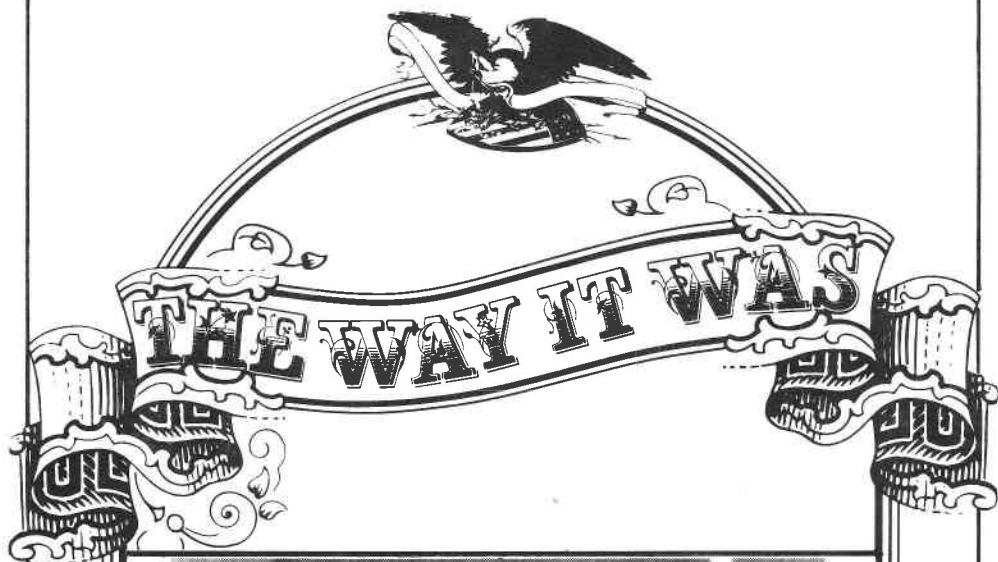


# Lane County Historian



Mary L. Riggs, daughter of Milton and Elizabeth Hampton Riggs,  
b. Goshen, Oregon 1853. Veronica Riggs photo

**The Lane County Historical Society**  
**Vol. XXIX, No. 2** **Summer, 1984**

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# LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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## Lane County Historian, Vol. XXIX, No. 2 Summer, 1984

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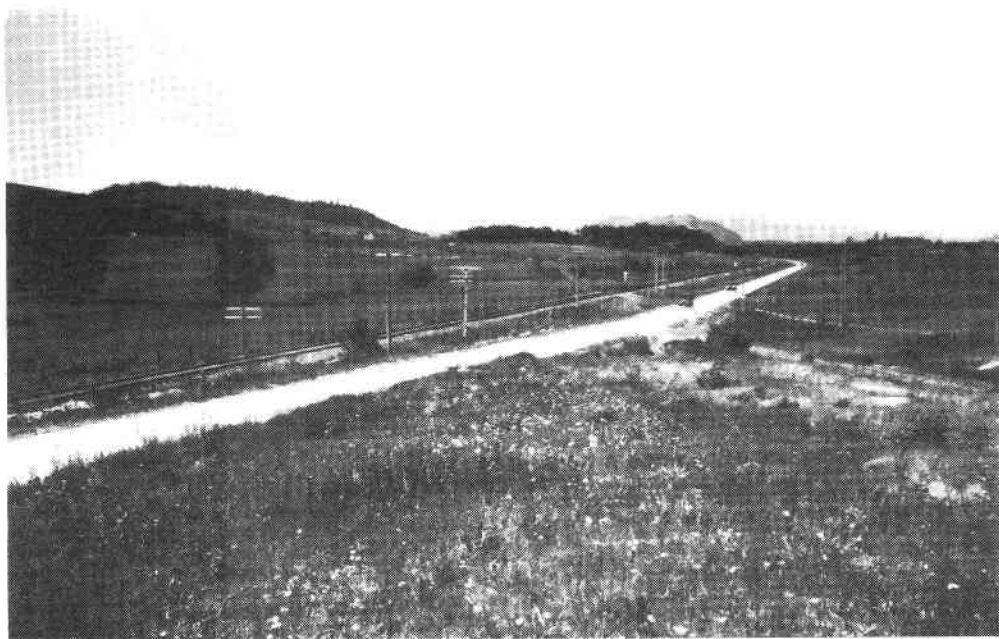
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A view from Goshen. Lane County Museum photo

## ***HISTORY OF GOSHEN LANE COUNTY, OREGON***

*By Tim Abney*

*Edited from original research*

There is an exotic ring to the name. It evokes visions of an oasis in a great, green plain with palm trees and monuments from an ancient and mystic time. In biblical geography, Goshen was a pastoral region in lower Egypt, a land of abundance and charm. Lane County pioneers in the 1850s probably named their own settlement Goshen after that faraway "promised land".

In the winter of 1845, Milton Riggs arrived in Oregon from Illinois. At the age of 20, he belonged to a generation of searchers. He is said to have fought in the Cayuse Indian War in 1848, and then to have settled with his brother

Rufus Riggs on the Camas Swale. Soon, however, he had gone to Yamhill County, and there married Eliza Hampton. They returned to the pastureland south of Eugene and settled a donation land claim southeast of the site of Goshen. Milton Riggs operated the Spencer Butte Post Office from its establishment in 1853 until it was discontinued in 1855.

The Lane County census for 1854 pictures Riggs as a prospering owner of 640 acres of farmland with 30 cows and oxen; 17 horses, mules, hogs, and sheep; and a wagon. But he did not farm long at Goshen. He conveyed his land claim

to Mr. Fisher on October 31, 1859. His presence in the area was short, but he is remembered as being among the earliest settlers.

Washington Riggs, Milton's brother, also arrived in 1845 and married Matilda Robinson of Polk County in 1849. They, too, moved to Lane County and settled a donation land claim near Goshen in 1851. Their land was on the north of Goshen village and in 1851, their daughter Ann Clarinda was born there. She was probably the first white child born in this community. Property listed for the Washington Riggs household in 1854 also indicated prosperity. There were 47 cows and oxen, 34 young cattle, a wagon, 12 horses and mules, and 15 sheep and hogs. In 1859, Washington and Matilda Riggs moved out of the area and eventually sold their lands.

In the fall of 1852, Silas and Sarah Severn arrived in Oregon from Ohio, and by the next spring had settled a claim of 320 acres on the southwest boundary of Goshen. In 1854 the census indicated 18 head of cattle and oxen on their farm. They had four children at that time. These settlers were active in land transactions for many years. In 1861 they owned a lot in the Mulligan Addition in east Eugene, and there are records of sales of various parcels from their claim in Goshen until the late 1860s. In 1866 Severn granted right of way through his lands in Goshen to the Oregon Coastal Military Road for a fee of \$40. Soon, the Severns left Lane County, and while the family appears frequently in the land records of Eugene, they apparently remained in California.

A third significant Goshen pioneer

family began the journey west from St. Joseph, Missouri in May 1845. John Jacob Hampton, a farmer and builder from Lexington, Kentucky joined the search for new land. Hampton and his wife Elizabeth (Fickle) brought their eight children to Oregon. At first they farmed on the Tualatin plain in Washington County and then near Sheridan in Yamhill County, but in 1852 the Hamptons moved to Goshen. Although they did not make a land claim, they were among the earliest residents and greatly increased the community's population! The 1854 census shows that the Hamptons now had ten children and the eleventh was born in Goshen that year. Hampton owned 27 cows and oxen, 36 young cattle, 3 horses, and 11 sheep and hogs. The total value of his holdings was valued at \$2,619.

The Hamptons only farmed in Goshen three years. In 1855, they left Lane County. They did return, however, in 1872 to live out their years with their son, John Douglas Hampton. John Jacob Hampton died in 1884 and is buried with Elizabeth in the Eugene Masonic Cemetery.

Fay Hampton Robertson records that floods and losses of buildings and livestock caused her great-grandfather to leave. (See especially, *HISTORIAN* Vol. 10 #1 for a Hampton family biography and *HISTORIAN* Spring, 1971 for Dillard family biography by Fay Hampton Robertson)

John Douglas Hampton, however, did remain in Goshen and prospered. He had probably come to Lane County with his sister (Eliza Hampton) and brother-in-law Milton Riggs around 1851. He married Mary Moore in October 1854, and they had eleven children during the



At Silcott farm near Goshen, ca 1920. front row, l-r: Samuel Linscott Lowry, Hannah Linscott Lowry, Viola Lowry, Addie Demory Lowry, w of Chas., Emma Jane Routh Lowry, w of Samuel, Charles Fremont Lowry, back row, l-r Dorothy Grace Lowry, d of Samuel, Valentine Silcott, Josephine Lowry Silcott, w of Valentine and sister of Sam & Chas Lowry, Samuel Jacob Lowry, s of Chas., Carl Raymond Lowry, s of Chas.

long marriage. He increased his own land claim by purchasing part of the Severn donation claim lands in 1864.

In 1903, the Chapman biography wrote of Hampton:

Following his father's footsteps, John D. Hampton became early interested in stock-raising, and when a comparatively young man took up a three hundred and twenty acre donation claim near Goshen. To this farm he brought his newly wedded wife . . . . Husband and wife "put their shoulders to the wheel" to improve the crude property, and render it not only a profitable but a pleasant place in which to live. Harvests rewarded their efforts in well-doing, and soon more land was required for carrying on the

large plans of the owner. Accordingly he increased his possessions to six hundred and fifty acres.

A few other families came to Goshen to create a rural agricultural community. But, historically, Goshen is a curiosity. It was a crossroads town that is still only a crossroads. It really did not grow beyond its "rural service center" beginnings.

In 1874, the Goshen Post Office was established with John Handsaker the postmaster. There was a store during this period and a grist mill. Soon there was a blacksmith shop. But even the railroad's appearance in the late 70s never really helped Goshen become a city. Walling described Goshen in 1884:

This is a depot on the line of the Oregon and California railroad, situated about midway between



Residence of W.B. Emmons, Goshen, 1899 with: Elizabeth, Mary C., James O., Oma B., Sara D., Louis V., Horace G., and Freeland.

Eugene City and Creswell, and besides a post-office, contains a store and a blacksmith's shop, while about half a mile south of it is a neat school building.

The tract of land which Silas Severn had claimed in 1853 passed through several divisions and owners, and by 1889, the eastern portion belonged to E.M. Warren. In October, 1889, Mr. Warren began selling lots of the tract which lay next to the east side of the O&C Railroad. The streets and alleys between the lots were dedicated for public use. The parcel consisted of eight lots between "A" Street and with the County Road running on the west next to the railroad tracks. First Street was delineated on the east. South of "B" Street were an additional 8 lots, and by

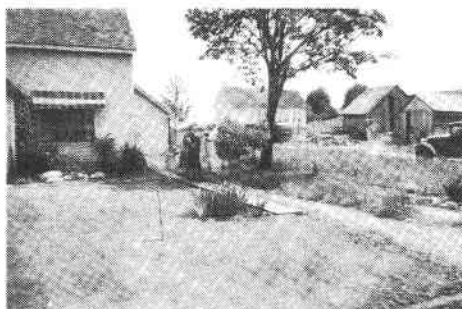
February of 1890, the plat included four more sections of six lots each.

However, there was still no indication of industry or manufacture. Agriculture (chiefly livestock, fruit and hops) was the economic base. The present lumber mill was not built in Goshen until the 1920s. There was no hotel until around the turn of the century. The only public building was the school, although a lodge hall was built later. The only religious community was the Methodist Episcopal congregation which petitioned for a church in 1913, but it was not built.

When roads, then railroads, did come to Goshen they were mostly "going through" to somewhere else.

Perhaps the early history of Goshen must be partly explained in the sloping

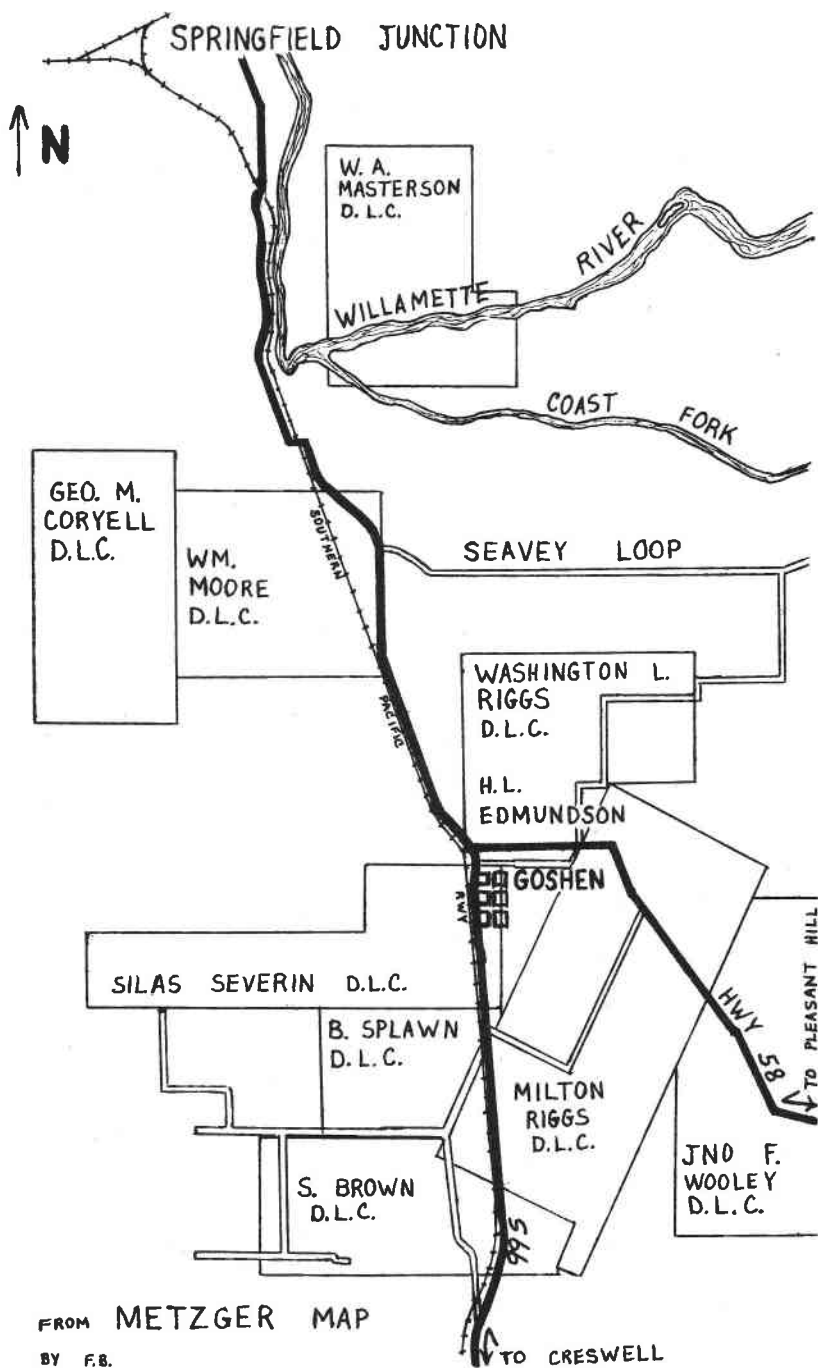
green pastureland itself. Geographic constraints surrounded the village. Storm water in Camas Swale to the south often lapped the edges of the best farmland. The steep ridge to the west still holds back Eugene's southeast corner. The Coast Fork of the Willamette River is a natural barrier to the east, and the hills south of LCC have been a constraint to movement north of Goshen. Perhaps it is this natural heritage that has kept the land of Goshen much like its pastoral image.



Old Goshen school at the end of B Street (white bldg. in background). Barns at right housed pigs. Morris photo



l-r Donna Edmunson Lowry, Dorothy Lowry Alderman, Mona Lowry Calvert near Seavey place on the Coast Fork. Dorothy Alderman photo







Mathews hop yard? Briggs photo, Lane County Museum

## ***THE EDMUNSON HOP YARDS OF EARLY GOSHEN***

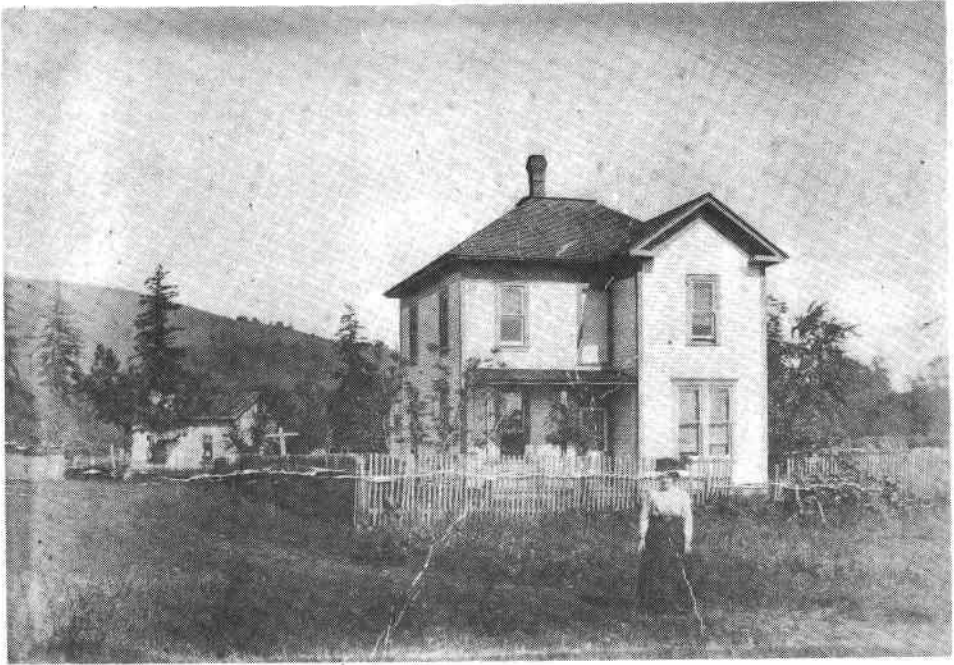
*By Jim Edmunson*

James L. Edmunson is the great-grandson of H.L. Edmunson and the son of Darrell Edmunson. He practices law in Eugene, where he lives with his wife and daughter.

One of early-day Goshen's most active farming operations was the Edmunson family hop yards on Seavey Loop. The farm, with about 55 acres of hop vines, took in up to 600 acres of river bottom between Highway 58 and the Willamette River. Crews of 100 to 150 persons camped annually for the month-long harvest each September during the hop yard's 40-year history.

Henry Lawrence Edmunson, grand-

son of two Lane County pioneer families, founded and ran the yards during its existence. In later years, his son, M.W. "Mac" Edmunson and son-in-law, Carl Lowry were partners in the farm. The senior Edmunson planted the first hop roots about 1908 after he purchased the Elliott homestead about one mile northeast of Goshen. The yards were taken out in the mid-1940s after an epidemic of powdery mildew made



House built by H.L. Edmunson on the farm near Goshen. ca. 1900. House later burned, Donna and Iris Edmunson were born in this house. Jim Edmunson photo.

hop culture impossible in the moist western Oregon climate.

Sour cherry trees were planted on the old hop land and farmed until 1960 by Mac Edmunson's oldest son, Darrell Edmunson. The family sold much of the original farm in the years after the hops were taken out, selling the orchards finally in 1960. A mobile home park now occupies the old farm.

H.L. Edmunson continued to be active in the hop farm until shortly before his death in 1952 at age 82. His two grandfathers, John H. Edmunson and Matthew M. Wallis, were early settlers in rural Lane County, occupying adjoining donation land claims in what now is the West 11th Avenue area of Eugene. Edmunson acquired up to 1,600 acres of prime land

in the mid 1850s in territorial Lane County. He and his wife, Euphambia Shrum, the daughter of territorial leader Nicholas Shrum, raised ten children on their Eugene homestead.

Wallis, a Scottish farmer from North Carolina, settled his claim in 1852. His daughter, Margaret Jane, married Rufas Edmunson in March 1870 and delivered their first son, Henry Lawrence, in December of that year. He married Donna Blighton in Eugene in 1898.

H.L. Edmunson's business ventures were successful and within a few years he had a sizeable land holding. His venture into hop growing was one of the first in the southern Willamette Valley and one of the largest in the Goshen area. He also started a farm a few miles

east of Goshen, which he transferred to his younger brother, John Edmunson, before H.L. and his wife moved to the Elliott homestead, with its large white farmhouse. There they raised their four children, Donna Edmunson (Lowry), M.W. Edmunson, Beatrice Edmunson (Winters), and Jean Edmunson.



H.L. Edmunson, 1897, Jim Edmunson photo

The hop season on the Edmunson farm began in the spring when new growth began to spring up from the hop roots. Four tips were trained up a wire-and-twine trellis some 10-feet high. Crews of 15 to 20 men were hired to string the trellis and train the hop vines. The plants were sprayed and the yard cultivated during the summer, until the pollen-laden hop flowers formed in August. Picking began in September and lasted for three to four weeks.

Mac Edmunson, now 80, recalls the picking season as a hectic time of managing the harvest crews and the

complicated hop curing process. The family built and used four large kiln-fired drying bins and a large "cooler" building where the hops were baled.

"An average picker could pick 100 to 200 pounds of hops in a day," Edmunson remembers. "That was wet weight, about three-quarters of the



Donna Blighton Edmunson, 1897, Jim Edmunson photo

weight was lost during drying."

Pickers were paid a cent a pound for hops, and some pickers tried to pad their weight.

"They would put in vines and sticks, anything to make it heavier," Edmunson said. "We had to check them pretty close because we only wanted clean hops."

One woman had an unpleasant habit of relieving herself while sitting astride a hop basket. The sodden hops weighed considerably more, and the crews were wise and kept a sharp lookout for the woman. "We even caught her once doing it," Edmunson recalled with a

chuckle. "That was it for her."

A few pickers were Indians who traveled to the Goshen area from the Warm Springs reservation, and pitched tents to live at the yard during the season. Later, wooden buildings were built for the workers.

The hops were picked in baskets, then dumped into burlap sacks to be weighed. The sacks were hauled by truck to the drying bin, where they were spread about 20 inches deep on a slatted floor covered with fabric. A fire below the bin was stoked and a pan of sulphur placed over the flames. As it burned, the sulphur let off gas which cured the hop flowers and killed insects and disease. The cure cycle took about 24 hours.

After the hops were cured, the bins were emptied and the dry hops taken by cart to the "cooler", a 40-foot high building in which the hops were dumped. A machine in the "cooler"

bound the hops into 200-pound burlap bales for shipment. Buyers for hop agents, most from the Salem area, would contract for the harvest and take delivery after picking and curing.

The hop business flourished in the early years, but fell on hard times during Prohibition because beer was illegal and hops had little other market. The Edmunsons converted their yards to navy beans and grain during Prohibition, but replanted the vines after liquor again became legal in 1933.

Mac Edmunson remembers the price war that raged in the hops industry right before Prohibition took effect in 1920. "The price was at \$1 per pound, a great price, but my dad wanted \$1.25. I told him when the price reached \$1.20 to sell because that was as high as the price was going to get. He wouldn't, and then Prohibition hit, and the price just dropped out.

"We were stuck with a season's hop



John Edmunson, Jim Edmunson photo



Malcolm Wallis Edmunson, age 2 years, Jim Edmunson photo

harvest. We just took the bales out into the field, cut them open, and spread the hops on the ground, worthless. All we could do was save the burlap sacks. We were so disgusted we just dug the damn vines up."

After Prohibition ended, the vines were replanted and the yards continued for several years. The in early 1940s, an epidemic of powdery mildew hit the Willamette Valley and the hop plants

suffered. Hop flowers formed but wouldn't ripen. Without heavy golden pollen, called "lupulin", hops were worthless for brewing beer. Again the vines were dug, and this time replaced with sour cherry trees. Within a few years, a mildew-resistant variety of hop was introduced, but the cherries were well-established, and little thought was given to returning to hops.

## **GOSHEN TIDBITS**

One childhood recollection: Mr. Roney, who ran the store and post office in Goshen, was a very portly gentleman. The memory is of parents laughing because when Roney bought his first car it was necessary to remodel the steering column before he could fit his midriff under the wheel.

Irene Carson Albro, a current resident of the Lorane Highway area, recalls that, "We always went to the hop fields every fall . . . We went up to Goshen to Edmunson's yard. We took our tent and our eats. They furnished plenty of fruit and lots of times they'd have vegetable gardens that you could pick from. You could always keep bacon and we'd take some of that along. Usually mother cooked up some meat to take and when that was gone we'd go over to Goshen and buy more. Then we'd take flour and sugar and the staples. Lots of times they just put the calf back with the cow at home while we were away, to use the milk. We were

usually gone ten days. That was the whole season. They had quite a lot of hop yards, big ones. And they had a lot of pickers too. But they always prepared a good place for you to camp, and there was always plenty of apples and prunes and lots of times we had berries we could pick. Mother always took jellies and some canned fruit.

"Mother had a little stove that we had taken and fixed up, because she baked biscuits a lot of times for breakfast. I remember the little stove. It was just a little one that set up on legs. And then they put it up on blocks so it was higher. Wood stove. Edmunsons furnished all the wood you wanted. The stove had an oven with a door that opened and closed. It had four lids, but I don't think it was more than about two feet and a half (high). And of course mother always had her coffee pot and her tea kettle along. We used to put on about three joints of stovepipe so we could run the smoke so it wouldn't bother and it

would make a better draft.

Our cousins, the Calloways that lived down on lower Spencer Creek, went too. We always camped together. They had their little stove too. There was a big granary there at Edmunsons with a shed on each side, and we always had one of those sheds to be under. We had tarps or something we put up at the side to be sheltered. Hop picking was hard work. We didn't make much money was the trouble of it.

"My brother usually taken us in the wagon and got us all straightened up, and then he brought the team and wagon back home. It taken about a day to get our things loaded in the wagon and then go and get up there and get your tent and everything put up. We'd go toward Eugene and then take the old road up by Judkins Point and go over to

Goshen. Followed the river all the way. When we were through picking we could send a note, or somebody would come back home and then the homefolks could come and get us."

**Spencer Butte Pioneers**, by Lois Barton, P.80.

Ray Cornelius, who lived in the Goshen area for several years in his youth, shared some memories.

"There was an old grist mill in about the location of the present depot. I remember when a bunch of us boys climbed under there to see the big fly wheel which was steam powered. There was a big empty room in that building which we cleaned out and used as a basketball court until the Odd Fellows hall was built.

The blacksmith's name was Robbins. I went to school with his daughters Joyce and Rene.



Coast Fork District 103 student body ca. 1923. Can you name the students for us? Morris photo

At one time everyone in the area decided to raise apples. They planted orchards, the biggest one was out Camas Swale way. About the time the trees began to bear, the market for apples disappeared, and that was the end of that dream of prosperity.

There was a creamery across from the store for three or four years, and everyone brought their dairy products in there, but I guess there wasn't enough to keep them in business long.

Our ball diamond was where the substation is now. We had a pretty good ball team. We played some of the local communities like Pleasant Hill, Creswell and Trent. Couldn't go much farther than that because the team traveled by wagon behind a team. I couldn't play with them all the time. There was too much work on the farm. I sometimes got off on Saturdays, but my dad wouldn't allow me to play on Sunday.

The mail carrier on the rural route had an old Model T Ford truck with a canvas cover over the back. He used to say he'd walked about three miles by the time he reached the end of his route — tramping on those pedals to keep the truck on the road.

There were three families that grew hops in the area. Two Edmunsons and a Stafford family. Staffords used part of Mathews place for some of their fields.

I was janitor for the two room school one winter, cutting and carrying in the firewood, cleaning and keeping the place in order. I got \$6 a month for my work. We had one unpopular teacher, a Mrs. Damewood, who lived in Springfield. She was an overbearing person. I had three marbles, all I could afford, and they were pretty precious to me. I had them in my pocket along with the 15¢ knife I carried to sharpen my pencils. I sat at a desk close to the front



Ollie Lindley and her turkeys. Morris photo



and one day I reached into my pocket for the knife to sharpen my pencil. Apparently the teacher heard those marbles rattle, 'cause she marched back to where I was sitting and demanded the marbles. I had to give them to her, and she never gave them back.

Goshen was a freight change point for the Natrol cutoff. Lots of freight went out of there by wagon up to the con-

struction crew on the railroad bed. People also brought lots of railroad ties in to Goshen from little sawmills in the area to be loaded on SP cars for market.

My parents stayed on the farm there as long as they were able to do the work. My brother and I helped get in and harvest crops a couple of years, then we sold the place and got a nice little house in Eugene for the folks.

## ***ALASA & WALTER PRELLE OF COTTAGE GROVE A BIOGRAPHY by Clista Prella-Tworek***

Born July 17, 1892, in Central City, Iowa, Alasa was the first child of George and Blanche Jordan Crosby. They had intended naming her after her grandfather Crosby, but compromised and synthesized Al-asa from her grandmother Al-ice followed by her grandfather's name of Asa. Alasa was a beautiful child with dark eyes, a wide smile and abundant dark hair (which she never cut — not even in the twenties when her sisters bobbed.) She also had the pick of the ribbons in her father's general store. The boys at school loved to set their feet on the back of Alasa's seat, trapping the ribbons and pulling them off when she stood up — often catching a good bit of hair also as it reached well past the seat bottom even when braided.

As well as fulfilling her regular housewifely duties, Alasa's mother found the time to pursue artistic endeavors and was quite an accomplished painter in oils and decorator of china. She made all of the clothing for the family, including lace edgings for her daughter's under garments. On special occasions the girls wore lace stockings, another tribute to their mother's handiwork. Alasa became quite proficient in all the traditional crafts and excelled in

quilt work. What she now calls her "rough work" in stitching is as precise as modern machine work.

The Crosbys lived in Central City until Alasa's graduation from high school at the age of 18. At that time George moved his family to Orange Cove, California, and retired from the dry goods business. They lived on a small bit of land in a somewhat rural setting just outside of town.

When Alasa was in her early



twenties, she moved to San Francisco to take a job with the Butterick Pattern Company. She lived with a family and earned her board by dishwashing and babysitting their small son, with whom she shared a room. She packed a sack lunch every day and took the trolley (for a nickel) to the Bay where the offices of the pattern company stood on stilts right at the water's edge. She ran the first electric adding machine used in California. Alasa continued with the Butterick Company for some years.

She had always felt a calling to be a nun. Since her family was of Methodist affiliation and would not hear of it, Alasa respected their wishes and remained in conformity, though her heart was not with them.

At the age of 28, Alasa took an extended trip to Colorado. In Denver she visited a friend she had known in California who had joined the convent.



Alasa Crosby Prella ca. 1920 courtesy Clista Prella-Tworek



Fred and Walter Prella with their last catch of fish ca. 1957. Clista Prella-Tworek

Alasa still had it in her heart to join, but according to her family's wishes she went on to her Uncle George Goss' Ranch — "The Pleasant Valley Company". Since George was a widower and in failing health, Alasa decided to stay on and help manage the ranch. The place consisted of 640 acres outside Steamboat Springs, and had 300 cattle, 30 milk cows, many chickens, geese, turkeys and other small stock. The foreman of the ranch crew was Fred Prella (born September, 1874, in Germany). He was a most able worker even though partially crippled from an accidental gunshot to his left hand when he was a young boy. Fred was gentle and well mannered and Alasa grew close to him during the months they worked together. Alasa says that meeting Fred put an end to her wanting to be a nun! They married in 1924 in Steamboat Springs.

Fred and Alasa stayed on at the ranch until 1931, after her uncle's death and the clearing of his estate. Alasa still pines for the sharp, clean, cold snows of the Colorado winter, that were followed by blue skies and dry cold air. She remembers cutting ice blocks from the river that were so thick they would last all summer stored in the ice house packed in sawdust. But she was not to see such a winter again as she and Fred moved to California, and weary of it after only three years, went on to Oregon.

They homesteaded on Beaver Creek (off Smith River) living just a mile off Gunner Road. The timber was so thick in that mile that it was difficult travel. They built their home within "spitting distance" of the creek among the tall grasses along the creek bottom. Vegetables such as string beans and po-

tatoes, a few chickens and a milk cow or two made up their livelihood. This was supplemented by working in the timber. Though they never had children, Fred and Alasa "raised" Fred's brother Bill's daughter, Pat. Pat's mom was a school teacher and couldn't be home with her child as was necessary. Alasa was more than willing to have a child to look after. In later years Pat's son Gary spent a good deal of time with them, too.

Fred's youngest brother Walter joined them in 1936. He had been somewhat at a loss since the death of their mother in 1929 and Alasa urged him to stay with them, insisting it would not be an imposition as they could use an extra hand due to Fred's age and partial disability, and there was always work in the woods and mills. The brothers worked together splitting cedar shakes (shingles) for some time, and Walter worked odd jobs until 1938 when he began working steady as the nightwatchman for the Earl Harris Lumber Company. One of his part-time employments had been working with the Gunner Brothers, bucking logs in the woods. He received an injury there one day when a log fell against his hip. It has caused increasing pain through the years. Walter worked at the sawmill for 20 years while Alasa managed the homestead and Fred worked mostly on the place. The brothers also got in a fair amount of fishing before Fred's death on March 26, 1958. Today Fred still holds a place of warmth and respect in Alasa's heart. She remembers him as a gentle man of quiet dignity.

Walter describes himself as a fiddle player, a fixer, mender, and remembrer (he specializes in Indian and Civil

War stories and those of his father's days in the Franco-Prussian War as a bayonet fighter). Playing the fiddle and banjo is a pastime Walter has enjoyed since he was a young man. He has also done a good deal of fine woodworking — turning bowls, butter molds, salt boxes, candlesticks and little pigs on the lathe. His hands are very long and broad with tapering fingers — an artist's hands. After his retirement, Walter continued to play fiddle with an old time music band called "The Melody Makers" in Cottage Grove, Oregon.

Alasa and Walter continued to live together after Fred's death, seeing no reason to change their habit of 22 years. But the neighbors "got to talking" about their living together and not being married, so for the sake of appearances, they married in July, 1959.

In 1963 they moved to Cottage Grove, selling the Beaver Creek homestead and buying a house on Overholser Road with a spring and a couple of acres attached to it. Alasa describes Cottage Grove as a nice clean little town where you can get most anything you want. They built a woodworking shed for Walter on the place, and added a spacious sewing and reading room the length of the back of the house. Here Alasa arranged her two sewing machines, work table, chests and bureaus. With pride she demonstrates the use of her mother's White Rotary treadle sewing machine that is still in perfect order, even after beginning its

history with Alasa's baby clothes. Chests and baskets are full of quilts and quilting scraps, a testament to the countless pieces of handwork and quilting that she has done over the years. She gives freely of her cache, saying "I won't be needing this much longer". The room is a garden of fabric of every imaginable type — much of it collected from her sister Doris during her days as a sales representative for a fabric and notions company. In this way Alasa also acquired a most incredible button collection from which she makes elaborately designed bracelets. Many of the buttons are very old and rare. Exquisitely beautiful glass display cases from her father's store contain a salt dish collection of many bright colors and pretty shapes. Above these are arranged her spoon collection. She has a lovely selection of the family jewelry and her mother's china pieces, cutlery, dishes and a well executed oil painting. She even has her grandfather's trunk that "went around the horn" in the early 1800s. Both she and Walter are dedicated supporters of the Cottage Grove Historical Museum, donating many fine artifacts and intending most of their antiques to go to the museum on their deaths.

Walter worked for the Overholsters "up the road" as a gardener and handyman, as well as caring for the apples, plums and berries on their place. They have a small garden and Alasa has always tended extensive beds of flowers, her favorites being pansies.

LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
222 E. BROADWAY #218  
EUGENE, OR 97401



Former Ollie Lindley home, 1st and B streets, Goshen, now occupied by her daughter Margaret Morris, Morris photo.