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The Siuslaw Pioneer

1950



*The ocean
beach provided a
highway that led early
settlers to the Siuslaw
River — the only thorough-
fare in the Siuslaw country.
The Indian's canoe and the
Pioneer's skiff were once
the only means of trans-
portation to the scattered
homes near the banks
of the River and its
tributaries*

The SIUSLAW PIONEER

AUGUST

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

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TRANSPORTATION

Many Travel Experiences of Pioneers Told

Transportation means different things to different people. To some it brings back visions of long hard roads; muddy or rough, depending on the season of the year; rocks and ruts, corduroy, broken axles, teams miring down and harnesses pulling apart. Men and women so weary they could hardly rest at night. But always the onward move, the forward look. They were going to a new place to begin a new life and start a new country.

* * *

Others think of the long trip by boat. They were land lubbers and had never been used to the rolling deck, and it wasn't long before everything was rolling, and they with it. There were children and old folks, and all had to be cared for. It was confusing to start across a flat surface, and suddenly have that surface come up in their faces. Some got so sick they thought they would die, and finally got sicker and wished they could die. But it too, passed and they reached their journey's end.

They also were seeking a new country.

* * *

Some came on horseback or on bicycles; and some had the nerve to walk and pack their necessities on their backs. Some were young people, just starting out together. To them it was an adventure, and their happiness and young strength buoyed them up. Some were middle aged and had a family to be raised in a country they would help develop. But some were aged, and to them it was a great and grave undertaking. They just hoped they would be able to hold out and help the rest get started in the new country.

* * *

The first to come was David Morse. He was born in Maine on October 29, 1806. He lived there on the east coast for several years doing a number of adventurous things. He was a trapper for the Hudson Bay company for years, but when he was past forty he made up his mind to come to the west coast. He shipped out on a

sailing vessel and came around the horn. His ship ran into terrible storms, and when there were no storms they worried for fear they would be becalmed and washed up on the pinnacle rocks around the Horn, or get caught in a rip tide and beaten to pieces. He was six months, from December 22, 1849 to June 15, 1850 making the trip to San Francisco.

From there he worked around California in the gold mines. Tiring of that he came north to Coos Bay, and in 1876 came to the Siuslaw. He was the first white settler in Florence. He filed the first homestead claim in that district when it was still an Indian reservation. He also platted that part of Florence east of the old Kyle store known as the First Morse Addition, and later filed the Second Morse Addition. After more white people came he said they were getting too thick, so went across the river and filed on a piece of land between Glenada and Rose Hill.

He built his house in a gulch and had a fine orchard and garden. Many people went across the river to get fruit or vegetables from him. He was a large, good looking man; wore a long white beard in his later years, and enjoyed visiting. He never seemed to be in a hurry, and loved to dig clams and fish. He sent to his son in Empire for ten gallons of mud clams. When they came he planted five gallons by Rose Hill and gave five gallons to Marion Morris to plant on the Florence side of the river. That

was the start of the mud clams on the Siuslaw. He died in Florence Sept. 18, 1895 at the age of 89.



There were James and Lavinia Mitchell who came from Drain down the Umpqua to Elkton. It was in 1889. The road was terribly rough and they had only the running gear to a wagon with a few boards fastened on in place of a box. On top of the boards was fastened a trunk on which Mrs. Mitchell sat and held her baby in her arms. There was no place for the men to ride and they walked. The road was rough, and sometimes steep, and sometimes they forded creeks. It seemed at times as though she just couldn't hold on another minute. They finally arrived at Elkton where they left the team and had to build a flatboat to carry all nine of them the rest of the way down to Reedsport. Mrs. Mitchell was scared and shut her eyes when they went down through the rapids. They were told afterward that they were the first to cross the rapids alive.



Then there was Leonard Christensen who came from Astoria on a sailing vessel in 1886. The trip was long for they had to depend on the wind. When they reached the Siuslaw they were towed in over the bar by a tug boat. Leonard was so happy to get here he sat on the bow of the boat and played his accordion all the way up the river.



The Jared Scotts were young people who came from Michigan

in 1886. They arrived at Eugene City and were told they would have to walk part of the way as there was no road all the way. Mrs. Scott said if they had to walk part of the way they would walk all the way. So they started. She carried a canary in a cage, and he had a pack on his back and carried a telescope bag. He said, "The first day we made Elmira and stayed there all night. The next day we got as far as the mouth of the Wildcat and spent the night there. The third day we got to the Head of Tide on the Siuslaw. We stayed with the Neelys and had a fine time. There were no stages that made the entire trip from Eugene to Mapleton, and the mail was carried on horseback. We've lived here more than forty years and never wanted to go back."



Mrs. Hattie Staup came from Minnesota. Her health was poor there and she thought a change would be good for her. She and her sister came to Yaquina Bay by train, and on down to Big Creek, through Waldport, by wagon. She could not ride much of the way for the road was so rough and narrow in places she was afraid she would slide off into the ocean. Her sister was so afraid she couldn't walk, so rode in the wagon with her eyes shut most of the way.



The Phelps family came in 1880, from Yamhill. They went over into Indian Creek, but there was no

road, not even a trail. They packed their blankets and part of their camping equipment on a small pony, and the stove on a wheelbarrow, and brushed out the trail as they went. It was up hill and down, and hard pushing some of the time, but they made it, and afterwards moved five stoves over that trail on a wheelbarrow, and got \$5.00 each trip.



When the W. W. Neely family came they could get only as far as Beecher Rock with a team. So they left the wagons and packed what they could on the horses. They forded the river above the Rock and again below it, and so got onto the trail that led them on down to Head of Tide. The women and children had to walk or crawl on hands and knees around the Rock. Mr. Neely wrapped their two months old baby in a bed quilt and pushed it ahead of him as he crawled around the Rock.

There he put his wife on a horse with the baby in her arms and little Luella on the horse back of her. She rode a side saddle, for it was not nice for a woman to ride astride. Tom and Mary walked all the way down from Beecher. They sent Indians back with canoes to bring their things down. Among their cherished possessions was a new sewing machine, and it came through without a scratch. The wagons were left until the road was finished more than a year later. When they went back after them the wagons had to be greased, and the horses not having been

driven, balked. After much delay and lots of hard work they reached their destination.



Albert Knowles and wife came from Minnesota to San Francisco by train, and from there to the Umpqua by boat. The boat was small and the sea was rough, and neither of them was used to the ocean. To make things worse they had a little baby that was so seasick they were afraid she would not stand the trip. After several miserable days they reached Gardiner, called White City. It was a beautiful sight; a small city all in white nestled up against the green trees of the hills back of it.

As soon as they landed Mr. Knowles took the baby and all started to the hotel. Soon he missed his wife, and looking back saw her sitting on a box on the edge of the walk. He said, "Aren't you coming?" and she replied, "Yes, as soon as this sidewalk settles down so I can walk on it." They stayed there at a hotel until a small boat was ready to go out across the bar for the Siuslaw. They had notice to be ready to go out on the high tide at 10 P.M. When they got there they couldn't get out over the bar so returned to the hotel and went to bed. The next night they did the same thing only a half hour later. Couldn't get out over the bar.

This was kept up for 11 nights, each time a little later, until Lily said she wasn't going down there to the mouth of the river another time. If Albert wanted her to go to the Siuslaw he could just get

her another way to get there. So he engaged passage for them on the Barrett stage the next morning, and they came up the beach to Barrett's landing just in time to see the little boat come over the bar. It was dark by the time the passengers were ready to cross the river, and the men started ahead expecting Mrs. Knowles to follow. The men had the lantern so it left her in the dark. When she got to the edge of things she could hear the men down there somewhere below her and called.

Albert said, "Come on," so she gathered up her skirts and slid, down into the dark. She landed all covered with sand, but none the worse for the slide. They got into a boat and were rowed across the river. It was pretty awful to hear the waves suck around the boat there in the dark, but they soon got to Florence and had a good place to stay. They came from Florence to Mapleton by row boat and stayed with Frank Knowles a few days until their things came, and then went to their ranch up the creek where they lived so many years.

* * *

Why did they come? They wanted homes, and schools, and churches; and enough land to make them a living. They wanted space, and trees, and streams and wild life about. What matter what they wanted? They wanted most to be free men and women. A chance to work out their own lives. To love their neighbors. That's why they came, and they endured much to achieve it.—M.Y.K.

IT TAKES GRIT

By Emma Forsyth Saubert

On the way to our new home in the Siuslaw country we stopped several days at Elmira, where we bought a few head of cattle. There were four cows and twenty yearling calves. There wasn't enough room in our wagon, so Mamma, Belle and Carl came on the Whisman Brothers' stage. The road was hardly wide enough for the wagon and was overhung with brush all wet and dripping. June of 1888 was a rainy month. In memory I can still see the new emigrant wagon; that nice new top had to be taken down to pass under the low hanging trees and the famous rocks, Beecher and Tilden.

The cows followed the wagon, but the calves didn't like the wet brush any better than I did and kept trying to hide or turn back. My pony wasn't bridlewise, so I had to leave him to follow, while I crawled out in the brush to herd them. I walked most of the way. Traffic wasn't crowded, and except for the over night places, we never saw or met anyone but Mr. Erhart and his son Grant. They were going to Eugene afoot, the usual and best way to go places. We were several days on the road. The cattle walked slow and so did I. Finally we reached the head of tidewater and Mapleton, where my brother Roy and I saw our first steamboat, the "Favorite."

We put some of the stock on a scow and all on board crowded to

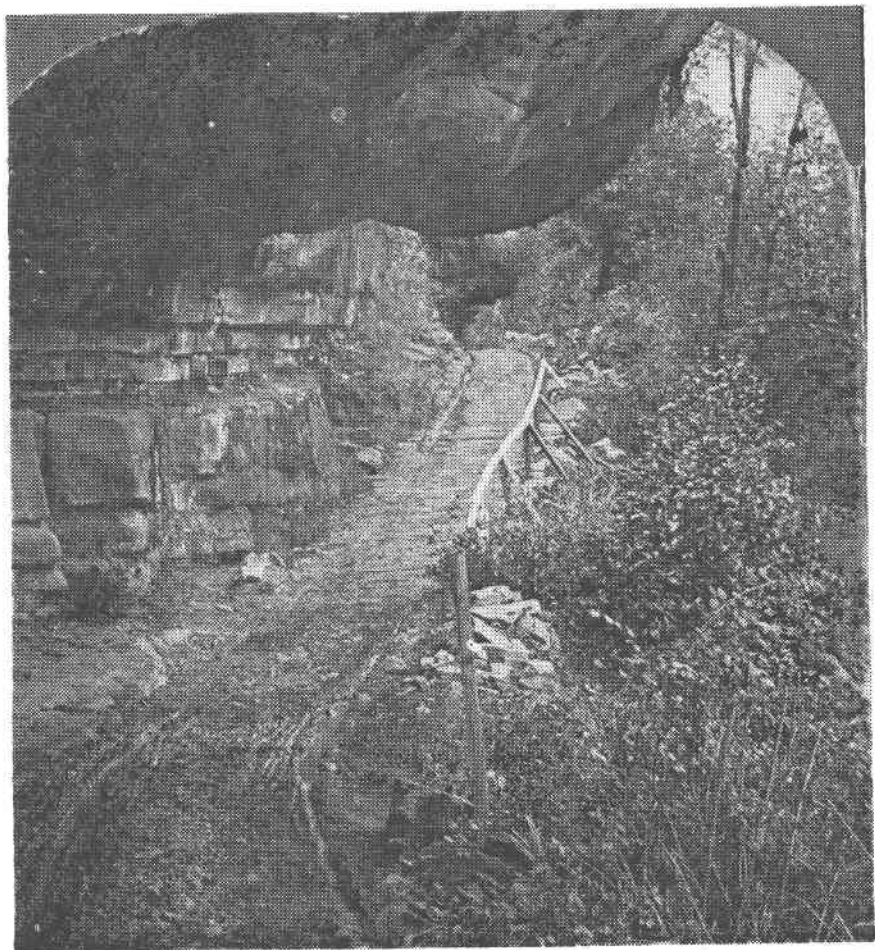
one corner and went into the river. Someone yelled for me to jump, which I did, and grabbed Fred Bean, who pulled me up the bank. We were three days getting all of our stock down the river and the last load up South Slough.

Roy and I pumped and bailed that old scow, which was leaking badly. The tide, of which we knew nothing, was flooding and would float us off the mud and we would work all the harder, thinking we were helping; and I guess we were. The only means of moving that scow was by a scull, a difficult job, made more so by the broken arm which my father received in our first trip over. When not bailing we could help by using a broken oar.

At two o'clock in the morning we unloaded at the Robert Mills home. We all crept into the barn and slept in the hay the rest of the night. Imagine our surprise in the morning to see our scow high and dry on the mud, a long way from the slough.

The incoming and outgoing tide is still a mystery to me. From the Mills place we took to the shortcut trails and on to our future home situated on an arm of dear old Siltcoos Lake, where we lived for many happy years.

It was no joke to get lost in the fog and row and row for hours and not get anywhere.



Tilden and Beecher Rocks

Tilden and Beecher Rocks were climactic thrills on the old stage route between Eugene and Head of Tide at Seaton on the Siuslaw river. The route, leaving the Willamette valley, went its westerly course over hill and around hill,

across meadows and down along bottom lands of streams. For several miles it skirted the Siuslaw before passing under Beecher and Tilden Rocks as it neared Swiss-home.

As the stage clattered down the plank, or corduroy, roadway shown

in the picture excited passengers on their first trip would exclaim, "Oh, no! We can't pass under that big rock!"

For massive Tilden hung low over the road. Little by little the

pioneer road builders had cut away the stony ground under the rock until a passage was at last formed for vehicles. Early travelers bypassed the place by crossing and re-crossing the river there.

House Joint Memorial No. 3

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled:

Your memorialists, the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon, respectfully represent, that the entrance of the Siuslaw river in Lane County Oregon, is greatly in need of being surveyed, which can be made only by the Government of the United States. The river drains a large section of country, rich in soil, and the banks thereof abounding in forests of excellent timber. This country along the said river is fast settling up, and the land being cleared, for agricultural purposes, and these excellent forests of fir, cedar and other varieties will soon be the foundation of a large export trade. The river abounds in large quantities of salmon, which will in the near future, create a large export trade. The ordinary tides of the said Siuslaw river ebb and flow for thirty miles, and for about twenty-four miles, the said river is sufficient depth and width to carry almost any size vessel.

A wagon road is now being made from the agricultural portion of said Lane County, down the said

Siuslaw river to the head of tide water. The entrance of the said river is not obstructed, but is straight, of easy access, and of sufficient water on the bar to allow vessels of considerable size to enter. But the entrance or mouth of said Siuslaw river has not been surveyed and platted, and hence vessels will not venture in, for want of something to guide them.

Wherefore your memorialists pray that an amount be appropriated for the survey of the channel and harbor of said Siuslaw river, and your memorialists will ever pray.

Adopted by the House, Oct. 9, 1882.

GEORGE W. McBRIDE
Speaker of the House

Concurred in the Senate, Oct. 9, 1882.

W. J. McCONNELL
President of the Senate.

(Furnished by Overton Dowell Jr. copied from an old book "Laws of Oregon and Memorials and Resolutions of the Legislative (12) Assembly of 1882." The book was owned by B. F. Dowell, pioneer lawyer and newspaper man and State Senator from Jackson County Oregon.

We Make a Christmas Trip

By Margie Y. Knowles

The winter of 1911-12 we decided to go visit the folks at Christmas. We were living at Cascadia where Archie was in the Forest Service, and he had saved up all his "leave" so we would have more time for the trip. We couldn't go in summer on account of fire hazard, so had to do the next best thing and go in winter when the work slacked off.

It took me several days to get ready with two small children, a boy of two and a half and a girl a little over a year old. There were several suit cases. Archie got the horses shod and the brakes on the buckboard in good shape, and we started. It was awfully cold. The roads were frozen and snow lay on the ground. We drove to Lebanon, twenty miles, and arrived just in time to leave the team in a livery stable and catch the train for Albany. There, after a short wait, we caught the train for Eugene.

We stayed over night with Archie's sister and left next morning for the Siuslaw.

We took the stage at Bang's Livery Stable at 6 A.M. Besides our luggage we had a lantern to put under the lap-ropes to keep us warm, and I had on an extra heavy skirt over my suit. Then over all we each had a poncho and wore "sou-westerns" for hats, for the stage had no cover. We were put in the second seat, Archie in one end, holding the boy, and I in the other holding the girl. The robes

were drawn up around us and fastened in the middle between us with a wide strap to the back of the seat, and fastened at each end to the outside of the seat. So when we were settled down the stage could have turned over and we couldn't have fallen out. I don't remember who sat in the back seat, or who in front; I was too busy getting settled in my place.

The driver, Lester Ogden, gave us a good looking over, inspected the stage fore and aft, the four horses, harness and mail sacks and got in. He buckled his robe around him, took up the reins, and we started out of the stage barn on the run. Out through the west part of town and to the old stage road to Elmira.

At first it worried me to see the horses kept on the run, for I was afraid they would give out too soon. But they were outlaws and had to be kept on the go, or they would kick or buck and throw things into a general mix-up. So I let the driver do the worrying from there on. We got to Elmira, drove right into the barn, men came out and unhitched the horses and drove them away, another team was ready and driven into place, hitched up, and away we went on the run again.

We got to Elk Prairie, or Hales, as it was called then, and stopped for dinner. It was past noon but the roads were so heavy we couldn't make good time. Dinner was ready

to sit down to, and we all ate like we were starved. And the warmth from the stove and fireplace was something wonderful. As soon as everyone was through we climbed back in the stage, and started off on the run with a different team.

I began to see, now, how they could drive on the run; they only went fifteen or twenty miles before changing horses. In the summer they could make it with two horses for the roads were better, but in winter it took four.

The afternoon didn't go so well, or so fast. We were getting into the mountains and the roads were heavier. In some places mud up to the hubs, and in others there was corduroy, where, when we drove over, it nearly shook our teeth out. Along about 4 P.M. we were beginning to feel the wear-and-tear of the trip. We had been jerked from side to side until we felt like our back bones were unjointed.

But we were not to get supper until we reached Jiles Fowler's. That was about 9 P.M. We all went in like a bunch of drowned rats and sank down by the fireplace. We had a wonderful supper, and were ready for bed, but no, we had to climb back into that stage and go on. The farther we went the heavier the children got. We had held them all the way, and they were getting sleepy and slumping down. Seemed like our arms would break.

Along in the middle of the night sometime the stage stopped somewhere out in the dark and mud. We had broken a wheel. Everybody got out, and they wanted to

assist me, but when I looked around in the lantern light and saw nothing but mud, I decided to stay where I was. The men got some poles, jacked up the stage, took the wheel off and fixed it up.

We reached Mapleton at 4 A.M. the next morning after we started. It was so late we were sure no one would be there to meet us, but we were mistaken; for when the stage stopped there was Archie's mother and sister waiting for us. They had driven the team down and tied it on the other side of the river about ten o'clock the night before, and had been waiting in the church all that time. We managed to get out of the stage and limp down to the river and get into the boat. We left our luggage until next day.

We got to the ranch and to bed, but were so drugged for sleep and rest it took almost all the time we were on the Siuslaw to get rested up enough to go back.

We were luckier than some, for several times the stage didn't get into Mapleton in time to start out in the morning, so another wagon, or stage, had to go. Sometimes it met the incoming stage as it went out. The driver went out one day and back the next if he could make it, if not he went out one day, lay over a day, and back the next.

When we went back to Cascadia we went to Deadwood and stayed over night with a cousin that ran the hatchery, and from there to Junction City and on home. I'm sure neither of us will ever forget that trip, and we can laugh about it now, but at the time it wasn't funny.

A SHOPPING TOUR

As Told by Anthony Schuster to Jack Parker

Going shopping for winter supplies from Siltcoos Lake was no little job back in 1896. It took several men five days, using a yoke of oxen, a quarter mile of rope and a barge. Anthony Schuster, Siltcoos pioneer, remembers it well; he and Bill Erhart were in charge of the cattle.

There were no roads then, nothing but bear trails, and it was much too far to pack the supplies from Gardiner where they were delivered by a lumber schooner from San Francisco. To begin with, the pioneers had to get the oxen and wagon out to the beach where they waited for a low tide before starting south. Usually the tide came in again before they got to Gardiner so they had to pull up on higher ground and camp for the night.

On the return trip it was necessary, because of the sand drifts, to bring one-half of the load to the beach and go back for the balance. Once the wagon with its wide-rimmed tires was headed north on the hard sand the going was easy.

When they arrived at the mouth of the outlet the pioneers loaded their supplies of flour, sugar and other staples on a barge for it was impossible to haul the loaded wagon through the brush. The problem then was to get the barge up the stream against the swift flowing current. It was simple, Mr. Schuster explained. All they had to do was to crank out, but

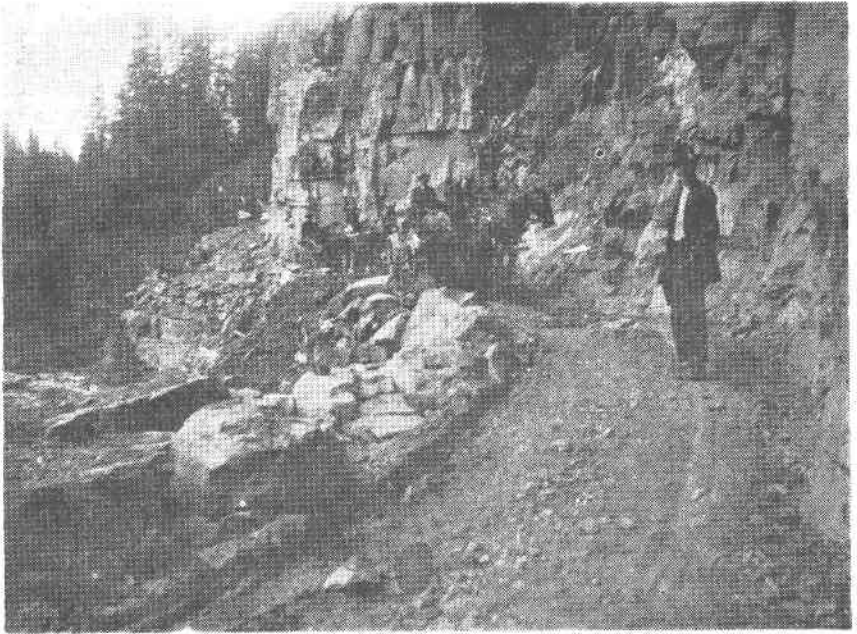
that didn't mean it wasn't hard work, for it took two men.

Con Schuster had found a big coil of half-inch rope about 1,200 feet long, probably washed overboard from a ship. They constructed a windlass on the barge and by securing the rope upstream to a tree and cranking the windlass they made their way up the outlet. Of course the stream was winding, as it is today, so it was necessary to tie the line by smaller ropes to trees directly ahead in order to get a straight pull. When the barge reached the tree one of the men cut the string and they cranked on to the next.

It took nearly all day to get to the lake but from there on the going was easy. A man got in a boat carrying an anchor tied to the end of the long rope; he rowed out to the end of the rope and dropped the anchor while the two men on the windlass started to turn it. Four pulls and they were across the lake.

There was always a chance for a mishap, Mr. Schuster explained. There was that time, for instance, when the thirsty oxen decided to wade out into the stream for a drink, hauling the loaded wagon behind them. Fortunately, boxes of apples had been put on the bottom so that the water did not quite reach the sugar and flour.

"It was a lot of hard work but we had good times, too, in those days," Mr. Schuster said. "Every-



This scene indicates the difficult terrain the pioneers of western Lane encountered in several places as they sought to construct a serviceable road between Eugene and Seaton. Dynamite and hand labor were the means of carving out the road at like places. The first vehicle is the early day stage on the Eugene-Seaton route.

body was friendly. We used to get together on Sundays around the lake at different places. Sometimes twenty-five people would drop in. The women would get busy preparing a meal and we men would sit and talk about our problems. Everybody had a big garden. Four years after we got here we got sixteen bushels of apples from our new orchard. We raised strawberries too.

"Finally the railroad came

through in 1915 and then we got our post office and things were easier. Our lake was known as 'Ten Mile' in the early days. Later the Indian name 'Tsiltcoos' was adopted, meaning 'plenty elk' but the post office department left off the 'T' . . . Yes, sir, those were good times, but pretty rough too, and a lot of people came out here and didn't stay very long . . . looking back on it, you can't blame them much either."

RIVER TRAVEL

As Remembered by Archie Knowles

Of the white settlers who came in the 1880's some went up Indian Creek, living there many years before there was any road in that section. Others took up land in the Fiddle Creek region, and a number of families settled along the Siuslaw river wherever a suitable place could be found.

First settlers who wanted to make a trip on the river could hire a native boatman, as Indian Lester or Indian Charlie who could speak a little English. Rowing from head-of-tide down river and back was more than a twenty mile row, yet a dollar or two sufficed for hire.

Row boats were a family necessity, and were much longer than those of today. They were 14-foot, 16-foot, and even 18-foot lengths. This was because they served to carry produce and goods as well as for passenger transport. When a boat was given a name, this was generally taken from some member of the family.

The problem of places to dock and tie up was ingeniously solved by making a frame that pivoted from the bank at one end, the outer end resting on the water. As the tide came and went the dock raised and lowered and loading or unloading was not hindered. But in the winter time during storms and unusual tides these docks had to be drawn up away from the river. Otherwise they were sometimes torn loose and washed away. Many

a person had to go out at night to rescue his boat and dock.

Several settlers were skilled in making row boats. Mr. Sherbundy made a number, and his models were of very pleasing design. Mr. Andrews, living at head-of-tide was another boat builder, as was Martin Noffsinger. E. C. Knowles also made several.

At first the boats were all hand made. Lumber was split from logs and planed to shape. When saw-mills came in the hand work was greatly reduced. The time it took to get a boat after putting in an order with a local craftsman was usually a month. Around twenty-five dollars was the amount a boat sold for, but wages were a dollar a day then.

If Albert Knowles had vegetables, fruit, fresh meat, butter or eggs to take to Florence to sell, he first found out when the tide would be high, then either wheeled his produce on a wheelbarrow or hauled it on a stoneboat drawn by a horse, to his dock on the river below the mouth of Knowles Creek. There he loaded it into his boat, and accompanied by one of his boys, rowed to Florence. If the wind was not too strong they had time to peddle their produce, purchase a few groceries, and get started back when the tide turned, and they could make the round trip in a day. If there was any delay or the tide was late they had to stay over night either in Flor-

ence, or with some settler along the river and come home on the next in-coming tide.

It was not until about 1890 that gasoline engines came into use as motive power. By 1890 there were several gas boats on the river. It was in the early 90s that as part of a Fourth of July celebration, four of these early motor boats put on a race from the old Cushman store at Acme down the river to Florence.

The two most favored to win were the McCornacks' from up the North Fork, and run by Kenneth McCornack, and Albert Knowles' boat from Mapleton, run by his boys Archie and Silas. At the signal, the motors, which were cold, were started, and the Knowles boat went out ahead by five feet, and lucky it did.

During the race, the two boats were nearly even all the way. The McCornack boat was practically flat-bottomed, but had a two-cylinder ten horsepower engine. The other boat had a seven and one-half horsepower single cylinder engine, was narrower and more adapted to speed.

The two racing boats were moving along about twelve knots an hour, and not being far apart the boys joshed back and forth.

By using a funnel at the air intake of the carburetor the Knowles boat was able to gain a little more power, Silas holding it there a while, and Archie would then do so.

The Knowles boat came in just about five feet ahead of Mr. McCornack's, so the head start they

had proved the margin of winning. Another interesting feature of that Fourth of July race is the other two boats, a quarter mile or so behind were just as evenly matched, one coming in just barely ahead of the other.

The river was the Pioneer's highway. Seaton, at the head-of-tide, about a mile east of present Mapleton, was for several years post office for the region. As more and more settlers came to the Siuslaw the need for regular passenger and freight service brought into use boats carrying several passengers as well as freight and mail.

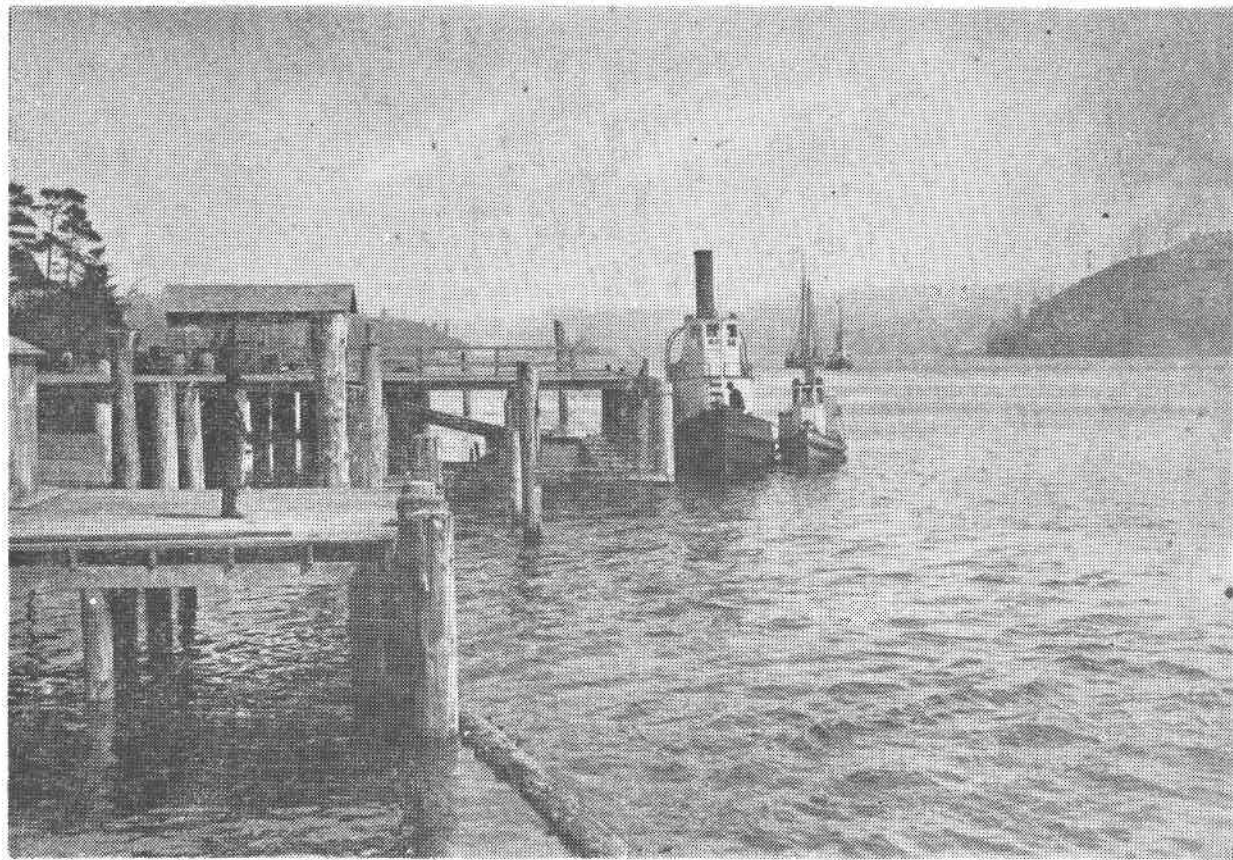
The story is told of one boat Captain who was making rather bumpy landings into the docks along the way.

A lady passenger grew anxious as each stop was made with a bump into the landing. She could stand it no longer and finally exclaimed, "Captain! Won't these jarrings damage your boat?"

"No," he drawled, "but the old boat is shorter'n it used to be—'bout four feet."

But there was one boat that was lengthened to keep up with the growing traffic. It was the Mink. It was cut in two and ten feet added in the middle.

Mrs. Lizzie Harrington told of coming in from Eugene and one of the wagon wheels broke. There was no way to fix it, so they tied a long pole in its place and rode that way for fourteen miles. She said, "Time surely dragged that day."



Ol' Man River Helped All Siuslaw Roll Along

By Lola I. Morgan

Few there are who watch the gay-colored trim modern rowboats bound for our rivers and lakes on trailers or atop sleek automobiles gliding the smooth highways, that give a thought to crude rowboats of yesteryear which bore our pioneers hither and yon. Or how the Siuslaw and lakes were sole avenue for going places on festive or business missions.

Many the adventure and sometimes tragedy but all, old and young, acquired a skill on the water so needful to survival.

Lodge meetings were the big early day relaxation in Mapleton and Florence, many attending the usual evening meetings by the waterways. Boat landings are still in use up and down the river and still afford a quicker way of getting to town.

The Robarts brought a full load of citizens from Gardiner, including members of the Gardiner dramatic company and the cornet band, to the 1896 Fourth of July celebration in Florence. The Lillian, the Mink and the Coos, all river steamers, brought many from up river towns on the Siuslaw.



The round trip fare from Eugene to Florence and back in 1895 was nine dollars. Round trip by boat between Florence and Yaquina Bay was five dollars.

As late as 1915 the pioneer weekly at Florence, The West, reports a wharf being built at the North Fork school house to accommodate people in landing.

No history of transportation in the Siuslaw valley would do justice if the story of river traffic were omitted. Or the rowboats, canoes, scows and the small steamers as shown in the accompanying picture were forgotten.

The docks shown were at the place of the old ferry landing, the one in the foreground being back of the present Florence Hotel, then the Cassidy Hotel. The river steamers in the picture are the Lillian at the dock with the Mink alongside. The tugboat Robarts a little ways off is towing a schooner.

Christensen brothers completed a new wharf on the river above Acme (Cushman) in July, 1896. One of the best on the river, the wharf was forty by sixty feet, planked with two-inch dressed lumber, and on it was erected a twenty by forty feet saltery for the fishing season.



One of the first trips the W. H. Weathersons made up the North Fork Mrs. Weatherson hung out over the bow and broke ice with an oar, so they could get through.

Our First Day of Pioneering

By Laura Dahlin Erlandson

Before we left the old home across the sea, Father and mother selected a spot on the map of the Far West which they decided should be our future home. Father's youngest brother had roamed about considerably and had finally stopped long enough on the coast of Oregon to take a homestead in Western Lane. His letters describing this land excited the interest of my parents and finally they decided to sell their property and belongings and find a new home.

I was eight years old and my childish imagination was filled with the wonderful things I expected to see when we should come to uncle's house in Oregon. I knew that my uncle was not married, but then of course, he had a housekeeper, no doubt a kindly elderly woman who would greet us very pleasantly when we came and very soon she would announce that lunch was served. The table would be loaded with all the delicacies I had ever seen besides luscious fruits that I had only heard of, and in the middle of it all, would stand a large pink sugar bowl with tiny white lilies-of-the-valley painted on it.

From Sweden, over Norway, over the North Sea, through England, across the Atlantic Ocean, and across the North American continent until finally we came to Yaquina, father, mother, my two brothers 12 and 14 years of age and

I just barely nine years old, having celebrated my birthday during the trip.

Yaquina was the last railroad station along the line. For several days we stayed at a little hotel there, waiting for the arrival of Uncle Johnny who had promised to meet us there. Finally, one evening after all of us but mother had gone to bed, he came into our rooms. The boat Robarts had arrived from Florence and we could leave for Florence next day.

For some reason father and uncle decided to walk the distance between Yaquina and Florence while my mother, brothers and I went on the boat with our hand baggage and one of our two enormous wooden chests. Both of these chests had come to Yaquina so it must be that there was not room enough for all our goods on the Robarts. Perhaps that is the reason father and uncle decided to walk to Florence.

I remember Captain Johnson who steered the Robarts, once called our attention to something that sounded like "Whoo-whoo-oo" in a high key. Perhaps it was a buoy. It's the only thing I remember of this trip.

But I well remember the landing in Florence. It must have been that all the people in the town had gathered on the wharf. Joe Morris and his wife, Lucy came to greet us and ushered us into their Morris

Hotel (now the Florence Hotel).

It seemed to me that I could understand everything that Joe said and I asked my mother if he was a Swede. She explained that his ability to express himself by signs made it easy for us to understand him.

We were given a room with two double beds, shown into the sitting room and dining room. We stayed several days at this hotel. I remember distinctly that the sitting room had an organ and on the walls I saw two pictures of a young girl whom I later learned to know and esteem very highly. It was Alice Morris Bernhardt. One evening there was quite a gathering in the sitting room. Someone played the organ, several people sang, and someone played the violin.

During the days we walked about the town. There were a few nice houses and quite a number of shacks.

At last father and uncle arrived and next morning arrangements were made with a teamster, Mr. Weddell, to take us to Mercer Lake with his team of horses.

It seemed to me that our means of transportation had been steadily growing worse on our trip but I had not expected that we would have to ride on the floor of a wagon box in the kind of vehicle I had never before seen used for anything except hauling lumber or fertilizer.

The county road to Mercer Lake was not really a road. It looked like two narrow trails close together with brush growing between. One of the horses and two

of the wagon wheels went in one trail and the other horse and the other two wagon wheels went in the other and brush swept under the wagon box. Mother, my brothers, and I rode in the wagon. Father and uncle walked.

Finally we reached the lake. Uncle had two boats there for us. One was nicely made and pretty. I was happy when uncle said it was his boat, the other one was borrowed. My brothers and I were to go with uncle in his boat; mother with father in the smaller boat. As I climbed into the boat, I turned and looked at father. His eyes were on me, more blue than I had ever seen them before. I never forgot it.

This seemed a very strange lake—high hills, covered with old dead trees, and brown withered ferns all around it. Uncle rowed on and on. Not the slightest sign of human presence could be seen anywhere until we reached the end of the Northwest arm of the lake. "There is my hut," said uncle, pointing to a hillside. A tiny cabin of rough shakes met my eyes. The sight stunned me. I had never seen a dwelling so poor. Somehow I climbed up the hill to the 9x12 cabin, rough, ugly, gray. By now father and mother had caught up with us with some household goods they had bought in Florence. Among them was a meat fork.

Uncle unlocked the door. He had not been there for many weeks and the wood-rats had taken possession of the shack. Uncle grabbed the meat fork and started chasing the rats, stabbing them with it as they ran along the rafters that



This picture shows the stage that for years transported passengers between Willamette valley and western Lane county. Driver is Ed Walker who like his brother Ray was a veteran driver on the route.

supported the roof. Their squeaks and squeals, the rough walls and floor, the one window, two chairs, a table, one bunk against the wall, and father had said we would stay in America 10 years and then we'd go back to the old home. I thought "Ten years in this place!" It was not a happy thought. I sat on one of the chairs. The seat was out, but uncle had placed a shake across it and invited me to sit down.

Uncle brought out a brown earthenware dish, and mixed flour and other things in it. Mother helped him. A fire was built in a tiny cookstove. Soon biscuits were baking in it, coffee was made. We had a meal of coffee, biscuits and

honey. Very good too, for I loved honey.

Uncle had rye growing in the orchard he had planted. Some of this was mowed down and gathered up to make a bed on the floor for father, uncle and the boys. Mother and I slept in the bunk. We all slept with our clothes on for our bedding was in one of the large chests that were not brought out with the first load from Florence.

I dimly remember waking up next morning and looking down from the bunk, I saw my brothers asleep on the floor.

This was the start of our experience as pioneers of the Siuslaw.

THE CASEY HOLMAN FAMILY CAME

By Mrs. Mary Epperson

One of the interesting family stories of early Siuslaw residents concerns the Casey Holman family. Lenora Patterson, born in Ocean-side, California, married Ralph (Casey) Holman in Bandon, Oregon, November 10, 1904. When the jetty work was begun at the mouth of the Siuslaw river, Ralph came up to work on it, his wife following later. It took three days for her with her three small children, the youngest eight months old, to make the trip from Bandon to Florence where her husband was working. They left Bandon on a steamer which took them to Coquille; from there they went by train to Marshfield (Coos Bay), where they spent the night at a hotel.

Early the next morning they took a launch from near the hotel, to the mouth of Coos river, where they boarded a stage that took them along the beach to the mouth of the Umpqua. As the stage was full of women and children, the men walked all of the way. There the passengers were taken from the stage to another launch and they crossed over to a point near Gardiner. Women and children had to be carried ashore by the men.

That night was spent at Gardiner, and early the next morning another boat took the passengers to a stage which drove along the beach to what is now the sand hills of Glenada. From there they

were taken in a small boat across the river to Florence. At Bandon Lena had traded her furniture for a cook stove, which came to Florence on a tug boat, and the family set up housekeeping in a converted bunkhouse and cookhouse on the sand dunes. They lived there for six years while Casey ran the locomotive of the train which carried rock from Point Terrace to Florence for the jetty.

Often the wind blew furiously, the house was almost covered with sand. With the wind in the other direction the foundation was laid bare. Still, Lena was able to plant flowers, and make garden for the family.

Later, they moved from the bunkhouse to an old government building near the present Coast Guard station where they could be nearer the jetty work. At first that building had no windows, and the rats were too friendly. The first night there it was cold and scary, and Jerry, the cat, proudly laid the bodies of ten enormous rats under Lena's bed. They were there only a short time before moving into a real home in a sheltered cove out of reach of the blowing sand. As the children were nearing school age they did not live there long, and moved to Florence.

In March 1918, they bought their present home on the Siuslaw from Chris Beck, just a mile above Tiernan. Their property extended

from George Allen's, to the Mason's line. There was no suitable house on the place, and Lena's father came to live with them and rebuild a house, which two years later burned, due to a flue fire. "What to do then?"

Using an old scow and a log raft, Harry Benson floated a 64-foot abandoned dance hall up the river to the present site of their home. It was taken up the bank on log rollers, a part cut off, and the rest built into a home the family lives in today. One cow and a little hay in the barn came with the place, and it was that cow's calf which was the nucleus of their

dairy herd. The family had many jolly parties, and friends came from far and near to dance in the barn and picnic in the living room or orchard. Many would stay all night and sleep in the hay mow.

Lena is an accomplished artist, and her flower garden has long been the envy of all.

The couple has four children; Mrs. Edith White, Mrs. Mary Neely, Mrs. Donna Draper, and a son Fred Holman. There are several grandchildren. Edith, the oldest daughter, taught school nine miles up Sweet Creek near the old Hill ranch. She came home every Friday night on horseback to get some of mother's cooking. Mary taught in the Mapleton school for several years and was very successful with the younger children.

While the children were going to high school there was no road to town, but they rowed across the river and walked up the trail, sometimes twice a day, when a good ball game was in prospect. Often the boys of the community swam across the river to go to town, pushing a milk can with their clothes in it, in front of them.

Such were the "good old days."

GOLD

*I've never delved with pick
Or shovel in the depths of earth,
Nor yet with drill or hammer
Have I wrought to find the precious metal;*

*When I had found it, should I know
its color or its worth?*

*I've never panned beside a rushing
stream*

*The glist'ning sands. And I have
never chased*

A rainbow's shining prism

To find the fabled pot of gold.

*Today, however, all unsought, and
Without labor of my hands,*

I found it—gold I found—

Shining, burnished, and replete

*With splendor. At once I knew the
color,*

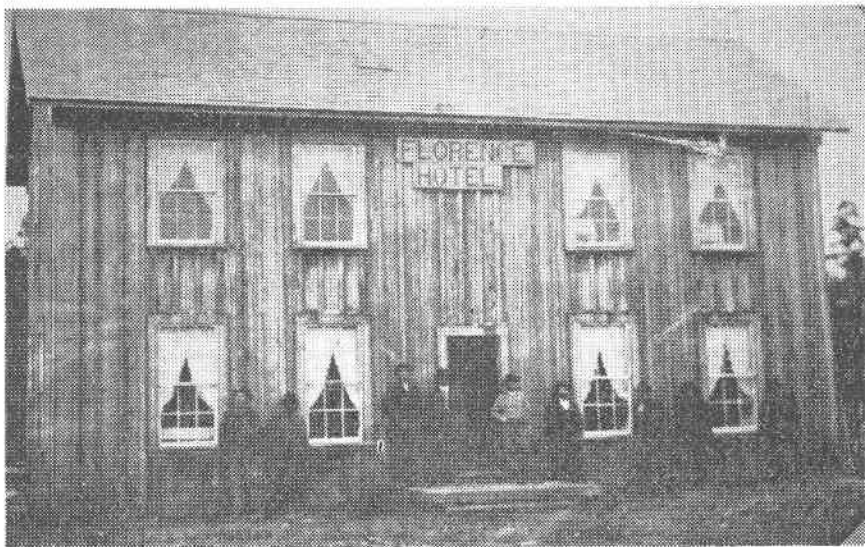
Knew its worth. For here,

Among the lowliest of the earth,

It nestled—a dandelion, at my feet!

—Dollie H. Johnson, Ada, Oregon.

Nicolas Seines worked for several of the old pioneers, and afterward fished a lot. Wherever he went he had to take his cow. She got so used to being moved about from place to place she could easily be led into a boat, or out, and would stand as still as a person while the boat was in motion. (Contributed by Mrs. Elizabeth Ward, daughter of Mr. Seines).



This is the Hotel that Safley built.
This is the board that lay on the beach

That was carried by Indians and
leaned near the door

Of the Hotel that Safley built.

These are the patrons who came
and went,

Who sat at the table till they were
content,

Who looked at the board that the
Indians found

That was leaned near the door and
finally put up

On the Hotel that Safley built.

And that is the way the town got
its name.

It took Safley, and Indians, and
patrons and fame

And lots of discussion, and even
some blame

To name the town of Florence.

—M.K.

The Indians found a board eight or ten feet long lettered with the name "Florence" in black on white. It was worth saving, so they stood it up by Moody's store. Later it was moved to the Safley Hotel and Mr. Safley fastened it up over the door. It was long a familiar sight, and was the chosen name when the post office was established. Fire destroyed the Hotel Nov. 19, 1934.
—Emma Saubert.

J. A. Pond solved the transportation problem. He was postmaster and book-keeper for Kyle's and lived at the mouth of the river. He did not like to row so far, so rigged up paddles behind his boat that worked like duck's feet. He sat on the seat and worked levers with his hands, and they in turn worked the duck's feet.

E. B. Miller Comes to the Siuslaw

By Nellie E. Petersen

The first piece of land Mr. E. B. Miller chose for a homestead was located on Fiddle Creek. He cleared a piece of land, planted a good sized patch of potatoes, and left a man in charge of the place while he went to get his family. During his absence the man "jumped" the claim. When the family reached the Siuslaw Mr. Miller was forced to find another location and clear another patch.

The new claim was found on Clear Lake. The first home was one room, a small one, with the beds built bunk fashion, one above the other. No door, and only half a window on each side of the house, and Mrs. Miller always referred to them as prison windows, they were built so high. The building itself was made of rough boards and battens brought from Acme under great difficulties. It was handled many times on the trip in, first on the scow, overland, then on a scow and finally dragged from the lake to the building spot.

Sometime later a small lean-to was added at one side and used for a kitchen. A bedroom was arranged in the attic and for 13 years the family lived in this small home. While the family lived in this home there was but one mirror—a small one—and known as father's shaving mirror. No one dreamed of using this mirror and when mother or the girls needed one Mrs. Miller would draw a dark curtain across the window facing

the slope above the house where they could see their reflections in the window panes.

No running to corner grocery for these folks. A year's supply of foods was purchased in the fall and carried in to the homestead before the rains began. No early pioneers suffered from hunger for they well knew that it depended on each alone to get the food supply together; everything in the garden, wild berries and meats, all were carefully hoarded for the winter months when foods were scarce.

The first well was dug near the lake as Mr. Miller did not think water could be found higher on the hill where he had built the house, quite a distance from the lake. After he had dug down too far to toss the earth by the shovelful, Mrs. Miller and the children hauled it to the surface in a large bucket. When about four feet down he struck the side of the well and instantly a large stream burst through and the well digger was almost drowned before the family could haul him to the surface in the bucket.

Isabelle and Emma, the two daughters, were married from this home. Isabelle married Drew Severy and Emma became the wife of Tom Saubert.

After it was decided to build the larger home and the plans drawn, logs were cut from the homestead and floated to Acme and traded

for sawed lumber, taken to Barrett's Landing near Glenada, on a scow, and from there hauled to Siltcoos Outlet. Before the lumber reached the building site it had been handled 13 times. Anthony Schulte was the carpenter.

Factory made furniture was purchased from Robert Alexander furniture store at Acme. The kitchen cabinet was shipped up from San Francisco. And this house boasted a sink in the kitchen.

When the house was ready to paper, of course, there was no store near to run down and pick out just the right pattern for each room, but there were piles of San Francisco Examiner and Saturday Evening Post. The Examiner was saved for such purposes, and used as far as it would go. When the supply ran out some of the Posts must be used, but each copy was carefully scanned before it was allowed to be taken apart and used for even that purpose. The Post looked nicer when on the walls, and stayed white longer and Mrs. Miller preferred it, but reading matter was so difficult to get in this sparsely settled land that it was never wastefully used. At the time of his death Mr. Miller had taken the Post continuously for 33 years.

A good portion of the population turned out the morning the beautiful new piano was to be taken from Acme to the homestead. It had been purchased in San Francisco and shipped to the Siuslaw.

From Acme to South Slough it was taken on a scow, the crowd along with it, where a wagon was

waiting to haul it to the lake, over a narrow and rough road. One or two of the ladies who could not walk that distance, rode with the piano, the rest following with the men in the dusty road, singing most of the way.

At the lake another scow was waiting and the piano carried aboard. When the home wharf was reached a team hitched to a sled was brought down to the lake. The wharf and walk were too narrow for the team so the piano had to be carried some distance to reach the sled. When at last it was again loaded the triumphant crowd of friends and neighbors followed it up the hill to the house. As soon as it was brought in Mrs. Miller began playing and everybody sang.

That was one example of the pioneer spirit of helpfulness. If a family grieved, or rejoiced, every neighbor was ready to aid.

Mrs. Miller knew how to pay in part for this neighborly act that she at that time could hardly have hired done. For days she had been preparing for this red-letter day in her life—to have a piano in her pioneer home—and awaiting them was a chicken dinner with all the trimmings, and many extras.

Eating, more singing and playing, then everybody started for home, but after many years this day lives bright in the memory of those still here who helped get the piano home.

Mrs. J. Johnson, now living near Westlake, has that same piano. It is one of her prized possessions.

The E. B. Miller ranch was always known for its hospitality.

Honeymoon Home By the Ocean

By Rosie Stonefield

It was in 1879. By horseback on a trail over the top of Cape Perpetua Ira Bray brought his young bride Georgianna to his homestead on Ten Mile (now called the Claude Hall place). She was only five feet tall, and so slender that his two hands could almost span her waist. Her shoes were number 13½ in children's size. But her heart was strong enough to follow her husband to the 12x12-foot cabin, the wilderness home built of spruce shakes. A fireplace, the lower part of which was formed of stones, and the balance, or chimney, was made of cedar shakes; a bunk nailed to the wall; a table, a couple of benches, all of which was the work of the bridegroom's hands; and some bedding, cooking utensils and dishes brought by the bride, comprised the complete furnishings of this wildwood home. Beside it flowed the broad Ten Mile creek; before it lay the wide expanse of the Pacific ocean.

The ocean and creek supplied them with an abundance of food. They said, "When the tide is out, the table is set." Crabs, clams, oysters, mussels and fish came from the water; venison and elk meat from the forest. The groceries which were brought from Waldport on horseback were mainly flour, coffee, sugar and salt. Soon sugar was not a necessity for bees supplied them with honey, and running out of salt, it was possible

to boil down sea water which yielded at the rate of one tablespoonful to the gallon.

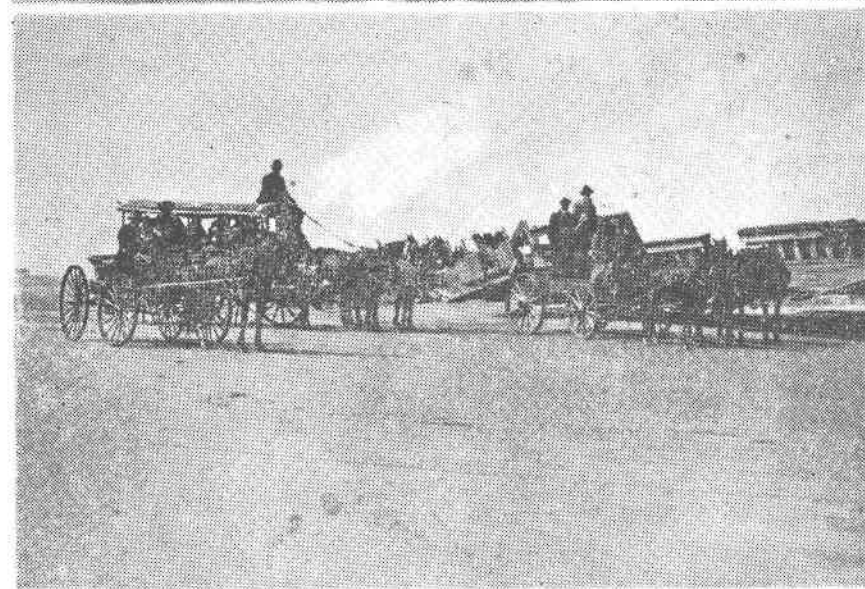
As soon as possible a four room house of spruce shakes took the place of the 12x12 cabin. Children came, two lovely little girls, one after the other. Soon they were old enough to row a boat over Ten Mile creek, and wanderers who traveled over the coast trail told about the pretty little girls who so graciously helped them across the stream.

Another little girl came, but she did not stay long and on the ocean beach so close to the water that the high tide sometimes kissed it, was a little grave surrounded by daffodils.

Many years passed, and it was not until 1922 that a wagon road took the place of the trail that had been the only means of transportation. Then the Oregon Coast highway came through.

It is difficult now to find the site of the bridal couple's wildwood cabin.

"Hank," Henry Hudson Barrett, and his faithful teams hauled passengers, freight and mail along the beach between Siuslaw and Gardiner throughout all seasons in pioneer years. After his demise in 1905 his four sons, Blaine, Clayton, Logan and Howard Sr., carried on 12 more years or till the coming of the railroad replaced the line. Top picture shows the stage with its wide-tired wheels adapted to the beach, and in the bottom scene the stage may be seen with several passengers.



Fiddle Creek Story

By M. D. Scott

I would talk to you of pioneer days,
Way back forty years or more,
When the very first settlers came
And built homes along the creek and lake shores.
They had visions of a wonderful country
When the forest was cleared away,
And all this fertile valley
Was producing good pasture and hay.
They knew it meant years of privation
And ceaseless labor and toil
To push back the edge of the jungle
And let the sun down to the soil.
There were roads to construct where there ran
game trails,
There were schools to establish, maintain,
There were sheds to put up to shelter livestock,
From the pitiless winter's rain.
Now, when I ride down the road to the Grange Hall
I can point out the very spot
Where each pioneer built his first cabin,
And cleared off his garden plot.
As I watched I saw these patches
Grow larger year by year,
Until the entire little valley
Is practically level and clear.
Then, where once stood the pioneer shacks
Good farm buildings begin to appear,
I grow proud of our fine little valley
As I watch these changes year after year.
The old pioneers are most of them gone,
Some have crossed the great divide,
But all have left broad acres
Where someone will always reside.
They have never been lauded as heroes,
For the toil of these many long years,
But I believe you will say with me, brother,
"God bless those old pioneers."

THE HOUSE OF SEVERY

By Della Severy Harwood

There must have been much of the pioneer spirit in the Severys for about 1794 my grandfather, Aaron Severy, when a young man, went from Massachusetts to Maine when it was still a part of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and a wilderness.

My father, Cyrus M. Severy, was born there and lived on the home place till soon after the Civil War, when he took his small family and moved to Illinois. Much of the land where he settled was unbroken prairie. He built a house, planted shade and many fruit trees, and raised crops of corn, oats, flax and clover, also cattle and hogs. More than twenty years later, and after mother's death, he decided to go to the Willamette Valley, to escape the hot summers and the cold winters.

In the spring of 1889 my father, C. M. Severy, my sister Lettie, my brother Drew and I, came to Eugene City, as it was then called. It had wooden sidewalks, unimproved streets, and the only buildings at the University were Deady Hall and Villard Hall.

The population was about 3000, and the only business houses were on Ninth street later called Broadway, and Willamette street as far south as Tenth.

After looking around the valley for a few weeks, father met George M. Miller who owned property in Florence, and George H. Colter

who had recently bought the Glendale town site from the Barretts. They were very enthusiastic about the Siuslaw Country, so father went to Florence to take a look at it. There he met H. H. Fisk who showed him Woahink Lake, though it could be reached by only a narrow trail.

The homestead he filed on was on the northeast shore of the lake, and all of the land around the lake and between there and the river was taken up that spring.

The first thing to be done was to make a road, so the men went to work with axes, cross-cut saws, shovels, brush-hooks and grubbing hoes. Very different from modern road building.

Drew went down to help with that work, and two weeks later Mr. and Mrs. Colter, their two small children Viola and George, Lettie and I hired a livery rig with a driver from Bang's Livery Stable, and drove over the old stage or river road as far as Meadows the first day. It was a dirt road deeply rutted with miles of corduroy and the jolting was terrific.

The next forenoon we reached the Head-of-Tide (Seaton) where we were served a bountiful dinner at the Neely Hotel. We had our first venison there.

Then we boarded the little river steamer Mink, owned and operated by Capt. M. F. Phillips and his cousin Amasa Hurd. It took longer

to go down the river to Florence that day, than it does now to go from Eugene to Florence in a car. We were told that Siuslaw in the Indian language means "Far away river." At that time it seemed quite appropriate.

Florence had two general stores, Meyer and Kyle's and Hurd and Davenport's, Oscar Funk's hardware store, Kyle's salmon cannery, a one-room school house, the Morris and Safley Hotels and a few other houses. Across the river only one house could be seen though several others were in the timber a little way from the river.

In the street near the Morris Hotel where we were staying, there was a big sand pile which when leveled off was found to contain old rusty muskets, Indian skeletons, and quantities of the beads used by the early day fur traders for barter with the Indians.

In a few weeks a passable road had been made to Robinson's Landing and we took camping equipment out to the homestead where we lived in a tent for seven weeks. The first necessity was a boat and we all learned to row. We had to row to get anywhere, even to our nearest neighbors. Some of them were living in tents and some had made houses of cedar shakes. John L. Furnish had built such a house, using flour sacks for windows that he claimed cost less than a dollar, and that for the nails.

Our first house was rough 1x12s with a shake roof and the three rooms papered with newspapers.

At that time mail was brought by stage and boat from Eugene to

Florence twice a week, and a little later three times a week. It was several years before we had daily mail service.

H. H. Barrett drove a stage, carrying mail, on the ocean beach between Gardiner and Florence for many years. The time of departure and arrival was very irregular as he had to leave the river at a time that would bring him to Siltcoos outlet at low tide—the only time he could ford it.

Our neighbors around the lake were the Gurney, Weaver, Harwood, Handsaker, Mitchell, Colvin, Flint, Wilson, Robinson and a little later the Gibbs, Dale, Christensen and Sander families.

Rev. Robinson was a Presbyterian minister and through his efforts the first church in Florence was built.

When we had been on the lake a few months father went to "the valley" and bought a wagon and ox team, and all that winter Drew

Presenting in the picture a group of early day Florence folks, three former school teachers in the Siuslaw region and, in the doorway, the well-loved pioneer, Teresa Alexander, deceased March 15, 1950, aged 91 years. Standing is Mrs. Della Harwood, and sitting are Mrs. Morris McCullough, daughter of Mrs. Alexander; Mrs. Cora Weatherson-Hart, Mrs. Minnie Fox and Mrs. Gertrude Harwood Oetting. Several of our senior citizens are former pupils of either Mrs. Harwood, Mrs. Hart or Mrs. Oetting.



hailed lumber and other supplies for the early settlers from the river to Robinson's landing, which now is a part of Honeyman Park.

That same winter Lillian and Gertrude Harwood and I found places to board near the river and went to school in Florence where Charles Harwood was teaching. Some of the other pupils were Johnnie, Annie and Alice Morris, Walter, Ella and Dave Safley, Jim, Ed and Nelly Furnish, Willie and Dave Kyle, Johnnie Bergman and Tillie Bernhardt.

There was nothing in the way of entertainment. We were shut away from the outside world with no electricity, telegraph or telephone, and it was long before the day of the radio, movies or even phonographs. So a literary society was organized, meeting every other Friday night in the school house. We had debates, spelling matches, dialogues, recitations and singing. Those of us living at Woahink, to get to these meetings, had to row across the lake, walk the two and one-half miles to the river, row across that, then wade through the sand to the school house. The return trip was just as strenuous and many times the lake and river would be very rough and perhaps raining all the way. We always went anyway.

In the fall of 1890, friends of ours from Chicago, Charles David, his wife and son Bruce came to visit us and later went to Glenada where he built a sawmill and a house. After a few years there they moved up river to Tiernan

and he built a larger mill which he, and later Bruce, operated for many years. They are still living there at an advanced age and their son Ray is postmaster at Tiernan.

In December of that year my sister Lettie married Millard Phillips and went to live in Florence. He built a large home for them which, afterwards, for many years was called the Weatherson house. He also built the Hurd home and in the middle of the '80s the Morris Hotel, which re-modeled, is still standing, and the Hurd sawmill in Florence.

In September 1890 I began teaching. My first school was at the Portage on North Fork where I stayed with the Harings and my only pupils were Walter, Clara and Emma Haring, and Arnold Karnowsky. In those early days the country was so thinly populated that many of the schools had only three or four months of school a year though the teachers were paid but \$25 a month. Generally a teacher could get board for \$8 a month and sometimes we "boarded round." I taught in Florence when it was still a one-room school with forty pupils and 8 grades. That was a \$40 job. Lillian and Gertrude Harwood also taught schools along the river and at the lakes several years, then went to the valley where they had eight or nine month terms.

After I married Charles Harwood we lived several years on our Woahink Lake homestead, then in 1896 went to Glenada where we had a store, and post

office and the hotel Mr. Colter had built in 1889.

My brother Drew was living in Florence. He was engineer on the Lillian towing rocks from the quarry at Point Terrace to the jetty at the mouth of the river. Later on while he was engineer on the Robarts he was terribly burned with steam. From then till his death in 1916 he was a cripple but able to do office work, and all during those years was U. S. land commissioner, school clerk and city recorder. Much like his son Homer is doing now.

The six years we were in the Glenada Hotel, most of the regular boarders were gill-net fishermen. They paid \$3.50 a week for room and board and that included a lunch to take out on the boat at night. Transients paid 25 cts. a meal and 50 cts. for a room. Food prices were just as low. Flour was 75 cts. for a 50-lb. sack, sugar 20 lbs. for a dollar, milk 5 cts. a quart, cheese 12 cts. a pound, a 2-lb. "roll" of butter 40 cts., eggs 10 cts. a dozen, any sized chicken 25 cts., a silver side salmon 15 cts., a Chinook 25 cts. for the whole fish, and strawberries 25 cts. for a 10-lb. lard pail full. Crabs were 5 cts. each, and Indian Jeff brought us clams 25 cts. for five gallons.

Common labor at the mill was \$1.50 for a 12-hour day tho a little later it was cut to 10 hours. One man working at the mill, when told his pay was to be raised to \$1.75 a day, said, "I don't earn that much."

All our supplies, until the railroad went through in 1915, came

by lumber schooner from San Francisco or by the steamer Mischief from Yaquina. Sometimes during winter storms, the schooners would be bar-bound for a week and the stores would run out of such staples as coffee, sugar and flour; then there would be much borrowing from neighbors. I have seen as many as five schooners loaded with lumber waiting in the bay to get out over the bar.

Though we may have lacked some things, no one ever went hungry for everyone had a keg or barrel of salt salmon, plenty of potatoes, clams for the digging and venison any time a man wanted to go hunting.

I think Kenneth McCornack's father had the first gas boat on the river, and Frank Knowles the second. Before that the up-river folks came to Florence to trade every other Saturday when the tide would be ebbing in the forenoon and flooding in the afternoon.

In 1904 C. E. Harwood built a five bedroom house on the river bank east of the Glenada Hotel. He made the shingles by hand with a froe and drawing knife, and the foundation was heavy hand hewn cedar timbers. That was our home for fifteen years. He then took up carpenter work and built or helped build many houses and stores in Glenada, Florence and Acme (Cushman). One of them was a house for Frank Saubert, and the first bank building in Florence for Col. Holden. He also made boats, one being the gas boat Crescent which our son Dale used for towing and carrying passengers. He



How Siuslaw pioneers in their coastwise travels embarked on the steamer at Gardiner

helped survey Heceta Beach and Buckskin Bob's Camp on Siltcoos lake, and for many years was school clerk and city recorder while Glenada was an incorporated town. In 1910 and 1920 he took census in western Lane.

In 1914 M. F. Phillips and C. E. Harwood put up a shingle mill in Glenada. After operating four years it burned, and the Phillips family moved to a ranch on North Fork where Kenneth and Ernest are still living. This was during World War I and C. E. went to work in a ship yard in Marshfield. All during the war our sons Dale and Charlie were in the Coast Guard.

We lived on the Siuslaw for 30 years before coming to the valley 31 years ago. Though everything is so changed I still like to go back where I spent so many happy years.

C. M. Severy had 61 descendants, all now living except seven, nearly all of them in Oregon and most of them in western Lane county. In 1946 eight of his great grandchildren were enrolled in Siuslaw high school. Four of the Severy grandsons were in the first World War,

and two grandsons and three great grandsons were in the Navy during World War II.

Interesting note—The one-room school house spoken of is now the banquet room in the Florence Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Orville Cox had it moved to its present location and made a part of the building several years ago.

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TERESA S. ALEXANDER

With the passing. Monday. 6 a. m., March 13, 1950, at her home in Portland, another grand old pioneer mother, Teresa S. Alexander, has entered the Eternal Haven after a voyage of ninety-one years.

Born in Clinton Co., Ia., Nov. 26, 1858, when a small girl she came with her parents the James Blakelys to Oregon in 1865, by ox team to the Umpqua valley thru the Santiam pass. She could recall many incidents of the long and dangerous three and a half month's life in the covered wagon train.

Grown to womanhood she was married in Roseburg to Frank M. Alexander, contractor and builder, and during the years of their Salem residence, she watched many of its early buildings fashioned by his skilled labor. He came to Cushman and she and the children followed in the September of 1896, making the trip down from Mapleton on the old Mink when keeping the boat balanced meant the changing seats frequently by its passengers.

There were the sons, Dee and Roy and the daughter, Alice, now Mrs. Morris McCullough, of Portland.

She was made a life member of Vesta chapter, OES No. 73, several years ago and was one of the earliest members of Sunset Rebekah lodge, No. 114, as she put it "I just missed being a charter member." She ranked as past noble grand and was signally honored in both chapter and lodge. Was also a much-loved member of the Siuslaw Pioneer association.

Her great good humor, ready wit and rare enjoyment in living made her a great favorite in any social group and of her many friends.

Teresa Alexander was the Oar's first subscriber and her name has headed our lists, our practically 22 years of existence.

We will never forget our first visit with her as she came to the roadside to greet us as we were passing her old home where the O Lewis's now reside and built under the direction of Mr. Alexander after their Cushman residence was changed to Florence.

Her cheery talk and kind words for Florence and its folks went a long way in making us as strangers feel welcomed and at home.

Her birthday anniversaries always meant friendly gatherings of neighbors and fraternal sisters.

Mention has often been made of how she and her little cottage organ always cheerfully aided in lessening the dearth of music in early days here, by their river trips to olden festivities.

One of her two sons, Dee, died last Oct. 21, 1940 Roy of Dellesley, Calif., survives; the daughters-in-law, the daughter and son-in-law and two grandchildren; one sister, Mrs. Clara Nye of Salem.

Services were held Wednesday p. m. at The Little Chapel of The Chimes, Killingsworth Avenue, committment made in Rose City cemetery.

She gave up her Florence home in 1945 and has since been devotedly cared for at the home of her daughter and son-in law, Mr. and Mrs. Morris McCullough, 6250 N. E. Simpson street.

"Grateful for the privilege of her friendship let us leave upon her tomb the imperishable wreath of loving memories." L I M.

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