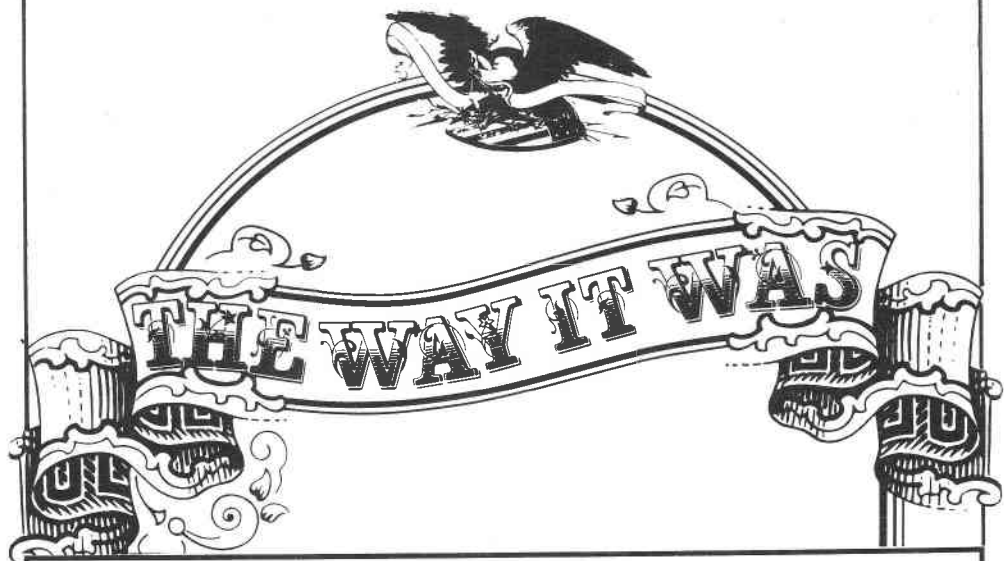


# Lane County Historian



Benjamin Franklin Dorris family, ca. 1890. Sons Edward and George in back row. Lulu to left of George. Courtesy Willamalane Park and Recreation District. Edward was the father of Benjamin Fults Dorris who worked with his uncle George on the Dorris Ranch in later years. Courtesy Willamalane Park and Recreation District.

**The Lane County Historical Society**  
**Vol XXXIV, No. 3** **Fall, 1989**

# The Lane County Historical Society

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# THE DORRIS RANCH A Living History Farm

Compiled by Lois Barton



George A. Dorris, Courtesy Willamalane Park and Recreation District.



Luella (Lulu) Dunn Dorris. Courtesy Willamalane Park and Recreation District.

Benjamin Franklin Dorris arrived in Oregon in 1853. The 1902 issue of the *Morning Register* refers to him as city judge and recorder. Page 36-37 of that issue contains the following biographical information.

*Mr. Dorris was born in Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 18, 1825. He received his education in that city, and when 14 years of age began to learn the turner's [tinner?] trade. In 1852 he went to New York and embarked on the old steamship*

*OHIO July 5 with 1400 passengers for Aspinwill, enroute via Isthmus of Panama for San Francisco.*

Further information from Walling, page 493, explains.

*In the spring of 1853 he came to the gold mines in Josephine County, Oregon, where he remained until October of that year, then returned to California. In March of 1854 he settled in Crescent City, and in 1868 he came to Eugene City where he has lived*

since. He married Cecile Pellet June 16, 1857. Children are George A., Edward P., Alice, Mary, Sue, Kate, Cecile and Benetta. He was elected to the legislature in 1878.

George A. Dorris, son of B.F., senior, was born in Crescent City in 1858. George studied law in the office of his uncle George Byron Dorris in Eugene, being admitted to the bar in 1882. He was married in 1883 to Luella Dunn. After practicing law for a while he decided to be a farmer. In 1892 George bought from George Thurston part of the William A. Masterson DLC at the confluence of the Middle and Coast Forks of the Willamette River.

Over the years on the Thurston acreage he experimented with various crops: hops, fruit, vegetables, including asparagus. Rain often ruined the fruits, and the asparagus season was short. As early as 1903 George started what was to become the most successful commercial filbert planting in the United States and laid the foundation for the Pacific Northwest's present filbert industry.

His first trees came from Felix Gillet of the Barren Hill Nursery in Nevada City, California. An article in the *Register Guard* in 1971 stated that Gillet sold Dorris on the idea of a trial planting because the native hazelnut, a relative of the filbert, was known to thrive in Oregon valley lands. Gillet had imported filbert trees from France, but the California plantings were not successful.

At the time of the original plantings, according to nephew Ben Dorris, who later became his Uncle

George's partner, a small number of trees also were set out by other growers in orchards at Wilsonville, and Vancouver, Washington. However, the 50 trees planted at Springfield were the largest group and became the first successful commercial planting.

In the early years the filbert market was primarily among people who came from Europe and brought their recipes. "Wherever you found a foreign settlement, that's where we sold filberts in those early days. In Chicago, and in the East and the Los Angeles area. What I tried to do was to advertise filberts that could be grown in the United States commercially and profitably. I used to take 200 pounds, bagged, to Legion committee meetings and give them away." (From a taped interview with Ben Dorris, 7-26-1979.)

Benjamin Fultz Dorris, son of Edward and Bertha, and nephew of George A., was born February 9, 1890, in Farmington, Washington. After graduation from the University of Oregon in 1915 Ben was with the Southern Pacific Railroad, based in Eugene. He enlisted and was a First lieutenant in the 91st Division AEF. He fought and was wounded in Europe, receiving a Belgian citation as well as the Silver Star and Purple Heart.

After his recovery from his wounds, Ben engaged in farming with his uncle in Springfield, and helped in developing the Dorris filbert orchards. He married Clysta (Kay) Cornett Ankeny in October, 1929. Ben was a Mason, and for many years active in

the American Legion, being commander of Eugene Post #63, as well as a member of the national honor society, Forty and Eight.

George and Ben Dorris developed a new method of propagating filbert trees which greatly reduced the problem of sucker growth. They co-authored a pamphlet in 1934 explaining their system. New trees were rooted by burying part of the stem of a sucker. Once rooted enough to support the new tree formed, the original sucker was pruned off right at the base of the upright trunk. That eliminated all sucker-bearing wood below the crown of the new tree, simplifying the job of sucker control thereafter. Those trees were known as tipped trees, as opposed to sucker trees. The pamphlet states, "Because of its great expense after planting, the sucker tree is not used except by those who do not know its persistent suckering habits, or by those who want a real strenuous yearly job during the life of the tree."

George and Lulu had five children, all of whom died in infancy. Ben and Kay had three, George Edward, Mary Caroline and Benjamin Francis. Ben also adopted Kay's son John D'Art Ankeny.

During the 1910-20 years George became active in the development of a fruit and nut growers cooperative and was a director of the Eugene Fruit Growers Association from its inception until his death in 1936.

After George's death, Ben and Kay continued the tradition which George had started and which Ben learned from his uncle. In 1931 Reynold

Fall, 1989

Briggs started working for George and Ben and continued to manage the orchards until 1973. Beginning in 1972, through the foresight and generosity of Ben and Kay Dorris, the ranch gradually became the property of Willamalane Park and Recreation District. Today filberts (now called hazelnuts) are still harvested. The Living History Farm concept was first proposed in 1979.

The ranch has been placed on the federal register of historic places. The only other orchard in the state that has been so designated, specifically for its orchard, is Hillcrest Orchard in east Medford, which produces pears.

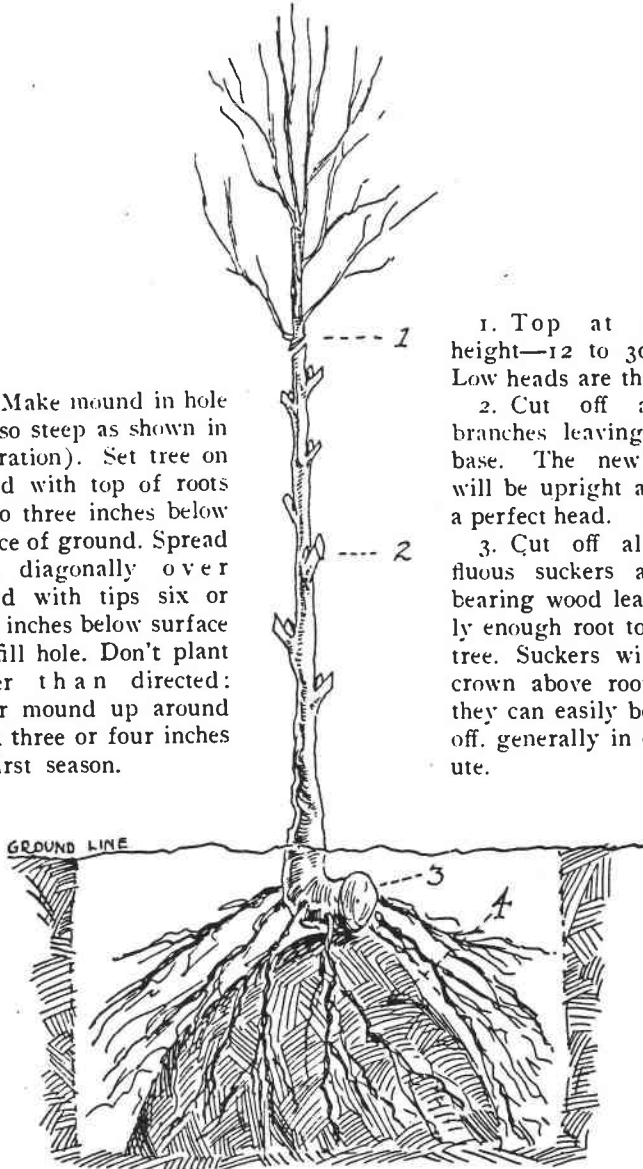
Ben and Kay Dorris State Park along the McKenzie River east of Springfield is named after the couple. They donated the land to the state shortly after World War II, to provide public access to the scenic river. □



Ben Dorris - 1979

## How to Prune and Plant a Tipped Tree

4. Make mound in hole (not so steep as shown in illustration). Set tree on mound with top of roots one to three inches below surface of ground. Spread roots diagonally over mound with tips six or eight inches below surface and fill hole. Don't plant deeper than directed: rather mound up around trunk three or four inches for first season.



1. Top at desired height—12 to 30 inches. Low heads are the best.

2. Cut off all side branches leaving bud at base. The new growth will be upright and form a perfect head.

3. Cut off all superfluous suckers and root bearing wood leaving only enough root to support tree. Suckers will be on crown above roots where they can easily be rubbed off, generally in one minute.

Filbert Nursery Stock - 1934 Geo. A. and Ben F. Dorris

## JOAQUIN MILLER

### *A Letter from Lane County*

*Contributed by Dale Forster, who wrote the introductory remarks — Ed.*

The following letter was mailed from Eugene City March 28, 1868 by Cincinnatus Hiner Miller (later known as Joaquin Miller, Poet of the Sierras) to his brother in Pennsylvania. Miller had crossed the plains in 1852 at the age of fourteen and had spent two years in Lane County before going to the California mines. He returned in late 1857 where he attended Columbia College in Eugene City in pursuit of a legal education. In 1861 and 1862 he carried letters by pony express from Walla Walla to Florence, Idaho, and then returned to Port Orford to marry Minnie Myrtle Dyer. He came back to Eugene City as editor of the *Democratic Register*, but his secessionist editorial policy caused the newspaper to be banned. The last issue stated:

Subscribers of the *Register* will be furnished the *Review* in its place as the circulation of that paper is prohibited by order of General Wright, military ruler of this coast.

In 1865 Miller moved to Canyon City in the John Day mining region of central Oregon where he practiced law and became a county judge. Influenced by the California literary movement of the day, Miller began writing poetry, some of which was published in *The Dalles Mountaineer*.

The letter below was written just before Miller released his first book of poetry, *Specimens*. Then in 1869 he authored another collection of poems, *Joaquin et al*, and the following year sailed to England and became famous. He returned to the U.S.A. as a well-known author and a devout conservationist — his appreciation of the beauty of the Willamette Valley is reflected in the following recently discovered letter:

*Sunny Ridge Ogn*  
*March 24, 1868*

*I.D. Miller M.D.*  
*Easton Pennsylvania*

*Two days ago we came here by Steamer, well, but the children are travel worn. I think my health is improving. Ella and Lucky start in a day or two for the Warm Springs south east of Dalles for her health; besides he has a place in public employ there. I will go back with them to Portland where I will stop and supervise the publication of some of my poems. Minnie will push on to the Coast after while but Maud will remain here — I will go to Canyon and stay as long as I can stand it well.*

*Yesterday I took a fowling piece and went up to the "Hollow" where we — You and I — cut the house logs for the first habitation on this place. The spot where we hauled down the logs to*



Joaquin Miller with Crater Lake in the distance, taken by Mrs. A. Schrimpf. Courtesy Lane County Historical Museum, Wintermeier Collection. (The Hulins Miller DLC was located northeast of Coburg.)

*where we loaded them on the hind wheels of the wagon was almost covered with maple and hazel and the tree tops are so dense that the sun struggles and glimmers hard to get down to that little damp leaf strewn spot of earth; but the little stream is unchanged. You know it is just fifteen years ago this week that we cut those logs while the lark and robin piped from the hazel on the hillside and the grouse beat his monotonous notes in the tall pine tops above us. I passed on*

*around the head of the weird wild (?) hollow to where us three, James and you and I, one Sunday evening climbed a little pine, topped it and drove each a nail in the little pine top stump. Well the pine is almost too tall and large to climb with safety now. It has outgrown our little break and scarce a trace of our topping is seen. It of course "bears(?) the steel in its head". Further down this way(?) I climbed the oak where we had made our seats and sat there listening to the*

Lane County Historian



larks and looking far out over the great pulsing valley and gleaming Willamette. Today I walked out in the mellow balmy sunshine (such as we used to enjoy on Skinners Butte) to the butte front of the lane(?) and there sat down under the oaks and watched the frisking lambs and hearkened to the myriad notes of the bullfrogs floating from afar. How I should like to put all this world like Dicken's Radsnaf(?) behind me with a single flourish of the hand. How I should like to live here

and dream all the days of my life. Maybe I will sometime. Maybe I will get the best of the bread and butter question, and then I will surely repose.

I will go to town soon — I come to Harrisburg on foot (? or boat?) and from there leave in a hack — and then will tell you all about Gilsey(?) and everything.

Write to me at Canyon as usual and believe me always.

Yours,  
C.H. Miller

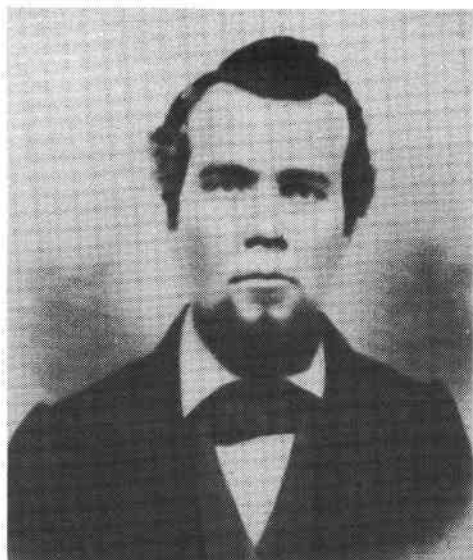


Sunny Ridge Or.  
March 24. 1865  
J. D. Miller Mr D  
Eastern Pennsylvania.

Two days ago.  
we come here by Steamer, well,  
but the children are travel some.  
I think my health is improving.  
Ulla & Lueky start in a day or two  
for the Warm Springs South East of  
Dallas for her health; besides he has  
a place in public employ there. I  
will go back with them to Portland  
where I will stop and supervise a

## TO THE DESCENDANTS OF JONATHAN RIGGS

by Henry Halvorsen



Henry Padburg. Courtesy Henry Halvorsen



Martha Riggs Padburg. Courtesy Henry Halvorsen.

April 25, 1989

Few of the descendants of Jonathan Riggs stop to realize that today was his birthday, April 25, 1803. He traveled from Kentucky where he was born, to Missouri, where on May 12, 1825 he married Mary (Polly) Burton, also a Kentuckian. Children born to them in Missouri; Sophronia, m. Calvin Sailing; William C. b. 1830; Sarah; Elizabeth, m. Levin English Jr.; Rolin Benton, m. Malinda English; Garrett b. 1829, m. Nancy 10-30-1859; Nancy; Peter, (lost crossing the plains); John b. 1847, m. Caroline Hodge; Reuben, b. 1847, m. Mahale English; Louise b. 1849, m. Joseph Whitney. Their daughter

Martha was born in Iowa in 1850, and married Henry Padburg, as the following story will tell.

Jonathan Riggs started from Iowa with his family in 1852, arriving in Oregon on the 16th of November, and settled south of Eugene, where the census of Lane County in 1860 lists J.R. at age 56, a farmer, his wife Mary, age 50 (hswfe) and the following children: John and Reuben, twins age 13, Louise 11, and Martha 10.

Jonathan and his son Garrett filed on neighboring homesteads south of Spencer Butte, where they lived for 12 years. This is evidence that Martha grew up on the homestead.

In 1867 Riggs daughter, Martha married Henry Padburg who was now homesteading just south of the Riggs DLC. Henry was born in Germany, and at age 18 when he became eligible for military service, was smuggled aboard a ship going to the United States with his father's help. "If caught leaving or returned to Germany, he would face a prison term."<sup>1</sup> He traveled alone across the States, facing the hardships of a strange language and country. In 1851 he was known to be in Eugene City. In the Spring of 1861 Henry went to Boise, and operated a mule pack-train to carry provisions to Idaho and Canyon City mines.

On March 11, 1867 Henry and Martha were married at the home of James Huff, with Johnson McCormac as minister and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Croner as witnesses (from Lane County Marriages 1852-1869). A daughter, Mary, was born to them March 20, 1869.

Sometime in early August, 1870 Jonathan and Polly Riggs, with Henry and Martha Padburg and their little girl, left the valley by horse and wagon for Eastern Oregon.

They arrived at the junction of Rhea Creek and Willow Creek at what is now Jordan Siding, and on September 1, 1870 a second child, Lee, was born prematurely to Henry and Martha at the Pettey home four miles from their destination up Rhea Creek. It has always been believed that Henry, in his early travels, had passed this location when he ran a pack train to the mines.

There on Rhea creek a log cabin was built, and here Martha and Henry raised their six children. Jonathan and Mary filed on a homestead soon after their arrival, possibly on Henry's behalf, since he was not a citizen and ineligible to file at that time. Henry received his citizenship in March of 1889.

Jonathan passed away in February, 1885, and his wife in July 1888. Martha had been ill for some time, and the family moved into Lexington about 1889, where Martha passed away in 1890.

<sup>1</sup>from *Padburg-Halvorsen*, by Henry Halvorsen, 1982, p.1



**A CENTENARIAN'S RECOLLECTIONS  
OF OLD LANE COUNTY DAYS**

*compiled by Albert E. Belanger, Grandson by Marriage*



**Mabel Smith Blanchard, 100 years old, August 18, 1988. Belanger photo.**

**MABEL LEONORA (SMITH) BLANCHARD** celebrated her 100th birthday on 18 August 1988, in Massachusetts. She was born in Eugene, Oregon, of parents who had gone west from Virginia in the 1880s. This is her story of Lane County days as she described them during several conversations taped between 1980 and 1989.

—Part One—  
Off To Oregon

Mabel's parents, John William Smith (1860 VA - 1949 OR) and Crimora Jenks (Seal) Smith (1858 VA - 1935 OR), were married in Madison Virginia in 1883. They first lived in Missouri before pushing west to Oregon, where they settled in Eugene, Lane County. The Smiths had six children: Mary Allen (1884-1884), Elizabeth Moore (1885-1962), Maud (1886-1954), May (1886-1887), Mabel Leonora (1888-1989) and Ernest Edwin (1890-1968).

Mabel, a woman of remarkable fortitude and indomitable spirit, remembered hearing about that move, from her parents:

*That Missouri climate they had there in summer gives people what they call ague — and gets them down. And Father was a very thin man anyway, and it was pullin' him down. And he heard this other family, Nichols, was goin' to Oregon. And, of course, the climate was all talked up to him: It was such a wonderful place to live. As far as climate and as far as raisin' food — it was perfect! So they and the Nicholsees bundled up and went.*

*They went by railroad, and that's another story. Mother had one of those big kettles. Hers was copper, and it was for boiling food down, preserving. That she had taken from Virginia. There was no place to pack it in. When it was time to change trains, everybody said, "Follow the man with the kettle*

*on his arm!" They couldn't find any place to pack it, and Mr. Nichols said, "Oh take it on your arm and put anything you like in it. . ."*

*The Nichols people had quite a family. Theirs was fairly well grown up. I remember that they were older people than we were. But they remained friends till their dying day. They didn't go out into the farm country, they went down on the river known as the "Siuslaw" and developed fisheries. As long Mother lived, they visited us.*

—Part Two—  
Homesteading

After a brief stopover in Portland, the Smiths settled near Eugene. There John William hired himself out as a farm laborer and longed for the day when he could own his own farm.

In those days the Homestead Act was in force. Through this law a person who had reached the age of twenty-one could file an application and, following a five-year residency on the property, could be granted 160 acres of free land. That was just what John needed to get started. He heard of a man who had filed the application and had built the required buildings but wanted to give up his claim. This was a great opportunity, and John grabbed it. The exact location, according to the 1898 deed by which he gained ownership, is described as "N.E. quarter of Section 20, Township 20, S. Range 3, west of Willamette Meridian." This places it just north of Cottage Grove. Nana recalls the move



Eldon Crawford Blanchard and Mabel Leonora Smith, married August 15, 1909 in Oregon City. Courtesy Albert Belanger.

to the homestead where the Doolittle family was a neighbor.

*After we left Eugene... it was during that hard time — I think history tells about when Cleveland got in, it caused a depression, and the Democrats said that's because the Republicans have all the money, and they shut everything down to make our hard times. That's the Democrats' story. My father read the Democrats' paper, and that's what I was fed on. And so those were the hard times. And that's when he heard about this homestead. That was not too far away. We had to go by railroad up to a certain station that we called Walker Station, and he moved all the household goods there. He had teams — he'd been up there, of course, and surveyed there. And a man with horses and wagons*



"Homesteading days." John Smith family ca. 1893. Courtesy Albert Belanger

— that was the way of transportation in those days — he got that man with two wagons to meet the train for all of us. And this is the time we had Grandma with us.

So my father divided the teams. He thought he should drive the one Grandma (Mary Jane Seal) was on, and we younger kids, and put Mother with the stranger and the two older girls — they'd know how to take care of themselves. So Dad set down on the front of the wagon. And, you know those old seats have a spring on them? So Grandma was on one side, and he wrapped a quilt — a blanket — in a figure eight right around Brother and I. Brother was two, and I was 'bout four. That's the way he had us fixed on that seat.

He set right down on the front of the wagon — the best place to drive a team. And that old ruddy road, y'know, the wagon went down in a rut. We kids slid off. That let the seat come up and threw Granny right out into the bushes! My, my, what a catastrophe that was! Both the wagons stopped, and the lanterns were lit, and the men were excited! And Mother was extremely excited, and my sister, the twin, began to cry. She always did!

So there was a lot of excitement. They got Grandma up out of the bushes, got her back into the wagon. There were no bones broken . . . If she'd have been hurt, I don't know what we'd have done. I never heard of, or saw, a doctor while we lived there.

So they settled in. But homestead life was not at all glamorous; it was hard work . . . for everybody. John needed money for staples, so he hired himself out to a neighbor as a farm

hand. That was the Currin family. He worked all week there and went home only on weekends. Nana recalls what it was like not having Dad around through the week.

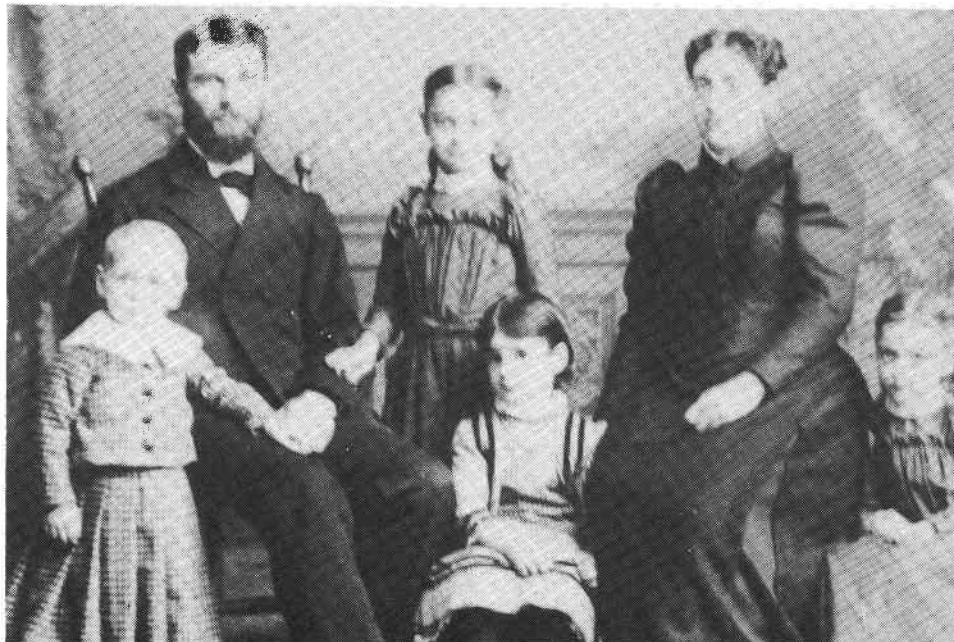
You see, Father had to go out to the farms to work to get money. So Mother and we kids would be alone for weeks. There was a big farm near there that employed him, and they were glad to have him. He walked two miles to that neighbor, through the woods . . . it was just a trail, 'twasn't a wagon road to that neighbor, just a trail men had made going to the lumber mill. I always understood it was two miles to the neighbor and they were right on the main road [John Currin place was in Section 27. Ed.]. Then he had to catch a ride or walk down to where he worked. And he worked from four o'clock in the morning till eight at night. He would help tend the stock in the morning. He had to groom the horses, y'know, and milk the cows. Then he'd go to work in the field to plow . . . walk behind those horses all day long plowing by hand. That was his day's work until evening, then helped again with the chores putting the stock to sleep. He did that six days a week for a dollar a day. This was during Cleveland's Depression. Nobody had any money. . . .

At the end of the week, he had to get home. They would usually drive him up to where that walk was, carrying his little pack of whatever he was able to buy with his six dollars. And then he'd walk through to where we were. We were glad to see him. I think back now, and I don't know how Mother stood it.

But Grandmother only stayed that



1906 YMCA Summer School class, Eugene. Seated at left, Grace Smith. 4th from left, Mabel Smith. Back row, l-Roy Stafford, 3rd from right, Winifred Gardner. Albert Belanger photo.



John William and Cremora Jenks (Seal) Smith family. Children: Ernest, Lillie, Maud, Mabel (seated at right). c. 1907. Courtesy Albert Belanger.



one winter, and then she went back to town with my uncle. . . . So the only time we'd ever be alone was just when Dad had to take Mother down to the train to see her people for any sickness or trouble. He'd have to be gone all day, because by that time, we had an old horse to ride. This farmer had given us an old horse. Mother'd ride it and Dad'd walk. That's the way he took her to the train, and the way he met her. We'd be instructed to just stay upstairs and stay in bed on that day he'd be going to the train. He'd put bread up there, but we were supposed to stay away from the fire.

Mabel's eyes twinkle when she remembers the day they had a most unwelcome visitor:

*Mother had heard this walking around the bedroom upstairs, and she laid still. Maybe, by the odor, she suspected it was a skunk. She says they walk hard when they're walkin' . . . walks like it has shoes on. So this was in the night, she heard it upstairs, and she kept quiet. But one morning, she heard it down in the kitchen. It was in the early morning — too early for the rest of us to be up. She sneaked down to the kitchen. As she opened the living room door to go into the kitchen, the skunk slipped into the woodbox. That was just fine, 'cause that woodbox had a knothole in the end. She put the stove poker in the end and skooted it — took it for a ride. First she was smart enough to open the kitchen door. And she took it for a ride to the door. but, just then the dog outside got alarmed. That spoilt the party! and spoilt the kitchen!*

Well, my mother was more concerned about the sick dog that about

*what she had to do about washing up the kitchen. Said she never saw an animal so sick in its life. That dog just turned and went into the snow over and over and over, and tried to clean itself with snow.*

*Then Mother, of course, had to wash the kitchen floor — the whole kitchen! And she had done that and got it over with when we children woke. And she shut us up in the front room for quite a while until the kitchen got warmer and dry enough to have anything to eat in.*

Living in the wilds, of course, meant that they had to share their lives with wild creatures. Sometimes it was more frightening than just an unwelcome guest in the kitchen . . . at least to a youngster. Nana recollects that one time her younger brother had quite a scare, and her mother quite an anxious night:

*All the time we were up there we were told there were bears . . . so we had bears on our mind all the time. After it got dark at night, if we had occasion to go to the outdoor outhouse, why we were afraid! "Why, what're you afraid of?" Mother would say. "Bear 'n a cougar!" we'd say. She had to have an inside vessel for us at night because we wouldn't go out . . . A cougar is one of the animals that climbs a tree, so we had that sort of thing to be afraid of if we were out on a trail or road at night.*

*Once while we were there, Father tried raising sheep . . . my brother (Ernest), who was a couple of years younger than myself, 'twas his job every evening to go up and see that the belled sheep got down to the corral so the other sheep would come. One night*

he didn't come back. 'Course, my mother was much disturbed 'cause he was pretty young. Well, Mother couldn't go to bed; she just set out there, and every little while she'd call, expecting an answer. My sister Maud — she was the twin — she was always sensitive to anything that disturbed my mother, so she couldn't go to bed either. She stayed downstairs with mother.

Every little while Mother'd call, and she didn't get any answer. It was a long wait, I guess, 'cause probably I and my sister (Lillie) went to sleep. But Mother and Maud wouldn't until the boy came home. I heard about it the next morning. After a while he got in, and he told Mother why he didn't answer. He said, "There was an animal in the tree that was watching me!" He said he didn't want to run. "An animal can run just as fast as you can!"

Little Ernest did not want to take the chance of alarming that animal by answering his mother's call, nor did he think he should chance trying to outrun it.

After the homestead property was deeded over to John William and Crimora, they sold it to a lumberman, J.I. Jones, who was greatly involved in lumber and sawmill operations during those years.

Mabel sums up her homestead memories in these words:

*We were there only two years. Then he left it to go out to the valley where there were better schools. We had a better schoolhouse out there and would have a teacher in the summertime. We had her for about three months down there. We couldn't go to school in the winter — the mud! So*

*that was homestead life. It would make quite a book by itself . . . that homestead life.*

John William and Crimora moved from farm to farm, living in Corvallis, Springfield, and Gresham after their children grew up and went on their own. In Gresham they had a successful raspberry growing enterprise. They moved to Oregon City in the 1930s, where they both are buried.

— Part Three —  
Country Schoolmarm

Mabel had a thirst for learning and loved school. She attended a little country school in Lane County called Mt. Vernon. When she had finished the eighth grade, she searched around for more schooling; those country schools only included classes up to that level. She tells of how that search led her to a position on the other side of the desk at age seventeen.

*Little country schools had a hard time getting a teacher. There'd be small communities around, y'know, and there weren't very many trained teachers that came from Normal Schools. These little country schools starting up new districts couldn't have a Normal School teacher . . . take the best they can, when they wanted a teacher. They had to have three months (of school sessions) or they'd lose their district.*

*I had done all I could in our little district school, and I couldn't go in town and live and finish high school. The Edwards girls (Vera and Ruby, her chums) hired somebody's woodshed and stayed in the city to finish their high school education. My*

Lane County Historian

*father's pride said he wouldn't let his girls live like that. My father's people were Virginians.*

*The last teacher I had, Muriel Watkins, said to me, "They need a teacher up there in a district up north." I was just over there to see if I could find somebody to give me some high school subjects; that's what I was looking for. But she said they wanted a teacher for their children in the grades. "You could do that," she said to me. She handed me two books. She said, "You only have to go to the county and take an examination on two subjects you don't have." One was on school law, and the other was . . . the name of which means knowing how to handle children. So I had to go and take those examinations, and they gave me a third grade certificate for three months, and I went out there. And that's how I got started. They paid me \$30 a month.*

In all, Mabel taught in those country schools for three years, school being in session for three months in the spring and three months in the fall. Those were the years 1906 through 1908. She loved the experience of learning on the job and claimed:

*I learned more from children, from*

*working with other people's children. I learned that I wasn't a baby anymore! Children taught me more than any school book on the Art of Teaching could have ever taught me.*

#### — EPILOG —

In 1909, at Oregon City, Mabel Leonora Smith married Eldon Crawford Blanchard (1889 OR - 1966 MA) who was the son of Abraham Lincoln Blanchard (1863 OR - 1945 OR) and Ladora Edmiston (1860 AK - 1942 OR). The parents of A.L. Blanchard were the 1851 Oregon Trail Pioneers Joshua Pettingill Blanchard (1820 VT - 1884 OR) and Rebecca Jane (Race) Blanchard (1828 OH - 1921 OR).

Eldon served as a Captain in the 162 Infantry in Liverpool, England, during World War I. Following the war, the Blanchard family, which by then included three sons; Eugene (1910 OR - 1977 MA), Raymond Eldon (1911 OR - 1980 MA), and Robert Linwood (1915 OR - 1983 MA) moved to Massachusetts and settled in North Reading, just north of Boston. Eldon died in 1966, and Mabel died April 5, 1989. She always spoke longingly of those happy days of her youth when she lived in Lane County, Oregon.

### FROM THE EDITOR

Three of the articles in this issue of the HISTORIAN were unsolicited, but very welcome. Henry Halvorsen is the grandson of a woman who grew up on the land where your editor has lived for the past 37 years, and his picture of his grandmother is the first we've seen of any member of that family of 1852 homesteaders. Henry lives in Medford, and Albert Belanger, in New Hampshire. His wife's grandmother was his connection with Lane County,

which he has never visited. Dale Forster submitted a copy of the Joaquin Miller letter, for which we are very grateful.

A reader of our summer issue has pointed out that the Long Tom River, contrary to a statement on page 23 of that issue, runs into the Willamette River, not the Siuslaw.

Another reader, Bill Alley of Springfield, contacted your editor after the summer issue came out, to say he'd been born in the Portola Inn, pictured on page 23 of that issue. His father was a flume walker between Noti and the sawmill at Star. There was four miles of flume, and two men walked sections of it each day, making sure no lumber got hung up or other trouble developed. Bill said there was a three-sided shanty midway along the flume where the men could warm their hands in cold weather before retracing their steps along the section of flume under their care.

Bill's mother was in charge of the "hotel", and cooked for 8 or 9 roomers, as well as a number of men who worked at the Forcia and Larson planer in Noti. A sister of Albert and Andrew Lake helped his mother with the work, which was considerable, since she fed at least 20 people at what Bill remembered as a very long table.

He spoke of a big barn that stood about a block behind the Inn. It belonged to Jack Morgan, who thought nothing of keeping his horses right in "town." Jack owned quite a little acreage and ran sheep. He also owned the Noti water system — water piped from a spring.

People who lived between Noti and the Siuslaw in logging camps along the railroad; places like Penn, Shannon and Globe, ordered their staple groceries from Montgomery Ward in Eugene, and they were delivered by train.

The article referred to above says that Mr. and Mrs. Alley bought the Portola Inn in 1924. As Bill remembers, his parents came to Oregon from Nebraska in 1920. They landed at Swisshome, where an older sister and her husband were previously located. Bill's older brothers went to work in the mill, and his parents took over operation of the cookhouse. When the Swisshome outfit went broke, they moved to Noti in 1921 or '22, two years before he was born there in 1924.

Such feedback as Bill Alley's comments is most welcome, enhancing, as it does, the record of earlier days in Lane County.

Long time area resident Carl Toll recalled Noti memories in a conversation. "When they were logging down by Noti, one road was built by laying poles in the wheel tracks. Tires were taken off the truck wheels, then the wheels ran along the poles with the flanges on the rims keeping the truck on the track."

He also recalled that, "There was a sawmill up near Farmer Hale's place with a millpond. When the lumber was sawed they sent it down a flume to the railroad at Noti. Art, who lived in Noti, went fishing up in the millpond. When he was ready to go home he put a plank in the flume and rode down the water to town."

## MORE NOTI PICTURES



1; Lola Moorehouse, Noti postmistress, 1936. Courtesy Bill Alley.



Jack Alley, the flume walker, with son Bill, 1925, in back yard of Portola Inn, Noti. Morgan barn in background. Courtesy Bill Alley.



Old log house (at top right) on Huston farm at Central for which Alleys traded the Portola Inn. Bill Alley and the family dog. Bill Alley photo.

## BOOK REVIEW

*An Illustrated History  
of Early Northern  
KLAMATH COUNTY OREGON  
By Edward Gray*

A richly illustrated and thoroughly detailed history of a section of Oregon which has not previously been covered, this book begins by describing the early travelers and roads of the area. The histories of Crescent, Odell and Davis lakes, and of the towns of Northern Klamath County, are included in separate chapters. The homesteaders are presented township by township, with pictures, maps and specifics of their settlement patterns and methods. Post offices, schools, sawmills, railroads, trappers, sheep, irrigation,

mining and geographic names are all spelled out. An appendix contains letters, diary entries, a census report, post office and tavern applications and other items of interest. Research included personal interviews with 88 old timers.

The book is 8½x11, both softbound and hardcover available, 294 pages, bibliography, published by Maverick, Bend, OR. Available from Edward Gray, 190 E. 24th, Apt. 1, Eugene, OR 97405.

Hardbound, \$28.50, Softbound, \$18.50, plus \$1.50 postage.

## A LOOK AHEAD

Future issues may include articles on the following:

1. Old Eugene Airport on Jefferson Street.
2. Elizabeth Romane, photographer
3. Leasure family who grew the first hops in the county.
4. Stella Magladry school area
5. Climbing Gold Hill in 1919

If you have any pictures, information, or suggestions on these topics or other ideas, please call your editor at 345-3962.

Has your family story been told? Do you have pictures of early Lane County people, places, events? We would like to help you preserve these valuable bits of history for posterity. If you have something to share, please write your editor at the address above, or phone me at 345-3962, and we will plan to be in touch to work out details.

# LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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## ***YOU ARE INVITED TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY***

Membership entitles you to receive THE HISTORIAN, published three times a year by the Society. Members are eligible to participate in periodic public interest meetings and in projects to preserve and collect Lane County History.

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

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