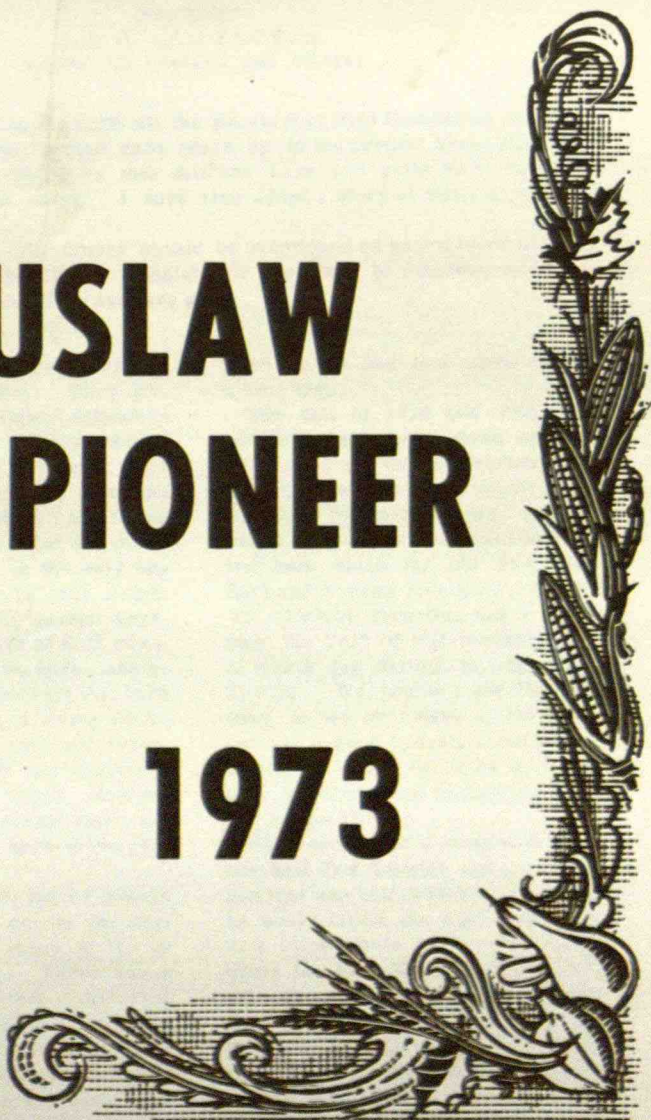


SIUSLAW PIONEER

1973



MAPLE CREEK HOMESTEADS

by

Dan Miles

(with the aid of Fred Buss.

Martin Christensen and others)

My principal aim is to name all the people that filed Homestead Rights, and the people that owned each place up to the present time, starting where Maple Creek flows into Siltcoos Lake and going up to the last Homestead on the creek. I have also added a story of some early incidents.

I feel that those old timers should be mentioned on paper, such as the Siuslaw Pioneer and other pamphlets or they will be forgotten forever when some of us 'Old Pelicans' are gone:

Starting at Siltcoos, Alexander was the first Homesteader. Then Mr. Schuster bought his rights; Schusters had three sons, Gus, Anthony and Con. They also had three daughters. One never came West with the folks and one drowned in Woahink Lake trying to rescue a small boy that fell overboard. Rosy Dolan is the only one of the family that is still living.

After the old folks passed away, Gus cared for the herd of milk cows, milked and cleaned the barn...and he really cleaned it. He kept that barn almost as clean as a living room. Gus was a quiet one, not much to say. Anthony made up for Gus' quietness as he was really a talker. Anthony was the cook and housekeeper and good at both. I have eaten some real good meals there.

Con was a logger, but he always showed up to help put in the hay. Schusters also ran sheep on the up land of their place. There was a big black bear that liked mutton real well. He would kill and eat a few sheep then swim the arm of the lake and change the menu to Erhart's goats; then back again for more mutton. The bear was known as old Two

Toes as he had lost some toes in a bear trap.

The fall of 1914 Old Two Toes killed a big sheep down on Gus' Homestead and Gus and Anthony built a scaffold with a plank to sit on. It was about fourteen feet tall. Anthony called my brother Earl and I to come and help watch for old Two Toes. Earl and Anthony took the first watch 'til midnight, then Gus and I was to stay the rest of that moonlit night. A heavy fog drifted in about four o'clock. We couldn't see the carcass so we went back to the house and ate a good breakfast before returning. While we were gone the bear had come and packed the sheep way up the hill.

Earl and I had a couple of dogs; one half Fox Terrier and a year old pup that was half Airedale. Earl said he would follow the dogs and I went to a place where he was suppose to cross the hill. But Earl didn't come that way. The dogs bayed old Two Toes several times on logs or something he could get up on. He couldn't climb a tree with the toes missing on his front foot. Earl would get almost up to where the dogs had him

baged then Two Toes would run again. Well, the dogs stayed with him for two days and one night. The small dog came home with a bad slice in one shoulder. They were both so done up that they never would crowd a bear after that. Bill Erhart finally got a night shot at old Two Toes and he must have been hit hard enough to go off and die.



Just after World War I, Jim Christensen purchased a piece of property from the Schusters and built the store at Siltcoos. This property has recently been donated to Lane Community College for educational purposes. A number of homes have been built over the years in this area.

The property joining the Schusters on the east was the Riley Mills Homestead. This property was purchased by the Schusters.

Jim Lee bought the Schuster place and I believe still owns part of it yet.

The next place up the creek was the Miner Homestead. It was later

known as the Martin place; then Bill Austin got it about 1912. Next it belonged to the Silvesters. Earl Gardiner owned it then for many years until International Paper bought him out. Bill Lowe bought the west forty of the place.

Jim Edwards homesteaded in a side canyon named Schrum Creek.

Steve Schrum had no children but he kept several of his sisters children. One of these children was Steve Gurney who worked at Powers, Oregon at Camp 3 in 1916. I worked at the same camp on the rigging while Steve was falling timber. This year of 1973 it is hard to believe the size and beauty of the trees we saw then. There were white cedar six or seven feet on the butt and one hundred and fifty feet of logs in the tree, and big yellow fir.

Another one of the Gurney boys was Tiny who went down with the ship *Lucitania* in World War I. The only other Gurney boy I can remember was Jim.

I will fill in with a little early history. When a bear is severely wounded it will always go down hill. Steve Schrum's dog was chasing a bear up a hill and injured the bear. On descent, seeing Steve he proceeded to maul him quite badly. The dog got there in time to save his life.

Next owner of the Schrum place was Mr. Behnke. He was the Florence Blacksmith for many years. More will be said about the Behnke family in a separate article. Guy and Eva Morton also ran the place for a few years. Then the Riesenhubers owned the place for a few years. There were seven children in the Riesenhuber family. Three of the Riesenhuber boys and one girl are residents of this area. Wilma Tone lives in Florence. Ray also lives in Florence and Bill lives in Westlake. Joe lives on Woahink Lake.

Sherm Johnson was the next owner. I can't tell you much about this family except that Sherm was raised on the North Fork of the Siuslaw.

Present owners of this property is Mr. and Mrs. Victor Hanson. The Hanson children are outstanding students and outstanding 4-H Club members.

The next place was the Bill Carl family which consisted of seven girls and one boy. They were one of the outstanding families of Maple Creek. Three are still living. They are Lee, Alice and Pearl. Alice Dickson has just recently moved into Florence. They would welcome old friends to drop in to visit at 17th and Tamarack.

This is a little pioneer history which happened before the turn of the century; Bill Carl and Riley Mills jumped a herd of elk up on the hill that divides Alder Creek and the head of Carl Creek. I don't know how many they got but from what has been passed down it was several. They sent a runner to tell other settlers to come and get meat. None went to waste and was probably needed.

Bill Carl was the first postmaster of Alene, about 1893. The mail route east of the lakes was started about the same time. At that time Woahink was called Clear Lake and Tsiltcoos was called Ten Mile, and Tahkenitch was called Five Mile. The mail route started from Florence by row boat to Glenada. Then traveled by horse back to Five Mile Creek. It was estimated a seven mile trip by row boat down Five Mile Creek to the lake and across to a landing near the railroad tunnel. It was then a three mile walk carrying the mail bags and packages. At Christmas and other holidays, the mail would sometimes lay at the post office in Florence or Gardiner for three weeks. This was because there would be too much mail for the carrier to carry at one time.

Montgomery Ward and Sears Roebuck did quite a business in those days among the settlers. The packages all came from Chicago.

The Carl place has only changed owners once. Bert Wilkens and family bought the place in 1921. They have three sons. One son has made a career of the armed service. Henry and Frank live on the ranch with the folks. They dairy farmed for many years and are now running beef cattle. Bert Wilkens and his wife came from Germany when young and have made top notch Americans... really a top notch family.

Arthur Austin homesteaded up the canyon above the Wilkens place. He sold his relinquishment to Earl Miles who proved up on it then sold it to Elmer Buss. Elmer then sold to Bert Wilkens.

The next place up the Creek was homesteaded by Joe Austin and his wife Cynthia Eliza. They had nine children, Joseph Jr., Arthur, Bill, Les, Lura, Gertrude, Lettie, Millie, and Effie... all wonderful people. After Joe Austin's death, Arthur Austin bought the farm and also the Roach homestead which he later sold to Bert Stone. Stones lived there for several years until the three boys were out on their own. Clair Stone died in a car accident in the late 1930's. Harold retired from the railroad as assistant superintendant and Lloyd Stone retired two years ago from the Civil Service as a Government Inspector of the rocket motors that were used on space ships.

Bert Stone sold the place to Charlie and Kate Kaylor. Later Kate married a Mr. Issacson who also died. Kate then sold to Ray Dunning who sold to Fred Briody. The place has sold again and Fred Briody and his wife now live in Florence. Mr. and Mrs. Mike Johnson now own it.

Getting back to the Joe Austin place,

after Arthur Austin was killed in a hunting accident in late 1917, his wife, Elsie married Bill Scott. They lived on the place until Elsie and Bill each passed away. Now the place is owned by Francis and Cleo Austin.

Now we go one step further up the Creek to the Case homestead. I never saw the older Cases. They were part Indian. The son, Ed was a tall good looking man and his sister, Rose was a beautiful young woman. Johnnie Johnson married Rose and bought the homestead. They later sold it to Bill Austin.

The next place up Maple Creek was the Leige Harrington place where he and his Indian wife lived. There is a story about the Harringtons that I will tell as it was told to me. As you old pioneers know, when settling, the first thing is to build a shelter of material available. In this locality they were in luck as there was plenty of good splitting cedars. Next was to dig out a garden patch and an orchard. Some brought in a milk cow or two. The cows had to make it on their own until the settlers could slash enough brush to they could mow some hay around the stumps. Well, a settler up the creek about two miles had a couple of cows that strayed down through the brush to Harringtons, Frank tracked them up and caught Harrington sticking them with a pitch fork. Frank got the fork away from Harrington, backed him up against a fence and gave him a good talking to. As was told to me and I think it was pretty straight, Frank said, "You's stick a pitch fork into my cows would you? I've a notion to stick it into you, be'gory I guess I will". And he prodded him, and talked some more, then continued, "Be'gory I've a notion to stick it into you, be'gory I guess I will". Rolens went home with his cows. Shortly Harrington and his son who was about

17 came up with a gun. Rolens barred the door and wouldn't let them in. One of them took a shot through the door and lung shot Frank. He was able to get down to Service's house. He wanted to borrow their gun, but Mrs. Service put him to bed. The people of the Creek then held a meeting and gave Harrington his choice; he could either leave the country or be taken out to Eugene for trial. He chose to leave the country.

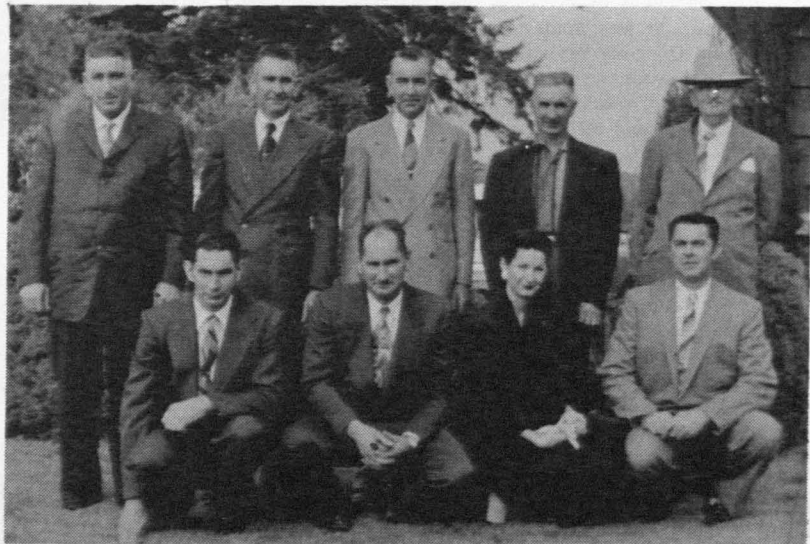
Harrington's place was bought by Loren Stanwood who lived there for several years.

The first telephone line from Florence and Acme (now named Cushman) to Maple Creek and Fiddle Creek was built by Loren Stanwood and Arthur Austin.

Loren Stanwood sold out to Bill Austin and Bill to Les Austin. Les and his wife Bess had eight children, seven boys and a girl. Virgil and Wilma Austin now own the place. They have three children, two lovely girls and one fine boy. The youngest girl, Karla was 1972 Rhododendron princess.

The next place was the Andrew Hartley homestead. I can't tell you much about the Hartleys. I knew two of the boys, Edwin and Harvey. Next George Hasbrook and his wife owned it. George had a family of our at that time. J. W. Butler came next with a wife and nine children. Among them were Harry, Fred and Gene with whom I worked in the woods.

Jim Crouch was the next owner then Jake Teustrom. Present owners are Clint and Emma Carlson who bought it in 1938. Clint and Emma raised three lovely girls and one boy. Jim is a school superintendant near Union, Oregon. Clint sold part of the old place to his son-in-law, Elvin Mead and wife and another part to Glenn Austin.



(Les Austin family)

Next comes the Henry Sanderkin homestead. They had a family of five girls and one boy. Clarence Anderson and wife owned it for several years and had several children. Olie Olson and his wife now own the place.

On the hill just back of Olson's, a school teacher homesteaded. She was not there long and her name was Grace Smith. Then Charlie Bester took it. I do not know who owns it now.

Next is what is known as the Dale Libby place. Before my time, Leonard B. Carter homesteaded it and I can't tell you anything about him. Frank Zumalt and family came there about 1907 or 1908. At that time they had a family of two boys and two girls.

Frank Zumalt and George Hasbrook put in a cheese factory. It was on the creek bank or near it and next to the county road on the upper end of the Clint Carlson place. They only ran it a few years.

John Mikle took it after Frank Zumalt. They had two boys, Walter and Ray Mikle.

Byron DeYoung and Dick Lyman bought the place about 1917. They weren't there very long. Grant Fisk and his wife, Bertha took it next and was there for several years until Grant was shot and killed by Frank Turner in an argument over the line fence.

Shenault took over for a short time. Then Dale Libby and his wife bought it.

Frank Turner homesteaded on the bench land back of Dale Libby's place and Leston Buss above that. They are both now owned by Dale Libby. The Libbys are good friendly people and have a nice family and a good farm.

The George and Elizabeth Schultz place was first homesteaded by Fred Fremont, and later taken over by Mr. and Mrs. Schultz. That place had one of the nicest houses in the country

at that time. It was made of sawed lumber and in those days the mills only sawed the nicest of old growth fir timber. There was a large orchard on the sloping hill back of the house.

After the old folks passed away the place went to a grandson, Melvin Buss. The farm is now added to the William Service place which is the next adjoining farm.

Now we come to the William Service homestead. Service was the first mail carrier on the inland route, that is, east of the lakes. It is the route between Florence and Gardiner. The Barretts packed it up the beach before the inland route was started.

Elmer and Ed Miles carried the mail almost eight years, starting about 1900. Arthur Austin bought Ed Miles out in 1907. Ed Miles started hauling passengers in a one horse cart about 1903 during the summer months. By the summer of 1904 the road was improved enough for a four wheeled hack and two horses. The road only went to the old Slo-necker boat landing on Five Mile creek. The rest of the way was by boat and on foot to Gardiner.

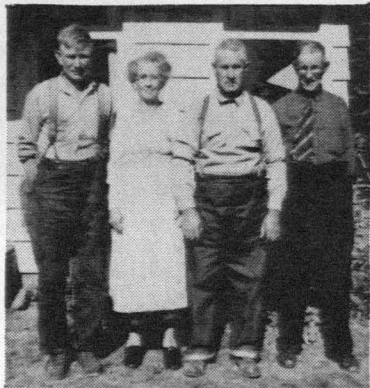
Walter Baker bought the Service place about 1911. He ran the place until about the end of World War II, then Harry Prindle bought it. After Harry's death Arthur Lane and his wife, Ruth, bought the farm. They were dairy farmers for several years then sold to Mr. and Mrs. Nordall who in turn sold to International Paper Company. The place is now rented.

Now we come to what I consider the best farm on the upper Maple Creek. It was homesteaded by Frank Rollens who I remember as a pretty good Irishman. Be'gory he is the same Irishman that gave Harrington a sample of what he was doing to Frank's cows.

Ed Haberland and his brother bought

the place after Frank was killed by a snag that fell on him about 1904. Clarence Welty bought the farm I believe in the late thirties. Him and his wife, Neva, operated a fine dairy herd for a good many years. Ernest Kjer bought the place from Welty's and still own it.

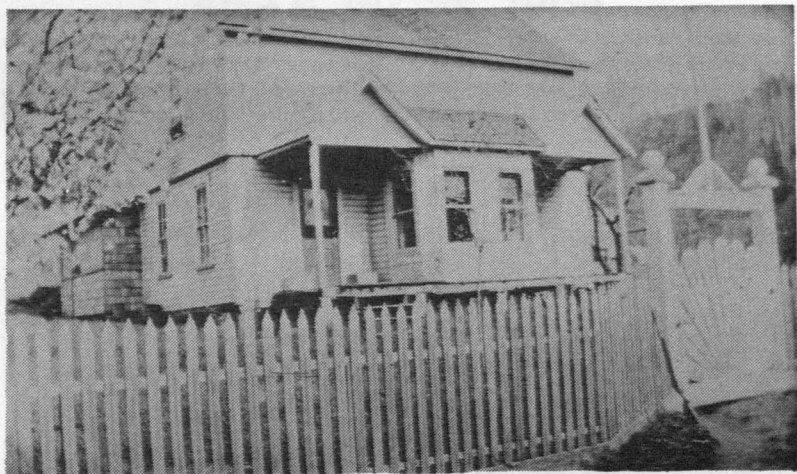
I may be a little off on some of the dates, but I think it is close enough to get the general idea. The object in this writing is to get a record of the creek.



Fred Buss of Cushman, Addie Austin of Calif., Elmer (now dead) and Clarence, 91, of Santa Clara, CA.

Now we come to the Fred Buss place. Fred's brother, Clarence and his wife, Gertie, homesteaded the place and got a nice farm started. Fred bought the place shortly after the first world war. Fred and Ada Buss have a fine family of three boys and one girl, several grand children and some great grandchildren. Fred and Ada sold to Jackie Gardiner and I believe there is a renter on the place now. Fred and Ada now have a nice home in Cushman.

The John Schultz Homestead comes next. John was on the place for many years. He was one of the early road supervisors holding the position for eight years. Emery Moore and



The old Buss house built about 1896. Fred Buss learned to walk in this house.

wife now own the place. Emery Moore will retire from the Railroad very soon. He has been a section foreman for many years. They plan to move back on the place.

The last homestead up the creek was homesteaded by a widow woman with four fine children. Her name

was Mrs. Coleman. The oldest daughter now lives in Florence. She is Mrs. Fae Chamberlin. She and her husband are members of the V.F.W.

That includes the main valley. There were a few hillside places that I skipped that have gone back to wilderness or have been taken into other



An Early School

Teacher: Lena Foster; Pupils: Front, Otto Shultz, Ray Coleman, Marie Coleman; Back, Faye Coleman, Dick Fisk, Lena Matheson.

places. Although I have a little more to say about Canary.

As I mentioned before, the post office was called Alene until the railroad came through about 1914 when they named the Railroad Station, Canary. It seemed they had another post office so much like Alene that

the mail was getting mixed up, so the post office service didn't want to keep the name, Alene. It was decided to call the Post Office, Canary and John Matthews took the post office in with his store.

This just about winds up this bit of early history of Maple Creek.



Reed School on Indian Creek approximately 60 years ago. A. J. Brown was the teacher. Pupils left to right are as follows: Back Row - Anna Taylor McMillin, Veta Taylor Wheeler, Stephen Mean, May Mead Lamb, Luella Mead Withrow, Maude Mead Filener, Minnie Mead Hibbard, Walton (Babe) Mead; Front Row - Lloyd Gibson, Willis Gibson, John Taylor, Clay Mead, Frank Mead, Herbert Mead, Kenneth Phelps, Orval Tucker, Winnie Tucker, Thad Mead, Nellie Mead Hoffman, Effie Mead Jeans, Dee J. Mead.

ROAD WORK 1909

This is a short article of the method of road building in early days.



This is a picture of the road crew taken in 1909. Arthur Austin, Road Superintendent, next to the horses; Mr. Hasbrook, the bull puncher, with the stick, or goad as it is called, standing by the bull team; Beacher Poe driving the horses; George Lloyd with the white hat, standing behind Beacher Poe; Clarence Anderson next, Archie Anderson just behind Clarence; then Dee Harmon, Earl Miles and Dan Miles.

The location is Berrydale and the house in the back was Dee Harmon's. The road crew was building a road from South Slough to connect up with the Clear Lake road, which ran on into Glenada.

The road at that time was over Parachute Hill, now called Translator Hill. All of the people in the Ada and Canary district had to go over the mountain to get to Glenada. As you drive over the road through what was once called Berrydale, you will see beautiful Fir timber which runs go to work on it with grub hoes and roll it down the hill. The furrow was tied with fern and salal roots so badly that it was necessary to

chop them into lengths that the men could handle. After the sod was all plowed and rolled off, the teamsters would plow a few furrows in the soft dirt then hook onto the V crowder and get about three men to ride it to give it more weight to crowd the dirt over. This process was repeated till it was worked down to a roadbed.

The only tool we had at that time to make fills was a slip scraper. to about eight inches in size. In 1909 it was just fern and salal brush.

It took a four horse team to pull a twelve inch plow through this brush. In this case, not being able to obtain four horses, they got Mr. Hasbrook's bulls, for wheelers, and Arthur Austin's horse team for leaders. After the skinner and bull puncher would plow a furrow, the men would It would take two men and a team of horses a week to move as much dirt as a D-8 cat could move in an hour.

This is just a reminder of what some people call the good old days.

Dan F. Miles

Mead Brothers (Walton & William)

By Vesta Beers Mead

The Mead brothers, Walton and William, were born in Honeywell, Missouri. Walton was born in about 1856 and William on August 1, 1863. They were the sons of William and Roxy Ann (Phelps) Mead. They were the only children. The year they moved to Spearfish, South Dakota is not known.

While living in the Florence area, William was interviewed by Fred Lockley and told of his and Walton's early life and their reason for coming to Oregon. I am including this interview because it tells better than I can of their early experiences.

"I bought a squatter's right to 160-acres homestead in the Siuslaw country 37 years ago," said William Mead when I interviewed him at Florence, on the coast of Lane County. "I planned to develop a dairy ranch. My place was near Mapleton. Next year I went to Eugene to earn some money to help develop my ranch. I got a job in a stone quarry but had not worked long when there was a cave-in where I was working and my left arm was caught in the slide and was badly crushed between the shoulder and elbow. The doctor had to amputate my arm, as the bone was badly crushed.

"I discovered a man can do pretty much what he determines to do. I determined not to let the loss of my left arm affect my money-earning capacity. There is practically no work on a farm that I cannot do almost as well as when I had two arms. Before long I was able to shoot as accurately with my rifle as before my accident. I found that with one arm I could drop a deer when he was going at full speed, just as I could when I had both arms.

"I was born near Hunnewell, which is to the westward of Hannibal, Mo. My father, William Mead, served in an Illinois regiment during the Civil War. He was shot through the body just below the heart. My mother's maiden name was Roxy Ann Phelps. I was a baby when father was wounded. My brother was about 6 years old at the time. My brother died a few weeks ago at the age of 74.

"In 1866 we moved to Atchison, Kansas. Not long thereafter father took a homestead on the Republican River in the northern tier of counties of Kansas. The men who served in the Civil War, who for the most part were young fellows, were restless when they were mustered out of the service. They found it hard to settle down to prosaic and peaceful pursuits, so many of them pulled their freight, homesteading in Kansas or Nebraska or crossing the plains to Montana, Idaho or Oregon. Most of the settlers had dugouts. Lumber was scarce and very few of the settlers had any money, so they couldn't have bought lumber even if it had been cheap. A dugout is warm and comfortable. A few of the more aristocratic settlers had sod houses. There were plenty of original settlers there--prairie dogs--all of which had dugouts. There were also quite a few original Americans--Cheyenne and Sioux Indians. Dad made a big dugout, into which our neighbors would occasionally come when there was an Indian scare. Most of the settlers had served in the Civil War so Captain Barnes organized a volunteer militia. He was the first man to be sent to the legislature from Cloud County, the county just to the south of Republic County. Curiously enough he also came to Oregon, and settled

on the Siuslaw. He died some years ago at Mapleton.

"In 1873 and 1874 we had very hard times. The attempt of Jay Gould to corner gold in 1873 resulted in Black Friday, which brought on the panic that lasted several years. The following year 1874 almost every living thing in our part of the country was eaten up by grasshoppers. Added to this there was a drouth. The Patrons of Husbandry--the grange--was organized in Kansas in 1874 to fight the railroads and so secure justice for the farmers. A good many of the homesteaders got discouraged and pulled out.

"When I was 18 years old I struck out for myself and hired out to a man engaged in catching wild horses on the North Platte. Horses had escaped from emigrants and settlers and finally formed a large band of wild horses. Along about that time--or to be exact--on the Fourth of July 1881 an acquaintance of mine, named Keith, sold William Cody seven wild buffaloes, which Cody wanted to use in the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show. In the fall of 1881 I went to the little Missouri to hunt buffaloes for their hides and meat. I used a Sharps rifle and I also used a Winchester. I hauled buffalo meat to Deadwood. I got 5 cents a pound for the buffalo meat and from \$1.00 to \$2.50 each for the buffalo hides. My brother, Walton, and I hunted together. After the buffalo played out we hunted antelopes, for which we could sell readily at Deadwood.

"I didn't know until later what a free, easy, independent, happy life we had led. We lived on buffalo meat or antelope, beans, camp bread and coffee. We put in 13 years in the Black Hills and Montana. No, I never prospected much. Mining didn't appeal to me. We ran a freight outfit from Medora into the Black

Hills. We got 2 cents a pound for hauling freight 200 miles. Later we freighted from Pierre.

My brother took up a homestead, where he raised stock. When game became scarce and hard to get I became a cowman. We used to drive the cattle up from the South by the Chisholm Trail. At first they used to drive the cattle up to Abilene, Kansas. Later, Wichita, Kansas became the cowboy capital of the West. When I trailed longhorns from Texas we drove them to Caldwell, Kansas. Sometimes when rival gangs of cowmen met or when the gamblers and saloon-men tried to teach the cowmen their place it sounded like Chinese New Years. I have seen the pistol smoke drifting up from Spearfish pretty thick after a gun fight."

This interview appeared in the Oregon Journal October 4, 1932. Now, back to my story.

William Mead and Emma Mosher were married in Valentine, Nebraska October 7, 1887. While living in Spearfish they became the parents of a daughter, Maud, born October 4, 1891 and a son, Walton B., born June 11, 1893.

Walton Mead was married to Mary Hutchins and prior to the move west they had three children, Clyde, May and Stephen. Walton was also the father of two children by a previous marriage, Charlie and Willie.

In the latter part of May, 1895, they left for Oregon in three covered wagons. William and Emma Mead and two children in one. Walton and Mary Mead and three children in the second. Roxy Ann Mead, Willie, Charlie and a brother of Mary, Charlie Hutchins, in the third.

The trip to Oregon took three months. They came through Montana, by Custer's battlefield, into Yellowstone Park. From there they went down through Boise, Idaho, crossed

the Snake River at Ontario, Oregon and on to Bend, Oregon on the Oregon Trail, up over the McKenzie Pass into Eugene.

They arrived in Eugene the latter part of August. There was no sickness on the way and no trouble with the Indians. Although, at one time while the men were away from camp some squaws came and tried to buy the dog, which was very fat, from the wives. They caused no trouble when they refused. The squaws found the white babies quite fascinating and they had to guard while the Indians were in camp for fear they might try and steal them.

Two weeks after arriving in Eugene, on September 15, 1895, another daughter, Minnie, was born to the William Meads. A short time later, Luella was born to the Walton Meads.

William went to work at a stone quarry and worked the following winter. In the spring he bought a ranch on Indian Creek not far from Mapleton and in April moved the family there. The following winter he went back to Eugene to work in the stone quarry again. At that time he lost his left arm in an accident.

In the spring of 1897 the Walton Mead family moved to Indian Creek close to his brother William. Here the rest of the children of both Mead families were born. There were eleven children in the William Mead family and 13 in the Walton Mead's. To supplement the family income, the boys of both families peeled chittem bark and as soon as they were old enough became loggers.

William Mead worked at road construction and Walton had the Indian Creek mail route for several years. All the children of both families attended the little school at Reed, where they completed the eight grades. There were a lot of good times had together, along with a lot

of hardships.

William and Emma are buried in Eugene, Oregon. Of their children; Maud married Charlie Filener and lives at Enterprise, Oregon. They are the parents of one daughter, Gweneth Bane. Walton (Babe) married Elvira Prindel and passed away in 1940. His son Boyd lives in Florence. Minnie married Ernest Hibbard. They farmed near Estacada where Ernest passed away. Minnie now lives in Milwaukie with her daughter Francis Urness and near her other daughter Emma Jo.

Nellie married Burrell Hoffman and they were the parents of Delbert who passed away on Indian Creek, and Geraldine, who lives in Hughson, California. Nellie died March, 1970 in Eugene. Effie married Archie Jeans. They lived on Indian Creek near Mapleton for several years. Two sons were born to them, Donald who lives in California and Calvin who is with his mother at 1293 Dalton Drive, Eugene.

Thad lives with his sister Maud at Enterprise. He married Tresa Winston. They lived in Joseph, Astoria and Portland where Tresa passed away. They had one daughter, Joyce, of Portland.

Dee married Delpha Makin Reese and they have a daughter Lynda and a step-daughter Marilyn Reece Larson. They live at Joseph.

Irene married William Tomes. They have one daughter, Gail, who is a nurse and makes her home in Seattle. Irene is now Mrs. Kenneth Decker of Martinez, California.

Mable is Mrs. Jacob Von Barm of Portland. They have no children. Gladys is now Mrs. Hugh Davenport of Portland and they have no children.

Claud married Francis Briggs. They live in Joseph and are the parents of Paul, who is with the submarine

corp and lives in New Haven, Conn. Jean, Rosemary and Claudia are their daughters.

Except for a few years spent managing the Mapleton Hotel, Walton and Mary Mead spent the rest of their lives on their chosen home in the Indian Creek Valley. They are buried in the Indian Creek Cemetery.

Charlie Mead died of measles while in the Spanish American War and is buried at Eugene.

William was killed in a logging accident and is buried at Mapleton. He was married to the former Jennie Fisk and they had no children.

Clyde left Indian Creek to spend most of his adult life in Glencoe, Oklahoma working in the oil fields. He married Helen Hesson and they have no children. They still make their home at Glencoe.

May married Elmer Lamb; they lived at Blachly until Elmer's death. She now makes her home at Albany, Oregon near her son Everett.

Steven married Vesta Agee. They made their home on Indian Creek until his death. His wife now resides at Florence near her daughter, Faye Peerson. A son Lyle is serving overseas with the U. S. Forces.

Luella married Fred Withrow and they have two sons, Howard and Robert. Luella and Fred are both deceased.

Herbert married Betty Hodges. Herbert worked as a logger and Betty taught in the Mapleton Schools for many years. They had five children, Doris Butler, Gary, Loren and Ron-

ald and Barbara who was killed in an automobile accident. Herbert was killed in a logging accident and Betty died a few years ago.

Frank married Vesta Beers. They lived in the Mapleton area where Frank worked as a road superintendent and logger. Vesta taught school in Mapleton for 28 years. Frank passed away October 9, 1966. They are the parents of two sons Elvin and Darrell, who reside in the Florence area. Elvin married Marge Carlson and they have one son, Donald. Darrell married Reta Braley. They have four children, Glenna Maskal, Teresa, Rene and Scott.

Alta married Alfred Bloom. They make their home at Sandy, Oregon. They are the parents of four children.

Clay now lives in Springfield. He never married and farmed on Indian Creek most of his life.

Elsie, now deceased, married Dale Moores. She was the mother of two children, Leland Post and a daughter Nancy Moores.

Mildred married Clarence Porter. They live at Long Creek, Oregon. They have two sons, Jerry and Donald.

Olive married Robert Porter and they make their home at Mapleton where Olive manages Nelson's Cafe. They have one son, Raymond.

In spite of the impact the two families of brothers Walton and William made on the pioneer life of the Indian Creek Valley, no descendant of either family now resides in that community.

The Wm. McCrea Family

By Mary Stevens McCrea

When 17 years of age, William McCrea left Newton-Stewart, Scotland and came to America, and came to Kansas, as he had an Uncle there. Later he came to Monmouth, Oregon. Some years later a younger brother, Robert McCrea, came to the U. S. and came to Monmouth, too.

Later, Will and Robert drove a bunch of goats to the Coast of Western Lane County, via upper Alsea, Five Rivers, and down past Yachats to Bob Creek south of Cape Perpetua, where Will intended to make his home. The wild beasts killed so many of his goats, that Will came on down the coast, looking for another place and met Captain Cox. He bought in with Captain Cox and homesteaded by him and proved up on his homestead. In 1904, he married Margaret Riddle of Monmouth. Margaret and Will continued to live on the Cape Ranch, south of the Sea Lion's Caves for 15 years. Then they moved to Lebanon and later back to Monmouth.

Six children were born to them. James is deceased, and Mary died when small. Kenneth lives at Monmouth, Wallace is Supt. at Blue Mountain College, at Pendleton, Oregon. Margaret McCrea Heyden, Klamath Falls, is a school teacher and Kathleen McCrea Ball died a few years ago in California.

Robert McCrea went to Western

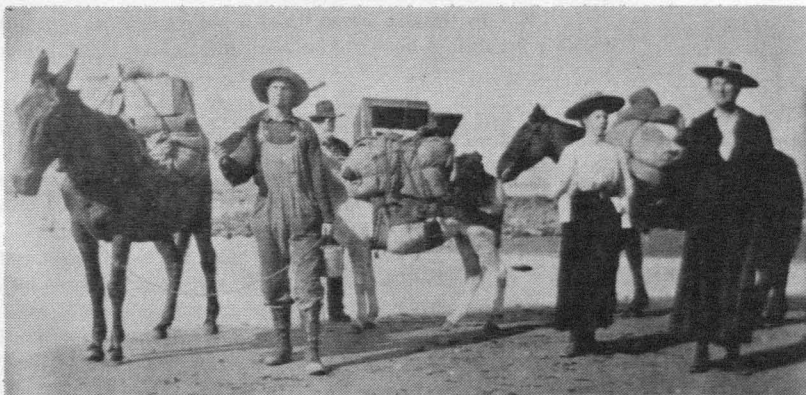
Lane County in 1897, bought Holinger's place and homesteaded joining it on Ten Mile Creek, and married Mary Stevens (the author of this story). We continued to live there for 12 years. There were no roads up Ten-Mile then, only a trail around the hill. Ten Mile is a large Creek and there were 21 crossings in creek up to Dad's place. We lived there until 1960, except one year off during World War II. When the schools consolidated with Florence, the Ocean View school reverted back and we moved into the school house which was close to the highway.

On April 6, 1961, Robert had a stroke and passed away August 16, 1961 at the age of 86.

Seven children blessed the family of Robert and Mary McCrea; Janet Lyons of Alsea, Jean McCellop, Cottage Grove, James McCrea of Yachats (James is on the first property his father owned and has been since 1954), Edwin McCrea was killed in Action in World War II in Italy (his remains were brought back and laid to rest in the Masonic Cemetery near Florence); Martha Clay lives near Grants Pass; Florence died when small, and Ruth Sumick lives in Eugene.

Mary McCrea has been an active member of this community all these years. Just two years ago she moved to Grants Pass to make her home near her daughter, Martha.

The Charley Stevens Family



Picture is of Charley Stevens and his brother Frank, Terressa Stevens, mother of Mary Mc Crea and Ed Stevens and their sister, Ellen, taken on a pack trip.

By Mary Stevens Mc Crea

Charley Stevens was born at Wausau, Wisconsin. When a young man, he went to Nebraska, where he met and married Terressa Hayes. With two children they moved to Roseburg where they lived for 13 years and then moved to Western Lane County.

With his family, now consisting of his wife, six children, a cow and calf, a saddle horse, a team of horses and a wide track wagon, they made the trip, with many mishaps, through Eugene, Junction City, Lobster Valley and down to Yachats, where they camped at the mouth of the Yachats River. They continued down to Ten Mile Creek to a cabin where they lived and Mr. Stevens worked on the road crew on a road that was being built from Big Creek to the mouth of Ten Mile.

Then Charley built a home. We moved into it, says Mary Mc Crea, on November 9th; that was my 12th birthday. We were able to pick lots of berries that summer and trout was plentiful. We also found lots of bee trees, so we were well stocked with honey.

On the day they moved into their home on Ten Mile, Margarite was 17, Frank 14, I (Mary) was 12, Ellen 8, Edwin 6 and Jim 3.

Of the family of six, only Mary Mc Crea, of Grants Pass, Jim Stevens of Dayville, Oregon and Ed Stevens who lives here survive.

Ed Stevens was born in Coles Valley near Roseburg in 1898. He came here as a boy and lived with the family at Ten Mile Creek. He moved from Ten Mile to this area about 25 years ago and resides at 1050 Maple Street.

A Trip To France

by the Big Sweed

About the last of October 1918 we loaded the ship Soestdijk
with all the horses they had room to stand
They were all big draft horses the best in the land.

We left New York about four hours late
They said the convey had to go they 'yust couldn't wait.

The trip to France was the easiest we'd had so far
The convoy's speed was only nine knots an hour.

We were traveling to France at such a slow pace
We 'tank it would be in style to grow hair on our face.

Faus grew a beard that looked like a goat
and Gondolfie grew a crop that was the worst on the boat.

I grew a mustache and some hair on my chin
And I looked like something the cats had dragged in.

Keizer Bill saw he didn't have a ghost of a chance
So he threw in the sponge 'yust before we hit France.

I 'tink what put the Kaizer on the hike
He hear about that bunch on the ship Soestdijk.

To celebrate the victory we 'tink we take a whack
At some fancy French wines and some soghnyack.

We must of had a few shots of squirrel whisky also
For how I got on top of that building I never will know
I hollered "Hi fellows, I 'tink I can fly down
If you toss up a yug of Old Crow."

You hear about the pretty girls in France and in Rome
But they 'yust can't compare with our girls at home.

About the American girls you 'yust leave it to me
But I 'yust couldn't compree what those French girls meant by
Parlevoo and wee wee.

The warehouses and docks were piled sky high with merchandise
That's why we boys didn't like that word Hooverise.

Our ship's chow wasn't much that is true
Our Thanksgiving dinner consisted of salt mackerel and stew.

I said it isn't much but it is all that we need.
Rebel Smith said, "Salt mackerel is good enough for a Sweed".

There is one more 'ting I 'tink I must tell
I called her my dream boat a French madamasell.

In length she was about five foot and a half
And was well decked out both forward and aft.

Her legs bowed out about two inches and a half
And she had big brown eyes that looked like a calf.

I told her all about Fiddle Creek and how it would seem
That the Lord sent down manna in the form of butter and cream.

And of how it was a very common treat
To sit down to a feed of roast bear meat.

But when I say, "Come home with me you cute little trick".
She said, "Na Na, I na compree, roast bear, und Feedle Creek."

Gone But Not Forgotten



The City of Florence, Ore., 1910, taken by Ben Shirley.

by Olive Behnke Dallas

From the beginning of civilization even to the present time, towns have come and gone or they have become known as Ghost Towns.

To us of the older Generation we feel that Florence has a distinction all its own for it is two towns that have become one. Old Florence, which in our childhood was a village about four blocks deep and eight blocks along the water front of the Siuslaw River, and New Florence which was born when the bridge was completed across the river with its neon signs which flow almost like a river along Highway 101.

People crossing the bridge from the south must wonder what the town was like many years ago for Florence has not become a part of a world that has vanished; neither is it built on the ruins of some ancient city, but it is fast becoming a modern city with new streets, churches, and schools, and new industries. In fact New Florence is in its infancy when one considers the age of our beloved Nation and the State of Oregon.

There may be mistakes, but these are memories of my childhood; of

people who have gone on before. A child's memory is not always perfect, so I can't tell things exactly as they were, and are bound to be more or less colored by tales of others as well as stories I have read.

We are well aware that the Indians were the first settlers, many of whom lived in wickiups (a form of dwelling that these Indians used and seemed to be suited to their mode of living.) These are deep holes dug in the sand I should judge 12 feet wide by 20 feet or more long. The roof was made of Lodge Pole pine saplings that were interlaced into a framework for the roof. The final covering was of evergreen boughs with places in the middle to let the smoke out for that is where the fire was.

In last year's magazine we had the story of how Mr. and Mrs. Amos Haring came to the Valley as early settlers and settled on the North Fork of the Siuslaw, one of the largest tributaries. Other people came and settled and on other branches of the river as well as up and down the main river--some to raise cattle, but always with an eye on the beautiful timber that made the Siuslaw country famous for many years.

Much of this lumber going by schooner to the San Francisco area. The sad part was the great waste in harvesting the timber in the woods and after it arrived at the mills where it was cut into lumber as well as in the woods. As a child I used to think of this waste a great deal and was so glad to read in a recent newspaper that a mill in Springfield had now found ways to use what was formerly burned, so one more "wigwam" would no longer be used to pollute the atmosphere.

One industry seems to bring another so it was with the timber which brought logging camps, mills, booms and eventually boat building on a small scale.

Then there were the bountiful runs of salmon and this too brought a new industry for these fish were canned or salted for the markets of the world.

All of these brought people and to our amazement the salmon brought Chinese to run the canneries. To a child this was almost like a fairy tale especially the years that Long John came with a queue that he lengthened with silk thread until it would reach the side walks. He was a Manchu and much taller than the rest of the chinamen. Being a great lover of rice, my Dad used to tease me by telling me he would sell me

to Long John, then I would have plenty of rice to eat.

However, in one respect these Chinese were smarter than the white man, for early on Sunday mornings they would start out with huge sacks for our woods and when evening came they came dragging home, these same sacks full of mushrooms. Many years later when new people came to this area they found these delicious mushrooms, and were either canning or freezing them for home use or shipping them to markets in the Willamette Valley.

Mr. Wm. Kyle owned a large cannery on the west end of this water front. Then there was a cannery at Rose Hill and I have faint recollection of one in the West end of Acme.

After awhile the Chinese became fewer and fewer for the white man had learned how to can these salmon. Then there was a Cold Storage Plant built into the Kyle Cannery so there was not the rush for the fish could be stored until there was time to can them.

Wherever Man goes, other businesses follow, for man must eat and if he is earning a living he hasn't the time to grow things. Early businesses were two stores on Front Street. The first was a small one



Schooner loading for San Francisco from the Hurt Mill about 1910.

Picture taken by Ben Shirley.

built by Maier and Kyle who came from Astoria for that purpose. This first store was west of the present building on the corner which was built in 1901 and known as Wm. Kyle and Sons---both were General Merchandise stores, the kind that were familiar in many frontier towns.

When Mr. Maier came with Mr. Kyle he brought his nephew, Joe Fellman, with him who worked at the store. Later he married Nellie Cassidy and they moved to Eugene where he became the owner of a furniture store. J. A. Pond was bookkeeper at the Kyle store as well as active in the Presbyterian Church.

With business men coming and going it became necessary for hotels to be built. The first of these was the Morris Hotel on the waterfront, which so recently had its demise. Across the street was the Beynd House with a lovely dining room, but it was also the abode for more permanent residents. The Safley House was a large two story board and batten building also on Front Street but a little further west of the Kyle store. To give it a good impression to the public, the front was finished with planned lumber--another frontier innovation.

One of the fascinating novelties in the Brynd Hotel, was the main lounge facing Washington Street, a portion of which was used sometimes six months out of the year by Dr. Johnny Gray--a Eugene Dentist. Woe be to anyone who had a toothache any other time during the year, for if the drug-gist didn't have some oil of cloves or something to deaden the pain, it was indeed agony of the worse kind. However, word got around that my father, Charlie Behnke, the village blacksmith, had some forceps so they would head for our house and coax him to pull the tooth. These are very vivid times to me, and as soon as I knew what was up I crawled

back under the bed until the ordeal was over.

Another business was the Hurd and Davenport Store on East Front Street on the waterfront. There were three businesses under one roof and the Masonic Hall occupied the upper story.

When I look at the level paving on Front Street a new memory came to my mind--of the deep sand hole below the side walk in front of these stores--many happy hours of our childhood were spent here while our mothers were shopping or visiting with each other.

Next place after the store and just west of it, was Dr. Robard's Drug Store. In my opinion it was just the prettiest store of all because everything was so clean and well arranged. There were two large glass urns in the center filled with colored water and when the sun shone on them how they would sparkle.

This Dr. Robard's must have been an M. D. too for mother told me that both he and Dr. Saubert of Acme attended her when I was born with Mrs. Alice E. Burns helping. Where ever Mrs. Burns was, so was Mrs. Foster, for both of them were Civil War Widows who on arrival in Florence went to Munsel Lake and took up a homestead. They were both most friendly to the Indians who had now settled in a village at the mouth of the North Fork.

The next store was Mrs. Kanoff's Millinery Store. Since she didn't believe in window shopping on Sunday, she would remove her hats and put a beautiful Japanese Screen in the window with either a lovely glass slipper or a beautiful china pitcher. Next was the walk that went to the boat landing--this was a high wharf with a floating wharf that could accomodate itself to the rise and fall of the tides.

The first business to the west of the walk to the boat landing, was Charlie Behnke's Blacksmith Shop, who was my father. Mr. Behnke was trained as a horse shoer in Chicago at the time that city transportation was horse street carts. But having a desire to see the west coast, he came to Seattle where he worked for Alex McKellar who proved to be a cousin of my grandmothers. After awhile there he and some other young men walked the length of the Willamette Valley and back stopping at Stage-Coach Inns for lodging. He then decided before he settled down he wanted to see the coast country and eventually he arrived in Florence at the time the Government Engineers were looking for men to work on the new light house that was to be constructed at Heceta Head. He said, "This is the place for me." so he stayed there until after the death of my mother when he made his home in Salem, Oregon with me.

He had three different blacksmith shops. One just below the hill where the Hurd residence was built. The one on the waterfront was number two

and by this time he was not only a horseshoer, but had adapted himself to the various needs of the people of the Siuslaw Valley. Then when the work was getting to much for him, he sold to an outsider by the name of Nadeau. But iron and steel were his first loves so very shortly after the disastrous fire of 1910, he and Big Jim Morris built a shop further west, about where the Siuslaw Bridge reaches Florence. Since he was desirous to make a trip home to visit his mother and take his family with him he sold to Mr. Morris and later the building was moved across the street to another location. By this time blacksmithing was a thing of the past. Autos were becoming more prevalent so it eventually became a garage.

Beyond Lincoln Street was the mill owned by Mr. Hurd and later became owned by Porter Brothers until World War I came and it closed down for good.

Now we will do an about face and go back to the place where the daily boat from Mapleton came in. The earliest of these boats which were,



Schooners loaded with lumber heading for San Francisco

small tugs were The Mink and the next was the Marguerite. Amasa Hurd, a brother of O. W. Hurd was the Captain of both of these boats and Alferd Funke was the engineer.

Mr. Hurd also owned a larger tug called the L. Roscoe of which Captain Johnson was the master. It was used to pilot boats over the Siuslaw Bar.

Mr. Kyle owned two boats that were also tugs--one was the Lillian and the other the Robarts. Ludvig Christiansen was captain of the later and Dres Severy the engineer. These tugs, the Robarts and L. Roscoe, were used to bring the schooners over the Siuslaw Bar. I distinctly remember a beautiful Sunday afternoon when we were sitting on the Sand Hill just west of "The West" office when four schooners came up the river in full sail in tandem--What a beautiful sight!

These same schooners that took lumber to San Francisco brought back our staples--coal oil for lamps, flour, sugar, coffee, tea, and supplies for various businesses. A wreck could be not only a catastrophe to the owner but also to the people who were depending on the above staples. I remember when the Bella was wrecked: it was on a Sunday. There are many stories why there was such a tragedy, but the one that seems most plausible to me is the following: The captain was a young man and had his bride with him, which was contrary to seaman laws. I presume this was in lieu of a Honeymoon. Anyway he wasn't on duty when he should have been so his mate instead of going on to the Siuslaw Harbor, tried the 10 Mile which is the outlet to Siltcoos Lake, so a tragedy. Naturally we didn't know about it until we were coming out of church at dusk that evening and we could see people coming slow-

ly over the sand Hills. They really looked like ants but they were trying to make Barrett's Landing before dark in hopes that they would find someone who would bring them to Florence for shelter and food. Worst of all was to report to the owner about the tragedy for an almost new boat was a total loss as was the cargo.

Other government projects which added to the economy of Florence were first the North Jetty which for a number of years after it was built was guarded by Leonard Christiansen. Then during my high school years the South Jetty was constructed and the north rebuilt. Now Florence has a reasonably good harbor which was needed in the heyday of shipping to and from San Francisco.

One of the earliest businessmen to come to the Siuslaw was E. E. Benedict who with his wife and two sons lived on the island just east of the confluence of the North Fork and the Siuslaw. Mr. Benedict was a lawyer and boom man there to represent the timber interests of his company. Being a well educated man there was hardly ever an occasion went by when a public speaker was needed that he wasn't called upon. It may have been a Fourth of July Celebration when he would recite the Declaration of Independence and give a patriotic address. Oh how these little "Second Growths" could squirm, for wasn't the table going to be loaded with a sumptuous repast, for we had seen the clothes baskets that were brought in laden with goodies. Besides Mrs. Severy was there with ice cream and most of us had a whole nickel to spend. But in spite of all these temptations, it was good for us to listen to these noble words of patriotism.

Another figure at the Fourth of July Celebrations was Uncle Sam.

Many never realized that it was Johnny Steers on stilts, although he did impress the youngsters. Of course, Uncle Sam without a Goddess of Liberty would be a lonely old bachelor. Naturally, this was taken care of but how I cannot say. During the baseball game which was an afternoon feature one of the Star Players was Andy Charles--one of our Indians who had gone to school at Chemawa near Salem and later to and Indian Institute which I think was Carlyle.

We had our share of colonels in Florence, and they were not of the "Kentucky Colonel" variety either. There was Colonel Alley who began "The West", Florence's first newspaper. In 1896 he sold the paper to W. H. Weatherson and George O. Knowles. The final colonel was C. H. Holden who had his office in Florence but because his wife was an invalid, three times a day he would row back and forth across the Siuslaw so that their home might be on a viewpoint in Glenada for her pleasure. He had a great deal to do with settling homesteaders and paper work pertaining to timber land. What ever became of Mrs. Holden I do not know except at her husband's death she went to live with her relatives in the east.

To write about all the Ministers who served the early churches in Florence would be an impossibility, but I want to pay a special tribute to the Reverend I. G. Knotts and his wife who came as the second pastor at the Presbyterian Church. After he left his regular ministry he became S. S. Missionary for Willamette Presbytery. Our home was his home when he made his circuit year after year walking the beach to Newport, then taking the train to Albany. Both of them had a great love for children and youth. Mrs. Knotts was my

first S. S. Teacher and the training she gave children in our church was so far beyond her call to duty. But with one of the older young men I can say with tears in my eyes as I am writing this, she did more for the children and youth of Florence than any minister's Wife that ever followed her.

It was also this same Reverend Knotts that came down from Albany to marry my husband and I in 1916.

In our earliest years our roads were trails, then as people settled on the Siuslaw, or Pacific Ocean, they were our roads, so again boats were the means of transportation but in our list of memories we must not forget Indian Jeff Harney and his Dugout which carried many a youngster across the North Fork so they could go on with their education in high school and I have accompanied Rev. Knotts to Acme for Sunday afternoon services using the same dugout. Most farmers who lived on the river used rowboats as a means of conveyance to visit their neighbors or anyone in trouble. When you left the river the roads were very crude. These roads were corduroy and were rough and bumpy. One of the treats of my childhood was to go home with some farmer on Saturday and stay there until the next Saturday. It might be Anne and Jim Flint right on the shore of Woahink Lake with such a lovely sandy beach to play on. Then when I dried dishes I could read stories out of the Youth Companion. I often wonder if she knew why I was willing to dry dishes. Just imagine having a house papered with something I could read while all we had was wall paper.

When I went to spend a week with Mr. and Mrs. Colvin on another arm of that same lake, I always had candy. Believe it or not it was the icing off her last week's cake kept in a beaut-

iful covered glass dish to treat children to. Mr. Colvin showed me how to make cherry gum---what fun! Mother didn't know that trick. Oh how I loved the country and the ride there was fun for we usually had to stop the horses, get out the hatchet, and down would come a slim jack pine to replace the broken one, not so much because it was needed while it was day light, but some neighbor might be coming home late at night with out a lantern and it was only courtesy to leave a road the way you would like to find it if you were that neighbor.

I am sure Jim Flint said "thank you" to some unseen friend who had done a good mending job when he had to go in haste for a near neighbor the night Anne took sick and before 24 hours was gone, her heart had given out. After the funeral the casket was taken to Oscar Runke's, the tinsmith, whose store was east of Hurd and Davenport. He and my father worked all night making a metal casket and sealed it tight for Jim had promised his Anne he would take her back to the land from which she left home as a bride to pioneer in the far west.

I just wouldn't think I could leave without a word for Gretchen Johnson's Grandmother, Grandma Miller. She lived with a bachelor son for many years on the block east of our house and if ever a person taught a child honesty it was this dear old soul. For many an evening she would slip over just at twilight and say "Jessie, I didn't tell that story exactly right and before I went to sleep I had to come and tell you the story exactly how it was." She was laid to rest in the usual home made casket and the last thing after mother and the others were helping to lay her out, mother came running home and took the little pillow she made for

my baby brother Donald that only lived but a few hours, to put under Grandma's head.

Like other Pioneer Towns, Florence had its dreamers--the first being George Melvin Miller who was a brother of Joachim Miller--a world traveler and a poet. He came to one of our early Rhododendron Festivals and I can remember how he would bow to all of us High School girls and how thrilled we were when he kissed our hands.

George M. Miller's biggest dream was when he envisioned a highway from Florence to New York City. His map which was filed on June 7th, 1887 shows how he increased the size of Old Florence to a city with boulevards and streets ninety or more feet wide all cleared and remained so until I was a good sized girl. Gaunier being the principal boulevard as it started at the water front and went north much where Highway 101 is now. Yes, he dreamed that Florence would be a big seaport on the West Coast with a very fine harbor.

He never lived to see any of his dreams fulfilled.

Although there may have been other dreamers there is just one other I wish to mention. This is Arthur E. Pickly, a bachelor who was an elder in the church and Sunday School Superintendent of the Presbyterian Sunday School. He was a quiet man and often a guest in our house and it was there I heard of his dreams. He was convinced that there would be five bridges over the Siuslaw. It seemed an impossibility then but today I counted four and they are:

1. The bridge at Florence which connects the town or city whichever you wish to call it with the rest of the world.
2. The North Fork Bridge which connects with the road to the Wil-

lamette Valley.

3. The Railroad Bridge at Cushman by which the trains have bypassed Florence for fifty years to go on to Coos Bay.

4. The Bridge at Mapleton that makes it possible to go to the Valley in much quicker time.

5. I believe anyone living down there might know of the fifth bridge but if there is one I couldn't locate it.

What did these people do for recreation? For the youth there were parties of all kinds, both school and Christian Endeavor; socials, you name it we had them, basket suppers, church bazaars with fish ponds. Other programs were when a Dramatic Reader would come to town and would give interpretive reading. There were many dances with Mr. Chapman as caller, Mrs. Alexander at the organ and a fiddler or two also masquerade balls. I am sure no one has forgotten the Beagle Family who came in a covered wagon for the purpose of putting on plays--they had four or five in their repertory with a bit of vaudeville in between. These folks settled in Florence for quite awhile where they went eventually I do not know.

There were two other occasions that brought the people from miles around to Florence. A memorial Day which is very vivid in my memory was usually held in the Presbyterian Church. On the year that L. R. Bond was pastor there was another man J. A. Carman who made an impression on me for heretofore we had only G. A. R. soldiers in attendance, but these were two Confederate Veterans both of which were just as loyal to our country as the G. A. R. were. Among the latter were many who had taken up arms for their country as mere boys because of their patriotism and the fact they realized

"a house Divided against itself cannot long endure."

Following the program we would go to the Odd Fellows Hall for a wonderful basket dinner and a time of reminiscing until the "Boat Call Came" and it was announced that it was time to go to the cemeteries to decorate the graves.

After World War I this occasion ceased to be celebrated but in its place was Armistice Day.

Why do I call myself "Second Growth" well this is a tribute to Mrs. Cassidy, for that is what she called us when she and her big family came to run the Florence Hotel. She was a big hearted Irish lady with always a warm welcome where ever you met her. However, I must tell you about the "Second Growth" so you won't think we were queer. It is just good old timber language. First there was the Old Growth, the beautiful big evergreen trees that our valley was famous for so long. Then came the little young trees which were the "Second Growth".

Briefly I will tell you about one of these old growth trees. It grew on the North Fork of the Siuslaw on the Frank Fox farm so when his brother-in-law Walter Safley, was getting ready to build his house he brought the tree, had it cut down and rafted to the David Mill at Point Terrace and milled into lumber and brought back to Florence where two houses were built from it. Mr. and Mrs. Clio Mardock live in the larger one today--the other was a six room cottage which has been moved or else been torn down. I haven't been able to determine where it is--some farmer may have moved it to his farm.

"SECOND GROWTH"
Olive Behnke Dallas