

Lane County Historian



The Lane County Historical Society
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LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Lane County Historian Vol. XXVI, No. 3 Fall, 1981

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CORRECTIONS:

Vol. XXVI, No. 2, Page 42: In the story by Dorothy Sprinkle, the family name should be Land, not Laud.

Page 54: Bert Cline was incorrectly spelled Klein.

Cover photo: George W. Riggs—Mabel, Ore., caught this cougar in a trap. He also treed many cats and bear with the dog shown. From C. Dudley Miller collection, Lane County Museum.

The manuscript for this story of the life of Charles Anway was made available to the HISTORIAN through the good offices of Doris Walker Sayre and Hallie Huntington. As far as we know, Anway never married. He passed away not long after this account was written, although the exact date is not known to any of us.

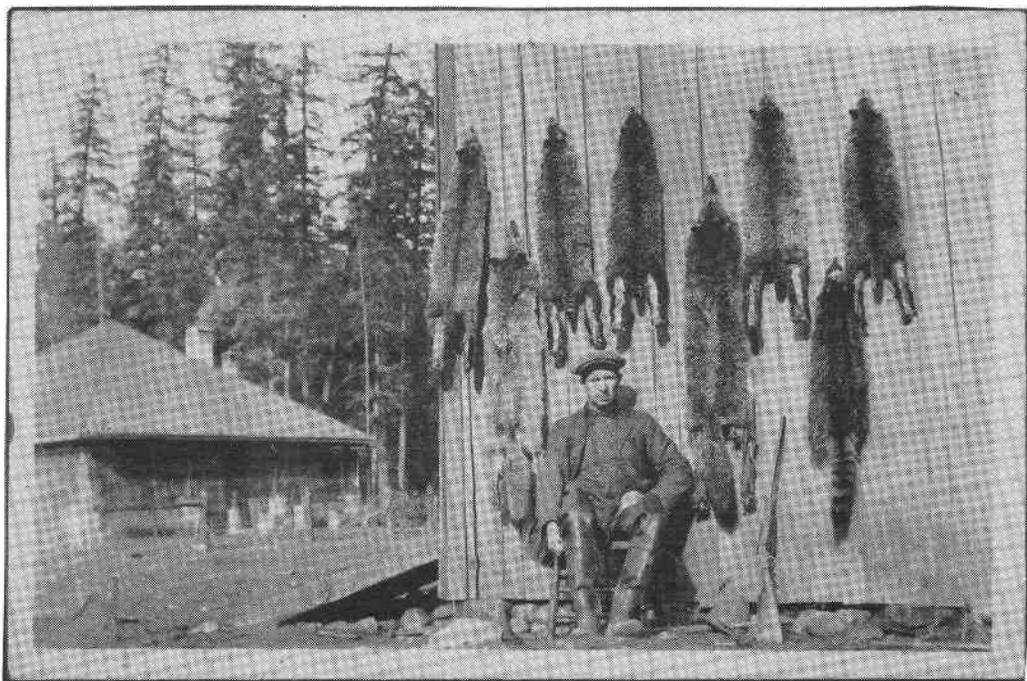
—Ed.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES ANWAY

(as written by him at Oakridge, 1948)

I was born Jan. 8, 1888 at Hampton, Iowa. As a baby I lived with my parents until I was 6 years old. Then my parents separated, my mother left and wasn't seen again for 13 years. That left me, my younger brother and a sister for my father to care for. He had no money and no way to care for us. My mother finally took my sister; my brother, being lucky, was taken in a good home and is still with them.

I was sent to Davenport, Iowa to the Orphans Home. It was a tough place; they were very strict with the children. There were girls and boys and their ages ranged from 3 months to 21 years. The caretaker was a lady about 65 years old. She carried a wooden paddle with her at all times. It hung from a belt and was about 3 inches wide, an inch thick and approximately 15 inches long. She used it as a weapon. The handle was



Charles Anway beside the "Keely House" at Jasper Hills' home five miles above Oakridge circa 1922. Jasper Hills' home in the background was called "The Bear's Den", was built by Hills in 1913. The site is now under Hills Creek Dam. The house burned after it was sold following the death of Jasper and Mrs. Hills. Courtesy Hallie Hills Huntington.

carved out and she used it on all of us. She would strike the smaller ones over the head edgeways and so hard that it would knock them out.

It was a large three-story building, the rooms were very large. The boys had a room, the girls another and the babies still another. Our bedrooms were upstairs. I remember we could only get glimpses of the girls when the caretaker would come or go through the door. We had to call her Auntie at all times or else. All the exercise we got was about once a week when we were marched double file about 8 blocks and then back. There was a large lot outside the building (with a high fence around it) and we were allowed to sun ourselves about once a day. I guess the penitentiary would not be any worse. The meals were very poor—for instance, one bowl of cereal for breakfast—the only choice and nothing else. I heard the boys plotting to break out nearly every night and lots of them made it but the police would catch them and when they got back it was murder to face Auntie again.

I was there about seven months and finally they told me I was going to a new home on a farm. I was so glad to get away but had no idea what was in store for me next. Soon I was on my way to a town called Kalona, Iowa. They let me off there and a man came up to me and said he was in charge of me. His name was Doc. Ritter, and said he was going to take me out in the country to a large farm about six miles from town. The Doctor had a nice team of horses and a buggy. I felt so free and good—some relief from the cooped-up Orphans Home. Soon we came to my new home. My keeper's name was Joe Miller, a German. He had three girls, the oldest one was about my age. The farm was about 200 acres and he raised lots of hogs, cattle, horses, chickens and corn, wheat, oats, cane sugar and pumpkins. All the stock had to be fed night and

morning and this was my job. It kept me busy all the time and as I grew up he piled more work on me. By the time I was nine years old I had to work in the field with the hired man, plowing and loading hay for two pitchers. They crowded me off the wagon and I fell to the ground breaking my arm. That gave me a rest for a while but I wasn't idle very long. They found work I could do with one arm. They overworked me and I never got enough to eat. My school was a half mile away and I had to run to school every morning as all my work had to be done first. The winters were very cold, thirty below zero. I nearly froze my feet because they would not give me heavy enough clothes and footwear. At school I had no place to dry my clothes after wading up to my knees in mud and water made by the cattle, so I stayed in them all day. I had to carry hay with a fork about 150 yards, two times a day for about a carload of cattle. They had ten milk cows that were kept in a pasture in the summer a half mile out. Every night I had to go to drive them in and then back in the morning besides all my other chores of the fields, etc. The only rest I would get was on Sundays as they wouldn't work then.

They had me on the run nearly all the time and were very mean. It was so rough I wanted to run away. When I was 14 years old Joe Miller died. Now I felt was my chance to get away. I never was able to get along with Mrs. Miller but their seven girls were nice. One day I went over to a neighbor's and asked him for a job. I explained to him that I was going to leave Miller's anyway. He said I could work for him and he would pay me \$15.00 a month. Now if I could just escape Mrs. Miller I had a place to stay and what seemed to me a lot of money offered me too. It wasn't more than two or three days that Mrs. Miller went visiting. I waited an hour or two to be sure everything was clear. I rush-

ed upstairs, packed my trunk, got the wheelbarrow and wheeled it up to the house. I put the trunk in it and told the girls good-bye and that I was on my way. They didn't know what to say or do. I wheeled the trunk about a half mile out in the brush and then took their wheelbarrow back. I then went on over to the neighbor who said he would take me in. He lived about three miles away, and his name was David Troyer. I told Dave that I had my trunk part way there and would he get the team and take it the rest of the way, which he gladly did.

I didn't have any chores to do, field work was about all—this seemed to be some relief. Then I found out that the people from the Orphans Home were looking for me, and it wasn't long until a lady came and asked me if I would go back to Miller's. I told her I wouldn't unless I was dead. She said she didn't blame me for not liking a woman boss, but that I would have to have a guardian to look after me until I was 21 or have my father consent. She did say, however, that I could choose whomever I wanted. I asked for Mr. Miller, a brother to the one I had been working for. He collected all my money coming from the work I had done at Dave Troyers. It was put in the bank and was held for me until I was 21. Mr. Dave had taken out money already for my clothes.

I went to school in the winter and did the chores for my board. Then when I was 18 I got a job in the cheese factory on a large dairy farm. I had to milk 23 cows night and morning. I got to be a real cheese maker. I liked the job and that winter I rode a pony to high school about three miles to a small town called Sharencenter, Iowa.

I did not know whether I had any living relation or not until this time. Since I had been parted from my father I had never heard from him or anyone related to me during those 12 years. One day we

had a high school celebration. All the schools were invited and while we were going through our plays there was a school teacher about 45 years old eyeing me. She asked what my name was through one of my schoolmates. She was surprised to hear it and said she wanted to talk to me after the basket social. I could hardly wait to talk to her. After lunch I contacted her and was never so surprised in all my life when she told me that she had held me on her lap when I was five years old. I nearly went wild. Her name was Helen White. She remembered me and told me she knew all my folks and that my father was still in the same town where we had separated when I was six years old. She gave me his address and I wrote to him. He answered right away saying for me to come. It was only about two hundred miles north of where I had been all the time. It was a small town called Hansell, Iowa. I hadn't been able to remember the name or I would have been back there long before now.

I left immediately and got to Hansell about midnight. It was the same old town that I remembered years ago. I had more relations than a dog has fleas. People came from all over the state to see me. I felt as tho I had just gotten out of jail and was a free man. I sent a letter back to my guardian, Mr. Miller, for my money, and he sent me nearly \$300.00. That was a lot of money then as money was hard to get about 1906. I took that money and went into the dry goods business with my father.

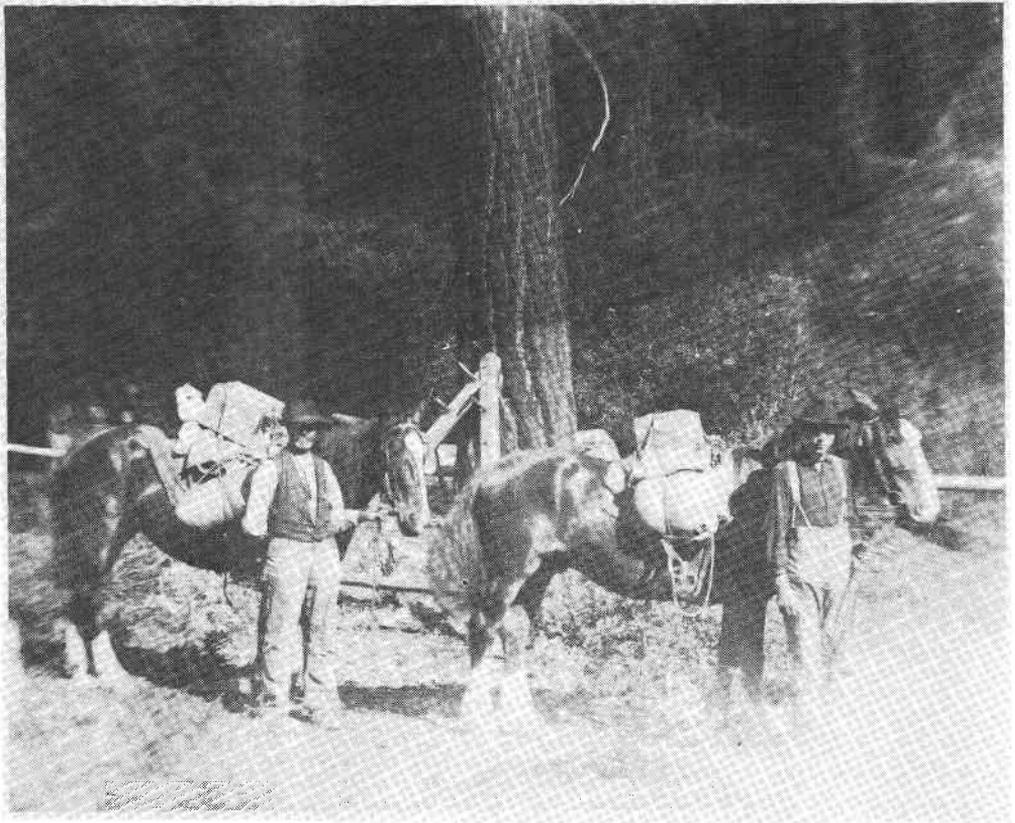
There was not enough business to make it pay so we sold out to my uncle and I went to work on the section for the railroad called the Chicago Great Western for \$1.67 per day. I worked there about three months and decided that wasn't paying enough. I worked at odd jobs for a year or two. While husking corn I sprained both wrists. I had to find different work and as I had always wanted to travel, I remembered I had

an uncle living out west in Eugene, Oregon. I decided this might be what I wanted—a new country and a change in work. So I got a ticket for Eugene in September, 1909. When I landed in Eugene it seemed like Heaven to me. The air felt so good and the smell of new timber. It seemed so healthy and I said to myself that I am going to live here the rest of my life. I guess I am going to do it as this is very near 1949 now. First I worked in a bicycle shop two or three months when one of my cousins wanted me to go with him to Olympia, Washington to work in the logging camp. He said that we could make more money. His name was Warren Anway. We lit out for Olympia and we got a job as soon as we landed. The man's name was John Cline and his camp was on the edge of Puget Sound, a large body of water about twenty miles by boat. I started out as cook for seven men. He paid me \$75.00 a month. I got along alright for about three months. Mr. Cline logged with oxen—four yoke, that's 8 oxen. They were large and huskey and as I had a little spare time each day I learned to drive the oxen. Mr. Cline saw me one day and said that if I would drive the oxen he would do the cooking. So for six months I did that and as that was nearly all the logs I decided I had better go back to Eugene.

One of my cousins at Eugene by the name of Ira Chapman wanted to see a river near the coast to find out what kind of trapping there was and he had a team of mules and a light wagon. We had gotten a new canvas folding boat and wanted to try it out anyway so we drove there. The place was about five miles west of the town of Lorane, Oregon on the Siuslaw River. It was a mud bank river and every mink, otter and coon up and down river made tracks in the mud along the bank on the edge of the water. There were so many we really got excited. We sure wanted to trap there next winter so we bought

our traps at Quackenbushes store at Eugene: 7 doz. No. 1's and 7 doz. No. 3's. Now just to wait till trapping time. In the fall before we were to go trapping, Chapman wanted to go out there where we were to trap and go deer hunting. He went with a neighbor and just got started from camp about a half mile out, wearing a red hat and a white shirt, thinking he would be safe and that no one would take him for a deer. Well, he was seen too easily. A man took a shot at him with a 30-30, hitting him in the shoulder, fortunately not killing him. The man that did the shooting didn't want strangers in his territory so that ended our trapping there, for I didn't care for any of that. I bought Chapman's share of the traps and got a job with a buzz saw, sawing wood in the city. While I was sawing wood I met a man from Oakridge, Oregon. He wanted a man to trap on the North Fork of the Willamette River about 25 miles from Oakridge at a place they called Brock Cabin. This man was Frank Dompier. It was 1915, his camp was on the South Fork of the McKenzie River about 12 miles from where I camped. Dompier trapped for the government on a lonesome place and lots of wild animals such as bear, cougar, wolves, coyotes, bobcats, elk in large herds and plenty of deer. We had to travel by trail and used pack horses for transportation. I got Billie Mickels at the old Red Barn (now the mayor's blackshop), in Oakridge to pack me out there. There was about a foot of snow when I landed and no wood cut. There was a bobcat sleeping on the bed in the cabin when we arrived and a white rabbit sitting in a nest outside the cabin—also a skunk in the cabin.

The winter was tough and the snow got deeper and deeper until it was level with the fence posts around the cabin and so very cold I had to stay in the cabin five days and keep the fire going steady. I hewed out a pair of skis while I was resting. It was something else when



Men with pack horses, ca. 1900, in the Cascades. Barbara Spores collection Lane County Museum.

I tried to ride them. It took me a week to the end of one line and in about two weeks I was riding high in the mountains. My traps were all snowed in and it took me a long time to reset again. The wolves would follow my line and eat up all the small animals that were in the traps, such as bobcats and civit cats. One cougar came along where there was a bobcat in the trap and ripped him from one end to the other in strips of about 2 inches. I had to sew them up to get the bounty, and of course the hide was completely ruined. The cougar would also take the coyotes out of the trap and pack them off someplace and bury them. There were a lot of cougars—I counted eleven cougar tracks going by the shack one night. I had hard

luck all winter—bad weather and the traps were too small for the large animals. I got about 20 bobcats, 5 coyotes, 5 mink, 6 raccoon, 30 civits. I went to Brock Cabin later on with larger traps.

The trapping season was over now for the winter so I pulled back to Oakridge. There was no work and not many people living here at that time. The town itself consisted of a depot, the same Wood's Hotel which is still in use as is the depot, a school house, two stores—Templeman's and Smith's (the Templeman store has been torn down and remade into a house, but Smith's store is today as it was then in 1915). You could get most anything you wanted. There were 2 or 3 houses, 5 or 6

small farms from 1/2 to 1 mile out, such as the Walker brothers, Bill and Earl; McClain brothers, Allie, John and Charley; the Herbert brothers, George and Bert; and Frank Warner. Most of these people were homesteaders, and incidentally all these people except those who are deceased are still living here. There were no cars and everything was done with horses.

I left Oakridge and went to Portland, Oregon seeking work. I rented a dairy farm up the Columbia River in Washington. I had to build it up as it was badly run down. The first year I thought I was going to make a million dollars. The second year my luck failed me again for we didn't get enough rain to raise feed for the stock. Everyone was in the same boat. This was in 1917 just before the war broke out. I had at this time seventeen cows and two hundred hogs and nothing to feed them so I had a sale and sold everything. Before the drought hit me I was taking in \$200.00 a month on the average. There was nothing to do but give back the farm to the owner.

I had had Oakridge on my mind ever since I had left there, so I went back to Oakridge, Oregon again. This time for good. That was 1918. The town had started to grow due to the Southern Pacific Railroad laying their line through there. Trapping season was about due so I got a cabin at Frank Warner's about 1 1/2 miles out of town and I could go any direction from there. I got me a canvas boat to cross the Willamette River. I had plenty of traps of all sizes this time and had high hopes for the winter. I went especially for mink and I got about 15 mink, 10 coons, 10 bobcats, 7 or 8 coyotes, 3 or 4 otter and 3 bear. This was in the winter of 1919. In the spring Frank Dompier and I went to Brock Cabin. There we would trap bear and peel Cascara bark. We got about 6 bears and peeled 2 tons of bark. We sold the bark to Rubenstein's in

Eugene for 11 cents a pound and got about \$8.00 apiece for the bears. We had to pay 3 cents a pound stumpage to the Forest Service for the bark.

I then came back to town and started a barber shop. I thought I would like that but they kept me too busy so I sold out and went to work on the road for a man named John Carlisle. I worked nearly all summer. That was 1921. Now trapping season again so I bought a shack 3 miles up on Salmon Creek. I got my traps in good shape and purchased a new 22 cal. pistol. One day I decided to go along the river and look for signs of mink, otter, etc. Well, I started out carrying the pistol with a shell in the barrel. I carried the gun in my left hand. I got about 30 yards from the cabin when the gun slipped out of my hand and fell to the ground, hitting a rock. Of course it had to hit the hammer, and the bullet exploded right in my mouth. It took out five teeth and the blood was spurting out of my mouth in a small stream for about twelve feet. There I was and no doctor within 45 miles of me. I tried to stop the blood but couldn't. It finally stopped itself, I guess there just wasn't any more. The Forest Service had a camp 1/4 mile away where I knew I could phone. There happened to be a man there who called Ed Clark and Doctor Neal at Eugene. Ed had a car and he brought another man with him whose name was Osker Drury. He had a pint of whiskey with him and he gave it to me and altho I am not a drinking man I downed nearly all of it. That saved my life as I was nearly dead. They got me to the hospital and took an x-ray of my face. We could see the lead scattered around in my jaw. My teeth had stopped the bullet but it sure ended my trapping for that year.

Next year (1922) I went to a place they call Rigdon Ranch which is 25 miles up the Willamette River from Oakridge, with Bill Clark. We decided that it was a good place to trap and we

got lots of fur there. We got 3 cougar, 2 wolves, 2 bears, 27 bobcats, 1 fisher and 7 coyotes, about 14 mink, 2 muskrats and saved about 26 civit cats. We sent most of our furs to Botch Fur Co., Chicago, Ill. We got \$30.00 bounty on cougar, \$32.50 on wolf, \$2.50 on coyotes, \$2.00 on bobcats, \$10.00 for the bear, \$6.00 for cougar, \$6.00 on coyotes, \$6.00 for the bobcat, \$18.00 for the mink each and \$50.00 for the fisher, 25 cents apiece for the civits.

That was all for the winter so in the spring we got a job peeling pilling at 3 cents a foot for Earl and Bill Walker and Lawrence Hills. After we got them peeled we rafted them down the river—Lawrence Kennedy and myself, for about 6 miles to Oakridge. I thought I could use my canvas boat. I started down the river and I didn't go but about 200 yards. I hit bottom going over a bar of rock and it cut the bottom of the boat nearly full length. The boat went to bottom so quick I had to swim 1/4 of a mile before I could get out, and the water was ice cold. Trapping time again in 1923.

I rented a shack of Jasper Hills five miles up the river from Oakridge. I trapped mink, coon, cats, coyotes and otter only. I got about 15 mink, 10 coon, 14 cats, 8 coyotes, 2 otter. It was a cold winter part of the time, and my traps would freeze in. They wouldn't spring and I sold most of the fur I did get to Rubenstein's in Eugene. The next winter (1924) I went to Prineville, Oregon on the other side of the mountains to trap coyotes with Milton Clark. We did very good until it froze up in December. We got 17 coyotes, 2 cats, 2 badger. We took them to Salem, Oregon and sold them to a fur co. \$6.00 for coyotes. Then we came back to Oakridge again. We went to Major Prairie to trap Wolf and we got 10 and managed to get \$20.00 a piece besides \$32.50 bounty. This was in 1928.



"The season's catch." Lester and Elmer Swaggart. The Anway story explains the bounty available on some predators. Trapping for the furs as well as the bounty was a common activity a few years ago and many a Lane County boy bought his school clothes and supplies with the money earned by his trap line. Courtesy Elsie Swaggart Sutton.

We then went to the Rigdon Ranch to finish our trapping. There we got 5 more wolves and 3 cougar. We got a good price for our wolves (\$20.00 a piece) and \$32.50 bounty. We sold nearly all of our furs to Rubenstein's in Eugene in the last few years. The next year I got a new job. It was the year of 1929. I took over a fishing resort. I run it for Ed Clark—two summers and I had 23 boats. Two motor boats, three shacks for rent. I sold gas and oil and fishing tackle. This place was called Crescent Lake. It was the West End Resort and the lake was about three miles wide and six miles long. There I got plenty of fishing and plenty of fish in the inlet, a small creek between Summit Lake and Crescent Lake. Bert Clark and I went up the Creek and got six big rainbows

32 inches long. I did very good that first summer.

And then trapping season again. There were a few bear around and here is where I tried a new kind of a trap. I got me two old single barrel shot guns. One was a 16-gauge and the other was a 12-gauge. I sawed them about half the length and I made a pen to snare the bear in. I stuck the barrel through the pen and wired the gun to two small trees, then tied a string to the trigger and one to the bait so when the bear pulled the bait it would shoot the bear between the eyes. Well it worked perfect. I got two large bears, black ones, that way and as I was going up the road about 1½ miles there was a large wolf crossing the road. It was along a little creek and I thought to myself that it might be a regular crossing for wolf, so I would make a set there and he might come back. I took a piece of meat and almost buried it with a rock on it so the birds wouldn't get it and set four traps around the bait. Well I waited and waited for the wolf to come. I got tired of going to the set finally and decided he was not coming back so I pulled three of the traps up and thought that was all that I had set. One day I happened to walk that way and blow me down if there wasn't a wolf in the trap I had forgotten about. I only had a shovel with me and it was too far away to go back and get a gun so I decided to try to kill him with the shovel. He was the hardest animal I have ever tried to kill. It seemed that the more I beat him the madder he got. The trap had a good hold on him and as I wasn't getting anywhere I decided I wasn't hitting him in the right place. The next time I struck home because I hit him across the eyes and that got him. Then I went up the mountains and set some Martin traps and got 3 nice Martin. I got \$23.00 each for them. The Bear I shipped to the east and only got \$4.00 each for them. The wolf brought me \$52.50 altogether.

I managed to get 4 mink and 3 coyotees. I got \$20.00 for the Mink apiece and \$6.00 each for the Coyotees. The snow got about 7 ft. deep on the level, the elevation being about 4700.

The next winter (1930) I went back to the Willamette River again for some more good trapping. I got a cabin on Cool Creek about 16 miles from Oakridge in the center of the large game country. Elk, Bear, Wolves, Cougar, Coyotes, Bobcats, Badger, Ringtail Cat, Mink, Otter, Beaver, Deer, Skunk. Here is where I had a time with the cougar and wolves. The first thing that happened was that the wolves were using a trail about 3 miles from camp. I got some traps and went up there and set 4 traps. The way they were using the trail I though I might get 2 or 3 the next time they came through. About 4 days later I went up there and saw a large Wolf in one of the traps. I only had a single shot 25 ca. When I got close to him the wolves started to bark all around me. My gun seemed too small then for a big bunch of wolves so I began to look for a tree that I could climb. Well, I says, I had better shoot the one that is in the trap first so I shot him. That scared them and they pulled out right now. I didn't hear anymore of them and next I went up another trail and got out about 4 miles, well I had a hunch something was wrong so I got my gun ready. Just about that time a big wolf came around the bend running right at me. He didn't seem to care that I was there and was going to crowd me out of the trail, so up with the gun, I hit him and that slowed him up a little. I quick put another shell in the gun and the wolf was coming right at me with his mouth open. He was about 15 feet from me and I shot and luckily hit him again that time. It killed him and if I hadn't had a good gun that would be the end of this story for he would have eaten me up. It was really a close call. On up the hill aways I saw where the

cougars had eaten up a deer and it looked like there were some small cougar. I got some bait and there was a tree that had lodged across another one and I put the bait under the log and plugged it up on both sides of the bait and set a trap on each side on separate toggle or drag. There was a low cliff below. The cougars had been going around under that cliff. I set 2 traps there. In about 2 days I figured that I would have the cougar so out I went about 2 miles from camp. When I got there, sure enough, there were cougars hung up and what I mean they were hung up. There were the 2 little cougars who had their traps tangled up together and the old one under the cliff. She had climbed up the tree with the trap on her foot and had gotten through a crotch about 25 feet high and was dangling there dead. I also had a few Otter traps set and as I ran my

Otter traps they were along the bank and had wire tied to the tree. The Otter would get in the water and drown. This time there was something larger in the traps, a cougar that had gotten in the otter trap and had jumped into the water and was caught in the roots under water, he sure was a drowned rat. I came home one day and got within 15 feet of the cabin when a badger came out right at me. He must of been in the cabin for I had to kill him or he would not let me in the cabin.

Well Summer came along and I decided to go prospecting looking for the real stuff (meaning Gold). I went up on Christy Creek which runs into the North Fork of the Willamette River. I drove about 300 ft. of tunnel altogether in about 7 or 8 . . .

(The last page of Charlie's manuscript is missing. Ed.)



This note from one of our readers will explain the following letters.

To the Editor:

Several years ago when I was doing some research at the Federal Record Center in Seattle I came across two letters from Eugene Skinner about his DLC, addressed to the Surveyor General of Oregon. I enclose copies of them. I thought they might be good for the Historian sometime. They show it wasn't all moonlight and roses in those days! . . .

Leah Menefee

A SKINNER-SHAW DISPUTE - 1851

Skinner's Lane Co O.T.
Nov 22 1851

Dear Sir

I am under the necessity of troubling you with a few inquiries relative to my claim, and a disturbance that may grow out of a neighbour setting up a claim to a portion of the same—

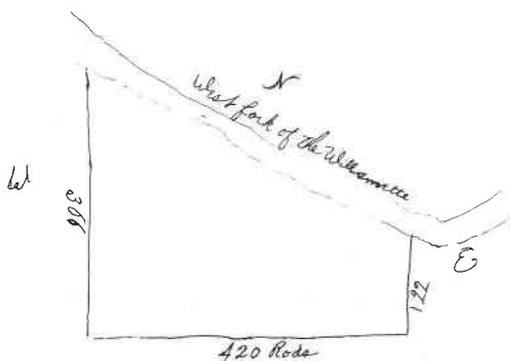
My claim as recorded are in the following words and figures to Wit.

Eugene F Skinner has located his land claim in Polk County this 8th day of July 1846—Situating as follows to wit—
On the West Bank of the first principal West Fork of the Willamette at the head of Grand Prairie—beginning at a Marked Maple (18 in) on a rock bank at a bend of said W Fork about 500 yds East of an Oblong Bute, and running South 122 rods to a thorn stake S70 E 127 links of W. Oak (24 inches) thence West 420 rods to Maple Stake thence North 366 rods to Marked Maple (15 in) on the bank of Said river—thence along the meanderings of the river to the place of beginning—containing 640 acres—
To be held by personal occupancy

I, Fred Prigg Recorder of Oregon do hereby certify that the within described Land Claim is recorded at page 81 of Land Records book no 2 at the Recorders Office in Oregon City Dated this 14th day of July 1846

Attest Fred Prigg, Recorder

The Hon J.C. Avery of Marysville was surveyor Capt Felix Scott and Elijah Bristow were chain bearers. Marion Scott assistant axeman and Chain Bearer, all of this county The Starting Point, Marked Maple, standing on the rock bank still standing, with the initials E.F.S. N.E. corner marker at the time with black pencil, still plain, with the blazes on the timber for



Some 30 yds.(Small timber and Brush Thicket) the Thorn Stake corner S.E. 122 rods Still Standing blazes on the trees North of Stake, west of thorn Stake the blazes can be followed for near 1/2 mile through an oak grove, the Maple Stake S.W corner has rotted down, but the place is easily found as the Stake remains, where it fell, and from the point where the line running N first strikes the timber, the line is plainly blazed and cut through the thick brush for 1/2 mile, the High Water of 1849 & 50 carried off the corner tree N.W. with some four rods of the bank (the river remains and can be meandered), in the month of Oct 1846 Mr Rinehart with his wife and small children and Mr. Miller both of Marys River started from Oneals now nesmith's Mills with a Team & waggon, plow and 30 Bushl of Wheat opening a road across Marys River & Long Tom Both the first Waggon that ever cross either of those Streams and came here, 30 miles from the last Cabbin (Averys Marys River) this was about the 10th Oct 46 and commenced getting timber out for a House 16 by 18 feet porches on each side 8 ft about the 20 same month I came here, and on the 28th day of same month Oct 1846 moved into the House, Moving my wheat provisions & E together with Mr Rineharts things , and on the 5th Nov /46 Mr Miller commenced Braking Prairie and by the 25 Same month had broke and Sowd 20 acres of wheat, and had by the last of the month completed the House by putting a good hewn puncheon floor in the House and both porches at a cost of some \$300 on the 8th day of Nov/ 46 I left the House for the Rickreall where I had left my wife at which place I wintered and on the 26th day of May 1847 moved into this House with my family and all of my effects bringing Cattle & Hogs with me and have continued to live in the

Same House ever since (4 years the 26th last May since my family cam) As to the house J.Q. Thornton Esqr with all the Emigration of /46 that came the Southern or Applegate route can testify also the breaking and sowing of wheat One Mr Collins of that emigration wintered in my house & many of them leaving their things & cattle here all winter—in the months of July and August 1847 I fenced two fields one 13 & the other 40 acres—the first four months (lacking three days) of our residence my wife never saw the face of white woman or child being 30 miles one way (Avery) & by themselves 14 miles E Bristows & Dodson Bachelors on the same the two men and on the South Maj Redding of Cal. 450 my nearest neighbour. Surrounded by numerous wild Savages and once was assailed by about 30 with no one _____ but my wife, untill I could get assistance from [some?] friendly Indians that was camp'd by sending a little Indian _____ 1/2 mile distance _____ On or about the first of March last I caused to [be built?] by one Hilliard Shaw a ferry boat 56 by 10 [feet?] cost of \$300, on the North East Corner of my _____ about 75 yds from the Starting point is & has [been in?] operation ever since, last mar. in the month last I commenced laying off a Town on this port[ion of?] the claim running from the river back to my Sou_____ and in the month of april Pearl Smith in co_____ of two lots donated him did put up a small [building?] near the ferry landing, which is now ownd and ac[?] _____] as a store by a Mr Huddleston. I did not [c]onsider[?] laying off the whole of the eastern part of the claim [as I wished?] for the reason that I could not get sufficient help—

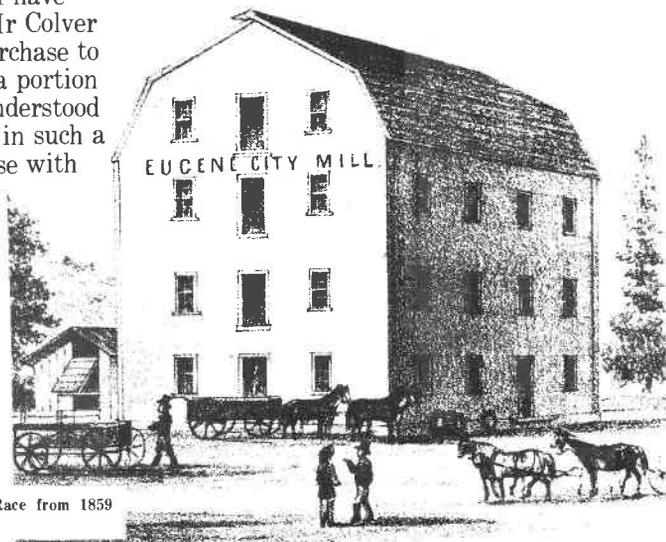
In the fall of/46 H Shaw took a claim S E [of my] claim, commencing at my S.E. corner (Thorn Stake) a

Square Sec & had it recorded, in the fall of /47 he made so[me?] alteration, commencing on my east line 100 yds N? (or W?) of [Thorn?] stake, E 1 M S 1 M W 1 M N 1 M. also recorded in the Summer of /48 he altered it again commencing on my S line [west?] of thorn stake 80 rods run'g east to thorn stake [then?] North 100 yds then E 3/4 m then S W 1 mi then no[rth to?] of beging, also recorded at Oregon City. his house [and im]provements are about 1/3 mile S.E. of my S.E. corner stake. in the summer of /48 H Shaw commenced building a dam across a slough of the Willamette which [runs?] by his house with a view of putting up for the [use?] of the settlement a grist mill and was to have [it in?] operation that fall and by digging som 150 yds on his own land could throw the water into a natural slough or rather, dry Hollow, on my claim then by run'g it some 70 rods on mine could get a good mill privilege (Not having one on his own) it was supposed that it would take off a corner of my land of about 5 acres for the which he proposed giving me as much of his claim, but instead of building the mill, or completing the dam or digging the race in the Summer fall or winter of /48 in the fall he went to California to dig gold and returned in June or July/49. in the year 1850, in the Spring he commenced digging the race and building the dam (as the work done in /48 was washd off) I then forbid his letting the water onto my claim as I had measured the land that the mill & race would inclose E & N and found it to be about 18 or 20 acres instead of 5, and I also thot he had forfeited the first (understa'g) *(He often wrote words with a small d above the last end instead of spelling out the past tense or abbreviating, as understa'g. — Ed.)* No writings having passed between us. I then told him as I was going to lay

the ground off into Town lots I would give him sufficient lots for his mill (saw mill he had altered his mind instead of a Grist mill agreeable to our understanding), he was going to put up saw mill) and yard and allow the water to pass from the line of my claim to the mill without pay'g for the ground and an additional quantity of lots as soon as he should put up a Grist mill all which was agreed to between him and me, no one present and no writings given and in consideration of Sd last offer he did last summer in the month of June or the first days of July put up the frame of a saw mill up to the square, on the ground designated by me, and about the first of Oct commenced sawing and about the first of Nov inst put a roof on it, the sides as yet are open not one board or plank on it, during all the time that he was digging the pit for the mill and tail race for mill and ever since I have exercised ownership to all the land claimed by me originally—last summer or spring the land lying east of my claim except the 100 yds claimed by H Shaw, was taken up by one Lemuel Bill and on or about the 20th Oct last he went to the mines, and just before leaving employed a man to cut saw logs, and amongst the lot cut one tree on my clam east of S mill I forbid the agent of Bills moving the logs and marked my name on the end of each (3 in number) with red chalk or keal on the 27th Oct I was informed that Shaw had hauled the logs to the mill. I immediately went to see, and found two of the logs at the mill, Shaw was not present Mr Wm Smith a partner in the mill being there I forbid his sawing the logs unless they Shaw & Smith should account to me for the one half of the lumber as they were my logs not Mr Bills, Smith immediately left in pursuit of Shaw, who arrived soon

after, passing me at the House of Bill, stating that he wanted to see me at the mill and in company with the Hon D. M. Risdon James Peek went to the mill where he found several others. When Shaw commenced a tirade of abuse calling me every other name save and except an honest man, & it was my life for his life or he would lay his patent on _____ Portion of my claim coming 3 rods west of where the water first entered my claim about 48 rods west of thorn stake, not stating how far he intended running north at the same time brandishing a lar[g?]e oak stick swearing that my wife should be left a widow and my children (3) orphans, after he had got through. I then forbid him and all present from cutting any of my timber on that portion of my claim telling them where the line runs and showing them the corner stake (thorn) That was the first time (27th Oct last) that I knew that he ever set up any claim to my land more than what I was to give him in lots for the mill purposes. Some time in the month of May or June last Hd? Shaw sold 80 acres off the east side of his claim to one Saml Culver for some \$300 and as I have since 27th Oct learned that Mr Colver wrote you relative to that purchase to know if a man could sell off a portion of his claim, and as I have understood intended to word that letter, in such a way as to make a parallel case with

mine. (Colver being Shaws adviser and counsel in the matter) and from your answer, stating a mans claim must cover his improvements. Shaw now says that he can and will or dye cover some 40 or perhaps 160 acres of my claim with his patent—Since the talk on the 27th Oct, Mr Colver has sold the 80 acre bot of Shaw to one McMurry. Yesterday McMurrey together with (man name) unknown a survey came to me, Mr McMurrey stated that he wish[ed] his claim run off but that Mr Shaw must h[ave] his run off first in order that he could r[un] the 80 bot off Colver would comm. and Shaw w[anted] to know if I was willing (or something to that [effect?]) to let Shaw have what he claimed out of _____ of my claim where his mill stood. I stated [the] understanding to Then between Shaw & me. they [said it] did not suit Shaw and that tomorrow they [would] run off Shaws Claim. I then showed them the [corner] tree (Marked Maple) marked my claim off on paper and as they had to both seen the S.E. corn[er] and knew where my lines run. I then



Eugene grist? Mill at East 5th and Mill Race from 1859 lithograph, courtesy Lane County Museum

before the witnesses forbid the surveyor running any line on my? Claim for Shaw or any one else except in _____ me, in view of all the facts—as I have been told] this day chained and staked off a portion of [my?] claim for Sd Shaw. Shaw has told every one in the whole country that has ever talked with him about matters ever since he commenced building his mill, that he was building on Skinners claim, [that in?] doing so he could get about 5 feet more fall than he could get on his own claim. These are _____ all the facts in the case & Sir I do hope you _____ them a careful investigation and let me know whether he has any countenance under the donation act for the course he is pursuing—perhaps the Hon D.M. Risdon may present you with a similar brief. Shaw [says that?] a Bond from me for lots would not be valid verification] Bond is of no force what passed is _____ understand merely

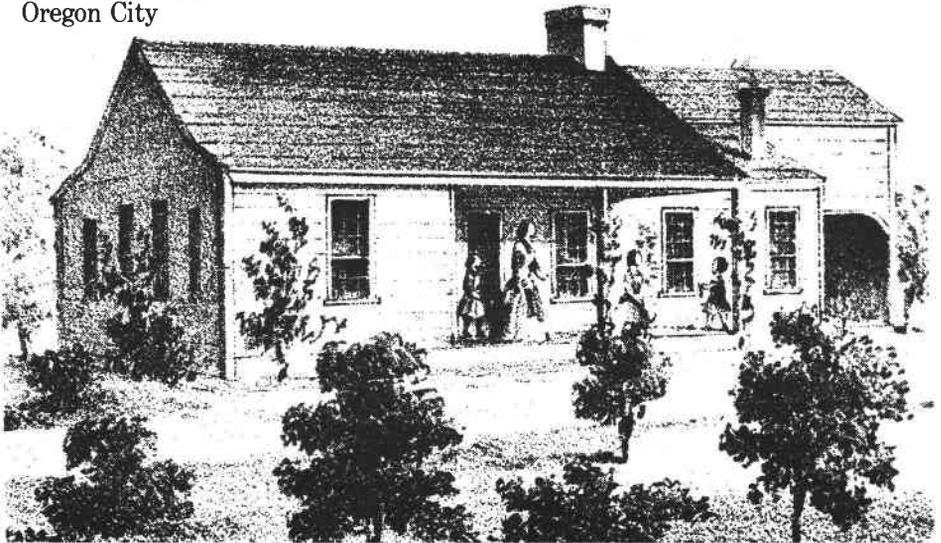
I remain Sir your Obt Servt
E.F. Skinner

Hon J.B. Preston
Surveyor General
Oregon City

In addition to the foregoing there is one fact that I have not mentioned this, in the Summer of 1848 the said Shaw left upon my claim, and near the place where his saw mill now stands a couple of rough granite rocks, designed for mill stones when finished They were, when left there, and have remained the same ever since, partly rounded, partly drilled and the face and top worked off with a hammer, but they are in fact nothing more than any other rough rock. by them I presume he intends holding [prior?] _____ possession since 1848 but has never set up that claim until since the 27th Oct last, always acknowledging me as being the owner of the soil in question I state this as I wish you to know all the facts as they are

J.B.P.

E.F.S.



Home of E.F. Skinner, after moving from original cabin, located at SW corner of (sixth) & Charnelton Sts. from lithograph of 1859. Courtesy Lane County Museum

Skidders Lane Co O.T.
May 5th 1853

Dear Sir

I did not attend with the commissioners at the taking of these affidavits, and you will see that E Bristow fixes the time of my settlement on the 8th day of May AD 1847. that was the day that we came up to this place and made gardings I then returned to the LaCreole and brot up my family ariving here on the 29th May AD/47

The date of Mr Dodsons is so blotted that I am not able to make it out. I presume it was intended for the 29. he was at work for the stone quarry at the time. and badly done.

the certificate of marriage or living as man and wife Mr Bristow fixes the time from the 15 Sept/45. and Wm Dodson from the 15 May/46 I wish'd them both to certify from may/46 but Mr Bristow said that he would go back to the time he became acquainted with me on the road. Should these certificates not answer, please inform me, or send other blanks. Stating wherein these are wrong and I will the next time attend to them myself.

There was one question that I forgot to ask and it may now be to late to remedy it, that is in case my claim

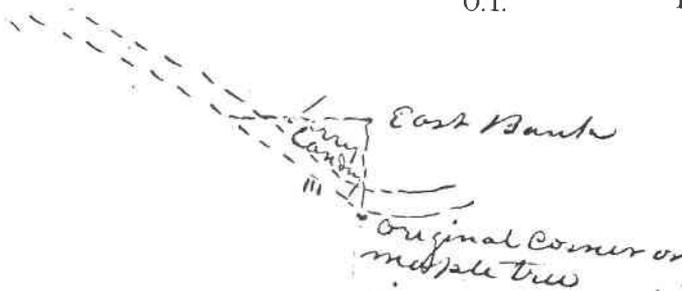
falls short of the quantity 640 acres if I could run my lines across the river (it being above the junction of the forks) to make out the compliment, it being vacant land, also the landing for the ferry. I did on the 17th Dec last mark off and fixed a corner on the opposite bank [from?] the commencement tree so as to include the ferry _____ and I would still like to hold the same if possible the piece that I want contains about two acres exclusive of the river. the land was vacant at the time that I marked it off and is yet vacant. for aught I can learn, the little opposition that is manifested towards the ferry makes it very desirable for me to have it for ferry purposes. as there has been 4 locks brokin off my boat this winter, and the night but one after I left home for the city, my boat was broken loose and the boat cannot as yet be heard from, although we have followed the river in a canoe for some 20 miles

I would be glad to have your opinion as to crossing the river, so as to embrace the landing, or whether I am to late having partially or fully made proof

and, if I am entitled to a certificate and such things are given you will please send by mail—

Hon J B Preston
Surveyor General
Oregon City
O.T.

And Obbl you
Obt and humble
Serv
E.F. Skinner



went to it, and found two of the logs at the mill, show-
ing that present Mr. Bill Smith a partner in the mill
and that he had his share in the logs unless the share
which should accrue to me for the one half of the lumber
they were my logs. As to Mr. Bill, Smith immediately
set in pursuit of Akator, who arrived soon after passing
at the house of Bill's Staging, where he wanted to see
at the mill and in company with the Hon. Wm. B. Bixler
James York went to the mill where we found several
there. When they commenced a trade of a barrel
of oil, we every other barrel gave and except an hour
more, it was my life for his life or he would buy
his partners an alleged portion of my claim. Coming
to the west of where the water first entered my claim
I built a road west of Thorn Stakes, not Staking
H.

FELIX SCOTT, SR., LANE COUNTY PIONEER

by Olga Freeman

The name of Felix Scott, Sr. is not as prominent in Lane County history as those of Elijah Bristow and Eugene Skinner. Yet, Scott came to Oregon with Bristow and Skinner and William Dodson.

Information on Scott is here presented from research by Leah Menefee and made available to the Lane County Historian.

Felix Scott, Sr. was born in 1788 in Monogalia County, West Virginia, which is in the northern part of the state, bordering on Pennsylvania. Its county seat is Morgantown. He moved to St. Charles County in Missouri, not far from St. Louis. Here he married Nancy Castlio, daughter of John Castlio and his wife, the "widow Dodson," who had come to St. Charles County in 1806 from Tennessee. (It is possible that the William Dodson who came to Oregon with Scott may have been a relative of the "widow Dodson.")

On the death of his first wife Nancy, he married Ellen Castlio on April 5, 1821, perhaps a sister or relative of his first wife.

Reports differ as to the number of children born to Scott and his wives. One source states he had 24 children. The *Pioneer Families of Missouri* lists the following children: Taswell, George, Presley, Herma S., Nancy Ellen, Harriett, Julia, Felix Jr., Maria and Marion. Other children were Lucinda, Lindian, Nimrod, Rodney, Harison and Jane Linn, which makes 16 accounted for.

Felix Scott was an influential citizen of St. Charles County before coming to Oregon. He had been educated as a lawyer and served for many years as Justice of the Peace. He represented St. Charles County in the legislature several terms, both in the lower house and in the state senate.

The story is told that a son-in-law challenged Scott to a duel. The agreement was that Scott was not to fire his double-barreled shot gun until after his son-in-law discharged his. Scott, although a great fighter himself, waited patiently for his son-in-law to fire, and when he did, the shot missed his father-in-law. Then, Scott, instead of using his turn to fire, laid down his gun and proceeded to give his son-in-law a good pounding with his fists.

Succumbing to the lure of the West, Scott, his wife and five of his children joined a wagon train in 1845 bound for California. A number of his children remained in Missouri. Scott was elected captain of the 50-wagon train. Upon arriving in California. Scott and his family and William Dodson, a member of the party, decided to winter at Sutter's Fort. Here, supposedly, they met Eugene Skinner and Elijah Bristow. No doubt these men talked of going to Oregon in the spring and influenced Scott and Dodson to accompany them. It was March 1846 when the "Four Horsemen" set out for the journey north. They traveled the California-Oregon trail and upon arriving at Yoncalla, decided to use the west side trail along the foothills of the Coast range. They traveled through the pioneer settlement of Marysville (now Corvallis) and on to Rickreall. Here Mrs. Skinner left the party. Arriving in Yamhill county Scott settled his wife and children with Joe Watts of whom no information is provided.

Not being satisfied to settle permanently there, the men proceeded south on the East Side Territorial Road. Upon arriving at the Upper Willamette Valley, Bristow, struck with the beauty and grandeur of the country before him, staked his claim of 640 acres at Pleas-

ant Hill. Scott and Dodson took claims nearby.

Skinner, who was a businessman rather than a farmer, saw possibilities in land near a butte (Skinner's Butte) along the Willamette River. He staked his claim there and built a small, rude, log cabin on the west side of the butte. (A replica of this cabin now stands in Skinner Butte park.) He then went north to bring Mrs. Skinner to her new home, making her the only white woman in all the vast Upper Willamette country. It was not until 1848 that Mrs. Bristow and her children arrived from Illinois.

Skinner in 1853 laid out the city of Eugene, named by his wife for him. Together with Charnel Mulligan, they donated land for a county seat.

Dodson, a bachelor, in 1853 married Sarah Littreal of Linn County at Union Point. The couple had three children, but as their son Joshua never married, the name has not persisted in the annals of Lane County.

Felix Scott did not retain his claim at Pleasant Hill as he found a location more to his liking at Willamette Forks, the settlement between the McKenzie River and the middle fork of the Willamette River.

Scott, who had practised law in Missouri and had a reputation of being an able lawyer, continued to practice in Oregon. He was also a businessman. He built a sawmill in Benton county near Marysville which he leased in 1853 to John L. Kline. Litigation ensued for several years over the lease.

Felix Scott, Sr. was appointed sub-agent of Indian Affairs for Southern Oregon, by H. A. G. Lee, superintendent of Indian Affairs. He had become increasingly concerned over the possibility of Indian raids in Southern Oregon. The Indians who on the whole had been peaceful in Western Oregon had shown more militancy after the Cayuses had murdered the Whitmans. Lee asked

Scott to raise a company of rangers to watch the Indians and give protection to emigrants coming to Oregon over the southern route. He was told that there was no money available for the purpose.

Scott raised some 19 men and became their captain and was henceforth known as "Captain Scott." A number of letters written by Scott in 1848 give some idea of the duties performed by them.

On May 5 Scott wrote from Salem that he had made one tour of duty around the upper valley of the Willamette. He reported that he saw few Indians, say about 50, because most of them were in the Umpqua Valley. They promised to deliver to him some thieves who had taken cattle.

In a letter dated May 12 from Oregon City addressed to Col. Lee, Scott reports that he has made a tour of the valley as high as the upper settlements. There he found the population greatly excited in consequences of thefts and forays by the Indians. They were acclaiming their intention, in case of further forays, to chastise them with death. Scott said, "I used every measure in my power to soften their vindictiveness until further action of the Gov."

In a letter written from Yamhill on June 21 to Ajt. Gen. A. L. Lovejoy, Headquarters of the Army, Scott writes, "I left Salem on the 5th instant with 16 men, proceeded up the Valley near the Calapooia. I learned that the Indians had robbed a house of about 30 articles of clothing. We spent two days in searching the Indian camps between the Santiam and the McKenzie fork of the Willamette, but could find no trace of the goods. At Spore's I learned that two days before the Indians had stolen a horse. I divided my men, sending Lt. English with 8 rangers, 2 citizens, and one Indian to follow the trails . . . I learned that Lt. English had pressed the Indians so hard as to make them leave the stolen horse and 2 more of

their own."

In another letter to Lovejoy written from Yamhill on June 28, Scott makes a request for more men. "I am under the impression I shall have difficulty in getting the quantity of men desired, in consequence of the want of pack horses, I have made a request of the commissary for 30 with pack saddles, and should be glad if you would give me your aid in having them furnished.

"I regret His Excellency had not given me at least forty men. If I can procure them, as it is not certain, but the unpunished murderers may make war with the Klamaths on the emigrants, and if so, 30 men will in my opinion be a weak force to contend with them."

The last letter in the collection was written by Lee, superintendent of Indian Affairs, from Oregon City on July 7, 1848 to Captain Scott. He writes:

"You are hereby authorized to officiate in your capacity of Indian Agent with all the Indian tribes through whose territory you may pass in going to escort the emigrants on the Southern route. You will exercise your good judgment in any business which you may find it necessary to transact in that capacity. Ignorant of the peculiar circumstances which may exist, I cannot of course advise the particulars of what ought to be done. Let justice be the governing principle of our action in all things, and the particulars cannot be greatly wrong. I have every reason to believe the Cayuses will be along both roads in order to do mischief to the emigrants and supply themselves with ammunition. Let me therefore caution you to be ever on the lookout yourself and impress the emigrants with a just sense of their danger.

"May your labors be abundantly successful."

The next bit of information on Scott comes in 1857. He was known to love fine stock, some of which at various times he exhibited at the Oregon State

fair. Whether the lack of winning a prize motivated him to obtain blooded stock, it is known that in 1857 he went east by water and on to Kentucky where he purchased some fine beef animals. After making the purchase he apparently returned to Oregon for the winter as he made a will and signed it on January 19, 1858.

He then returned to Kentucky to drive out the cattle. His son reported that he was at Fort Laramie on June 17, and later was murdered by the Indians near Goose Lake, on the border between Oregon and California. Two of his men were also killed and the cattle were scattered and lost.

From the will it may be deduced that Scott was a man of considerable substance. The will begins by acknowledging that he had already made advances of property to four of his sons and six of his daughters. It then proceeds: "I bequeath to my wife Ellen Scott all my household and kitchen furniture, beds and bedding, my buggy and buggy horse and harness, and as many cows as she may want for her own use during her life time, also her choice of either my house on my claim or in the vicinity of Eugene City a residence during her life.

"I will and bequeath to my son Nimrod Scott three hundred and twenty acres of land being that which the government donated to me, also a strip of land I purchased of Wilmer Comegys.

"I will and bequeath to my son Rodney Scott all my other property to be divided equally, subject to the following legacies to wit: One thousand dollars as a permanent fund during the life of my son Harison, the interest to be paid yearly for his support; to my daughter Jane Linn Scott five hundred dollars at her marriage or when she arrives to the age of eighteen years.

"I will and bequeath to my daughter Jane Linn Scott ten acres of ground, the same I purchased of Christian.

"I appoint my sons, Felix, Marion and Nimrod, my executors. I will that there be no other administration of this will, only the recording, as I own no debts. I think it unwise to have a sale of the personal property. My sons if they cannot divide it themselves, can get their neighbors."

The will was witnessed by J. L. Brumley, Horace Woodcock, and A. S. Patterson.

Another document in Mrs. Menefee's collection is a copy of a petition by Rodney Scott, subscribed and sworn before J. M. Thompson, county judge, on July 1, 1875, asking that his father's will be admitted to probate. Note that this is seven years after the will was drawn.

Along with the petition is the sworn testimony of A. S. Patterson that he knew Felix Scott and the other subscribing witnesses, and that the will was signed by Felix Scott in the store of J. L. Brumley in Eugene City. He also stated "that at the time of executing the said instrument, the said Felix Scott was over the age of twenty one years, and was of sound and disposing mind, and not under any restraint, undue influence, or fraudulent misrepresentations."

At least two of Scott's children achieved some prominence in Oregon. Rodney, born in Missouri in 1842, served as a state senator and later Regent of the University of Oregon. It is known that in 1893 one of his daughters was a librarian at the University.

Felix Scott, Jr. is remembered for opening up the McKenzie Wagon Road. When gold was discovered in eastern

Oregon, he saw an opportunity to sell stock and goods to the miners. He is reputed to have loaded nine freight wagons with supplies which he felt the miners would be glad to purchase. He also gathered a large herd of cattle, perhaps from 700 to 900 head. Now he was faced with the problem of how to get the supplies and cattle across the Cascades. Since none of the pioneer trails was usable, he determined to make his own wagon road up the McKenzie river and over the mountains. He was said to have employed a crew of 50 to 60 men to hack a way across the summit. Upon arriving at Trout Creek in Jefferson county in 1862, Scott settled the men, wagons and cattle to winter. He returned to the Willamette Valley and on December 20, he and his brother Marion, John Cogswell, John Powell and S. Ellsworth filed papers of incorporation in Lane county for the "McKenzie Fork Wagon Road Company."

In the spring Scott returned to Trout Creek, and instead of selling his cattle and goods to the Eastern Oregon miners, went on to the Boise Basin in Idaho and disposed of his freight and stock there.

Felix Scott Jr. was not destined to live long as he was only 49 years old when he died in Arizona on November 10, 1879.

The name Scott has not been entirely forgotten as it has been conferred on a pass, a lake and a mountain (6125 ft. high Scott Peak), all in the Cascades near the present McKenzie Pass highway.



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