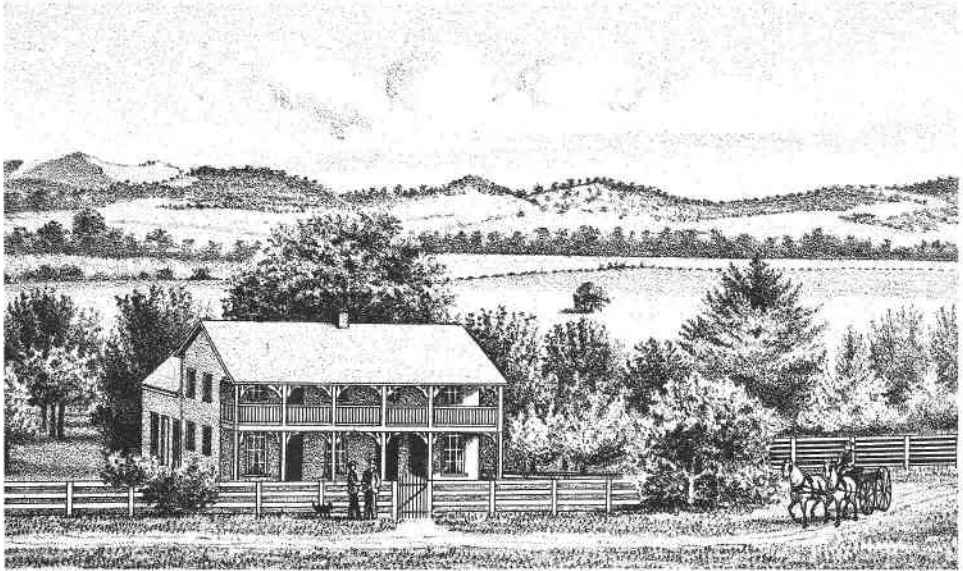


Lane County Historian



Residence of B. M. Richardson, 10 miles west of Eugene City, Long Tom P.O.
Lane County, Oregon

LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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CONTENTS

THE WEDDING RING	3
by Loris Inman	
BOHEMIA MINING DAYS: A REMINISCENCE	5
by Ethel Reeves MacKinnon	
JESSIE BROCK	7
by Hallie Huntington	
A LETTER TO THE EDITOR FROM ANDREW JACKSON ZUMWALT	13
JOSH CAIN, HORSEBACK MAIL CARRIER	14
by Lawrence Hills	
IMPRESSIONS AND OBSERVATIONS OF THE JOURNAL MAN	15
OF THE SEPARATE PROPERTY OF MARRIED WOMEN	17
STORY AND HISTORY OF THE LOG CABIN INN AND COUNTRY KITCHEN AT MCKENZIE BRIDGE	19

The Wedding Ring

By Loris Inman

The Benjamin Richardson family crossed the Plains in 1846, a good six years ahead of the flood of emigrants to take donation land claims in 1852. The family took a claim at the foot of the present Richardson Butte and built their cabin on a little shelf of land that is now covered by the stone abutment to the west end of the dam that now forms Fern Ridge Lake.

Of the four sons, the eldest was Benjamin Milton.

The Archibald Gibson family crossed the Plains in 1852 and located a claim and built their cabin on a little hill one mile east of the Franklin P.O. (John Benjamin, present owner.) One of their daughters, Malinda Paradine, married Milton Richardson, a neighbor less than a mile away.

The wedding, the first recorded wedding in Lane County, took place on April 1, 1852.

The couple soon selected a claim* on which to make their home. On June 9, 1852, they filed on property now owned by Lennie Halderson and Kenneth Nielson, in the Central community, known in recent years as the Halderson Place.

Milton and Paradine became "Uncle Milt" and "Aunt Dina" to a large number of nieces and nephews: Dina had eight brothers and sisters. Her brother, Lew, whose claim is now Gibson Island in Fern Ridge Lake, had a family of fifteen children. It is noteworthy also that of her brother Thomas' family, one daughter is still living.

Her name is Ruth Wolford. Paradine's brother, Thomas, was born a year after Dina and Milt were married. This was not unusual for pioneer families for the oldest children to be married before the youngest brothers and sisters were born.

We visited the old home site at harvest time in 1968. With us was Ruth Wolford, then 88 years old. Her father died early and Ruth lived with Uncle Milt and Aunt Dina for a time. She wished to see the old home place. The spring is filled with water weeds; the walnut tree that Ruth loved to climb as a child was blown down in the Columbus Day storm, but it is still alive.

The old road coming up the east foot of the hill that was the old road to Crow before being replaced by Central Road is now abandoned. The ruts are still there, where they ran between the house and the old milking corral.

When Milton and Paradine were married, Milt gave his bride a plain gold band for a wedding ring. Inside the band were inscribed the initials, "M.P.R." One wonders, was the ring purchased six years previously in the East, or was it made from a gold nugget by a goldsmith?

It might be considered a certainty that the ring was made locally, from the story by Mrs. Annie Brown, 83. She says her mother told her that when *her* mother, Sarah Jane, was married,

*If any reader wishes to locate this claim, here are the directions: At the intersection of Cantrell Lane with Central Road, off Perkins Penninsula, take Cantrell Lane east ¼ mile. The house south off Cantrell Lane is the home of Lennie Halderson, next east is a large knoll or hill. This is Kenneth Nielson property, and south of the hill about ¼ mile off the road is Milt's old farmstead location. Some buildings and old orchard trees are there. The house is gone.

her uncle, who had a gold mine asked her if he could have the ring made out of a nugget from his mine. She consented and it was done. Mrs. Brown's mother was one of Dina's sisters, and the uncle who had the gold mine was one of Dina's brothers. Since Dina had five brothers, Mrs. Brown does not remember which one it was.

The marriage of Sarah Jane to W. C. Inman, took place on June 2, 1867, fifteen years after the Richardson marriage, so whether it would have been from the same mine is only conjecture. Sarah Jane's ring is now 101 years old and is in the possession of Hattie Hardesty, granddaughter of Sarah Jane. When Milt's and Dina's son,

James Thomas was married to Kate Stickles, Kate wore the ring. Their son, Harvey, married Louise McHeffey, but Louise did not wear the ring. His son, James Thomas the Second, named for his grandfather married Barbara White. Their son, James Thomas the Third married Jacqueline Lynne Pertolle at the bride's home in Newark, New Jersey on June 6, 1968. The ring young Tom presented to his bride was the one his great grandfather Milton presented to his bride, Paradine, 116 years ago. The ring now has inscribed inside, in addition to the initials "M.P.R.," the initials "J.L.R." The young couple treasure the ring very highly.*

*Lynne graduated from Beaver College and is now attending Columbia University. Young Tom graduated from Colgate University, magna cum laude. He is now attending Princeton.



MILTON RICHARDSON



PARADINE (GIBSON) RICHARDSON

Bohemia Mining Days: A Reminiscence

By Ethel Reeves MacKinnon

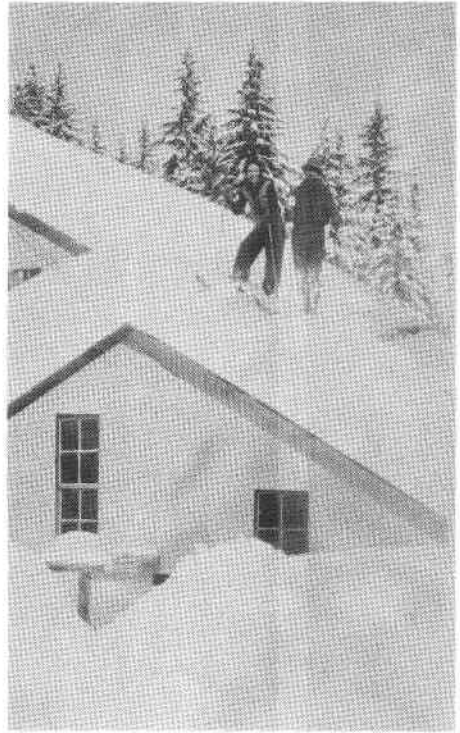
Raising my three young children in an age of dishwashers, clotheswashers, and other modern conveniences, it is hard for me to realize that not too long ago I spent some time in what was probably one of the last "outposts of civilization."

My father, William Reeves, was the chief engineer at the Helena Mine, the most remote mine of a chain of mines in the Bohemia mining district. It was situated one and one-half miles from the Champion Mine, six and one-third miles from Lund Park, where we kept the car in winter.

We entered the district in the spring of 1936, when I was three years old, and we left in September, 1939, when it was time for us to go to school.

Seventeen men were employed at the Mine, working three shifts, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. Gold, copper, and lead were mined, using a flotation mill process which removed the ores from the earth.

There were four of us in the family: my father, who was the crew boss, my mother, my older brother, Bill, and I. My mother, who was 24, cooked for us and the crew. She had to prepare four meals a day. She baked eight loaves of bread daily, and alternated between four pies and three cakes, daily. Naturally, the food was plentiful and delicious. There was much canned and dried fruit, and the eggs were kept in barrels, preserved in "water glass." "Water glass" was a clear, viscous liquid which completely sealed the pores of the egg shell, hence producing



Mr. and Mrs. William Reeves skiing on the mill roof, Helena Mine.

a "self vacuum" within. To boil these eggs, one had to pierce the shell with a pin first. In addition, there was bacon, ham, and dried beef. Provisions were brought in weekly in the summer by truck, but all provisions for the winter were brought in mid-November for the entire winter.

The food was prepared on a Lang Range, which was a wood stove. It had a built-in griddle upon which the hot cakes, bacon, fried eggs, etc. were cooked. *Nothing* tastes as good as food fried on the griddle of a wood range!

Fortunately, mother didn't have to do the crew's laundry; there was a hired man for that. But she

did wash and iron for us. Water came from a spring above the bunk house, piped to it, and it was heated by the wood range. A large hot water tank provided plenty for daily needs. Washing was done in an electric agitator-type machine with hand-cranked wringer. Since the light plant produced only direct current, the washer had to be equipped with a special DC motor.

Ironing was done with an electric iron (also DC) which was controlled by plugging in or unplugging to get the desired temperature.

The bunk house had a kitchen, dining room, sitting room downstairs, and ten or twelve bedrooms upstairs with one bathroom. There were two toilets downstairs, each in a "stall" and stall showers. I remember our family and the crew as one big happy family. Bill and I shared a bedroom and there was usually two crewmen to a room.

Life for us children was very much different in the summer and early fall than in the winter. Bill, who was four, and I would pan for gold in the spring water, or we would climb the ledges along the road and slide down. We were fortunate enough to have all the same toys most children had in those days, and being the only children in that remote area, we basked in the attention of the crew. We also picked wild flowers and huckleberries with mother.

The mill was closed in October, and usually only the handyman stayed to take care of things. But our family remained, too, to live a quiet life, isolated from the rest of the world. We didn't go out until March, when we had to ski eight miles to the car. Then we drove to Cottage Grove.

With as much snow as we had,

we spent much of our time playing in the snow. Once I fell down a thirty-foot slope, because of melted snow beneath the crust, but I was rescued, unhurt, by my father. We played "King of the Mountain" on the bunkhouse, because there was eleven feet of snow which covered the house on the uphill side.

We also skied. Mother made "ski socks" to slip over the back of our skis to enable us to climb more easily. Even they skied down the mill roof, which was a 30 degree slope. Our German shepherd, Buck, enjoyed it as much as we did, and we delighted in Buck's chasing of rabbits and skunks. We put a salt lick in a flat near the base of the mill roof, and on moonlit nights, we would watch the deer come.

Certain incidents remain clearly in my mind—and I'm sure in Mother's!

Once after a walk, I reported seeing a "big black cow." Only a parent would have realized it was a bear!

Another memory is of an incident in the summer of 1939. Father had left the mine for some reason; Mother was chopping wood when she severed her left index finger. She calmly walked with us to Champion Mine, one and one-half miles away. Then she was taken to Cottage Grove and on to Eugene. God must have been with us in that wilderness, for fortunately a bone splinter had forced its way into the main artery, stopping the blood loss, which otherwise would have killed her.

These are just a few of the memories of a different life. Surrounded as we are today with modern conveniences and amusements, I sometimes wish my own children could experience something of the simplicity of that life on the mountain.

Jessie Brock

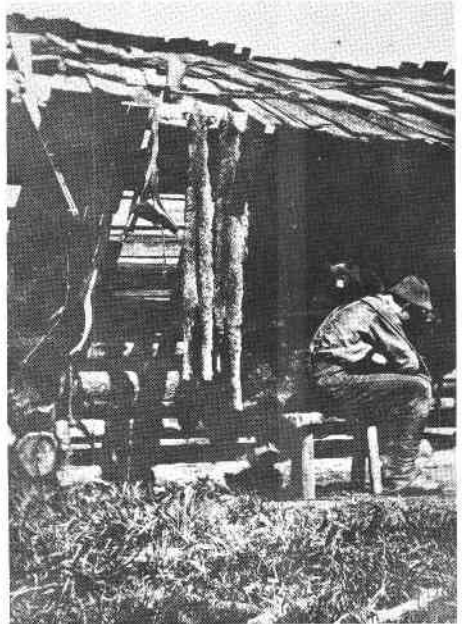
By Hallie Huntington*

Near the middle of the 1880's, S. P. Brock, an early settler, declared his independence from the Willamette Valley, which by that time had become too thickly populated for his taste. A neighbor had moved in less than two miles from his farm; he felt crowded and depressed.

While on a recent hunting trip he had found his dream home, high up in the Cascade Mountains. To reach it an Indian trail led from Big Prairie (later to be called Oakridge) up the North Fork of the Willamette River. It was a hard day's trip by saddle horse. There, nestled under the south side of Grasshopper Mountain was the finest prairie he had ever seen. Deer and elk were numerous and many fur bearing animals would assure winter activity.

Before he left for "The Valley" he drove his stakes and pegged a notice to a tree, declaring his intentions. Having claimed it for his own, he hurried down to Eugene to file the necessary papers for homestead rights. He could hardly wait to tell his wife the exciting news! She was a hardy, pioneer woman, having crossed the Plains with the ill-fated Lost Wagon Train of 1853 when she was six years old, daughter of John and Mary Warner. She lived to be the last survivor of this wagon train. Historical plaques mark the course of their starvation struggle to reach the Willamette Valley.

Preparations for the move were started at once. Already 10 children had been born to the Brock's.



Brock cabin built 1884 by Jessie's father. The original home on the North Fork. Taken in 1918, picture is of Leo McMahon, trapper, with his pet bear cub.

Death had claimed four in childhood and the oldest were married and in homes of their own. The trip from the valley was made with teams and wagons. Stewart (known as "S.P.") drove the four-horse team and his wife, Janet, handled the lines on the two-horse wagon. Roads of that day were extremely difficult and followed the easiest contour of the country. Above Butte Disappointment (later called Cannon and then Lowell) it clung to the north side of the Willamette River. It was narrow and often steep and very rough.

* Credits are due: Lawrence Hills, former mayor of Oakridge; C. B. McFarland, Forest Service; Leah Menefee, historian; and Shirley Larson, member of the Warner family. It is not possible to document this story, as much has been gained from interviews, and memories sometimes fail to agree on dates and other data.

Five days of hard travel landed them at Big Prairie. There they left their wagons, saddled their work horses; packed them and headed up the trail on foot toward their future home. As they were heavily laden with provisions, household equipment and farming gear, two full days were required to reach their destination.

The country was virgin. Nothing had ever disturbed the abundant wildlife. A small rustic cabin was quickly put together. It's single room was living room, dining room, bedroom and kitchen. All cooking of necessity was done over the fire place. Their one luxury was a Dutch Oven in which their bread was baked. Such a life was made to order for this pioneer type of outdoor man. His was a great contentment. He farmed a bit and spent happy hours fishing in the summer, and in the winter trapping and hunting kept him busy and happy.

One wonders how his wife must have reacted to the imminent arrival of a child. No one, not even an Indian woman was within miles for the month was May. Her husband had the entire responsibility. She must have faced the ordeal of birth with stoic strength and placed her faith in her husband's good judgment. Nature was kind on this occasion and there were no complications. The bright, pretty little girl was named Jessie.

For six years the Brocks continued to live on their remote homestead. The little girl grew sturdy, strong and self reliant. "Woods Wisdom" was a very special treasure in which small Jessie found great delight. She drank it in eagerly. The trail of a rabbit or a wild cat in the fresh snow; the lacy pattern left by mice and rats in the winter; the spotted baby fawns in early June and a thousand

other gifts of nature were hers alone to enjoy. She never seemed to miss the companionship of others and preferred to play alone in the woods.

After the Brock's moved back to the valley, her heart was still on the mountain trails or down by the North Fork with its icy water and eager trout. Animals instinctively trusted her and she had many strange pets. A mischievous and playful raccoon followed her everywhere. In especially cold weather it might be found, curled up into a tight ball under the covers at the foot of her bed. Her patient mother tolerated these antics because Jessie loved "Oscar" so dearly. "Coons" are clean pets, unless they become angry, then they give off a disagreeable odor. If really provoked they chatter with fury and bring their sharp teeth into play with telling effect. After such a childhood, school was a bore for Jessie, and she longed to be back in the high Cascades with her mountain friends.

From her mother, who was of Scottish descent, she often heard of Bonnie Brae, where generations of Warners had lived out their life spans on the heaths of Scotland. As she grew older a great longing filled her breast to find her very own Bonnie Brae. The old North Fork home was, by now, on a well used trail and trappers had claimed the cabin for winter quarters. Its old charm was gone, along with her trusting friends. At every possible opportunity she searched for an ideal location. Her restless wanderings even took her to Montana, but somehow, it did not fill her soul with the soothing sound of rushing waters and the sweet music of the wind in the tall tree tops. Then too, the animals were strangely shy.

In 1916 she visited her rela-

tives, the Frank Warners, at their mountain ranch, which was located where the great Pope and Talbot sawmill now stands. A large log pond covers the old grain field near Oakridge, Oregon.

Frank always had time to spin a yarn, often breaking into the Chinook language to stress a point. He had been reared with the Indians and spoke their language as fluently as his own. Often, it seemed to express a thought even better. He was a real old-west character. He smoked a large ivory Meerschaum pipe, with the patina gained from long and loving use. It fitted neatly into his handlebar mustache. He loved to hunt and fish, and in his spare time, play his fiddle!

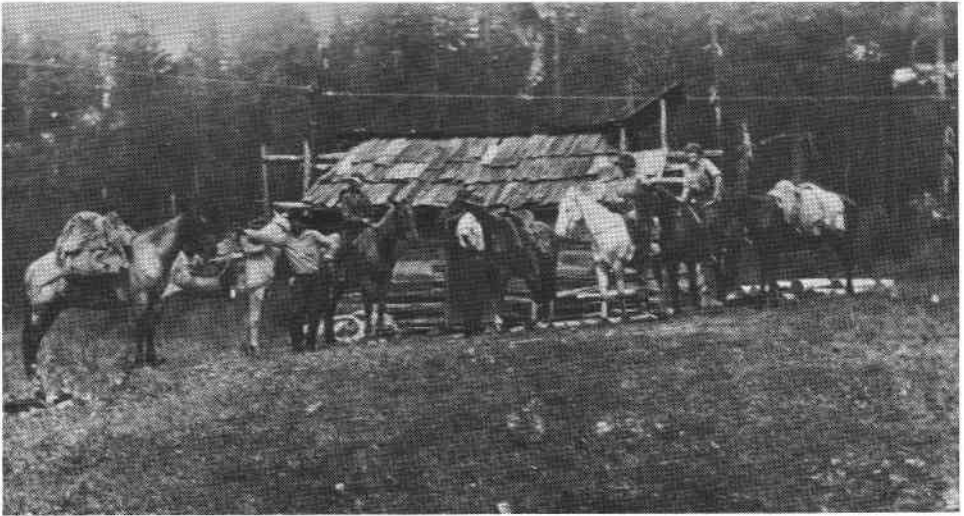
To Frank is given the credit for being the first white man to have seen the mineral springs, from which Salt Creek takes its name. In later years this natural phenomenon was to be named McCredie Springs and to become quite a famous "Spa"! Deep trails along the ridges indicated that many generations of deer and elk had come to this gift of nature to enjoy the mineral water and eat the delicious mud, which they seemed to thoroughly enjoy. Great quantities of warm-to-hot water poured from many springs and had a heavy, but not unpleasant odor. Many arrowheads and points have been found there to prove this was a favorite Indian hunting spot. Frank grew up with an Indian boy by the name of Charley Tufti, whom the Warners had taken to raise, along with their family. The two boys were inseparable.

When Jessie expressed her longing, Frank told her of a beautiful and remote small valley, surrounded by timbered mountains. It was located six long trail miles above McCredie Springs. She was

greatly excited and borrowed a saddle horse to head for the spot he so graphically described. The trail, long used by the Indians, as they passed back and forth over the high Cascades, led her, as it followed the creek, then sought the high ridges, where Indians preferred to travel. Carefully following directions, she left the trail, forded Salt Creek to the east side, climbed approximately two miles up the ridge, and with little trouble she located the opening which Frank had praised so extravagantly.

It was a lovely prairie, surrounded by timbered mountains. On one side was a high, rocky crag; Jud Mountain watched over the fresh, unspoiled scene. A jolly, chuckling mountain stream romped across the opening. Native grass was belly-deep to her horse. The moment Jessie saw this small paradise, she knew she had found her long sought Bonnie Brae.

Homestead laws were still flexible and she hurried to file, as her father had done before her. This was quickly accomplished and she started at once to gather her "nest" together. It would be necessary to camp in a lean-to-shelter, with an outside cooking fire for the summer. Everything had to be packed in with pack horses over the rough and steep trail. She bought a husky white horse that would double for riding and pulling the pole-sized logs into place, after she had cut them down and sawed them into proper lengths. Then, they must be shaped and notched with a hand axe. This cabin was to be her future home and she was careful that every log fit with precision. Her cross-cut saw and sharp axe, together with a lot of determination and muscle were used liberally. She was dismayed at how slow the work went, but she stayed with



Camping trip at Brock Cabin. First girl on left, Atta Wolf. Last girl on left, Flora (Warner) Donpien. Can 1918 readers identify the rest?

it doggedly, and with only the help of her horse, each log was raised into position. The young woman worked tirelessly from daylight to dark, with only time out for quick meals.

"Uncle Frank" did give her a hand on a few jobs, such as putting up the rafters (tall slender poles she had cut) and splitting some shakes for the roof.

Jessie was strong and muscular, even though she was small and petite in stature. Fired as she was with a great ideal, no task was too great for her to undertake and no part of the building operation too difficult to figure out a way to accomplish it without help, other than from her trusty horse.

At night, lulled by the sound of the pleasant little stream that crossed her clearing, she dropped into exhausted slumber. Her bed tick was stuffed with wild prairie hay that she had cut with a hand sickle. The hooting of the owls, or the noises of the other woods creatures disturbed her not in the least.

Time had to be taken out for

trips to Oakridge for supplies, but she always hurried back, for winter comes early in the high Cascades. When the final nail had been driven in the hand-split roof and the longer shakes fashioned into a stout door, the first snows of winter blanketed her valley. Regrettably, she stowed her tools and went to Portland to work in the woolen mills. As she tended the busy shuttles, she dreamed, living frugally and saving every possible penny. In the spring she had a fair-sized stake and a head full of plans. She hurried back as soon as the snow was off the ground and prepared to plant her first garden and get flowers growing. She had always been a great lover of flowers and natural beauty. Deer have a greedy fondness for garden produce and flowers were a choice tid-bit. As each tender shoot came through the ground, the deer enjoyed the change from their accustomed browse and mosses. Every morning Jessie sadly assessed her losses. It was a losing battle, but before another short growing season, she had re-

solved the problem by building a strong, high fence, as deer-proof as she could make it.

At night bear occasionally wandered through her clearing in their constant search for food. On several occasions they stopped to scratch their itchy backs on the convenient corners of her cabin. She told of laughing with pleasure, as they rubbed and grunted with such evident satisfaction.

Jessie's only companions were her horse, Silver, and her pampered tom cat, Dick. She loved to fish and Dick liked nothing better than a fresh trout. As one struggled on the hook, he would plunge into the water to help retrieve his meal. A dog could never be considered, for he would prove much too noisy and drive her many friends away from her Bonnie Brae.

Even with the hazards of trail travel on horseback, Jessie had many summer visitors; both family and the curious! Her mother, though by now carrying the weight of many years, made the journey and looked with pride upon her daughter's accomplishments. She lived to be the last survivor of the tragic Lost Wagon Train, the story of which would be retold through the ages. Historical plaques would mark the course of their starvation struggle to reach the Willamette Valley.

McCredie Springs had been reached by a meandering road for some time, and by the 1920's the U.S. Forest Service started road and trail work along Salt Creek. Even a few cars risked the very probable rupture of fuel tanks, fractured crank cases, broken axles, flat tires and having to back up the steepest pitches when gasoline would not feed into their carburetors! Dozens of other difficulties had to be overcome to reach this, by now, popular "watering

place." It boasted warm baths and a fine, though small, mineral water swimming pool.

The old Indian trail was stubbornly resisting, but slowly yielding to the intrusion of the white man, with his growing need and greed for timber. The outside world was moving swiftly, but Bonnie Brae remained untouched by its progress.

When an early snow fell before her last possible moving-out date, Jessie just fastened on her home-made snow shoes and made the round trip to McCredie for supplies and the mail. She seldom carried a gun and was never molested by wild animals, although wolves were still fairly numerous and cougar visited her prairie on many occasions. They seemed to accept her as one of their own. Unafraid, she went about her daily tasks with assurance. A comical, blundering bear might meet her on the trail. Each time this happened she stopped to enjoy the encounter with the bruin, all of whom have notoriously poor eye sight. After a few uncertain seconds, the bear would "get her wind" and with a startled "whoof" scurry out of sight into the timber.

Jessie was a fine cook and on one occasion the owner of McCredie Springs had a large crowd and no cook. In his desperation he thought of Jessie and hurried to her home. She was reluctant, since she did not feel experienced, but since he was in such deep trouble, she agreed to try to help him out. She responded with fine meals, plus great pans of home-made bread and biscuits. From that time on when the "season" was at its height, she could be found in the hotel kitchen. It was no longer necessary for her to go to Portland to work in the winter months.

During that time a Forest Serv-

ice crew of men was working on trails in higher country. Their cook had either become sick or "sick of it all" and headed for a more civilized part of the country, where the mosquitoes were not so unfriendly and life was considerably easier! Having eaten Jessie's good food at McCredie, the crew boss begged her to take over the trail kitchen.

Where else, but in a western novel, would Jessie find a man to interest her? Roy Beamer was a member of the crew. He was a likeable sort, just about Jessie's age and had never married! At once, he became interested in her efficient, no-nonsense independence. Women, from time immemorial have been susceptible to words of praise—and flattery—for their cooking. Jessie was no exception. Roy, among other things told her the biscuits she baked were the finest he had ever eaten. Soon a romance was budding and in a few months Jessie decided to be convinced that it might be nice to have a friendly, complimentary man to share her homestead. They were quietly married and went to spend the winter at Bonnie Brae. It was a cold, hard winter and the snow piled high around the cabin. There was little activity to which Roy was inclined. The food was still wonderful, but being of a nervous roving disposition, before spring came, Roy packed his meager belongings. He yearned for brighter lights and more activity, and, there he was, caught in the deadly monotony of a snowed-in winter! He could not understand his wife's complete acceptance of the cold, the discomfort and most of all, the deadly silence. Even a trip of necessity to the outside plumbing was an ordeal!

In due time he headed down the trail. He was never to return. Al-

though he was well-liked and respected by those who knew him best, he could not cope with the all-enveloping mountains; they closed in on him and it was more than he could endure. They parted friends and he always spoke of her in glowing terms and continued to declare that she was the world's best biscuit cook! She would not leave her beloved retreat and he could not face the prospect of another, to him, desolate and lonely winter.

This was Jessie's only plunge into romance. She lived on, alone, as she had in the past at Bonnie Brae.

Soon the silence and peace of her mountains was pierced by the shrill whistle and the clamoring roar of the many steam locomotives as they labored up the stiff grade to the mile high summit of the Cascades. The Forest Service's improved road brought many unwanted visitors to her door. There was no longer the solitude which she must have felt when she penned these lines:

*"Oh! to nestle in the bosom of
nature,
To hide from the world and it's
sting;
As a wee bird creeps for protection
'Neath the shelter of its mother's
wing.*

*"There is power in the brooding
stillness,
I feel, but I cannot see,
As the throbbing heart of the
forest
In its silence, speaks to me."*

It was a wrench to leave Bonnie Brae, but it was sold in 1937 and Jessie went to live with her sister in "The Valley" near Shedd, Oregon. She was never meant to leave the protection of her friendly mountains, for a short time later,

both she and her sister were killed at a railroad crossing, when their car stalled on the tracks.

Jessie's cabin now stands at an oblique angle. The busy little creek has changed its course and is nibbling away at one corner. Soon the evidence of what was once a happy home will have vanished. The stout split roof still preserves the readability of sheets of newspaper that cling in tatters to the inside walls, even though

the door has fallen from its leather hinges.

The *Oregon Journal*, last dated 1923, helped to insulate the walls to keep out the bitter winter winds. Strangely enough, Bonnie Brae no longer bears her name, but is referred to as "The Beamer Ranch"!

Jessie is not a legend, but a strange and somehow wonderful mixture of Scotch thrift, love of nature, raw courage and dauntless determination.

A Letter to the Editor from Andrew Jackson Zumwalt

Irving, Oregon
Dec. 10, 1914

Editor Journal:

Some time ago I was requested to write your paper an account of my trip across the plains to Oregon.

I was born in St. Charles County, Missouri, Sept. 2, 1832. My father Solomon Zumwalt was born in November 1807, at the same place, my grandfather Adam Zumwalt was born in Pennsylvania, served under Gov. Dinmore of Virginia in the Indian war on the *Otigo*, was at the mouth of the Kanawa, served in the continental army 5 years, settled in Kentucky, moved to Missouri in 1800, held a Spanish Grant where we lived until the 5th day of April 1850, when father and mother and 11 children started for Oregon.

Our outfit consisted of 2 wagons, 7 yolk of steers, 1 yolk of cows, 3 horses and 6 head of loose cattle; I was 17 years 6 months old when I was detailed to drive the family wagon, we went by the way of Mexico, Huntsville *Chicotha* and crossed the Missouri river to Salt Creek, 50 miles, when Lincoln is a city now. A few miles west of

Lincoln we saw some dead buffalo, a band had wintered on Salt Creek.

The Indians stole 3 yoke of oxen from Mrs. Waters, wife of Col. Waters a soldier of the war of 1848 in Oregon. We arrived at Fort *Kernid* (Kearney) by way of the Platt river, there I saw the first canon and the great emigration to California, they brought the cholera with them from St. Louis and other points, many died.

We were now in buffalo country, the first day from the fort 30 buffalo across the road in ahead of us, one was killed. We arrived at Fort Larima (Laramie) the 4th of July, we laid over there one day to wash and rest. Father went out point and killed a Rocky Mountain sheep; The next morning 3 of us went on a hunt and soon found a band of sheep but failed to get any, but saw a band of antelope but failed to kill any of them. As we rested on the hill, looking at 4 buffloe about a mile away, a grisley bear run from one thicket to another about 50 yards away, we did not follow, we went down on the plain and killed a buffloe, this was near the crossing of North Platte.

Josh Cain, Horseback Mail Carrier

By Lawrence Hills

An early day post office was located near where the Pope and Talbot peeler plant now stands just east of Oakridge. It was formerly in the home of V. P. Hebert and at that time was called Hazel Dell. It was not the very first post office in the area, but it served the Willamette territory for 16 years. Mail bags for individual families were carried on horseback from Lowell, a distance of approximately 25 miles, first up the river from Lowell to Hazel Dell and then back to Lowell.

Mail carrying jobs were awarded by government contract. One of the early mail carriers was Josh Cain, who lived with his large family not far above Lowell. His contract called for two deliveries each week to the Hazel Dell post office. On the way he not only carried the mail for all other settlers but was the general errand man for everyone along the long and lonesome route. It was necessary to get a really early start.

Edward Smith owned the general store at Lowell and he was also the postmaster. It was his job to sort the mail, put it in the proper bags and have it ready for the mail carrier to pick up.

The Smiths had the post office in the southwest corner of the store in a space about 20 feet square. They lived directly overhead in what might have been called an apartment. Mr. Smith decided to purchase a double-barreled shotgun for protection from

robberies. Josh carried a key, so on the days scheduled for delivery of mail he could unlock the door at the front of the store and walk back to where Mr. Smith always piled the full bags.

On this particular morning, he went in, threw the heavy bags over his shoulder in the usual fashion and started out the way he had entered. Mr. Smith had been sleeping soundly and awoke with a start. Creeping out in the very dim light, he saw the shadow of a man! Thinking it was a robber, he grabbed his fine, shiny brand new shotgun, which boasted 12 gauge, leveled it and touched off both barrels! There was a frightful roar and no sooner had he pulled the trigger and staggered to regain his balance than he saw the "robber" sink to the floor. With horror he realized he had shot the mailman.

Josh was rushed to the nearest doctor who spent several busy hours in picking the buck shot out of his back and legs. The doctor told him he was a mighty lucky man and had it not been for the mail sacks, he would have been "one dead mail carrier"! Josh did not sit down well for sometime, but in a few weeks he was back on the job. The man who substituted for him on the mail delivery reported that much of what had received the charge from the shotgun was ruined and quite unreadable due to the shot that had entered the canvas bags.

Impressions and Observations of the Journal Man

By Fred Lockley

(The story of the life, to date, of Mrs. Ada B. Millican is concluded by Mr. Lockley today. It is a story of uncommon interest, representing as it does phases of that restless ambition that has been the making of the Great West.)

The first time I ever saw Ada B. Millican was when I stopped overnight at her house at Millican on the way from Prineville to Klamath Falls. We reached the Millican ranch just at dusk. Samuel Hill, whose guest I was, in his courtly way, introduced himself and then said, "And this is Fred Lockley." Mrs. Millican said, in a very disappointed voice, "Are you the Fred Lockley who writes?" "Yes," I responded, "but why that look of disappointment?" Mrs. Millican smiled and said, "Forgive my expression, but to tell the truth I am a little disappointed. I have been reading your articles for years and I had formed a mental picture of you. I thought you were tall and slender, with long black hair and soulful eyes, and it rather jarred me to find that such a very prosaic looking person was Fred Lockley." After such a supper as a "very prosaic looking person" could greatly enjoy Mrs. Millican showed us her collection of Indian curios and told us at length why in her opinion there would soon be universal suffrage throughout the the United States. As I remember it, her argument was not that women are just as capable as men, but that they are much more so.

* * *

Yesterday I again met Mrs. Millican at Eugene. She is there attending the state university. "That I should resume my studies after 50

years may seem strange to you," she said, "but I don't see why there is anything out of the way about it. When I had got a fragmentary schooling equal to finishing the fourth grade I had to stop school to earn money, so I decided to be a teacher. My uncle was one of the school board, so I got the place. The children used to love me, for all I taught them was reading and writing, and I let them have long recesses to take up the time. Word came thereafter teachers must take an examination. Mr. Todd, a minister, was county school superintendent, and as he had eaten many a chicken dinner at our house I felt sure I would pass the oral examination without trouble. When I went to Roseburg to take the examination I learned, to my consternation, that Mr. Todd was away, that his deputy would hold the examination and that it was to be written instead of oral. I was in despair. I stayed that night at Mrs. Booth's home. Her husband was a minister and a friend of our family. She put in the whole evening drilling me, as she knew about the kind of questions that were asked. Quincy Grubbe, the deputy superintendent, held the examination, and to my surprise I was given a certificate.

* * *

"I taught a term at Cleveland, then at Looking Glass, and later at Deer Creek. I received \$25 a month and 'boarded around.' While in Douglas county I taught the grandchildren of General Joseph Lane, our first territorial governor. For a while I taught a private school at Amos Dunham's house at West Point. Later they made it a public school and I taught there

three and a half years. It was here I met my fate. I was taking the part of a bride in private theatricals. Jasper Wilkins took the part of the groom. We gave the performance in the grange hall and took up a collection to defray expenses. I passed the basket and one of the men in the audience dropped a handful of silver into the basket, at the same time giving me a smile that made my heart go pitty-pat. After the play Will Van Dyne introduced the stranger. His name was George Millican. He was 47, I was 23. He owned a ranch on the McKenzie. The Rev. I. D. Driver married us in Eugene. We started on our wedding journey the next morning on horseback to cross the Cascades into Eastern Oregon. Mr. Millican owned a meat market at Salem, later bought by E. C. Cross. My husband had a ranch on McKay creek, near Prineville, and a ranch at what is now known as Walterville, on the McKenzie. It was named Walterville after his son Walter.

* * *

"After a few years times became very hard and my husband lost his property. He took up a ranch near Pine Mountain, now known as Millicans. We had to have money to help stock the ranch, so I went to teaching. I secured a position as teacher at White Rocks, Utah, in an Indian school. Later I was trans-

ferred to the Indian school at Yuma, and still later to the Indian school at Pima, Ariz., where I taught nearly four years. From there I was transferred to the Indian school at Puyallup, and from there I went to our Pine Mountain ranch, for we had got on our feet again. For the past few years we have lived at Prineville.

* * *

"You will always find me an active participant in all conventions and gatherings of woman's clubs and other organizations to advance the cause of women. My great interests in life are helping secure a square deal for women and for the Indians. In the past women and Indians have always got the worst of it. My husband died last fall, on November 25. He had celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday two days before his death.

* * *

"When I was a girl a woman of 50, or even 40, put on a black dress, wore a poke bonnet and considered her place the chimney corner. I refuse to put on my poke bonnet, I do not feel old, and I am going to gratify my long suppressed desire for an education. That's why I am a student here, and some of these youngsters will have to go some if they get better grades than I am going to make."

—From *The Journal*, April 5, 1920

Of the Separate Property of Married Women

- SEC. 1. Property and pecuniary rights of married women, exempt from debts and contracts of husband, after record; debts and contracts, how construed; proviso.
2. Declaration to hold separate property; execution, acknowledgement and record of.

- SEC. 3. Declaration, in what county recorded; change of residence, effect of.
4. Copy of record, effect of as evidence; fee for recording.
5. Revocation of declaration, how made and effect of.

June 4, 1859.

Property of married woman to be exempt from debts of husband after record.

Debts and contracts how construed.

Proviso.

Declaration to hold separate property, execution acknowledgement and record of.

Declaration, in what county recorded.

SEC. 1. That the property and pecuniary rights of every married woman acquired by gift, devise or inheritance, shall be deemed to be the separate property of such married women, and not subject to be taken in execution, or in any way charged on account of the debts or contracts of her husband, from and after the time said property or pecuniary rights shall be recorded as hereinafter provided. The debts or contracts of the husband, above mentioned, shall be construed to mean such debts and contracts as the husband may become liable for or have contracted after the declaration of the wife to hold separate property shall have been recorded, *Provided*, That the property and pecuniary rights of the married woman shall in no case be liable for the debts and contracts of the husband for which he may have become liable or contracted before marriage, from and after the time the declaration of such married woman to hold separate property shall have been recorded.

SEC. 2. That whenever the declaration of any married woman, executed in the presence of two witnesses, and acknowledged before any officer having authority to take acknowledgement of deeds, containing a description of said property or pecuniary rights, according to the nature of the subject, with the same certainty and particularity as would be required in a deed, and declaring it to be the intention of such married woman to hold such property, or pecuniary rights as her separate property, shall be presented to the county clerk, it shall be the duty of such clerk to record the same in a book, to be called "the register of married women's separate property," and note therein the date of such entry.

SEC. 3. That such declaration, when made with reference to any interest in lands, or the rents and profits thereof, shall be recorded where such lands lie; but when such declaration shall be made with reference to any other property or pecuniary right, it shall be recorded in the county where such married woman resides at the time, *Provided*, That when such married woman shall remove to any other county, such declaration shall be recorded again in the county to which she has removed.

(1) GENERAL LAWS OF OREGON, 1864-1872, edited by Matthew Deady.

(2) Entitled, "An act to provide for the registration of the separate property of married women, and to declare the effect thereof," and took effect by operation of the constitution, Sept. 2, 1859.

June 4, 1859.

Copies of record.
effect of as evi-
dence.

Fees for record-
ing.

Revocation of
declaration, how
made and effect
of.

SEC. 4. Certified copies of the record of such declaration may be read in evidence in any court where the original would be admissible, *Provided*, That such declaration, nor any copy thereof, shall not be evidence of any fact except that such married woman has elected to hold the property or pecuniary rights described in such declaration as her separate property. The county clerk shall be entitled to the same fees for recording any such declaration, or making a certified copy of the same, as he may be entitled to in case of deeds.

SEC. 5. Any married woman may at any time revoke such declaration by making a written revocation of her intention to hold the property or pecuniary right therein described, as her separate property; such revocation shall be executed in the same manner as the declaration, and recorded in the margin of the page and book, where the declaration may have been recorded. From and after the time of such revocation, the property and pecuniary rights described in the declaration, shall cease to be the property of such married woman, and be held, owned and treated as though this act had not been passed.³

(3) Repealed in 1921.

1969 Lane County Historical Society Sustaining Members List to 3-1-69

Lounsbury-Musgrove Mortuary

Williams Bakery

Eugene Fruit Growers Association

Weyerhaeuser Company

Bohemia Lumber Co., Inc.

Cone Lumber Co.

United States National Bank of Oregon

Eugene Register-Guard

Giustina Bros. Lumber & Plywood Co.

Citizens Bank

Story and History of the Log Cabin Inn and Country Kitchen at McKenzie Bridge

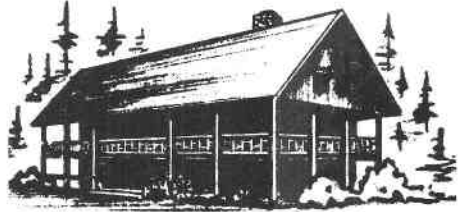
From Their Menu Cover

The original Log Cabin Inn was started in the winter of 1885 and completed in the spring of 1886. It opened that spring as a hotel and travelers from as far as Los Angeles came to visit the new resort on the McKenzie River.

In August of 1906 the old Inn burned to the ground; construction for a new log structure was begun in the same year and was completed early in 1907. Except for minor changes the Inn looks much the same today as when it was rebuilt in 1906. The cedar paneled foyer and the principal cedar paneled dining room are virtually unchanged except for furnishings. The second cedar paneled dining room was added later.

Historically, the Log Cabin Inn property itself was homesteaded by P. C. Renfrew in April of 1878. He died in 1880. Renfrew's heirs secured title to the property from the U.S. Government in August of 1882. In March 1884 they sold the land to George Frissel for \$350.00. For this incredible sum Frissel had title to 160 acres of McKenzie River frontage extending approximately from the present McKenzie Bridge one mile upstream and one quarter of a mile wide.

In 1909 the acreage was subdivided into 29 lots following the river upstream about a mile. Frissel's widow sold Log Cabin Inn and adjoining properties in September 1925 to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wachsmith who held the Inn properties until 1944. In this year they sold to the Taylor family who in turn sold to the Robert Tuttle family in April 1946. The Tuttle family operated the Log Cabin Inn Resort for 21



years. They in turn sold the present eight acre property with approximately 900 feet of McKenzie River frontage to Paul A. Krumm and Arthur J. Lucey in September of 1967.

The historic Log Cabin Inn had been successfully operated as a dining room by Mrs. Tuttle, Sr. as a service to her cottage guests. However, for the past seven years the old Inn lay vacant. The new owners leased the Inn almost immediately to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Marastoni who have maintained the character of the log structure with furnishings in keeping with its age. The only departure is the spotless stainless steel kitchen with ultra modern cooking and serving facilities.

The Marastonis (Peggy and Tony to their guests) have brought to Log Cabin Inn a lifetime of experience and skill in the preparation and serving of fine foods. Tony has successfully managed and owned fine restaurants. Peggy's specialty is antiques and interior decorating and the antique shop at the Inn and its appointments are her creation.

The owners, Art Lucey and Paul Krumm are ex-Californians who held executive positions with a national food chain and with Knott's Berry Farm.



Bunk house, Helena Mine. Third floor.

LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
740 West 13th Ave., Eugene, Oregon

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