to the cape where a light house was to be built and Mr. Prescott secured a job driving the six horse teams used in freighting. There were several of these teamsters but I can only remember two other names, Johnnie Stewart of Eugene and Frank Noon. A very popular foreman on the lighthouse job was named Page who was a Virginian.

After this lighthouse hauling was completed my husband took the horses to Portland, this was in the winter and snow was on the ground. He also worked on the Umpqua lighthouse.

When he was hauling and would be leaving town here, the youngsters would pile on and ride out to the edge of town with him, among them were the three Kyle boys, Johnnie Tanner and the Safley boys, I am not sure which ones of the latter family.

Several years later, 1891, he built and worked on the boom at Point Terrace. It was called the Mason boom. He boarded with Johnnie Mason's when he worked there and later went to work for the Siuslaw Boom Co. At that time it was run by E. E. Benedict, living here, and W. C.



GEO. E. PRESCOTT  
May 18, 1871-Feb. 2, 1945

Bailey of Eugene. He did freighting from Eugene for this company when it took a week to make the trip. One trip that I have heard him relate was when he brought in the boiler for the pile driver engine. It rained on them every day and the roads were nearly bottomless.

I could write all day and tell of early days on the Siuslaw. We lived on a homestead 35 miles southwest of Eugene back in the mountains. It was 21 miles above the mouth of the Wildcat and we used to ford the river 21 times in going that distance. It is surely a crooked little river.

Carrie V. Prescott.

# Tragedy at the Mouth of Siuslaw

By George R. Chapman

Not being a pioneer of the Siuslaw I wonder if my little story would be acceptable to the Pioneer bulletin.

In the first place, I feel that the real pioneers of the Siuslaw were those who settled here in the early days. On my ranch there stands a pear tree and two apple trees close together, and very close to them are the remains of a fireplace built of sandrocks. This fireplace was in a cabin that Isaac Condon built when he filed on his 160 acre preemption, which was allowed in those days in addition to the 160 acre homestead rights. Others of those times who thus filed for instance were Amos Haring, Will, Joe and Ivy Morris, James and Bob Bay of the North Fork community, Sidney Waite, Wm. Brund, the Knowles families, Rice families and many more whose names I cannot now recall, also the Bernhardt families were of the very early settlers. Unc'e Bill Morris, as he was known, came with only one-half sack of flour, and his rifle to provide himself with food. Those old timers I call real pioneers.

I came here in the autumn of 1903 but cannot class myself as a pioneer, though I think it would be a great honor.

My father was a sea captain. Was nine times around Cape Horn. Was in Honolulu when it

wasn't even a city. In San Francisco when the population consisted of only a few Mexicans. In 1870 he crossed the Umpqua bar and called the sea quits.

My mother landed on the Umpqua ten years later, and I came into existence on the North Fork of Smith River, just over the hill from Fiddle Creek where my father homesteaded and pre-empted 320 acres.

What I would like most to mention are the days when there were no telephones, and just trails for roads. Florence had two doctors when I first came to the Siuslaw as a boy of 17 with my father, mother and sister. Those two doctors were very old men. Dr. Evans was a homeopathic practitioner and Dr. O. F. Kennedy had been a licensed M. D. As Dr. Evans and Kennedy became too old to practice, Dr. J. W. Luckey came here from Missouri, and opened an office in the Bay View hotel, now the Florence hotel.

There was not enough sickness on the Siuslaw in those days to support a doctor or keep him busy, and much of Dr. Luckey's time was spent playing solb, pinochle and checkers in the hotel lobby. I do not remember of anyone catching him playing poker.

Back in the summer of 1904, I think it was, a new schoolhouse

was built which now is owned by Don McClure in which he conducts a fern and brush business.

The then old schoolhouse of one story and two rooms was sold to Fred Cassidy, who moved it down alongside the hotel. In moving the building a loosened jackscrew crank hit Fred on the head and he was unconscious for some 40 hours. Claud Yates rushed to Gardiner for another doctor to assist Dr. Luckey. From Gardiner they rushed Dr. R. H. Barber off on horseback for Florence. Dr. Barber had been a big city doctor and had come to Gardiner and rented a small apartment house in which he and his wife, also a doctor, operated a hospital.

Apparently Dr. Barber was told that he might have to swim Ten Mile creek, which is the outlet of Tsiltcoos lake; but washing sand had filled the outlet and the doctor kept on going until he came to the mouth of the Siuslaw, long after dark, and no doubt thinking it was the outlet, drove his horse in and swam across.

I have been told that in making a long swim the rider must get out of the saddle and cling to the horse's tail and be towed along. It was a very cold and frosty night but the doctor made it across and was found dead next day under the trestle work of the old jetty between the rocks where he had been evidently trying to take some stimulant from a flask of brandy.

I was out with a lantern that night to retrieve whatever doctor that might have been on the way, and pilot him across the sand dunes to Florence via Hank Barrett's old stage route, but missed him as I was not expecting he would attempt to swim the river, but expected Dr. Alex Patterson who was well acquainted with the beaches.

Fred's brother, John Cassidy, rode horseback up the beach and reported the doctor had left Gardiner for Florence and then realizing something was wrong I rode the horse that John had ridden up the beach back to Gardiner in search of the doctor, then sent Dr. Patterson to assist Dr. Luckey.

I rounded up another horse and trailed Dr. Patterson up the beach; and around midnight as I was about to leave the beach to cross the sand to Florence I met Johnnie Tanner heading toward Gardiner on a bicycle with the news that they had found the doctor and to tell his family.

Johnnie persuaded me to go back with him. The horse I was riding had never been ridden before and was jolting the life out of me. One stirrup was a little shorter than the other, which I did not take time to adjust. When we got to the Umpqua Life Saving station I was hanging to the saddle horn with both hands to keep from falling off the horse. When I tried to get out of the saddle I couldn't. Johnnie Tanner and Carl Berg-

man pulled me off and helped me into the station. I had to lie flat on the floor to relax at all. Was in the saddle 72 hours without sleep.

The Pioneers, I understand, have a picnic dinner once a year. May I suggest that at their next picnic they include in their menu corn beef and salt salmon, and sweeten their coffee with brown sugar.

Editor's Note—The published verdict of the jury paneled after the doctor's body had been found set his death at 8:25 p.m., Dec. 2, 1904. He was fully dressed, overcoat, leggings and overshoes and his horse was found with saddle, bridle and saddle bags securely fastened just as his rider had evidently left him.

## Idyl of Florence, Oregon

I've found a place that appeals to me,

A town called Florence by the sea,—

A fairy town in a fairy land,  
On curving beach of fine white sand

Where great white waves make ceaseless roar

With white sand-dunes that guard the shore—

Where great old pine trees defy  
The winds of centuries that try  
To wrest them from their sandy soil.

Below the rip-tides surge and boil

Where herds of slick old shining seals

Make glamour with their barks and squeals.

I found the place while driving through

And stopped to prowl for an hour or two,

But I liked the place so very well

That I settled down for a spell

And that was fatal! My heart took root.

I thought the place for me would suit

The dream I had carried so long with me

The spot where my vagabond house would be,

On a sandy slope in this magic land

That I liked so well you understand

Where I'd like to visit a month or year.

But the coming-back place, that's right here.

I have my forest and I have my sea,

My rhododendron and scrub pine tree,

With Siuslaw river both deep and wide

That rambles down from the country side

To the sea, through the jetty, to the big sand bar

Where many a driftwood log or spar

Comes floating in. It belongs to you

If you get there first which I seldom do.

It's a funny town with lazy air,

The streets go wandering everywhere,



They twist and turn and dip and  
wind.

I guess they were planned by an  
idle mind.

Some are narrow and some are  
wide,

If they meet a tree they turn  
aside.

And in a queer sort of a friendly  
way

Those streets are where the  
children play.

The cats and dogs and shy little  
quail

Wander in from the forest trail.

It's the doggiest place I ever  
knew

For every family has one or two,  
Every size and color and every  
breed,

And they may be mongrel or  
pedigreed,

But you know them and they  
know you,

At least they act as tho' they do.

Houses designed with chimney  
pots

And set in the most amazing  
spots

On the brink of a cliff like a  
swallows nest,

Or high on a sand-dunes crest,

Or cuddled down in a leafy glade

Or snuggled under a pine tree's  
shade.

Each has a different scene or  
plan

Figured by the varied brain of  
man.

The houses have gables, beams  
and domes

And these folks adore their  
homes

And they have plenty of fun and  
they don't care

If the house has sort of a crazy  
air.

They know what they want and  
that's what they got,

That's what makes Florence a  
delightful spot.

You never know who you're  
going to meet

As you wander down the one  
main street,



Front Street in the Early Days, Looking Westward

It might be fisherman or movie  
star,  
Or a millionaire in a battered car  
With a pair of faded dungarees.  
They do exactly as they please.  
You may be haughty or you may  
be proud  
Or you might belong to the '400'  
crowd,  
The town don't care, it's seen  
them all,  
The rich, the poor, the great and  
small.  
In amble men from some boot  
camp,  
A few coast guards, they're on  
the ramp,  
Each man or woman, child or  
pup  
Comes into town when the mail's  
put up.  
It's the big event of this Flor-  
ence town  
For that's the way the news  
gets round,—  
Who's had a baby, and what's  
its name?  
And are you going to the base-  
ball game?  
The Jones have left and the  
Smiths are back—  
The latest story and last wise-  
crack.  
The Siuslaw Oar gleams all the  
news

That's known to all. It just re-  
views  
The facts and figures. We read  
it through  
And find the story we heard is  
true.  
It's as nice a place as I've found,  
And I've spotted a certain piece  
of ground  
Where I think I'll build me a  
little shack,  
A place to rest when I come back  
From here and there. I'll gather  
my junk,  
My books and chest and  
battered trunk—  
Some pieces of ivory, my  
Chinese robe,  
And things I've gathered all over  
the globe.  
I never stay in a place very long  
For when I hear the wanderer's  
song  
Of the open road, then I have to  
go.  
But it's nice in the back of my  
mind to know  
That I've got a snug little hide-  
away.  
(I can lock the door when I  
want to stray)  
That when I come back, it's  
awaiting me,  
My shack in Florence down by  
the sea. —Anonymous.

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## MEMORY OF 1928 PICNIC AT SUTTON CREEK

I recall attending a Pioneer picnic down by Sutton creek in 1928. What impressed me most was a speech made by one of the sturdy pioneers. He seemed to be peering into the future and

remarked, "It seems rather foolish to us to see people putting up gas pumps and building out here in the brush."

But he added, "Perhaps some day they will be considered the

wise ones and we the foolish ones."

I went home and told my husband I thought they were referring to us as we had just recently moved down from Eugene and built cabins and put up a gas pump not far from Sutton Creek.

As it was the first tourist camp in western Lane most naturally some of the old-timers thought we were rather foolish. The highway was then only graded from Florence out to Sutton Creek.

There were only three houses on that distance of six miles, the Tom Vallier, Abel Homestead and our place. In winter the highway would get so muddy we had to detour on the old county sand road through the brush.

Our place was formerly the homestead of an Indian known as "Hanson Jackson." His barn, the old wagon road and gate were still there, his house having been burned some time before.

Things did not look too promising in those days but our morale was greatly boosted by Geo. M. Miller. He would walk out from Florence to see us and talk about the future possibilities of Florence. His fondest dream was to visualize a direct highway from Florence to New York.

We only wish he could have lived to see Florence, even as it is today, with its many new buildings and modern improvements.

N. C. M.

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## Appreciation

The first little Siuslaw Pioneer met with such hearty approval it was voted at the Pioneer Picnic held in Cushman last year to make it an annual if possible.

Its management is deeply grateful for the splendid support and encouragement given our venture. We only regret that we have had to omit such a lot of fine material from the 1948 issue. There simply was not time to get it into type or room to put it in afterwards.

We have given you what we deemed the most important and are carefully filing away the shorter stories and poems for another time.

Thank you, one and 'all.

The Siuslaw Pioneers.