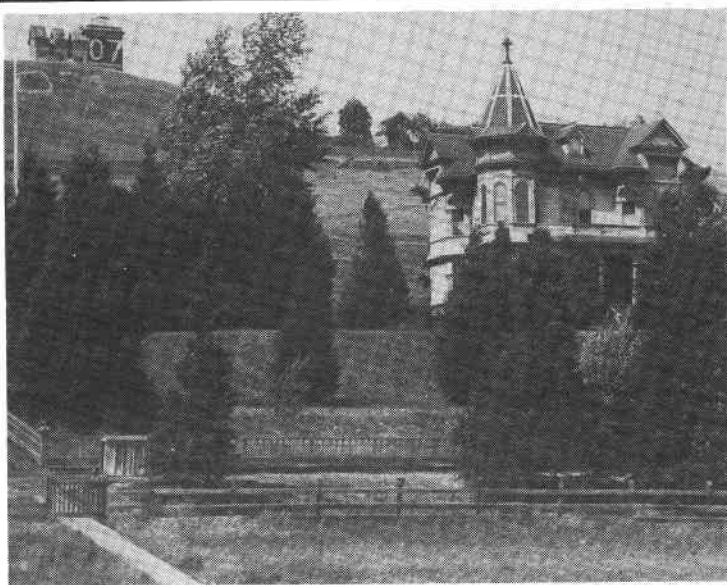
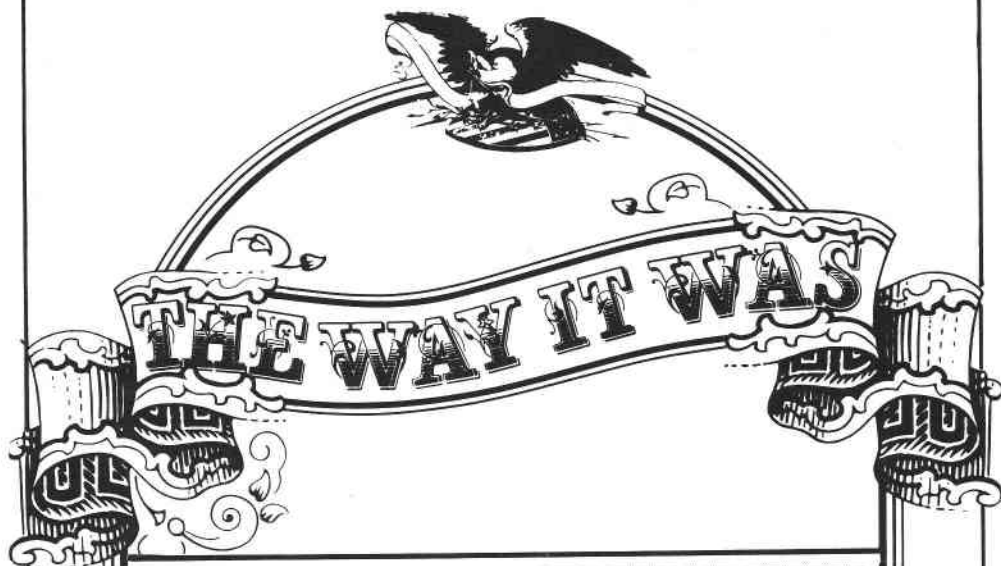


Lane County Historian



Shelton-McMurphey house, ca. 1904, Collver Collection,
Lane County Historical Museum.

The Lane County Historical Society
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The Lane County Historical Society

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303 WILLAMETTE STREET: EUGENE'S GREEN HOUSE ON THE HILL

by Martha Frankel



Robert McMurphy and Alberta Shelton in parlor of Shelton-McMurphy house on wedding day, July 31, 1893. Courtesy Lane County Historical Museum

"When my grandparents planned to build on the Butte, people told them nothing would grow on the barren south side, as nothing was growing. But they built there and planted and watered and you can see the result."

As Elsie McMurphy Madden recounted in her memoirs, many residents wondered why anyone would want to build a home on such a dry desolate spot. But, ten years after their arrival in Eugene Dr. Thomas W. and Adah Lucas Shelton purchased the first segment of property, and in 1885, the second

segment. The entire property encompassed land from Washington to Pearl streets, from the O&C Railroad to the river, and included the hill known as Skinner Butte. In 1886, prior to the actual construction of the Shelton residence, the northwestern segment of the property, between Washington and Lincoln streets and between Clark and Third streets, was subdivided. Called Shelton's Addition to Eugene, the land was dedicated to the public in March. In 1889, another segment of the Shelton acreage was subdivided and dedicated to the

public. As one would expect, it became known as Shelton's Second Addition to Eugene.

The *Eugene City Guard* reported in January 1886 that Dr. Shelton had hired Rob McGhee to level 200 square feet at the base of the Butte for a house that would be erected in the spring. It was not until the following spring of 1887 that construction actually began. A *Morning Register* article stated that the Butte was a "...peculiar and unusual formation ... It is a landmark that stays in the memory of every person that has seen it." Situated below the Butte, the train depot with all the traffic bustling through provided an audience for the house. No wonder the Sheltons chose to build their new home in such a location.

Salem architect Walter D. Pugh designed the house; he also is responsible for the design of the Salem City Hall (1893-97), the second Thomas Kay Woolen Mill (1896), and the steel dome on the State Capitol Building (1892). The construction bid was awarded to local contractors Nels Roney and W.H. Abrams, at an estimate of eight thousand dollars. Roney is usually remembered as the builder of many Lane County bridges. Towards the end of 1897, a fire destroyed the nearly complete structure. In December, the Sheltons decided to rebuild the house from the original plans, and in late October of 1888 Dr. Shelton, his wife, and their daughter Alberta moved into their house on the hill.

the development of Eugene City. Upon his death in 1893, the *Oregon State Journal* referred to him as a "public spirited man who had done much to advance the interests of the city".

Mrs. Shelton is remembered as a lover of plants, and she collected locally and in her travels, researching and labeling the collections with their scientific names. Adah Shelton moved to Portland after her husband's death, leaving the house on the hill to Alberta and her new husband, Robert McMurphey.

Alberta was tutored at home until age 12, and she traveled extensively with her parents. She attended the University of Oregon School of Music, and was a member of its first graduating class in 1886. In the early 1890s she worked at the Winter Photography Studio, and taught music in the high school. Her husband, Robert McMurphey, had come to the west as the personal secretary to George Andrews of the O&C Railroad. After moving to Eugene, he became involved in the real estate and insurance business, and was extremely active in civic and business community affairs. Some of his projects included the Willamette Valley Woolen Manufacturing Company, the Eugene Commercial Club, Eugene Water Works, and the City Park Board. As a response to the City Beautiful Movement in Oregon, the all-male Eugene Commercial Club was formed in 1902, with Robert McMurphey as its first vice-president. By 1908, the movement was activated in Eugene, and to encourage women to participate, the Ladies' Auxiliary

of the Commercial Club was founded, with Alberta McMurphey as its first president. She became a champion for beautifying the railroad area, later becoming involved in the development of the depot park.

By 1904, six children filled the house on the hill, and the increasing needs of a large family resulted in significant alterations to the house in 1912. A sleeping porch and bathroom were added upstairs. Daughter Elsie recalled that, "When it became the vogue to sleep with lots of fresh air and therefore to have sleeping porches, ours was built about 1912 over the kitchen area and beds for all eight of us were moved there, giving more dressing and playing space in our rooms. In winter we heated bricks

in the oven, wrapped them in towels and put them by our feet. Some hot summer nights we would take our mattresses out the windows onto the tin roof over the veranda to sleep under the stars, the lovely latticework and balustrade keeping us from falling into the rosebushes."

In 1919, the semi-retirement and declining health of Robert McMurphey necessitated the creation of home office space. The conservatory, at the eastern end of the front verandah, was enlarged for his use. He died while traveling on a trip to California. Alberta McMurphey died in 1949, and the property was sold in 1950 to Drs. Eva and Curtis Johnson.

The house had been unattended for a few years, and the Johnsons were



Shelton-McMurphey House, courtesy Lane County Historical Museum
Spring, 1989

excited about restoring it. Dr. Eva had grown up nearby, and had grand memories of it. The exterior was restored, while the interior was modernized significantly. In 1952, a fire damaged much of the framing on the main floor and the walls enclosing the original chimney structure. Repairs were made, but the main chimney was replaced with a modern one. At this time, the peaked roof of the turret was rebuilt similar to the original, which was dismantled in 1915.

In 1966, Dr. Johnson sold approximately 3.25 acres to the Evergreen Union Retirement Association, and the same year the Association erected the Ya Po Ah Terrace Apartments. In 1975, the remaining 1.25 acres, including the house, was

deeded to the Lane County Museum, with the hope that the house would be completely restored and opened as a public facility.

Now listed on the National Register of Historic Places, the property is being managed by the Lane County Historical Museum, and a caretaker currently lives in the house. A Steering committee is at work planning for the future use of the house and grounds, which will include rental use for meetings, seminars, receptions and weddings. The estimated cost for the complete restoration is \$350,000, and proceeds from rental of the property will be used towards the restoration. For more information, contact the Lane County Historical Museum. □

THE TALE OF AN EAGLE

by Lois Inman Baker

Many years before the Fern Ridge Dam was even a dream, in the late 1870s, my grandfather, J.F. Inman acquired a farm situated where the Jeans Road now runs into the lake. Nearly all the 700 acres are now under the lake. It was a very diversified farm; sheep, goats, dairy cattle, beef cattle, horses, pigs, chickens and a few guinea hens to warn of an approaching hawk.

Several years later, ca. 1910, one noon when grandfather came home from the fields for lunch, he brought with him what he thought was a dead eagle. He wanted his grandchildren to see what an eagle really looked like. The bird had had one wing shot off by a neighbor because it was trying to carry away a lamb. The remaining wing had a spread of about four feet. The eagle was not dead, but only stunned. We gave it water and tried all kinds of food, which it refused. We learned then that eagles eat only meat, and fresh meat at that.

Across the road from the house was a grove of fifteen or twenty small oak trees. Grandfather built a fence of chicken wire around those trees for the injured bird. Only Grandfather ever dared go into the pen, and he always carried a stick when he went in to clean it out. The eagle had a vicious guttural "caw-caw", a sort of hiss, whenever anyone came near. It required fresh water every day, but would eat only every few days.

Grandfather would say to us that he thought the eagle was getting kind of hungry and we'd better go out and get a jackrabbit or a graydigger (ground squirrel). We would throw the victim over the fence and the eagle would pounce on it, holding it down with one claw and ripping it open with the other. He was not at all particular what he ate: feathers and fur went down, and what he couldn't digest, he later regurgitated. Sometimes one of Grandmother's hens would wander across the road and fly up on the enclosure, and being dumb as chickens are, fly on down inside the pen. One squawk and the hen was gone.

In those days I was not afraid to pick up snakes, and every garter snake I caught, I threw over the fence to the eagle. He would hold it down



Frank Inman who cared for a wounded eagle for many years. Courtesy Lois Inman Baker

with one claw and maneuvering with the other claw, would get it into a position so he could swallow it head first, and down it went with the tail still wiggling — a bit nauseating, but fascinating.

On Sundays people would come from miles around to see the caged eagle, and often brought him tidbits. The visitors, not knowing that eagles eat only meat, whatever else they brought we left in the cage, because the food attracted rats and mice, and that cut down on our job of feeding the bird.

Each year the white feathers on his back and breast came down a little further. We do not know how old he was when we got him, but he was fully grown. We had him about 25 or 30 years, and he was just as vicious at the end of his life as at the beginning. So we really did not know his age when we found him dead in the cage one morning. He was given a suitable burial, the fence was dismantled, and so ends the tale of an eagle. □

WHITE MOCCASINS.

by Beverly H. Ward

Beverly Ward was born in Coos Bay and grew up on a homestead near the Siletz River. On New Year's Eve 1924, she married Gene Mecum, a Coquille Indian, and lived for several years near his grandmother.

In *White Moccasins* Mrs. Ward tells of their life on Cut Creek near Bandon, but more importantly, records the stories and history of the Native Americans of the area as recounted by Gene's grandmother, Susan Ned. The book is full of details about Indian ways, the conflicts with early settlers in the Klamath Basin and gold miners. It also reports recent efforts among her people to bring redress for former injustices through Native American Rights organizations.

The book is very readable and recommended for anyone interested in anecdotal versions of Oregon history.

BLAZES ON THE SKYLINE

by Robert Cox

Cyrus J. Bingham, commissioned in 1903 by the U.S. Department of the Interior, was the first high country forest ranger in the Cascades. Bob Cox has documented Bingham's work in *Blazes on the Skyline*. The ranger left evidence of his travels in blazes on the trees. Cox has spent twenty years locating and making rubbings of those marks, and has provided a wealth of information about other early back country figures and some relatively unknown history of the area, including Oregon's Cattle and Sheep War between 1902 and 1906.

Pen-and-ink drawings and black-and-white photographs illustrate the text. The book is available from Robert Cox, 3908 Cornell Way, Eugene, OR 97405. Price: \$7.95 plus \$1.50 postage.

(This review excerpted from a story by Doug Newman in the Eugene Register Guard, 6-5-1988.)

HENRY AND MARTHA HAWKINS

by Great, Great, Great Grandson, Hugh H. Hughes

(Ed. Note: A more complete account of other family members is on file at the Lane County Historical Museum.)

Henry and Martha Crafton Hawkins crossed the plains from Lee County, Iowa to Oregon in 1845 with their son, Dr. Zachariah Hawkins (and wife Nancy White); daughter Martha J. (Mrs. John D. Boon), three unmarried daughters: Nancy, America and Elizabeth, and grandchildren.

Henry was born about 1792 in Nelson Co. (later Hardin Co.) Kentucky and married Martha Crafton there in 1811. His father is believed to be John Hawkins, born 1766 and recorded on the 1810 census. John and Henry's families appear together in 1820. According to his obituary (Morning Standard Daily, Portland, Oregon, July 13, 1878), Henry spoke often of his adventures as a young man flatboating on the Mississippi and of "Memphis Under the Hill." He and presumably his brother, Smith, appear with their families in Barren Co., Kentucky, 1830 and in De Moines Co., Iowa, 1836. In 1840, Henry, Zachariah, John D. Boon, and other 1845 pioneers appear in Lee Co., Iowa, prior to their departure for Oregon.

Zachariah married Nancy White in 1832 in Illinois.

The Hawkins, White and McCarver families were part of a 28 wagon caravan led as far as Ft. Boise by Samuel Hancock. On the journey, tragedy struck the Hawkins family

twice, first in the death of Zachariah and Nancy's little Laura Emily, 5 years old, and then in the death of Zachariah himself, along the Snake River near present Glenn's Ferry, Idaho. The family tradition states that Zachariah died of typhoid fever, but Wojcik¹ points to evidence that he was killed by Indians while hunting with George Hinshaw. The search party found George mutilated and dying, but Zachariah's body was not found and presumed thrown into the river. From this sad encampment, Nancy White Hawkins with her mother and five remaining children drove one of the two ox teams and wagons on to Oregon. Their wagon-master, Thomas M. Read of New Hampshire, drove the other.²

At Ft. Boise some of the migration elected to join the Stephen Meek and Sol Tetherow parties who ventured across Eastern Oregon to become known as "the lost wagon train of 1845". Many lives were lost. Thomas Read, known by his contemporaries as a prudent and conservative man, chose to bring the Hawkins family with the others who remained on the established trail. This led them through Burnt River canyon and the Blue Mountains, to the Columbia. There Nancy had Mr. Read build a raft for the transport of the family and goods to The Dalles while he and Nancy's brother, Newton White, drove

the cattle by Indian trail on to the Willamette Valley. At The Dalles, they were met by McCarver who had come to meet his family with a crew of men. From there, they rafted on to the mouth of the Sandy, then traveled overland by way of Fosters to the little settlement called Oregon City scattered around Dr. John McLoughlin's home.

Nancy with her children and mother, Nancy Atherton White, probably stayed that winter with her brother Samuel. (e) Thomas Read built bricks for Dr. McLoughlin's mill construction. In 1846, Read took a



Virgil Hawkins, charter member, Four Oaks Grange. Courtesy Dorothy Parker.

DLC in Benton Co. and married Nancy November 29 at Independence where Zachariah's will was probated. They then went upriver to become some of Benton County's first settlers. The home in which they raised a large family is now a Benton Co. Historical site in Wells district, near the entrance of Oregon State University Arboretum.

Zachariah's younger son, Edward Harrison Hawkins married Susan Caroline Norton and farmed about 20 years at Irish Bend, Benton Co. His teenage son, Clarence, preceded Susan in death by just 15 days in January, 1884. Edward had two remaining children, Clara and Clayton.

Edward then married a local school-teacher, Nancy Ellen Taylor and migrated to Eugene where they established their home in the present Hawkins Heights district. Edward and Nancy had three children, Virgil, Herbert and Ruth. The family, including his oldest daughter (my grandmother Clara), are buried in Mulkey Cemetery on Hawkins Heights. Zachariah's widow, Nancy White Hawkins Read, her mother Nancy Atherton White, daughter-in-law Susan C. Hawkins and Susan's son Clarence, with members of the Read family are found in Lewisburg or Locke Cemetery, Benton Co. (A.N. Locke, DLC, Claim #41)

The resilient spirit of independence that brought the Hawkins family into the perilous wilderness of 1780 Kentucky, onto the virgin plains of Iowa in the 1830s and from thence to Oregon in 1845, was the same spirit

that produced the congenial self-sufficiency and progressive agriculture for which they are well known. From their notes, letters and a study of their toil worn faces reflecting firm determination and dignity, one can fathom more of the mettle and spirit of the pioneer. Several became wealthy and left their names on landmarks and developments where they had transformed the wilderness into productive agricultural successes. All of them have passed on to us, their descendants, a heritage of self reliance and love for the land they strove to reach, subdue and cultivate.

They were among those who realized the fulfillment of the Great American Dream.

NOTES

¹Donna M. Wojcik: *The Brazen Overlanders of 1845*, 1976, p. 205.

²Fred Lockley: *Impressions and Observations of the Journal Man*. Oregon Journal, Wednesday, Nov. 26, 1924, p. 6. Wednesday, 19 Nov. 1930.

(e) The historic home of S.S. White, the White-Kellogg house built on his Donation Land Claim which he secured in 1850 still stands in Oregon City. □



Ruth Hawkins Flanagan & Dr. Flanagan. Courtesy Dorothy Parker (From Four Oaks Grange scrap book)

Spring, 1989



Spanish-American War memorial fountain, 8th & Oak, 1901 Walton Collection, Lane County Historical Museum.

SPANISH AMERICAN WAR MEMORIAL

It's been ninety years since a company of Oregon boys went off to the Phillipines to help win a war. Their story has been ably reported by Inez Long Fortt in Volume 17 of the *HISTORIAN*, pages 43 to 58. A little-known aftermath in this ninetieth anniversary year deserves telling. The evidence is plainly visible to all visitors of the Lane County Historical Museum at 730 W. Thirteenth St., Eugene.

An interview with Lester Calder in 1984 explained to your editor that a memorial fountain had been installed on the grounds of the old court house, bearing the names of those who lost their lives in the Spanish American War. It was originally a drinking fountain, but by the time the old courthouse was torn down it had ceased to function. A bid was taken to remove the building and clear the surroundings. Merle Moore of the Historical Society began to agitate for saving the fountain, but failed to generate much interest, according to Mr. Calder. The wrecker had given away some parts before Merle was able to arrange to have the rest hauled out to the Museum where they lay on the ground for several years. The news clipping from the *Guard* tells how some money was raised by subscription for its restoration. Lester Calder recalled that one part which had been given away was

recalled that one part which had been given away was returned.

"The names on the marble were weathered so much, discolored, that they needed cleaned out," he said. "I guess I was a committee of one to get it set up. I was in Portland and I went out to monument people there. The old gentleman there gave us a pretty good price. Paul Helvig agreed to take it up to Portland and bring it back and not charge too much. I had a bid from him on setting it up. He had a truck with a crane on it. The man I dealt with understood that we wanted it shined up. But I had to have them make a piece for the other pedestal. hauling it up there allowed them to match the piece."

"The man in the shop apparently thought somebody had picked up this junk and they wanted a clean piece of stone, so they said clean it off. He thought clean it up meant wipe the inscriptions off. So they put it in the works up there. They cleaned everything off slick as a whistle. The man I'd dealt with said it was an accident, and the'd be happy to put the names back on. By gosh! Where were the names?"

The rest of the story is told in the following clipping and the letter to the editor.

**Eugene Register-Guard
Tuesday, December 27, 1966**

The Lane County Pioneer Historical Society needs some coins for its fountain—one of ancient vintage that has been refurbished and placed at the county fairgrounds.

Originally, the fountain was installed on the lawn of the old county courthouse as a memorial to Lane County's Company C soldiers who participated in the Spanish-American War in 1898. When the present courthouse was built, it was necessary to remove the war memorial.

The cost of refurbishing the fountain and replacing some missing parts has run higher than expected. About \$1,450 has been spent on the fountain project, but the Historical Society has been able to cover only about half this cost. Its request for the remainder of the necessary funds (\$729.49) is now under advisement by the Lane County Board of Commissioners.

Commissioners said this week they wouldn't make a decision on the request until after the first of the year.

Some time ago, the Society raised \$2,132 by public subscription. About \$1,500 of this was used to restore the old county clerk's office—the oldest existing structure in the county. The office, built in 1853, is now at the county fairgrounds.

The remainder of the funds collected by public subscription has been used for the fountain.

According to Hallie Huntington, society president, the organization encountered numerous problems in

restoring the the old fountain. For example, only in Portland could a firm be found that still worked with granite, and it was necessary to have the heavy shafts transported there to get the project under way.

Finally, the fountain parts were returned to Eugene and machinery was brought to the fairgrounds necessary to reset the columns and place the completed fountain at its new location.

Mrs. Huntington recreates the scene: "As the panels were carefully lifted into position from the ground, a look of tragic disbelief and complete amazement was written across Les Calder's face (Calder was chairman of the fountain committee). He discovered that every name (of Company C men) had been carefully erased, and each side of the panels had a mirror finish."

The problem now was to find the names of the 15 Spanish-American War veterans who had been listed on the original fountain.

Calder asked for help from Mrs. Wilbur Hulin, acting curator of the county's pioneer museum. Starting through files and letters, she came upon a letter written by Pauline Walton of Eugene. It had been written to the Eugene Register-Guard when the fountain had been removed from the courthouse a few years previously. Included with the letter was a phonograph showing the fountain. By enlarging the picture, it was possible to see the name of every war veteran. Then, a man had to come from Portland to recut the names on the fountain, Mrs. Huntington said.

"On entering the fairgrounds at the

museum front gate," Mrs. Huntington said, "one has only to look to the left, and the fountain, except for a fancy, ironwork scroll, which was never found, may be seen in its original impressive simplicity.

Work in Granite

EUGENE (To the Editor)—

In Tuesday's paper appeared an article under the caption "Pioneer Group Needs Coins for Fountain," referring to the memorial to the county's Company C soldiers of the Spanish-American War. It was originally installed on the old courthouse lawn and recently restored and placed at the county fairgrounds.

We take exception to the following sentence, attributed to Mrs. Hallie

Huntington, president of the Lane County Pioneer Historical Society: "... only in Portland could a firm be found that still worked in granite. . .".

We have been in the monument business in Eugene for 37 years and work with granite every day. We are equipped with modern equipment and have expert craftsmen to reproduce any monument in granite or marble.

Apparently the society made no attempt to get the work on the old fountain done locally. If it had done so, there would be no need now to solicit "coins for its fountain".

A.C. and NED A. COLLETT

Eugene Monument Co.

1492½ W. 6th Ave.

□

GROWING UP IN EUGENE

by Gladys Ziniker

(Ed. Note: The following excerpts are from an unpublished manuscript by Gladys Ziniker.)

War. How that word sends a chill up your spine. But it came just as everyone had predicted it would . . . The soldiers trained on Hayward Field, and all around our neighborhood. (13th Ave. and Beech Street). Hayward Field was full of trenches. Sometimes they would invite the public to a night time "sham battle". When they would send up flares you could see the soldiers climbing out of the trenches and squirming under the barbed wire.

Some days they would come with army vehicles and bring wood and rope and build a bridge over the wide drainage ditch between Beech Street

and the street car barns, then after a few days they would come and tear it down and haul it away. In a week or so they would come and do it all over again. They did this over and over. They would lay on their stomachs and squirm up over the tracks and down in the culvert under the trestle. The officer at the head of these maneuvers was Colonel Leader. He was from England (WWI time period).

Everyone was expected to do their bit. Mama's bit turned out to be washing 400 pairs of heavy woolen WWI army pants and shirts. The shirts weren't so bad, but the pants were murder to handle and to get dry.

If they didn't get dry they would steam and mildew. We would hang them out on the line all day, bring them all in at night and stack them up like cordwood. Then next morning hang them out again. Sometimes it took several days to be sure a pair of those heavy pants were dry. Colonel Leader didn't want the laundry to do them, as they always shrunk woolen clothes so bad.

Mama had a washing machine called "The Haag". It had a wooden agitator with four stubby little wooden legs. She made a foot stool out of it as a memento of her war "bit".

One day during this time, there was a train wreck right at the end of Beech Street, and in front of our house. Five cars were derailed. Mama had just gone to the door, to see if the mail had come, and saw the whole thing. The end of one box car dropped down and the next two just piled up on top of it. One of the box cars was full of electric light bulbs. One of them was filled with sacks of cement and there was a gondola full of granite rock. Two of the box cars were not broken open, so we didn't find out what was in them. They came with

big cranes and got them back on the track and took them away. They said anyone could have the cement and granite if they would clean it up. It didn't last long. Dad was happy to have the cement and we had a lot of granite. We had the woodshed packed full of the splintered wood from the box cars.

When the wreck first happened Mama called each of the two schools, Condon and University High, where we three kids were in school. She told them of the wreck and asked to have us excused to come home and see it. They came to see it, teachers, pupils and all.

When the armistice was signed we had a big celebration. We spent the whole day on the campus with the soldiers and Colonel Leader. It was my birthday and everyone said what a wonderful birthday present I had. The end of the war.

When I was just a baby, the summer after I was born in November, 1905, probably the 4th of July the folks went to the fairgrounds to see a hot air balloon. They were going to fly it in a north-easterly direction and it went down. Everyone thought it had



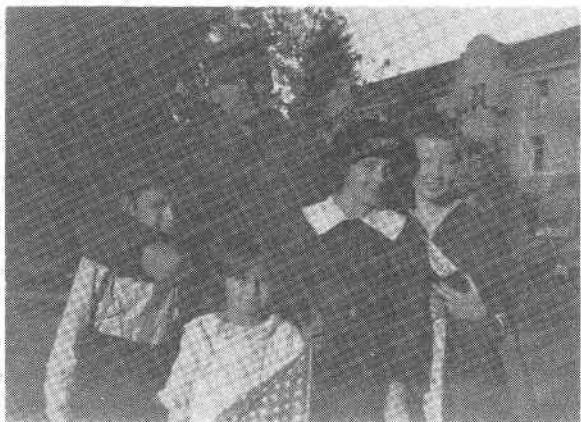
Train wreck at 1208 Beech Street. Courtesy Gladys Ziniker

gone down in the river. When we got home, it had not gone down in the river, but on the northeast corner of our house. Mother had left the back window open a little ways, as it was very hot. The balloon came down right over that window. In fact, it covered the window. It was a back bedroom and she used it for all my baby clothes and things needed to care for a baby.

What a mess! That room and everything in it was covered with black soot. It had blown out into the whole house. It was such a mess.

Mother said she just sat down and had a good cry. It took her days to clean it up.

The next year they sent up another balloon but Dad had to go see it alone. Mother wouldn't go, but stayed home with all the doors and windows shut. She seen it coming, taking the same direction the other one had. She ran into the house and checked every door and window. You can believe or not, but that one came down in our back yard. It also made a sooty mess, but it wasn't inside the house! □



Colonel Leader with l-r: Lelon, May and Gladys Wooley, and Bertha Ashby, Courtesy of Gladys Ziniker.



Sacks of cement from the wrecked box car. Courtesy Gladys Ziniker

THE RICKARD FAMILY HISTORY

by Aileen Rickard

The first section tells of the trip across the plains, the Lost Wagon Train and locating Donation land claims in the Willamette Valley. Next, the stories of three Rickard brothers, told separately, include delightful anecdotes of the trail and of farm life in the early 1900s.

This story from their overland experience is unique. Somewhere out in the bad lands, they were headed for a fort, where they expected to be able to stay in safety for a few days, rest their teams, and give the women a chance to wash. "One afternoon they saw on a hill behind them an Indian. It was dangerous country anyway. They knew that it was bad to be observed by an Indian, but there was only one. . . . The next night this Indian was still with them. The following day the Indian came down (into camp). . . . He couldn't make conversation with them well, except they understood he wanted a musket. At home he couldn't find any buffalo. They were getting scarce and hard to hunt, and he couldn't get one with his bow and arrow. He needed a gun to shoot the buffalo because his family was hungry and needed the meat. So Casper Rickard gave him a gun and the shot for it, and the Indian rode off with it. . . . Everyone on the train . . . thought he had made a bad mistake and the gun would just be turned on them.

"The Indian went over the hill and was gone, but that night he came back with the musket, and only one shot fired. So he handed the gun back and said he'd gotten a buffalo. Then they went on. That night he was still following them, also the next two days. He told them not to stop at the fort. He said there was no one alive there except all the Indians. . . . He said go on past the fort. He told them how many days to travel, to go as fast as they could for three days without stopping, to travel from sunup to sundown. So they did what he said. When they got word a few days later, sure enough the fort had been attacked, and everyone was killed."

The second section tells of the earliest known ancestors in each of several immigrant groups to America. The first Rickards were Palatines. Other ancestors were French Huguenots, English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh forebears.

There are 48 pages of genealogies, including Rickard descendants and related family names. Three thousand names are indexed. An extensive bibliography of both published and unpublished works appears. A brief historical background on the Palatines and Huguenots is included. Family photos, maps and facsimiles of miscellaneous documents are also included. Available from Aileen Rickard, 370 Elk Drive, Cottage Grove, OR 97424. \$20.00 plus \$2.00 for postage.

□

LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Board of Directors and Officers for 1987-88

President: Ethan Newman
Vice President: Quintin Barton
Recording Secretary: Alfaretta Spores
Membership Secretary: Alta Nelson
Treasurer: David Ramstead

Board Members

term expires 1988	term expires 1989	term expires 1990
Lois Barton	John McWade	Orlando Hollis
Quintin Barton	Ethan Newman	Hallie Huntington
Martha Frankel	Marty West	David Ramstead
Alfaretta Spores	Bob Cox	A.J. Giustina

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

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

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

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

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