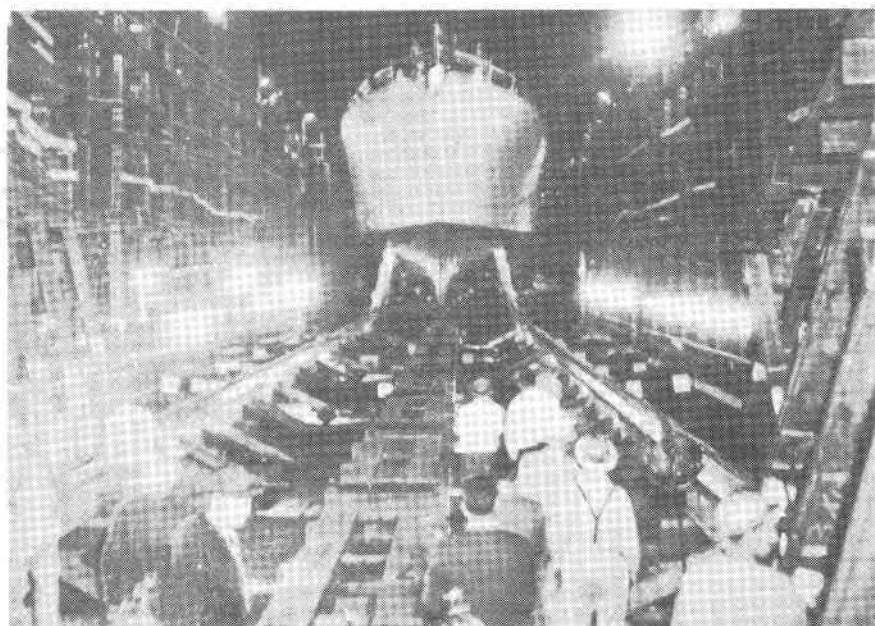
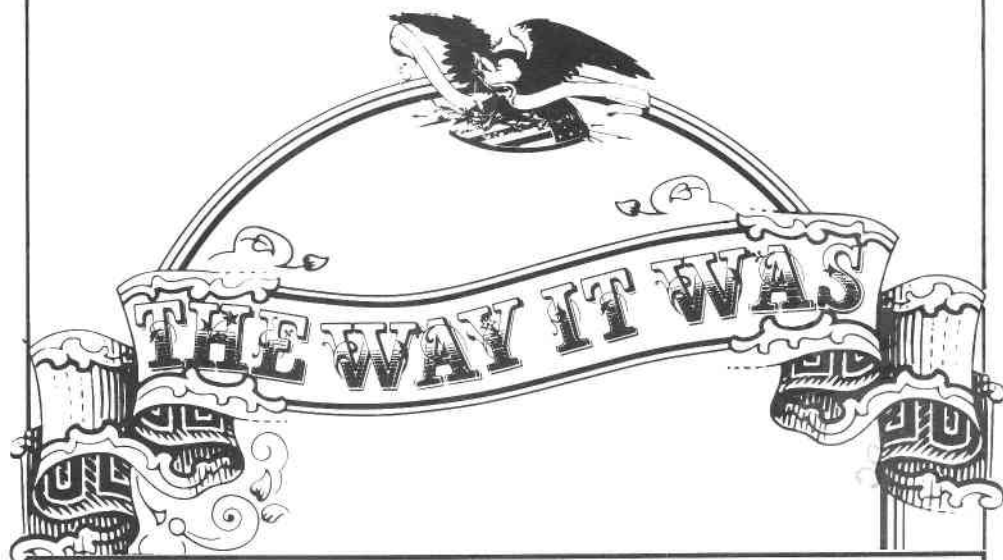


# Lane County Historian



Launching the USS Eugene, July 6, 1943, Wilmington, CA. Courtesy Lane County Historical Museum.

**The Lane County Historical Society**  
**Vol XXXVI, No. 2** **Summer, 1991**

# The Lane County Historical Society

Ethan Newman, President, 2161 University, Eugene, OR 97403  
Membership Secretary, P.O. Box 11532, Eugene, OR 97440

Lane County Historian, Vol. XXXVI, No. 2, Summer, 1991  
Lois Barton, Editor, 84889 Harry Taylor Rd., Eugene, OR 97405  
Janet Burg, Assistant Editor, P.O. Box 2909, Eugene, OR 97402

## CONTENTS

USS EUGENE.....	31
<i>by Helen Cross</i>	
DEERHORN — A RESTLESS NAME .....	33
<i>by Ray Nash</i>	
EUGENE ICE ARENA .....	36
RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRIP UP THE McKENZIE .....	42
<i>by John H. McClung</i>	
TWO NIGHTCAPS, PLEASE.....	47

## ***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 periodic public interest meetings and in projects to preserve and collect 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 .....
- ☐ Contributing Membership, annual .....
- ☐ Patron, annual.....\$100.00
- ☐ Lifetime Membership .....
- ☐ Contribution to Society's Preservation Projects .....

ISSN 0458-7227

## *U.S.S. EUGENE*

Editor's note: There is a display in the Eugene Public Library with the following information. "The USS Eugene went to Australia in 1944 where it was employed in coastal maneuvers during the war. In April, 1945 it was transferred to the Atlantic Fleet, and in May, 1946 converted to a floating meteorological station. Then the ship was sold to Cuba in 1947 and renamed the Jose Marti, where it was continued in service under Castro until 1975."

Lane County Historical Museum  
740 West 13th Avenue  
Eugene, Oregon 97401  
Oct. 25, 1990

### Greetings:

For many years, I have intended to share with you and with the "city of Eugene" a very exciting event that occurred on July 6, 1943 during World War II. It was the naming of a frigate-type destroyer in honor of the city of Eugene, Oregon. I was privileged to have been asked by the presiding mayor to act as sponsor of this ship and to christen the USS EUGENE at the launching in 1943.

Consolidated Steel Corporation Ltd. of Wilmington, California, built the vessel. At the time, it was considered a new design, but was called by an old name — a frigate. It was sleek and trim and fast, and was to become part of the Pacific fleet. The normal complement of the ship was to be 12 officers and 190 men.

Upon returning to Eugene after the christening, the original pictures of the occasion were displayed downtown in the windows of the old Chase Gardens Florist Shop on Broadway for several weeks, along with an



Helen Cross christens USS Eugene. Courtesy Lane County Historical Museum.

engraved silver plate and a teakwood chest which were gifts to me from Consolidated Steel Corporation.

In the ensuing years, the original pictures were damaged, but a local photographic expert recently was able to make new copies from them. Therefore, I am enclosing a series of these new copies for you — the first four are of me christening the ship with champagne, and the last two are of the USS EUGENE sliding down the way. Believe me, that was a *most* exhilarating moment — to see the USS EUGENE begin its voyage!

I am also enclosing a copy of the invitation to the launching issued by Consolidated Steel Corporation. I have telegrams and letters and old newspaper articles on hand also, but do not think these would be of much additional interest.

Some of the oldtimers in Eugene may remember my family. The Dodds

family. My parents, Austin and Cordelia, moved to Eugene in 1924 from Nebraska. Austin was a lumber broker. There were five children — John, Mary, Helen, Frances and Will. All of us graduated from Eugene High School and attended the University of Oregon. Our large home on Friendly Street became designated as a "historical residence" a few years ago.

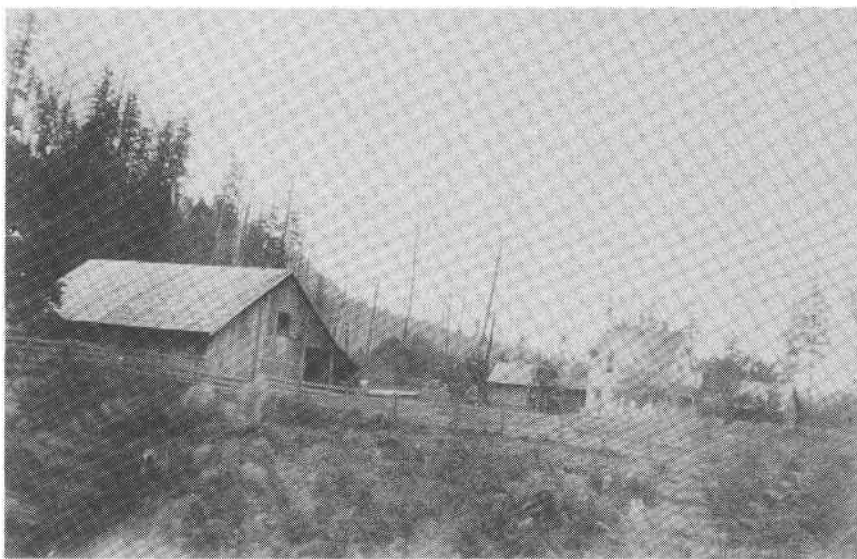
Perhaps these few biographical notes may let you know why I have such a sense of loyalty to Eugene, and have felt impelled to remind the community that it was honored long ago by having a naval vessel named after it. The USS EUGENE.

Please let me know if I can answer any questions or furnish any other data that would be of interest.

Cordially yours,

*Helen D. Cross (Mrs.)*

□



O'Brien home at Deerhorn, ca 1905. Courtesy Lane County Historical Museum.

## DEERHORN — A RESTLESS NAME

*By Ray Nash*

The name of Deerhorn has long been a wanderer looking for a home in the lower McKenzie Valley. It has been associated with several entities that no longer exist. Like the Flying Dutchman that sails forever without coming to port, Deerhorn has not easily found a place to rest.

The origins of the name are lost in the ambiguities of valley lore. It has been passed along that the name first appeared when Newman L. Fitzhenry bought his place from Leman D. "Major" Forrest in 1906 and called it Deerhorn Ranch. But documented recollections clearly show that Deerhorn School was in operation and so named by 1900 or before. This and other uses of the name suggest that it already had a well rooted community bond before Fitzhenry picked it for his ranch.

In those days the Leaburg community consisted of Jimtown, also called Upper Leaburg, plus the area about two miles west known as Lower Leaburg. Here, just east of the basalt cliff known as Deerhorn Point, the Leaburg Post Office was already located with James O'Brien as postmaster when its name was officially changed to Deerhorn on May 25, 1907. A new Leaburg Post Office was then established at Upper Leaburg on September 20, 1907 with W.B. Scott as postmaster. The post offices operated simultaneously until the Deerhorn Post Office closed in 1913.

The post office was only part of the little business center east of Deerhorn Point. The first postmaster, James O'Brien, also operated a stage stop, hotel and livery stable. In the 1911 edition of Polk's Eugene and Lane County Directory there were six businesses listed under Deerhorn and only four under Leaburg. Three owners listed their businesses for both places, but the blacksmith shop of P.T. Carter, the Goff and Millican general merchandise store, and O'Brien's hotel were listed under Deerhorn only.

The name of Deerhorn probably achieved its maximum statewide impact with the publication of the 1915 Oregon Almanac. Among the articles describing each community in the McKenzie Valley is this: "Deerhorn — Population 75. On McKenzie River, 18 miles northeast of Springfield, nearest railroad point. General farming, livestock, fruit growing, poultry raising and dairying. High and graded public school." For Leaburg the entry reads: "Leaburg — See Deerhorn." The Deerhorn description fit Leaburg, so it may have been mistakenly assumed that the entire community was considered to be Deerhorn. But Leaburg eventually prevailed, and the activity at Deerhorn disappeared. The 1928 issue of Polk's Directory listed no businesses at Deerhorn.

The name, however, was still alive and well at Deerhorn School near

present McKenzie Highway mile post 16. This school was preceded by a school built at Lower Leaburg in 1780 on land west of Deerhorn Point in the vicinity of the Emmett Rauch ranch to serve all Leaburg and Deerhorn area children. After a new school was built on Greenwood Drive for Leaburg area children, Deerhorn area children continued to attend the old Lower Leaburg building. Some time after 1893 and before 1900 the new Deerhorn School was built on land donated by Allen and Ellen Lane, and School District #65 was formed. The attendance area stretched almost four miles from the old Rossman property line just east of Deerhorn point to the east property line of the present Bill Goodale place about a mile west of present Walterville School.

A distinct community developed within the Deerhorn School District with which the residents identified. They took pride in the school softball team, and two families started businesses using the Deerhorn name. In the 1930s Albert and John Hart opened a Shell service station on their place near milepost 17 and named it the Deerhorn Service Station. In 1940 Lloyd Curren, with the help of Bill Goodale, built a store and service station east of milepost 16 and named it the Deerhorn Park Store and Service Station.

The Deerhorn district was consolidated in 1948 with Leaburg and with the Springfield district in 1949. The Deerhorn building was bought by the Koozer brothers and used as a hay barn until it burned down in 1989. The service stations are also gone, so

all that remains visible of the Deerhorn School community are two small road signs bracketing the old school site. They contain one word, DEERHORN, the signature to a passing chapter.

About 1929 the McNutt Brothers Construction Company contracted to modernize a section of the highway which included the tortured, narrow incline at Deerhorn Point known as the Deerhorn Grade. Dale Carlson recalls that during rainy weather his dad would have to kick their Model T Ford into low gear to make it up the muddy grade. Now the gentle rise and wide roadway passing Deerhorn Point is no longer recognizable as a grade, and the Deerhorn name has lost another foothold.

The Deerhorn Ferry, just west of the Deerhorn Grade, met a different fate. Dale Koozer recalls that in 1945 two men, a bit boozed up, were playing with the ferry during high water. A cable broke under the stress and sent the ferry down river. The drunks survived, but not the ferry.

Fortunately, rough access to Deerhorn Ranch was provided by a road up the south side of the river. About five miles of that road was built from Hendricks Ferry upriver in response to a petition with 26 signatures filed on June 4, 1886. The legal name recorded was Kanoff Road, named appropriately after W.H. Kanoff, sawmill operator and the second man to sign the petition. About 1963 the county erected new signs displaying the legal name. But long before it had become commonly known as Deerhorn Road and signed

accordingly. The new signs aroused immediate objections, Lane County acquiesced, and Deerhorn Road gained legal status.

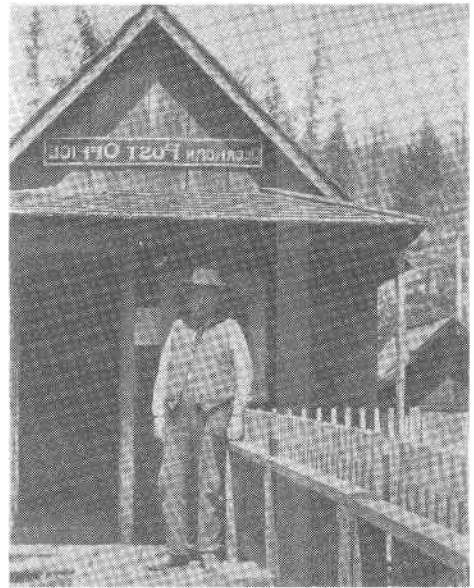
The first two communities known as Deerhorn are long gone, but a third has planted roots. The last owner of Deerhorn Ranch, Dr. Lester A. Edblom, may have stabilized the name's wanderlust. In a complex of real estate transactions and infrastructural development he converted the old ranch into a residential community with immediate access to outdoor recreation.

Dr. Edblom had a bridge constructed at his own expense in 1962 near the old ferry site. This was destroyed in the 1964 flood, and a new bridge was financed jointly by insurance money from the old bridge and the county. Located further upstream near Rossman Rock, it was opened to traffic in January, 1966.

The subdivision itself is named Deerhorn Ranch Acres, and the first homes were built in 1962. The residents soon took over the operation of the project's water system and formed the Deerhorn Community Water Association.

In April, 1962, the good physician donated 6.73 acres for park purposes in the name of his grandsons, Kirt and Eric Edblom. This is the Deerhorn County Park, and it provides parking and access to a boat landing.

Edblom sold 65 acres of the ranch to the Omlid brothers, Ken, Earl and Lloyd, to be used as a golf course. The nine-hole course opened for play in June, 1963, under the name of the McKenzie River Golf Course. When



James O'Brien, postmaster at Deerhorn,  
Courtesy Lane County Historical Museum.

you ask a local golfer where he plays, he'll often call it Deerhorn.

Natural boundaries and the common causes of water supply, community improvements and neighborhood security have lent themselves to a genuine community consciousness. The Deerhorn Ranch Acres Community Organization (DRACO) is the central organism for communication, social activity and community projects. In addition the residents maintain a regular neighborhood watch patrol designated as the Lower McKenzie-DRACO Unit.

For the name of Deerhorn there is no post office, no town, no business center, and no school. But the restless name seems to have a life of its own in the lower McKenzie Valley. Its origins are debatable, and its wanderings may resume some day, but there will always be a Deerhorn. □

## EUGENE ICE ARENA

Editor's Note: The following story has been compiled from interviews with George Korn and Gene Thiessen, and the Ice Arena records. All photos with this article are courtesy of Eugene Thiessen.

Eugene Ice Arena was established in 1941 by three men: A.B. Montgomery from Portland, Al Potter and Claude Potter. It was located at 1850 West 6th, in a building later occupied by the Eugene Linen and Overall Supply. The present occupant is Aratex Services, Inc.

Chuck Sittser, a refrigeration expert, helped with the construction. Gene Thiessen said, "There was five miles of coils underneath in the sand. Just like a giant refrigerator. It was cooled by a compressor."

Chuck was the first manager, Gene said, "and all of us young kids got out there. He started getting everything together. The first thing we'd do, we'd make ice. There was a tractor which was a scaled down model A Ford with an ice shaver tied to the blade, and we would drag it around and it would shave the ice fairly smooth, and then we'd put water on it, and then we'd take a squeegee and squeegee the extra water off. As time went on Chuck dropped out. That's when Geary Worth took over the management of it."

Geary had been the principal of River Road School, and a coach. He was much interested in children. He promoted the development of an ice hockey team as part of his contribution to the use of the arena.

George Korn, the other enthusiastic supporter, also much interested in children and in sports, gave hours of

time and unlimited promotion to developing professional use of the rink. These men encouraged a number of young teenagers to get involved, and by 1942 established a figure skating club. Gene Thiessen said, "...there was a lot of free time given. I'd work out at the rink all the time. They called us rink rats. We were the hands that made the ice ... the old fashioned way with this tractor and blade. We were all just kids — twelve, thirteen, fourteen. I think I was passing out skates and stuff when I was thirteen." Anne Potter and her mother ran a snack bar at the rink, serving beverages, hamburgers and chili.



George Korn wins a beauty contest.

Lane County Historian



The local figure skating club became a member of the United States Figure Skating Association in 1942. "We began putting on shows. George Korn got the Eugene Shriners to advance money for costumes and stuff. While he was still in the bakery business, George used to give the kids that skated at the rink jobs. Some of the girls would be wrapping bread, and that way he had some of the help."

The figure skating shows made some money. "As I recall," Gene said, "\$2,500 went to the Crippled Children's Hospital in Portland, because the Shriners helped promote the show." There were seats all around the outside of the rink. People paid admission and the printed programs were a quarter. "We paid to rent the rink, plus a percentage went

to the manager. The club was a non-profit organization."

George Korn was the first president of the figure skating club, and Gene Thiessen was the last. The club had 43 members in 1944, only four of whom were over 18 years of age. The life of the club ran from 1942 to 1949. "Everybody got along real good and George was always working, promoting it, you know . . . There was lots of time spent out there without any people paying out any money for use of the ice. The kids would be allowed to come in a certain time of day or a certain time of the week for free. All of the practice for shows, we never paid anything for that use. Geary would just let us come in and practice for shows. And then we'd build our own stage scenery, and George was in on all that. He was building stage and scenery.



Geary Worth & Hedy Stenuf.



The Eugene Figure Skating

Lane County Historian



Club — Ice Review of 1945

Summer, 1991

"Geary would say to the future skating club members, 'You just make new ice when you are through.' It just gave so many of us kids a wonderful advantage.

"There was seven kids that was in the club that went on to the Ice Follies, the Ice Capades and the different professional ice skaters. A lot of us took the test for being competitive ice skaters. And then we started bringing professionals like Hedy Stenuf to direct the summer show for us, and teach club members figure skating. We brought people from out of the country. Lady from Canada came down. People wanted to get into ice skating because they knew we were very aggressive here with our ice rink. We even had a club ring made up, and certificates of membership."

This bit of history is copied from a Frozen Fantasies program: *"The club presented programs of exhibition skating in 1942 and 1943. The first major production was 'Ice Review of '44,' which was directed by Joyce King and sanctioned by the US Figure Skating Association. Last February the club presented 'Ice Review of 1945,' also directed by Joyce King and sponsored by the Eugene Shrine Club . . . This spring it was decided jointly by the Figure Skating Club and Geary Worth, manager, to sponsor a summer session, the club providing the professional. The club was most fortunate in securing the services of Hedy Stenuf as instructor and director of the summer ice carnival.*

*"Many of the club members have been in the service during the war, and we have also lost three girl members*

*to the professional ice shows. Mary Anderson, former club president, joined Sonja Henie's show and has since appeared in pictures with Sonje Henie. Toady Hinshaw left this summer to join the Ice Follies, and Mary Ellen Mahany leaves next month to join Ice-Capades."*

Hedy Stenuf began skating in Austria. At age 11 she won the European Junior Championship. She moved to the U.S. and placed third in World Championships in 1938 and second in 1939.

Doreen Dutton was from Canada — Western Canada's "Queen of the Flashing Blades," and a featured star in the Frozen Fantasies program in 1947. Marjorie Lee directed an ice show. She was 16 and came from New York. Her dad lived in Cottage Grove.

Gene said, "We had a hockey club, Eugene Redwings. There were sell-



Joyce King

Lane County Historian

out crowds of 700 people at games in 1948 and 1949. In 1949 we played hockey out there every Sunday night. We beat the minor league we were in that year. We had hockey players out of Portland, Seattle. At one time they had a rink in Salem. Another time they had a rink in Corvallis. Many New Year's Eves we'd play hockey, and the ice was just basically given to us for the occasion. George and Geary Worth were in there promoting this all the time. And of course Geary's son Edward Worth and Gloria Jeske, they went on into ice skating in pair skating.

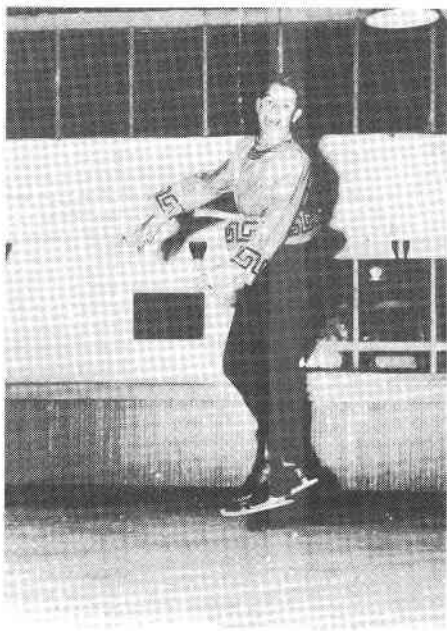
"The rink was only in operation basically for nine years. At the end of nine years, because the building was

constructed of wood, and with all the condensation and moisture, they were worried that the building was rotting. It was built out there where the ground wasn't all that solid and, as the years went by, it started to sink in one corner. And so that meant the floor wasn't really level, and when you went to flow water on it you'd have trouble. That's why we'd have to squeegee it off."

The building was finally condemned for use as an ice rink in 1949. The president's files and many photographs have been donated to the Lane County Historical Museum library for safe keeping, and to make them accessible for research purposes. □



Ed Worth & Gloria Jeske.



Gene Thiessen doing a double Axel Paulson.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRIP UP THE MCKENZIE RIVER

This article probably is a copy of the talk given by John McClung in May, 1922 at the time of the DAR dedication of a bronze tablet at McKenzie Bridge. Their record of that event reports "John McClung, an eighty-five year old pioneer, told of his first trip through the McKenzie Pass prior to the opening of Scott's Road. McClung owned a dry good store in early Eugene. He was one of the first trustees of newly chartered Eugene City, and served on the Eugene School Board later. Dr. Patterson was a well-known physician. A.J. Welch obtained a liquor license in 1855, Joel Ware was County Clerk for several years, and one of the early newspaper publishers in town. C.H. Moses was put in charge of building the McKenzie road, and one early News item mentions Joseph Stevenson as the floor manager of a ball at the St. Charles Hotel. Dr. Renfrew was the proprietor of the St. Charles. He became very involved in the mines near Blue River, eventually died and was buried up there. (Ed. Note)

Early in August 1860 seven inhabitants of Eugene decided to make a trip up the McKenzie to the Three Sisters, never having been in close proximity of a snow capped mountain.

For the benefit of old settlers I append the names of the party as follows: A.S. Patterson, A.J. Welch, Dr. A. Renfrew, Joel Ware, C.H. Moses, Joseph Stevenson and myself. The outfit consisted of seven riding horses and two pack animals.

This provision was made necessary from the fact that no wagon road extended beyond the John Patta place made above where Walterville is situated, known as the Robert Millican place. After some delay in getting our effects together we made a start and the first day went to J.M. Dick's place to get a horse for Dr. Renfrew to ride. Instead of a horse he provided an old mare with a colt by her side, this being the gentlest animal he had as the doctor was not

used to riding and must have a gentle mount.

Our next camping place was the river near where Leaburg is now located. During the day we passed through a heavy forest consisting principally of Douglas Fir, suitable for lumbering purposes, at the present time this accessible timber has been cut and floated down the river to mills in the valley.

The following day we camped at Gate Creek. Just before reaching here we entered the great burn said to have occurred in 1855. This destroyed billions of feet of the forest timber, the fire extending fifteen miles up the river and leaving hardly a green tree standing. We found it difficult to go through the burn; many large trees six to eight feet in diameter had fallen across the trail and where we could not go around the upper ends of them we had to bridge over them with smaller logs and bark.

The next day we only traveled three

Lane County Historian



miles to Rock House. This being an ideal camping place and the fishing so good we decided to stop here a day. Rock House takes its name from a large boulder which projects over the trail with an opening in the lower side large enough for several persons to sleep comfortably and in front plenty of room for a campfire. Blackberries were plentiful in shady places and we soon got enough to have some nice pies which our cook, Mr. A.S. Patterson, made, which added much to our menu; our fruit which we brought with us consisting principally of dried apples and peaches. When starting out Mr. Patterson desired to be made cook and we all acquiesced, knowing how poorly we were fitted for that responsible position and we made no mistake for he could make many appetizing dishes we had not thought of and besides he was genial and pleasant at all times. This left six of us to get wood and water, look after the horses, make the beds and to fish. Making the beds was a small matter for we only had blankets and slept in the open, usually rolling up in a pair of blankets under a tree when possible, using a root for a pillow or if no root was convenient a riding saddle for a pillow. During the day a black bear came smelling along the water's edge. Mr. Stevenson, who had the only rifle in the party, took a shot at him and he fell on the bank and struggled a while then clambered up the bank into the bushes. The river is very swift here and the only means of crossing was by building a raft, which would have been difficult to manage,

so we gave up trying to capture him.

Coming from Gate Creek we had our first experience with yellow jackets. Their nests were near the trail and they would light on the horses in great numbers. By the time the doctor came along they were furious and covered the mare and colt and she would go bucking through the brush and over the logs. The doctor always rode on the mare, thus his silk hat, which he always wore, would disappear and next his wig. He would then call for help and the party stopped and went to his assistance and got him back into the trail again. Dr. Renfrew was uncle to Auntie Frissell.

The next day we camped on what was afterwards known as the Wycoft place, more recently the Cook place, quite a popular resort for fishing and hunting. Our next campground was the mouth of Elk Creek where we found an island made by the creek and river which afforded a fine camping place with plenty of grass for our horses. Here we remained two days to allow Mr. Moses and Dr. Renfrew to prospect for gold in that vicinity. On the first day they reported small particles of gold found along the river at the mouth of Blue River, but above Blue River no indications.

The day following we moved camp just above the mouth of the south fork of the McKenzie; here we on the mountain side found bunch grass for our horses and decided to try and keep on the north side of the river as we had been told a hot spring had been found a few miles above the big

prairie. After going a few miles we came to where a mountain jetted out into the river and it was impossible to get around or over it on account of the logs and underbrush. This necessitated either going back to the Indian crossing or trying to cross where we were. We finally concluded to ford where we were and finding a riffle went down to the river bank. No one being willing to venture in, I finally agreed to take the lead, having a horse used to the mountains and a good swimmer. Taking all my clothing off except my underclothing I tied them to the horn of the saddle and started in. All went fine for fifteen or twenty feet when my horse plunged into a deep hole which took me to my armpits and my horse was swimming. I kept my head, however, and struck for the opposite shore where my horse landed me safe and sound. The others, seeing my difficulty, went further down the stream and succeeded in crossing except one of our pack animals, which stumbled over a big boulder and got his load pretty badly soaked. After getting across the river we went to a small prairie where we unpacked and camped for the day to dry the provisions and my clothing.

The next day we reached the big prairie, but just before making this place we heard much shooting to the south of us and could not account for it, but when we reached the prairie we found it full of Indian ponies and the squaws drying meat; and the shooting we heard was the Indians hunting. When we reached this camp an old Indian came out and handed us a paper which said, "These are good Indians" signed by the Agent of

Warm Springs, so we knew we were safe. The Indians were campers and were drying their meat on the bank where the Log Cabin Hotel now stands. just before reaching the prairie I caught a fine red side trout about 18 inches long. One squaw came to me and wanted the trout and I made her understand I would trade it for elk meat. She brought out a large piece and we made a trade. We had it for supper that night, but the odor was anything but appetizing, however, we managed to eat most of it as it was the first fresh meat we had eaten on the trip. I have often wondered how we caught so many fish without grasshoppers or grampus, and think we must have used artificial flies instead. It was no trouble to catch them and we often had on hand more than we could use. After leaving the prairie we went about six miles to the crossing of Lost Creek. Here we found a large log across the stream partly submerged in the water. We walked the log, leading our horses beside it. This log was afterwards used as a support for a wagon bridge and was used many years for that purpose. However, two years ago a new bridge was constructed further upstream and the bridge abandoned. About a mile from this crossing we should have found the hot spring we were looking for, but unfortunately failed to see it on account of brush obstructing our vision. Above this point a couple of miles the McKenzie river came from the north and takes a westerly course, which indicated that this river rises at Mt. Jefferson instead of the Three



Sisters as many supposed. At this point we leave the McKenzie and go easterly up a canyon with a small stream of water known now as Scott Creek. The trail was much of the way in the bed of the stream and over very rough boulders. Following this stream a couple of miles we turned south and started up a very steep mountain. The Indian ponies which had traveled down this mountainside had ploughed out the trail two to three feet in depth. It was so steep we could only lead our horses and walk beside the trail. At the top we came into a beautiful prairie with no name, but afterwards known as Finger Board. In this we camped as the grass was good and we found strawberries of small size, but good flavor. We found the altitude had greatly increased and it required all our bedding to keep comfortable. From Blue River to this point we had passed through a wonderful forest principally of Douglas Fir. This timber lies mostly in the Cascade forest reserve and it is doubtful if it will be utilized for many years to come, and from this camp it is thought to be 10 miles to the foot of the glacier which we hoped to make tomorrow. We took an early start and made what is now known as Collier Glacier in the early afternoon. We camped in the woods with no feed for our horses and the flies and mosquitos were so bad we had hard work to keep them from running away. As a last resort we tied them to trees in camp and at eight or nine o'clock it became so cold the mosquitos and flies retired in good order and we had a good night's rest. At breakfast five of our party decided

to return to Finger Board where the horses could have grass and no annoyance by flies. To this Mr. Moses and myself agreed if they would take our horses with them and we would make what observation we could and return to Finger Board in the evening; to this they agreed. After camp had broken we went on to the glacier, which was a great field of ice cut in various directions by crevasses from one to four feet in width and from 50 to 60 feet in depth with water rushing through them with great force. This glacier started from the north side of the middle Sister and ran northerly and is about one mile in width. The east edge pressing hard against the south sister, which was almost perpendicular on that side. The west edge had thrown up a moraine in many places fifty feet high; this moraine consisted of lava and ash. In order to determine whether the glacier was in motion it was only necessary to stand a few minutes beside the moraine and hear the debris and lava fall on the ice below, and it was thus possible to determine the movement of the glacier.

We did not attempt to scale the Sister peak, first, for want of time and second we did not consider, to attempt it, without a guide, advisable. Since that time I have been on this glacier five times and always with the attendance and advice of a guide, who carried a rope 60 feet long to extricate anyone who might accidently fall into a crevass; and I would advise anyone contemplating crossing the glacier to take this precaution. In the distant past there have been great convul-

sions of nature in this region in evidence of which great flows of lava extend north and west from this place. The one to the west being the older one going to Lost Creek Canyon. This flow is of a reddish cast and much disintegrated. On the upper portion some stunted trees are growing while further down a heavy growth of green timber crowns its surface. The flow to the north is more recent and is of a dark, almost black, color and destitute of vegetation and extends as far as the eye can reach. After making these observations, we decided to return to camp at Finger Board. The timber on the summit is rather small and misshapen from the heavy falls of snow which fall in the winter; also little underbrush, so one can ride a horse almost anywhere. We saw a number of lakes without visible outlets. They are merely depressions filled with snow in winter and dry up in summer. These lakes, so far as we could observe, were destitute of fish. We continued to camp, arriving about dusk where we found a warm supper awaiting us. The next day we moved down the river some four miles below the big prairie, not caring to camp with Indians again — the odor of the camp not being attractive. Our next camp was the mouth of Elk Creek, where we had camped on our way up to prospect for gold. Here we caught a splendid lot of trout, and after eating all we could for supper and breakfast had sixteen large fish left. In the morning, when leaving finding no good place for them in our packs we left them on a log for kingfisher and fish hawks to devour. The next

day we reached Gate Creek. At breakfast Dr. Renfrew and A.J. Welsh decided to go to Eugene, as they were the only two in the party having wives to receive them, and the remaining five took two days in reaching home. At the time this trip was taken I kept a diary, but it disappeared years ago, so I have written this entirely from memory and probably have omitted many things which might be interesting to old pioneers. It may be well to state here that I am the only remaining member of this party, the others having passed away years ago. I have lived to see the McKenzie Valley settled from Walterville to Belknap Springs and all land suitable for settlement occupied. The upper portion is now in the Cascade Forest reserve, which will probably prevent its further settlement at least for many years to come. This is properly the end of this story but I cannot refrain from adding some happenings of a later date, and I have said nothing of the Foley Springs for the reason that they were not discovered for several years afterwards when a trapper and hunter found them. They soon became the property of Dr. Foley of Eugene and they still retain his name. These, with the Belknap Springs which were improved about the same time, soon became popular for their medicinal qualities, being especially efficacious for rheumatism, kidney and stomach troubles. These with the excellent fishing afforded by this stream will continue to make this section a great resort. □

## TWO NIGHTCAPS, PLEASE

...A dear, sweet old lady, Mrs. Buck of Oregon City, told me the following incident in her own life: "We were living," said she, "not far from where Portland now stands; our home was as good and as well furnished as any of the homes in those times. It happened that two officers from an English vessel just arrived from Fort Vancouver had been hunting, and night overtook them near our house. They came and asked for a night's lodging. We told them that we were not prepared to make them comfortable, but would make a bed on the floor if they could accept that. They thanked us and said that they were glad to find a house to sleep in, and not be obliged to stay in the woods all night. Well," said she, "we had supper, and we sat around the big, bright fire talking until quite late, for both the gentlemen were cultured Englishmen and splendid conversationalists and we enjoyed the talk. Finally we all retired for the night, they to their pallet on the floor, and husband and I to a little room which opened off this room where our visitors were. Our houses did not have doubled plastered walls and partitions in those days, but very thin boards with quite wide cracks between. One could easily hear from one room to the other every word spoken — in fact it was most impossible not to hear. About the time they were getting into bed," continued

Summer, 1991

the dear old lady, "I heard one of them say, 'I wish I had a night-cap.' Well," said she, "I thought I had better get up and give him one of mine, or, perhaps both gentlemen would like to have night-caps. But my caps were so plain and these were such aristocratic looking gentlemen, that I did not like to offer them, and," she continued, "he said nothing more, and I concluded he had gone to sleep. By and by, it seemed to me about half an hour afterwards, I heard him say, 'Rae, are you awake?' and the answer, 'yes.' Then the first voice again, 'I can never go to sleep without a night-cap,' and the reply, 'neither can I.' I waited no longer," said the dear old lady; "I took two of my night-caps, made of white muslin with strings to tie under the chin, and going to the door put my hand through and said, 'gentlemen, here are two nightcaps; they are plain and rather small, but perhaps you can use them.' I heard a faint sound of suppressed laughter, then in an instant the house resounded with the hearty laughing of those gentlemen who finally managed to tell me that my nightcaps were not the kind they wanted."

*From an address titled **Women in Pioneer Times** by Mrs. Robert A. Miller, printed in the Transactions of the Twenty-Third Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association, 1895.*

□