

LANE COUNTY PIONEER MUSEUM
EUGENE, OREGON

Duplicate

THE SIUSLAW PIONEER



1959

Oh, would that we from
memory's power
Were free to close or open
the door
To scenes that once had
been.

C. L. Inman

The SIUSLAW PIONEER

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

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Robert Hugo and Mary Anne Bernhardt

By Jennie Bernhardt Simpkins

R. H. Bernhardt, my father, was born in Berlin, Germany, on January 31, 1839. In 1852 he came to America and settled in Chicago, Illinois. In 1859 he married Miss Bridget Kinsley who died in 1880. To that union were born seven children and one girl and two boys passed away before moving west.

In 1884 he married my mother, Miss Mary Anne Huskey, in Chicago. She was born in Vienna, Austria, March 7, 1859, and came to America in 1881 settling in Chicago. Following their marriage they moved west to Roseburg.

My mother wanted to raise her family on a farm. Arriving in Roseburg they went to the land office and decided to homestead on Lawson Creek in the Siuslaw Valley. Lawson Creek received its name from the Lawson family who homesteaded at the mouth of it. My folks moved in next to them. The Lawsons moved to Gardiner long before I can remember them, but later, in my twenties, I met and knew them there.

Locally this creek is called Bernhardt Creek but it is still listed as Lawson Creek on most of the maps.

My folks moved in by way of Gardiner and all six grown people walked up the beach from Winchester Bay to Florence carrying the possessions most needed. They carried a big seven by four-foot mirror all the way up the beach to keep it from getting broken in shipping. That was July 4, 1885.

The four grown children were William (Bill), Lucy, Robert (Bob) and Otelia (Tillie). They have all passed away, Bill at the age of 92 years, Bob and Lucy at Mapleton and Tillie at Albany.

They settled on their homestead July 4, 1885, and their first child, my sister, was born October 18, 1885. They went by

rowboat up Lawson Creek as far as they could on the high tide since the water wasn't high enough with the low tide. Then it took them half a day to go two miles from the boat landing to where they settled due to the dense brush and trees. They settled on a small flat about fifty feet up the side of a hill since they didn't know how big the freshets were during the spring.

The first thing they did was clear a plot of ground for a winter root crop because six grown people consumed a lot of food. Then they had to build a shelter before my sister was born, so they cut a small trail from the boat landing which took weeks. They carried every board up this two-mile trail to build a one room house.

Since my father was a carpenter, he built all the furniture including beds, tables and dressers and he did excellent work. I still have a clock shelf he made in early days. He brought a clock he got out of the Chicago Fire years ago as he was a fireman at that time.

All they had were bed clothes, some heavy iron skillets and fry pans to cook and bake in and heavy china dishes that were given to mother for a wedding gift. They slept on the ground and cooked over an open fire. Many times I have heard Bill mention how much better food tasted cooked that way than it does today.

Mother would bake twelve to fifteen loaves of bread at a time in hot coals in a pit dug in the ground. They bought all essential food from Saubert's store at Acme, now known as Cushman. Since they came from a big city, they had nice clothes so Saubert charged them an enormous price for things they bought thinking they were wealthy. Later they found out different.

Everything was carried up that narrow trail, even the first big iron cook stove, then a heavy heater. All of the wood stoves were brought to the one house before their first winter there. I have often heard them tell of coming up the trail at night carrying a lantern and cougars following them all the way but never once bothering them.

My father studied medicine from some doctor books which he brought with him. I have one of those books today. They

made their own salve and medicines from roots, leaves and bark which they gathered. They had very little doctor bills. My father was nurse and doctor when my two brothers, sister and myself were born.

Lillian lives at Eugene today and has two children. Paul was born July 30, 1890 and lives at Reedsport. He has one child. I was born after Paul, February 18, 1892, and have four children. Edwin was born January 14, 1895, and lives at Cushman. He has two children, losing their first born at three months of age.

The grown children got work when and where they could to help buy food and clothing. I often heard mother mention a time when they were out of money and food and didn't know where to turn. That night she took her troubles to the Lord in prayer as she was a devoted Christian. A few days later she received a letter from Germany with money she inherited; it was enough to pull them through. Mother joined the Evangelical Church at Florence and had her children baptized in the same church.

After Tillie married John Morris in Florence, he took up the next homestead joining the folks on up the creek, then Bill took up the one joining John's homestead. Bob took the homestead next to Bill's making his the last one at the end of the canyon.

Mrs. Riley Mills taught mother how to cut and fit patterns. She also taught mother how to sew; then mother made most of the clothes which helped a lot on the clothes problem.

When father got through adding more rooms to the one room house he had a nice two-story, eight-room house with big porches on two sides, a big long wood and storage shed joining the house, and a glassed in one-room flower house, as they both loved flowers and had so many indoor and outdoor flowers. No matter how tired they were they always found time to work in their flowers. When we were all grown we helped him to build a two and one-half story, ten large room house, and large wood and storage shed and a twenty-six cow barn. These are still on the place today.

Father cut his own cedar, then made shingle bolts into shingles with a froe and wood hammer. He fixed up a thing

to slide each shingle in, clamping them tight with his foot, then hewing them down at one end with a drawing knife. He made every shingle by hand for all the old as well as the new buildings. These shingles outlasted the shingles made by the mill, by three times. He even split and made the cedar boards he used.

They never had any fish or meat problem. The Siuslaw River was so full of salmon they would jump into the boats. You could drop an unbaited hook into Lawson Creek and catch tubs full of trout up to 24 inches long. They salted and smoked all they could not use fresh in 50-gallon wooden barrels. They smoked and dried meat, curing sugar for the corned meat. One real hot summer day while the men folks were hunting, mother saw a big buck come out of the brush and go to a hole of water in the creek to try to get away from the deer flies that bite them as well as humans. All she had was a shotgun with shells for duck and small game, but she shot and killed the deer. While she was shooting it my little two and one-half years old sister was hanging to mother's skirt and crying, "Don't shoot, mommie, don't shoot!" Mother heard the dead deer sink and she waded up to her neck in the water and dragged the deer out and had it all dressed and hanging in the shed when the men came home. They wouldn't believe that she had a deer until she showed them because they didn't get a deer on their trip.

Another time they started out real early to hunt and traveled hard all day. When dark came they camped out. Early the next morning they heard a rooster crow and found that they had camped just over a low point of a hill from where they lived. That was how easy it was to get lost in the dense woods. They killed and trapped bear for their lard and used the meat from all they got excepting the real old ones.

They also used their lard for shoe grease as well as in cooking. My father had a shoe repair outfit and resoled all our shoes. I still have most of his outfit and it is used often today.

One time when they looked at their bear traps they found a big brown bear in the trap with her mate standing by or near. Dad shot and wounded the mate, then he killed the one

in the trap and while mother was skinning it dad went to find the wounded mate. When he climbed up on a log on the side of a steep hill the bear was on the other side and jumped on him. They fell off the log together with the bear on top of father and they rolled over and over fighting one another to the bottom of the hill.

Father kept his elbow in the mouth of the bear to keep him from getting a hold of his throat which the bear kept trying to do. When they got to the bottom of the hill the dogs jumped on the bear and while it was busy fighting the dogs off, father raised up on his elbow to see where he was. He felt his rifle slide all the way down the hill with him and that is the only thing that saved his life. When the bear turned back to father again he put the rifle in the bear's mouth and shot him.

The bear was badly wounded from the first shot, by the trap, otherwise father couldn't have fought him so long. Even at that, father was weak from loss of blood where the bear had bitten and torn his flesh with his claws. He bore bad scars from it the rest of his life.

Another time when the men were off hunting, mother heard their pigs squealing and ran out to their pen and found a big female bear trying to kill a pig. Since there were no guns left at home, she had to stay there fighting off the bear with a club until the men came home and killed it. The bear was so old it didn't have any teeth left so it was starving but it did injure the pig so bad that it died.

Berries were so plentiful that they would gather tubs full of wild blackberries and huckleberries when they were in season; that is, if they found the patches of berries before the bears did. They did not know what it was to can fruits, berries and vegetables as well as meat and fish during those days so they had to use the berries fresh. To help out on their sweets the men would hunt bee trees, fall the tree, split it out to get the honey after first smoking the bees out, and often they had many 15 and 20-gallon crocks of honey.

After they had enough land cleared to raise surplus vegetables, they would gather, clean and bunch them for market of an evening after working all day clearing land of brush.

The next morning mother would haul the vegetables to the boat landing with a horse and sled, since they had a road built then just wide enough for a narrow sled. She rowed all the way to Florence and back and sold vegetables from Acme to Florence; about six miles one way. There were salmon canneries along the river run by Chinese. When the small gas boats first came to the Siuslaw and the folks could afford it they got a gas boat and my brother Paul ran the boat for mother.

To show what a hard working woman my mother was, when her babies were born and only three days old she would be out clearing land. They had enough cleared for milk cows. Mother would milk, father would separate the milk and churn the cream to butter, then mother would work it and mold it into one, two, and one-half pounds molds and sell it. She would take thirty to forty pounds of butter to sell at a time and she even sold milk and cream. She taught us children to milk at eight years of age.

The first fruit tree was a Baldwin apple that Bill had traded a horse for. He had worked for this horse. It shows how valuable fruit trees were in those days. Bill helped more than any of the grown children by working for wages and turning every cent he could spare to the folks to buy food and clothing.

All four grown children married Morris. Lucy married Joe Morris, Jr., and raised two adopted children. One died and left two children of his own. Bob married Alice Morris and raised nine children. One died at the age of 12. The other was in his 20's when he died. Alice is alive today and lives with her daughter, Marie Christiansen, at Brickerville above Mapleton. Tillie married John Morris and had six children.

The four girls are alive today and one boy died at the age of five and the other boy died and left a fatherless son, Donald. Joe and Alice were brother and sister; then Bill married their niece, Louella, and they raised seven children, all alive today. My father died of cancer on the old home place on Thanksgiving morning, November 26, 1914, at the age of 75 years, and mother passed away at Florence of diabetes, June 8, 1920, at the age of sixty-one years.

In March, 1920, my husband, Joe Simpkins, and I, with our three months old son, Joe, Jr., moved from Reedsport to the home place and lived there raising our four children until grown. Now they're married and have families of their own. In November, 1955, we sold the home place to Bob's son, Ralph Bernhardt, and moved to Oregon City on a farm. Due to us both having ill health and wanting to be near good doctors, we sold since it was too far to go to get to a doctor.

Written March, 1959.

Wind in The Riggin'

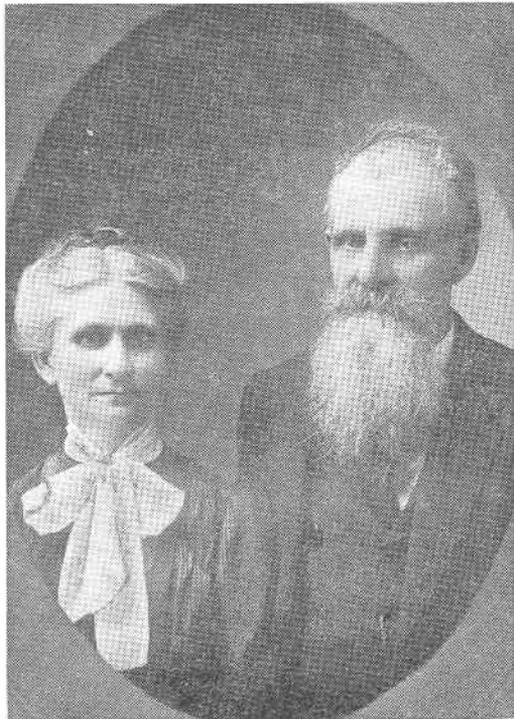
By Eleanor M. Heisler

High on the mountain where the dark trees sway,
The wind's crystal fingers play a strange violin,
The strings are cabled and taught and true,
And the tempered steel twangs a warning refrain,
And the woodsmen mutter in their heavy sleep,
"Wind's in the riggin' again."

When the storm clouds gather on a thick'ning night,
And the glittering tattoo of the rain descends,
From off of those lonely, wind-swept heights
The prelude of ridge and mountain begins,
And the woodsmen rouse to the age-old call
In the voice of the challenging, wakeful wind.

There will be no loggers in the woods today,
For the message untouched by the frail, human hand
Went out on those strong and humming lines
To be read by the ones who can understand,
And the woodsmen mutter and turn in their beds,
"Wind's in the riggin' again."

**Mr. and
Mrs. Philip
E. Jackson**



Philip E. Jackson was born December 23, 1840, son of Philetus and Mary J. Bellows Jackson, in Ontario County, New York. When a small boy the parents moved to Illinois where Philip received his education. In 1859 they moved to a homestead in Brown County, Minnesota. In 1862 the father was shot and killed by Indians.

From that time on until her death Philip was support for his mother. They moved to Wisconsin and lived there for three years, then moved back to the old home in Minnesota and stayed there for 25 years. In 1868 he married Miss Mary H. Hinton who was born in Wisconsin in 1849. They had four children but two died leaving only James and Andrew.

In 1890 they came to the Siuslaw and settled two and one-half miles up Knowles Creek on a homestead of 120 acres. He afterwards bought 160 acres. He engaged in farming, stock

raising and some logging. He had a small mill where he sawed out most of the lumber used in building his barn and other buildings although the lumber for his house was cut at the Saubert mill at Acme. The logs were cut on the Jackson place, rafted and taken to Acme, then the lumber was rafted and towed by a row boat back to Knowles Creek, loaded onto a wagon and hauled up creek. After they got their own saw mill going they sawed out most of what they needed for common use.

The fall they arrived at Mapleton it rained so much the creek was high enough to get a boat as far as the old Gray place, now the upper part of Earl Boushey's. In January it turned cold, then rained steadily again. In February came the big freshet and Andrews Slide when the water raised so high at Mapleton. The Jackson family had been staying at the A. P. Knowles ranch while the house was built, and they didn't get into their house until June. Mr. Jackson and Jim put in some garden crop on the Knowles ranch to help them over until they could get enough ground ready for crops.

They all worked hard to make a home and for more than forty years they lived there. The men folks were great hunters and always welcomed any friend who wanted to go out for a hunt. When the boys grew up they both seemed to have their minds on boats for they shipped out on several that were going north or south. Then they built a boat of their own, the Restless, that plied up and down the coast for years. They were handy with tools and made some furniture and several row boats.

Jim never married, but Andrew was married to a local girl and they went out over the bar to be married by a sea captain as the girl was under age. They lived on the Jackson ranch for some time and had two children, but after their first child, a boy, died Andrew and his wife separated and she went out to the valley. Andrew left here and worked on boats out of Portland, San Francisco and other places.

Aunt Mary, as she was familiarly called, fell one day while after berries and broke her hip. She crawled a long way to get to the house, and had to be taken to the hospital in the valley. She was in a plaster cast for a long time and

being up in her seventies, at the time, her bones were slow knitting. She finally died of cancer. Uncle Phil had taken care of her so long he was in poor health and he died soon after. About that time the government was buying up marginal lands, and as the boys could no longer run the ranch, they sold out to the government. Jim had diabetes and finally had to lose a leg and didn't live long after that.

The ranch was sold the last of the year 1936. The government soon went to work tearing down the old buildings and setting up a fish hatchery near where the old house stood, and set up a large WPA camp on the upper end of the place. They had several houses built and barns, sheds and other buildings to accommodate a large crew. Later they built some good houses and tore down some that were not usable. There has been someone there all these years although the big camp and equipment are gone.

For a long time people spoke of it in a lively manner as "Camp Jackson," and the way they said it you understood things were being done. Now they say, "Up at Old Camp Jackson" with such a let-down in their voices you get the



At left corner of house— Andrew, Philip, Mary and Jim Jackson

impression everything is about done for; and it is. To some of the old-timers the Jackson place meant many hours of pleasure and remembering. It is fast going the way of all the old camp sites. In a few years it will be only a memory: "The Jackson Place Up Knowles Creek."

Our Journey From Washington

By Nellie E. Petersen

Although I do not consider myself a pioneer, in any sense of the word, a number of real pioneers have asked me to write of our experiences in making the trip from southwestern Washington to the Siuslaw country, so here it is.

My husband was in business in Washington, an independent fish buyer, postmaster, and owner of a good sized general mercantile store and one fall several of our fishermen came down from the Columbia River to fall fish on the Siuslaw. On their return they brought such glowing reports of the wonders of the Siuslaw country such as: the way the huckleberries grew everywhere and how easily they kept just by spreading a layer of berries, then a layer of sugar over them, repeating till the jar was full, then keep in a cool place. Of the tons of apples that went to waste, no worms!

As we were anxious to find a place to raise our small boys away from so much drinking as was going on on the Columbia, it sounded as though this might be the place, for there was no saloon. My husband was always talking of farming, and he hoped to find a nice farm here, so he made the trip over on the Walker Bros. stage from Eugene, found a farm that suited him and bought it.

After selling the business we packed our belongings and left them in the fish house to be shipped on the small freight boat operating between Portland, Oregon, and San Francisco, California, to be shipped to the Siuslaw on the next trip, and we left for Portland on a river steamer.

Earlier my husband had purchased a team and now he bought a good farm wagon and harness, also a two seated hack that we expected to use, driving to the coast from Junction City. The team and hack were shipped there on the same train

that we went on. The same afternoon we reached Junction City the hack was assembled and made ready for our early start the next morning.

That part of the trip was something to write home about. It was a crisp fall morning, the bright sun shining through the light fog that had everything dripping. But before noon the day became very warm and when we stopped to eat our lunch of sandwiches prepared at the hotel, we could find no water to wash them down.

Later we came to a farm where apples lay thick on the ground under the trees. My husband stopped the team and asked if he could buy some. Oh yes, he could, and looking around the farmer found a half gallon lard pail which he scantily filled. He charged 25c for them and took back the bucket.

At Blachly, where we were told we could spend the night, they refused to keep us but did say where they thought we might find lodging. As we had never been through the country before and by then it was dark, of course we took the wrong road. But we could never have found nicer or more hospitable hosts than the farmer and his wife we found in that canyon at the end of the road some distance from the main road. Nothing was too good for us. And they would not accept pay for a thing.

The part of the country that lay ahead of us had been swept by a bad forest fire about two weeks before and in many places was still burning. It was a dreadful sight. Farms had been swept clean of buildings and here and there small shacks of raw, freshly split cedar shakes stood near the old homes where twisted remains of bedsteads, springs, wash tubs and cook stoves lay scattered about. Through this section we often had to leave the road and drive down into the fields for long distances because of large, still burning trees that lay across the road.

The next night was spent at Mapleton in the old hotel. I fell in love with that old building. A climbing red rose framed the doorway. Inside rag carpet covered much of the floor as well as the narrow stairway.

Next morning we again started out early happy in the

knowledge that we were almost home. I could see in my mind's eye just how it would look, for I had drawn the plan for the addition of the one room house that was now to be our living room.

And then we reached the mountain! It really isn't such a huge one, but the road was very narrow, steep, and the switchbacks were so sharp that you almost met yourself coming back.

After reaching the first one my husband stopped the team, put the brake on and climbed out of the hack saying, "Bertie and Ralph will walk to the top with me and Mamma will drive."

Me! I had never had a line in my hand. I knew the whole outfit would soon be at the bottom of the canyon, me beneath it all, and I let him know how I felt about it at once. But he only looked more earnest as he and the boys removed their coats, laying them in the rear seat of the hack.

"Nothing to it," he said and started out. "The horses are so tired they won't go very fast."

My husband had disappeared around the first turn before I found the courage to carefully unwind the lines from the brake handle where he had wound them. I said, "Git up," in a faint voice but the horses only braced themselves more firmly to keep the hack from rolling back as I partly released the brake. I spoke louder but they took their time starting.

When we reached the top there were my husband and two little sons sitting on a fallen log enjoying the cool breeze. They sprang up and my husband exclaimed, "I didn't realize the hill was that steep!" when he viewed the horses heaving sides and lather of sweat. I didn't feel it necessary to tell him I had kept the brake partly on.

At that time there was little underbrush and one could see almost to the bottom of the hill more switchbacks. But it did not bother for I was a passenger again.

Crossing the covered bridge at the foot of the hill the children caught a glimpse of crayfish in the stream below and as the road followed the stream for miles they excitedly tried to keep count of all they saw.

Finally we rounded the last bend and there was our house! But not as I had visioned it. The work was hardly begun.

Henry Hudson Barrett and Family

Henry Hudson Barrett, of English-Scotch parentage, was born at Rochester, New York, May 11, 1826. He spent his early days in Rochester where he got his education. When about 20 years old he went to Pontiac, Michigan, and there enlisted as a soldier in the Mexican war. After the war he took part in several Indian wars, and in 1849 crossed the plains to California where he worked in the gold fields for a while.

He then came north to Marshfield (now Coos Bay), Oregon, and settled on the banks of the Umpqua. He conducted a stage line between Marshfield and Gardiner in the old freighting days. In 1905 he changed his stage line to one between Gardiner and Florence, driving up the beach to the Siuslaw. He also carried mail until postoffices were established.

August 25, 1879, he married Miss Ellen Marshall, a descendant from the Siuslaws, Umpquas and Alsea Indian tribes who was born at Mapleton. Their marriage was one of the earliest here on the Siuslaw and was performed by the first justice of peace A. E. Buttolph. He had been married before to a native Indian woman, but she had died. Altogether he had nine children. Mrs. Ellen Barrett passed away at her home at Glenada after a short illness September 10, 1926, aged 69 years. Funeral services were held at Drew's Cemetery on the North Fork, conducted by Rev. F. H. Neff, pastor of the Evangelical Church of Florence.

Children are Mrs. May Elliott, Howard, Blaine and Logan, twins, Clayton and a step-son George H. Barrett. Mr. Barrett died at his home on the Umpqua, below Gardiner, at noon, Monday, February 6, 1905, and was buried nearby.

Mr. Barrett's sons assisted him in conducting his stage as soon as they were old enough. They drove stage for 25 years between the Umpqua and Siuslaw rivers and only missed a few times in getting the stage through. Many of their trips were made early, some late, some in the night, according to the tides. Regardless of the weather they tried to get through. Their home was in the little glen on the Siuslaw River, across from the Oar office. And there is where passengers started

from and where they landed when coming up the coast. At one time Mr. Barrett owned all of Glenada.

Following are brief life stories of Barrett children:

Logan Barrett, one of the twins, was born October 7, 1887, at Fort Umpqua, and died at St. Vincent's Hospital at Portland, May 28, 1943, following a severe case of pneumonia. Graveside services were held at the Indian Cemetery on North Fork, Sunday at 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon. He had lived on the Umpqua and Siuslaw Rivers most of his life, but had been employed in Portland ship yards. He left as survivors his twin brother Blaine of Portland, Howard of Glenada, Clayton of Florence, George H. of North Bend and sister Mrs. May Elliott of Winchester Bay.

Blaine Barrett, twin brother of Logan, was born October 7, 1887, at Fort Umpqua. He died some time after noon Tuesday, April 6, 1948, aged 61 years. He was employed with the state highway department and was in apparent good health. Blaine and his three brothers, Clayton, Logan and Howard, took over the stage line after their father's death and operated Barrett Bros. Stage Line for 12 years, or until railway transportation replaced it. Survivors: Clayton H., Howard, Sr., and sister Mrs. May Elliott. Funeral services were held in the Assembly of God Church, 2:00 o'clock Saturday afternoon, April 10, 1948, with interment in North Fork Cemetery.

Clayton H. Barrett was born September 10, 1880 at Mapleton, and passed away March 4, 1956, at Sacred Heart Hospital in Eugene where he had been a patient only six days. Services were held at Davidson's Riverside Chapel, Florence, with Rev. Edward G. Maser, pastor of Assembly of God Church officiating. Interment was in Indian Cemetery on North Fork. He made his home in this community most of his life, but did for a time work in the lumber mills in Washington. He was an edger man and saw filer until his retirement. Surviving are his daughter, Mrs. Nadia Hovind, and granddaughter Cindy Hovind, five nephews, a niece and several cousins.

Howard Barrett was born in Douglas county, near Reedsport in 1894. He died in Florence, July 30, 1957, at 63 years of age. His health had been failing for some time. He spent most of his

life in the Florence area. He served in the Coast Guard during World War I. He was a leader in the fight by Coast Indian tribes to gain compensation for lands deeded to the federal government years ago. Almost a year before his passing Mr. Barrett, under the auspices of the Confederated Tribes of the Siuslaws, Lower Umpquas and Coos Bays, signed a petition asking for United Nations review of a treaty signed with the federal government in 1855. The treaty, the groups claimed, gave the government a 40 by 74 mile strip of land along the Oregon Coast. The tribes claim they never were paid. Surviving are his wife Ethel, whom he married 40 years ago; a sister May Elliott; five children, Dorothy Kneaper, Howard, Robert, Richard and Frank Barrett; seven grandchildren and two great grandchildren. Services were at Davidson's Riverside Chapel in Florence with interment in North Fork Cemetery.

Indian Names

Tsiltcoos River means "plenty elk" or "swimming water." Since 1885 river has been called Fiddle Creek.

Woahink or Whoahink means "quick rain." Lake was also called Clear Lake.

Tahkenitch or Tonkenitch means "many arms."

Cleawox means "alder" or "paddlewood." Called Buck Lake.

"Siuslaw means "far away river" or "small stream." Was originally the name of the little creek emptying into the North Fork by the mill.

Ka-hits means "gleaming river" and was the name given the main river.

Neah-kah-nie means "abode of the fire spirit."

Multnomah means "rose on the water" and the river is now called Willamette.

Siletz means "crooked river."

Teqaya, dentalia, haiqua, all were little curled up shells used for money.

Gayou was the name of their cradleboard, but the baby did not stand up in it. Provision was made for the baby to sit.

Chintimini was the name for Mary's Peak.

Jean Sharman Tragedy

Every year the Siuslaw or some of its tributaries have claimed the lives of one or more persons. It has never been partial. It may be full grown men or women, or babies. Whoever got sucked into its depths paid the awful penalty with their lives.

One of the most tragic drownings was that of Miss Jean Sharman back in 1914. She was teaching school in Florence and one day in September she and Alice, Hazel and Agnes Weatherson went for a boat ride. They all knew how to handle a boat and all could swim.

They had a nice time and decided to return home. They drew up to the dock at Florence to land but the tide was pulling awfully hard. Also, at the dock was the tug L. Roscoe and Porter Bros. oil barge. They ran their boat between the tug and the barge but the boat caught, filled and upset, throwing the girls out.

Jean was drawn under the barge and down stream. Alice caught the rudder and hung to Jean's clothes but the current tore her loose. Hazel climbed over the end of the skiff and caught the end of the barge. Agnes went under the barge and caught the corner and held on.

There were many there at the dock to help and boats put out to find Jean's body but they were unable to locate her. About three weeks later she was found at the upper end of Kyle's cannery. It was a terrible experience for the Weather-son girls and a few weeks later Alice was instrumental in holding a memorial service for Jean in the Presbyterian church.

Jean lived with her parents way up in the northwest corner of Lane county on the coast at the mouth of Bob's Creek.

Some of the old pews from the Point Terrace Church are still in use there. They and some of the old cupboards were made by Charles David, father of Ray.

Backward Glances

By Pearl Beers Ellingson

I was born just after the turn of the century at Reed on upper Indian Creek. My father was Charles Ulysses Beers. He was named after General Grant under whom Grandfather was serving at Vicksburg at the time of my father's birth. My grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. David R. Beers, came to Nebraska from Pennsylvania in a covered wagon train. To help while away the time the five Beers brothers and cousins organized the Beers Martial Band. This band provided recreation for many occasions.

After a few years in Nebraska, Grandfather came to Oregon by ox team, arriving in 1892. He and four of his sons, Dolph, Dave, George and John, took up homesteads on upper Indian Creek.

My parents came to Oregon in 1895 and took up a homestead about a mile from Grandfather's. Life was hard for my parents during those early years. There was no road on upper Indian Creek at the time of their arrival and the road on lower Indian Creek was in very poor condition. Their nearest source of supplies was Mapleton, twenty miles away.

Mapleton was dependent upon the boats for their supplies. The trek to Mapleton and return was a hard day's work and often Father would make the trip only to find out that the boats had not arrived and that many of the much needed supplies were not available. I recall one time when Mother had sent my Father for material for dresses to be worn at our Fourth of July picnic. Mother had given careful instruction as to materials and colors, but Father found that the boats had not arrived and the only material in Mapleton was a bolt of turkey red calico. Mother, however, was equal to the occasion and the five of us went to the picnic in dresses of red calico trimmed in white.

Because of the difficulty of transportation as many of our supplies as possible were laid in for winter. Flour was bought by the barrel, sugar by the hundred pound sacks, salt in 50 pound bags, and kerosene in five gallon cans. We tried to raise as much of our food as possible. We raised beans which we



Mr. and Mrs. David R. Beers

dried and shelled during the winter. Corn was cut from the cob and dried on a cloth rack suspended over the stove. Apples and prunes were also dried. Deer and bear were plentiful so fresh meat was often enjoyed. The fat of the bear was used for shortening and made excellent piecrust.

Entertainment, as we think of it today, was scarce. The big event of the year was the Fourth of July picnic. That picnic

was a thing to which we looked forward and long remembered. In the morning there was a program of songs, recitations and dialogues performed on a stage erected in the fir grove where the picnic was held. My father usually read the Declaration of Independence in its entirety. The Beers Band played many times throughout the day. At noon the dinner was spread out on long tables which were crowded with all the good things the community afforded.

Following dinner, races of many kinds for all ages were run. The big event of the day was the ball game in the afternoon between Reed and Herman. To crown the day's festivities was a dance in the evening at one of the homes. Because we had one of the larger houses, our home was the scene of many of the dances. My uncles, Dave and Adolph, provided the music with their violins with my sister Clara chording on the old organ. Our combination kitchen and dining room was large enough for two sets of square dances while the living room took care of another set and watching guests. All young children were bedded down upstairs. At midnight the big kitchen table was pulled out into the center of the room and a hearty supper was enjoyed. Everyone who came brought something for the supper and helped with the serving.

My father taught school on Indian Creek for many years. School terms at that time were for three months and Father often taught two schools a year. When I was a child there were three other schools on Indian Creek. The one from which I graduated from the eighth grade was the Enterprise, or better known as the Beers School. It was made of hand split lumber. The desks, teacher's desk and chair and recitation benches were hand made.

The library consisted of a box nailed to the wall and fitted with a cover to keep out the mice. It contained a couple of dozen books. The blackboards were made of boards painted black and the erasers were made of a piece of sheepskin nailed to a small block of wood. The long, two-lid wood stove stood in the middle of the room. On cold mornings the recitation benches were moved up to the stove and we studied our reading or did our arithmetic on our slates while we warmed our



Mr. and Mrs. Charles U. Beers

feet. A bench along one wall held the lard pails and tin tobacco boxes that held our lunches. At the end of the bench stood the water bucket and long-handled dipper. A broom, our flag, dictionary and a box of chalk completed the school supplies.

Books were furnished by the pupils. My brother and I shared the same books and desk. Since I read faster than he and was anxious to know what was coming, I was often reading one side of the page while he was yet reading the other. We stood for our reading classes and read aloud. We had but one reader and it was read over and over. I recall one primer from which my cousin read, "Mama loves baby. Baby loves mama. Mama sees baby. Baby sees mama. Baby sees kitty. Kitty sees ——— Oh teacher, you got your shoes on the wrong feet!" Our teacher, Esther Miles, had been standing with her feet crossed. Her long skirt came to her ankles. Since Bryan

could read the page without looking at the book, he had made what he thought was a startling discovery.

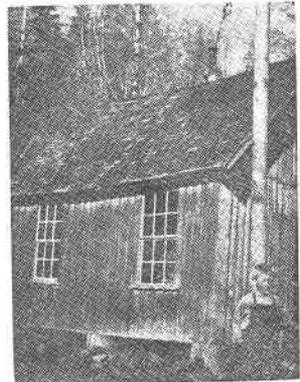
In spite of the crude building and lack of supplies our teachers somehow were able to instill in us a desire to learn. This is attested by the fact that graduates of this school are counted among the alumni of the University of California, University of Oregon, Oregon State College and Oregon College of Education.

We went barefoot when the weather permitted, as did all the other children. This led to one chore that I'll always associate with my childhood. We had always to wash our feet before going to bed. Mother would place a large wash basin filled with warm water on the floor by the kitchen stove. Then on the floor we sat to wash our feet. The soap was home made and quite harsh. Since our feet were often badly chapped this foot washing was an unhappy experience that we always tried to avoid but never succeeded. Our "lanolin" was mutton tallow.

Another inevitable of childhood was the Saturday evening bath. In the afternoon water was carried from the spring, and the reservoir and a big copper boiler were filled and heated on the stove. In the evening the old wooden tub was brought in and we took turns taking our bath behind the kitchen stove. Doing the wash for a large family on a washboard, combined with water carrying and tub emptying was a back breaking affair. Yet Mother and my older sisters always seemed to manage.

On Sundays we walked three miles to the Reed school

Enterprise School, Dist. 168, Indian Creek. Boy standing by flagpole is Lawrence Beers:



house to attend Sunday School under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Rawleigh Phelps. Occasionally we had church services. Often we would take some of our friends home with us for the afternoon. I have spoken of the lack of entertainment in the community. However, I must add this was no hardship to us as we had never had it. Our family was quite fortunate in that we had reading material and music. My bachelor uncles, Dolph and David, often came to our home for dinner and spent the evening. They usually brought their violins along. I have often gone to sleep listening to "Turkey in the Straw," "Red Wing," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Three O'clock in the Morning," or some other old tunes. Sometimes they gathered around the old organ to sing as my sister Clara played.

We got our mail twice a week. It was carried horseback. Our post office was Reed and Mrs. John Taylor, Sr., was the postmistress. We took the semi-weekly edition of the Oregon Journal, The Eugene Register-Guard and several magazines. The books we had were good and they were read over and over. A nine-volume set of Ridpath's "History of the World" was read through every winter by my father. With the coming of the parcel post and the entrance of the Sears Roebuck catalog into our home, we entered a new era. Shortly after that came the railroad, and the end of pioneering as we had known it.

A kind of life that, though full of hardships, had its many bright moments.

THREE SKIDS IN THE REAR

Bunk Lillis was an early day logger. The boys used to play tricks on him because he was so gullible. One day they dared him to walk down the skid road with one of the girls who worked in the camp. It was getting dark and they bet him 50c he couldn't walk down the trail home with her. They started but the girl went so fast he couldn't catch her. Next day the boys asked if he took her home. He said, "Yes, but I was about three skids behind."

More About Churches

Since writing the church stories for the 1953 the Siuslaw Pioneer, I have found an interesting story of a church that was organized by the Methodist Episcopal denomination in Glenada on July 31, 1891. The ground was given by George Colter and he superintended the building of it. Cash was scarce and hard to get and Henry Barrett put up most of the cash for them to buy the lumber.

CHURCH RECORD, FLORENCE, OREGON, JULY 31, 1891

The Florence and Glenada charge was organized in July, 1891, by Rev. E. L. Thompson and arrangements made in the way of subscription for the erection of a church in Glenada. Rev. W. N. Church was employed by the presiding elder, T. L. Jones, August 1, 1891, who pushed the work along in the way of getting material for and enclosing the building. August 1, 1892, H. Moys was appointed to the charge. During this time there were many difficulties to overcome, but we have succeeded in pushing the work through to completion, and the church is now ready for dedication, with but very little debt to provide for. May my successor receive more sympathy and succeed far better than I did. And may the God of our Fathers abundantly bless this charge with great peace and prosperity. August 4, 1893. Signed, Henry Moys, retiring pastor.

RECORD OF PASTORS

E. L. Thompson, July 15, 1891 to August 1891
W. H. Church, August 1891
Henry Moys, August 1892 to August 1893
George Quimby, October 1893
Blackwell, October 1894
George F. Rounds, October 1895 to September 23, 1896.

RECORD OF MEMBERS

Sarah Akerly, Mrs. Austin, Lora Austin, J. C. Brown, Flora E. Brown, Mrs. Alice Bernhardt, Heman Chamberlain, Nettie Chamberlain, Mrs. Mary Cushman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. David, S. J. Dcuglass, Mrs. Jessie I. Fisk, Anna Flint,

Harer, Mrs. Anna Hoffman, Hadsall, Lottie, Ida and Mary Hadsall, Maggie and Viola Johnson, Mrs. Melvina Kennedy, Fred W. Kane, John R. Kane, Harriette Lowe, S. S. Lowe, Hattie Lowe, J. Morris, Mrs. Anna Marr, Mrs. Clara Mills, Riley Mills, James W. Nelson, Mary A. Nelson, Brother and Sister Nichols, Esther, Jesse and Sophie Nichols, Henry Nelson, Callie F. Oldfield, Mrs. Charlotte Phelps, Julia and Frank Rogers, Hattie Sweet, Stebbens, Effie Shrum, Mrs. Jennie Yates, Charles Tanner, Emma Tanner, Erma Saubert.

Dallas, Oregon, August 8, 1901

To the M. E. Quarterly Conference of Gardiner, Oregon

Greetings: The United Evangelical Church agrees to pay the \$150 and reasonable interest as requested for the Florence M. E. Church and supply the church at Florence regularly with a pastor. The money is deposited in the Dallas City Bank, Dallas, Oregon, and when the deed is sent to the bank for inspection, the money will be sent to whomever you desire. The church will be finished as soon as it can be done, and as soon as possible a parsonage will be erected for the pastor.

Respectfully, C. C. Poling, P.E. for the Conference.

The deal was closed November 18, 1901.

There were a few interesting things that happened while the M. E. had the Church.

Sailors going up or down the coast always looked for the "little white church on the hill" as it was the only beacon they had along our coast. That was two years before the lighthouse was built.

In March, 1892, Rev. W. Moys and Miss Sarah Colver of Coos Bay were married by Presiding Elder T. L. Jones at the bride's home.

November 11, 1892, Rev. Church married Frank Drew and Miss Lucy Barney in the public hall near the bride's place. The first Indian wedding on the Siuslaw at which a minister of the gospel presided.

Same date, married by Rev. Church, C. E. Harwood and Miss Della Severy.

January 27, 1893, married by Rev. Church, M. D. Scott and Miss Estella Miles.

The Houghton Cheese Factory

Jesse Lee Houghton was born April 8, 1870, at Hayes, Washington. Laura Belle Eggers was born December 7, 1874, at Mountain View, Tennessee. They were married in Gardner Chapel at Hayes, which is near Woodland, on March 17, 1895.

At the age of 20 Mr. Houghton became interested in cheese making business from a Mr. McIntosh who owned a cheese factory at Woodland and hired him as a helper. He later worked for the Woodland Dairy Association along the same line of work. In 1901 he made cheese for Mr. West at Clatsop Beach, Oregon. Then he farmed for a while at LaCenter, Washington.

In 1904 he moved to Tillamook, Oregon, where he built his own cheese factory which he operated about four years. The farmers paid him 2½c per pound for all the cheese he could make. When they cut the price to 2c he sold the factory. He is not sure he had the first cheese factory in Oregon as Oregon was a dairy state and there must have been others before him.

November, 1908, with a wagon of household effects, a wife and five children, he moved to Florence, Oregon, and settled on what is now known as the Gib Houghton ranch on the North Fork of the Siuslaw. Within a month their sixth child arrived. In 1910 their house burned. Mr. Houghton had had a small cheese factory there and after the fire the brick remains were dismantled. The family moved up the river to the present Herbert Houghton ranch where two more children were born.

The salvaged bricks were used to build another cheese factory. In May, 1909, he had bought a vat which held 950 pounds of milk for \$25. Later he purchased a vat which held 5,000 pounds of milk, which he used the rest of his cheese making career. He made about 150 pounds of cheese every three days from his herd of 10 to 12 cows during the spring and summer months.

From 1915 on he made 300 pounds of cheese every other day. He made cheese fairly steadily from 1910 until the early

1920's. His factory on the North Fork was the first place cheese was made there.

His son Henry was killed in a logging accident near his home in June, 1927. His wife, Laura, died in July, 1956. They celebrated their golden wedding anniversary March 17, 1945, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Houghton.

During the cutting of the three-tiered cake the guests sang "Blest Be the Tie That Binds" as was sung at their wedding when they cut their cake 50 years before.

Florence - Mapleton Road

The following letter was written by Miss Alice Weather-son, daughter of the former editor of The West:

When I left Cushman, enroute up the main river, I drove slowly that I might not miss any paths leading to homes along the river bank. My first call was on Mrs. Nordahl, where I chatted a moment. Less fortunate at M. C. Jensen's and his son Lorence's, I found both families away. Mrs. John Hendrickson was in the berry patch busy at a job both prickly and profitable. Whole families are berrying this year.

Mrs. J. N. Fredericksen was at home, having given up picking when the children started to school. Mrs. M. C. Beck is back on the Siuslaw after several years at Canby. Many sharp curves along here have been eliminated.

I stopped at C. C. Beck's place for luncheon and a talk on roads with Mr. Beck who is patrolman on an eight mile stretch. He opened the road from Betzen to Cushman last spring at a cost of \$1,500, just half the county court's estimate. The crew is widening the road and building turn-outs. Mrs. William Morris was not at home, so I greeted the men of the household and drove on to Beck. I called on Mrs. C. David there and also had a talk with C. U. Beck, who has disposed of his grocery stock and is working on the night shift for the Huntington Shingle Co. at Mapleton. His wife is teaching the Riverview school for the second year.

Just above Beck I found Charles Darling making a good stretch of road out of what was one of the worst places along

the river. Nobody was home at the Nick Andrew's place and I did not try other nearby residences, as everyone seemed to be picking berries. Mr. and Mrs. P. Vingelen and their neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. L. Thorup, were at home. Raindrops and the prospect of slippery roads urged me homeward and I left the places of Halden Foss, Fred Fredericksen and others for another trip.

(There are still sections of this old road to be seen along the river, high above the railroad. It was an interesting road to travel because it went back next to the hill and through all the back yards. Some places you had to drive nearly to someone's back door to turn around. All the houses faced the river for that was the highway, and most all traffic and business was conducted from boats. It was an exciting day when the first car went down the road from Mapleton to Cushman. Then when the road was built to the North Fork and the bridge was built there was a complete new outlet for people on the lower river.)

Razor Clams

Do you know the secret of digging razor clams? If you don't, you may not get many. It takes my family some time to get ready for the trip. First, you need hip boots, unless you don't care if you get your feet wet. Now a pair of old pants, and a warm shirt. Not a coat for it will be too warm.

You are going to work, you know, but it is a good thing to have a coat along to put on when you stop work.

Now, a strong gunny-sack about 24 or 26 inches wide and at least two feet deep. Sew a strap or loop on the top so you can hang the sack on your belt. If possible have a wire or top of a large coffee can fastened into the top to hold the bag open. This bag is to put your clams into as you dig them.

You can't lay them down on the sand while you dig more for they will disappear. If you are lucky enough to watch them you will see them stand up on end on the flipper that is opposite the necks, and just settle down into the sand. The flipper works fast. Better have the sack.

Now you need a narrow-bladed shovel and plenty of time

for you are working right down next to the waves. That's where the best clams are. You will see their necks looking like little holes in the sand about as big around as your little finger. As you start toward them be careful for if they feel the vibration of your steps they pull back into the sand and you can hardly find them.

Now insert your shovel quickly into the sand between the waves and the clam neck. The clams lay on an angle TOWARD the waves. If you get on the other side, chances are you'll cut their necks off. Move the shovel back and forth and as you lift the shovel a bit. Put your hand down quickly into the hole and grab the clam. Hold on a bit for that little flipper on the bottom has a suction cup on it and it will not let go immediately.

While you have hold of the neck and are pulling, the wave is also coming in and if the clam lets go before the wave hits you, you are lucky. If not, you get wet, but hang onto your clam.

If you only have a gunny-sack or pail to put your clams into, the waves may turn the pail over or wash the gunny-sack away and turn out all your clams. That's the reason for the sack on your belt. When the sack is full go empty it into something far enough back so the waves can't reach it. You can only get these clams at extremely low tide, and there are only a few days during the season when the tide is low enough to get out where the large clams are.

Next time you want a different kind of thrill go dig a mess of razor clams.

May 13, 1898—Thomas Neeley, George Camp, Ono Phelps, Jim Jackson, Walter Gilbert, Fred Bean and George Nicolle rowed a boat from Mapleton wharf to Hurd's dock at Florence, a distance of 19 miles, in two hours and 20 minutes, counting out stops.

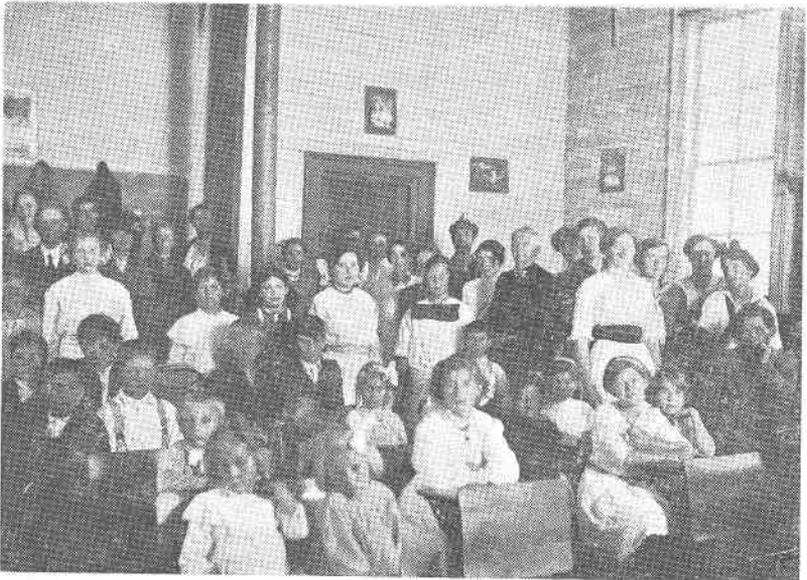
August 20, 1926—Five trollers including the Albee, tied up at Florence during the storm; Brownie from Ilwaco, Washington; Enterprise from Eureka, California; Rosie from Astoria, and the Fore and After from Siletz.

SIUSLAW'S CENTENNIAL PHOTOS

The next five pages show views of structures and events that are a part of the Siuslaw's 84-year story of settlement by the white man. The first year—1875—came 16 years after Oregon's Valentine Day entry into the Union as the thirty-third state.

These pictures convey the fact that variety played a prime part in the Siuslaw past, and they point forward to the grand future of this central coastal community of Oregon, with the cultural and economic progress of the area having the promise of blossoming in wonderful manner.

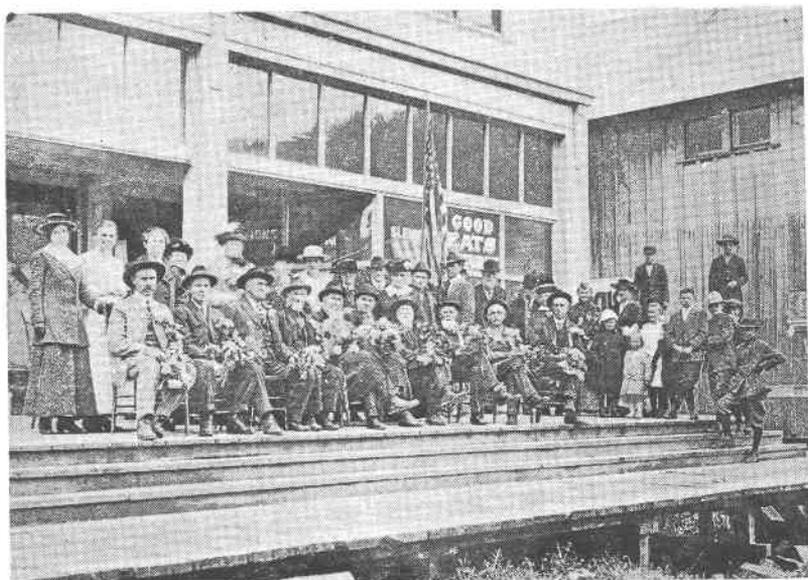
Each picture on these pages tells a story, some suggest more stories. To those who remember the scenes there is the enjoyment of recalling names and incidents connected with the photos. The historian compiling these annual booklets is grateful for the pictures and data that are made available.



Florence school room. Mrs. Della Severy Harwood, teacher.



A Picnic Group Enjoying Siuslaw Outdoors



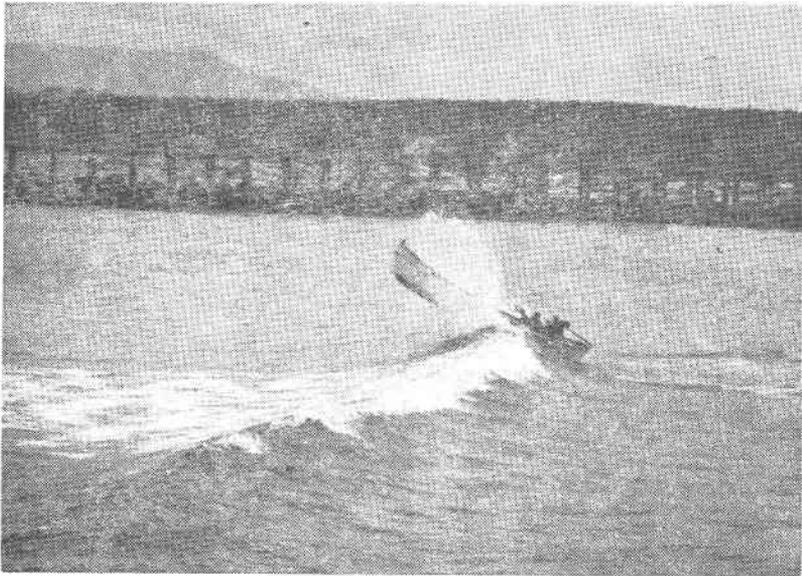
G.A.R. Members and Their Wives Assemble at Florence



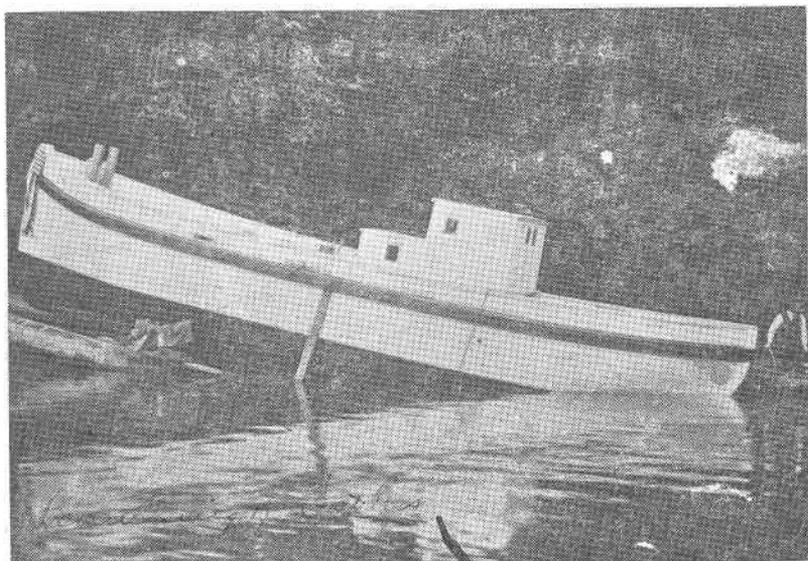
Florence Band. Mr. Beagle, Carl Young and Olaf Rice in Center



Children Stage Dance in Indian Regalia



Thrills on the River. Note Jetty Trestlework



Launching of the Jackson Brothers' 'The Restless'



Glenada Business Houses on Siuslaw River Bay



One of several photo views taken of early Florence. Note the coast ranges forming majestic background for the community.



The many-armed lake, one of Siuslaw area's splendid jewels

Our Great Western Lane

During the season of low or minus tides is the time to visit the beaches. There are things to be seen then that are never in evidence at any other time. Several places along our coast are marine gardens where beautiful under-water flowers can be found in all colors of the rainbow. Kelp waving back and forth with the tide like giant palm trees; and on the rock are starfish of many sizes and colors.

Floating in the water you may see jellyfish with trailing garments so transparent they are like glass. There are worms and coral, and many kinds of shells, sea urchins covered with spines, and sand dollars. There are oysters, mussels and clams. Snails that are long and snails that are short. Limpets and crabs. And there is the octopus or devil fish that is first cousin to the clams. Barnacles, bugs, hoppers and sea-squirts, and all kinds of queer forms floating in the water. There is a whole museum at your feet.

Do you know how to get a starfish loose from the rocks without a crowbar? They look like they are standing still, but they are not. They are always on the move, but so slowly it does not show. On their underside there are thousands of suction cups, and while moving most of these cups are loose from the rocks. The usual way to get a starfish is to put your hand or fingers on the body of the fish and try to get a good grip on the body. The fish has a sensitive spot at each point that acts like an eye and when touched goes into action at once and every suction cup works. The best way is to locate your starfish, plunge your hand down quickly and grasp the starfish and pull quickly before the suction cups have time to take hold, and while the starfish is in motion. Try it sometime.

Sometimes the beaches are covered with bunches of beautiful seaweed in pink and red coloring. When pressed they make pretty patterns on cards and other things. There are other interesting things to see. Have you ever seen our bug-eating plants, the *Darlingtonias*? Or the *Sundews*? There are acres of the *Darlingtonias* and easy to find if you hunt a little. And take notice of the moss they grow in, the sphagnum. Bales

of it were shipped out of the Siuslaw during World War I to be used in hospitals for pillows and other things.

Of flowers we have iris, columbine, monkey flowers, ocean foam or arrow wood from which Indians made arrows, fire weed that always follows a fire and covers the waste places with beauty. Goats beard, golden rod, and larkspur that is the most beautiful blue of the wild flowers but is poison to cattle if eaten. There are lilies and lupin, and huckleberries, and eight or nine kinds of orchids.

There is the bayberry or wax myrtle as it is called, that has berries on it in the fall. The early settlers used to gather them to make candles. It was not an easy job because it takes about a gunnysack full to make a pair of candles. There are ferns along every road you travel. How many kinds I do not know, but all are interesting. There are miles of rhododendrons, wild currant, foxglove and dogwood, some of them blooming twice a year. One nice thing about all this beauty is they do not all bloom at the same time, so we may find something at any season.

If you are interested in views, a good place to go is to the top of Cape Perpetua mountain. You can see the beach for miles both north and south, and sometimes see vessels passing out in the ocean.

There are shell mounds and kitchen middens along the sea wall where in years past the Indians have camped and cooked and eaten shell fish. There is a park where you can stop and watch the beautiful sunsets or perhaps see a boat come in over the bar. If you are a rockhound there are places along the beach especially for you, and the rocks are there.

All of these things do not cost you a cent to see and enjoy if you have the time and patience to look for them. I have not told you all the interesting things to be seen. If our roads had sign boards calling attention to all the interesting things, you would not be able to see the scenery.

You must look constantly for there might be most anything just around the corner. Good hunting and good seeing!

1889—George Morris of North Fork got a new threshing machine, the first on tidewater. It ran by horsepower.

A Dream That Turned Into A Nightmare

Fifty years ago logging was a MAN'S job. It was a hard job. It was also expensive; not in the way we measure expenses now, but at a time when all a rancher had beside his actual needs was timber. That and peeling chittem bark was all that he could realize cash money from.

If he had a good team he was lucky. If his team was good most likely the harness was good; so all he needed was a strong back and lots of ambition.

If he lived where he could get his logs to water his transportation was solved, but if he had to depend on hauling his logs to mill his expenses increased and cut down his revenue. Every man tried to find a way to make more money with less labor and expense. Another thing that hindered was roads. Even if there were roads to his timber they were not usable in winter. Only big companies could afford winter logging.

About thirty years ago a mechanic from Portland, who had been a lumber man, invented an auto-rail system that he thought would make logging possible the year round. This would not only help the big companies, but the small logger could log on a year round basis. This man had logged in eastern Oregon with his father and had built pole roads to drive tram cars on with horses. It had worked, so he set up an experimental track on a vacant lot in Portland. He announced he was going to set up wooden railroads in different places around the state. Some of them materialized but ran for only a short time. Some were reported a success.

In 1925 he talked Junction City business men into forming the Arnold-Junction City-Horton Auto Rail company, with a capital of \$187,000. This railroad was to be built eighteen miles west of town, over the top of the Coast Range, and into a heavy stand of timber in the Lake Creek Valley.

For some years past Mr. E. J. Horton had been operating a sawmill in the valley, but roads were bad and logging was only a seasonal job. The timber was there, and there was farm produce to be hauled. When he heard about the possibility of

using wooden rails he was very enthusiastic. He and his brothers, John, Sam, and Everett Jerome formed a company and built a railroad of wood. In the little mill they had brought with them they sawed the timbers for the rails, sawing 4x8 inch ties on top of which they laid 8x8s and 2x8s for rails which had a metal edge to reduce wear.

They had about ten miles of track laid when the depression struck. They had to lay off the crew of men and give up the project. It was just too much for them to handle at the time. Their locomotive was a truck on wheels with flanges to keep it on the rails. The first mile of track was used to haul logs to the mill at Horton. Then the mill burned down in July, 1921. They built another and had it about ready to start when the crash came and the mill at Horton burned the second time. They ran out of money and the whole thing went into the hands of the receivers.

The second locomotive was a truck engine on a flexible wood frame with four rubber tires and a two inch flange on the inside to hold the engine on the track. In the center on one side of the platform was a cab. The gear shift had seventeen speeds, forward or back. There was no differential. A winding route kept the grade at 4 percent to cross the Coast Range. The rails followed the ridge above Bear Creek, down into the flat land of the Willamette Valley, east across the Monroe-Eugene line of the Southern Pacific, and on into Junction City.

The grading and trestles cost more than at first estimated, and although they reorganized the company the depression set in and the company went bankrupt, with only a mile of track left to be laid. Anyone who had furnished money to the company rushed in and salvaged what they could from the road and unfinished mill. The locomotive was stripped. Anything not too heavy to carry was taken. It all had to go to pay as much as possible on debts.

Today, deep in the timber, sections of wooden track and skeleton-like trestles are all that are left excepting where you can find a few weather beaten wooden rails, mostly covered with moss and woodland waste. Just old skeletons of a wonderful dream.

The cracked bell at the school house has been displaced by the one from the local Presbyterian Church. (Times, September 25, 1925)

Some of the Haring family, Akerly family, Tillie Thomas and Jonas Dahlin family are still living on the places they homesteaded.

Some of the pews from the old Presbyterian Church in Florence are in the North Fork Grange hall.

Masts for the Marguerite were cut on the Frank Knowle's place at Mapleton, October, 1898.

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