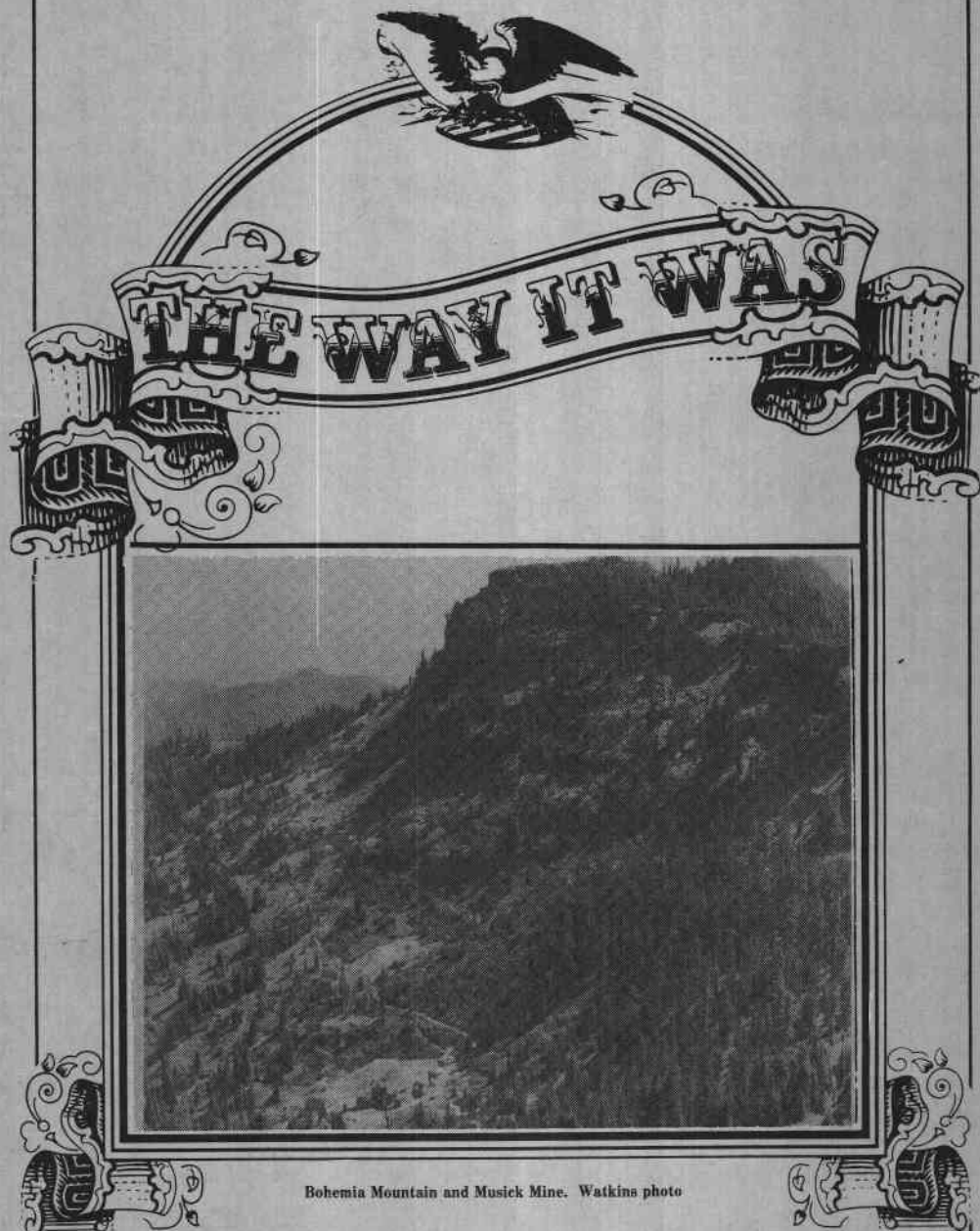


Lane County Historian



Bohemia Mountain and Musick Mine. Watkins photo

The Lane County Historical Society
Vol. XXVI, No. 2 **Summer, 1981**

LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Lane County Historian Vol. XXVI, No. 2 Summer, 1981

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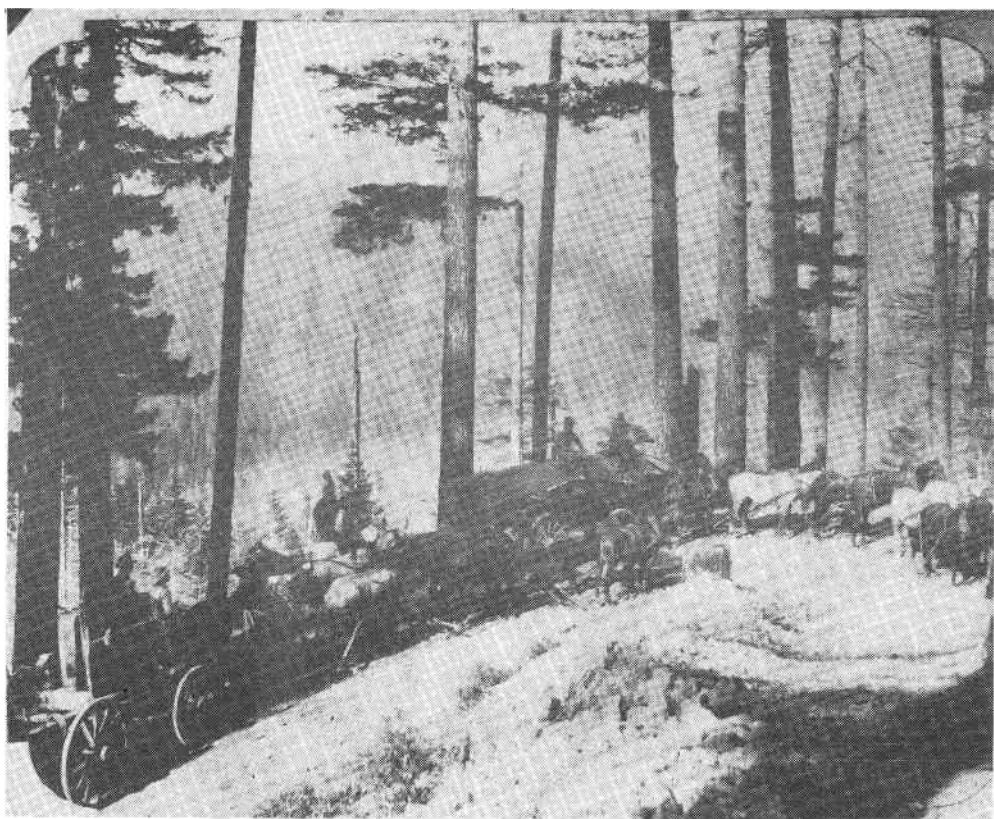
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ABOUT THIS ISSUE

The late Ray Nelson of Cottage Grove has been the chief historian of the Bohemia mining area in years past. His *FACTS AND YARNS* of the *BOHEMIA GOLD MINES* was published in 1959. LCH, Vol XIV, No. 1 has a short story by Ethel Reeves MacKinnon about their life at the Helena Camp in the 1930s when her father was engineer and her mother cooked for the crew. LCH, Vol. XVI, No. 4 carried the Field Notes of Carl Henry Young, first resident forest ranger for the Bohemia district. Aside from these items the principal source of Bohemia history is old newspapers, mostly the *BOHEMIA NUGGET*, a pre WWI Cottage Grove paper which is excerpted regularly for the annual Bohemia Mining Days Festival.

This special issue of the *HISTORIAN* makes no pretense of complete coverage of Lane County's colorful Bohemia District. Rather, it offers a collection of bits and pieces which help to paint in details in the larger picture. We realize there are many stories yet untold and hope our readers will volunteer new material out of your experience and memorabilia.

The Editor



Enroute to old Noonday Mill with boilers, ca. 1899. Bartels collection, Lane County Museum

June 3, 1893 / (Lane County) Commissioners Journal, Vol. 6, p 141

IN THE MATTER OF TOLLS ON THE BOHEMIA WAGON ROAD

Now comes B. F. Hammill and prays the court to make and establish rates of tolls for the Bohemia Wagon Road, and the court being fully advised in the matter. It is hereby ordered that the following rates of tolls be, and the same are hereby established for the Bohemia Wagon Rd., Expiring April 1, 1894.

For each wagon or buggy with one span horses, mules or oxen each way	\$.75
Each wagon or buggy with 1 horse or mule	.50
Each man and horse	.25
Each pack animal	.15
Each loose horse or cattle	.10
Each sheep, hog or goat	.05

BOHEMIA HOTELS

TIME BOOK for the													Month <u>December</u> 1896																						
NAMES.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	Total p/day	Rate p/day	AMOUNT \$	Cts.	
Ed Jones							42																												
Dan Tracy							7																												
Joe Potts							294																												
Ben Pletcher																																			
William Smith																																			
W. B. Smith							1/300																												
Ed. Schneider							428																												
A. J. Nickel																																			
Chas. Pletcher							12.85																												
E. S. Holderman							7																												
Joe Cole							291.95																												
M. J. Rose																																			
Frank Henderson																																			
Robt. Morby																																			
Rouss																																			
J. J. Moak																																			
Ed. Yancy							45.00																												
J. H. King							7																												
Tommy King							5																												

Register of meals served at the "Hotel" on Noonday Ridge, 1896-97

This page from the register, now owned by George Damewood of Cottage Grove, lists names, dates and number of meals served in December, 1896, and the price paid for a meal. One wonders what the difference was between the 35¢ and 50¢ meals, and how A. J. Nickel and E. S. Holderman for example rated four meals in one day. A later page lists Link Yarnall and family as eating 3 meals one day and 4 another.

Were these patrons of the hotel kitchen freighters, prospectors, sightseers? Did they work on a road crew, as some readers speculate? And in December, January and on through April when the snow lies deep in that country? A note behind a few entries says "logging" and one, J. Parker, took his board "at mill" and was not charged for January.

It was a two-day trip from Cottage Grove to the mines in the early days. The hotel at Mineral and the Ridge hotel were "way stations" and I understand fresh horses were available there. Thirty years ago I heard "old hands" in Bohemia talk about when the Ridge Hotel was an R & R stop for tired and "thirsty" miners. Ed. note

BOHEMIA NOTES.

July 16, 1899

EDITOR NUGGET: On the last day of June I left Cottage Grove for a look at the Bohemia mines. Eight of us took passage on the stage line owned by C.M. Henderer & Co. Four spanking good horses drew us at a good rate of speed over a nice country road. We arrived at Wildwood, 18 miles from Cottage Grove, where we had dinner—and such a dinner—fit for a king. This is a noted stopping place on the road to the mines. It is kept by a man of the name of Kerr and twenty five cents paid the bill. I have traveled up and down the Willamette valley a good many times but I never ate a better country dinner than I got at Wildwood. From Cottage Grove to Wildwood the road runs through a nice farming country.

Fine old orchards, rank wheat and oat fields abound. Good farm houses and barns are the rule. Neat school houses appear at intervals of a few miles, where you see some of the healthiest, happiest looking children on the face of earth. From Wildwood on up the valley to the warehouse the mountains shut in and nature begins to take on a wilder mood, farms disappear, but magnificent forests of yellow fir take their place.

We arrived at the warehouse at about 6 o'clock and oh, so hungry! This is an old stopping place at the foot of the mountains and is kept by Mr. Boren and wife. Such clever old people who do everything possible to make their guests comfortable. We had venison for supper, and I assure you I ate my share of it. I can say truly to the public that this is a good house kept by a good old fashioned couple. Next morning at six o'clock we were out on the road up the mountain. One would suppose from the way the road winds around that the builders of it had followed some huge serpents trail. Four miles up the mountain we arrived at the first "switch back" 3260 feet above sea level. From there on the grade is steep and winding until you arrive at the Ridge hotel presided over by the genial "Joe Cole the good old soul." This is merely a private stopping place built for Mr. Cole's private use where he keeps feed for his own men and freight teams, but there is no use for anyone giving the cold shoulder to the Ridge hotel. No one need go by Joe Cole's place hungry. I have been the guest of Mr. Cole now two weeks and have spent the time in hunting fishing and climbing great snow banks. The climbing has been a success but as for hunting and fishing I refuse to answer any questions unless so ordered by the court. In this connection I might say that I was on the identical spot where Mr. Alf Walker of Cottage Grove saw a weasel catching red side trout. I saw no weasel, neither did I see any red side trout, mind you I am not contradicting Mr. Walker's statement. The trouble was that I was not at the spot at the right time to see the weasel catch the big red side trout.

I took lunch up on a great snow bank on the Fourth of July, where in the evening I could see the Stars and Stripes float from the summit of Fairview mountain which is one of the highest peaks in Bohemia.

I have now been to most of the mines where everything is pushing ahead. The Noon-day is putting in a new tramway. The Helena mine is taking out ore and rushing up a stamp mill.

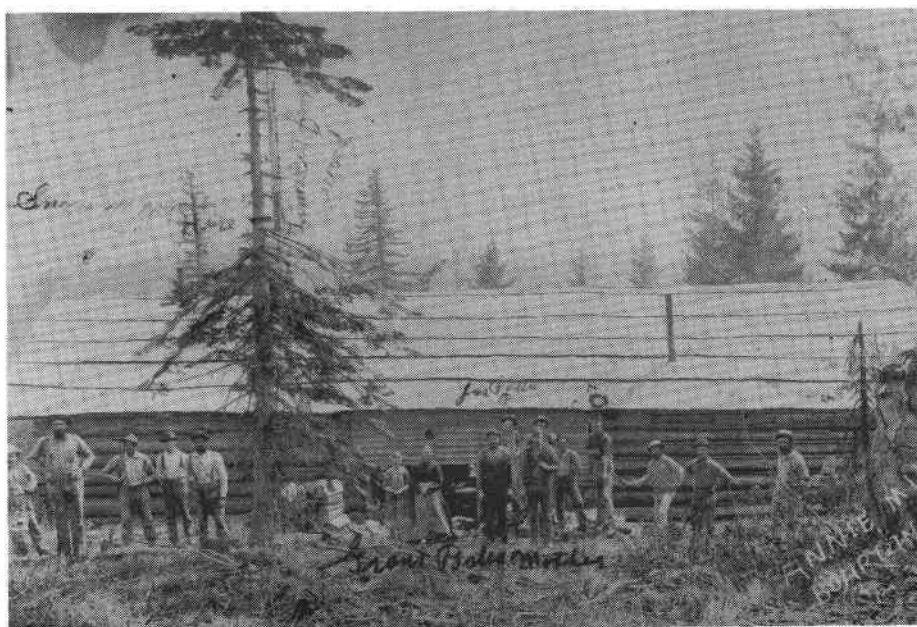
In fact all the mines show activity and push. I have been over to Sharps creek where I met Johnny— an assayer, I ran onto his office by chance. I found him not only an assayer but a geologist also. He has a great collection of mineral specimens and he told me the different names of the different kinds of rock. One pile he told me was "Protoxide of Hydrogen" another he called a "Sulphate of Magnecia" this said he is "an ox hide" of Murcury. I suppose he has the district down pat and as he told me he was going to write up the Bohemia district. I shall leave it to him.

As for myself I shall be satisfied with my trip though I find no ledge of gold bearing rock for I have been out two weeks and have seen nature in its wildest form. The mosquitoes are about to eat me up.

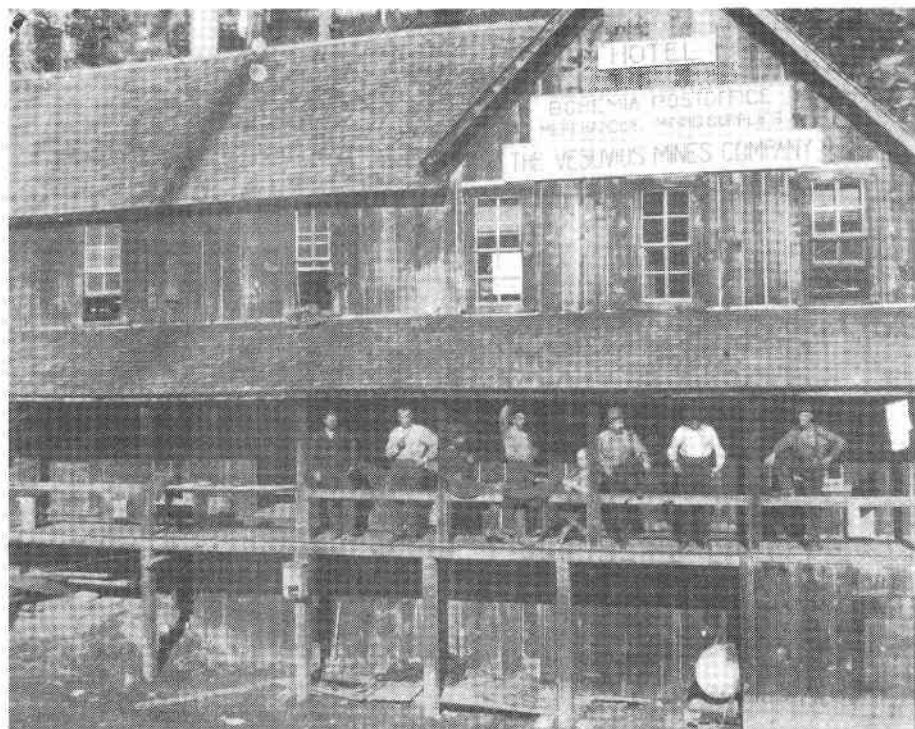
Yours,
"JEEMS POLK."
An old pioneer.



Ridge Hotel ca. 1900 Spahr collection, Lane County Museum



Annie Mine boarding house ca. 1893. Note missing limbs where firewood was cut from tree during winter snow. Bartels collection, Lane County Museum



Vesuvius Mine, 1914. Merle S. Moore collection, Lane County Museum



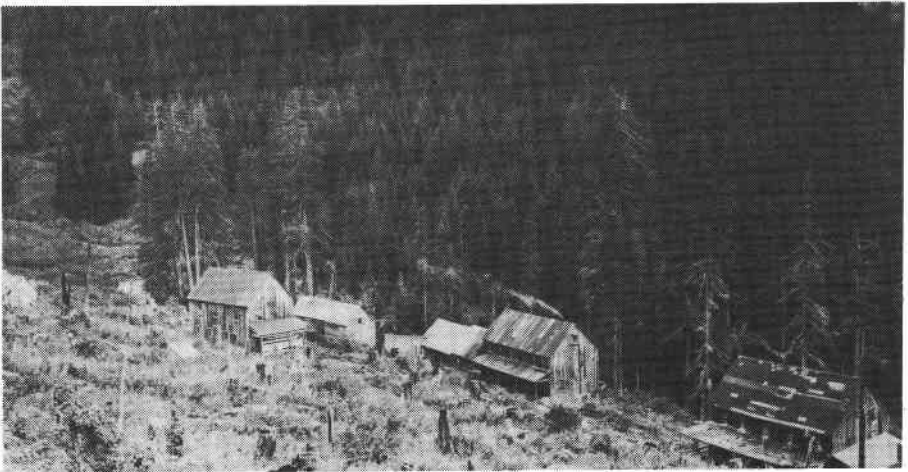
Boarding house, Davis Mine, Bohemia City ca. 1900 Bartels collection, Lane County Museum



Old Mineral hotel and post office located at foot of Hardscrabble Grade. Ray Nelson photo from *THE ORE BIN*, June, 1978



Alex Lundberg home and stage stop (upper right) at Musick Mine. Lane County Museum



Champion Mine buildings, ca. 1925? Lane County Museum

LETTERS FROM BOHEMIA

Merle Moore, former president of the Lane County Historical Society was employed at the Vesuvius mine in the summer and fall of 1914. The following letters were written from there principally to his mother during that period. The originals of these letters are the property of the Lane County Museum.

Frank J. Hard or F.J. was the boss at the time Merle Moore worked there. A story in the *BOHEMIA NUGGET* February 5, 1904 tells of the formation of the Bohemia Mine Owners Association with Mr. Hard listed as a member of the Board of Directors. The story reports that "Frank J. Hard, Director, prior to his advent in Bohemia something over four years ago, had experience in the mining business in Colorado. . . He organized the Vesuvius, Oregon-Colorado and the Riverside mining Companies, and all properties are being worked during the winter. . . Mr. Hard has other large interests in the district and is very sanguine of the future of Bohemia." Ed. note

Bohemia Oreg Aug. 9, 1914

Dear Mother:-

Hope that you are enjoying the mountains as much as I am. The cooks (woman & girl), the mill man, a miner & I climbed to the top of Fairview today. This is the mt. in which Hard's main mines are. We certainly had a fine view from the summit - mts. & mines in Lane & Douglas Counties. We could see only one snowcap peak - Diamond Peak. They say that on a clear day (no smoke) Mt. Hood, Mt. Shasta, the Three Sisters, etc can be seen. Mr. Stocks, the mill man, said that it was the first time that he had not seen snow on the east side of the top of Fair View & he has been up there every summer for 12 years.

We also went into the tunnel in which they are working now. I think that it is about 7 or 800 ft. long & is ice cold & damp inside.

We have a swell bunk house up here - iron bedsteads, electric lights, large mirrors, screens over the windows etc. The eats are also good. There are about 17 or 18 men employed here - 6 at the mine, 2 or 3 around doing assessment work on different claims, & the rest at the mill. I have been doing most everything these 3 days that I have been here - firing the big engine, surveying, tripping (?) buckets. At this end of the tramway, & learning how everything is done. Marley wants me to learn it all & stay up here this winter & be sort of joint super-tendant - with his father - "F J" not staying up here all of the time. There is an endless amount of parts to

the plant - mining etc. etc., running the sawmill, keeping store, running stamp mill, working the switchboard & dynamo, assaying etc., cutting wood keeping the post office. They say there is 12 ft of snow sometimes & everybody has to travel on skis for 3 or 4 months in the winter time. I haven't the slightest idea now whether I will stay or not.

Goodbye

Merle

Bohemia Aug. 23, 1914

My Dear Mother -

It is with great effort that I sit down to write a letter. In the first place I have been riding horse back all day, & in the second I want to read "Ben Hur." Today Mat Jones (a Eugene young man who came up last Friday) & I took a few supplies over to the Riverside (mine) Camp where F. J. is building a road. In going there we pass the "Oregon-Colorado" mine. Both mines belong to Hard. It is certainly a fine trip over there - crages, high mountains & mines. They say that it is over 6 miles but it seems 20 -winding around, up & down, mountains on Hard's private road. The road is all good, built to a grade - having been surveyed out before-hand. It finally runs into a trail & that runs for a few miles. The trail, in time, will be widened into a wagon road.

To stay or not to stay, that is the question. Charlie has been gone all week & F. J. got almost unbearable yesterday. I see by the Guard that D. J. Beakey & wife have returned to

Eugene & he thinks of making his permanent headquarters there.

I had a talk with a man that stayed here one winter, & from his conversation, the leading question now with me is whether there will be enough men here during the winter & enough to keep the mill going all the time.

I begin to think of hop picking & of the \$35 or \$40 in that job.

Well I should worry - what transpires between now & late Friday night will tell the tale - for I am planning to leave for home Saturday morning.

I am getting anxious to see how Mother is doing these days.

With love,
Merle Moore

Bohemia Sept. 14, 1914

To mother & all - Greetings - from the clouds, for these lofty mountains have been lost in the clouds for nearly a week. It has snowed twice already - on Monday & a little Saturday morning. The temperature, with the exception of last Thursday, has been 40 & below. It was foggy & rainy all day Sunday as it has been today. This morning I pitched & slid cord wood down the mountain to the mill & got all wet. At 9:00 o'clock I came to the house and put on dry cloths & went up to run the Tram the rest of the day. This has been the usual daily program for the past week.

My dinner bucket today (for instance) contained a qt. of cold tea without cream, three ham sandwiches,



F.J. Hard family and friends, Graber cabin, Vesuvius mine. Shanafelt photo, Lane County Museum

pumpkin pie, & cake. The fog in the room in which I run the Tram is so thick that I can see it within 2 ft of myself. It comes up the mountain at a the rate of 6 or 7 hundred miles an hour, but never quits coming the gusts of wind roar louder than the breakers on the coast & it seems that the mountains will blow away.

A fellow feels fine & alright with warm cloths on, if they are dry. And say, those new blankets are great.

I heard that the McMurpheys were coming about 9 o'clock that morning. They did not get here by noon & after dinner I had to go up & run the tram. I fully expected to see my dear mother here when I came back to supper — I did not know who was in the party & thot that maybe the Mc's would bring her with them. It was foggy & rainy all that afternoon, stage horses had to pull the machine part way up the mountain until they left it & walked the rest of the way & got here - soaking wet - at 6 P.M. It sleeted that night & snowed in the morning & I couldn't help but think what my mother missed by being spared such a trip.

Was glad to see Kenneth's name in the paper and am wondering how the fear-ful little freshman is managing to keep out of the way of the awful Soph's.

I hope Mary can find a highbrow joint that is swell enough for her before the week is over.

Will have to cancel my relations with the Register staff. —Notice the abbrevav on the enclosed mailing slip.

All I am worring about just now is that you will have the telephone taken out — Please don't I am going to talk to you some day.

With Love. Merle

Bohemia Sept. 16, 1914

Dear Josie: -

I see by the paper tonight that "Mr. McMurphey's big Mitchell had no trouble in climbing the mountain" but it doesn't say that the stage horses furnished the motive power. Two of the party, Dr. Lucle Franc Hard & Miss Helen Johnson, did not return on Sunday and are still up here - I guess that it is too stormy for them to leave the house. Sunday evening the 2 young ladies, the cooks, Charley & I had quite a concert & good time around the stove. Charley played his mandoline.

The weather is still fierce - it snowed hard all day yesterday & rained pitchforks, accompanied with a high wind that blew down several trees in this neighborhood, today. I fear that I will have to invest in a pair of boots or call on my sick insurance - I won't have to buy a slicker tho. I am trying to put off getting the boots until next month as I have received an overdraft notice from the bank that I cannot account for. I will send a postoffice order to the bank tomorrow together with my bank book & want you to call for it at the bank Saturday. While you are in the bank, please get me a couple of pencils & mail them with the bank book not later than Sunday afternoon. — Get me?

Tell mother that I am watching every mail for that bundle — for I have only one — with me & haven't had that off since I have been up here. Sometimes it (____) gets slightly wet.

Thus shall the orders & commands come to an end.

With love,
Merle

Please forward to Willetta, then I wish to keep it.

Bohemia, 9/27/14

Mary will send things and letter from Willetta tomorrow.

Dear Mother: -

I forgot to say that the box of two weeks ago was very satisfactory — exact fits. The package which I received Fri. was full of comfort, usefulness, & pleasure. The needles will certainly come in handy & tell Josie that the candy was (or is) fine.

I certainly like to hear from & to think of home, of the dear mother that loves me & that I can love - especially when the old man is around & abusing me. I dreamt last night of being in the penitentiary & not being allowed to talk at the table - I wonder what Caused that dream. I just simply am afraid to look at Mr. Hard.

We had a beautiful Indian Summer last week — with the exception of Sat. Friday morning (on the way up to the mine) we saw the most wonderful sight that man ever beheld. The valleys & low mountains were covered with fog. The fog was level clear out to the ocean - over perhaps all of Lane Co. The tops of 14 or 15 mountains were sticking out. They looked just like islands - some rocky, some cliffs, some wooded - one or two whale-backed. On some of these islands we could see the waves breaking & the spray splashing. The greater distance away the snowy white fog looked blue (similar to ocean water a far off). It was simply magnificent & facinating — about 4 or 5 times on the way up the crowd of miners (& I) had to stop & turn around to gaze (fairly enchanted) at the sight.

We have lots of sport with the old engineer who is writing to 6 of the patrons of the matrimony bureaus. One night we nearly split our sides over what he said. He is getting old & a little bit childish, tho in dead earnest in what he says. He want to

be sure that "them widers" are not wanting to get married to save hiring a man. They have to promise to support him before he will talk business. He wants them to set him up in a machine shop & he doesn't mind to get married if he can profit by it.

Today the weather was fine, so I (alone) climbed to the top of Mt. Bohemia which is 6,082 ft high, the highest in the Calipooia range. A person is above everthing & with a cloudless sky can see about everything. I could see plainly Mt Hood, Three Sisters, Diamond Peak - the nearest the largest & grandest, Mt Scott, Mt. Adams, Mt. Bailey, Mt. Cowhorn, the top of Mt. Shasta, etc. - making in all about a dozen or 13 distinct peaks. To the east you can see mts. north of Mt Hood (probably in Wash.), to the south mts. in Calif., including Mt Shasta, to the west the Coast range, mountains in 3 states.

Lovingly, Merle

Bohemia 11-19-14

Dear Mother: -

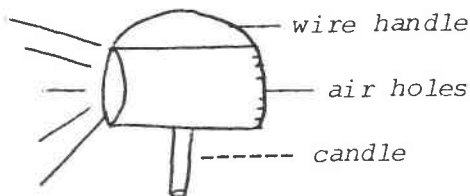
Yours of 16 received tonight. Also got a deposit of \$25 from bank - great time to hear from it. Now I will have to bum a First National check from F J (who arrived tonight) & check it to you. I wanted to send a money order to R Mc but the old man says I'll have to wait — what do you know about that. One of the miners the other night asked for an order of \$54.40 & they simply wrote it out without any hesitation but can't give me \$5.00 without a month's notice. About the journalism "I will think about it." I think this assaying business is just one of Chas's pipe dreams, but I can make him come to it if I decide to take it up. (Something has happened just now that makes me feel like I cannot write any more & I would rather die than to ask for a blank check)



Vesuvius Mine winter scene, ca. 1921 Willette Smith collection, Lane County Museum

Mamma, please take care of yourself & be sure & plan to spend next winter in Calif. Was going to phone you Sunday but cannot now as long as _____ is here.

I ran the engine 2 nights this week but we shut the mill down - day shifts only, now, I, however, get up before 5 AM & fire the big boiler up, then I helped the wood cutter fall a 20 cord tree after breakfast. As soon as I got him where he could handle it I went up in the mill and helped Roberts crush rocks etc until he was fixed up then climbed $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles & ran the tram until after dark. Imagine me coming down the crooked mountain road in the dark, swinging a "bug" in one hand, dinner bucket in the other & a pistol in my right hand pocket. A "bug" is a very useful thing among the Bohemians. It consist of a tin can & a candle



Please send me a check book & if you want that \$25 right away better see Uncle Pliny, but above all take good care of yourself.

Goodnight
Merle

Bohemia Dec 2, '14

My dear Mother: -

Your welcome letters received this evening. Pardon for not thanking you for the flowers before. I enjoyed them & still have them in my room. We don't see many flowers or hear much music around here. Wish we had the old graphone up here.

I wish that you would call on Clerk McMurphey and get the things out of my private draw - which is the upper left hand draw - also get a few letter heads & envelopes for soveigners, my cards and big check book - I want it for a record (the stubbs). Thanks for the blank checks, but I am sorry to say that the Hards have put me off until the 10th but if \$10.00 will do you any good go ahead & fill out the for said amount amount. I hope to send a check to the bank (next mail) for at least \$35.00 - my nov salary. I'm not the only fellow that is having trouble getting any money.

On thanksgiving day I ran the Tram all day & ate dinner with the miners outside the tunnel house in the sun. In the evening as I came out the house, Straight in front of me loomed old Bohemia over which the new moon & the evening star shone. Before I got down to the Camp night had "drawn her heavy curtains light" & the heavens were sparkling with stars. Friday morning I had the fire under the boiler by 5 A.M. & 60 lbs of steam to blow the whistle on at 6:15. After breakfast I put some wood down the chute until Char. came up to get me to fire the boiler because the "expert" foreman who was substituting that day was unable to keep steam up. It was threating rain. At 12:30 I started up to run the tram. By the time I got up there it had started to snow. It snowed up at the mine all afternoon. The wind was blowing the snow up hill. On the way down it snowed in my face & I could hardly keep my bug lit. Sat. it snowed & blew all day. The miners broke the trail & I followed. Sunday morning about 1 ft of snow. Sunday night about 2½ ft of snow. Great to watch the storm all day. Mon. morning broke trail again. Helped wood-cutter fall a "giant of the forest" after digging out & carrying in a cord of wood to the boiler room.

Took shovel & cleaned out wood chute — waded in snow waist deep. When I went up to run tram in afternoon the trail was almost filled up with snow as it was at night 1 hr after miners had come down. Did not snow Tues. ran tram all day. Mt range not very pretty because wind had blown all snow off of trees. Snowed about 8 or 10 inches today - big flakes & almost straight down. Had to stop at one of the water wheels on way down tonight & had to wade thru fresh snow, I would have to pick my way for some times I would get into snow where I couldn't reach bottom & would have to back out & try another way. In the room where I run the tram the snow sifts thru the cracks in the wall & I have to keep it swept off the floor etc. — some days I can make tracks on floor in 5 minutes afterwards. The bottom of the "trail" (up to the mine) is now 2 feet above the ground with the snow 1 ft & over (high) on the sides — therefore when you step off the trail you go into 3 ft of snow. They say that when it starts to thaw that walking on the trail is just like walking the plank - it being higher than the rest. The air in a small deep hole is delicate blue color.

About Christmas - I don't know. Three possiblities: home to stay, home on a visit, at Bohemia on the 25th. A number are talking about leaving - the weather prevents continuation of their jobs. There is not more than 3 days run of wood cut for the mill & it is getting almost too cold to handle the (wet) ore - it freezes overnight in the bins, & has to be thawed out of the tram buckets with a steam hose. The buckets almost drag in the snow. Its owing to what kind of job I can get after the mill shuts down. I will probably have to turn miner. Wet from head to foot with water every day & use a good deal of dynamite.

The cooks (widow & daughter) are

leaving tomorrow & a little Jap came up tonight to take their place. We have 14 men in camp now.

Mail contract is signed - mail every Wed begining with today until 1st of May

With lots of love
Merle

Bohemia 12-9-14

My Dear Mother: -

Yours & Willetta's received tonight. I read the sad news of Mr. Morris' death last week. Will send Mrs. M. a note this mail. This makes the third member of Eugene Camp that have passed on since I came up. When you mention finances it makes me sorry & indignant. Last Sunday Chas told me that he couldn't let me have my money the 10th but could let me have "all I wanted—etc.—etc." (about last of Dec.). Last Thursday Mr. Hard & the Mill man made a "clean-up" — scraped the plater & gathered the rest of the gold up, which he will send to the Denver mint. Several hundred dollars. Chas. told me tonight that he could let me have \$10.00 & I thot that I would send it because it was so near Christmas.

It has almost quit snowing now altho it has snowed every day & night since thanksiving. I ran out of ore this afternoon at 2:30 and came down the mountain, taking 2 photos as I came. The trail is just like going up 3 or 4 thousand feet of steps over a glittering white stairway decorated with snowy white fir trees & logs.

May be I will be home the 17th as it look very much like the mill will not run longer than 17th or 19th. Don't know whether I can stay up all winter. It will certainly be a roustabout job - work in mine - get wet, then come out & split wood in the wood shed standing in 2 ft of snow etc. & probably no money. The hard

times are not felt very much up here yet but we hear a good deal about it. The newest man on the job works for \$2 per day and pay \$7 per week for board leaving \$5 p. w or \$.53 per day - just think of it - couldn't get any other job - works all day cutting wood & standing in 3 ft of snow. Am neglecting writing Willetta because I hope to see her pretty quick.

With Love
Merle

I REMEMBER WHEN - Interviews and reminiscences from those who were there

by Lois Barton

The following excerpts from letters and interviews with miners, freighters, cooks and others who have worked "at the mines" gives a picture of life in an earlier day from a personal experience point of view.

Dr. William Oglesby crossed the plains with his family in 1853 at the age of 16 years, driving an ox team and taking his turn at standing watch. In the spring of 1854 the family took up a donation claim on Row River (now known at the Layng place) where W.W. split rails to fence the farm. He helped on the farm and studied until he was 24, then he worked in the mines in Bohemia and in California. In 1865 he married Sarah Jane Morrison. They moved to Benton County where his wife died in 1869 when their little daughter, Anna, was less than four years old. In 1872 Dr. Oglesby went to California and married Sarah Jane's sister Nancy.

He continued his medical practice and studies and received his degree from Willamette University in Salem in 1877.

After several years in eastern Oregon they moved back to Cottage Grove and then to Junction City where he was mayor for a term. Back in Cottage Grove in 1889 he continued to practice medicine and served as mayor in 1894 and was city health officer from 1907 - 1919. He died in 1920 shortly before his 84th birthday.

The following account was written by his daughter, Anna.

FIRST TRIP TO BOHEMIA

by Annie Oglesby Graham

(Copy provided by Donna Allen)

My first trip into the Bohemia District was made in the summer of 1893. In company with my friend, Miss Lola (Lottie) Johnston of Eugene, now Mrs. W. Carlton Smith of Salem, we left Cottage Grove on the stage early in the morning. This stage was driven to the old warehouse by George Whitsett. Among other passengers were Boone Shortridge of C. G., and Matt Brady of San Francisco, bound for the mines.

It took all day long to reach the warehouse but we were rewarded by the beauty of the scenery.

Next day we were provided with horses which we rode to the "City", as it was then called, arriving there shortly

after noon, though it was only about ten miles from the warehouse.

Here we were met by the writer's father, Dr. Oglesby, who had engaged a cabin for us. This cabin was a veritable bower of beauty, being decorated in honor of our arrival, by the miners, with large bouquets of Bohemia lilies. These lilies are famous for their fragrance and beauty.

Each day we were invited to a different camp for dinner. Miners vied with one another to entertain us. At the Musick boarding house, Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Thornton were in charge. Another day we were at the cabin of A. E. and Mrs. Davis of Los Angeles. At



Dr. Wm. Oglesby & Anna Oglesby Graham (daughter) at Sharps Creek camp, 1914. Sprinkle photo

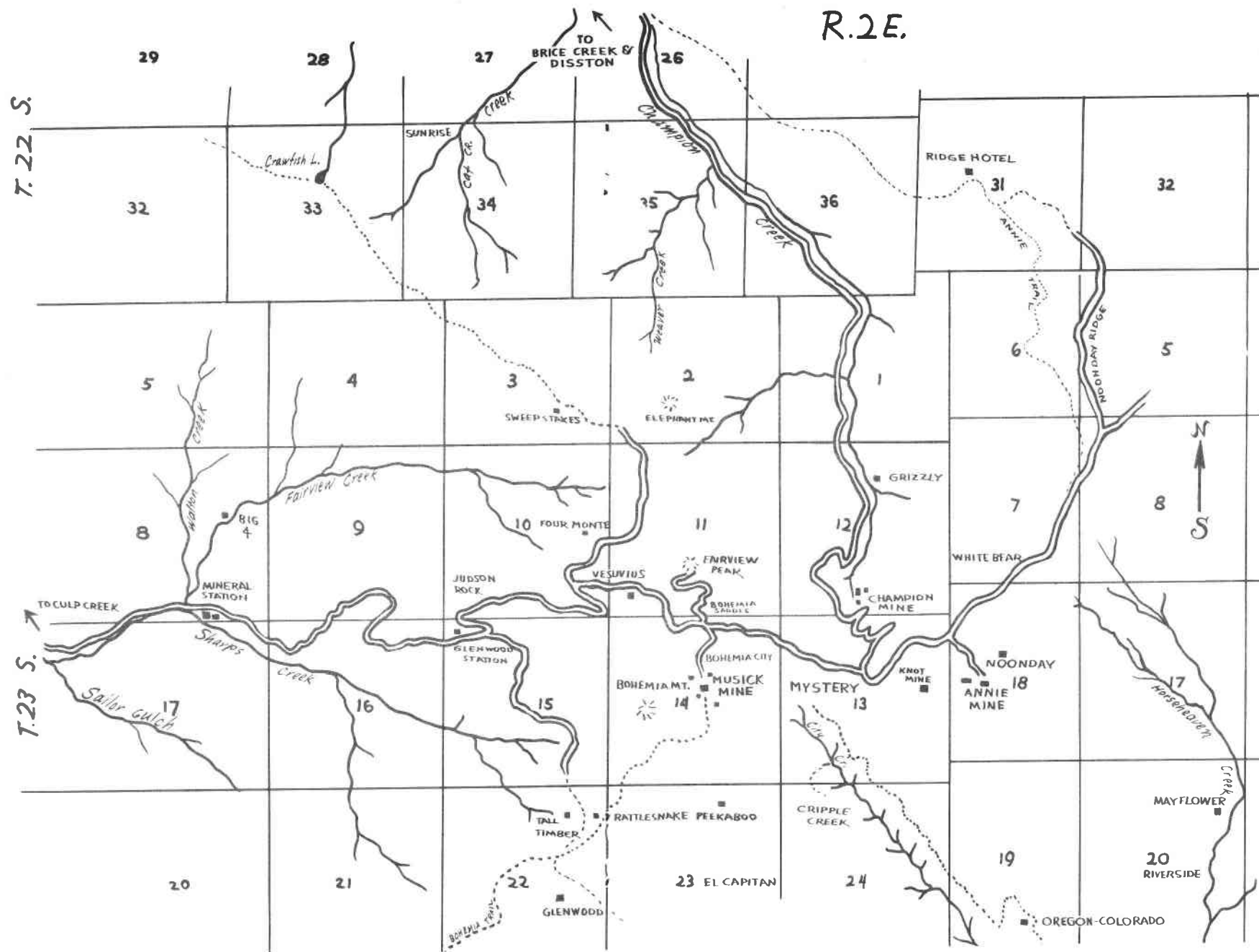
that time Mr. Davis was superintendent of Musick Mine. We spent one day at the camp of Griffith, Jones and Reed; and on another day, we rode over to the Annie on Grouse Mountain.

Miss Johnston was one of the sweetest singers I ever heard and the mining men flocked to the camp from miles around to hear her sing. We were said to be the first young ladies to visit the mines and were the first to climb to the top of Bohemia Mountain.

When we visited the big stamp mill then in operation at the Musick, all the

men stopped working and gathered about us. No two queens could have been treated more royally. At last the superintendent called Dr. Oglesby aside and said, "Doc, you'd better take the girls back to town. I can't get any work out of the men while they're here." The next day, the doctor made a big strike in the Washerwoman; and about four o'clock in the afternoon, informed us we were to start for home!

In sorrow we went to the mill to tell our friends good bye. They had learned we were leaving, and when we entered



MAP OF BOHEMIA MINING AREA

the mill, not a man looked up or smiled and we noticed that each one wore a black band around his arm. We learned later, the lining of a coat had provided the badge of mourning over our departure!

We left the mine on horseback. When down the mountain about nine miles, bound for the warehouse, we were confronted with fire on the narrow trail. It would soon be dark on the trail, and it was too late to turn back; we had no provisions or blankets. To proceed

meant to ride through the fire. We begged to go back to the mine but the doctor investigated and found that the fire was burning only in intervals for a quarter mile. He believed that by riding fast we could make it. One false step could mean plunging many feet below. Riding Charlie, the black horse familiar to many old timers, Doctor led the way, instructing us to use the whip and pray. In a short time we had passed safely through the burning area. The Horses' feet were badly signed. We reached the warehouse with no further problems and were none the worse for our thrilling experience.

Dr. Oglesby's great niece, Dorothy Sprinkle, wrote of her Bohemia experience in a letter November 17, 1978, as follows:

"In 1933 when I was a small child, my mother Annie Myrtle Cole Laud and father, Leroy Laud, took me mining along Sharps Creek and Culp Creek for the summer. It was the depression and my father, knowing the past history of the Bohemia mines, felt the prospects for panning gold would be profitable. We lived in a tent and my father built a sluice box and a rocker. My sister and I would take turns shoveling gravel and sand from the creek bed into the rocker, looking for "flake gold". We made enough from the gold we found to feed and clothe our family. My father never gave up looking for the "mother vein" of

gold.

It holds many happy memories for my sister Maxine and I. I can taste the biscuits my mother made in a dutch oven set down in the hot coals of our camp fire, and the venison jerky my father made by leaning venison ribs on stakes by the campfire to dry and smoke."

An earlier letter, 11-3-1978, states, "My great grandfather was wagon master for the wagon train that brought some of the first people to Lane Co. He is William Oglesby, father of Dr. William Oglesby. They came by ox team in 1853." (See LCH, Vol. XXVI, p 21)

from an interview with Signe Pitcher of Disston, 8-17-1978

...“I came from Sweden and lived with my uncle (Alex Lundberg) at the Musick. I was about 17. Uncle had a home in Disston too. He had a pack train and hauled supplies to the miners. He carried the mail up Champion Creek. Some of his patrons on Champion Creek were John R. Smith and John Kaufman, and Bugs Lilly who lived down below the Musick.

I used to help him pack up those horses. And then you'd tie their tails to the ropes and string them out, and they would follow one another all the way. Sometimes they would get into yellow jackets nests and that would stir things up. Uncle Alex was one of the packers who hauled those bricks-gold bricks-to the bank. They had water running over some kind of canvas to catch the gold. Then they would somehow get it together to make bricks.



Common sight in Musick camp, a Forest Service burro between pack trips Beisner photo

My husband's grandparents homesteaded about 4 miles down the river from Disston and she used to go up to the mines and cook. Wilbur Pitcher was my husband. The Annie mine was where his grandmother, Mrs. Kerr cooked lots of times. Then my husband's parents, when he was tiny, used to go up there and his mother would cook and his father would work for the miners. That's the way he grewed up. That was Ella and Ben Pitcher.

Later, I used to visit a friend at what we called Green Rock, up about 3-4 miles from the Champion Creek Bridge. We used to go hunting, just my friend and I. We got a buck one time and the men wouldn't believe us. (James and Ferdinand Miller) I had left my sweater on a bush near the kill to mark the place. Finally they went and brought it in.

When I was staying with the Lundbergs at the Musick there used to be lots of huckleberries. Just buckets full. You'd can 'em up there and bring 'em out for pie and fruit. We used to go out for a little while and pick what we wanted and not go far from the cabin at that. We'd make pies and the miners would come along. You know they could smell a pie from a mile away. Uncle Alex had a cow up there one summer in the '40s. We had whipped cream on our pie that year."

Editors note: Ray Nelson was at the Musick when Signe arrived from Sweden. - "A tall blonde girl, couldn't speak a word of English."



Mrs. Miller and Signe Pitcher with their buck. Pitcher photo

*from an interview with Bill Bartels of Cottage Grove,
taped 5-9-1978*

I worked first at the old Star Mine on Pudding Rock Creek. That was about 1915. I was in school yet and I had to work up there in the summer. Boys couldn't get a job, you know. I was just in grade school yet. Fred (older brother) started up the Star mine. Then he bought Johnny Graber out at the Evening Star. Fred and Joe Thompson shipped quite a lot of ore from there. Sometimes they got \$5,000.00 out of one car load on \$20 gold.

Fred was the darnedest guy you ever saw. Money didn't mean too much to him but I always maintained he could

smell gold underground six feet deep. He was a pretty good miner.

The stage brought our food supplies up Sharps Creek to Dean's cabin and unloaded the sugar and some canned goods and some bacon and ham. So Fred said, "See, we have a sack of sugar here. We'll have to come back and get it."

I said, "No. I'll pack the damned thing up there." You know, from Dean's cabin to the Star. 100 pounds! I got it up there, but I tell you it darn near killed me. It kep' a workin' down, gettin' low on my legs. I was only about 15-16 years old. I was pretty strong, though.

We moved a 5-stamp mill from the Star mine to the Evening Star. I never will forget that job. We had to tear that thing apart at the Star Mine and drag it to the top of the hill. I never worked so hard for nothin' in my life. I was just a boy. I didn't get any pay.

We had to tear the Star mine down. We'd built a tramway up there. Had to drag that cable down. So Fred and I, we'd get about 200-300 feet apart—depending on the hill - and drag it, and then go back and drag another section. We were dragging about 1500 feet. We done that damn thing for about a month!

Jim Sears was quite a man to tell stories in the evening. He worked there. Had a mine down below—the Yellow Jacket group. He'd keep you entertained pretty near every night. Just imagination. Ghost stories. He'd read these books and kinda make up stories from there.

Burt Lawton was a man—got drunk one day. They couldn't find him for a while, about a week. He'd been dead by the side of a log down the hill there a ways. Just got drunk and —.

This Smitty, Bohemia Smitty, the one that got us started—he kept comin' in the butcher shop and talking to Fred about taking the Star mine over.

Once Fred bought a 25-horse diesel from the Cottage Grove Sand and Gravel Co. Had to tear it down to get it up to Bohemia. In them days the roads wasn't what they got now. So they got the diesel all put together at the Evening Star. And they worked and they worked and they couldn't get it started. Four or five of them worked on it. I was splittin' wood up at the house. Fred said, "Bill, d'ya think you could start that thing?" I said, "God, Fred, I don't know. You're the engineer." They worked for over a week on it. So that night I got the book out and I got to readin' the book. So I got to studying while I was sleeping that night, - what things I

oughta do. The next day at noon when they came up to get their dinner — they was all pooped out—been tryin' to turn that big wheel and get it goin'—I stepped down there and fired up the blow torch and put it under the pin that starts it. Then I adjusted the flapper valves a little bit, give her a crank and it started. They all left the dinner table and came down that hill miles an hour.

"What did you do to it?"

"I don't know, but it's runnin'."

"You got the job from now on!"

We had to chop the timber all out by hand for the buildings at the Evening Star. We got the one-inch lumber from the old mines around there.

We used to play with the tram car on the switchback track (Musick to Champion tram) We'd push it by hand up to the Evening Star and ride back down by gravity. Mahon built that, you know, to haul ore from the Music to the Champion. That was before my time.



Bohemia Smitty, Bartels collection, Lane County Museum

I gotta tell you a story about Charlie Nordstrom. He worked at the Musick a long time. he had a girl friend up in Seattle. She'd write him a letter every so often. He'd go down about once a week to pick up a letter. He'd say, "I gotta go get a case of eggs." We knew was he was after. He'd pack those eggs the whole way up there from Disston. We all laughed about that.

We bought the Champion from H & H. When we were getting ready to start it up we bought three diesel engines from the ship yards in Portland. We moved them to Eugene and had them overhauled, then took them to the mine. We couldn't get the damned things to run. Finally, (they were building the dam at Dorena) we went down to see those engineers, thinking they might know sumpin' about it. So they said, "Yeah, we'll come up." You know what was the matter? Had 'em set for high altitude and they went right off.

In the old days when the miners came to town they spent money. I was shinin' shoes in the barbershop. Jim Ostrander had the shop right there where Sears Roebuck is—an old wooden building. It was my job to scrub the bath tub. The miners used to go to the barbershop to

get baths, and I had to scrub the tub out. Boy, some of 'em'd be dirty. Two bits for a bath. Curt McKosky had a bath tub too.

One time four or five of us went down from the Evening Star to the Vesuvius to get the groceries the stage had brought up. The others climbed straight up the gully to the saddle, but I was carryin' the meat and I decided to go around. I had 30-40 pounds of meat and I set down to rest. I turned around and a cougar went a-a-u-r-r-gh, just like a woman, you know. I shook my head and I looked up, and boy, I got goin! The others was ahead of me. I passed 'em and I never said a word until I got in the Evening Star cookhouse. When I saw that critter I had to think fast. I said, "Well, I can't go down hill-he'd outrun me. Or up the hill-he'd outrun me. If I throw him the meat he might jump me too. I'll hit for the cabin!"

Used to be an all-day trip to the mines in a wagon. Fred finally got an old Dodge. We had to stop about four times to put water in the radiator to get up the hill. Dad Bartels was always stopping to take the rocks or trees out of the road. One night we had to use seven or eight sticks of dynamite to move a big boulder.



Champion camp from mine to mill. Watkins photo

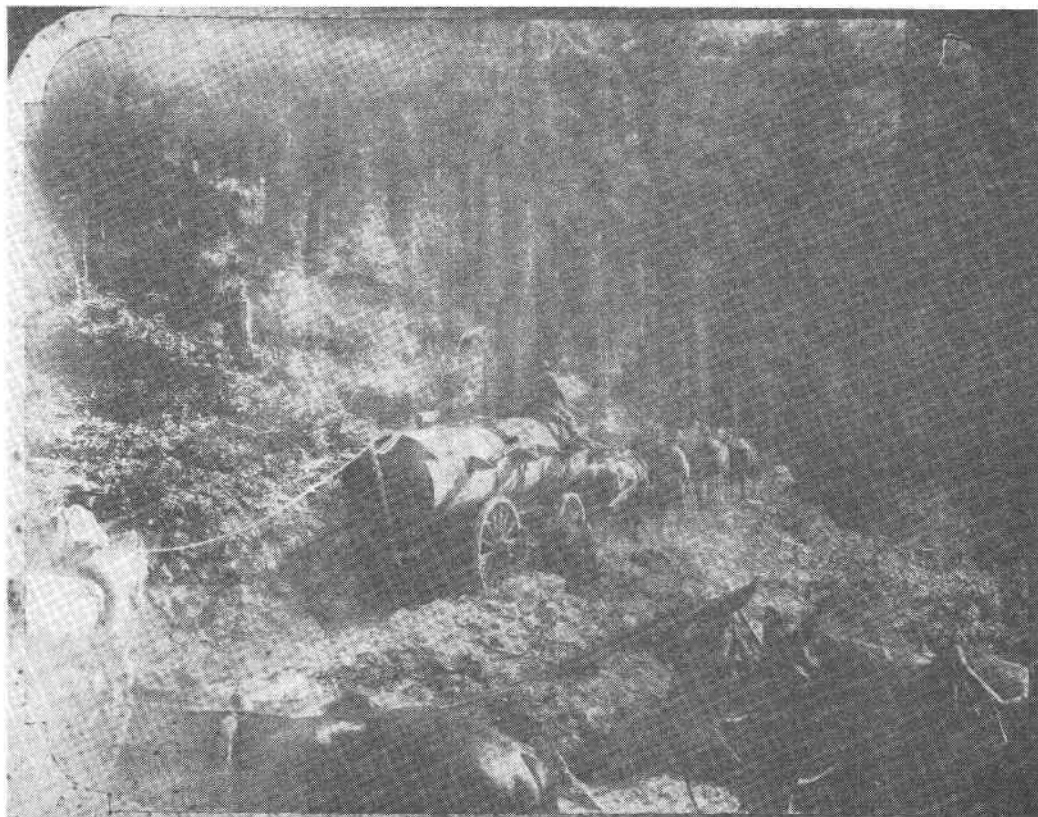
interview with Bill Patten 7-13-1978

My dad, Jasper Patten worked at the Vesuvius in the 1890s. Worked there for seven or eight years, I guess. Once he came to town briefly to hire some men to work there. One of them stayed the night at his home, where Mrs. Patten complained that he looked like a suspicious character. Events later showed that he had robbed the mail in N.Y.C., come west, and was later apprehended by a postal detective at the breakfast table at the Musick mine. While every body was eatin' breakfast this guy walked up behind the thief and said, "You're losing your hanky." The thief reached behind himself to check his hip pocket and the detective had the handcuffs on him just like that.

Jasper Patten came to Oregon from Kansas in 1887. He was born in Illinois. Mother was born in New Jersey and they were married in Kansas. They moved to Oregon and never went back. There wasn't a good drink of water in the whole state of Kansas.

I first went up to the mines when I was about two years old. in 1900. We camped in a tent at the Noonday for quite a while. Then I went up there on my own in the late '20s. I "built" that road from Glenwood down to Mineral. I'm the guy who paid. That was one of the tangles I got into with a partner, Lilligren, and Henry Bruno, an ex-convict. He was a real sharp operator.

And I built that one from Glenwood



Glenwood switchback on the old wagon road up Sharps Creek. Bartels photo

'round to the President,—out of my expense account. I had a stamp mill at the President. In 1947 we had that big snow slide. Everything slipped from the top of the mountain in there. It took my stamp mill and everything out clean. It took all my rigging. I had enough ore exposed over there I figured there was enough to pay for the road to go in there. After the slide I didn't have enough money to go ahead.

When I built the Sharps Creek road I got a permit from the Forest Service to close it off for one year. It was an old wagon road. There was places where it wasn't wide enough for the cat to move without shootin' it out. I had an air compressor up there. One day Radio Ray and another fellow came—wanted to get by. There wasn't no place to pull the cat out. I told them, "The road's posted. Go 'round by the Champion." I hadn't but got started and here come first the State Police, then a deputy sheriff, then the game commission—all the law in the county! Radio Ray sent them up there!

Fred Bartels was workin' over at the Noonday (actually the Evening Star -Ed.). Figured on stayin' in there all winter. Come an early snow and you couldn't get in there. We was packin' their supplies from down below Glenwood on snowshoes. Well, there was some heavy stuff they really needed, chemicals and stuff for the mill. The Hobi boys that had the first airport here in Eugene had a brand new six passenger plane. We saw it would be a real job for us to take 75, maybe 100 pound loads on skis or snowshoes. I said to Fred, "Hell, Hobi down there's got that plane. Why don't we get him to bring it in?" He wanted \$25. Wouldn't hardly even pay for the gas.

They no sooner got started than the fog blew in. We started a diesel fire for a smoke signal. They come in and made the drop all right. We could see one parcel landed clear over close to

Bohemia. Another one lay up on the side of Grouse mountain. I went up and found that. Came down in a yellow box about a foot long—about 4-5 inches square. Had signs all over it, "CAUTION DO NOT DROP" They only dropped it about 2000 feet. It was down about 8-9 feet in the snow—busted wide open.

There was people calling up—my Dad called me-makin' a big noise about people starving up there—a woman and 5 or 6 people starving to death. And, hell, we was running the mill 24 hours a day. People down there in Eugene was going to come up here and rescue us—people who can't even walk on a paved road, let alone in all that snow.

We built the road from Number 9 at the Champion up to the saddle in 1930-31. The county left so much money and the West Coast Mining Co. had so much money. I run the jackhammer. Ed Jenks was a blacksmith. Howard Hunt and Charlie Larson and Oscar McAllister was on the crew.

Old Ed Jenks was an extremely smart man. That guy had some engineering degrees. He had lawyer degrees, and he had mathematics second to none. He got here around '16. He left \$1000 in escrow for his mother. He owned five houses and lots here in Cottage Grove and he owned that whole block where the Standard station is, garage and all. He had \$350,000 in property in Chicago. He left \$25,000 to the University for the Math department, \$25,000 to an orphan home, and he had \$25,000 in a checking account here.

He was a genius, old Ed. Swede Johnson was going to high school and he got to talking to a prof. about a math problem. The prof. said, "There's only one sure way you can work this problem and get the right answer." So Swede got Ed Jenks on it and Jenks said, "There's only one short cut and it doesn't come out quite right. That guy better go back to school. There is three more ways to

work it and get the right answer."

You'd never know it to look at him. See him up there on the hill, he had a pair of suspenders made out of an inner-tube. You wouldn't think he had a nickel to his name, but he was sharp. He started out in Illinois as an engineer. He took a contract in Pennsylvania and went broke. So he come out to Colorado. Got into mining there. Thought he was doing all right. Went to court on a deal

and got beat on a case he should have won. Decided if he was going to do any good he had to be a lawyer so he went to law school. Then he came west. He stayed at the Noonday. Brought four or five miners with him from Colorado. He put them underground and then he went down and set the mill up and ran it by himself.

He said one time, "Well, I lost the first two, but I didn't lose this one."

SIX MAROONED IN SNOWBOUND MINING CAMP FOG TURNS BACK PLANE WITH FOOD FLYERS ARE "MODERN ST. BERNARDS"! FLAMING BEACON GUIDES AVIATOR TO STARVING SIX

So screamed the headlines. Here is the text of a Medford Daily News story.

EUGENE, ORE., Jan. 20, 1932 (UP) Guided by a flaming barrel of oil, a plane piloted by Herman Hobi penetrated a dense fog mantling a mountain in the Bohemia district and dropped food late today to six snowbound persons at the Evening Star Mine.

The fog defeated four previous attempts to bring aid to the five men and a woman. By forest telephone the miners declared yesterday their provisions were almost exhausted. The party isolated by the greatest fall of snow in years consists of Fred Bartels, mine manager, Mr. and Mrs. William Patten, John Hawkinson, Lester Powers and Hugh Doolittles.

On previous rescue attempts yesterday and today the plane from Eugene was unable to locate the camp in the dense fog, which extended to 15,000 feet elevation.

The miners danced around their flare when the airship swooped over them today. Enough food to last several weeks was "delivered" at the door of their cabin - only the roof of which projects out of the snow.

An unidentified Eugene paper notes that, "Meanwhile the Eugene Obsidians, whose rescue parties have succored more than one lost or stranded refugee in the Cascade Mountains, were standing by ready to go by ski and snowshoe in case the clouds again keep the plane from reaching its objective. . ."

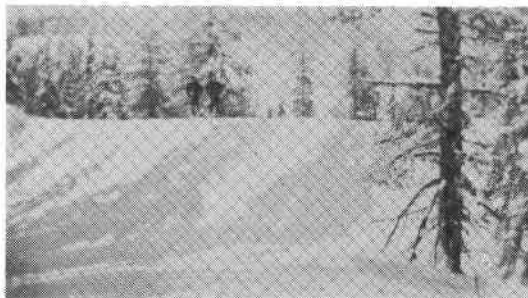
Supplies were similarly flown in to the Noonday mine a time or two when Ken Watkins was in charge there. Ed.

from an interview with John Carr at Culp Creek 2-22-1979.

Babe and I were married in September of 1939. We lived at the Musick that year. We were at the Musick till after Christmas, and then we moved down to the Champion. I worked in that winz at the Musick that Watkins was putting down. I worked in a crosscut over at the Noonday for a while. That was for H & H. Then I worked on the 1050 level on the Champion. I finished out the winter. We lived in that old house that was up there on the switchback at the Champion. When the snow got real deep we moved into that old apartment house right up above,

across the road from the main bunkhouse.

In this winz we'd ride buckets up and down, about eight feet. It was an old barrel with ears on it, that rode on the ladder. One man or two at a time. Babe and I both rode it at the same time. and they put their dull steel in that. One time a guy put the steel in and climbed in the bucket too, and the steel fouled in the ladder and up-ended the bucket. He went up the line-hung onto the line and got out. It was a pretty dangerous thing. I don't think they would allow it now days.



Skiers on the roof of Noonday Mine bunkhouse, winter 1935
Beisner photo

MY FIRST TRIP TO BOHEMIA

by Nettie Gawley

I first went up there in July, 1907. There were eight of us in our party, one man with his wife drove the team and wagon. The rest of us walked. We left Cottage Grove on Sunday morning, spent the night at Disston. Went on the next day and camped at the forks of the road near the mouth of the Champion Creek where the road to the Noonday Mine started up the mountain. The Champion road followed the canyon to the Champion Mine. We made camp on the broad flat near the stamp mill. And the noise of that mill was beyond

description. It was impossible to talk in there as no one could hear you.

There were 25 stamps all working, crushing that ore as it came from the mine. It was crushed to a fine powder. The water came down thru the stamps and carried the crushed ore with the gold over a large plate which was coated with quick silver. The man that did the assaying came one day with some balls of the mixture and it was so heavy I could not hold it. The gold was separated from the mercury and made into a brick. The balance of the sand



Stamp mill, Champion mine. Note covered tramway down which Nettie and her friends walked, at upper left. Courtesy Lane County Museum

went out and was stored as concentrates. Later it would be sent to the smelter and get more gold. The entire plant was electrically operated. The mine company built a dam across Brice creek above Lund park and the water was flumed to the power house where it ran the generator. There was two very tragic things happened there and at the stamp mill site. The man that worked nights at the power house had his family there in a house. There was his wife, two boys and his mother living with them. One night his wife prepared his midnight lunch and left the house to take it to him. The house caught fire, the mother and one boy escaped but the other boy perished in the fire.

At a location only a few steps from the stamp mill, the assayer and his bride were living in a small house. She went away for several days and he was batching in the house. One morning after he had breakfast he filled a pot and put beans on to cook for his dinner. At that altitude water would boil at a

much lower temperature. He left for work at the stamp mill and never went back till it was time to eat. When he went out his house was just a pile of ashes. It had burned down with everything in it.

We would take the horses. Some would ride and others hold onto their tails when we had a steep hill to climb. We went by the Crystal mine up the ridge to the summit of Fairview and then back to camp, or over onto another peak.

One evening we decided to go up to the boarding house, which was up a long steep grade, to visit the cook and her helper. We knew them both. The cook was Mrs. Redford.

One time the manager of the Champion mine came out to Disston on his way to Cottage Grove. He arrived in Disston and had to wait there until the train came about 3 p.m. He had a gold brick in a sack. He took it over to the mill office, laid it on the floor and went



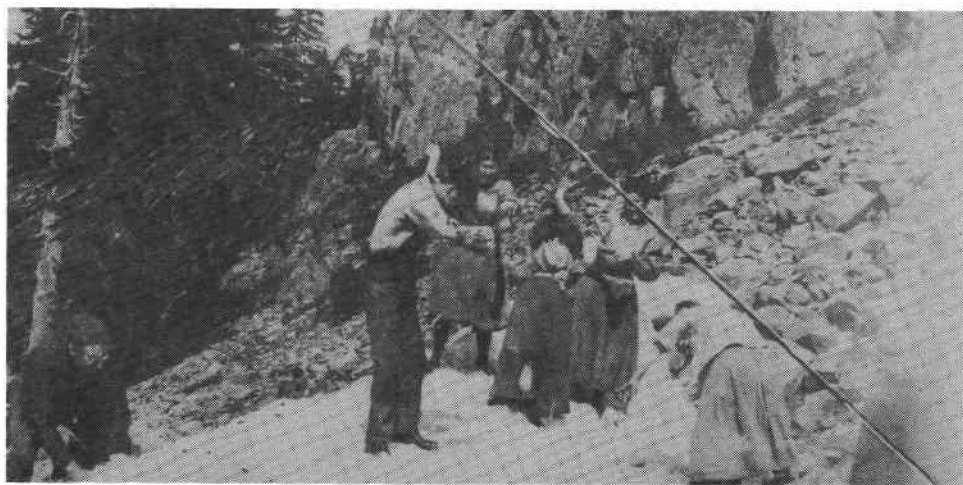
Champion cookhouse, 1908. Mine boss and his wife; Mrs. Redford (the cook) and her daughter on the porch. Man at horses head is a mining student from NY. Nettie Gawley on horse in lower left corner, her cousin Lottie on the other one. Gawley photo

out to talk to someone. Robert Gawley went into the office, took the gold brick out and held it in his hands, then put it back into the sack.

When we started back someone suggested that we go down the tramway instead of the long way by the road. That tramway went from the mine down to the stamp mill. It was all lit up and operated by electricity, so we did. It was 300 steps—each as far as one could step. Very steep and with nothing to hold on-

to. We were sure sorry we chose to go that way, but we could not go back and went on. We never tried that again.

Another time we went to the top of Bohemia mountain. Near the top we came to a bank of snow—so we stopped and played in the snow. Farther up around a turn in the trail was a huge rock cliff. Father said, "You go out on that rock and I'll take your picture." We just walked out onto the rock and I sat down because the height was too much for me. I still have that picture.



Morss family snowballing on Bohemia Mt., July 26, 1908. Gawley photo

from an interview with Frank Jones taped 3-13-1980

One year when I had the mail route from Cottage Grove to Disston—we moved up there then—to Red Bridge. I carried it from there up to the Vesuvius. That one year, was it '19 when they had that twenty-two feet of snow? We was married in '16. It was the worst snow storm they ever had. From Red Bridge to the foot of the hill there was six-seven feet of snow. You couldn't even take the horses up. There was a post office at Champion Camp and at Vesuvius at the same time. Two different carriers went the different routes.

I freighted up there for seven or eight years to the Evening Star. Harley Harms and I hauled freight for Fred Bartel. Then I hauled a lot of freight for the Vesuvius mines for F.J. Hard. Harms and I used a four-horse team and wagon to pack in to the Evening Star, up by way of Mineral and past the Vesuvius. Bartels were running the mine then and got a lot more supplies than the Vesuvius did. We never went clear to the Evening Star. We unloaded on a push car that ran on rails over to Bartels from up there near the Musick.



Electric train between Musick and Champion saddles. This track carried supplies to the Evening Star when Frank Jones and others brought them up Sharps Creek. Bartels photo

At Mineral there was a guy, great big man. He stuttered when he talked. He had a great big house and an enormous barn. It would hold 40-50 horses. Whenever I'd take the mail from Red Bridge I'd stop there. I'd go in and eat my lunch. He'd have hot coffee or something, and he made great sour-dough biscuits. The first trip in I went on skis (during the big snow). I'd never been on skis in my life. This old man, he gave me some burlap to wrap around my skis so I wouldn't slip. When I got up to Glenwood, later trips, I'd hit the snow. I had two horses, one I packed. I used to set on my horse and put my hand up straight above my head, and couldn't reach the top of the snow. Couldn't see on either side. You just looked up. I had the two horses. At Glenwood I had to shovel the snow to make a path to the barn. The door opened in, so I didn't have trouble with that. I'd put the horses in there and feed them, and then I got on skis and started up the hill with 40 pounds of mail. I only weighed 140 pounds in them days. I often wondered why I ever stayed with it.

I had a quarter of beef one time. I didn't have to take it all the way. Up at the Vesuvius they'd sent a man to pick it up. This Hard, he was acquainted with folks, and he's the one that got me the bid on the thing. So any time he got parcel post, or meat or anything he'd pay me on top of it. That's what he did, and he said, "I'll send a man down to pick it up." I carried in his canned milk, beef and stuff. So this morning I started down and there was a big cougar track kept crossin' my trail. They say your hair will stand on end when you're scared. It works! That cat had followed me clear from the shed there in Glenwood. He followed me clear up. I just only had part of the beef. I left the rest in Glenwood for them to carry and I just brought up enough to last a couple three days.

When you come down—at the last, down to the barn, you made a sharp turn. I thought, “Well, if I see him there I’ll just keep on agoin’” When I got there to make the turn, I tripped and over I went. He wasn’t there, but he’d been all around that barn. The horses had broke the halters and was loose. They was scared to death of that cougar.

They had a German and 3-4 men of different nationalities at the Vesuvius. That German guy, he was the only one that talked that I could understand. He would talk to me. The others would set and read the papers they’d get. Whenever there was a storm they worried about me. One night I got lost. I got skiing down the hill and they had a blizzard. The telephone lines was all covered up,—I tried to keep ’em uncovered—so I went over the top of the telephone line. I started going down, so then I knew I was off. So I stopped. I could see the light way up the hill, blinkin’. The boarding house was just covered with snow. You couldn’t even tell it was there. All you could see was smoke comin’ out of the chimney. On a porch they had—it was about as wide as this living room, maybe 15 feet, and about 20 feet up, where they stored all their stuff. They had a big hole where

you shot in onto the porch. Then they had a light hanging there. Well, I could see that light. Pretty soon I could hear ’em hollerin’. The wind was blowing so I could hear them, but they couldn’t hear me, about the time I got back up where I got off the track. Boy, were they tickled to see me.

This one guy, I forget whether he was the French guy or the Russian guy, he worried about me all the time. He said I was just a kid. The German fellow, he told me, “Gosh, he worries about you all the time. He looks at his watch and he says, ‘Well, Frank is just leaving Mineral. He ought to be up here in a couple of hours.’” If I didn’t get there they said he just paced the floor. Funny, they never talked to each other. They always stayed off by themselves. I had a lot of fun in that country when I was young. I look back now and wonder why I never carried my revolver with me up there.

A man named “Bugs” Lilly used to ski in Bohemia. I could hear him yodelling as he went down one hill and up the other. He had a beautiful voice. He used to sing in front of the cigar store in Cottage Grove—put his hat out for contributions, just for the fun of it. People flocked to hear him sing.

interview with Mrs. Alyn Crocker 11-17-1978

We went in to the Musick in our little old car with a trailer on behind all our belongings in that trailer. That was the 3rd of September, 1935. The first night we didn’t have a place to stay, so we pitched our tent. And the next morning Bert Klein came down to our camp, and he said, “Are you the newly weds?”

“Yes.”

“Well, you’re to have this cabin up here.”

We said all right. Pretty soon we saw Mrs. Klein come over to that little cabin and start cleaning. I said, “Oh, she is

cleaning it all up for us.” The dust was just a flyin’ and papers and old bottles and shoes and everything. Coming out the front door. Then after she got through we went up and looked at it, and we worked all day to get it clean after that. My husband carried water up from the spring. He came up and just threw a bucket of water in on the floor and I would try to make mud out of it and get it swept out. And that night after we got our bed set up and so we could cook a meal that evening, there was just this old building paper on the

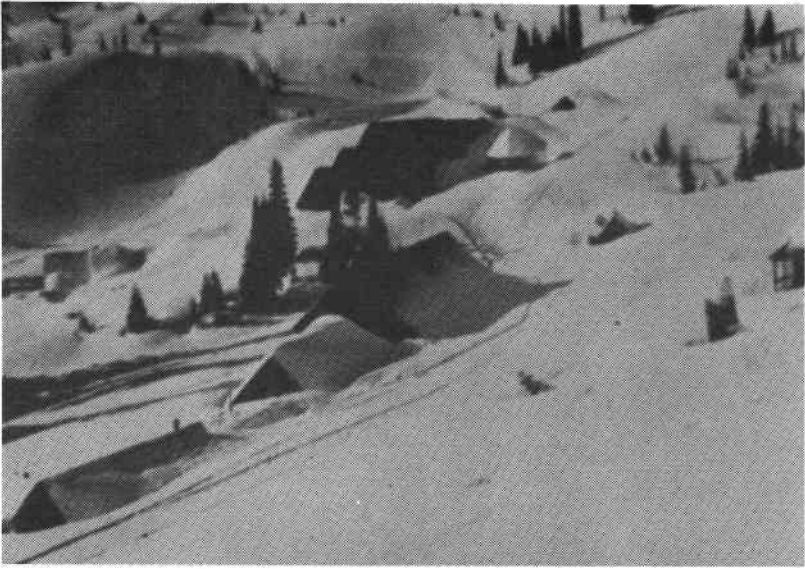


Musick Mine store and post office, ca. 1900. The Crockers moved into this building as newly weds in 1935. Shanafelt photo, Lane County Museum

wall. We had two front windows and a back window. It was just one big room. That night after we got in bed and could hear them old blue flies buzzing around I thought that was a pretty bad place to start married life, and I cried. We had a little outhouse. Other people—men—had sort of batched there when they had been working up there. That was the old Bohemia City post-office building.

My husband worked on the cabin, though and we put a partition in it, and a new floor in it and new building paper on the walls. We got water piped in to it. And he made me some built-ins and built a back porch on it, and stairs down to the basement, cause it set on a hillside you know, and the front of it was real high.

We were there a year. The road was closed right after Christmas. My husband took the car back down the mountain to the Champion camp, but as the winter went on we kept moving our cars on down till we got clear down below. We skied in and out. That's where I learned to ski. We came out about every three weeks for a weekend. We couldn't carry very much when we came back. Earlier we went out to Bartels market there in Cottage Grove and bought some \$50 worth of groceries. They had hauled 'em in on a truck for us, and that lasted all winter. We were married August of 1935 in Monroe. That's where my husband and I both lived. He worked for Kenneth Watkins at the Noon-day before we were married. He spent one winter there at the Noonday.



Winter at the Musick Mine, 1935-36, Mildred Crocker photo



Helena Mine, ca. 1900, Spahr collection, Lane County Museum

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Ken Watkins with Edie Barton, ca. 1950 Watkins photo



**Noonday miners, Ivan Wheeler, Don Shythe, April 1935
Watkins photo**

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W.W. Oglesby and J.W. Currin at Washerwoman Mine, 1893. Courtesy Donna Allen