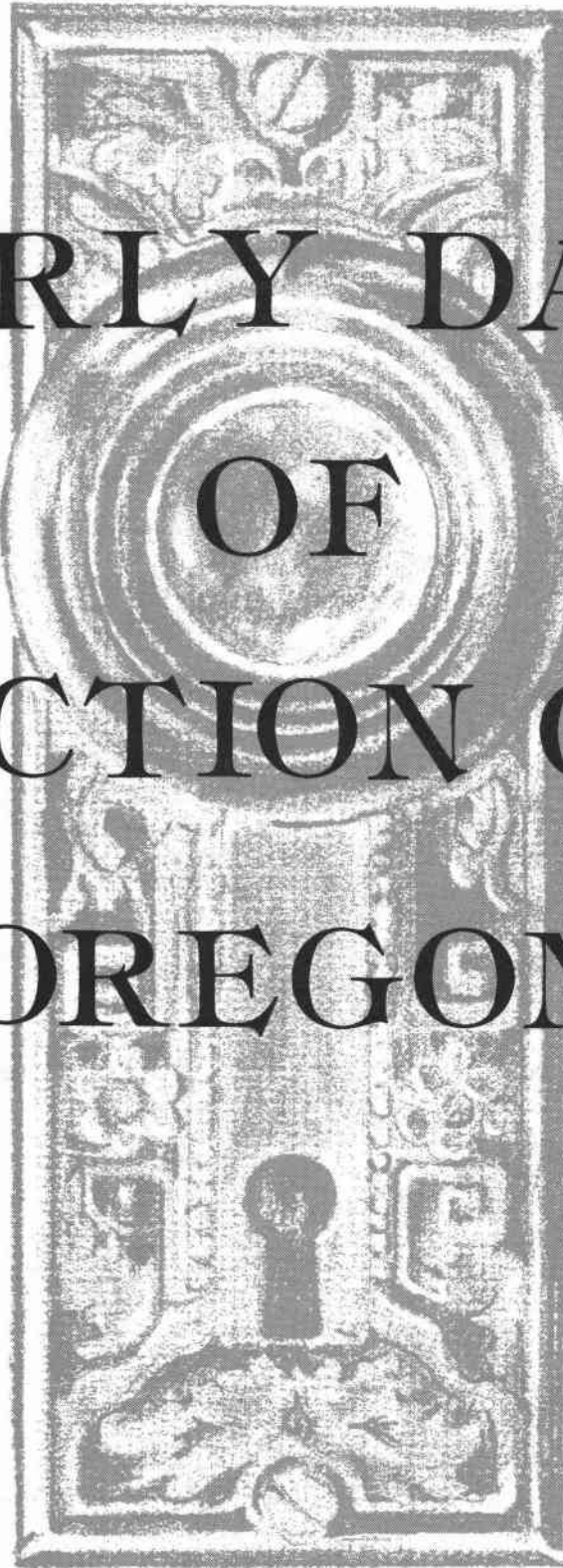


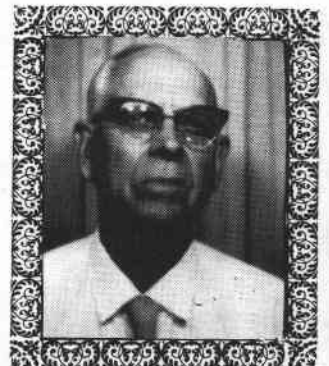
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EARLY DAYS OF JUNCTION CITY OREGON



autographed edition

S/Chris T. Wilde 52



CHRIS T. WILDE

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FOREWORD

I hereby dedicate this book: "Early Days of Junction City, Oregon", in loving memory of my wife of fifty-one years, Emily Elizabeth Lingo Wilde.

Emily encouraged me to write this story of some of the early life of our community.

Her loving devotion of placing flowers on her grandmother, Elizabeth Harpole Lingo's grave at Rest Lawn Cemetery, each year if she was anywhere near this area, was the same type of devotion, friendship, love and truth that the early settlers had for their neighbors. One family would help the other neighbor through all kinds of difficulties. It might be to build a new barn, husk corn, handling livestock, sickness, or whatever. Neighbors were known to help one another as the Good Book says we should do.

Elizabeth Harpole Lingo's picture was given by Emily to our local historical society, where it now is hanging on the wall.

Chris T. Wilde

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I want to especially thank my lifelong friend, Clarence Pitney, who early in 1976, encouraged me to commence gathering facts to write up some of the area's early history hearabouts.

Thanks to my brother, Lane Hans Wilde, who furnished me data, if I couldn't remember all the fine details. Also, thanks to James McMullen, my brother-in-law since 1919, and his brothers Willie and Sam, for information they gave me about hops, the Harrisburg Ferry, McMullen Lane, and early Junction City, Oregon.

Thanks to Reverend Christian Hasle, whose book on Fifty Years in our Danish Church, furnished me with much information. Mr. Hasle worked for my father, Hans Wilde, on his farm at Cushing, Nebraska, in 1903 while I was an infant of a year old or less.

To a host of friends; Chester Ayers, Arleigh Tracer, and Donald Washburn for the use of his biography on the early settlers of the local valley, to Karn Gribskov, Arnold Bodtker, William C. Jensen, the Strome families and many others, we give thanks for their help in giving me information.

Thanks especially to Emmet Cook, and Mary Pitney.

To the Junction City Times, edition of our towns First Hundred Years; to the Lane County Historical Societies booklets; the Junction City High School Junco Eds; the University of Oregon Library, etc., we give thanks to all that helped.

The information may not always be according to the memory of some people now living. It is the concensus of opinion of most of the old-timers like Mary Pitney and Emmet Cook, who freely gave me so many old historical facts, which I have tried to record correctly.

The Junction City Historical Society is to share equally in the profit from the sale of this book. It should provide the society an income for eons of time. They will help distribute the book, at the Annual Scandinavian Festival, at the steam engine, stone turning, flour grinding, and pastry selling booth each year.

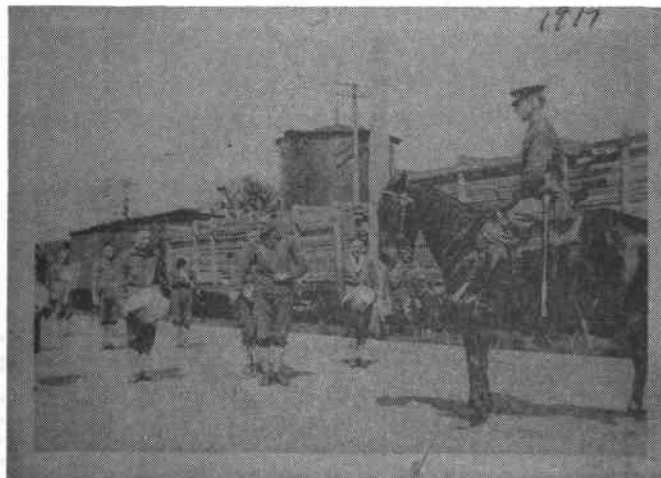
Our local historical society has a quilt hanging on the upstairs wall that has the names lettered on, of most of the very early settlers that lived in this area.

Chris T. Wilde - Author
December 20, 1978

1910 Front Street, Junction City, Oregon



Before: No savings and loan to serve Junction City.
Junction City scene from Oregon Historical Society archives.



1910 Front Street, Junction City, Oregon

by Chris T. Wilde

The Chris White Lumber Yard was located south of First Avenue, west of the S.P.R.R. line. He was a very large, tall gentleman. A sidetrack ran into this yard delivering lumber, doors, shingles, etc., that a lumberyard had to furnish its customers.

As a low slough ran through the yard, a planked road was sometimes floating from high water, on which horses refused to travel because of the insecure footing. Some lumber came by wagon from Horton's sawmill out west of the Coast range summit at Horton, Oregon.

The home of Mr. White was a block west of Ivy on 18th Avenue. A large windmill did, and still does, grace the building next to the house. Norman, now Mrs. William Fisher, is his daughter. After Mr. White's death, Mrs. White married Fred Nielsen, whose father, A. C. Nielsen, was the originator of the Danish immigration to their area. His daughter, Thera, and son, Charlie, were in grade school with me. Mr. Roy J. Stump then ran the lumberyard.

The Farmer's Warehouse, managed by George Wilhelm, whose cousin, George Wilhelm, started the Bank of Harrisbur, Charlie Erhman, George Waterpaugh, Hans Rassmusen, Lloyd Wright, Harold Edwards, etc., were some of the managers

throughout the sixty-odd years it cleaned, sold and handled the farmers' produce from this area. The Columbus Day Storm, October 12, 1962, created a fire which burned this large warehouse, and the new Lloyd Wright addition.

This holocaust destroyed Mrs. George Wilhelm's residence, besides several other homes north of it. A six foot high by six foot wide causeway connected the warehouse to the "White Rose" three story flour mill on the north part of the block. George Wilhelm, who married Amelia in 1910 (who worked in the large Wilhelm Department Store in Monroe from 1906 to 1910) assisted by Scott Howard, operated this productive flour mill many years. My uncle, Peter F. Petersen, hired me to help tear down the building in 1921.

Arleigh Tracer says across the alley, west of the flour mill, stood a building in which a steam engine drove a generator which produced the very first electricity for homes and the city. Emmett Cook of Harrisburg says the first J.C. Electrical producing plant stood between Kalmia and Laurel on the south side of Ninth Avenue.

One block north is a white house, full basement, in which George Shields, who was one of George Wilhelm's garage mechanics, lived. Evelyn was a daughter who was a close friend of my sister Mary. A five foot high, by six foot wide, board walk with banisters crossed the slough (in which I used to play on a raft when waters were high) for the next block. Seventy years ago one of our old family citizens, Wesley Lingo, backed his buggy under this high board walk in order to get

his corpulent "mail order bride" loaded into his vehicle. Next across the slough was Duckie Lee's Hotel and the Hazelwood Creamery (which at one time was a drug store).

About 1912, George Wilhelm built a garage with cement floors and tin siding just north of Fifth Avenue. He sold Whipets, Fords, Willy Night and Overland automobiles. Sandy Petersen, senior, and George Shields were his mechanics. In 1919, Mr. Wilhelm built the cement building in which he operated the Junction City Garage on Sixth Avenue. The older garage then served as a dance hall for many years. Vardell Nelsen tells of the masquerade balls, etc. from 1922 to 1930 in that structure. This replaced the Washburne Skating Rink which had been used as a dance hall for many years which burned down in 1922.

An eight foot wide, two inch thick, planking served as sidewalk throughout the young city. The Council so ordained it. The early muddy streets were replaced with gravel. Mayor John Murphy had the first four square blocks paved by the Warren Construction Company in 1919, according to Lee Murphy, his oldest son.

Jake Miller was mayor ahead of John Murphy. Mr. Murphy served as Justice of the Peace for Junction City for twenty-three years.

Five and a half miles of cement curbing was installed about the same time. The first curbing was made of gravel from nearby field gravel pits. This material contained so much dirt that the curbings soon crumbled. They had to be

replaced from washing clean gravel, while Mr. Murphy was mayor of the city.

The hitching horse racks were mostly on the side streets, not too many available on Front Street.

"Bill", William Schroeder's Bakers (bread 5¢ a loaf, cookies 10¢ a dozen), was just next to the garage. He loved to hunt ducks. Then the Junction City Times Building, a local postoffice building back thirty feet from the street, and then the Towers eating establishment and confectionery store.

West of Tower's was Jean Broughton's Jewelry Store, also a small restaurant just east of the alley. This quarter block burned down in 1913. I have the back of a watch that went through that fire. Broughton's wife was Maude Barker. Her brothers were Roy, Harry, David and Mike, whose folks came from Minnesota in 1908. Mr. Charles Barker operated a horse drawn wood saw for years. Dave was his right hand man. I rode with them to Monroe when the blacktop asphalt pavement was built from Monroe northward in 1920. We earned fifty cents an hour building that blacktop asphalt road.

The northwest corner of Sixth Avenue and Front Street had at an earlier date been occupied by the Berry Hotel. Following its burning, Mr. Frank and Jim Milliorn built and operated a grocery store, later selling out to Mr. H. A. Cooley. S. P. Gilmore and A. J. Kaiser operated a department store in the hotel block for many years. Gilmore, according to his daughter, Gretchen Robins, also operated a grocery

store on the northwest corner of Sixth Avenue and Front Street for some years. Leo Cook had a candy kitchen and confectionery store next door. His daughter, Ella and Erma went through school here. The two-story house he built between Frank Hulburt's and S. P. Gilmore between Sixth and Seventh Avenues burned down.

Ella did stunts, standing on the wings of the flying plane at sixty-five miles an hour, Curtis "Jenny" flying machine. It is said she became the wife of George Rye. He worked on my father's 1916 Studebaker car at the garage in Eugene located just north of the Montgomery Wards parking lot on east Tenth and Oak. He worked as a mechanic for George Wilhelm's garage at one time.

Then the Bud Eccelson Saloon, "Red Front". The city was said to have five saloons at one time. The story is told that two local girls were enticed by the men patrons to become drunk, stripped of their clothing and danced nude on the pool tables.

Lewis's Meat Market came next. He furnished bones, "for my ladies' cats". His was the first marriage consummated in Junction City. Their two-story, green house occupied the lots now used by the Oregon Electric Depot. The house was moved west across the slough where Jay's Service Station is now. I knew Mrs. Lewis personally, as we nearly bought that half block from her in 1936. The home had a one inch square picket white fence and gate, within which their mentally defective girl was kept.

Frank Hulburt had a dry goods store. "Beef" Carrol and his uncle Emale had a drug store here. Later years, Dick Carrol and the other two mentioned, operated Carrol's pharmacy in the southwest corner of the new First National Bank Building on west Sixth Avenue for many years. Minnie Siebets had a millinery shop in the Hotel first floor. The U. S. Post Office, managed by Mr. Alfred Martin came next. George Young had a real estate office, then another saloon. The barbershop was next to the corner in the hotel. Mr. A. B. Gray, proprietor of the hotel and dining room, advertised strictly "home cooking". Railroadmen, as this was a freight division, occupied many of the upstairs hotel rooms. The south part of the upstairs contained "The Open House". It was said to be the grandest dance floor and opera house between San Francisco and Seattle.

Carey Strome tells of being taught to dance by Mrs. Siebets on that floor. He saw Uncle Tom's Cabin with real live dogs on the stage several times over the years.

Sherman Keck and John Kirk (father of Lloyd, Ardeth and Athel) were the barbers in the corner of the hotel, next to the lobby.

Northward, across Seventh Avenue, were two vacant lots on which dog and pony shows were held in tents during the summertime. Across the alley, westward, was a two-story, small wooden structure in which Mr. Shinn conducted a shoe repair and harness making shop. Mabel, his ostrich feathered daughter, was a millinery lady constructing the black and

white plumed ladies hats. My wife, Emily, has two of these old hats, which were her mother's, Emma Beach Lingo (old Lingo family of this area).

A Chinese laundry and restaurant were on Front Street, just south of the new Washburne Skating Rink. At the northwest corner of Eighth and Front was a single story house, boards running up and down, unpainted, in which the father of Carl and Walter Jacobsen lived. It was reported, that he sold "moonshine".

Mr. Noah Berry and wife and son, Halley, lived just north. It was Mr. Berry's two wheeled, red painted, low slung, dray wagon, pulled by two horses, that picked up from the S.P. Depot, the merchandise consigned to our various business establishments. His team was so well trained for fires, that they stood under the suspended harnesses, which dropped on their backs and hooked up. They knew exactly how to act when they heard the fire bell ring, on top of the City Hall. Junction City had a Pumper Fire Engine and a good volunteer fire department. Mr. Berry was city constable for many years.

Mr. "Shorty" Thorton, who was S.P.R.R. Superintendent at Junction City lived in the house on Ninth and Front. Their son was Earl, a dentist; and a granddaughter, Ellen (later Mrs. Ed Jensen).

In 1912, Longs had a laundry at Tenth and Front. Across Tenth Avenue, stood the huge Krats, Washburne and Howard warehouse and flour mill. Next was the roundtable (used to

turn the railroad engines around on). Then the supplies building. Gifford Cheshire (an author, whose relatives founded Cheshire, Oregon) and I practiced and learned the words to our high school Dramatic Club plays. We would sit in the warm sunshine down five or six feet below ground and learn our lines.

This has been removed and bulldozed full of dirt. I farmed the acreage from Tenth to Sixteenth Avenues, along the S. P. track from 1938 to 1948.

William Lingo loaded lumber into freight cars on both railroad lines for several years. Then that area was made into a sawmill and plywood factory. East and north across the S. P. track, where a terrible rear end train wreck occurred in 1944 killing several men, lived Floyd Howard, then Mr. Humber, his stepdaughter, Myrtle Murray and J. P. Morgan.

Jens Reerslev now lives there. His father was Hans Reerslev who operated a one-horse wagon affair from which he delivered bottled milk around Junction City for years. His dairy was on the south part of Pitney Lane. He also bought milk from H. C. Petersen on Strome Lane. Mr. Reerslev not only sang a good tenor voice in the Danish Lutheran Church but directed gymnastics classes for the Dane boys of the area for many years. He had served in the Danish Army in Denmark.

The Story of the Junction City Post Offices

The Story of the Junction City Post Offices

by Chris T. Wilde

The United States Postal Service scored a "best" by establishing Junction City as a post office, months before the state became such, by legislative action. Our fair city charter was approved by the Oregon Special Laws of 1872, by the Oregon Legislature, October 29, 1872. Local post office commenced January 23, 1872 as a U. S. Post Office.

The first post office of this area was a building located somewhere between Junction City and Harrisburg. It was called "Freedom". Mr. Woody named his village Woodyevill, which later became Lancaster.

Thomas N. Aubrey was the original postmaster, February 17, 1858. In May 7, 1866, the name Lancaster was adopted, instead of the very earlier name, Freedom. J. S. Lyman was the postmaster. On January 13, 1872 the name and location were changed to Junction City, with David McAlpine listed as postmaster.

Other early day postmasters included, Louis Goodman, March 26, 1872; Thomas Thompson, May 1872; James Bresfield, May 1873; John Wortman, May 1880; E. VanVronken, October 1883; Lewis Soloman, August 1885; Wm. S. Lee, May 1887; N. L. Lee, March 1889; Clayton Houston, April of 1893.

In 1891, the local post office was moved into the then

new red two-story brick Junction City Hotel, which had been built by a corporation of local men, including Henry L. Bushnell, a half-uncle of Clarence Pitney. Mr. Alfred K. Martin was postmaster in May 1897. The Martin family lived in the beautiful Henry L. Bushnell home on South Holly Street between Second and Third Avenues, 1875. His son, Lawrence, was in grade school with me. The half block on front street between Sixth and Seventh Avenues burned down in 1915.

The post office was then moved to the Woodmen of the World, two-storied white, wooden building on the northwest corner of Holly and Sixth Avenue. Mr. Martin continued to serve until Mr. Fitzhugh G. Lee became the new postmaster. Mr. Lee, assisted by Marie and Sam McMullen, and also his daughter Maxine, were in the post office many years. It occupied the south downstairs part of the structure, facing south on Sixth.

Mr. Wm. C. Jensen says he attended grade school classes in the north part of the downstairs in 1910. I recall going to a glass-blowers demonstration in that part of the building long ago. The upstairs was used for W.O.W. meetings, every week.

I and Burton Young, and other high school lads were initiated in 1921, as associate members of the lodge. Roy Darneile was talking about all the members that would give one hundred dollars toward a new building fund, to "stand up". Burton and I "jumped up", as they had our seats electrically wired for this type of initiation. Burton was a great boxer

in those early days. Later he worked most of his life for the S.P.R.R.Co.. Someone called him a name he didn't like one day, and "Buck" knocked him "cold Turkey" on the first punch.

This building was damaged by the Skating Rink Fire in July 1922. The Doctor Norman Lee place was north of this building. Then the home of E.N. O'Conner, attorney-at-law. He was a man of around a hundred and forty pounds with straight black hair. His office was in the Mason building, upstairs. North of that house was the home of the first library in Junction City, started by Mrs. Downse, the wife of the Methodist minister.

As a fourth grade child I was called before an official of the post office department for writing an obscene letter to a girl, and sending it through the U.S. mails. After comparing the writing from school papers, they found out that the letter was sent by the girl's own brother, so I was exonerated.

Mr. Lee passed away in 1934. Maxine, now Mrs. Lee Churchill, took over the postmastership.

The city post office then moved to the northeast corner of the George Wilhelm Garage Building. Hans Wilde's box number was 154. Hazel Patterson whose mother was Natalie, and her father Peter (the S.P.R.R. foreman on Track Maintenance for many years), worked in the post office until she married the local, young, new, Doctor Allumbaugh.

Another two-storied, tin covered, new post office stood south of the old restaurant and candy store owned by Tower's.

This stood back about thirty feet from Front Street. It burned after a very brief use as post office. It had quite a basement, as I recall a drunk man, whom I can still see and name, but who normally was my friend, chased me laughingly down into the refuse from the fire. I was scared to death, as he said "he was going to cut my heart out and eat it".

The post office next moved to the State Bank Building, which is now Ray's Paper Store. The Washburn and Millborn Bank occupied this site until the new First National Bank, two-storied, white brick building was built on the northwest corner of Greenwood and Sixth Avenue. The Masonic Hall occupied the west end of the upstairs. Ira Petersen, Clyde Johnston, both lawyers, Doctor W. T. Pollard, whose nurse was Darlene Lint, Doctor Richard S. Rodgers, Chamberlain Lumber Company, and the telephone office were some of the former occupants of the upstairs offices.

The State Bank was managed by Steven Mogensen. He had been Danish Lutheran Church minister here for a few years before taking up banking. A discrepancy in the books ended up with Mr. Mogensen being sent to our state prison for forgery. He was a very good prisoner, doing much of the book work at the prison. The Great Depression of the 1929 to 1936, probably had a great deal to do with the bank going broke. Many citizens lost a quantity of their savings in many bank crashes of "The Big Depression".

The east part of the old Spear Building, right on the

alley, between Greenwood and Ivy on the north side of the street, was the site of the next post office. From this location they moved into the present structure, on the west side of Greenwood Street between Sixth and Seventh Avenue.

This location at one time housed a grocery store operated by Mr. Peterson, the father of Selma, whose husband, Martin Vagness ran the Junction City Hotel for many years. Before that group of buildings burned down, the original structures had held Fries's harness shop, and other businesses south of it. A mortuary owned by Jake Miller also was one of the oldest establishments in the original buildings on this half block. Cartwright's, now of Harrisburg, sold the undertaking business to Miller. On the very corner of Seventh, had been Smith's Livery Stable for many years. As a boy of ten, we lads had rafted around under the pilings under the old barn. Jeff Cambell was Fred Smith's right hand man. The 1873 tiny red jail, and the old white two-story city hall, built for \$360, was on the opposite corner on Sixth.

Tales from Century Farmer

William M. Pitney
Was born in Missouri December 19.



W. M. PITNEY

1848, and if he had had his way about it he would have been born in Oregon.

He accompanied his parents to Oregon in 1853. He experienced but few happenings in crossing the plains aside from a big scare. He and some other small boys were playing marbles during early evening camping preparation, when a herd of buffalo passed hotly pursued by Indians. One big buffalo bull was running on the side and jumped clear over the boys engaged in play. Mr. Pitney has always taken a keen interest in schools and church work. He is an enterprising citizen, a good neighbor and comes as near being a "Good Samaritan" of Bible fame as any man we know of. He owns three farms and has four of as fine boys as can be found anywhere. He is a Presbyterian by faith and a Methodist in action, a member of the A. O. U. W. and is the live secretary of the Junction City Grange. He is one of our young old timers, and few men are better posted in pioneer history. There is not a published history in the state that equals his scrap book in incident, experience, hardship and trials, the personal accumulations of the last half century.

Tales from Century Farmer

Clarence Pitney

Grandfather, John Pitney, came to Junction City in 1853. He took out a Donation Land Grant on a one hundred seventy-one acre tract on the northwest corner of Highway 36 and Pitney Lane. In order for the early surveyors to correct their errors the plot was 171 acres instead of the usual 160 acres per quarter section of land given by the U. S. Government after the farmer had proved up on it by building buildings on the land, and doing so much farming, etc.

There were four girls and three boys. The boys were Joel, who died at age seventy-one; William and Marcellus Byron, Melvina, who married John Hays (his children were Eddy, Rice, Chester, daughter Mable), my wife, Emily Lingo's, second cousin. Rosa married John Payton, who was County School Superintendent of Baker County. This connection probably caused Royal Pitney to prospect for gold in Baker County many years. Ida, daughter of Melvina, married Will Weaver, who had a farm at Thurston. He was a very congenial gentleman having operated a saloon which had five pianos in it, at Vancouver, Washington.

Mary Pitney tells of her father coming home September 20, 1895, with his wood-rack wagon loaded with wood, pulled by "Kate and Nellie". He climbed down from the high spring seat

onto the front wagon wheel. He reached up onto the seat pulling the ten gauge, hammer type, shotgun toward him. The one hammer caught, pulled back and fired shooting Marcellus through the heart. He had been farming lands down on the John Strome Lane area. The long horse, hay, storage barn stood on the present Kirk service station land, running southward toward Third Avenue.

Newman's, father of John Newman (who had a fish market in Eugene many years) his wife Adeline Harpole was a cousin of Ira Lingo, had a small house just west of Mary Pitney's present home. W. C. Cummins, father of Sadie Hulburt, who died last year at age ninety-one, one of the wealthiest men of the area, had a home on the southwest corner of Third and Ivy. Frank Hurlburt later lived in the house, he operated Halbert's Department Store in the Odd Fellow Building.

This half block contained land on which the J. C. Chataqua Shows were held every year in the teen and twenties. The first site was at the present Safeway Store parking lot. I heard Sherman Hynck, William Jennings Bryan, "Buffalo Bill" Cody, and other world celebrities sing, play music, and orate on those stages through ten or twelve years they showed here.

Grandfather Pitney moved to Salem from which he did carpentering on the Little Lukumate River. He came back to Junction City in 1855. He built the Tom Calvert house in which the Harvey Calverts reside on southwest side of Prairie Road just before you get to the 99 Highway.

The original cooperative wooden creamery building stood

at Fifth and Ivy. The stench from the creamery caused the building to be moved to the southeast part of town on the old river road. Mr. Holgerson, whose children Clara and Harold were in school with me, was the first butter maker. Then came Chris Myra, and then Mr. Jensen, father of Fritz, Lyle and Harvey. Harvey was an accomplished violinist. He married Lucille Rowe, our music teacher in school, 1918. Mr. Jensen took many ribbons, medals, and cups for his excellent butter.

Otis, Cecil and Nellie, now deceased, were born in the town home. Otis, Junction City mail carrier for many years, was killed accidentally while hunting deer near Elmira, years ago. He built the home on northeast Deal Street. Cecil operated the Pitney threshing machine for many years. His wife was killed by a rolling log on the beach while beach-combing. I hauled bundles on a wagon for them one year. Their horse, "Clubfoot", stepped on my foot with his left front leg one day and just stood there! I was unharnessing the team after a days work. Nellie died at an early age. Francis carried mail from Junction City many years. Clarence has always farmed hereabouts.

Royal's mother passed away when he was only one and a half years old. Nettie, Clarence's mother, was J. A. Bushnell's daughter. Jeanny Ehrmann, Charles' wife, were full sisters. Charly Ehrmann sold the store and a half house on the southeast corner of Greenwood and Sixth Avenue to his Odd Fellows Oasis #41 Lodge in 1908. He operated with Roy Stump, the Lumberyard on the south end of Front Street. He

built the good home north of the Junction City Nursing Home. His son, Harry, got his right arm caught in the machinery in a warehouse in Mennam Idaho, from which accident he always had a crooked arm. Grandmother Pitney's shawl got caught in the rotating steel shaft and she was killed in the Farmer's Warehouse in the 1880's. Baxter Howard built the flour mill.

Baxter Howard constructed on the alley between Kalmia and Juniper on Ninth Street the first Junction City Electric light company. Some twenty odd lights were all that lit up the town at first. These could be lowered and the glass cleaned regularly. Large, three inch long, brownish black beetles were attracted to the lights. The "Bull bats" birds also came down in the warm summer evenings looking for insects. In diving, these birds made a whishing sound. Occasionally we still hear them in the summer evenings.

William, Clarence's father, lived in the house at Seventh and Ivy, west of the present Junction City Hotel. The Cumberland Presbyterian and White Church was built in 1873, called C. P. and White Church. This Church was used for grade school classes around 1908. Superintendent of School, A. J. Mickey bought the church and made it into a hotel. His daughter, Fern, and son Martell (who wrote considerably about early times in Junction City) were prominent in early J.C.H.S. activities - drama and debate.

William Pitney was manager of the Henry Bushnell warehouse. He was also City Recorder and wrote insurance for the Hartford Insurance Company.

He bought the property east of the old Junction City Creamery, from William McClure. Clarence and Francis were born on that farm. He was Methodist Sunday School Superintendent for many years.

Mr. William Pitney was killed when a S.P. railroad train hit his 1918 Ford Touring car, May 1924, at the crossing at High Pass and Front Street. His body was wrapped around the post next to the building in which the section hand-powered cars were stored, with many other supplies for general track maintenance.

The Ford's of those days had no door at the left side of the car by the driver's seat. A person had to crawl over the side or go around the car and climb across to the driver's seat. This would keep drivers from vacating the seat in a hurry.

Greenwood Street - 1910



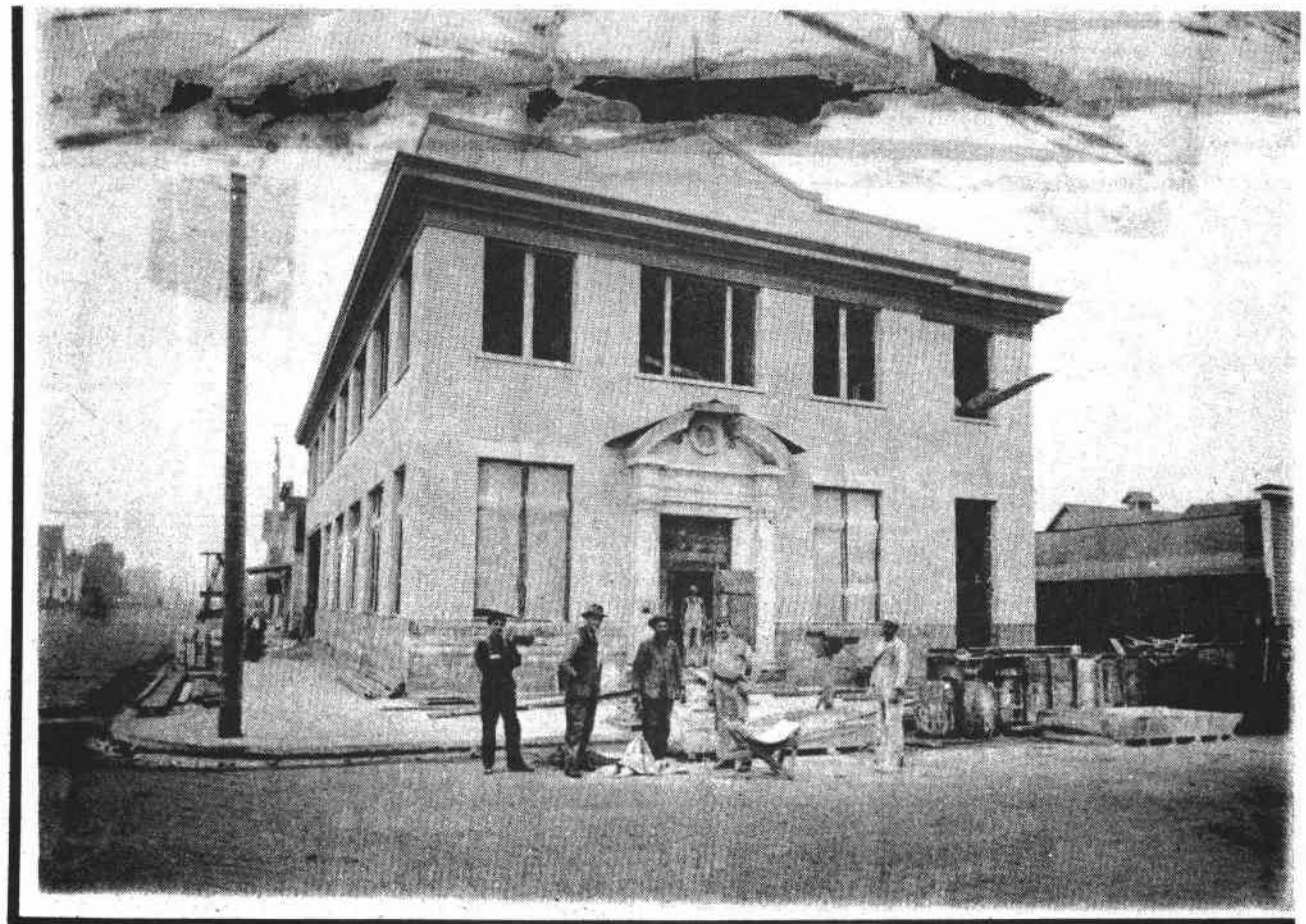
O. PETERSON'S BLACKSMITH SHOP AND IMPLEMENT HOUSE

O. Peterson

Mr. Peterson's place of business is on the corner of Fifth and Greenwood streets. While he does a general blacksmith business, he handles a large line of agricultural implements, wagons, buggies, manure spreaders,

gasoline threshers, and enjoys a fine run of business. He is considered an expert at horse shoeing and therefore has a big run of this kind of work. He owns his place of business as well as resident property. He is one of our most progressive business men and is always willing to do his part in

every enterprise. He is a rustler after business and makes it a point to hold every customer. He also does a large business in the line of wood work and keeps a large stock of material on hand. You are sure of courteous treatment when you call at his place of business.



Greenwood Street - 1910

Ba-Ba-Ba! the sheep of Mr. Frank Dinges, who lived on the west side of Second and Greenwood, were largely owned by Frank Williams, with Mr. Dinges, his sheep expertise helper. Their one-story, unpainted house had twelve inch boards, running up and down, with four inch battens covered the home. Elmer and Mable were two of their children.

North was the LeTillier home, built up some five feet, in order to keep the high waters out of the house. George and Amelia Wilhelm lived across the street east of Dinges. His family have been very prominent in this area. The large, general department store in Monroe was owned by the Senior member of the family around the beginning of this century. Another cousin, George Wilhelm, started the first bank in Harrisburg. This local George operated the White Rose Flour mill as well as the Farmer's Warehouse for years.

The Charles Erhmann family lived just north. He was a partner of Stump and Erhmann lumber yard, on First Avenue and Front Street. He built a very good home on East Sixth Street on his farm. Their son Harry, although his right arm was injured in a belt accident in Idaho, was able to play the cornet, and do all types of work.

North, across Third Avenue, lived Mr. Beals, who was a carpenter and was Foreman of the Volunteer Protection Society

of local Firemen. North lived Reta Donovan and her widowed mother. All these citizens had their own gardens, often a cow, and chickens, and even a pig.

John Moore, lived in a high elevated basement house north of LeTilliers. He was a very expert horseman. He could get people's horses to do things the owners couldn't do. Walter, Leslie and Boyce were their children. Boyce and I were in school together. He was killed in a lumber mill, by accidentally falling and going through the gang saws.

George Fish family lived north of Moores. North across Fourth was the home of John E. Murphy, realtor, and major par excellent of this city many years. He got the four blocks paved, and much curbing, etc.

East of Murphy's was a two-story red barn, where Ashel Fish fed the milk cow, cared for the chickens, etc. This building was moved to Ivy, north of Fourth, on the west side of the street. Jay Fish remade the stable into a good home, where he and his wife lived for years.

North of that barn was the George Fish Livery Stables. In 1890 Jake Miller had a livery barn probably in this location. Shipley and Barker bought out Fish in 1913. This burned down. Mr. Williams built the new structure into a feed and seed warehouse, with Mr. Hands as his partner. Mr. Skirvin, an uncle of Louie Skirvin of Harrisburg, ran it as a warehouse for a time. It burned down and was a vacant area for several years.

Mr. Larson, a former Lutheran minister here, built the

present structure for a cabinet and woodworking shop. Mr. Skob, Nels Domesgaard, Anton Sorensen, and later Loyal Stuckrath worked in and ran the woodworking establishment for years. It is now owned by the Scandanavian Festival Association. It was dedicated February of 1978.

West of the barn was Clarke's Blacksmith shop in 1910. Allison, Jacobson, Miller and Margurth, Ole Petersen, and Peter Skcobo are various men that at one time or other operated the shop on that location.

North of the livery barn was a white, story and a half structure used for a hotel, sometimes a restaurant and a home, as Barkers did. Mary Barker and I were in school together. North was Shand and Wilde Candy Kitchen, which confectionery store made wonderful chocolate candy. My sister Mary and Erma Shand, who lives in Novia Scotia, Canada, still correspond. The wire type metal chairs enabled people to sit around the metal legged round tables and enjoy confections and drinks.

Bill Graham's parents operated a small restaurant here one time. Sam Fries and father operated a harness shop just south of the 1909 I.O.O.F. two-storied brick building. Some people say that Charles Erhmann had a story and a half house on this site in the early days.

Francis Saylor had his home north of the blacksmith shop. He was exceptionally active in the early day fire department, serving all the offices, even foreman, very well. He had fought with the Union Army in the Civil War. In later years

he was section foreman and signal light maintainer on the S.P.R.R. for many years. I rode with him on his single, jand-pulled handcar many times from Sixth Avenue to First, where he stored his handcar at night.

Alex J. Kaiser had a general store north of Saylor's. This structure was torn down, and Hansen built, with Charly Nelsen's aid as a partner, a new butcher shop. This later was Thomas Nelson's Junction City Times office. McFarland had a blacksmith shop on the corner where the Mason family later built the two-storied hardware store.

The \$360, two-storied, white City Hall was north across the street. Then came the tiny red jail, which was built in 1873, at a cost of \$38. Some old-timers say the Cartwrights of Harrisburg operated a mortuary, later he sold out to Jake Miller, in the old building. In a very early time, Friese and his father ran a harness shop, then north was a small grocery store. These buildings burned down in the teens. Fred Smith and his spinster sister, Melissa, who had her problems, had a livery barn in an L/shaped, up on pilings structure on the corner. I rafted with Earl Petersen, under the old barn in the early teens. Jeff Campbell was Smith's right hand man. Nels Damsgaard took it down in the 30's.

Norman Lee built the drug store in 1890. This store has always been used as a drug store. H. A. Cooleys, Belknap and Milliorn, Roy and Daniel Brown, Lednický, Hurley and now Mr. Ray have operated the business at one time or another. Dick Carrol, his brother "Beef" and uncle Emil all operated drug stores in this town at various locations.

Dentist Wright Lee, Dr. Norman Lee, etc., used the rooms north of the drug store as offices, George Young, and other realtors used the same rooms at one time or another. A red painted livery stable stood on the north end of the block. Across the street, north, was Wades blacksmith shop. Then a home.

West across the street was Ralph Speare's Grocery Store. He delivered groceries around town with his one-horse buggy-van affair. Audrey Howard, his wife, ran the store. Upstairs Miss Mickelsen, Nel's sister, operated a photography shop. She took a good picture of me at age seven, sister Flore and baby Mary. Speare then built the quarter block new building north of Sixth and the alley east of Ivy, where the rebuilt structure now stands, following a fire in the twenties.

P. O. Bowman ran a blacksmith shop on this same location. Larson had a woodworking shop here at a later date. Doctor Richard Rodgers built the present structure as a small hospital. The house north was in 1911, occupied by the Petersen family. He was foreman on the S.P.R.R. Maintenance crew, which were mostly Greeks, in those days. His son Darrell and I were in the early grades together. We played in the running water of the slough between his home and the hotel. Doctor Lierbaught lived in the north corner house. Cater-cornered northeast was Jeffrey Campbell's home. Across Eighth, built up on pilings, was E. B. Leppert's blacksmith shop. He built the good house on the southeast corner of Fifth and Kalmia, which is still in good condition. Linda Edwards, later Mrs.

Roy Baker, and her brother Edward lived in the house on the north corner of Ninth. Edward disappeared very mysteriously as a young man. He may have drowned at sea. This blue house sat up on a rather high basement board foundation.

East, across the street was a story and a half house which old-timers say was built after 1872 to be used in the production of beer. In later years it was remodeled into a home. Mrs. Anne Wilde, Julius's widow, and her son Andrew (who later on killed himself on the premises) lived in the house many years. North of this place, Alex J. Kaiser had a good mixed fruit orchard on the full half block.

North across Ninth from Edward's home was Frank L. and Jeanette Moorehead's home. Their children were Florence and Luella. North was the old Clifford Bailey house, next was the home of William Harpole.

Van Rankin built the two-storied, square white house on the northwest corner of Tenth and Greenwood around 1890. I found an old timetable used for the great many railroads, and steamship lines of the Pacific Northwest in the 1890's. This was down inside a west wall, which we ran across in recently doing some repair work. I have a good story on this booklet, which I am giving to the local Historical Society, today.

Modern highways and the large trucks have closed out many of the railroads and steamships that from the sixties to the 1930's furnished transportation for all types of commerce then needed by the area.

Van Ranken rented the six upstairs rooms to the railroad employees who when the "Call-Boy" came to tell them their

train was being made up to leave this freight-division, would get their signature on this clipboard, and they had to get going on their next scheduled run, to the next division, Roseburg, or Portland, Oregon.

He operated a saloon, where the ten cent store is today. Mat and his brother Don were trappers, woodcutters, and what have you. Mat was very active in the early Junction City Protective Association Volunteer Fire Department. Being unmarried, they accumulated some money. It is said they would become drunk, then taken down the steps of his saloon and left to sleep it off. Oftentimes upon arising from their stupor they found their money was gone from their clothing. Mary Pitney tells of various pictures he had on the walls of his establishment. Van Rankin was also active in the fire department of those early days.

One the west side of the S.P. tracks were various supply buildings and the roundtable on which engines, or cars, could be turned around, so they could head in the opposite direction hauling their trains.

The Howard, Kratz, Washburne large warehouse had in the 1870 and 1880's occupied land just west of the tracks, north of Tenth Avenue till it also went up in smoke. No other structures north to Eighteenth. The building was valued at \$30,000 in 1882, when it burned down. It had various types of grains and feed in it at the time of the fire.

These made up the buildings on Greenwood Street in 1910 or so.

There were two houses that I do not recall the names of the people that lived in them at that time, although I know where they were located. One was just north of Spears Store, the other house was east across the street.

The Milliron Cemetery

The Milliron Cemetery

Casper Rickard, Arleigh Tracer's great-grandfather set aside one-half acre, to be known as a public burial ground. He had bought land from Mr. John Milliron, whose first government land grant contained the acreage on which much of early day Junction City is located.

That tract also contained the one-half acre known as The Milliron Cemetery, which is about one-half mile west of town on the north side of the High Pass Road.

Arleigh says he helped clean up the old, old graves, get rid of most of the oak trees, myrtle vines, rose bushes, etc. He says many of the old grave boards were so rotten that they couldn't be saved. Thus many now unknown people lie in unknown, unmarked graves. Vandals had also badly broken many of the old tombstones. There are few stone markers left intact today.

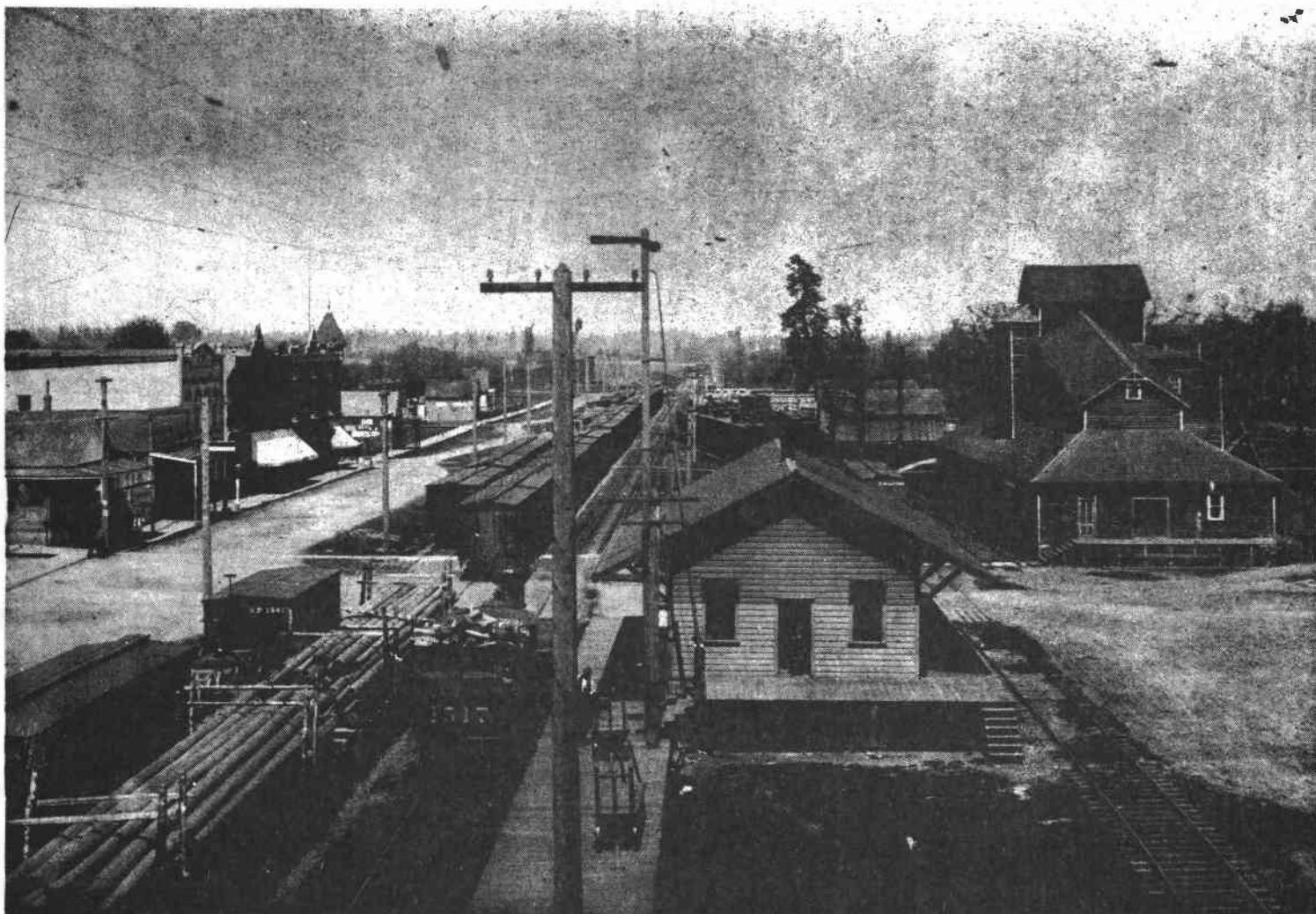
Casper Rickard took out a land grant, 320 acres, March 19, 1874 in Benton County. This was signed by U. S. President, Ulysess S. Grant. The grant that had belonged to John Milliron was signed by our President, Andrew Johnson. Another purchase of land by Rickard, was from Benjamin Hinton, May 1869, signed by President, U. S. Grant.

The Rickards' lands ran east to approximately where Rose Street is today. It went north to the Cox Butte Road, and south two miles to the High Pass Road; and west a mile and a quarter. They lived in a house where Ralph Witcher lived

lately, and had a grade "A" dairy. This place was a stage coach stopover for years. We are told that a stage coach fare from San Francisco, to Portland, was fifty dollards and could be completed in around five days. The horses and drivers must have been changed every so many hours apart. The roads were very rough, muddy, with the riders often expected to get out and help repair the narrow ten foot wide roads, before continuing on their journey.

The first early road, now called Prairie Road, ran northwest from the old Ed Bailey homestead, diagonally across what is today the Marian and Frank Knox forty acre field, toward the Milliron Cemetery. Then on north on what is now Oaklea Drive, to the old Rickard Home. Chris Hatt and family lived in the house, which I was in many times, before the present new house was built back in 1915.

Early Fires Took A Heavy Toll



BUSY RAILROAD CENTER was theme of this picture taken about 1901 looking north (left to right) is Milliorn Bros. Grocery, Lewis Meat Market, Folsom Building, Hotel Block, Southern Pacific

Roundhouse and Shop, stockyards, Baber warehouse which burned and in the center is the S.P. depot with woodburning locomotive and freight cars.

Recollection of Earlier Times in Junction City

"Early Fires Took A Heavy Toll"

On February 6, 1882 the J. H. Berry, large white painted hotel situated on the northwest corner of Sixth Avenue and Front Street burned entirely to the ground.

This fairly new building occupied the entire quarter of that block. It ran to the alley on the west side. The building had a full basement, with three full stories above it. The top of the building had a porch affair on which people gathered to talk together and view the city. This hostelry did a very flourishing business, serving sumptuous meals at reasonable prices.

Two saloons, the J. E. Williams, and the Craigs saloon, burned down at the same time! The J. A. Heath's saddle and harness shop went up in flames. These businesses were housed north of the Berry Hotel, to Seventh Avenue.

On March 25, 1882, the Krats, Washburn and Howard mill and grain elevator in the northern part of town burned down. Hundreds of sacks of flour and thousands of bushels of wheat, and other grains went up in flames.

The Louis Solomon's storage and grain warehouse stood only six feet from the much larger Bushnell warehouse. It stood a little distance southeast from the Southern Pacific, then the O & C railroad tracks, only six feet from the one sidetrack.

This fire was caused by smoking hobos who had been sleeping in the building. Three men were observed running from the building clothed only in their underwear. These structures burned July 1910. Many pictures of the city were taken from the top of the Bushnell Warehouse.

The red painted Baker warehouse stood where the present Farmer's Warehouse now stands. It was stored full of sacked up wool, chittam bark, baled hay and various types of grains. I and other thirteen year old boys played in the four-story structure. We crawled through a broken door panel to gain access. This building burned down in the late teens.

Another red painted warehouse, nearly new, burned down in the twenties. It stood on the sidetrack on the east side of the main line about Ninth Avenue. There were white painted stockyards along the track from which livestock of all kinds were loaded directly from the many pens into the cattle cars. City running water ran into water troughs in each separate pen. This stockyard was west and north from the Oak Park Bandstand which structure stood and was used for many years. This park was between Elm and the railroad line.

The Farmer's Warehouse at Front and High Pass burned down during the October 12, 1962, terrible Columbus Day storm about four P.M. The wind from the southwest attained gusts over ninety miles per hour. Mrs. George Wilhelm's house and several other houses were burned down or more or less destroyed by the conflagration. Fire engines, trucks, and men came from all the neighboring fire stations to help contain the flames. The

wind was so terrifically strong that the flames flew northward horizontally. Only an act of God, a wind change, blowing the flames toward the east, saved the city from a terrible holocaust.

The George Wilhelm, white ball brand, three-storied flour mill stood on the sidetrack at Second and Front Streets for many years producing a good quality flour for the area. Peter F. Petersen, my uncle, had the contract to tear down the building in 1921. I helped him on that job. The Shriners had a national convention whose special trains were going north on that hot day, suddenly the passenger train lurched to a stop. Some transient had been decapitated by the same train about a mile south of town.

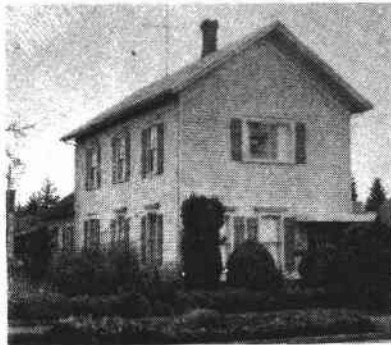
As Junction City had a terrible series of bad fires, insurance companies were asking exorbitant premiums for fire insurance policies. Some companies refused to write fire insurance policies on the local property. This problem helped bring about the Volunteer Junction City Fire Department.

In 1879, the three mill levy for a fire engine, proposed by the city council was defeated.

"What a Good Chicken Dinner with Drinks Will Do"

Junction City Historical Society

P.O. Box 317 - Junction City, Oregon 97448



"What a Good Chicken Dinner With Drinks Will Do!"

The venerable Emmet Cook of Harrisburg told me the following:

Ben Holliday, the builder of the Oregon-California railroad, in 1869, had plans to build the railroad line straight through from the big curve, some three or four miles south of Halsey, Oregon. He had the government permits, with appropriate right-of-ways, sections of land, alternating, back and forth, across the proposed line, all ready to run the line directly south to Springfield.

This would save building at least one large railroad bridge across the Willamette River, which exists today, and a shorter mileage. The line would then be built on south to Roseburg and California.

Around 1870, Mr. George Bailey, Gerald's grandfather; Mr. Ike Cook, Emmet's grandfather; Charles Wesley Washburn, Donald's great-grandfather; Tom Milliron, Frank's great uncle; and other men, proposed to Mr. Holliday that the railroad come to Harrisburg, bridge the Willamette River, come into Junction City, and thus on south to Eugene City.

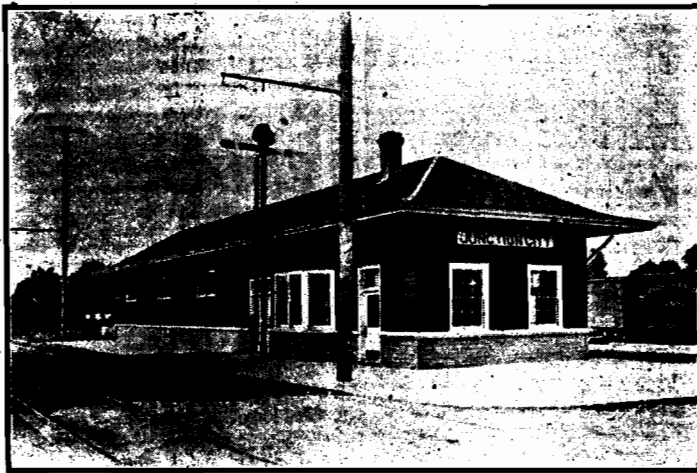
Mr. Holliday insisted that the Federal Government and U. S. Congress had already approved the completed railroad survey, the 640 acre sections of land, staggered alternately down the line, etc.

These men persisted, again and again, without gaining the railroad builder's consent to the new line going across the river.

They succeeded in getting a grand chicken dinner, with many appropriate drinks, down Mr. Holliday's gullet. After the sumptuous entertainment, Mr. Holliday said: "Well, boys, you have lavishly entertained me, I guess it can be arranged to run the new railroad line to Eugene City by way of Harrisburg and Junction City."

If it hadn't been for the big dinner, drinks, etc., the present railroad line would have been east of the river several miles, bypassing the above mentioned cities. Mr. Cook also said that Zake Scott told him if Mr. Hyde, Clarence's father, hadn't made such a big ruckus, the University of Oregon would have been at Harrisburg instead of at Eugene, as it is now.

The History of Holly Street



OREGON ELECTRIC DEPOT

Welcome to Junction City's Centennial Celebration and Scandinavian Festival!



It's our pleasure to serve the people of this growing area



The Junction Inn Boarding House first served as a church, then a school.



(Formerly Eugene Fruit Growers
Association)

GROWING WITH JUNCTION CITY For Over 50 Years



1925 PHOTO

Total Production	1923	22,500 cases	Payroll	1923	\$15,683.00
Total Production	1971	627,426 cases	Payroll	1971	\$434,673.00
Projected Production	1972	1,418,100 cases	Projected Payroll	1972	\$978,420.00

The History of Holly Street

Mrs. Anna Pitney passed away at age ninety-nine. She had lived on the southeast corner of Fourth and Holly most of her life. She kept S.P. railroad workers, putting out excellent meals and keeping clean bedrooms. In later life she kept only roomers. Her eldest daughter was Beulah, next was Modena, the youngest is Mary. She told her children much of the happenings of her home town. She and her children knew all the early settlers of the area.

Mary, now in her eighties, attended Oregon Agricultural College around 1912, from which she graduated. Mary then taught home economic classes in high schools in Oregon and Washington. Her first school was a small grade school just north of Harrisburg. She said some of her pupils were the Cook children. They tried to run her out, as these kids were really tough. They even started a fire inside the school room, for which she expelled the brats. She has traveled all over the world on various trips, nearly being killed by an animal in South America. She has sponsored an orphan in Asia for many years. She has given lands to the local Historical Society, bought the chimes for the local Methodist church, etc. She never married. Her book of poems is very interesting. Across the street west, is a lower area. Here her father accidentally shot himself by pulling a loaded double barrel shotgun across

the high wood wagon spring seat, while standing on the wagon wheel. The one hammer somehow caught, pulled back and fired, killing Marcellus Byron, dead. He was born in 1857 and died in 1895 at age thirty-eight. He had farmed considerable land on what is now Strome Lane.

Mrs. Jorgen Nielsen, also in her eighties, told me that their square two-storied house was built in 1908, by a man named Cheshire. That a little while ago a lady was standing on the sidewalk looking at the house. Mrs. Nielsen went out and talked to her. She said her name was Butler, and that some years ago she had lived in the house. Nielsen's have lived in the house forty-four years of the fifty-two years they have lived in this Danish Community. They belong to the local Danish Lutheran Church which is now located on West Sixth Avenue. She said the local volunteer fire department are today burning down the old Tony and Birdie Jensen house which stood on the southeast corner of Ivy and Tenty Avenue. Don Buyers will use the vacant property.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Cooley and daughters Inez and Florence built the house, probably around 1904. Cooley had purchased the drug store from the original builder, Doctor Norman Lee (Lee built it in 1890*). This is Ray's Drug Store today.

The second house north of Second on the west side, was built by W. C. Cummings. Their daughter, Sady, married Frank Hulbut, local merchant here for many years. He was a member of the local Masonic Lodge. My sister, Marth, Ardeth Kirk, clerked in his new store in the I.O.O.F. building, which was

erected in 1914. Henry Jensen clerked in his men's wear department for years. He was a brother of Mrs. Soren Jensen, who lived on Dane Lane. Mr. Jensen, Senior, built the Washburn High School, which stood where the park and tennis courts are today.

Mrs. Hulburt passed away in Portland, being over ninety years of age, recently. Mr. Hulburt built the two-storied home on the northeast corner of Seventh and Ivy. It was moved just east and is now the third house north on Holly from Seventh on the west side of the street.

Mr. Pope built the cement garage and store building on its site. In 1936, Doctor Daniel P. Love lived in the old home. It burned down and Lester Mallory built on the site. The firemen lately burned down the house, in order to make room for a new restaurant and parking lot.

Lester Mallory and his beautiful, blonde wife, Nettie, built the new house, on the site of the original Cummings home. They had two sons, Pierce and Elmer. Elmer became a national league baseball player. He is dead. Mr. Mallory started the Benton Lane Park in the late twenties. He managed the local Oregon Electric Depot business for many years. The first O.E. train came to our town, October 15, 1912.

The Jack Grievey family lived in this same house some years. He was the Southern Pacific "Tick operator" for years. Two of his sons were Lyle and Harold Hartzell. Lyle and I were in school together. Lyle and I fished, hunted, and trapped together in 1920. In later life, his wife, Mildred

and children, caught and cleaned crabs at Florence, Oregon for many years. His son still crabs out of Florence. He later ran a tug boat on Lake Takenitch, hauling rafts of logs.

Jack Grievey's later lived in a white house on the northwest corner of Ivy and Eleventh, just south of Al and Kay's new restaurant. Grievey had a slight speech defect. Mr. Will Orton had a similar speech defect. At the depot one day, the two men nearly got into a fist fight as each man thought the other one was trying to make fun of his speech problems.

James Addison Bushnell, Clarence Pitney's grandfather, built a pretty home on the east side of Ivy Street, just south of Second Avenue, in 1874. The October 12, 1962, Columbus Day Storm, crashed a large maple tree into teh house, which resulted in much alterations. Mr. Alfred Martin, post master here for many years, including the old Hotel Building on Front Street which burned down in 1915, lived in the house in the late teens. They had lived on the old Gilmore place north of town, toward Harrisburg, until he sold out to the Mooney brothers, who then conducted a Holstein Dairy on the place. Martin's son, Lawrence and I were in grade school together. Robert Movius, from South Dakato, and family lived here for years. "Bob" was an excellent cement builder. Mrs. John Murphy, Lee's mother, was his sister. He is said to have been married to Gertrude, a Bushnell girl. She died recently. Bob died forty-five years ago from cancer. My biography will have a story about this great citizen, Mr. J. A. Bushnell.

He truly was one of the city's outstanding leaders of the past.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Tadlock and family lived in the home in 1969. It has been extensively remodeled.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hamilton and family lived in the house. His wife was said to be part Indian. They had two girls. They lived in the house, south of Mary Pitney's, way back in 1890 or so. James was married to one of Dewey Andre's sisters. He worked as a millwright, part of the time in Portland, Oregon. The Hoppes family lived in this house around 1910. Mr. Holgerson and family lived here later on. He was the butter maker in the local creamery that stood on the southwest corner of Fifth and Ivy. The creamery smells caused it to close down. Thenew creamery was built just west of the Will Pitney farm home on the River Road, near First Avenue around 1915. Flomer and Fritz Jensen's father took many prizes on his Junction City Best Butter, at various competitions up and down the Pacific Coast.

The Junction City Chautauqua tent was erected several years on the half block north of Third Avenue to Fourth Avenue, just west of the O.E.R.R. track. My story, published in 1976 in the local Junction City Times, tells about the old programs we all enjoyed in those excellent events of yesteryears.

The marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Wiltz Lewis was the first wedding consummated in Junction City, Oregon in 1872. Leah Lewis was the only child they had. She married "Pete" Ratio

Skaggs. Their son, Lewis, and I were in the first grades of school. Our pictures show us together with Lee Murphy, Burton Young, and other boys in our Brownie Suits taken in the old hotel "Opera House", in 1911 or 1912. Miss Maude and Mable Hays were our teachers the first and second grades, in the 1892 grade school building.

The other two children were retarded. I recall seeing these poor unfortunate children in their grandparent's enclosed white picket fence amid the beautiful lilacs, daffodils, and other plants which were profusely arranged around the beautiful garden.

Pete worked for the Fred Smith Livery barn at Seventh and Greenwood for many years. Pete's father was the Christian Church preacher here for years. He served the Union Forces during the Civil War.

He and Burgess were prisoners of the Confederacy at Andersonville Prison. Burgess, like many other prisoners, was very ill. Every few weeks some prisoners were released in order to make room for new prisoners. Skaggs name was called to be released. Burgess was standing next to the line of men being called up for release that day. Skagg's name came, but Skaggs pushed Burgess into his place in line of the outgoing prisoners. He probably thus saved Burgess' life. Years later they chanced to meet on the streets of Junction City. They both threw their arms about each other for their great joy. Burgess is buried next to Hamilton in the northeast corner of the Milliron Cemetery.

Mary Pitney's aunt, Mrs. Melvina Hay's lived in the square, two-storied house east of Lewis's. It is still in use today. Sandy Petersen, Senior, and William Harpole family have all lived in the house since then.

My schoolmate, Anna Bamford, lived with her family north of the Hays house. The two-storied, square shite house on the southeast corner of Sixth and Holly was Guthrie's boarding house. In later years, Dr. William Wolf Hicks and his short little Auntie Hicks, lived there. As the new Oregon Electric Railroad Depot was to be built on that corner, the house was moved west on Sixth Avenue, to the southwest corner of Maple and Sixth, where David and Alice Bierly, and Malcolm and Phoebe Quidort now live. They wanted more depot room, so they built on the present site, moving the Lewis house just west to what is now Jay's Shell Station. Doctor Hicks then erected the beautiful large home on the northeast corner of Tenth and Laurel.

The second house north of the O.E. Depot was Ptolmy Babers home. Their son, Kenneth, was a doctor in San Francisco for many years. He always came and visited Mrs. Anna Pitney, usually on her birthdays.

The Frank Nettleship family lived in this house years later. He operated a restaurant on the north side of Sixth about forty feet west of Front Street. It was next to Jack Barrowcliff barber shop. A. J. Kaiser's general store was just west of it then. This is all Carlson's hardware store today. Gibson's Ford Motor Co., was right on the corner at one time.

Nettleship was also a deputy sheriff. Many times I saw him in his white shirt, bareheaded, checking the freight cars on the track. This was the freight terminal for over sixty years, so he was busy. He would chase away any free riding hobos he found on the train. He was an ardent flyfisherman, and duck hunter. This goes back to the 1917-1922 era, or so. His bald head was hardly ever covered with a hat or cap. I recall him coming into his little narrow restaurant, his hunting coat stuffed full of birds he had shot. His wife was a one hundred ten pound, blonde, lady. They had two children.

Jess Darneille lived in this house around 1940 or so. His son, Roy, worked for Thurman Berry delivering freight about town in the two-horse, two-wheeled, red dray wagon. I recall Roy wearing a leather apron to protect his clothing. He signed several of we Senior High School lads up to joining the Woodmen of the World. This was in the teens. His brother Jess was killed, when he slid down off of a loaded wagon of grain bundles onto the handle of a pitchfork, which entered his rectum for some sixteen inches. The resulting infections, abrasions, etc., resulted in his very painful death some fifteen days or so later. Never slide down off a load of anything - always climb to where you can see what is going on. Someone's carelessness resulted in this good man's terrible, tragic death.

The three lots north of this house was a low sough. One man tried to have a lumberyard in the depression for a short

time. It was too much of a hardship to put the lumber up and down the sidewalk to the lumber piled below. The area is now all tiled and filled in completely, part of the west side of Eric's Market and all the business offices on the northwest corner of Sixth and Holly. William Jensen said he had caught trout in the small creek years ago. The intersection in the very early days, had a four-way bridge over this creek.

The two-storied, white, original first school building in our town was built on the northwest corner of Holly and Sixth Avenue, around 1874. The upstairs served as lodge hall for the Woodmen of the World and other groups. After the half block of Front Street burned down in 1915, the post office moved into the south part of the downstairs. Here it remained till the Washburn Skating Rink or Pumpkin Snow Building burned down, July 1922. The black, tar papered burning roofing was carried across town by a heavy north wind, setting many roofs on fire about town. This old schoolhouse was so badly damaged by the fire in the upper part of the structure that it was soon dismantled completely.

Doctor Norman Lee built the white, clapboard, two-storied house just north. He had moved a small structure on skids from his former location at Lancaster in 1872. Here Doctor Daniel P. Love, with his wife and two daughters, Inez and Helen, lived many years. Inez was my sixth grade teacher in the old 1892 grade school, between Seventh and Eighth Avenue on the west side of Juniper. Anton and Christine Rasmussen raised their three daughters on this property. It is now

the Junction City Historical Society building. It has been restored as nearly as possible to its over one-hundred years, first construction.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank O'Conner and family lived in the small house north of the Lee home. He was an attorney-at-law. His office was upstairs in the Dan F. Mason and Son new hardware building. Doctor William Polard and family lived in this house years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Horton lived there more recently. The one-storied light blue house on the northwest corner of Seventh and Holly, had pink, climbing roses promiscuously all over it. Reverend Down's, Methodist minister, in the old church, and his wife organized the first city library in that house, around 1920. The First National Bank, east parking spaces, now occupy the land on which the last two houses stood.

Jonathan Butler moved the small wooden building from Lancaster in 1870 to the northeast corner of Holly and Sixth Avenue. Here he made horse harnesses, saddles and many other types of leather goods. He often served, more or less, as city judge. His son, Emmet, was an S.P.R.R. engineer. It was this man, who had the fight with the bartender, Mulkey, because Mulkey refused to stay away from his young daughter. Butler built and lived in the home, where Gerald Bailey now has his real estate office. My story "Excusable Murder" has the complete events, as published in the local Junction City Times newspaper in 1976. Suffice to say, Mr. Butler's pen-knife resulted in Mulkey's heart being cut into enough that

he slunk over back of the old South Methodist Church and expired. Bud Edward's flower shop now occupies that site.

Arnold Tracer's Jewelry Store occupied that building many years. They lived in the back part of the building several years. They bought out Mr. Rosenbloom around 1918, according to Arleigh Tracer. The old building should very definitely have been preserved for posterity to enjoy. Various types of business's have been conducted in the new buildings which now occupy the original site.

North was Mr. and Mrs. Alex J. and Mintae Gerhart Kaiser's home. They operated various general stores in various locations over the many years they lived here. Karen Gribskov worked for them as clerk and bookkeeper much of her life. She and Hannah Skovbo along with Inez Hertz are a few of the many Danes yet living in this area that came to this city in 1902 to 1906. Kaiser's always had a good garden in the lots north of their home, which is parking space today.

North of Kaiser's on Seventh and Holly on the northeast corner was the Presbyterian Cumberland Church, built around 1874. The bell is now in the Danish Lutheran Church. Mary Pitney tells of attending this church in the afternoons, and the Old South Methodist Church in the morning services. It stood where Edward's Flower Shop is today. Mr. A. K. Mickey bought the church and used it for some local grade school classes for some time. He was the Superintendent of the local schools. His brother, Edward, was a carpenter, his wife Mary taught piano lessons. In 1910 or so, Mr. Mickey made the

structure into a local hotel. Martin Vagness and Zelma (Petersen) his wife ran the hotel; Paul and May Chilgren, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Blirup are a few of the people that have operated the hotel over the hundred years that the building has stood there. It is still in use.

A block north of the hotel was the residence of Mr. King and his son, Guy. John Kirk built the square house about 1911, between Tenth and Eleventh Avenues. Their children were Ardith, Ethel and Lloyd. Lloyd worked for Edward Bailey on the farm for many years. The Kirk girls worked for Frank Hulburt's general store around 1910. Mr. Kirk was a barber in town here for many years, working with Mr. Keck. We must remember that a pretty good slough ran through a great deal of the Holly Street area that I have been writing about. It is now tiled and filled.

The Junction City Cannery was built in the teens, with Charly Logston as manager. His wife was a very pretty brunette. They had two pretty, brunette daughters. One was Vivian, a vivacious, eager girl.

There was only an open field on north to Eighteenth. Johnston Sawmill and other lumber factories have occupied the area since. The S.P.R.R. had a terrible bad rearend train wreck just south of the Eighteenth Street crossing, in which several men were killed. It appears that the track torpedoes and fuzzies were not put back of the parked freight train a great enough distance to allow the oncoming train to get stopped before smashing into the caboose and freight cars of

the stalled train. That forty-five degree, sharp curve gives almost no clearance as far as visibility is concerned, of what lies ahead on the rail line.

Now going back to what laid on the west side of Holly from Seventh. William Pitney, Clarence's father, lived in the house west of the CHURCH. It later was moved to the lot just north of it. Mr. Pitney operated his grandfather Bushnell's warehouse or grain elevator. He was city recorder, constable, had the Hartford Fire Insurance Agency, and was deputy tax assessor for this community. He was superintendent of the Methodist Church Sunday School for many years. He was a member of the local school board; also President of the Lane County Pioneer Association, and head of the Lane County Sunday School Union. I will always remember him as the head of the Junction City Antique Booth at the annual Junction City Pumpkin Shows. He made the past come alive. He soon bought thirty acres of land at the southeast end of Birch Street.

Mrs. Johnsen, Mark, Ivan and a daughter lived in the house in 1912. North of Pitney's was the residence of Mr. William C. Washburn. He was president of the local First National Bank, which grew out of the Farmers and Merchants Bank. I have the deposit book of T. J. Dorsey, Treasurer of the 1910 bank. It shows his debit on January 26, 1910 of cash \$404.88; January 26, \$156.00; February 7, \$32.50; Etc. Credits, March 21 - total check \$620.10. January 11, 1911, total checks \$797.63. Washburn's were officers, with other

people, of the Farmer's and Merchant Bank. It operated where Ray's paper store is today. This site was also our post office for years, and the State Bank at one time. This is the house where young James, watched Jonathan Butler fight with Mulkey, north and west of the home, where Safeway's west parking lot is today. The story appeared in the Junction City Times in 1976, under "Excusable Murder". Laura Eccelson was Washburn's housekeeper. She sold me a pair of fiber wheeled rollerskates for \$2.50, from the yellow garage on the alley, back in 1912. She was a sister of Bud Eccelson who ran the local pool hall or saloon.

North of Eighth and Washburn's house was a square, light blue, trimmed in white, two-storied house where Doctor Butcher, chiropractor practiced for years. I recall his working on my wrenched back when my dad took me to him in 1926. I had helped dad clean up his place after the terrible flood of 1926, Christmas time. I had tried to lift the tongue of an old horsedrawn haymower with one hand, while putting a block under the tongue of the heavy old mower at the same time. I crawled to the house. Doctor Butcher said I had everything out of line that could be out.

John Milliron's house, Frank's uncle, stood on the corner, north of Dr. Butcher's. The house stood vacant many years, following John's demise. Safeway's north parking lot is now on that spot.

North, across Ninth, was Pete Skagg's home. Skaggs worked for the Smith Livery barn. His son, Lewis, and I are in the

picture of the Brownies, first and second grade boys group, that were in a grade school performance in the upstairs at the old Opera House, in 1911, of the old hotel, which burned down in 1915. The good Lord was with this community, as, if a fire had occurred while a school play or other activity was going on, a great many people would have been killed in the upstairs room fire. There were exits through the hotel upstairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Charley Alford Barker, from Fairmount, Minnesota, lived in the one-story home just south of Tenth Avenue. Their daughter, Maude, married Eugene V. Broughton, who operated a jewelry store for many years on the south side of Sixth, between the alley and the restaurant on the southwest corner of Front Street in 1910. Roy, who was married to Linda Edwards, worked on the railroad in the springtime, and for the Spreckles Sugar factory at Spreckles, California in the wintertime. Harry was a curly headed, handsome, red bearded man, who worked for the Lane County road maintenance department most of his life. David helped his father saw wood for many years, with the double horse drawn, wood saw outfit, about the town and country many years. Rollo, the youngest child, was the Lane County Road Supervisor here for many years. He married Susie Satterfield. The boys were all good baseball players, fishermen and hunters. I recall staying all night with Dave, about 1920, and going hunting for ducks on the Long Tom during highwater. We got a "wet ass and a hungry gut". The shot ducks floated away across a deep drain ditch. No luck! I also rode to Monroe, during the summer of 1920, when the black asphalt pavement was laid north of Monroe

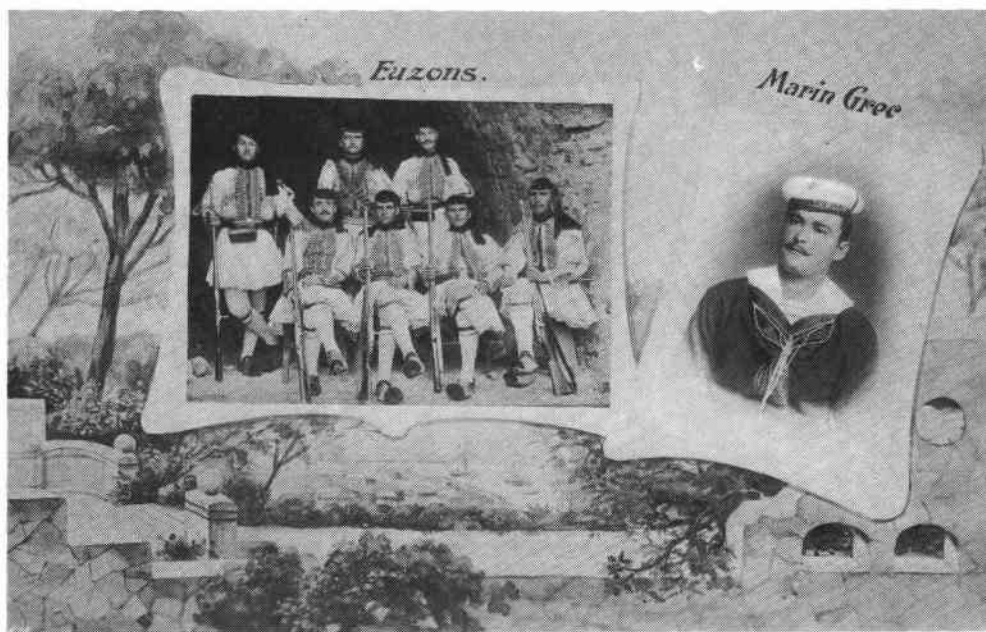
toward Corvallis. We got \$4.50 a day, plus some overtime, which paid half again as much, to unload by hand shovels, the gondola, coal cars, into trucks for the plant's asphalt-making machinery. Coal furnished the fuel to make the mixture. I recall the old White, G.M.C. trucks. Some of these trucks were hard rubber tired. I handpicked the hard road bed gravel on the main intersection at that time in Monroe, down to the required grade. I remember bringing water buckets to the thirsty, tired men. They had a lot of trouble with springs of water under the road on the curve about a mile north of Monroe. I paid Barker 85¢ a day for my transportation, even though there were five of their family going to work every day on that road job. The handled the hot, heavy, black asphalt mixture with forks.

Across the raised up, board handrailed sidewalk, over the low slough area, lived Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Harp and daughter, Mary, who was in grade school with me. I recall going to one of Mary's birthday parties at her home around 1916. The place was used many Halloween's since then as "The Haunted House". Someone had the very old, erect house torn down. The ridge was as straight as when it was first built a hundred years ago. It should have been made into a home and a historical landmark, as our old Van Rankin house should have been repaired and kept as a historical marker of the early era of this city, as it too was around a hundred years old. Jacksonville has kept many of their old homes, which may not be any older than many of the places I have mentioned in my stories. Why couldn't

Junction City have become known as a Historical City, as much as Jacksonville?

The other four old houses on that Holly Street, I don't know who lived in them in the long ago. This finished the Holly Street, early days of Junction City, Oregon, as far as I can find out.

GREEKS - The S.P.R.R. Backbone For Years!



"Later Than You Think"

Around the corner I have a friend
In this country that has no end

Yet days go by and weeks rush on
And before I know it a year has gone by.

I never see my dear friend's face.
For life's a swift and terrible pace.

He knows I love him just as well
As in the days when I rang his doorbell and,

He rang mine. We were younger then,
We were not busy, tired men.

Tired of playing a busy game.
Tired of trying to make a name.

Tomorrow I say, I'll call Bill
Just to show that I am thinking of him still.

But tomorrow comes and tomorrow goes
And this distance between us grows and grows.

Around the corner, yet miles and miles away.
Here's a telegram sir.

Bill died today.
And that's what we get and deserve in the end

Around the corner and a departed friend
So is life from beginning til end,

What we should have done,
Becomes our grief in the end!

GREEKS - The S.P.R.R. Backbone For Years

Pound, strike, bang, bang....this hand-powered human effort, with a ten pound sledge steel hammer, was used to drive the steel spikes into the wooden railroad ties, that held the heavy steel rails in position on the local railroad line in 1910.

The Greek brothers, Tom and Harry Pappas, along with six or more Greek men, comprised the Junction City, Oregon, Southern Pacific Section hand local crew, earning two and a half dollars (\$2.50) a day. These men slept in crude bunk houses, sixteen feet wide and twenty-four feet long, on single cots. The rough floor, comprised of one by eight sheeting, was about sixteen inches from the ground.

The Cook House, sixteen by eighteen feet, was twenty feet south of the Bunk House. A table, wood cook stove, kitchen sink, with some cupboard storages and benches to sit on, comprised the kitchen. A woodshed back east of the cook house, and an outside toilet in back of that building, were all enclosed in a five foot high wooden, white-washed plank fence. There was one front gate. This was the general type of section house used throughout the entire nation for railroaders to live in for a great many years.

I recall these men having some type of infection. They secured large, bloodsucking eels, which they put onto their

feet or legs, to thus try and draw out the infection or sickness they had.

There were then, and still are, work trains, which move about the country, installing new steel rails, ties, bridges, painting jobs, and other special maintenance work of a railroad. The men sleep and eat on these trains. There were special type cars built for supplies, eating and sleeping quarters, etc.

I recall these Greek workers coming home from a hard dyas work, on their eight man powered handcars, to find twenty-four inches of flood waters inside their bunk house. In the era before our splendid protective dam systems on our rivers, this flooding was a common occurrence.

A smaller, single man driver "spreader" was manipulated up and down the railroad lines. The operator had to pull the upright handles back and forth by sheer strength, thus moving the machine. "Pap Sailor" was the man that cleaned, oiled daily, filled, the single lanterns that were on top of each train track switch. This was a daily job. Mr. Sailor lived in a two-story white house south of the old Junction City Times Building location, west side of Greenwood. He had lilacs, roses, daffodils, and a good garden annually in their yard each year. They had a white, one inch square, picket fence. He had been in the Civil War, fighting for the Union cause. I rode from the S.P. Depot on Sixth Avenue to this section house storage building on High Pass Road many times with "Pap". He was the first "foreman", (Chief) in the local

fire department, and active with the community problems many years.

Gravel embankments occurred about every mile along the main line. Men could store their handcars on these banks if a train was due. They left their cars on these stop places while repairing the roadbed.

Darrell Petersen's father was section boss around 1912-16. Chris Patterson, "Pete", the father of Ann and Hazel and Ernest, was foreman many years. His son Ernest worked for the A. J. Kaiser's store as stockman and delivery boy. He contracted a bad cold, the resulting pneumonia finally took his seventeen year old life. In the ensuing lawsuit, Kaiser's were exonerated, as the court decreed that Ernest should have worn rain clothing sufficient to protect him from the inclement weather of our winters.

The Chinese men are largely responsible for building a good many railroads of our west coast. They built through the terrible rocky mountains of California, and many of the lines in Washington were built with Chinese labor. After the lines were built we are told the white people shamefully mistreated them. Cutting off the queue of a Chinaman made it impossible for him ever to return to his homeland. Some were murdered and driven away. It is a bad story to tell how awful our whites treated these men that really built the railroads of the west. Later these people became laundrymen and good ones at that. Negroes often helped on the rail lines. Many Mexicans work on the lines today, as well as blacks and whites.

Tom Pappas's brother, Harry, didn't like the United States and soon returned to Greece. Even though it was sixty-five years ago I still vividly remember one of the men that came from Macedonia, part of Greece. My father milked, with mother's help, four cows daily. I carried quart glass bottles of milk to the section men every day. At the end of the month these Greek friends always gave me a quarter for my efforts as delivery boy.

My friends taught me to count to ten in their language. Kristo was my name for Chris; Grech meant girl; Pabucha was shoes; Mafelus my friend, etc., were some words I learned in Greek. My second cousin in New Westminster, part of Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, married a Greek whose father came directly from Greece. I tried out the above words on the elderly gentleman. He was very surprised and happy. He said my pronunciation and accent were very good. This incident really tickled the old man.

A "Car Wacker" was a man who checked the vernals on each wheel of the axle on the freight car on the whole train, when they came into the local freight terminal to change crews, rest, etc. Sometimes he had to add oil or waste (shredded strings) to the box containing the hub of the wheel of the axle. Sometimes the men renewed the babbitt, or flat bearing on which the wheel spun in transit. Boys tried to find the discarded worn-out babbitt as they could sell it for a few cents. "Hot boxes" and sometimes fires, even burning up the whole freight cars, resulted from insufficient boxing babbitt

bearings, or lack of oil and packing. This condition you even see today on our freight trains, often destroying several railroad freight cars, from the resulting fires.

Harold Adams, whose father was a Car Wacker, and I were good friends. Harold bought some "Quebabes" cigarettes one hot Sunday P.M. As I was only nine years old, he was fourteen, he got me to crawl between the upright steel bars of the Greek's cookhouse and hand out some canned tomatoes. Being July, Dad had bound our oat field out south of the chicken house. We two lads sat back of the shock of bundled oats, and ate tomatoes and smoked Quebabes. Did I get sick? Whew! I guess that was the one great accomplishment of that Sunday afternoon, as I never cared for tobacco after that, although I tried smoking at different times, but didn't like it. My mother really alughed about my getting so terribly sick from the episode. It really cured me!

I had a "Chinook" black, single-bar bicycle which I paid Hulbert and Sims, \$27.50 for in 1915. This was earned by my catching grey-diggers and gophers at five cents for males and ten cents for females, from my dad's farmlands. Gathering eggs daily, at one egg a day, the proceeds from the sale of the eggs gave me a little spending money. Movies were only 5¢ or 10¢ for kids under twelve years of age. For some reasons, sometimes, I would get nine or ten eggs in a week. My mother never objected to my shenanigans. I often came home for lunch from school at noontime. One day I raced a freight train, turning east across the tracks, with

the oncoming engine about fifty feet away. The engineer gave me the toot, toot, and then some.

Clarence Pitney's father, William, was killed by a train at this same High Pass crossing, May 1924. His 1918 Ford touring car was wrecked, wrapping Mr. Pitney's body around the white, square post just north of the crossing. Those old Fords had no left side front seat to get out of.

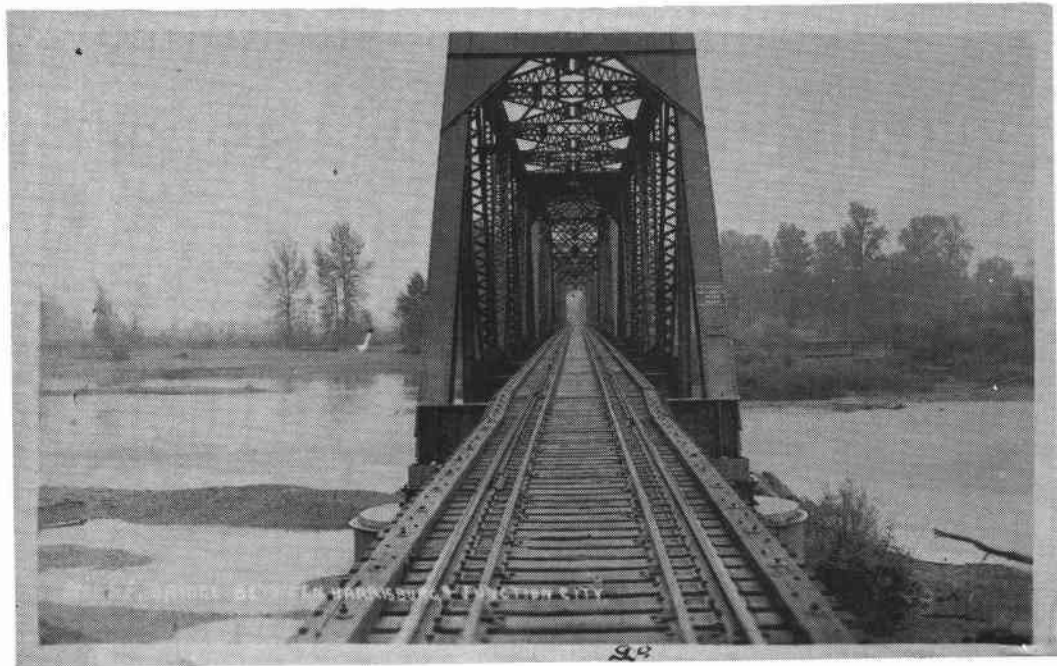
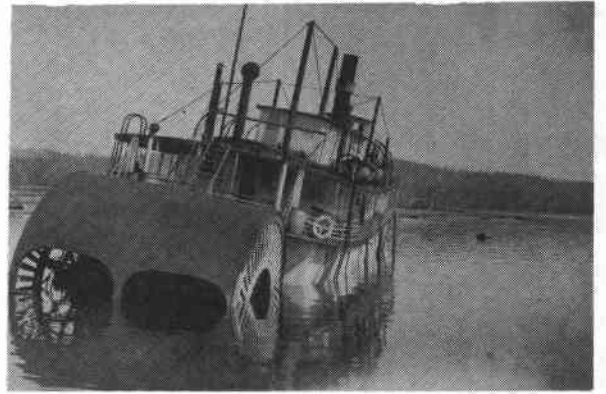
One day a freight car was opened while the train was at rest. Perhaps taking on water or oil, or getting new orders. This was a freight division for over sixty years. A car door was opened and the kindly owner of the load of bananas gave me a good bunch of them. I hoarded these under my bed until the remainder started getting too ripe. Mother made banana bread out of the rest of them.

Walking home one day at Fourth Street with several high school books in my arm, I tried to board the moving freight train with only one available arm to pull myself up onto the ladder of the car. My left leg was dangling precariously close to the front of the wheel. I thought of dropping off, but some helping power gave me the energy to pull myself on up onto the ladder of the freight car. I looked back. Orval Uttinger, who worked at the yard pumphouse, was watching my antics. I guess he thought he was about to pick me up in pieces. It was a very foolish stunt for me to pull off.

The Greeks sent money back to their families in Greece. These men often became good United States Citizens. While attending Oregon State Agricultural College in 1928, I

occasionally ran into my old friend, Tom Pappas. He conducted a shoe shine stand in Corvallis until his death in the forties. I don't think he ever married. Some of these men were very handsome, with their mustaches and bright, smiling eyes and faces. These kind of events probably will never come about again. We do have Greeks in our movies, and in many types of restaurants and other businesses. They make good naturalized citizens. We do owe them a debt of gratitude for maintaining our railroads in our country for many years.

The Willamette River - Oregon



The Willamette River - Oregon

Geologists tell us that the Pacific Ocean many millions of years ago covered this beautiful valley of western Oregon. The Willamette River crossed, recrossed and zig-zagged from one side of the often wide valley to the other, as evidenced by various small lakes, sloughs and ravines in the valley.

Several very disastrous floods, 1860's, 1890's, and 1923, etc., have occurred when the flood waters extended from the Coast Range to the Cascade Mountains on the east. Mabel Mack, Home Extension officer in Oregon for nearly a half century, told me of hearing of people being forced to sit on top of their houses to get out of the flood waters. Jefferson and Corvallis (one time called Marysville and for a short time the capitol of Oregon) as well as other cities on the mighty river all have their harrowing tales to tell of the great floods.

Gordon Kelso told me of leading his sheep and cattle up a ramp inside of his barn on Kiger Island, to keep them from drowning. He had cached foods therein for such emergencies. He said he never saw land for a week or more at a time during these floods.

The river has many tributaries, such as Santiam, McKenzie, etc., named for the name of the local Indian tribe that lived on that river. With the tributaries, the river system would

encompass many hundreds of miles in length.

In the 1860's, 70's, and 80's, river stern-wheeler ships carried cattle, hogs, horses, furs, grains, lumber, flour, and people up and down the main river from Oregon City to Eugene. An early ship, built at Eugene, on its maiden voyage downstream, piled up on a gravel bar, thus ending its career. At Woodyville (now Lancaster) a large balm tree was used to tie the boats to a safe moorage. Just above the Chester Ayers home is an immense Douglas Fir tree, to which the boats tied up. This slough is now about one mile west of the present two railroad bridges, the S.P. and Oregon Electric, which spans over the river.

The Southern Pacific railroad bridge was, by law, so constructed that the one span of the steel bridge could swing open, operated by a gasoline engine and many gears. This allowed steam ships to pass through on their trips up and down the river. The Oregon Electric bridge had an electric motor lift which picked up the west span. This bridge was the one that my friend, Edwin Jensen, fell to his death from the top of the west column in 1922.

Above the bridge were several enclosed wood piling jetties, which directed the main current from washing the bank away from the west shore, toward the middle of the stream.

The Willamette River from Eugene to Portland is around one hundred and forty-five miles. This mileage has varied as the stream meandered back and forth across the valley throughout thousands of years. At Oregon City occurs the great falls,

which at low water in October may be only forty-five feet high, but when floods occur from heavy rainfall and melting snow, the top of the water over the falls may be seventy-five feet high. Last winter there was such a tremendous run-off that the falls were hardly noticeable. It was more like a gigantic cataract spewing its mists into the atmosphere.

The chief tributary of this river is the McKenzie River. It heads in the high Cascade Mountains, at Clear Lake. This water is so pure that trout are said to be discernible at depths of over one hundred feet. Below the lake on the Clear Lake Cutoff Road, from the McKenzie Highway to the Santiam Highway is the Eugene Water and Hydroelectric Dam and Power House, which produces electricity for the city of Eugene, Oregon. Shahalie is one of three beautiful falls which appear along the west side of the roadway. They are easily accessible from one's vehicle. They range in height from fifty-five to seventy-five or so feet high. Below a few miles are numerous summer homes running down the blue-greenish clear water to its junction with the Willamette River, below Armitage Park.

President Herbert Hoover always said the McKenzie River was one of the best and most beautiful rivers to fish in the world. He was an ardent fly fisherman and spent many happy days fishing this stream. Prince Helfredge was one of the great river boat guides down through the river's many rapids, a few of which have claimed the lives of the boating public.

Our famous Senator, Wayne Morse, dedicated more than one of the famous, hugh dams now controlling the waters of this river system.

Doctor William Pollard fly fished for trout evenings on the rifels east of Junction City for years. He said by the time the polluted waters from the city wastes upstream went through the digestive system of a fish, the meat of the fish was perfectly healthy to eat. The waters are now very clear, free from most pollutants due to our various cities sewage disposal systems. The Willamette River is now a choice stream to fish.

About age twelve and fourteen, Lloyd Morrison and I used to catch trout and greyling (white fish) in the water around the wood pilings of the jetties. About the sane age, Chester and Palmer Ayers, Lloyd and I were swimming in the large pond which had formed on the west bank of the river between the two bridges. We were swimming across this pond when I seemed to lose my strength, and sank in the deep water around eight feet. Somehow, I managed to walk on the bottom toward shore and soon got into shallow water where I could breathe.

We commenced swimming in April in Harper's Slough, a short, shallow stream in which Ove Bodtker, Andrew Wilde and I and other boys learned to swim. We would wade out to our armpits, turn toward shore and dog paddle toward shore. Some of the eleven-year olds learned the first day. It took the second day before I got my feet off the bottom. We learned the Australian Crawl, the Frog stroke and other methods of swimming - always in the raw.

There were usually fifteen to twenty-five boys in the water every Sunday afternoon. For some reason, one day, I

bounced a rock off the top of the head of my cousin, Carl Wilde. It bled beautifully and I fled swiftly!

Another day, my friend Bernice Malloy, said she had heard I nearly drowned in the river the Sunday before. It turned out to be Christian Jensen, son of Mads and Petria Jensen, who had lost his footing in the shallow but swift rifles and was being swept downstream. He managed to catch hold of some inclining willows from which a fisherman pulled him to shore. Our names being similar, Chris and Christian, my horseback riding girl friend, on her Indian type pony "Bird" was very worried for my safety.

Harper's Slough is now, 1976, at least a full half mile east of the river's present streambed. Robert "Bob" Harper was the son of T. J. Harper. Harper's had cleared the maple, balm, fir and ash timber from this land. My dad, Hans Wilde, and I had hauled four foot wood for our winter fuel from this land several different years.

Cousin Andrew and I took several trout by finding grampus larva under rocks and inserting them on the hook back of a Colorado, copper spoon and fishing the ripples in our high boots. Some of the fly fishermen were said to catch eighteen inch trout. The flat stretch of water above Ralph Coon's gravel plant in years past, produced Silver and Chinook salmon in season.

In taking a cable across the river from Coon's Gravel Plant, Andrus Christensen, with two other young men, tipped over in the light aluminum boat as the mechanical spool from

which the cable was unwinding suddenly stuck, thus causing the light skiff to overturn. The two men swam out but Andrus was swept under a wood drift after taking cramps. His body was found downstream some days later.

This same river area was the scene from which Ralph Coon hitched his heavy team of draft horses to a large floating tree. The water was quite high and very swift. Mr. Coon thought he could bring the tree into shore close enough to tie it up and make wood out of it at a later date. He failed to properly judge the stream's strong current. His horses, harness and tree all disappeared downstream and were never heard of again.

The island just above Coon's was reached by driving east of River Road on the Hays Lane across Marshall Slough. Many picnics, swimming parties, hunting and fishing trips were enjoyed on these lands, where the Templetons and Swans lived for many years. As a sophomore, in Junction City High School, I and Lyle Grivey trapped muskrats and mink on the slough. I often ran my trap line using a canoe or a boat owned by Mr. Templeton.

Below Coon's was a large gravel bar, from which Dad and I, and other people, hauled gravel. Mr. John Frey got fifty cents a yard or load for his gravel. Many happy picnic and swimming groups enjoyed these woody surroundings.

As a youngster of sixteen I had paid my brother-in-law, Ed Smith, twenty dollars for a hammerless, twelve gauge shotgun. As a dime could be dropped inside the barrel, it

proved the choke was worn out of the gun. One rainy, wintery day I leaned the gun up against a wet balm log, about fourteen inches through. It slipped off the tree, fell to the ground and went off. The concussion was so close to my foot that I could feel the gush of air from the shotshell charge. If it had hit my foot I probably would have bled to death right there, as it was a good mile and a half to my bicycle, which was parked at my uncles, Peter F. Petersen.

At age nine, my older brother George, and his friend Thornald Andersen, had taken me fishing. George let me sleep in the hay loft of our barn on a loose straw bed, the night before. Boys often slept in hay lofts, and also out-of-doors in the summer time. We used four set lines, which had eighteen or twenty hooks, hanging down twelve inches, from the main line. These hooks were baited with worms on which chubs and suckers bit. The fish were feed to our folk's chickens, hogs, or used for fertilizer.

I recall at least two winters, when the river froze ice across the stream, even on the rifles. In 1919, we had twenty below zero weather. The geese were so famished that even with guns blazing at them, they insisted on flying in and landing to feed on the kale leaves, on Carl and Agnes Johnson's little farm down at the east end of Dane Lane. Carl Johnson committed suicide on this farm.

When the ice broke up in the mornings it made quite a lot of noise. One cold morning at Walter Petersen's lower farmstead at the end of Dane Lane, we were unloading a row boat

to cross the river over to an island from which we were going to shoot ducks. Suddenlly a doe deer came up nudging us for something to eat. Many good sized bucks are taken every year from the river area and its islands. The bean and corn fields yield deer during season. It seems that deer like the river country as they are more free from attack by cougar, coyotes, and other animals that feed on deer.

At the Hans Bodtker farm on the river two miles east of Junction City, there was a picnic area, where many ahppy picnics were held. Nearby, one duck season, the river having moved the gravel and sand about at high water seasons over the years, it had left a large slough, upon which I set out a dozen mallard duck decoys. It didn't take too many hours for my trusted twelve gauge shotgun and a lot of luck to secure my limit of bluebill ducks. They are said to be the species most easily taken, as they will fly back, time after time to try and light with the rubber duck decoys. This enables the hunter to get several good flying shots at them.

Thousands of cords of balm wood, were shipped by railroad freight cars to Oregon City's paper factories. Even log rafts of balm logs were floated down the Willamette River to their ultimate destination, usually at Oregon City, Salem, or Albany, to be manufactured into the many types of paper products. Balm timber flourished on the banks and islands of this stream.

Years ago "Bull Pine" trees were seen, usually growing on shallow soils. These are nearly all gone now. Our earliest

railroad engines, 1872, used wood until the oil burning engines came into being. The fir, balm, etc., types of woods were used to fire the boilers of the steam locomotives, to get up sufficient steam power, at least one hundred fifty pounds pressure, to run the engine. In the early days of Oregon railroads, the freight cars were built of wood siding and were much smaller, than those steel cars which we see on the railroad lines today.

The type of soil adjacent to the river was classified as Willamette soil. Back a mile or two from the river it was called "Second Willamette". Some soil type, the Dayton, was a superior soil. The Melbourn was not so good a soil, but today, it raises much of our various types of grass seeds. In the thousands of years, the great river of our valley contributed to the building of these soils.

Hops, beans, corn, berries, besides various seed and grain crops, produce very copiously. Especially since the various types of commercial fertilizers are used so abundantly. Many cherry, walnut, filbert, apples and pears are types of fruit treea are growing on the valley area.

Andy Mosagaard, Clyde Cook, William Harpole were three of the local citizens that trapped fur bearing animals on the river and its tributaries. Beaver, mink, muskrats, racoon, otter, and skunks were some of the animals trapped for their furs. These furs after being properly cleaned, mounted on frames to dry, would be shipped to Funston, Taylor, Abraham, and other fur buyers, mostly at St. Louis, Missouri.

The Lookout, Dorena, Cottage Grove, Cougar, Blue River are a few of the great government engineered dams that have taken the "bang" out of the original floods. Now the streams water level is maintained at a more even keel, enabling farmers to take water directly from the river for the thousands of irrigated acres of various farm crops along the river.

Eugene Broughton's jewelry store, which stood on the south side of Sixth Avenue, between Front and Greenwood Streets near the alley, had unique, beautiful polished agates, which stones were found on the John Frey gravel bar. When polished one stone depicted the Calvary three crosses, one of which had carried our Lord Jesus Christ. The other unusual stone showed a whole farm scene. Many Indian artifacts were sometimes found in the gravel, while people were hauling gravel for sidewalks, pavement, etc.. I have a grand, smooth, 2x3x7 inch, stone, shaped like a two pound cube of country homemade butter. The natives probably used it in pounding out their camas bulbs, seeds, and roots, to make flour from which they cooked some of their foods. This stone, I found about 1918 on Frey's Gravel Bar, while helping dad load out a wagon load of gravel.

The Willamette Bank Stabilization Program, with its many rock reinforcements, etc., now keeps "Old Man River" within its present streambed.

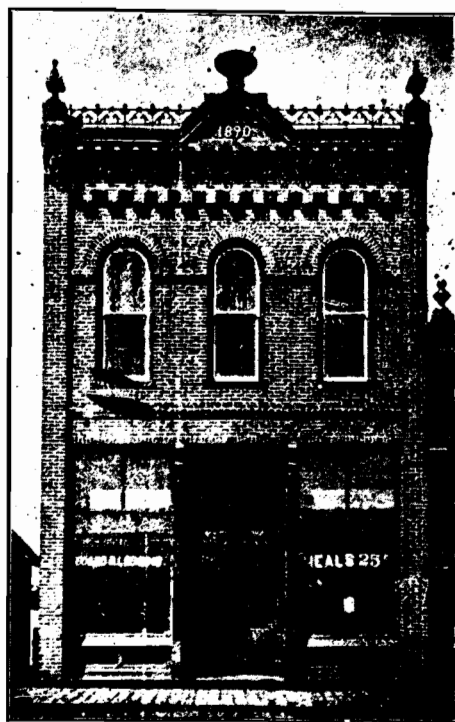
Beautiful Willamette

From the Cascades frozen gorges,
Leaping like a child at play,
Winding, widening through the valley
Bright Willamette glides away;
Onward ever,
Lovely river,
Softly calling to the sea;
Time that scars us,
Maims and mars us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee.

Spring's green withery is weaving
Braid and border for thy side;
Grace forever haunts thy journey,
Beauty dimples on thy tide;
Through the purple gates of morning,
Now they roseate ripples dance,
Golden then, when day, departing,
On thy waters trails his lance.
Waltzing, flashing.
Tinkling, splashing.
Limpid, volatile, and free--
Always hurried
To be buried
In the bitter, moon mad sea.

In thy crystal deeps inverted
Swings a picture of the sky,
Like those wavering hopes of Aldenn,
Dimly in our dreams that lie;
Clouded often, drowned in turmoil,
Faint and lovely, far away--
Wreathing sunshine on the morrow,
Breathing fragrance round today.
Love would wonder
Hear and ponder.
Hither poetry would dream;
Life's old questions,
Sad suggestions.
"Whence and whither!" throng thy streams.
On the roaring waste of ocean.
Soon they scattered waves shall toss,
"Mid the surges", rhythmic thunder
Shall they silver tongues be lost.
Oh! thy glimmering rush of gladness
Mocks this turbid life of mine,
Racing to the wild Forever
Down the sloping paths of Time.
Onward ever,
Lovely river,
Softly calling to the sea;
Time, that scars us,
Maims and mars us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee.

The Ducky Lee Hotel



MRS. ZULA M. LEE'S HOTEL

The Ducky Lee Hotel

This handsome two-story, red brick hotel, stood on the west side of Front Street between Fourth and Fifth Avenue. A large slough was on the south side of the property. On the north wall was a one-story building used by the Hazelwood Creamery Company at one time. The upstairs stairway was on the south side on the outside of the building. At first it was covered with a roof.

Mr. W. S. Lee had built this structure in the 1880's for a drug store. The very top of the structure had a cement replica of the druggist trade, a mortar and pestle, in the very center.

The red bricks were made in the local brick factory, located between Deal and Cedar, just west of the Jehovah Witness church on Seventh Avenue. Most of the bricks used in buildings of our town were made in this factory.

After Mr. Lee's death, his wife, Azula, managed a hotel and rooming house in the building. Her son James, married Mattie who was a well liked teacher in the area. Then came Ona, Ira and C. O. , Helen Lang my third grade teacher in the old 1888, two-storied yellow trimmed in white, grade school. She married William Perman, Junior, who ran the Nickelodian or 5¢ movie, which was located just west of the alley on the

north side of Sixth Avenue, between Greenwood and Holly. Stauss's Furniture Store now occupies the site. He started the new Crescent Theater, later called the Rialto, in the middle of the block, on the west side of the street between Sixth and Seventh Avenues. It would be about where the United States National Bank building stands today.

My Brother Lane says "Ducky's" first name was Azula. A grocery store occupied by Mr. Petersen, father of Selma (who married Martin Vagnas - they ran the Junction City Hotel for years), was on the north side of the theater. On the south side Mr. S.P. Gilmore had a general mercantile store. He built these buildings after the 1915 block fire destroyed the main part of town on Front Street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues. The original building on this spot held a mortuary, owned by Mr. Cartwright of Harrisburg, until he sold out to Jake Miller. Glenn Ditto operated a 10¢ store in the Gilmore Building for 4 years.

"Willie" Perman played a very wonderful cornet and trumpet horn. He played for dances and in various band groups. They moved to Portland, where he worked in Lipman and Wolfe's store for years. I always went in and visited with him when I went to Portland back in 1920-26. In later years, May of 1976, I called Mrs. Perman on the telephone. She was happy that I thought enough of her to give her a ring. At that time she was well, but as she said, "short and sassy". I will never forget her. Lee Murphy, Alvin Reetz, Burton Young, Waldo Corbin, Chris, August, George Hatt, Mary Murphy, Elma

Fries, Marjorie Swift, Earl Jager, Andrew Petersen, Benny Jensen, Robert Wilde, were a few of her students in 1912-14.

Ona's husband was William (Senior). "Willie" their only child served in the local Volunteer Fire Department. Helen and his only child died as a baby. The hundred year old Secretary book, now in veteran Billie Nelson's possession, tells of the firemen, buying flowers for their friends babies funeral.

Mrs. Lee was quite short, stocky, lady, always smiling, a real Great Dame of a Lady. Her build caused her to be nicknamed "Ducky". Our town had many well-dressed ladies. The ladies who appeared in public were well-dressed, with high buttoned shoes, corsets, and bustles, long sleeves and glove, hats and a parasol.

Mrs. Azula, "Ducky", Lee was the widow of W. S. Lee. She managed the hotel and rooming house for many years. She drove a splendid horse and buggy. Mrs. Fanny Howard, her sister, and she would often drive about the streets, displaying their wardrobes including parasols, in spring and summer. Very few men worked hereabouts in the wintertime, because of excessive rainfall with the resulting muddy conditions. Mrs. Fanny Howard's son, Scott, worked in the Wilhelm flour mill, which manufactured the "White Rose Flour", located at Second and Front Streets, for many years.

As far as I can tell from Clarence Pitney's stories, Lee's children were: James, (who married and lived north in the Harmony area); Mattie taught in the schools, was very

prominent and well liked. Ona married William Perman. Ira was a Southern Pacific railroad worker. C.O., a son, about which little is known.

Farm laborers, and dry weather loggers, ate and slept at Lee's Hotel. When the weather got things dried off in the springtime, she told the boarders to get out and go to work. They would come back and live at her hotel year after year. Like Carey Strome once said: "Ducky" Lee solved the unemployment problem and the welfare problem all in one strike with no cost to the taxpayers. What this country needs is more "Ducky" Lees."

I recall Mrs. Lee and her sister, always together, sitting in their rocking chairs out on the six foot wide board sidewalk, in the warm, sunny evenings, enjoying the evening breezes which came heavenly down Front Street around 1912-14.

Across from the hotel were the oil tank, pumping station, and the gigantic crude oil storage tank.

Betty Lynd and other ladies, conducted the local welfare relief program from this downstairs old hotel for many years. The top of the building was removed years ago. This agency has now ceased to function. The building is now vacant and may be torn down soon.

School Days As They Were A Generation Ago



WASHBURNE HIGH SCHOOL...

This building was first occupied in Sept. 1908. This was the first four-year high school located in Junction City and was located in the block between 5th and 6th, and Laurel and Maple.



PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDING was an imposing structure in the early history of Junction City. Not much room for modern playgrounds, but the grassy lawn, shady trees were fenced in to provide an attractive setting for students and teachers. 1892

School Days As They Were A Generation Ago

From the time I started first grade in 1910 through the years until 1918 the sound of the school bell was an important part of life for Junction City kids. William C. Jensen or his brother Elmer or Harvey Warner beat the "ding-dong, ding-dong" cadence on a triangle for the four lines of first through fourth grade pupils to march up the 14 steps into their respective five rooms. Bill Jensen would ring the school bell at 8:30 a.m. and again at 8:50. They also pulled the rope that rang the bell in the bell tower at 12:50 p.m.

The first grade turned left into Miss Maude Hays room. Second graders turned right from the hall into Mabel Hays room after hanging up their wraps in the cloak rooms.

The Hays sisters lived with their mother in a house at Thirteenth and Juniper. The house is still used and in good condition.

Mr. Soren Jensen was chairman of the district school board. He was the architect and builder of the old Washburne school in 1908 that stood two-stories high with a full basement and was situated where the block sized park is now at Sixth and Laurel. Mr. Jensen lived in the large house on the north side of Dane Lane now occupied by Lena Gribbskov.

Mr. Jesse Sovren, chairman of the board in 1912, had a large farm on Hayes Lane. He had recently built a two-story

new home at Seventh and Laurel. Mr. Haven Belknap, 1914 board member was a druggist at Sixth and Greenwood. His northeast corner building and the other structures eastward to the alley are a few of the old original buildings left in Junction City. There are many old houses still in use over one hundred years old.

A fifty foot flag pole stood on the southwest part of the school ground and the American flag was hoisted every morning and taken down at night if the weather was not too inclement. The pole on Halloween supported a dead blue heron (shidepoke) or a garbage can and even bodies hung in effigy.

The large sidewalk facing the school, 24 by 60, gave plenty of room to line up the 150 grade school pupils.

We had Miss Fern Holcomb from Cottage Grove for our fourth grade teacher. She was a beautiful blonde girl just out of high school (high school students had teacher training courses in high school and could take regular annual state examinations. E. J. Moore, Lane County School Superintendent, conducted the teacher examinations in his office. The teacher then taught on those Special Teacher's Certificates.)

Boys competed with each other to get to clean the blackboards and erasers after school adjourned for the day. No school buses those days!

Mr. C. H. McKnight, city school superintendent in 1915, had a freckled faced, long curled red-haired daughter named Elizabeth who sat in the desk just in front of me. One day

her long, prolific red curls got into my ink bottle. I will never forget the hand spanking Mr. McKnight administered to my rear end while draped over a school desk in the east upstairs cloakroom. (At a Scandinavian Festival a few years ago Elizabeth and I had a good laugh about that affair.)

The winter of 1915 was very cold and snowy. Harvey Warner, Neil Flint, Cecil McKnight and I trudged through ten inches of snow to get a 10-foot fir Christmas tree for our fifth grade class. North of Lingo Lane, in those days, was mostly forest. We had glorious Christmas present exchanges in each school room each winter season at Christmas time.

Miss Bertha Harpole was our pretty brunette sixth grade teacher. Her family were old settlers in western Oregon going back to 1847. Miss Helen Wagner taught seventh grade. Gladys, her sister, also taught in our grade school. Miss Wagner, a 1913 graduate of JCHS, loved to read books, poems, lead songs, etc. for opening exercises each morning and afternoon. She would become so engrossed herself in the reading that our scheduled classes suffered accordingly.

Looking back, grade school had its interesting moments.

School Teacher Dismissed After Board Trial

School Teacher Dismissed After Board Trial

In the early 1900's, Riverview School District No. 69, had a "trial" for one of their teachers.

Charges against R. W. Smith, by writing of L. C. Moffett, April 1908, to the Board of Directors of the Riverview School.

Mr. Smith was engaged in teaching the public school, "with use of profane language in the presence of school children, as well as having allowed youngsters to use profane language in his presence, without correcting them; allowing children to talk in the school room when school was in session, and conduct unbecoming a teacher by playing the organ, and allowing children to dance in the school house."

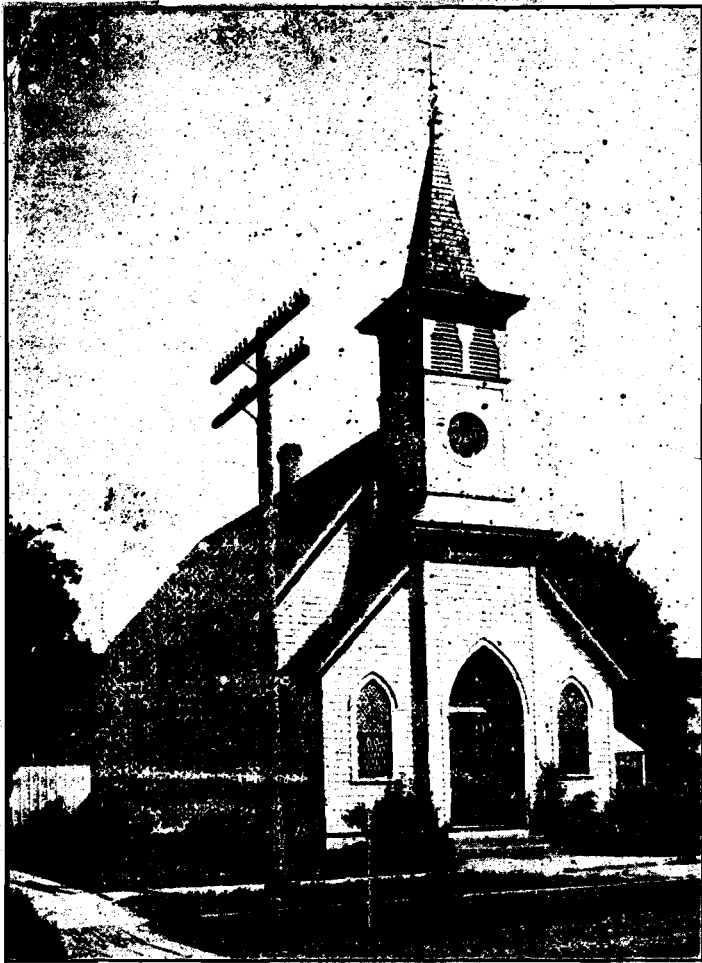
There were eleven pages of testimony involving pupils and parents against Mr. Smith. This includes the examination and cross-examination of Mr. Smith, testimony of pupils including Harvey Dickey, Jesse Harper, Silas Moffit, and Eddie Wintus (who admitted that he played the harmonica for the children to dance by in the school house during school hours.)

The school board declared the charges having been substantiated, Mr. Smith's "contract existing between said board and R. W. Smith, teacher of said school, is null and void."

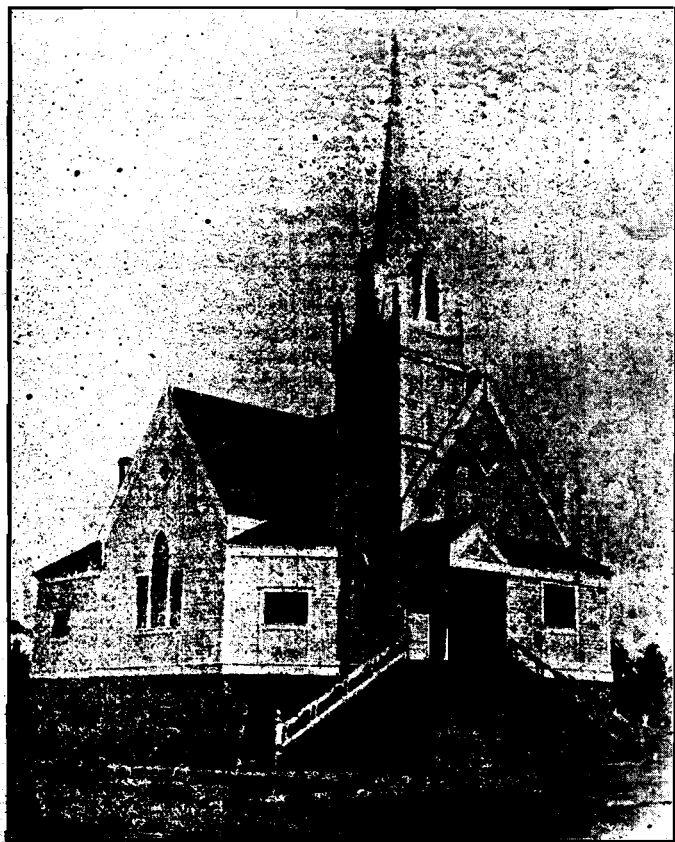
With nothing that resembled the so-called Humanities, Social Sciences, Physical Education and a Sports Program, with the attitudes permitted in public education as carried on

today, we wonder that the school children of the earlier generation ever survived to become the backbone of our good local communities as we know them today.

Junction City, 1910, Ivy Street



DANE EVANGELICAL CHURCH, REV. J. BORGGAARD, PASTOR



JUNCTION CITY CO-OPERATIVE CREAMERY CO.

Junction City, 1910, Ivy Street

In 1910, the large wheat field of Edward Bailey ranch, stretched from the Southern Pacific Railroad on the east, to the Prairie Road on the west and south for over a mile. He had purchased the lands from Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Woody, who started Woodyville, now Lancaster, two miles north of our city, on Highway 99 East, in 1864.

There was a small log cabin on the tiny lake, now bridged by the Oregon Electric Railroad line, in the oak grove, which is north of the old plywood factory, a half mile south of town.

Mr. Jack Purdy built the first sawmill, where the Western Farmers Co., is today, around 1935. The 99 Hwy came through the field in 1934. The Federal Government paid for this strip of new road to Eugene. They surmised that a large war was coming, so they paid the entire cost of the project, which covered some three or more years in building. The grading may have started in 1933. It at first was built only to the junction with Hwy 36, then added onto piece by piece.

Mrs. Amelia Wilhelm and Modena Pitney had a hog pen right next to the west side of the O.E. track, in 1936. East of the track a man had many hogs he raised there. The O.E. Railroad came through the wheat field in 1913.

Bailey's had the first "Best" tracklayer tractor in this area. He had farmed with horses up to this new fuel burning power came into use. They also operated one of the first eight horsedrawn combine-harvesters in this vicinity.

The lands produced pheasants, quail, duck hunting in the stubble and sloughs in the winter time. Hogs, sheep, horses and cattle fed on the grain stubble in the winter time. Mr. Harvey Linder, carpenter, shot jack snipes with his shotgun. Mr. Bailey asked him how he could hit those erratic, fast-flying tiny birds. He said he sometimes had to push a little on the gun in order to hit them. He killed gophers at ten cents a tail, for Mr. Bailey, where the Larsen-Powell sawmill is today. I recall his gun "bang" early in the mornings or late in the evenings, when the gophers would stick out their heads in pushing up their mounds, which head promptly would be shot off.

Andrew Wilde, served as night watchman on the new road, at Blue Star gravel pit, just south of Meadowview Road.

In 1936, Mrs. Edward Bailey, though nearly blind, walked down Bailey Lane and visited with my wife, Emily. She told Emily that no one but a Bailey would ever set foot on any of the Bailey land. Progress has changed many former conditions, here and all over the world. There was a good graveled High Pass Road, connecting the old River Road and Prairie Road, which ran on west up over the Coast Range Summit to Blachly, and on to the ocean.

Mrs. Thompson, her sister, and son, Stanley, lived in the little house on the northeast corner of Ivy and First

Avenue (High Pass). Across the street was a slough in which I have seen wild ducks feeding many times. Today, that is all filled in with dirt and is occupied by the Guaranty Chevrolet Company. Marcellus Pitney (uncle Morty) had a barn on what land is now occupied by two service stations, between Third and Fourth. Across the street was a cow pasture where people tied their cows with ropes and chains to feed in the daytime. Here we boys played baseball and football, 1908 to 1922, etc.

The Junction City High School football team in 1913 was: Boyce Young, center; Wilbur Reetz, R. guard; Frank Edwards, R. tackle; Peter Jensen, R. end; Glenn Strome, R. half; Gus Flint, quarterback; Stanley Thompson, fullback; Ray Vauthrin, L. guard; Chester Harpole, L. tackle; Edward Hays, L. end; Holly Leathers, L. half; Luther Jensen, Karl Jensen, James McClaren, and Wm. Hoppes, subs. The 1921 high school football team was coached by Frank Nettleship, a local restaurant owner, and cop. Palmer Ayers, captain; Lee Murphy, manager; Glenn Millett, Alvin Reetz, Clarence Back, Andrew Petersen, Thomas Calvert, Cecil Frum, Ernest Kubin, Chester Ayers, Lester Neilsen, Burton Young, and John Dyer. Buck Young's kicking averaged as good as any college punter that year. This was an entirely "green" team. They beat the alumni 6 to 0.

William and Verneta Lingo built a large greenhouse complex on the property in 1941. James McMullen, Verneta's brother, worked for them many years, as did Mrs. Betterton

and John Mollette. The Junction City Implement Co., was built on the south part of the old cow pasture in 1943, by Ed Eftlend. The Gibson Motor Co., built on the north part of the area as we see it today. Homes have filled up the rest of the old pasture and athletic field.

On the east side of the street on the east half of the block was the low land, on which Marcellus Pitney accidentally killed himself by pulling a loaded twelve gauge hammer shotgun across the spring seat of the wood wagon, while he was standing on the wheel below. The one hammer caught, pulled back, and fired, killing Mary, Modena, and Beulah's father instantly, in 1895. The Ellison-White Chautauqua Tent held their entertainment on the same area for several years, 1918-22. This is all filled in today. Mr. George Ehawal had a house on the northeast corner of Fourth and Ivy. He was a good German laborer. I knew him well. He belonged to the Odd Fellows Lodge and was a fine gentleman, and a bachelor. The two-storied business structure now stands in that spot of the original house. North where the Shell station is today, was the two-storied, green house occupied by Mrs. Leah Lewis. She was the bride of the first marriage consummated in Junction City, 1872 or so. Her husband, Wiltz, had a meat market in the old hotel building on Front Street that burned down in 1915.

Across Fourth, on the northwest corner, Ollie Petersen, blacksmith and Fire Chief for many years, built a new home about 1914. Mr. Jay Fish moved their barn from Fourth and Greenwood to the site north of Petersen's. He made a good

home out of the old barn. The Creamery stood on the southwest corner of Fifth and Ivy, around 1914 or so. The stench caused the creamery to move to the southeast part of town on the old river road. Gibson's Motor Co., now have a parking lot for used cars on this half of the block.

The northeast corner house, which was one of the first in town, was occupied by James Hughs, who lived with his grandmother. Al Christensen and his wife, Viola, and three sons and daughter lived here many years. It is Eric's parking lot today. North was the parsonage built by the Christian church. Lester Mallory and his family lived here several years. He was the manager of the O. E. Depot, and also started Benton Lane Park, north of town. At an early date, tennis courts were on the area now a parking lot. The Christian church, of which Reverend Skaggs was a minister some years, stood on the west side of the alley where the insurance office is now.

Across the street was nothing but grass and Himalaya blackberries, until Mr. Melton Cook built a house around 1916, where Doctor Leland Huff has his offices today. Here Mary Simmon's step-daughter lived until she married Wendell Williams. She was a tall dark-haired girl.

There was a very, very old house just about where Doctor Wm. Pollard has his office. There was a beautiful weeping willow tree on the lot, with an old-fashioned woodshed, just west of the old home. The Rialto Theater and corner present store came much later.

The Bud and Arvilla Eccleston home stood on the northwest corner of Sixth and Ivy, till it was moved to where the parking lot of the Scandinavian Store is today. Later this house was torn down. Haven Potterhouf built his service station on that spot where Arvill and Bud kept one of the prettiest lawn and rose gardens of the city. He ran a saloon, where the tavern is today. East was a one-story white house where Sam Schelt and his mother, Mrs. Ballard, lived. She was a school teacher, being my son Theodore's teacher in the old grade school in 1936. Doctor Merle Howard practiced and lived in the house after Mrs. Ballard. Ralph Spear and wife Audrey had their only child, Howard, while residing therein. Mr. Spear built the two or three buildings, which have been on those two or three lots from 1916 to the present. The very old telephone office stood on the alley, east of the home. The last concrete structure still stands there today, as a monument to his efforts in leaving the city much better than when he first came here.

The Danish Lutheran Church occupied the southeast corner of Seventh and Ivy, several years. It had a barn on the alley where people attending church services could stable their animals out of the elements. Mrs. Jacobsen, Andrew Bodtke's grandmother, lived in a tiny house just south of the church, and north of the Spear structure, which held many types of businesses. The Dane Hall stood about where Ralph's Drug Store is today. The very old Danish parsonage stood on the southwest corner of Seventh and Ivy. It is said to have been

moved from Front Street to this location around 1905 or so. The First National Bank stands where the Danish church stood. The church and hall are now out west Sixth Avenue, nearly to the new high school complex.

North of the Dane minister's home was the old Methodist Church. It had at one time the tallest church spire in town. Mrs. Boone, who lived on the northwest corner of Seventh and Laurel, paid out fifty dollars to have the spire cut down from its great original height, for safety sake.

This old church building's history is complete in a story that I have written on the old First Methodist Church of Junction City. It was torn down by Albert Starns, John Mollette, Charlie Mastyn, and Fred Chase in 1946.

Bud Edward's Flower Shop has one of the old original tiny windows that graced one of the three highest parts of the old church. It is colored glass and very beautiful. The "God is Love" colored glass window that first stood above the platform and choir chancel in the old church is now occupying a similar position in the new church, 1947, at Tenth and Laurel. The original bell is now in use in our new church. The old pulpit is still available. The old pews were given to the Methodist church at Veneta, Oregon.

The northeast corner held a unique type of house built by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hulburt, who operated a general merchandise business on Front Street until the fire of 1915. He then moved into the Independent Order of Odd Fellows building, which was completed in 1908. It now occupies the third lot

north of Seventh on Holly Street on the west side. The concrete, double building was built by Mr. Lee Pope in 1936. It stands there today, as a store on the north part and a garage, etc., in the south part of the structure. We cleaned off the concrete from the boards and used them under our shingles on our home on Bailey Lane.

The telephone company building occupies the site of the old church. Homer Dixon, one time school superintendent here, built the grocery store, which is now the Goodwill store, in the forties. These lots were in 1910-14, tennis courts, or the garden for the minister's home which stood on the corner of Eighth and Ivy. Gerald Bailey says there were some fruit trees on the half block also. A small, rose-vine covered home was north of the parsonage. Emily's Aunt Amanda Lingo (Dall's wife), lived here after her husband's stroke and death, about 1926.

North on the southwest corner of Ninth and Ivy was Harry and Kattie Milliron's home for very many years. It is now just west across the alley, making room for the Dairymart store. The Harry Millirons' were owners of the first old drugstore and in the tavern. Kattie played the piano for various dance orchestras. She was a poodle dog fancier. They had no children. The present day west parking lot of Safeway was used by we lads for a baseball field in 1914. The first Chautauqua programs in our town were held on this half block in 1915 or thereabouts.

The very, very old house, north of Milliron's was the McFadden home. He was a little, short, quite heavysset man

serving as the local Justice of the Peace, and he was also constable for a while. He had two very talented sons, Carleton and Hubert. Mrs. Ike Howard lives in the house today.

Across the street, where Edward's Flower Shop is today, was the old South Methodist Church. The citie's original Catholic group first met in this old structure, until they secured their present edifice on west Sixth Avenue.

It was back of this church that Mr. Mulkey expired, as told in my story about "Unpunished Murder".

North of the South Methodist Church, was the house built and lived in by Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Cooley and his two girls, Inez and Florence. Tony Jensen family lived here till recently. Cooley operated what is now Ray's Drug Store, back in 1910-13, etc. The home was torn down in June to make way for Don Buyers auto sales lot.

North of the very old Alex and Nell McFadden home is the house built by Jonathan Butler, around 1875. He moved his harness leather shop at Lancaster (Woodyville) to the northeast corner of Sixth and Holly in 1872 or 3. This later was Arnold Tracer's Jewelry Store, where Bales Barbershop is now. The old building was torn down a while back. Mr. Butler was the man who got into the fight with bartender Mulkey over Mulkey's advances toward Butler's teen-age daughter. It is said Mulkey climbed up one of the front porch, round, white painted columns, to make love to the young lady in her bedroom. This is now Gerald Bailey's Real Estate Office.

The house on the southwest corner of Tenth and Ivy was built by Mr. Dickey. Mads Jensen, Jens Larson, Nels Damsgaard,

Anton Sorensen, and others built it around 1914. They say a new bank building will be built on that half block.

The October 12, 1962, wind storm blew a large oak tree across the very, very old, story and a half, white house that stood where the Dairy Queen is today. Gerald Bailey says the lady came running out of the back porch of the place, white as a white sheet, immediately after the tree crashed across the house. There was a large house where Don Buyers office structure is today. East of it was a slough, where a barn was later erected. The barn is today one of Buyer's buildings. North of Eleventh, on the northwest corner stood a two-story white house, occupied by the Jack Grivey family. He was the S.P.R.R. "tick operator" here for many years. Al and Kay's restaurant stands just north of the old house's site.

The southeast corner had a house occupied by the Smith family. The next buildings on the east side of Ivy in 1910, was the home of Sherman Keck. He was a local barber here in town for fifty years or so. He had chickens, cows and a hog or two. On this land, Indians camped on the tiny lake years ago. Indian arrowheads are found on the premises. Mrs. Agnes Chapman has a store nearby the old home which is still in use. The tiny lake back of the Keck house had many jolly, ice skating parties held on the ice freezes of 1919, etc, when the temperature was twenty below zero for a few days. We high school boys under our coach, Hans Rassmussen, stripped off our clothes and put on our basketball suits and practiced in the

old Washburn Skating Rink in that terribly cold weather. There was no heat at all on the main floor. We had a small wood-burning heating stove in our tiny dressing room. This served as the office during the annual Pumpkin Shows, held each early fall here in town for many years.

Mr. Hugh Swift and wife, lived in a tiny house, just south of Eighteenth and Ivy. His daughters were Marjorie and Helen. He was superintendent of the Methodist Church Sunday School. He carried mail on one of the routes, with a horse and buggy. You can imagine the flood waters, ice and snow, and the rain, that must have beset him during the year.

Emily and I had the pleasure of visiting Marjorie, who never married, at Pearl River, New York, in the 1960's. We met in a large New York City hotel lobby, I said on the telephone, "How shall I know you?" She said she would have on a red coat. I would have known her anyhow. We hadn't seen each other for forty some years. She looked like she always did. She was the head chemist for the Leaderly Pharmaceutical Co., at Pearl River, New York. She had us visit the one hundred sixty acre establishment one day.

We went into the front door. Here was a large blackboard on which was printed - GUESTS of the DAY, "Mr. and Mrs. Chris T. Wilde of Junction City, Oregon, and Mr. McMullan from London, England." We had a special tour guide of the entire facilities, all day for the three of us. We were shown just about everything there is to the making of pills and vitamins of every type known.

Thousands of eggs are used in the processing to determine many things about germs, foods, vitamins, etc.. They gave us a sumptuous dinner at noon. The guide was a little over attentive to my wife. We saw Marjorie and her co-worker, whose name was also Marjorie, working in their complex laboratory. Marjorie had travelled all over the world, collecting dusts, diet, skins, etc. from animals, etc. to try and find new types of germs, etc. to experiment with, in building new medicines to prevent and cure man's diseases. She even had Emily and I send her dust and stuff from our cats here. She died at her father's home in Florida, a few years ago. She suffered terribly from arthritis, especially in her neck. She possessed a Doctor's Degree in Chemistry.

There were no houses north of Grivey's until across the lake on the west. West of Keck's were the oak trees, which form the city park today. Mr. and Mrs. Nels Hansen lived on a small acreage where the bowling alley is today. They were my Aunt Anne Wilde's parents. He had chickens, calves, a hog or two. They all rest together in a large family plot in the local Danish Cemetery, west of town.

Willamette River Early Steamer Navigation

Willamette River Early Steamer Navigation

Around 1851-52 there were six or more steamers that were built for the competitive shipping on the Willamette Valley streams. Not only the large Willamette River entertained these vessels, but the Tualatin and any stream deep enough to handle the very slight drafts, had passenger and freight service.

Regular steamer service was scheduled to Salem, Albany, and Corvallis, Oregon. Colonel Josephe Teal had a mercantile establishment in Eugene City. It was to his interests to see that his store was amply supplied with merchandise. Thus he secured the building of the canal and locks, only through a great deal of negotiating in the proper channels, in the year 1873, around the Willamette Falls, at Oregon City. It was his efforts and his son's determination that the locks at the Cascade Rapids on the Columbia River were completed in 1896, by financial aid from the federal government.

The picture painted of the Willamette, built in 1853, for the middle Willamette transportation, plainly discerns the Mississippi River boat building designs. This was true of most of the early ships. Captain Scott, built his "Ohio" like a barge. Many people up and down the valley invested their hard earned money in shares of People's Transportation Company stock. The "Ohio" was 140 feet long, but drew only

eight inches of water. The boat's pitmans were of gas pipes. These often bent when under pressure, making it impossible to move the steering wheel. This resulted in collisions with the landings. The stern-wheel was of wood. The iron circles commonly used to hold the wheel together had, for economical reasons, been dispensed with. Parts of the wheel would drop off, stopping the steamer. A seaman would take a rowboat, collect the pieces, replace them on the wheel, before proceeding. The previous scoffers ate their former words after the ship came down to Portland with 70 ton of wheat on December 1874. In three months the ship had cleared \$10,000. Further financing was an easy matter for Mr. Scott.

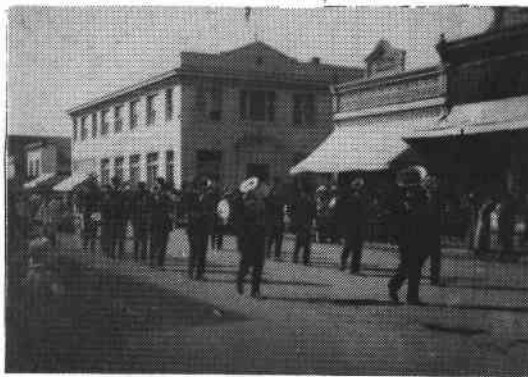
The greatest steamer skipper of all, Captain Leonard White, could tell from the set of the river's current whether the channel was deep and safe, or endangered by rocks or snags beneath its surface. In 1855, Albany was the head of the Willamette River run, 108 miles upriver from Oregon's metropolis. Successfully navigating the twelve miles on upstream to Corvallis, resulted in the generous men of the "Heart of the Valley" giving Mr. White a deed to a whole city block. The Corvallis Chapter of the D. A. R. in 1975, placed a large granite boulder on the west bank of the river, just above the old bridge, where the first steamer under Captain White had tied up. This was also the approximate landing of the old ferries used to cross the stream. The copper plaque will be there for future posterity to admire. In 1855 he took the "Felix" thirty-three miles upstream to Harrisburg. In 1856

he sailed the "James Clinton" to Eugene City, 173 miles up the snag-filled, gravel and sand-barred river, south of Portland, Oregon. Captain White had navigated more uncharted northwest river streams than any other man in a period of just twenty years.

"The Albany", "City of Eugene", "Salem", were three river steamers which often engaged in log towing rafts on the Willamette River in the later part of the nineteenth century.

East of Lancaster, "Purdyville", stood a large balm tree which was used to tie steamers to. On Ayer's Lane, just south of Chester Ayer's home, stands a gigantic Douglas Fir tree to which river boats tied to for years. Henry Jones said the "tie-up ring" of iron is still in this fir tree. The present river bed is three-quarters of a mile east of these old landings. Baled hops, dressed and live livestock, grain, hides and furs, stacks of cord wood for stocking the steamer's engine were, with many passengers, carried up and down the river's waters. The ships, until the advent of the railroad in 1872, were the most convenient method of journeying place to place. Before highways, dust or mud and often floodwaters, disrupted the pleasures of travel. (Statistics may be found in: "Blow for the Landing" by Fritz Timmer. Pages 5-13, 65-67 and 141.)

Four Old-Time Junction City Bands



Four Old-Time Junction City Bands

Mr. J. A. Sibbetts, Minnie's husband, was the band leader for the 1897 "Silver Cornet Band". The bandstand located in the two block oak grove city park, between Seventh and Ninth, between the S.P.R.R. tracks and Elm Street was named "The Silver Cornet Bandstand". The local historical society has a picture of this early band, showing many cornet players in the group. Thus the name. "Dutch" Ball tore down the bandstand in 1950, as it was unsafe, being rotted badly from the elements.

Mr. Alex Kaiser played the drums. Stanley Sternberg, William Howard, Henry Bushnell, Baxter Howard, Edward Bailey, Bill Spears, Glenn A. Powell, R. A. Miller, Don Caldwell, Lute Moore, William Perman, Chester Starr, Louis Bundy and John Blew were all members of the first Junction City Band that we have any record of.

Orators and singers used the Bandstand, besides the musicians. Thus after a picnic lunch on the many tables and wooden benches, various games (sack races, three-legged races, potatoe races, fat man's race, wheelbarrow, bicycle races, ladies nail driving contests) were held. My mother, Mary Ann Wilde, won first prize in a nail driving contest one day.

We boys raced from Tenth to Sixth Street on our bicycles. The gravelly road was rough and full of chuck holes. The

competition soon simmered down to Ross Calvert in the lead, with me a close second. He started to coast about fifty feet from the finish line. I pumped hard on the pedals and came in the winner by a few feet. We had to turn east or west sharply on Sixth Street, or go over the bank into the big ditch on the south side of Sixth Avenue.

Second Band

The Woodmen of the World sponsored a City Band around 1908, according to William C. Jensen, who played in it. Director was William Perman, and outstanding trumpet player of his times. Watson McKee played various musical instruments. He conducted a sporting goods store west of the alley from Mason's Hardware Building. Here he sold bicycles, fishing and hunting equipment and musical instruments and sheet music, phonographs and records for them. Dick and Edgar Thom, Lester "Spider" McKalip of Harrisburg, a druggist, played a fine drum set; Oscar Dodge hit the bass drum; Thorvald Andersen, father of Elden, cornet; James Jensen, clarinet and trumpet; William Jensen, alto; Boo Hentze, cornet (Boo also played in the band in his army division in World War One). This group was very active until most of the participants joined the armed forces in World War One. Then it suffered a natural death, as the musicians were fighting the Germans for Uncle Sam. I have a picture of this band marching and playing on Sixth Avenue for a Fourth of July or Pumpkin Show Parade.

Third Band

Professor S. F. Clausen, a poultry raiser out west Sixth Avenue, came from Denmark at an early age. He played the violin beautifully, as well as several other instruments. They had no children. He agreed to be our high school band conductor in 1918. In cooperation with Anton Jensen, Walter Jensen, Blanche Hansen (a grade school teacher), Oscar Dodge, Fitzue Lee, and later on, Principal H. L. Robe, a group of high school students, were organized into the first J.C.H.S. band in 1918. The Junior Band, strictly speaking, was not a student body organization, it really had its origin in our local high school. Superintendent Mr. Scott played cornet and helped us in 1919-20.

Mr. Clausen suffered a heart attack and withdrew in favor of Mr. "Red" Nichols of Albany, who taught we beginners on various musical instruments. Two band concerts were held in 1919 at the Crescent Theater, directed by Mr. Clausen. The money derived from the small charge for admission was used to buy music, as well as our white, black-visored caps. Our only semblance of a uniform.

The Junior Band, not only marched in parades downtown, but furnished the music at the city Oak Park Bandstand during the annual Fourth of July festivities. The band received \$25 for playing. Members were : Chester Ayers and Kenneth Lee, slide trombones; Lee Murphy, bass horn (band concert money bought the bass horn); Blanche Hansen, Cecil Frum, Leland and Mr. Robe played cornets as did Alfred Fries and

Glenn Millette; Hans Rassmusen the tenor; Burton Young, baritone; Robert Rassmusen, alto; Palmer Ayers and Edwin Jensen played fife, piccallo, clarinet, saxophone and flute; Chris Wilde, bass drum; Edward Assted, Carl Nielsen, Lester Nielsen all played clarinets; Clarence Cornelius, clarinet; Clarence Beck, baritone; Roy Philips, clarinet. There may have been a few more that Lee Murphy, etc., can't recall. This nucleus grew into the expensively uniformed local high school bands.

Fourth Band

After the World War One excitement subsided somewhat, another band was organized around 1920. Mr. Luce, local Shell Oil distributor, helped this group a great deal. In the grand year, never to be forgotten by the participants, as the entire band was transported to the June, Portland Rose Festival Parade. Jake Miller, Gus Flint, Claude Washburn and others, furnished their cars to take the thirty member band to the Multnomah Hotel, where they assembled. They lunched at the Indian Grill of the Hotel. Mr. Stanhope Pier, a City of Portland Commissioner, and one of the Rose Festival Directors of the Rose Show, visited with the band members as they ate their lunch.

The local band director was Ralph Spear. He wore a brown linen duster, false nose, specs, hemp rope stringy beard and mustache. He used a pitch fork for a baton. All members had on striped overalls, straw hats, red bandanas, fastened with

a chicken ring, around their necks. Junction City was printed on both sides of the large bass drum. Howard Spear, only six years of age at that time, told me he carried the heavy part of the front end of the bass drum so Arnold Jacks could beat it with his drum stick. Onlookers were heard to remark "Where is Junction City, never heard of it".

They marched seventy blocks, around five miles, in the hot June sunshine. They played twenty-seven different times. The crowds loved "The Old Grey Mare ain't what she used to be". Their playing was so well appreciated by the large crowds, that radio station K.W.J.J. wanted the band to come and play over the radio station. They loved the chance to "be on the air", but their lips and bodies were so worn out that they were forced to decline the offer.

Marybell and Harold Edwards played cornet. She didn't march in the Rose Parade. "Bungalo" Christophersen made the trip. "Concrete" Christophersen was differentiated by "Bungalo Chris, or Concrete Chris". Dick Thom, cornet; Edgar Thom, baritone; Lee Zumwalt, Sr., slide trombone (he furnished most of the materials for this one story); Watson McKee played many varied instruments; Marvin Kelso, cornet; Marian Kelso, trombone; Henry Scott, Wallace Ayers, and Ivan Ruder, cornet; Kenneth Lee, trombone; Virgil Chapman, snare drums; Henry Scott, cornet; Harry Ehrmann, trumpet; Dorn McKee played stringed instruments, but was unable to march. Claude Scott, saxophone, but didn't march.

The area north of Ray's Pharmacy, at one period of time,

held a covered bandstand. Summer evening band concerts were enjoyed by the community once a week for several seasons. Charlie Prince's electrical store, etc. and repair shop was later built on the spot.

In 1929 this same band played at the Lane County Fair. Some unusual event was going on and the band nearly forgot to play music briefly, for which they were chastised. They practiced once a week in the local Oasis Odd Fellow Temple. Frank Fischell, who lived north of the Peter F. Petersen place, a mile and a half east of town, was the director of this band several years. Another leader came from Eugene. Musicians came from so far away as the Monroe district.

"Excusable Murder"

"Excusable Murder"

The other day, my neighbor, Gerald Bailey, whose grandfather came to this area over one hundred years ago, told me the following:

A number of years ago James Washburn, the son of William Washburn, told Gerald the following:

The Washburn family were then living in a two-storied grand home on the southwest corner of Eighth and Holly. Mrs. Laura Butler was his housekeeper. She was a sister of Bud Eccelson. Emmett Butler, a railroad conductor and an active citizen. It was his father, Jonathan, who had skidded his building on skids from Lancaster (Woodyville) to the site of Max Straus's Furniture Store, around 1872. Here he conducted a harness and leather repair shop. He built a grand home on Ivy Street, between Ninth and Tenth Avenues, on the west side of the street. This building is the home of Gerald Bailey today.

The venerable Emmett Cook of Harrisburg, at the Lake-Creek Grange Fair in September enlarged on this story. Mr. Butler had caught Mr. Mulkey, a local bartender, consorting with his daughter, not once, but on numerous occasions. Mulkey had climbed up the round posts on the front porch, to the upstairs porch, from whence it was easy to step through a doorway into the girl's bedroom. Mulkey was caught in the

act, the resulting fight ended badly for the older Jonathan Butler.

Butler warned Mulkey to stay away from his daughter. Evidently he didn't heed the warning. That morning, Mulkey picked up a rock and hit Mr. Butler with it. Meanwhile, William Washburn, was trying to keep young James from seeing the ensuing fight. Even though the blinds were pulled down tight, young James peered around the shades. Then Mr. Butler, being infuriated from the rock attack, drew forth his pen knife, and proceeded to make numerous holes in the attacker.

The bleeding bartender slunk to the rear of the old South Methodist Church, where shortly he gave up the ghost. The tip of the heart had been slightly penetrated by the blade of the pen knife. Bud Edward's Flower Store stands on the exact area where the old church stood. The first Catholic Church in Junction City used the old original structure.

An inquest was held by a group of the prominent citizens. The verdict was that "A good riddance to bad rubbish". Thus ended the matter. Later on the girl had a baby.

As this was a freight division town, from 1872 to 1926, many younger ladies met the trains. At least one young woman died from venereal disease. The salesmen, railroaders, and other men patronized these ladies of the night.

Emmett Cook, aged eighty-nine, as of this December 6, 1976, was born on the old Crow Place, in 1887. This is the second house north of the old Harmony Grade School, which now celebrate a reunion of its students every summer. He attended

the old 1882, yellow-trimmed-in-white, grade school here in Junction City in 1894. His teacher in 1894 was Miss Mary String. In the following springtime, she married Edward Bailey, who became one of the most prosperous and influential men of the town.

Junction City Grange History



Junction City Grange History

The original Junction City Grange was organized in November 14, 1873, by Mr. Kelly. We do not know where they met. Probably in the Cumberland Church which is now the Hotel in town. Mr. Dudley W. Adams was the first Master of the local Grange in this area.

A few names of the twenty-seven Charter Members were: F. W. Folsom, father of Nellie Folsom whom many of us remember for their home which today is the Petersen Apartments on the southwest corner of Eleventh Avenue and Juniper Street. He was the Colonel of the Calvary branch of the Federal Troops stationed here. He had a grand home on the southwest corner of Fourth and Deal. A hitching rack stood alongside the house and barn on the alley, which occupied a full half block of land. He also owned and farmed a large tract of land where the Paeske mint distillery and mint farm is today. Wilbur Reetz and his new wife, Edna Burnet, were shivareed at this farm about 1917. I was in on the party as a very young lad. Isaac Darneille, father of Roy, who was buried this March at the age of seventy-seven. H. F. Johnson, B. S. Hyland, A. D. Hyland, D. W. Howard, J. A. Bushnell, A. E. Van Rankin, who built the large two-storied house at Tenth and Greenwood, which Chris Wilde has as an apartment house; E. L. Folsom, James Hyland, and Elizabeth Hill. This old Charter decorates the south wall of our Grange Hall.

The second Grange, No. 433, was organized in 1910, by P. E. Emery, with thirty-six charter members. The first Master was Clarence Koon; Lecturer, Mrs. J. W. Pixley; and Secretary, Nellie Harper. Some of the members of this second grange are: James G. Kelso, father of Gordon; Emma Koon; J. G. Pixley; Henry Bushnell; Edward F. Ayers, Chester's father, and mother, Linda Ayers. Chester Ayers is a charter member of the third local grange. Shelby Ayers, George Harper, Vera Harper, Clarence Koon, J. G. Johnson, Theo. Johnson, H. J. Dickey, Laura Dickey, Neva Dickey, Lester Dickey, S. P. Jensen, Mrs. J. W. Pixley, Nellie Harper, W. W. Dickey, E. E. Dickey, Ralph Koon, Mrs. M. G. Kelso, James Calvert father of Ross, Mrs. James Calvert, Robert Harper, James Harper, Mrs. James Harper, H. J. Greene, Hans Wilde father of Martha, Chris, Lane and Mary; A. H. Anderson, E. Mousgaard, C. C. Hayes, H. P. Berslaw, Soren Jensen, etc.

The 1912 Master was Ed L. Ayers; Lecturer, Mrs. Wm. Maloy; Secretary Wm. M. Pitney. The 1913 Master, J. George Johnson; Lecturer, unknown; Secretary, Wm. Pitney. The 1915 officers were: Master, Thomas Barker father of Clarence Putnum of Irving; Lecturer, Luella Logsdon; Secretary, Wm. Pitney.

The present grange, number three for Junction City, Oregon; Number 744, was organized by Arthur Brown, January 31, 1930, with forty-three charter members. Master, Arthur Campbell; Lecturer, Mrs. Ellen (Clarence) Pitney; and Secretary, George Gilmore. Some of the charter members were: Mrs. Arthur Campbell, formerly Emma Fries, sister of the late Soren Fries,

Harold and Mrs. Wing, Mrs. Harold Edwards, brother and sister O. M. Miller, Chester and Alice Ayers, Linda Ayers, Thomas Nelson, Alvin and Edith Reetz, M. P. and Mrs. Jensen, E. A. Burgess, Fred and Mattie Rafoth, Clarence and Ellen Pitney, George and Floy Gilmore, H. W. and Mrs. Dunn, Loren and Mrs. Edwards, Cyril and Veda Schooling, Ora Schooling, Palmer and Nancy Walls, A. H. and Mrs. Smith, Peter and Hanna Skovbo, H. E. and Mrs. Peterson, Miland and Della Nelson, C. A. and Grace Taylor, L. A. Simmons, and Lucille Ayers.

Some of the third granges past Masters and their terms are: Clarence Pitney, 1948; James McMullen, 1940-41; Earl Jager, 1956, 57, 63, 64, 65; Donald Fisher 1960, 61, 62; Ralph Witcher, 1947, 50, 52; Roscoe Paine, 1945, 66, 67, 68; Chris Wilde, 1951, 69-70; A. J. Johnson, 1954, 55, 59; O. M. Miller, 1942-44; Ralph Smith, 1946. Many of these past Masters have gone to the Great Master in Heaven. We miss them very, very much, as we miss our loved ones who have gone before us.

On March 25, 1955, we installed our present furnace at a cost of \$1,450. The new chimney cost \$173. In 1955, we farmers became eligible of Social Security. Ona Lyons was musician for 1955. Her husband Ed and she gave the clock, which is downstairs in the basement. He also built many of the cupboards in the kitchen for \$176.50. The lumber cost \$324.67. Chris Wilde gave the picture of George Washington to the Grange, which hangs on the north wall, in 1951.

Margaret Nickerson was elected to Lane County Pomona. Emily E. Wilde also served Lane County Pomona as Lady Assistant

Steward for some time. Bertha and Edgar Dugan took out demits and joined Elmira. Richard Thom elected delegate to the Grange insurance meeting at Klamath Falls. In June, 1955, the Lookout Dam on the Willamette River was dedicated. Sister Hallie Huntington really got the Lane County Fair going. Brother Dick Thom gave our Emblem Rug Mat, July 22, 1955, in loving memory of his departed wife, Eve M. Thom. Bessie Nielsen's mother, Mrs. Layne, passed away August 12, 1955. Our plywood picnic grossed \$2,075; also in 1955, Earl Jager's 4-H Club members got prize ribbons. Our two heating stoves were given to Goldson grange. Our good Lane County Agriculture Agent, for many years, O .S. Fletcher, passed away in 1955. He and one lady assistant ran the office, and his many duties, for a long time very successfully. Look how many people work there now.

Our building was reroofed, October 1955: fifty squares, \$355; Mr. Swenson, labor, \$176.

In 1956, Jager Master, secured Tony's Commercial Painting Company to paint our kitchen, benches, tables, entrances, etc. for \$452.50. He is Josephine Witcher's brother, now deceased. He gave us the two beautiful oil paintings in the rear of our hall. Although not a picture painter, he did paint these two outstanding pictures which will be cherished forever by our members. He gave his sister other very good oil paintings he had made.

The Public Market Building in Eugene was sold by Lane Pomona Society for \$300,000; \$30,000 down, balance at 4% interest, \$10,000 annual payment on the principal. Our Grange

cleared \$1,460 on the plywood dinner this year.

January 28, 1957, Tony Ziolkoski, painted inside of our hall for \$500. Tony had painted the two pictures in our hall for our State Grange booth representing Lane County, which were built at Salem by Brothers James McMullen and Albert Johnson. Josephine Witcher and Mable Lorang (Tiffie) did the fine points of the booth at least two years straight. Our members all worked together to get the sheaves of grain, seeds, cleaned, fruit ready, with the jellies, jams, nuts, etc.

Brother Cyril Schooling, on behalf of our grange, presented Brother Dick Thom with a ring for his sixteen years continuous service as our secretary. April, 1957, we bought a new \$29.65 flag and pole. We served lunch for the Fat Lamb Show many years. Our new piano bought May 10, 1957, for \$575. Old one sold for \$35. We received the first \$100 from our Lane Fraternal Society for our buildings improvement. This is received for benefiting our grounds and building every year.

We cleared over \$1,100 on our next plywood picnic dinner at Lane-Benton Park. Our new electric stove cost \$169.95. Gunson's wiring job cost \$211.96. This year Grange Insurance rebates were 35% of our annual premium. We draped our charter for Past Master Ralph Smith, who joined his wife in death, October 25, 1963. Also for Past Master, Max Nielsen, March 28, 1964. Our new drapes from Sears store cost \$179. We paid Dodson \$475 for painting the outside of our hall. We built and paid for the public restroom in our City Park. We have our plaque on it showing we built and paid for it. The Chamber

of Commerce gave us one hundred dollars to help on the costs.

We are very proud of our lawn and oak trees. Otto Wilde did give and plant the ornamental tree that stands just west of the cement steps of our hall. He was treasurer, as James McMullen was for years. We have the only lawn worth "Crowing About" of any of the twenty-seven Granges in Lane County. We now have our own well and pump, sprinkling system, largely due to Jim McMullen, Robert Kyle, Glenn Hurd, Glenn Lee, Roscoe Paine, Earl and Raymond Jager, Chris Wilde, Carsen Adams, Ted Wilde, Dorsey Swartz, and others who have worked so hard throughout the years to improve our hall.

Clarence Pitney and Chris Wilde are the only two men, also Past Masters, that have served the local grange as Chaplain for a full years service.

Emily E. Wilde, Josephine Witcher, Mable Tiffie, Betty Wilde, Roscoe and Eleanor Paine, Anna Calahann, Mary Freeman, etc., have been active, or officers in our Lane Pomona at one time or another.

Sister Mary Fisher received a Rosette and Loving Cup in January 1965, from the White Satin Sugar Company for her canning activities.

Charter was draped for Past Master, Dick Thom, who was our secretary for sixteen years, July 9, 1965. Anna Callahan, Mabel Tiffie, Viola Falk, received their twenty-five years pins. Otto Wilde passed on to the Great Grange above, July 9, 1965, after serving our grange as treasurer for many, many years.

Our basement floor was painted for the first time in 1965. We gave \$10 for the annual Pigeon Race in the White Water Parade on the McKenzie River. The money went to the crippled children's hospital. Glenn Hurd built the steps leading up to the front of our stage, May 13, 1967. Earl and Alma Jager, Roscoe and Eleanor Paine, Ted and Betty Wilde, Josephine and Ralph Witcher, Emily and Chris Wilde, and many others have received their Twenty-five Year Pins for being grange members twenty-five continuous years. Chris Wilde joined the grange at Riddle, Oregon in 1928, with nearly a continuous membership.

Many of our members have their Pomona or Fifth Degree. Several have earned the State or Sixth Degree, and several of our members have the National or Seventh Degree. Wilde's visited the national grange headquarters in Washington, D. C. on one of their trips. They were very royally received from way out West in Oregon.

The Scandinavian Festival took in \$771 in 1966. On March 26, 1967, we draped the charter in memory of sister Inez Dieckhoff. May 26, 1967 we cleared \$135 on the Oregon Egg Producers Dinner served by our Ladies at our hall. Past Master, O. M. Miller, passed away September 1967 at Albany, Oregon. He was the master when Emily and I were admitted to our local Grange in 1943.

September 8, 1967, the charter was draped for sister Edna Gribskov. The Scandinavian Festival grossed \$998, expenses \$554, in 1967. October 13, the charter was draped for Mildred Andersen. On December 19, 1967 the charter was again

draped, this time for Henrietta Stevens. On April 26, 1968 the charter was draped in memory of Alice Ayers, a charter member of this grange.

Our Oregon Egg Producers dinner netted \$165. Our Festival Booth was remade and put on wheels in 1969 by Roscoe Paine, and others. Festival grossed \$1,316 in 1969. Fern Ridge Dam has the largest annual visitation of any Oregon Park. Our Cub and Boy Scouts wrote a certificate of appreciation for the free use of our hall so they can hold their meetings here.

Howard Nichols painted our hall for \$480. The paint from Tom's Hardware cost \$144. Our 1969 Lane County Fair Booth was rated one of the top three booths of this year's fair displays. Appropriate grange ceremony was conducted in our hall at the passing of Brother Frank Culver.

I, Chris T. Wilder, Master for the third term, have read the last sixteen years complete Grange Records books to compile these last fifteen years chief statistics for our Fortieth Anniversary. Many resolutions, parties, good discussions, etc., could be included but time does not permit their inclusion. Chris T. Wilde, Master.

The Juniper Street Story of Long Ago

The Juniper Street Story of Long Ago

If Juniper Street had been built across the tiny lake, about where Second Avenue would be, the old Rich house which stood on First Avenue, would have been the first home on the south end of Juniper Street.

John Hays and his wife Rose Ella, lived in this story and a half house around the 1880's. It had a red climbing rose on the south side of the house, besides many apple trees, daffodils, roses, violets, and other flowers. The Rich family had built the house much earlier.

The first Hays home stood just north of the Surveyor Oak Tree, which was on the roadside about six feet from the north fence of First Avenue, about 1860, on the northeast corner of Maple and First Avenue.

That box wooden house, one story high, was erected of one by twelves, rough, unpainted boards, standing on end, with three inch battens to cover the cracks. Laurence Chester Hays, now eighty-six years of age, said it was moved over to Kalmia between Fifth and Sixth many years ago.

Mrs. Hays was the daughter of Peter Harpole, who was the son of James Walker Harpole. J. W. Harpole was one of the earliest settlers of this area in 1856. He married in Illinois to Elizabeth Zumwalt, which marriage resulted in three daughters and two sons, from his February 9, 1937 marriage.

Harpole went to the gold fields of California in 1848

from near Salem, Oregon, where he first settled in the Waldo Hills. He came back to Oregon in the fall of 1849 by water. His second trip to the gold fields netted him \$6,060. He returned to Illinois by sea, bought many livestock and came back to French Prairie, ten miles north of Salem. In 1852 he made his second return visit to Illinois by water. February 3, 1853 he married Cynthia A. Zumwalt. In April his wife, two boys, Wesley and Marion Lingo, made his third trip across the plains to Oregon by ox team.

For a second time he was made captain of the train. Harpole had some narrow escapes from the bloodthirsty savages, but owing to his presence of mind and a cool deliberation in times of great danger, always succeeded in conquering the enemy.

He remained in Marion County until March, 1854, when he with his family moved to Umpqua Valley, locating a home near Oakland, Oregon. It was good livestock country. After eighteen months in Douglas County he moved to his farm twelve miles northwest of Eugene City, where he lived for thirty years before his death.

Harpole was a Republican. He voted for Stephen A. Douglas in 1860 for the presidency. In 1880 his party elected him as state representative from Lane County. He was firm and inflexible in purpose, and very honest in all his dealing with all mankind who all trusted him.

Harpole passed away March 16, 1893, being 78 years of age. The New Methodist Church, November 12, 1893, was the place.

Dr. I. D. Driver, of Portland, delivered the sermon on "If a Man Die Shall He Live Again?". Over four hundred friends attended the service.

Emily Lingo Wilde's great grandmother, Elizabeth Harpole, died from a tick bite, causing mountain fever, in the Blue Mountains. Her gravesite is unknown, but by the Powder River of Union County. Often the remains were buried in the center of the trail road so the Indians couldn't desecrate the body, or know they had lost one immigrant. Harpole was an excellent hunter. His second wife was a cousin of his first wife, another Elizabeth Zumwalt. Emily Wilde donated the picture of her to the Junction City Historical Society. Emily always placed flowers on her grave each Memorial Day at Rest Lawn Cemetery.

Cora Elizabeth was the eldest of the Hays family, born in 1887. She married Will. Frank Crampton in 1907. Rice married Midge Campbell, Chester's wife was Edith M. Dillar. Eddy's wife is Zelma M. Maulding in 1920. She and Emily had been together in Sellwood grade school in the teens. Mable married Avery Larkin of Alpine, 1918.

The house now standing on the former site was moved from the Claude Adkinson farm near Fern Ridge, in 1941, at a cost to Gus Flint of \$500. Flint and his wife Gretchen lived in this house till 1965, when Ben and Ethelda Kockler moved in. Gus Flint, a past grand of Oasis Odd Fellow Lodge here, was a butcher and dog control officer till his passing. His father, Sam Flint, had lived on the farm on the northeast corner of Hwy 36, and Dorsey Lane, opposite the old Harpole

schoolhouse site. Ethelda's uncle and aunt the Leland Leech's lived on this farm many years. She was a great hop picker.

Paul and Helen Jackshe lived in the house on the northeast corner of Fourth and Juniper. The whole family came from Germany, following World War One. James and Martha McMullen let them live in an old house on their fifty acre farm on McMullen Road for years. They then moved over on the island across east of Chester and Alice Ayers. They all worked in the local cannery for many years. Paul fired the furnace. Arno, a past grand of the local Oasis Odd Fellow Lodge worked in the canning room with me for many years. Martha spent much of her fifty years of married life working for the Salvation Army. She now lives in San Luis Obispo, California. Paul spent his last years working for the Eugene Woolen Mills. Helen often helped the local ladies with housework.

Mads Jensen built the house on the southeast corner of Fifth and Juniper. Gladys and Helen Wagner lived there in 1915. Gladys was my seventh grade teacher. Helen taught the fourth grade. She married Edgar Thom, who worked in the S.P.R.R. office. He played the tenor horn in the local band. Miss Elsie Martin (later Glen Strome's wife), Fortch and Coheen lived there in 1919. They jokingly called it the M.F. C. Company. They were all school teachers here in town. Glenn and Bertha Ditto lived in the house just south. Her father, Seth Harpole, had run the Goldson post office for years. Emily's father, Ira Lingo was born in that building

over a hundred years ago. In 1915, we Boy Scouts rode our bikes to Triangle Lake, in June. We stopped at this store and bought candy and pop. Ditto's operated a Ten Cent Store in the S. P. Gilmore Building for years. Bertha was my fourth grade teacher, and a grand niece of J. W. Harpole. She, like Eddy Hays, were cousins of my wife Emily Lingo.

The Christian Church which stood for many years on the west side of the alley between Holly and Ivy on Sixth Avenue was bought and moved to the northeast corner of Fifth and Juniper, by the Masonic Lodge number 128. They have made a beautiful building out of it.

Ralph and Audrey Spear, lived just north of the hall. They also built the telephone building in the 30's on Sixth, which is now occupied by Doctor Wm. Pollard.

Westward, Mary Mickey and her carpenter husband, G. E. lived. She not only played the piano at the Methodist church for services, but gave piano lessons. Her brother was A. K. Mickey, who was city school superintendent many years here. He had conducted some grade school classes in the old Cumberland Church, which he later made into the Junction City Hotel. It is still in use. There is an old rumor that the first pastor of the first church in town around 1872, came across the country in company of the Moffit and Strome families. His son, Martel, has written stories of the early days of this city.

The Junction City Times editor, S. L. Moorehead, wife, sons Steel and Bishop and daughter Thelma, lived in the very old house, yet in use, on the northwest corner of Sixth and

Juniper. Mads Jensen's family lived here for many years.

Frank Hurlburt, wife and two daughters, built the house now lived in by Mr. and Mrs. Will Martinsen. Hurlburt was a store owner here for many years. His last store was in the ground floor of the I. O. O. F. hall. His niece, Murella Hurlburt, lived with them. She was my eighth grade teacher. In 1917, she married Glenn Jackson, whose father had a general store where the local tavern is located on the alley between Front and Greenwood. Ellen Hurlburt was in the sixth grade with me.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Cook, Danish people, built a square two-storied yellow painted house, just north of Hurlburt's. His blonde wife, daughters Ella and Leona, operated Cook's Confectionery store on Front Street till that half block burned down in 1915. He made very good candy. The iron legged tables, had four iron chairs surrounding them. Ella lead the formal parade that opened the Golden Gate Bridge. She rode a grand horse. Her husband was a city judge in San Francisco. In her early youth as the wife of George Dye, she had performed stunts on the wings of a biplane, which her husband at that time operated at a speed of around sixty-five miles an hour. He was one of George Wilhelm's garage mechanics in the building on the northwest corner of Fifth and Front, which was built around 1912. Carlson's now use it. Her sister, Leona, was also a good horsewoman. They had learned about horses on the Petersen farm on west First Avenue.

The house burned down, when owned by William Jensen, who

was then driving the Union Oil gasoline truck for Kenneth Lee in those days. The house that replaced it was lived in by Mr. and Mrs. Dan Brown, who with his brother Roy, operated Brown's Drug Store for many years. Ralph and Lamern Henderson now live in the home.

North was the home of the S. P. Gilmore family. Mads Jensen also built this home, around 1912. Grace and Ruth were the two daughters that sometimes helped their father operate the store that he built around 1915. The Crescent (Rialto) Theater was just north, and then John Petersen had a grocery store, just north of that. His store was swallowed up by the theater, taking out the cement wall and incorporating it into the show. Peterson sported a mustache. His girl, Gelma, married Martin Vagness, who then operated the Junction City Hotel for years. Martin has been helping Claude Washburn at his home recently. Mrs. Gilmore loved to pick wild ducks for her friends. The U. S. National Bank now occupies this general area where Gilmore's store stood.

Doctor Parrot and daughter lived in the house north of Moorheads. His office was in the corner upstairs, above Mason and Son's Hardware. He wore a grand goatee beard. He put a truss on me when I had run so hard in making a home run at Pleasant Hill High School in 1920, that it caused a rupture on my right side.

Forest Miller's built the house north of Dr. Parrots. Mads Jensen and friends probably also built the house. Miller's operated the J. C. Hardware Company store, where the Antique

Store is at present, just west of the tavern. Miller had fallen while roller skating, in the old Washburn Skating Rink, when it first opened shortly after the turn of the century. The city water tower now occupies this site. The injury resulted in his having a limp from his hip having been broken in the fall. Clifford Pailey, Edward's oldest son, worked for Miller's Hardware for years.

Jake Miller built the mortuary around 1913 or so. As kids I recall rafting around in the high waters on that site, before Miller moved many years ago. Two horses pulled the black painted herse in those days. A replica can be seen at the historical building at the fair grounds in Eugene. Neal Flint and I put in and piled up sixteen cords of stove wood into the basement for twenty-five cents a cord, in 1917. He was chairman of the local school board for a time. His last wife was Edna Fredricksen of Mapleton.

The two-storied yellow painted schoolhouse, 1889 or 1892, whatever, stood about in the center of the block, just west of Miller's, until it was torn down in the late twenties (1929) after the new grade school had been completed. I, Lee Murhpy, Alvin Reetz, Andy Bodtker, Kenneth Lee, Gerald Bailey, Burton Young, Norman White, Mary Wilde Wright, Anna Patterson, Lane Wilde, Wm.C. Jensen, etc. are a few of the still living people that attended that old stinking schoolhouse. Stinking yes, the four inch floor boards were oiled every few weeks with an oil that really stunk. The dark toilets were about as filthy as boys could make them. The boys' toilet was on the south

side, the girls' on the north side. You entered through a door, just inward from the fourteen steps, up which the four lines of children marched in regular cadence to their five schoolrooms. Some high school classes were held upstairs, before the Washburn High School was built around 1908 or so.

Elmer Dinges, and other boys beat the triangle which gave the cadence for marching in or out of the classrooms. The school bell occupied the belfrey of the structure on the southeast corner of the building. It rang ten minutes before nine, and again at ten minutes till one. School took up at nine and one, and let out at 4:00 p.m., five days a week, for around nine months of each year. Teachers had no days or parts of days off to go to meetings, or get out cards, as they do today.

Maude Hays was our first grade teacher. She taught by sounding out the letters of a word. Her sister, Mable, taught the second grade. In this grade they held a grade school performance in the old Opera House, in the Junction City Hotel in 1912. Several of the above mentioned boys were in the Brownies Acts with me. All the grade school also marched as classes to the S.P.R.R. tracks at Fifth and Front Street to see and hear President Theodore Roosevelt, when his train stopped here briefly in 1912. We all sang "Oregon, My Oregon" as the train pulled away.

We boys spun tops, often trying to peg and sometimes break the other boy's top. We played many types of marble games, mumblety-peg, with our knives, baseball, football,

and finally some outdoor basketball. Duck-on-the-rock was a boy's dangerous game which often resulted in a lad getting a cut or bruise in the head from one of the rocks striking him, while playing the game. The stopped the game in 1929.

The original building was doubled, exactly, around 1914 or so. They later added the metal slides for fire escapes. Our fire drills were excellent. The children would all be out of the building within one minute. I could go on and on about graduation exercises, which were held in the Opera House, and even in the Methodist church, where I recall our high school class of 1922, graduating. Our snowy, cold days, flood waters in the basement, manual training rooms, etc.

East of the school on the southeast corner of Seventh was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Parker. He was a freight engineer on the S.P.R.R. His brunette daughter, Rachel, a freshman in high school, gave me a ruby-set gold ring to wear as her boyfriend. We boys swam in the nude in the gravel pit which is just north and west of the Laurel school. My fingers got chilled in the April sunny weather, and sometime or other, that ring fell off into the gravel pit. Mrs. Parker and Rachel walked over to see my mother and I about it. The ring was a very old heirloom which had been handed down from generation to generation. I told her the truth about losing the ring. She said she was also at fault for allowing her young daughter to have the ring, so early in life.

Across the street north was the home of Mrs. Shinn and daughters. She worked as telephone girl in the old telephone

office which then stood on the west side of the alley in a small one-story building, where the east side of the Spear Building is today. Mable was the wife of Peter Jensen, our school superintendent for some years. After his death, she was married to Mr. Lee Pope, who built the Scandinavian Market Buildings, (Pope Buildings).

The Harry Milliron house was moved from the southwest corner of Ninth and Ivy to make way for a new service station. Gibson's store is there now. The house was skidded just west across the alley where it is now used.

A tiny red barn once upon a time stood just west of the Milliron house, in its present location. Flood waters often made rafting available, where the children now play baseball. The big dams have paid off well.

Mr. Edward Ayers, Abe Logston and others built the first Baptist Church in the teens. Mr. Murphy was one of the earliest pastors. He had a daughter, Kathleen.

North of the church was Ferd Tracer's white house. He had two white horses which pulled his wood saw machine about the area, sawing people's four foot and pole wood. Arnold Tracer, Arleigh's father, grew up from this home.

Lloyd and Floyd Summers, twin boys, lived just north of Tracers. Mason's built the two-storied house on the southeast corner of Eleventh and Juniper, around 1910.

George Francis Kelso, father of Gordon, lived on the southeast corner of Twelfth. He came here in 1898, having moved from Nebraska in 1888, to near Pilot Rock in eastern

Oregon. Kelso conducted a farm in the Riverview area. His son, Donald, and I were in grade school together. He was always blue colored, as he suffered from a birth defect in his heart valves.

West of Kelso's is the Colonel F. W. Folsom, large two-storied mansion, probably built around 1875. He had a company of U. S. Calvary, many members of which lived in this vicinity. He had a large farm north of Eighteenth from Tofdahl Lane westward. Paeske's mint farm now occupies the area. They also owned a home on the southwest corner of East Fourth and Deal. Nellie was their child. She was the Christian Science Practitioner here for years. They had a Science Church in a house which stood where the present movie theater is today. Mr. and Mrs. Allison, a blacksmith, helped start that church. They had lived in the house on the northeast corner of Seventh and Ivy, where the Pope Building is today.

Virgil Parkers folks, Alice and Mary, lived in the house north of Kelsos. He was one of the charter members of Oasis Odd Fellow Lodge here, in 1872. They had a ranch on Greenleaf Creek, below Triangle Lake on the old coast road to Florence.

Maude and Fern Hays, teachers, built a home, yet in use, on the southwest corner of Thirteenth and Juniper. Their mother lived with them for years.

The Snell family: Cora, Vido, Paul, Vera and Seldon, lived in the house about the same area as Clark's Ceramic shop is today. Nels Hansen and Stena, lived on a tiny farm just west of the present bowling alley. She was my aunt Anna

(Julius) Wilde's mother. The Swift family lived on these acres in later years.

The very old Norman place stood where the Big Y Junction House restaurant was built using much of the old original house. Norma White Fisher, was named for her uncle Norman White, and her grandfather Norman. The Sportsman Room, started by Donald Anderson and Fred Gregory, were built onto the west part of the restaurant.

History of the Old First Methodist Church
of
Junction City, Oregon



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The organization of the Junction City Methodist church dates back to the early 1890's, when the Methodist Group were part of the very old Monroe Methodist Church Circuit.

These early Christian people met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wesley Washburn, on First and Prairie Road. Mrs. Catherine Washburn was the mother of thirteen children. She was very instrumental in getting this first church started here. Catherine street was named for her, as it was the street bordering the east side of their farmstead. The street has since been named Maple street, to conform to the many local streets being named for trees and flowers.

The church was erected on the northwest corner of Seventh Avenue and Ivy in 1892. It was dedicated July 25, 1892, by Bishop Cranston, Dr. F. E. Ford, P. E., was present.

The Reverend H. S. Wallace was the first minister in 1892. Since that day it has served very well, not only as a house of worship, but as the scene of many happy parties, public meetings, debates, graduation exercises, funerals, declamatory contests, marriages, etc.

The old church structure was paid for twice. Mr. Bashaw, the contractor was paid in full for his work. Mr. Charles

Wesley Washburn, Secretary-Treasurer, failed to get a receipt from Mr. Bashaw. Bashaw left for parts unknown with the Five Hundred Dollars. The case came up to court, which ruled in favor of the church, not having to pay again, but the higher court reversed the decision. Then a Lien was placed on the church.

Permission was given to hold quarterly Conference in the church. It became noised about, preceeding one of these meetings, that the church was to be paid for a second time. According to brother Bert Simmons, the church was filled to overflowing, both the upstairs gallery, which had only one very narrow, winding stairway, and the auditorium. The church choir sang for special occasions from this upstairs balcony for years.

Bishop Cranston called for subscriptions to pay off the debt. The debt was again paid. Mr. C. W. Washburn is said to have given the bulk of the five hundred dollars as he failed to get a receipt from Mr. Bashaw, he being at that time the secretary-treasurer of the very new church. He, as most old-timers, and yet some of we new-timers, trusted people explicitly.

The congregation as a whole had raised the first sum.

The fifty foot high steeple made the building high and handsome. It was finished with veautiful dark colored moulding boards throughout. But it was lightly constructed, so that it shook in a wind, and was hard to keep warm. It had poor church school facilities.

In coming up to the old Methodist Church we noticed daffodils growing tightly against the south wall of the wooden

structure. It stood back of the wooden sidewalk some ten feet or so. One pink rose bush struggled for existence below the four by ten front upstairs porch.

The original L-shaped, sixteen foot east and west steps, started eight feet from the then muddy Ivy Street. The lot ran one hundred feet west to the alley. The south part of the steps were removed after serving over a score of years. The old pictures shows the steps originally were facing both east and south.

After climbing the twenty odd, easy rising steps and crossing the small proch, we walked through the dark colored, varnished double doors. The porch had closed in banisters on each side of the steps.

On the right you could open a varnished door and enter the Sunday School classroom, some sixteen by sixteen feet, nearly square. Its west wall comprised of four folding doors on tracks, which folded back to the south wall, enabling more spectators, when needed to witness the program on the platform.

The only window of this room, on the east side, had six by ten inch various colored stained glass around the outside. The center of the window was opaque. Two of these exact type windows were on the northeast, northwest corners, and two on the southwest, southeast corners of the church. They opened up on a steel rod on one side. Four ten foot pews, and a desk with one chair comprised the plain, three and one half inch wood flooring, adult calss room.

Just west of this room, often stood a beautiful light colored, many-spindled typist size desk, from which tickets

would be sold for various church activities.

If a person turned to the left, upon entering through the front doors, and stepped up two steps, one came to the church's bell rope, whose ringing called the people's attention to come to some church activity.

On up the narrow thirty inch wide curving stairways, we came through a tiny door onto the balcony. Many school classes were held upstairs. Velma Starns says she read the "Christmas Story", several times from the balcony. Walking upward on the center aisle, there were six rows of ten foot pews, one on each side of the rising aisle. Turning south at the top, we could climb through a tiny doorway, where the bell chamber was. Here one could put the rope back on the bell pulley when it jumped off. A person could obtain a very good view of the city from this tower. On the tower's south side was another of those pretty twenty-four inch square colored windows.

The balcony had wings, north and south, with two rows of seats on each wing. Here Mr. Starns taught some of us boys in Sunday School. In the tip-top of the balcony east end, was another 24 inch pretty window. There was one of these beautiful colored windows in the north peak of the nave. The one in the south side showed "Jesus Feeding His Lambs".

All of the upstairs interior of the church was finished in the same grooved, varnished, wooden paneling, some of which was placed on the walls in geometric designs. Much of it ran horizontal, some vertical.

One entered the nave through two double dark varnished doors. A redish squared, brownish carpet ran in three foot strips around the aisleway at the east end of the nave. Three finished, varnished posts held up the front side of the balcony. The carpet was in both aisles, across the front, and on the platform.

The two side rows of seats, about nine pews to a side, ten feet long, were set at an angle of fifteen degrees or so, that people wouldn't get a sore neck looking at the speaker. The twelve-foot center pews were hard, plain, and on a hot day the varnish would stick to the seat of your pants.

The south side aisle led you directly in front to a 36 inch square steel grating from which erupted the wood furnace heat which was directly below.

The high brick chimney was on the southwest outside the church next to the alley.

Flower-covered caskets containing our dead members were lovingly placed between the platform and the front pew in the center of the nave.

A spooled twelve-inch high railing separated the beautiful pulpit from the main floor, which was approximatey 38 feet north and south by 36 feet east and west.

The piano stood on the main floor in the northwest corner for years. Then it was located on the north side of the platform. Three rows of chairs for the 26 member choir were placed beneath and in front of the light blue colored 24 inch recessed, curved alcove. "God Is Love", a colored glass window

as in the upper part of the alcove. We now enjoy seeing this beautiful window in the east end of our new church. A grand, dark velvet, curtain could be pulled across the alcove if so desired, which wasn't very often.

Three rows of pews on the north and south side of the 16 by 24 foot, 24 inch high platform, held two tiny areas for Sunday School classes. Clarence Pitney was the teacher of many of we lads: Ralph Henerson, Alvin Reetz, Chris Wilde, August and Chris Hatt, Burton Young, etc.

Mr. Crain, local jeweler and member, presented the clock which hung on the south wall of the church for many, many years. Mrs. Etta Boone, who lived on the northwest corner of Seventh and Laurel, gave \$50 to have the immense church steeple cut way down in height in 1929.

Two sets of three windows each were in the center of the north and south sides, just above the pews. Outside the windows was a willow bush on the south side of the church. The center window of the three was three feet higher than the two on either side of it. These were gloriously tinted colored glass. The middle one ended at the top in an inverted "V" effect. Gorgeous, Gloriful to God All Mighty!!

Two huge decorated posts supported the front two wings of the building. Four, heavy light blue and light tan painted stringers supported the four corners of the hugh church roof. At thirty-five feet high an "X" effect in the center, where the stringers came together, formed a unique centerpiece, which had a center doo-dad affair that hung downward from the

epicure about four feet. This gave the nave a startling cathedral-like effect.

The Springfield South Methodist Church was built a short time after ours. It was copied identically to our edifice, except their steeple was higher than our original steeple.

Mary and Rupert Edwards told me of his hauling, at age twelve, most of the lumber used to build the Riverview Methodist Episcopal Church. Reverend Skidmore built most of that wooden structure himself in 1908. The local pastor went to the Riverview Church after dinner. William Pitney furnished free, the horse and buggy for many years. One Sunday, after the minister had made a good sermon, he asked what he thought of his talk. Mr. Pitney, always full of fun, replied, "I've heard every word of it before". Surprised, the minister said, "How come you've heard every word of it before?" Pitney replied, "I've got every word of it at home in my dictionary."

Reverend Downs' wife was largely responsible for the ministers parsonage being built on the northeast corner of the church property. Downs was pastor here in 1908-12. The minister and family had lived in the rooms of the basement of the church up to that time.

Reverend Clyde T. Cook came in 1912. He was the first Boy Scout Master organized Troop No. 1, Junction City, 1915. I recall sleeping on the ground at the new parsonage with the other lads that traveled to Triangle Lake on the summer excursion in 1915. He later wrote a splendid letter of recommendation for me, when I was trying to get a teaching position

after graduating from Oregon State College in 1926. The pastors always had a good garden, southwest of the parsonage. A double tennis dirt court was used by young and old for years, between the church and parsonage, where Homer Dixon built his first Junction City grocery store. The building is now the Goodwill Store.

One entered the basement from a door on the east side of the church next to the outside stairs. Inside the nine foot high ceiling one turned north up five steps, then west up nine steps, through a door, into the northeast corner of the nave. The full basement had a 16 x 6 foot stage, 24 inches high from the floor, built out well from the south side of the structure.

This was the main, largest area of the so called basement. In the northwest corner of this first floor was a room 24 x 38 feet, where the Epworth League, Ladies Aid, classes, and many other meetings were held. Many class parties, fellowship get-togethers, were held in this room. A north doorway lead outside to the double hole privvy, or to the five stall, horse and buggy shed, which had a roof and feed troughs.

A south door went into the small 12 x 14 foot kitchen, which comprised a sink, stove, tables, chairs and cupboards. The furnace room and wood storage room, was just south off of the kitchen. A southwest corner door admitted the four foot fir and oak wood, which outside was stored on the west six feet of our land, next to the alley. Here the four foot wood stood eight feet high, to thoroughly dry out, before being carted to its winter inside storage.

Mud, rain, snow and ice failed to deter the people that slid in mud, etc., on their way to the outside toilet.

The insulated electric wires were many times nailed directly to the outside of the boards in the building, with porcelain blocks which secured the wires to the boards. Electricity was relatively unknown when the church was built in 1892.

Pipe coils, inside the fire box of the wood "Majestic Range" heated hot water to wash the dishes after the gala affairs. The reservoirs on the right side of the wood "Monarch" stoves failed to heat sufficient hot water for large groups of people.

Brother William M. Pitney, Clarence's father, Hugh Swift, Charles Reetz, Lee Zumwalt, Clarence Pitney, Frank Moorehead, George Gilmore, and O. F. Morgan were some of our early Sunday School Superintendents in the old church that I can recall knowing.

Anna Pitney, Mary's mother, Lilly Young, Edith Christensen, Jeannette Moorehead had a ladies quartet which sang at church events, and even went about Lane County singing at graveside services.

I have hereby completed the story as I recall, with some help from my lifelong friend, Clarence Pitney, of the old, first Junction City Methodist Church.

It is perhaps fitting to mention that the Cornerstone Service for the new Church at Tenth and Laurel Street was held July 25, (my birthday) 1947, with Reverend Carl Mason in

charge. I have all the names of the people who attended these events.

Jubilee Sunday, July 27, 1947. All in attendance signed their names. Jerry Stone, high school teacher, had more than twelve high school youth in his Youth Choir, June 1, 1947. They sang numerous times at various functions. "The Holy City", at Breaking of Ground. Jerry Stone played "The Lord's Prayer" on his trombone.

The Dedication of the Junction City Methodist Church was December 2, 1956. The Reverend James W. Workman was minister, Mrs. Carl Steen, organist. The Bond Ceremony, or burning of the paid-off bonds was a joyous occasion.

Some of the unusual events of our old church were:

The oldest Junction City Grange was organized there around a century ago. Evangelist, George Bernard, who wrote "The Old Rugged Cross" held services there. The famed DeMoss family visited our church many times. They wrote and sang "Oregon, My Oregon". Peter Davis, a member, was here with his "Triple Chimes". The "Piney Wood Troop" were here gathering funds for their school. Three of these negroes were entertained overnight at the C. A. Pitney home. There later were two other troops, all good people and good entertainers.

James Smith gave the two-story white house and lot, to the M. E. Church in 1958, which was the parsonage for many years. It still stands at Tenth and Kalmia.

At the Ground Breaking Event, the DEED was given by Mr. George Gilmore to Mr. Morgan, Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

The PLAN, was presented by Mr. Beardsworth, architect to the foreman, Chris Graabe. The first earth turned over by Mrs. Anna Pitney, our eldest member, thus linking the old church with the new. Carl Mason, linking this church to Methodism all over the world. Mrs. Mary Reetz, represented the Sunday School workers of yesterday. Lee J. Zumwalt, Superintendent for the Sunday School of today. Mrs. George (Lillian) Young represented the W.S.C.S. Christine Damaschofsky from the Methodist Youth Fellowship, Roscoe Faine, the Lay Leader for the Methodist Men, Cora Harper for the choir.

Earl Jager, Jim Pitney and Jerry Brown have the Crusade Check which paid all indebtedness, and thus made the church dedication possible. While Clarence Pitney read "The Old Pews Speak", the pews were being loaded on trucks on their way to the Veneta M. E. Church, as a gift to them from us. They are still in use, according to the last word I had on them.

Ground Breaking: "O Thou, whose hand hath brought us unto this joyful day; Accept our glad thanksgiving, and listen as we pray, and may our preparation for this day's service be with one accord to offer ourselves, Oh Lord, to Thee. And oft as here we gather, and hearts in worship blend, may truth serve its power, and fervent prayers ascend. Here may the busy toiler rise to the things above. The young, the old be strengthened, and all men learn Thy Love."

We must not forget that Homer Dixon bought the church site, upon which he built the general grocery store. He had

been our local School Superintendent several terms. Later years saw various businesses occupy the building. The Goodwill Store now owns the site. Bell Telephone has one lot, and a tire and gasoline shop have the corner where the parsonage once stood.

The furnace registers for the new church came, as did much other material from the dismantled Camp Adair, north of Corvallis. Roscoe Paine saved our church money in purchasing lumber and materials at greatly reduced prices. We are forever grateful to Stanley Anderson and others for the excellent work they did in plastering the new church for us. Chris Graabe, head carpenter on the new church building, said, "It was the most enjoyable job that he had ever worked on."

Carl Masons's Membership Class in 1945 showed six boys and ten girls, taken on the south side of the old church, next to the stairs.

In March 21, 1948, Reverend Carl Mason presided at the first service in the latter built new church on the northwest corner of Tenth and Laurel. Mr. Beardsworth, architect, made the plans for the new \$40,000 structure, which today is worth much more.

In building the new structure it was necessary for Reverend Mason to write the church board the following letter.

Westchester, Iowa
August 28, 1946

Dear Friend:

As you know we are constantly on the lookout for nails to send out for the new Church. Yesterday while in Wellman

with my father-in-law, I found a store that would let me have four kegs of sixteen penny, two of No. 8. The only way we could get them was for my father-in-law to advance a check. The bill is enclosed. Give the credit to Reverend R. V. Pile, Westchester, Iowa. The nails will be shipped via freight.

Since freight on the nails is \$2.22, per hundred pounds, I am wiring Mr. Chris Damaschofsky, Monday night, September 2, asking him to see the rest of you, and wire me the authority as to the amount of nails to buy. I am dickering for them in two other places, maybe able to get as many as 25 kegs, but the price with freight is pretty stiff. It will be necessary, I suppose, for the trustees to meet and authorize payment of the bills. Anyway, the rest of the nails will have to be paid for before I can get them shipped.

Best of wishes to you both, Carl
P.S. My dad Pike isn't rich, so would appreciate it if his check could be sent as soon as possible. Carl.

Another problem of the old church was toilets. Alvin Reetz whose father was the Sunday School Superintendent for many years, his mother, Mary, was Sunday School teacher for me and others for years, decided that there was only one outside toilet for both men and women, just south of the horse and buggy shed, north of the door from the classroom in the basement in the northwest corner of the building on the alley. You could slide and fall down on the muddy path from the front of the church or basement door, to the toilet, or cut through the basement and use the northwest corner door.

Another letter of interest to show how hard it was years ago.

Junction City
July 1932

Dear Friend:

At a special meeting of the Church Board, the undersigned were appointed as a Committee to draft and send out this letter, explaining the financial plans and needs for the years. The Budget for the year is as follows:

Pastor's salary	\$500.00
Ministerial support, district	40.00
supt., bishop and retired	10.00
pastors	60.00
Fuel	18.00
Lights	30.00
Taxes	12.29
Incidentals	---

The Board of Stewards are, like yourselves, very busy people. We are sure you will be glad to save them the time necessary for a personal call, by using the attached slip, and passing it in at church on Sunday.

We earnestly urge the use of the weekly offering envelope. A supply will be on hand at church.

With the kindly, prompt cooperation of each and all, our finances will be easily cared for.

We realize it may be difficult to be absolutely sure at this time just what you can do. Your pledge will not be regarded as an iron bound affair, but only as an indication of what you plan and hope to do.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. George Gilmore, Arthur H. Campbell, C. A. Pitney - committee.

For the Church Budget: For this conference year, beginning July 3, I will endeavor to contribute weekly the amount indicated, as nearly as possible. I will bring this amount up in full at the end of each quarter.

Amount \$ _____ Weekly \$ _____ Name _____

The January Issue of 1960, church bulletin, "Echoes", shows Reverend Dale W. Baker, pastor. Our minister gives two versions of "Going to Church". A letter of Explanation!
Dear God!

I am sorry You made Sunday when you did. You see, it's like this: We could attend church more regularly if Your Day came some other time. You have chosen a day that comes at the end of a long, trying, hard week. We're tired out! Not only that, but it's the day following Saturday night. You have chosen the very day we want to sleep late. It makes it very hard to get the children off to Sunday School and Church.

I mean no disrespect, dear God, but You must realize you have picked out the day when we have the biggest dinners. The church has fixed the hour of worship at the very time we must be preparing Sunday Dinner.

Then too, you must think of John: He's cooped up in his office all week, Sunday morning is the only time he has to tinker with the car, or mow the lawn. When he gets into his old clothes and his hands are greasy, You couldn't expect him to be able to get off to church.

I am telling You these things, dear God, because I want You to get our viewpoint - the real reason is that You have

chosen the wrong day...if you will select another day, we'll be back to church.

I am Sincerely yours, "I am too busy" (From the "Chimes")

ON GOING TO CHURCH - by Carl Sandburg

Most of us agree that Protestants have never hammered very hard on the duty of going to church. We have said all the time, it is necessary for the church to make itself attractive, and interesting, so that people will want to come. There are obligations on the part of the people not to sit at home listening to the radio. This is too easy! Do something difficult. Go through rain and snow! You have to feel that you are a part of the greatest organization on earth. It is going to outlast all the rest of them. You've got to tell the importance of your own individual participation in its life. You can't go tramping around from church to church to fulfill your obligation. You've got to settle down on one church and throw your life into it, and help build it up. Who would want to go on a picnic all the time, and eat out of other people's baskets:

"My cross is strong - as strong as a Cross can be,
Strong like the cross on Calvary.

I'm going to a home that's beautiful to see,
Will you look well, O Youth! to the soul of me?

When the wreckers again tear at my frame,
Strong youth, will you build again in my name?

Will you break other ground, lay other stone, do
it all over again?
Look well to my Soul, O Youth, Farewell. Amen"

Brother Clarence Pitney wrote, and read this in our Farewell Service March 14, 1948. Next Albert Starns, John Mallette, Martyn, Charlie, Fred Chase commenced to tear down the building, about 14 days it was all down.

"The Old Pew Speaks"

by Clarence Pitney

Blow your trumpet Gabriel,
My work here is done,
This day I've been supplanted,
By a bright and grander one.

My varnish is not so brilliant
And my mold does not conform,
But I have many a fine remembrance,
And many a handshake warm.

My back is carved with many names,
I've been quite stuck with gum,
My services have all been free,
I've helped the Kingdom come.

From your unsuspecting clothes
I've pulled a lot of lint.
And in my softening varnish
I hold your firm imprint.

To pray upon your knees was once quite the style,
For thus the good Lord would invite us,
Now we stand to pray--
It saves our nylons and arthritis.

We pews were once quite long
And spread out like a baseball plot.
The preacher stood right in the center,
The same way Casey came to bat.

Four generations have passed this way.
Three generations are here today.
All have heard great music and stirring song,
And the words of the Lord deep and Profound,
So remove your shoes, for this is the hallowed ground.

And so, Ladies and Gentlemen,
When we have crossed the Great Divide,
And reached the other shore,
And we begin worhsip in the church up there,
Where all things are new,
You will find me still protesting,
"Give me back my good old pew".

"Farewell, Old Church"

by Clarence Pitney

They built me then, as they're built today,
Out of town and out of the way.
The dust came through from the virgin street.
And you could see where you sat on any seat.
I was a meeting place for all.
From funeral home to common hall.
Great crowds were packed in me.
To the topmost pew in the balcony.
The preacher lived in the rooms below.
And the stairs came up in the choirs' back row.
After the morning service, and with his dinner through.
He drove his horse and buggy to the church at Riverview.
Sometimes the congregation was filled quite full of gin,
And many a time, sir, they called the Marshalls in.
I was a place for baccalaureate, and place for graduate,
A place for declamation, a place for hot debate.
Marriage vows before the altar, in solemn tones were read,
And flowers were banked before it, in honor of the dead.
My bells rang out for joy, and they tolled it for the tears,
But it's been somewhat silent, with the passing of the years.
And the people knew, by the times the bell was tolled.
The age of the departed, whether young or whether old.
My steps spread out wide - and, don't laugh,
They were cut into, several times, more than half.
I look rather odd now - spire gone, steps just a slice.
But in eighteen hundred and nienty-three, I really was
very nice.
Did I ever tell of the time I was ill?
When the contractor ran off with my funds, and never paid
a bill,
Then I suppose I should mention the old shed, out back.
A place for horse and buggy, buckboard and hack.
They say I am getting old, and my time has come.
And I'm moving from here to a fine new home.
I'm feeling the years - lo, they were long.
My timbers are weak, but my soul is strong.
My cross is strong - as strong as a cross can be,
Strong like the cross on Calvary.
I'm going to a home that's beautiful to see,
Will you look well, O Youth! to the soul of me?
When the wreckers again tear at my frame,
Strong youth, will you build again in my name?
Will you break other ground, lay other stone, do it all again?
Look well to my Soul, O Youth, Farewell. Amen

The wrecking began the next day. Twelve days cleaned up
the old faithful church. Albert Starns, John Mallette, Martyn,
Charlie and Fred Chase did the dismantling of the historical
building.

Early M. E. Church History

Early M. E. Church History

The Reverend H. S. Wallace, was the first minister in 1892. Bishop Cranston officiated in the dedication in 1897. Dr. F. E. Ford, P. E. , was present. Reverend E. C. Graff was then pastor. C. W. Washburn, Chr., J. H. Akers, J. W. Starr, L. E. Moe, James Latellier were the trustees and the building committee, of this first church.

Reverend Graff's wife started the first Junction City Library in the blue, pink-rambling-rose-vine-covered, one-storied house, which stood on the southwest corner of Seventh Avenue and Holly Street.

Then came Reverends: Clemo, O. E. Heath, Finley, Hocking. Around 1908, Mrs. Downs's ideas of a new church parsonage to be built on the corner of Eighth and Ivy, on church property, took shape and was erected. Her husband, Reverend Downs and her family grew tired of living in the church basement set of rooms. Joseph Knox was minister around 1912, Mr. C. T. Cook was here in 1914, as he organized Troop Number One, Boy Scouts of America, 1915. Glenn Olds, Tenant, W. B. Empey (two split terms), and Carl Mason were the pastors who had served our old church so well.

Mr. Empey had launched the program for a new church in 1937. Four sites were considered, each involving transactions and money. Gifts, cash, labor, and loans, both by friends,

and the Board of Missions. Mr. and Mrs. George Gilmore donated the present site to the church in 1946. March 21, 1948, saw the first service held in the new church.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Pitney are credited with raising some of the first flocks of turnkeys in the county. They gave many poults to Mrs. Nettie Sorensen, who lived on Hall Road at that time. She raised dozens of these turkeys. The Ladies Aid advertised a, "Turkey Dinner - all you can eat for a dollar". The food soon ran out. The proceeds were used to help with a fund to start toward having the money to build a new M. E. Church. "God's Acre", was a project in which farmers gave the income from one acre of corn, beans, grain, hay, etc. for the church building fund. Food booths at the Lane County Fair, and elsewhere, supplemented the fund. We held general plans of every type, auctions, at the Tri-County Grange Co-op Grounds, on Hwy 99 East. Bazaars, food sales of many types, etc., were used to help raise money for the new church.

A contest was held to pick out a name for the church monthly paper. "Echoes", by Clarence Pitney was chosen. Reverend Mason presented Clarence with the prize "Early Days of the Church History". Pitney gave it to the library. He says it isn't there anymore. At a later date "Chimes", by Mary Pitney, was chosen as the name for the paper.

The choir members in 1942 in the old church were: Mrs. Roy (Opal) Brown, Director. The picture of the group from right to left, top row first were: Donna Kenyon, Beverly Moore, Christine Damashovsky, Bill Hansen, Jr., Lawrence

Edwards, Bud Edwards, Chris Wilde, Leon Andres, Lynn Zumwalt, James Copley, Carl Mason (minister), Mildred Edwards, Louise Kenyon, Katherine Kenyon, Betty Zeller, Joan Paine, Eleanor Paine, Cora Harper, Ruth Barto, Floy Gilmore, Linda Ayers, Glenedene Carter, Paula Pruce, Glenela Daniels, Velma Starns, Nida Zumwalt, Mrs. Soren Staal (who was the pianist. Miss Louise Anderson also played the piano several years). The picture shows seven vases of daffodils, so the picture probably was taken at the Easter Service. Lamerne Henderson played piano for our church a long time.

One of the four original, beautiful colored, twenty inch pictures that ornamented four points in the church, may be seen at Bud's Flower Store (he reconstructed it from a pile of trash).

When Bruce Evans, evangelist, a dark black haired man that parted his hair on the right side, wore glasses, five foot nine, one hundred sixty pounds, dark blue serge suit, asked me to sing a solo at one of his sermons, I became initiated into the choir at the age of eleven. The song follows:

"Though I sail oer life's rough seas,
I am safe for he keepeth me.
I am safe through wind or vale,
I am safe throughout the gale.

Chorus:

Anchor secure though the bellows may roll
Anchor in Jesus he keeps my soul.
Anchor secure though dark be the way.
I am safely anchored in Christ today."

Written by Bruce Evans, 1914

Mrs. Mary Mickey, the sister-in-law of Mr. A. K. Mickey, the Junction City, First School Superintendent in 1908, who

remade the Cumberland Church building from a fifth and sixth grade schoolhouse, into the present Hotel building, was excellent in playing the piano, and directing performances. She had Alvin Reetz, Burton Young and Chris Wilde, sing the costumed parts for the Christmas Cantata depicting us as: "We Three Kings of Orient Are". We lads were around fifteen or sixteen years old at that time. It must have been around 1918.

THE LATE GOVERNOR OF OREGON, EARL SNELL, PAYS A DEBT

I had distributed campaign literature for him in his successful bid for the governorship. Owing to World War Two, a permit for building, also a permit to purchase the necessary materials, had to be obtained from a commission that met in Portland.

So armed with a recommendation from our State Senator, Angus Gibson, Mrs. George Gilmore, Lee Zumwalt and Clarence Pitney left by car for Portland to see if they could secure these permits for our new church. As we neared Salem, we jokingly said, "Let's go in and see the Governor, maybe he can help us." We screwed up our Methodist nerve and went in. His deputy greeted us graciously, but said that the Governor was at the Pendleton Round-up, that he would phone him, and let us know his answer. It all seemed so vague that we promptly forgot the interview. On reaching Portland, we went into the office to see if we could get an appointment. As we entered, a lady asked us if we were Gilmore, Pitney and Zumwalt? Snell had just phoned, that the commission would see

us at 1:00 p.m. Long live the name of Earl Snell in the affairs of our church.

Bertha Zumwalt, Lilly Young, Flo Gilmore, Ellen Pitney, Mary Reetz, were a few of the oldtimers that served and worked so hard as President's of the Ladies Aid Society. These ladies, with their cake sales, auctions, dinners, etc., helped raise money and furnished much of the social activities of the church.

Reverend Clyde T. Cook's Boy Scout Troop, met in the main church basement several years, studying and learning all the materials necessary to advance in the Boy Scout movement. I was troop Bugler for several years; also won a U. S. Treasury Medal, for selling a third of the World Ware One War Bonds, of Junction City, in the Third Liberty Bond Drive. Earl Horsell, of Riverview area, later a M. E. Minister at Wilderville (west of Grants Pass), was scout leader for some time. It was my good fortune to be his assistant until I went away to college.

After the old Opera House in the Front Street Hotel burned down, 1915, our church became the center for a great many school and other civic activities.

Early Entertainment in Junction City, Oregon

Early Entertainment in Junction City, Oregon

All eyes were focused on the rear entrances, as William Jennings Bryant, came onto the Chautauqua Platform. His audience received a great thrill to see and hear this outstanding national celebrity. His sonorous voice, and unusually keen intellect, swayed the crowd.

Madam Schuman Hiencke, of Germany, sang beautifully for us one summer evening. Her greatest success probably was "Silent Night, Holy Night", sung in the melodious German language.

Many people enjoyed William Cody, "Buffalo Bill", in full western buckskins, mocassins, campaign hat, pistols, cartridge belt, and all that made up this great American western character.

There were many excellent orchestras, concert mixed group singers, Swiss yodelers, ventriloquists, speakers, musicians of all types, and many varied forms of men and women entertainers.

The first Chautauquas Tent in 1913 was situated on the lots where the Safeway Parking Lots now stand. Later years they erected the huge Tent on the half-block west of the O. E. Track ~~between~~ Fourth and Fifth Avenues. These programs were usually held in June, July or August of each year. Season tickets were available for children \$2.50, and \$5.00 for adults. People could buy one admission ticket if they so

desired for either the afternoon or evening performances.

The plain chairs, or seats were so placed as to have two aisles separating the three sections of the audience. These educational performances were for some reason discontinued after eight or ten years.

The Junction City, Oregon, Wooden Railroad



The Junction City, Oregon, Wooden Railroad

The pioneer Horton had worked in helping build the Central Pacific Railroad across the western part of the United States from the Mississippi River to the Portland, Oregon terminal. He then worked on the Oregon-California new railroad line, which was completed to San Francisco, California in 1887. The first train from San Francisco reached Portland, Oregon, December 19, 1887.

Mr. Horton and his family then retired to operate a butcher shop in Harrisburg, Oregon. Their old home is still used today by the Vernon Viig family. Vivian Cartwright family lived here for years.

Three of his sons, E. J. (Ev or Everett), Samuel and John, being mature, erected a sawmill west of Monroe, Oregon probably in the eighties. After a few years they built a hardwood, oak, mill south of Monroe, Oregon.

Perry Benjamin Richardson obtained a government land grant in 1848 for these lands. Their son John was born here. He is said to have been the first white child born in Lane County in 1849. The Richardson family may have had a new child born about this same time. They lived in the Smithfield or Franklin area in the early days of Lane County.

The land on the north side of their tract of land was in Benton County. Their farm was in Lane County. Richardson

sold his place to Hulburt, for whom Hulburt Lane and Lake are named. Hulburt gave the farm to his son-in-law, Ben Goodman. This is the Bob Stroda ranch today.

Robert Stroda bought the farm from George Wilhelm of Harrisburg in 1918. After the federal dam was built at Alvadore, over the Long Tom River, the government engineers claimed right-of-way all along the river. There was a bridge east of the Stroda house, but it washed out. Stroda's then put in two large six foot steel pipes, and covered them over with gravel, so they always have a bridge across the stream, except in high water. There are three dams in the stream, which the engineers call "Drop Structures". Bob Stroda owns the farm today.

The Horton sawmill debris can still be seen on the east side of the creek. The venerable, Emmett Cook of Harrisburg, now ninety years of age told me that his mother, a daughter of Perry Benjamin Richardson, was born in 1862, on this homestead, a mile south of Monroe. Mrs. Lois Stroda says there are remains of the old mill still discernible.

Emett Cook's father's grandmother was killed on a wagon train in the western Cascade mountains, above Oakridge, somewhere. She was a member of the famous "Lost Wagon Train". Her wagon rolled over a steep hillside in 1853. There were no roads at all on the often steep, rough hillsides. They became so terribly hungry that they ate slugs, grasses, snails, and needles and leaves from off of various types of trees along the hillsides. Her body was buried somewhere in the mountains east of Oakridge.

Horton brothers soon erected a new sawmill on Ferguson Creek, on what is today the Louis Knebel farm. Here they sawed mostly Douglas fir logs into lumber. Heck and James Kennedy worked for the Horton brothers at this mill. The men acquired tracts of valuable timbers on the headwater of Lake Creek, over the summit of the Coast Range mountains. Horton post office and store and school community thus came into being.

In 1905, the men hitched six horses onto a large, heavy wagon on which the large steam boiler for their new sawmill, was chained down. The wagon became very stuck in the middle of the old road about one block west of the Harpole Corner. There is a natural drain here. The outfit sat there till the weather dried out the roadway in the springtime, before completing the trip to Horton. The boiler furnished the steam power which operated the sawmill.

Sam and John ran the new, large sawmill. E. J. conducted the lumber yard in Junction City, which sold or shipped on boxcars the rough fir, cedar, hemlock and other types of lumber. E. J. had operated an excelsior mill in a large building on the north part of the block for several years. The waste (tiny blocks from the balm wood) was used to fire several different steam producing power factories in our city. This included the grist mill on Front and Second street, the other warehouses if they used power, as most of them did, and the new city electric plant run by Baxter Howard.

Charles Siwell and William Darneille were two of the drivers of the horse and wagon loads of green, rough, heavy

lumber from Horton in the early days.

In later years, Edward Kapping drove the four horse, double-hitched teams. Upward they pulled the loaded wagon. The block-brakes followed the rear wheels of the wagon, so that when the horses were stopped to get their breath and rest a spell, the wagon ran slightly back against the wooden blocks, thus holding it. After a little rest the driver urged the horses onward up the mountain.

The narrow, twisting rocky west side of the High Pass road led over the summit of the Coast Range mountains of western Oregon. Then Kapping had to pull heavily on the brakes of the two hind wheels of the wagon. The brakes were blocks of hardwood, applied on the front part of the rear wheels of the wagon. The east side of the mountain was less steep than the west side.

After reaching the valley floor, they soon came to the tar weed flats, through which the winter rains often formed duck and geese ponds and feeding areas. This low pasture land ran for two or three miles before reaching the farm lands about a mile west of Junction City.

The Horton lumber yard was the largest in the city. It was situated east of the S.P.R.R. line, north of Tenth Avenue, and west of Elm Street. It covered a full city block. Around 1890 to 1908, Mr. Ed Horton had operated an excelsior shredding factory, using local balm wood for his product.

The west entrance to the lumber yard came immediately after crossing the railroad track. Their good two-storied

square house stood just north of the entrance and close to the track. E. J. was a five foot ten, heavy-chested, brown-eyes, heavy-eyebrowed individual. He enjoyed his tobacco in various forms. Mrs. Horton was a tall, redhaired, slim, freckled, blue-eyed lady. She passed away in the twenties. Emma Kapping, Louis's daughter, was secretary and bookkeeper for years for Mr. Horton. She married E. J. After his death in the thirties, she sold the business and became the bookkeeper at the Farmer's Warehouse for years. Her father worked in the lumber yard.

The low covered lumber sheds ran the full length of the block, north of Tenth Avenue. His first office was in the southeast corner of the sheds. In later years he built a small office building, abutting Elm street. He had a very large building on the north part of the block, in which he stored his purchased kiln dried flooring, finishing lumber, doors, windows, and the thousand and one articles the public needed to buy at a lumberyard. The S.P. sidetrack delivered these freight car items to his west door, of this huge storage building. It was a block long, east and west. It was the building which housed his excelsior machinery. Just north had been enormous piles of four foot balm wood, ten foot high. The railroad cars transported his rough lumber throughout the west.

Mr. and Mrs. O. K. Wright and family came from Howard County, Nebraska, around 1920. He built a smaller lumberyard just west of Eighth and Elm Streets, catercorner from Albert Swartz's large greenhouse. The greenhouse stood on the lots

of the northeast corner of that street intersection. Mr. Wright's son, Paul, married my sister Mary, in 1926. Mr. Wright had told me of hunting China pheasants on my dad's old farm on Rock Creek (Spring Creek), Nebraska. We had returned in 1950 from our first and last trip to the farm where I was born in 1903, near Chshing, Nebraska. We had taken a picture of the farm, right up on the hill near the old grade school house. I had no sooner shown the picture to Mr. Wright than he spoke up quickly and said, "That is Rock Creek. I've hunted pheasants and ducks there many times".

The Horton timber holding comprised many millions of feet of splendid timber of various species of trees. Mr. Wright and Mr. Horton, both played cards together at night, at Bud Eccleson and Burton or Milliron pool hall. They talked over the lumber supply then available to our area. They decided to build a narrow gauge wooden railroad over the mountains to bring the timber cars hauling out the lumber or logs, to connect up with the then used Corvallis and Eugene railroad, just north of Cheshire, Oregon.

Several wooden railroads had been built on the Columbia River around various falls. At Celilo Falls, the mule power pulled the small cars on wooden tracks, either up or downstream, after the goods had been unloaded from the river steamships. The same type of railroads were used at the Cascade Falls on both sides of the Columbia River. The Coquille River had similar wooden rail connections with the Coos Bay River system for some years. The project was feasible.

A corporation was organized, stock was sold to many people of the area. W. A. "Canada" Williams, Julius Wilde, the promoters themselves, and many others invested in the venture.

The first hired engineer was a young man, just out of college. He was inexperienced. They had to build a switch-back on the steep west side of the main mountain. Mr. Kellogg was then hired as engineer.

The roadbed was completed the entire distance from the partly completed planing mill on the McCormick's ranch on Casebar Swamp. This sawmill was a quarter of a mile west of Territorial Road. It was west of the Albert Johnson's dairy farm lands which Alex Kaiser had owned in the past.

The pond was completed, with the log slide, to pull up the logs on. Some machinery was installed. As the roadbed crew worked six miles west toward the summit of the Coast Range, another crew was working eastward from the Horton Sawmill on upper Lake Creek.

The large bridge spanning a mountain chasm collapsed. It was rebuilt. The Horton sawmill, whose profits helped finance the railroad construction, burned down, not once, but twice. This threw a monkey wrench into the construction. Money had to be raised. Then they decided to build the sawmill at the McCormick ranch, to show people how far they really were along in making it a good financial investment in buying stock from the company.

Eugene Clark Hill, Ernie Smith and Jack Mahoney, gave me the following statistics: On the outside of the curves,

the 2 x 12 inch timbers were used to give support on the curves. The remainder of the line was constructed of 2 x 10's. Three of them were spiked together with heavy spikes. Mr. Hill said they had steel stripping on the curves to prevent wearing out the bare wood, as there was much pressure on the curves. Mr. Smith says, No! The cars were articulated (axles could turn on four-wheeled tracks, thus being able to turn on the curves). The Hyster Company was the last to build a geared locomotive. Present engines are "Side Rod". The 6 x 6 ties were laid about three feet apart. A standard railroad line has the rails, 4 feet 8½ inches apart. Australia uses the five foot apart rails on their railroads. Some rail lines are only 3 feet 8½ inches. Round flanges, slightly dished, were bolted on the inside of the wheels. These wheels may be seen at the Junction City Historical Society. Roscoe Paine and Vardel Nelson secured these wheels and axles from the Jack Mahoney ranch, back of which the line ran. This enabled the wheels to stay on the wooden rail. Three plain, 2 x 10's, were nailed together to make up the rail. Short 2 x 6's were nailed along outside each rail to hold it in place.

Mr. Sandy Petersen, Senior, converted the largest truck that Horton's owned, into a gasoline burning locomotive. It was a Commerce truck which had been bought in Portland, Oregon. It had fifteen speeds. The truck's wheels were also articulated, built like a steam engine locomotive. The face of the wheel on the track must be about ten inches wide, no tires on the wheels.

The Willamette Iron and Steel Company at Portland, Oregon, built these shays. The Baldwin Iron Company, and others, built them under the Shay Patent. Sandy Petersen is said to have run the train up to the tall bridge over the deep ravine, which structure first fell down and replaced. He would put the engine into the lowest gear, climb down out of the cab, climb down and up the other side of the gulley, remount to the cab, put the engine into a higher gear and continue on his journey. Sometimes he ran ahead across the trestle.

All the timbers were sawed from the heavy growth firs on the Horton lands, spreading around the headwaters of Lake Creek. The necessary right-of-way was purchased from the land owners, over the eleven mile plus long proposed rail line. The horses were generally kept on the Lou Sigmond farm. Ernie Smith, Bert McFadden, Jack Mahoney, Gerald Templeton and Ivy Sigmond were a few of the men that sold right-of-way to the company.

The line which was originally to come to Junction City with the rough, sawed, green lumber, was completed except for 3½ miles or so. The saw mill erected at Casebar Swamp, never sawed a log into lumber. The rails ended on the Jack Mahoney farm ranch. The state bank here, folded up when Steven Mogensen was head of the bank in 1932, during the great depression. No more money could be borrowed from that source.

The new highway, Hwy 36 to Florence, was being completed. The larger, new trucks could more easily and cheaply haul lumber over the greatly improved new roads to the surrounding

cities.

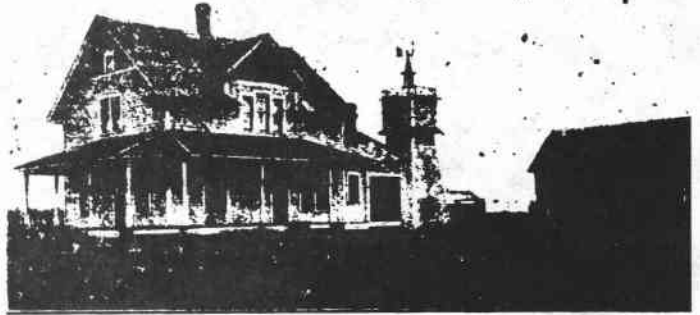
Many men who worked on the Wooden Railroad never received all their salary. Donovan Foster, Sandy Petersen, Paul Wright, etc., were a few of the workers in 1924-26. It was a grand idea! If conditions hadn't developed as they did, the road should have been a success. It caused many investors to lose much of their life savings. They say it ruined the Horton family entirely. Many of the Horton family live in the Alpine, and Monroe areas today.

Lumber prices were in 1936, when we built, largely from O. K. Wright's lumber yard, flooring second grade, \$50. Two by fours, \$10 or less a thousand board feet, according to grade. Nails were \$4.50 to \$5.00 a cwt. A dollar was worth a dollar in 1936. Mr. Don Hunter, of the University of Oregon, has pictures of this railroad.

Ernie Smith says many of the old ties were used by neighbors to build fences, approaches to buildings, shoring up buildings, etc. The sawmill became a barn for McCormicks. It has since burned down.

They used a Model T Ford, 1927, to pull a trailer which held various materials used in construction of the railroad.

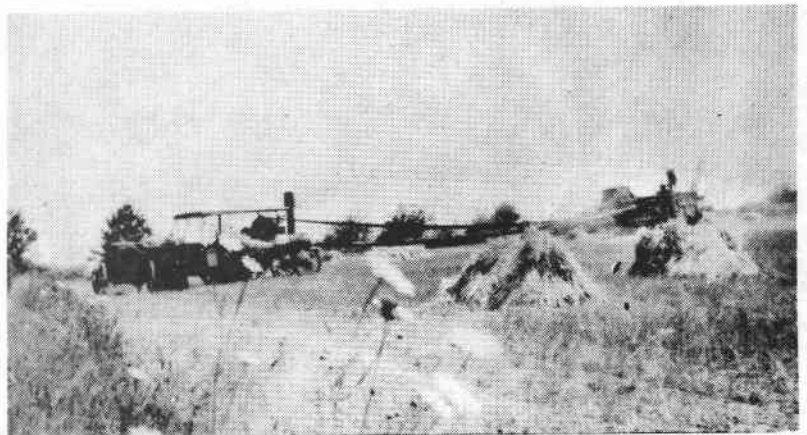
The Danish Threshing Machine Company

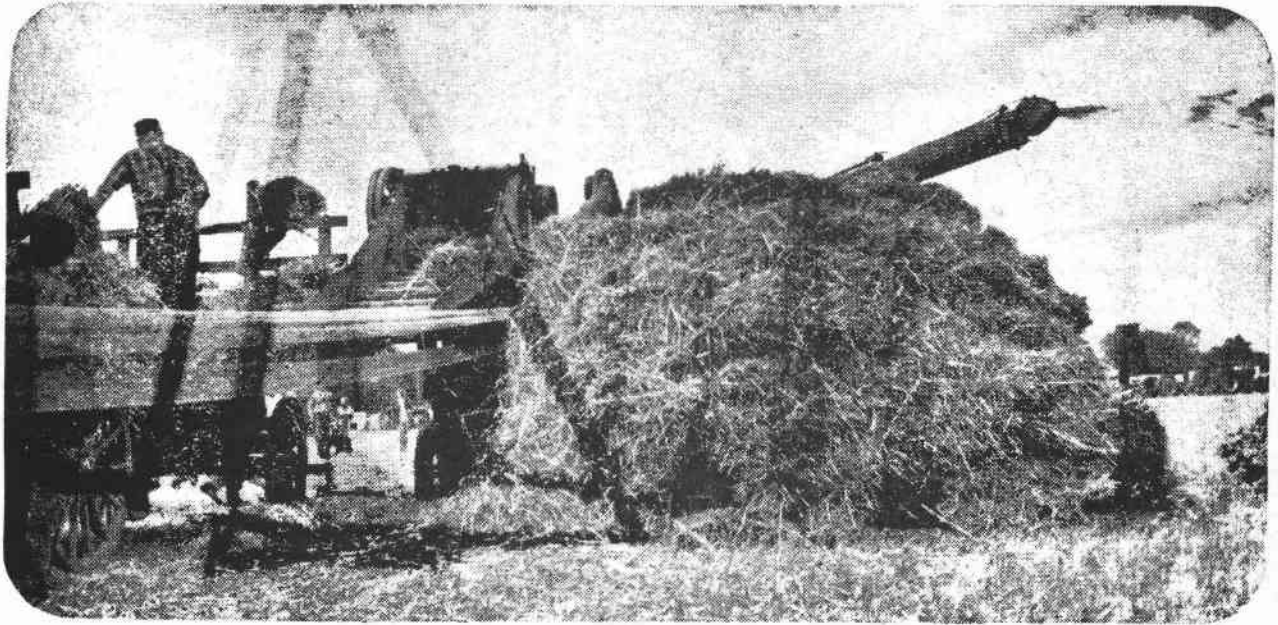


FARM HOME OF HANS WILDE



Boy pitches
hay into
a thresher.





Grain separator blows chaff away.



Wagon drivers take a rest.

The Danish Threshing Machine Company

As the Danish community had to depend on outside threshing machines, such as Charly Reetz, Pitney's of Oak Grove, Coxes "Dirty Dozen", Drew's, Sylvia Woods, Maurice and Ralph Koon, Kester's, "The Dirty Spoon", and others they finally held meetings and decided to organize a Danish Threshing Machine Company, complete with a new engine, and separator, cook shack, water wagon, etc.

Before this time, around 1916, they had used a small threshing machine which had to be hand fed by two men, who cut the bundle twines, and evenly fed the grain stems into the cylinder which beat out the grain. The straw was stacked into neat strawstacks, by men using large strawforks, who tramped the pile as it got larger and larger. These packed stacks resisted rainfall better than the later blower-type piles of straw. A stationery engine, which had to be moved about by horses, often distilled kerosene consuming, furnished the power by belt drive.

In the long ago, horses furnished the power to drive a tumble-rod which was so geared up that it furnished sufficient power to run the grain separator. The long ago machines, used many-power, who with cranks, rotated the cylinder fast enough to thresh out the grain.

Back before that time, people used horses, oxen, to thresh out the grain on hard floors, then throwing the chaff

into the air, and letting the wind separate it. A flail was originally used. Egyptian pictures depict workmen flailing out the grain from the sheafs of grain.

Jacob Jager, Hans Wilde, and Ijner Hentze were some of the early directors of the company. The Russell steam engine, was twelve horse-power, not new. This and the new Russell Thresh machine came out of Portland, Oregon. Mr. Jager was president of the company, Hans Wilde was treasurer and Ijner Hentze was secretary for the entire period that the company existed.

A cook wagon and cook, assisted by the roustabout, were hired to cook three sturdy meals a day. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Petersen did this work for several years. They bought the necessary supplies, made the pastries, prepared meat, potatoes, gravy, peas, beans, bread, coffee, pie or cake for dinner and supper. Fried eggs, potatoes, biscuits, bacon, ham, coffee for breakfast. The men sat on a bench which could be let down for actual use, or raised up and fastened solidly to the wagon, when moving to another job.

The cooks and helper served, back and forth from the middle aisle of the covered wagon. Canvas sides draped over or could be raised up when serving meals. Breakfast was at six a.m. Dinner at twelve, noon; supper at seven.

We who drove bundle wagon, there were six of them, had to get up in the dusky morning light to feed hay and grain, curry off and harness our teams of horses. At night we had to do the same work, only unharness and see that the animals

had water and feed. We tied them to the sides of our empty bundle wagons. One team to each side of an empty wagon, as we had to always have two or more loaded wagons to start the threshing program first thing in the morning at seven a.m. Man, wagon and team received \$4.50 a day. The bundle pitchers got \$2.50 with meals, a day. The engineer and boss, George Klinge got \$5.00 a day. Carl Petersen as separator tender was on the job, oiling and greasing the many bearings and grease cups very early, even just barely at daybreak. He was a dandy helper, as he often fed the hay to the horses, so we youngsters could get a little more rest.

The two grain sack sowers were usually kept busy filling, sewing, carrying and piling up the full sacks of grain. Peter Petersen as separator man, and Carl Petersen, had the dirtiest jobs of the works. The outfit usually ran from five to six weeks or so, starting in July and ending up sometimes as late as September. After supper, the men would unroll their canvas covered, roped sleeping bags, spread them out on the even place of the loose straw and pile in for the night. Dirty and tired out, they usually got to bed early, as the dawn of another work day brought them to life again all too soon.

Occasionally a hilarious group of men would pull a man out of his nest, and by his heels would drag him across the rough stubble field in his underwear (the men all slept in their underclothes). This was called "stubble-dragging". Most thresher men went through the experience at least once in their lives.

If near a stream, pond or the river, often the group of men would go swimming in the moonlight to wash off some of the dust and dirt of the threshing job. One night we waded out into a tiny pond on the Petersen farm, and washed off, although the livestock were using the pond for their drinking water. Water was water!!

This dirt could cause infection. One year I got blood poisoning in my left ankle badly. I had to walk on crutches for several days. The disease ended by boils breaking out from my lower leg, progressing upward on my body, ending with two huge carbuncles on the back of my neck.

Another season I recall walking back over my bundle load to see it all was okay. I slipped on the slick bundles and fell on my own three-tined pitchfork, which was pushed down in the center of the loaded wagon to hold the load on the long trip from Texas Jack Larsons' farm (now John Bodtkers) to Julius Wilde's Long Red Barn.

One tine went completely through part of my left ankle. I had to twist myself around and with inhuman strength had to pull my ankle free of the ten inch long steel spike I had so foolishly impaled myself upon. It just as well could have gone through my chest, etc. The blood flew. I hollered at "Rock and Pete", got over to Andrew Neilsen's home. I hobbled in and Mrs. Nielsen doctored my injury. Andrew then took me to Doctor Love. I was on crutches for three weeks or so. Considering the many dangers of threshing, I am thankful we didn't have more accidents.

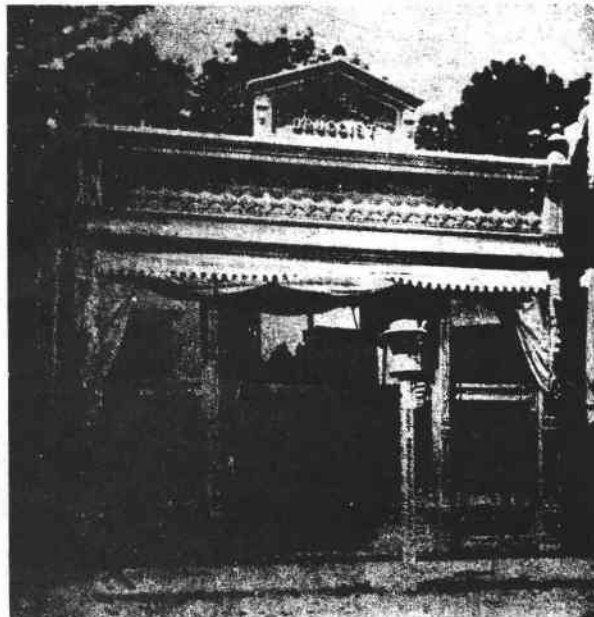
Working on Reetz's hay baler another season, I recall a large young girl and her brother being the cook and roustabout. One morning she was gone. We heard that she had given birth to a large, fine baby child, killed it and thrown it into an old toilet. Being only a sixteen year old boy at the time, it didn't mean much to us young boys. Nowadays this wouldn't have been tolerated. I do recall it happened on the Chris Strome place north of town. The man in charge of the machine has been gone from our earth scores of years now. I often think of this event as I drive by the spot where the old toilet once stood, nearby this beautiful row of large maple trees. These stood north of the old Howard homestead, where Adrea, Elsie and their other sister, Alma, grew into womanhood.

Rye grass was then handled by shocking, then trying to gently load into our wagon. We had canvas, etc. about our racks to make them as leak-proof as possible. We were told to avoid stepping on it as much as possible. This method was also used in handling hairy, purple, common vetch and rye. The rye at Pete Petersen's must have been ten feet long in each bundle. The new combine harvesters certainly were needed to save much more of the seeds from these grains.

Sometimes we would thrash a field that had so much black smut or red rust in the plants, that a person unloading his bundles on one side of the machine could hardly distinguish his partner in the murk, ten foot across the conveyor. Clover seed threshing in September was so dusty that we tied red

bandana handkerchiefs across our noses, to keep out the dust from our lungs. We would move the machine once or twice and rethresh the straw nearest the blower, and recover nearly as much seed as we did the first threshing. Clover Huller, a special machine, saves much more of the fine clover seeds, than did the thresher. Due to inclement weather, much of the late seeds are not saved, thus lowering the farmer's income for that season. Harvesters now thresh out the corn kernels from the dry stalks in the corn fields.

Miscellaneous Early Day Events of Junction City



E. U. LEE DRUG STORE...This building was located at the corner of 6th and Greenwood. Now Ray's Pharmacy.



Miscellaneous Early Day Events of Junction City

The Milliron Cemetery, is one-half mile west of town on the High Pass Road. It has been the resting place for our local people for over a hundred years.

John Milliron took out the first government grant on these lands in 1853. His son, Thomas A. Milliron, the eldest son, took over his father's homestead. His mother, Mary W., was a member of the famous Lee family of Virginia, thus a relative of General Lee, who commanded the Confederate Armies during the Civil War.

Casper Rickard bought the land from Milliron's. Thus the name Milliron was placed on the one-half acre land. It had been given by Mr. Rickard as a gift to the community, as a permanent resting place for the local area's dead.

Mr. George Burgess, a Union soldier was captured by the Confederate Army, and was interred in the terrible Andersonville prison. Once in awhile, the prison authorities would release a group of prisoners, so as to make room for the new prisoners.

Our Reverend Skaggs, from Junction City, was a prisoner. He knew of the serious illness of George Burgess. Skaggs realized that Burgess couldn't live much longer in that prison. As his name was up to be released one day, and as Burgess was up watching the release, when his name was called, he stepped out of line, and pushed Burgess into the line of

prisoners being released that day.

Many years passed by. One day the two old Union soldiers chanced to meet on the streets of Junction City. They happily threw their arms about each other. What a blessed reunion this was. Burgess sleeps in the Milliron Cemetery.

In 1938, I had foolishly bought one lone young pig. It climbed out of the boarded-up pen. I chased that darn hog one-half mile north to the Milliron Cemetery. Here amid the old tombstones, myrtle vines, rose bushes and grass, I finally made a football tackle and caught the nearly exhausted pig. I don't know which was the most worn out individual.

One of the tombstones I noticed was of William Hamilton, a pioneer of 1851. He too had fought in the Civil War. He had been a miner, guide, and trapper. He did settle down in the Lake Creek Valley. In 1872 he was with the first party of men that came across Crater Lake, which is one of the ten Natural Wonders of the World.

Mary Pitney's mother, Anna, was talking one day, long ago, to Mr. Starr, probably the most important man for some time, in Junction City. He owned one of the first stores here. She told him about a Confederate soldier coming to her home in Missouri, during the Civil War, and stealing their "pet pig". "Yes," he said. "I am that man that stole your pig." It is a small world after all.

The first wedding in our city, was the union of Miss Florence Mason to Mr. W. P. Lewis, June 1872. He was the first meat market owner on Front Street, in 1872. He knew

exactly which lady had a cat, to whom he would give the lady some of his liver, for her prized feline. The people with dogs obtained dog bones for their animals.

They lived in a two-storied, square, green colored home, on the southwest corner of Fifth and Holly. It had a picket fence all around it, with many flowers and much shrubbery. They had a problem child. The Oregon Electric Depot stands on this lot now, which rail line came to town about 1914.

The house was moved west to the spot Jay's Shell Station stands now. Emily and I knew Mrs. Lewis well. We nearly bought her half block of property in 1936, on the east side of Ivy, between Fourth and Fifth Avenues. Mrs. Lewis must have been a lady in her eighties in 1936.

The local Masonic Lodge was organized with forty members, June 1872. As they had their own property, which was the area now occupied by the city water tower. Mr. Charles Park built the two-storied structure for them. Caldwell's store was downstairs. The stairway upstairs divided the Masonic Hall on the south side of the upstairs hall, with the Odd Fellows rooms on the north side of the same building. Some of the lumber was from a brand new printing office which when not nearly yet completed, blew over in a bad windstorm. When the building burned after a few years, all the records of both lodges were destroyed.

The local Odd Fellow Lodge was organized as Oasis No.41, September 30, 1872, Oregon Grand Master, J. T. Apperson, organized the thirty-four men. The charter members were:

W. S. Lee, J. S. Fulton, George Cunningham, James Garden, S. N. Howard, Phinaes Gilbert, with the following officers: George Cunningham, Noble Grand; W. S. Lee, Vice-Grand; J. S. Fulton, Record Secretary; S. N. Howard, Treasurer, P. Gilbert, Personal Secretary. Their twenty acre cemetery, four miles west of town, is now Rest Lawn Cemetery.

The second group of Oasis 41 I.O.O.F. officers were: J. W. Starr, Noble Grant; C. M. January, Vice-Grand; R. P. Caldwell, Secretary; James Crawford, Treasurer.

The town of Irving was started by a farmer, Mr. William J. Hill, who erected a three-story warehouse on the railroad line. Then came a store, blacksmith shop and a schoolhouse. Irving soon comprised fifty souls.

In 1846, Elijah Bristow in company of Eugene F. Skinner, Captain Felix Scott, and William Dodson came to what is now Lane County. They all took out donation claims of 320 acres for each man and wife. Bristow's settled at what is now the Pleasant Hill community.

In 1853 the migration to the Oregon Country reached its heighth. Free land and gold were the magic words. Everyone was either going to or coming from the gold fields of California, southern Oregon or the Salmon River area of Idaho. A few people struck it rich, most of the people didn't get rich mining gold.

John Pitney, Clarence's grandfather, applied for his land grant, October 25, 1853. The Indians had rustled his cattle while he was coming across the plains. He and friends tracked

down and finally recovered most of the cattle from the Indians.

W. H. Hoffman, built the first business building, a warehouse, in Junction City, in 1871, what at that time was an open twenty acre field. Then a general store was started by Soloman, Sternberg and Senders. These men all professed the Jewish faith. It is often said that the Jews come in to an area after the hardships are already overcome. Our history of this town, proves they were some of the very best citizens in building our city in the early days of hardships and privations.

In 1910, Mrs. Sternberg and her daughter, a spinster, lived in the house, still very much in use, just south of 855 Kalmia Street. My folks lived at that address in 1910 when they came here from the Woodburn area. The daughter, Carrie, taught my sisters, Martha and Flora how to play the piano. They were very excellent neighbors. I recall them giving me cookies, and other gifts.

A white picket fence surrounded their three lots between Eighth and Ninth on the west side of Kalmia Street. Boys would ride by on their bicycles or go by on their rollerskates and hold a stick against the pickets, which made a terrific racket. Mrs. Sternberg and daughter would rush out of the house and justly scream at the boys and their antics.

Mr. I. Newcomb started a blacksmith shop. "The Last Chance" Saloon was run by Eli and Elias Keeney. Six buildings were skidded or wenched from Lancaster to Junction City in 1871 and 1872. A hotel was built just east of the alley,

north side of Sixth between Front and Greenwood. It was next to Soloman's store. These buildings burned down in 1878. W. H. Barber built the Berry Hotel in 1878, for M. G. Wilkins. It was a white, wooden three-story building, with a balcony affair built on top of the hotel. It was said to provide excellent meals and good service. It had a basement. It burned down a few years later.

The thirty by eighty foot, two-story schoolhouse was built on the northwest corner of Sixth and Holly. Mr. J. C. Ballard was the first teacher. Someone tried unsuccessfully to burn down this schoolhouse.

Mr. S. Stannus built the two-story, white city hall on March 4, 1879 for \$350. It stood on the corner, where the U. S. National Bank parking lot is today. This served as a meeting place and stored fire equipment.

December 31, 1872, John Uttinger was the city recorder. Mr. Will. S. Lee succeeded him, as it is said Uttinger was ineligible for the position. Mr. McKellip, Spider's dad, was trustee. It is my luck to have known Mr. Uttinger, as well as his brothers, Matt and Don. They were woodcutters for James McMullen, Sr., in 1909 when vast quantities of soft wood, was cut for fuel on the river steamers, and railroad engines, etc.

Orville Uttinger, their nephew, worked for the S.P. at the pumping plant much of his life.

Spider McKellip ran a drug store in Harrisburg many years. He was an excellent drummer, and played in the local band. He

played for orchestras, and at various dances in the area; Pumpkin Shows, Fourth of July Festivals, etc. He was a lean, one-hundred thirty-five pound man.

In 1880, Howard's warehouse burned down. In 1882 the grist mill of Kratz, Washburn and Howard burned with a \$30,000 loss. Then Soloman's warehouse went up in flames. Fire insurance companies refused to write fire policies here for some time. The city obtained a new code of laws in 1880. The double Bushnell warehouse was built in 1888, east of the old S. P. depot.

On October 29, 1872, Junction City was incorporated. November 7, 1872 the following men met: G. W. Smeltzer, A. T. Keys, T. O. Thompson, J. A. Sherwood, W. E. McKellip, as trustees. Mr. G. N. Faucett, recorder; L. Solomon, Treasurer; James W. Ball, Marshal. At the November 8, 1872 first meeting of the council, they voted to have an eight foot wide board sidewalk built on the west side of Front Street, along the O. & C. R. R. track, which ran north and south through town. Also made it illegal to let hogs run at large. The walk ran from Lewis's meat market to the drug store on the north corner.

The tiny, red jail was built for \$84.37, by Thomas Humphrey. It stood on the north side of the present U. S. National Bank's parking lot. The city hall was built just south of it, March 4, 1879, for \$350 by S. Stanus. The jail, intact, was moved to what is now the Ben Koekkler's residence on High Pass Road. It serves now as a pump house. It is over one hundred years old.

On June 22, 1873, the Cumberland Presbyterian Church was built on the northeast corner of Seventh and Holly. At one time some grade school classes were taught in the building. Mr. J. K. Mickey, city school superintendent converted it over into the presently used Hotel. In 1876, Junction City had five large warehouses and one grist mill. On October 5, 1878, the Solomon store burned down, which fire also consumed the first hotel, many homes, and shops. The loss of four warehouses caused a loss of \$55,375, at this same fire.

Charles Wesley Washburn and his son William, built the Pumpkin Show building around 1905. It stood where the local water tower is today. It had a grand hardwood floor on which roller skaters skated to steam calliope music. It was used for basketball games, as well as dances. It burned down on a very hot, windy, summer day about two o'clock one Sunday afternoon of June in 1922. Pieces of burning tar paper roof flew about town causing fires on the roofs of many buildings. The badly damaged first old schoolhouse at Sixth and Holly, used by the Woodmen of the World Lodge upstairs, and the post office, with Fitzhugh Lee as postmaster, with his daughter Maxine, and Samuel McMullen assistants, was at this time torn down. School children had at one time attended classes in the north downstairs part of the building. Many types of meetings were held in this room. I recall attending a glass blowing exhibition there one time about 1915.

In 1853 or 54, a man by the name of "Woody" started a "house of entertainment" just two blocks west of the then

banks of the Willamette River. There had been a post office somewhere in the area before this called "Progress". A wharf with suitable storage warehouses, enabled the light draft steamships to load and unload their cargo at this dock. The large balm tree to which the ships tied up, stood until it recently rotted down. There also was a wharf and warehouse by the immense fir tree just south of the present Chester Ayers farm on Love Lake Road, nearly a mile south of what is now Lancaster, today. This tree has lost the top part of the tree probably due to lightning killing the top part of the tree. It is amazing how the present river is over a half mile further east than it was in 1854.

Mr. A. J. Woody and wife, transferred their donation land claim to George Bailey, February 19, 1857. This called for the conveyance of 320 acres of land in Township 16, South, Range 4 West, Section No. 5, County of Lane, State of Oregon.

Johnson Mulkey changed the name Woodyville to Lancaster. He bought the property and built a steam sawmill which ran until 1861 or later. A store was opened by Wesley Briggs, now of Harrisburg. Doctor Aubrey was the physician for the area at this time. Doctor N. Lee came later. This town did very well for several years. Then came the Oregon and California railroad to what became Junction City. There was supposed to be another railline coming into this spot from Corvallis, but it never materialized. Thus the name Junction City came into being for the town. Lancaster provided the seed from which Junction City grew.

Mr. George Belshaw lived here at Lancaster. He prospered, prompting extensive breeding of excellent horses, cattle, sheep, hogs and grains. He had some fifty types of wheat, some of which took first prize at the Centennial Exposition, 1876. He had perserverance, and an excellent soil on which to perform his various field tests. He took more prizes at Paris, France, World Exposition in 1878. He took the grand prizes at the Oregon State Fairs. He obtained honors unequaled in the history of any one farmer. He bred Clydesdale horses, Morgan and Sir Archy classes as well. His herd of 75 hogs were nearly all purebreds. He bred Short-horn, Durham cattle. He owned Southdowne, Leicester, Merino, and Cotswold sheep, owning eight hundred of the purest breeds. His Essex hogs, direct from England, made up part of his 175 head of hogs.

August 10, 1880, the Howard warehouse, with a capacity of 150,000 bushels, valued at \$17,000 but luckily then contained only 300 bushels of grain, went up in flames. June 9, 1879, people rescinded a petition which would have levied a three mill tax to buy a fire engine. People refused to pay for fire protection.

May 8, 1880, Colonel F. W. Folsom and William M. Pitney were new names in the city government. J. W. Starr was one of the outstanding men in the history of Junction City.

The two early newspapers here, both, failed as people were not interested in reading them. Eureka Lodge Number 377, I. O. G. T., started February 12, 1882, by Will C. King, with fifty-four charter members. They had fifty-seven men and women members. They met every Tuesday in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

Early Bird Hunting in the Junction City, Oregon Area

Early Bird Hunting in the Junction City, Oregon Area

Eugene Clark Hill told me of his uncle's story of duck hunters going down the Long Tom River, from Smithfield (Franklin) in a fourteen foot boat, in 1890. The men enjoyed such good shooting that they ran out of ten gauge shotgun shells. They returned to their homes, reloaded the empty shell casings with black powder, number four shots, etc, and then went back for more hunting on the twisting, narrow, log strewn river. The banks were lined with willows, ash and oak trees. Often times there were small ponds near the main stream, which were often loaded with ducks. They killed fifteen hundred ducks on one day. The ladies were very busy dressing these multitudes of ducks. Some birds were canned, pickled, smoked, and brined in fifty-five gallon wooden barrels. Some were fried down and put in lard in wooden casks, as we do today.

John Mallette tells of killing ten teal ducks at one shot. Clarence Harpole, local mail carrier, and Fire Department Chief for years, killed eighteen teal with one shot. They were able to line up a horde of ducks by placing grain in a line for the birds to feed on. As this was done along side a stream, often frozen over, some of the wounded game birds, if they could find a hole, would find escape under the ice and thus be lost, as the crippled bird would grab onto a weed or limb under water and never let go. In 1903, John

says the ice was so thick it would hold up a horse.

Ernest Jensen, originally of Mapleton, Oregon, told me of crawling up a grass lined fence row, onto a band of wild mallard ducks. He waited until the ducks were lined up just right, so that his one shot killed twenty-three mallards.

John Mallette told me that a neighbor of his had a large, red, tame bull upon which he placed a halter and rope. They would approach a band of geese or ducks on land or water, by walking round and round, circling in toward the unsuspecting game birds; always keeping his head down, and sheltered by the huge bulk of the animal from being seen by the geese or ducks. He killed fourteen Honker geese with six shots. Another time he killed one hundred and fifty ducks by the same type of hunting. Clarence Pitney tells of the early days when in the fall, there were so many thousands of ducks and geese feeding in the fields, and tar weed flats, many times partly water covered, west of town; that when they flew up, they were so thick that they appeared to darken the sky. Edward Hays tells of pheasants by the thousands in the early days.

I recall one evening, Lyle Hartzell and I were standing in the water fourteen or sixteen inches deep, with our long rubber boots on, in these same tar weed flats out west of town. It was quite dusky. Suddenly I heard the flapping of wings of approaching ducks. I could discern a darker streak heading northward in the gathering gloom of the oncoming murky nighttime. I fired my single gauge twelve gauge shotgun once. I distinctly heard three separate splashes as the

ducks hit the water. Going over a little ways through the cold rain waters that covered the area, I found three dead blue-bill ducks. In 1920, I had ridden my bicycle to Charles Reetz's farm and hunted out to the then free from balm tree ditches that drained the flats. It was easy to zig-zag back and forth from the ditch, which contained a little water. This way if a duck was in the ditch, I would have a good chance for a killing shot. I got five teal. Mr. Reetz was bringing up his horses to drink from the water trough. He asked me what I had killed. I pulled out a teal and tossed it toward him. It took off. I had unloaded my double-barrel shotgun, so that bird got away. Apparently it had only been stunned by a shot. From then on I always wring the neck of my birds. Billie Nelson, told of hunting the same fields in the Thirties. The rains had been unusually heavy. Suddenly they had two feet more of water to wade through. They had to swim across some of the drainage ditches; finally made it back to the High Pass Road. No dams then.

In those teen's and in the twenties, we had many Bob White California and Valley Quail. A male Valley Quail was nearly as large in body as a chuckar. They are all extinct now, around here at least in my area. Bob Whites had a habit of gathering together in a tiny, tight bunch on the ground. to keep warm and whenever danger threatened. I took six or eight at one shot, when they were so assembled in six inches fo fresh snow. I saw Alvin Reetz kill three pheasant roosters with one shot in 1922 during the October bird season. He had them properly lined up, down along a bushy fence row, on the grassland.

In the very early days of our area there were no limits as to when, or how many birds of any species you might take in any given period. If people wanted ducks or pheasants they would go out and kill just what they needed to eat at that time. They didn't purposely waste game. In the teens they established a twenty-five limit of ducks a day; ten pheasant limit. In later years they found it necessary, due to pump guns and the advent of automatic shotguns to cut the duck and pheasant limit (roosters only), to ten or five a day. The same rules held down the killing of wild geese. In 1976, an Oregon hunter is allowed seven ducks, of certain species, and two cock pheasants a day. Only twice this amount is allowed a hunter for the entire week. About the only China pheasant shooting is by game reserve raised released pheasants at a few designated areas, such as Fern Ridge, or Camas Swale. There is so little game left that I've quit hunting all together.

One snow covered, icy day in the thirties, I tried to crawl up on a flock of Hutchinson Geese. As I dragged my Remington twelve gauge shotgun through the fourteen inch high wheat stubble, encased in eight inches of frozen snow, toward the band of geese, they were smart enough to keep moving just out of range, ahead of me, while feeding on the wheat heads and grain they could find through the snow. I finally grew tired of this and jumped up and ran at top speed toward the geese. I managed to get within range to bring one of the six pound males down.

Often times men would dig a hole or two in a field where geese would come in to feed during the daytime. They would put a fifty-five gallon wooden barrel in the hole. Large enough to hold one hunter. They put up a little brush or grass to hide slightly from the surveillance of the wary geese. Hunters placed their steel painted decoys (closely resembling a live goose) out from the blind some thirty or thirty-five yards. Later years came the wooden decoys, and now they are plastic. Even white baby diapers can be draped over the straw stubble in such a manner that the geese think the diapers are white snow geese, and will thus swoop down within killing range of the hunters. Lawrence Reetz was one of the best callers of Honker Geese. Goose calls mechanical devices, if properly used, could call in the birds to their death. From these sunken barrels hunters often killed their ten bird limit. In early days live geese and ducks, which had been sing shot, and doctored back to health, would be placed near the decoys. This made killing of wild birds so easy that laws were soon passed that stopped this use of live decoys.

Coots or "mud hens" were once very plentiful in the not so long ago. I've seen them on Siltcoos Lake by the thousands. I recall killing three with one shot on the water, at Wood's Lake, south of town, years ago. A person pulled off the skin with the black feathers, soaked the meat carcass overnight in salt water, put the bird on a board, and roasted them in the oven. When done, you threw the coot away and ate the board.

The birds breast and legs could be eaten with proper preparation. There are very few coots left in this area.

In the teens our young hunters brought pheasants and ducks in their brown hunting coats to the S.P.R.R. cabooses sitting on the side track down on Second and Front Street. At about age ten years of age, I recall seeing these men go into the door of the caboose, rooster tails protruding from all the many pockets of their hunting coats. They were paid fifty cents a bird by the railroaders. It helped the young men get spending money, as well as enjoying the fun of bird hunting. This practice had to be stopped as it depleted the bird life too fast.

In the late teens and twenties there were vast flocks of Wood Ducks living in the sloughs and rivers. The male wood duck cannot be surpassed for his gorgeous plumage. Their whistle can be heard before they swoop in for a landing. In the early mornings and evenings they came into the filbert fields of the Willamette Valley by the hundreds. I have taken a few in evening shooting near Junction City. The hunter must be very fast with his gun, as the birds swoop down around the twenty-five foot or so high filbert trees. These birds are very scarce in 1976. Because of their diet they are very good eating.

In our area in the twenties, hunters would line up in back of a fence post in the tar weed flat area, and wait for the northbound flights of ducks, in the evening. Sometimes one would have a vew good shots, sometimes not. The water

was usually a foot or more deep and standing still, made hunting a cold sport, even with wool socks in your hip boots.

There was a double small lake area, known as Tracer's Lake, north west of town a couple of miles. Five small oak trees hid the hunters on the southwest corner of the ponds. One early morning, Edwin Jensen with whom I had stayed all night, were silently sneaking up on the pond when a lone duck came flying over. I foolishly raised my shotgun and fired. Of course I missed. Up from the nearby lake arose dozens of geese. If I hadn't shot, we might have had some Honkers, at least have had a good chance.

In 1938, pheasant season, locally, had been closed a few years, because of the scarcity of birds. The cannery here, for some cause plugged up the sewage system, about ten-thirty in the morning. The shooting was to start at noon. All the young men grabbed their guns and went hunting. My Remington pump was hot. I just couldn't miss a shot. I went over to pick up a rooster, when it jumped up, I shot it down. There were two dead cocks. Paul Hogland missed a shot, I yelled, I'll get it. I swung around, aimed high, and ahead, down came the bird. The next early morning I went out, saw a hen, let her go, noticed she fell dead nearby. Looked about, no hunters. I hadn't fired. Took her home, found the aorta artery had burst. Paul said the bird knew of my previous day's hot shooting and died because it knew it didn't have a chance around my shooting!

Early Days of Kalmia Street



Early Days of Kalmia Street

Hay's tiny lake ran east and west on the south end of Kalmia Street. During floodwater times, the extra waters sometimes ran northward down Kalmia Street. It seems to be the lowest street in town. I remember in 1910 of jumping up and down on the floating wooden board sidewalk between Seventh and Eighth Avenues. I remember the waters flowing over the northwest corner of the grade school sidewalks often.

The tiny ditch running west out of the lake has been dug out, now making it a very good channel to handle the waters that came from the sloughs which first on the south ran from Bailey's Lake, then Wood's Lake, and Zumwalt Lake, and on to the Willamette River.

In the twenty degrees below zero weather in the winter of 1919-20, I recall the younger folks having bonfires on the bank of the ice-covered lake, where the ice skaters warmed themselves despite the twenty-odd inches of snow on the ground. Whenever the ice was thick enough, skaters would enjoy themselves on Hay's Lake.

Anthony Knott's parents lived on the west side of Kalmia, between Fourth and Fifth Avenue. His father, like so many people in those days, worked for the S.P.R.R. Company at one job or another. His dad was "tick operator" and agent for years. Anthony was a fellow Boy Scout with me. I remember going to Boy Scout and Church group parties in that house.

William Leppert built the house on the southeast corner of Fifth and Kalmia about 1911. He was a blacksmith at the shop on the northwest corner of Greenwood and Seventh. David Clark's father was also a blacksmith in 1910 at this old, old smithy shop. David and I were in the first grade together. I remember he and I talking about eating worms. Whether we did or not I don't recall. Kids will do strange things at that early age. Ray Tripp's father was another early blacksmith. P. O. Bowman had a blacksmith shop by Smith's Livery Barn (just north, across the street) where the lawyers offices are today, according to the 1913 high school Junco-ed. The 1914 Annual Advertises Bowman and Leppert, blacksmiths. One blacksmith shop advertised that he had a shop, one block north of Smith's Livery Barn. They must have meant, just north of Smith's Barn.

The venerable, Laurence Chester Hays says that Mr. Clark bought out Mr. Tripp's blacksmith shop. That Clark probably sold out to Ole Peterson, as Peterson's ad appears in the 1913 Junco-Ed. The 1916 Junco-Ed, has Peterson being the agent for the Studebaker automobiles. The ad has it Sixth and Greenwood, which should have been Fifth and Greenwood. So they made mistakes in those days also, as we mortals will always do.

Son, Edward B. Leppert, did the group picture work for the 1914 High School Annual. The daughter, Grace, was in high school in 1914.

Charlie and Della Nelson lived just west of Lepperts. He had been a partner of Hansen and Nelson Butcher Shop, on

the west side of Greenwood between Fifth and Sixth, around 1914 and so on. He later had the new Chevrolet Garage in the west side of the Speer Building, which his father had helped finance. They also, according to Mary Pitney, had one of the two white magnolia trees in town. We have the larger one on our old apartment house lawn at 1023 Greenwood Street.

The large two-storied house on the northwest corner of Fifth and Kalmia, was built by William Malloy. His wife was Josie Ferguson, whose father was John, and the mother, Lizzie (the second wife of John). The girls, Faye and Bernice were in school with me. Ferguson Creek and valley were named for this family.

Bernice rode her horse, named "Bird" down to see me on dad's farm, when we were in the sixth and seventh grades.

East was Lewis Skagg's folks home. Lewis, like many other grade school boys of 1912, was in the Brownie Suit Acts, at the old Opera House, that year. Pete Skaggs worked for Smith's Livery Barn, on the southwest corner of Seventh and Greenwood, as did Jeff Campbell.

Harry and Alma Barker lived just north of Malloys. He worked for the Lane County Road Maintenance crews for years. Alma worked in the local cannery many years. She belonged to the local grange. Harry played the violin, often for dances.

L. Chester Hays, just now told me that the blacksmith, Tripp, had one of his sons, Berty, fall out of a balm tree

on the east end of Hay's Lake, breaking his neck. The boy was only seven at the time.

Doctor Leapold now lives in the old Malloy house.

North of Barkers, was the cement house, built by George Warner in 1913. He built many of the curbins, and sidewalks in our town back in the teens. Harvey Warner was in school with many of we boys in the teens. He has visited us twice since moving to Michigan years ago. The Barker family lived here for a great many years.

North of the "cement" house was the home of Lucille and Marjorie Roe. Lucille played the piano. She taught we grade school children how to sing, back in 1916-18. Lyle Jensen, a violinist, married Marjorie. He finally changed his name of Jensen, to Roe, so the name of Roe, wouldn't die out. It so turned out that their only child was a girl. I sold dressed chickens and eggs to them in Eugene, where they lived a short distance south of the Christian Church.

Lyle was a butter maker, working with his father at the then new creamery on River Road, in the southeast part of town. Mr. Jensen took many ribbons and prizes for the Junction City Best Butter he exhibited up and down the Pacific Coast. Folmer and Fritzie were in high school in the early teens.

Mike Barker and his wife Sussie lived in this house for many years. After Walter Jacobsen and wife had occupied the place a long time. The Barker family were all very musical. Mike had played the drums, David the accordian, etc.

East of Roe's was the home of the Chris Strome family. Glenn, and Winona, were by his first wife; Emil and Irma by

his second wife. They have a large farm two miles north of town. Chris and I picked hops together as partners, for two years, at the Ed Ayers Hop-yard. The Frank Williams family lived here for years. The girl, Carolyn, married Richard Carroll. Wendell first married the beautiful Mary Simmons, step-daughter of Milt Cook, who lived in a house about where Doctor Huff is today selling glasses. Frank Williams was known as a very expert sheep man. He and Frank Dinges worked together. He drove an Oakland car. He helped get the I.O.O.F. cemetery going. Williams had a ranch just across the Long Tom River, three miles west, on the High Pass Road.

The Corbin family lived in the southeast corner house of Seventh and Kalmia. Corbin worked in the business houses of town. Waldo was the only child. Gerald Bailey says he remembers going by the home in 1918, which held a black wreath, as Mr. Corbin had passed away. Waldo was a member of the Boy Scouts of America, Troop Number One. Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Christensen and daughter, Gladys, lived here for many years.

North was the cement walk full block on which boys and girls roller skated, around and around the three-storied school house. Rainwaters often covered the northwest area of the school ground, which often closed school, as the furnace room would be flooded, with waters also in the toilets.

The Sander family, Gertrude, and Josephine, lived west of Corbins. He was a tiny man. His windmill sat just back of the house. Across the alley he had a barn, livestock and chickens, and always grew a good garden. Josephine married

Manley Robinson. They lived at Neskowin on the coast for years. They now reside in Salem, Oregon. Gertrude was clerk of the local schools for many years. She was bookkeeper at Twin Oaks Hardware for years. Gertrude now lives at Salem.

North of Sanders lived Baxter Howard. He operated the city's first electric light plant, which stood on the west side of the alley on Ninth, between Kalmia and Laurel. If the power went down he would flip the lights, so folks could light their kerosene lamps, until the power built up again. The town's first intersection lights could be let down with a rope tied to a corner lightpole. The glass light could then be cleaned, etc. I recall large black beetles, around two inches long, flying around the lights in the warm summer evenings. Bull bat birds would swoop down from the heavens, making a weird noise with their wings as they stopped their dive. Howard's had a daughter, Fannie, who needed special school aid.

Superintendent McKnight's family, Cecil, Elizabeth, etc. lived here for years. I remember attending parties at this home. Doctor Richard Rodgers lived here for years, until building a new home over by the then new high school on Maple and Fifth. The house is still good.

Herbert Sims lived just north, with his brother, Ray and Glen. He and Roy Hurlburt operated the bike shop on the west side of the alley, on the south side of Sixth, between Ivy and Greenwood in 1914. The new Cascade Savings and Loan Company now have their driveway about on the old sporting

goods store location. Melvin and Reva Clark lived in this home for years. The house just north was used by Tony Jensen's father's family for many years. It is very old.

Carrie Sternberg and her mother lived in the white house on the west side of Kalmia between Eighth and Ninth. Sternberg had helped conduct a mercantile establishment, with Mr. Senders, when the city was very young. You may have heard the expression that Jews move into an area after the hard facts have been overcome. This certainly was not the case of Sternberg and Senders who really helped get our town started, before the turn of the century.

C. M. Jackson and son probably bought out the company, as the Junco-Ed of 1913 advertises Jackson general mercantile company. The store operated where the tavern is today, on the west side of the alley between Front and Greenwood Streets. Earl, Glenn, and Ralph were his sons. The daughter, Grace, graduated from high school in 1913.

Carrie taught piano lessons. My sisters, Martha and Flora, learned how to play the Beckwith, redish-colored piano, from her teachings. Boys would ride their bikes by the white painted, picket fence, scraping a stick on the pickets as they swiftly rode by, making a terrible noise. The roller skates on the wooden, loose, one by eight, four foot wide sidewalk, also caused the dear ladies to come screaming out of the house, down the steps, maybe shaking a broom at the same time, yelling at the boys to stop making all that terrible noise. Often they brought us kids cookies. Mrs. Sternberg

wore her hair pulled back, with a knot tied in the top back, much as Golda Meir of the Holy Land wore her hair for eighty years. Hansen and daughter Mable, and her mother, lived here many years.

855 Kalmia, is the house in 1910, that my folks, Hans, and Mary Wilde lived in, with George, Martha, Cora, Flora, Chris and baby Mary, until our fram home on east First Avenue was built by Miller Stump and other men. I recall Bert Simmons, delivering fruit and vegetables from his two-horse pulled, open, covered wagon. Also Grace, Pearl, and Nora Peirson played with we youngsters, as they lived in the corner house just north of us. Mrs. Pierson did while we lived there. I am sorry my father didn't join the local Masonic Lodge, when Pierson told papa about its purposes.

Sam Fries, wife, Lilly and Elma, lived in the large two-storied house on the northeast corner of Eighth and Kalmia. Fries' father and mother lived in the house north of them. Emma, their girl, married Mr. George Lee, who was killed in a machine accident. Seven years later she married Arthur Campbell. Soren (Sam) married Leana, after her death, he married again. The two men operated the harness, shoe repair store, in 1908, north of the Chinese restaurant, and Jake Miller's mortuary on the west side of Greenwood, between Sixth and Seventh. These buildings burned down around 1911 or so. The S.P. Gilmore structure was built around 1915 on these sites. The U. S. National Bank and post office now occupy the area. Fries then had a harness shop in a building,

since burned down, just south of the I.O.O.F., building which was built in 1909. Later he had a hardware store where the antique is today.

In 1910 there was, and still is the same house, that stood on the northeast corner of Ninth and Kalmia. Ed Kelso, lived in the two-storied white house on the southwest corner of Tenth and Kalmia. Mr. Smith later gave this property to the Methodist Church for its parsonage for many years. The Armstrong family now live in the place.

Dutch and Ella Ball lived east of this place for years. It too, is an old house. Nyriders, Barbee and Mrs. McPhearson have all lived in the house at one time or another.

Holly Leathers family lived in the square, two-storied house on the west side of Kalmia, between Twelfth and Thirteenth. He carried U.S. mail. Jewel Hays of the 1915 high school senior class, married him. They both attended the school's get-together about twenty years ago, held at the city park, by the grange hall.

My uncle, Otto and Anna Wilde's family lived in this house around 1928, shortly after moving to Oregon, from Howe, Idaho, and before buying the farm on Love Lake from his sister-in-law, Anna Wilde.

Mr. Pepiot family lived on north. He worked for Charlie Reetz in harvest time on the hay baler and threshing machines in 1916 or so. He helped Ferd Delphcer saw wood, and worked with George Warner in pouring concrete. Mrs. Mikells lives there today.

The Grange Hall was built in the thirties. No other houses were on that street in the teens, that I recall. The present dwellings have all been erected since 1916 or so.

The slough that ran northwest from Ninth had so much grass, rose bushes, willows, etc., that in the high waters of our town's early days considerable duck shooting occurred where houses stand today.

Things Us Kids Did A Half Century Ago



Things Us Kids Did A Half Century Ago

Around and around the full-sized square city block, boys and girls skated on steel or fiber roller skates. Mr. George Warner, Harvey's father, had constructed a five-foot wide cement sidewalk in 1911.

Mr. Warner built many of the cement sidewalks in Junction City. He constructed and lived in the cement house on the southwest corner of Sixth Avenue and Kalmia in 1912.

Originally the 1889 grade school building block had a board fence around it. The 50 foot flagpole stood on the southeast part of the block. One morning we saw a dead blue heron (shikepoke) hanging at the top of the pole. Another Halloween night youngsters had hoisted a 30-gallon garbage can to the top. More than once some effigy of a person was "hung".

For 5¢ children could attend the movie house called the "Nickelodeon", ten cents admitted adults to see the "flickers". The magician Houdini appeared on the stage one time. A lady played the piano for shows often involving cowboys, Indians, U. S. Calvary engagements. "The Clutching Hand" and "The Red Circle" were serials run once a week. Pearl White, a gorgeous blonde and Creighton Hale were early actors of these serial type thrillers that brought back regular customers every week.

This one-story building stood where Max Strauss' furniture store is now. We sat on regular chairs with two aisles, on a flat floor, so much head swinging was necessary to see the pictures.

We youngsters, about ten years old, rafted on a couple of 12-inch planks slightly nailed together with two cleats in water under the show house 5 or 6 feet deep. In the winter time high waters were very common to Junction City in the "good old days."

William C. Jensen told me of catching trout from this stream where Dean McKay's grocery store is now. Clarence Pitney tells of shooting ducks just back of the old City Hotel between Seventh and Eighth Avenues.

In the wintertime a slough meandered through town coming under the S.P. railroad bridge between Third and Fourth Streets. I've walked over the bridge thousands of times. The slough passed "Ducky" Lee's Front Street hotel on the south side, back past Leppart & Clark's blacksmith shop which is the Scandia Art Building now, west of the Oregon Electric depot where a spring on Mrs. Willis Lewis' property fathered the flow of water, then under Tracer's Jewelry Store, the First National Bank, Smith Livery Barn back of the hotel (past Long's laundry on Tenth and Front Streets) past the old beer brewery on Ninth and Greenwood south of the cannery, northward into Keck's Lake across which Highway 99 now moves.

Sam Flint, livestock buyer, lived at Maple and Seventh Street; had three sons, Lewer, Gus and Neil, two girls, Helen

and Mildred. Neil had access to his father's horse and buggy. For 15¢ to 25¢ we would haul garbage from piles in the alleys out of town somewhere and dump it. We put in Jake Miller's 16-inch wood into his new mortuary built in 1913 at Seventh and Juniper and stacked it up in the basement for 25¢ a cord.

Boys spun tops on the cement sidewalk, youngsters would get hurt falling off the trapeze bar, and get hit by the swinging seat of the swings. Many types of marble games were played; some of the "knucks" were cruel with often-times steel "shooters" (large ball bearings). The shooter held his "shooter" marble between the first and second finger and the other boys would try and shoot it from about three foot distance. More than one knuckle joint was broken. Vicious football games, much baseball, basketball hoops outside both sides of the building, for girls on the north side and boys on the south side.

Crack-the-whip, run-sheep-run, shinny with sticks and a tin can (we did this on roller skates in the old skating rink as well as on the playground). Two "teeter-totters" were north of the 24 foot wide cement slab by 60 feet long where we lined up to enter the schoolhouse four times a day. Our 15 minute recess came at 10:30 a.m. and 2:30 p.m. and school was out at 4:00.

We had certain places to stand in each of the four lines so when we marched into our respective aisles in each school room we would come out exactly at our proper seats. A 16-inch steel triangle was beat to keep time in marching in and out of the school rooms. It was a great honor to be chosen to beat the triangle.

One morning, between the 8:30 bell and the 8:50 school bell, I was watching my cousin, Robert Wilde, bat at the baseball. He was a left-handed slugger. The foul ball came straight at me from about 25 feet, and down I went to the ground with a broken nose. Dr. D. P. Love, whose daughter Inez was our fifth grade teacher, set it properly.

When the exact duplication of the front part of the building was erected in 1915, manual training was begun in the basement of the new addition.

Edward LeBleu, who lived on the place Chris Nyberg built in 1910 on Dane Lane, which is now occupied by Walter Petersen, took a Thanksgiving vacation bicycle ride twelve miles southeast of Eugene in 1917. Three of his friends and us went deer hunting. There was three inches of snow on the ground. We were rolling rocks down a cliff when suddenly a buck deer jumped up and ran. All our rifles spit death toward the animal. All the boys started down the mountain-side hollering like Indians. Having been a member of Troop No. 1, Junction City Boy Scouts under Reverend C. T. Cooke, pastor of the Methodist Church and having secured a merit badge in tracking, I didn't panic but carefully followed the buck's tracks right down to where the deer lay dead, shot through the heart. Ed and I brought home a little venison on the small rack over the rear wheel.

Boys rode hundreds of miles, often in groups, on their bicycles. A trip to Corvallis, Elmira and Springfield was not uncommon. We even rode to Sulphur Springs, west of town,

to go trout fishing. One day in 1918, Cousin Andrew and I were coasting down a slight hill just past Ejner Hentze's barn when a China pheasant rooster flew across the narrow road and lit about 24-feet from the tracks in some high grass. I had my fly pole in a case. Jumping off the bike just as the bird arose from the grass, I clobbered it down with my fishing rod case.

We had pheasants hundreds of times more plentiful than now. Eddie Hays told me recently, in 1907 or 1909 he jumped pheasants by the hundreds in one bunch on the old Bailey acres southwest of our city. The same conditions were true of wild ducks and geese when water stood for months at a time in the fields west of Junction City.

On January 6, 1918, during World War I, the warm clear weather was up to 81 degrees, causing four of us boys to go swimming at noontime to the old gravel pit which is located two blocks north of the new Laurel Grade school. We boys always commenced swimming in April - we would eat our sack lunches walking past Dr. W. Wolfe Hicks' grand new home at Tenth and Juniper, past the city baseball field where the new Methodist Church is now standing, past Charlie Reetz's wheat fields on our left then to the woods toward the west where we occasionally had BB airgun fights. By the time we got to the gravel pit, our lunches were eaten, most clothes were off and ready for a swim for 20 minutes.

Rachel Parker, a freshman in high school, whose father was a S.P. railroad engineer, let me wear a beautiful ring;

it had a gorgeous ruby setting. Well, the inevitable happened. The cold water shrank my fingers enough that the ring, unknown to me, fell off into the gravel pit.

This being an old heirloom, handed down from one generation to another, Mrs. Parker and Rachel came walking out to dad's farm on the east High Pass Road, which dad had built in 1910. They wanted the ring back. I told them exactly what had happened and was very sorry. She said she should not have let her 15 year old daughter have the ring at such an early age.

Our first and second grade boys under Maude and Mabel Hays, were in a Brownie stunt show in 1911. I have a clear postcard-size picture of us kids in those brown and white suits, with matching caps. The show was part of other school entertainment at the old Opera House, upstairs in the two-story brick hotel built by Mr. Bushnell. Chairs were used for seating. The dance floor was often used for public dancing. Carey Strome tells of learning to dance there, taught by Minnie Sieberts, who had a millinery store downstairs, next to the meat market operated by Willis Lewis. Lewis and his bride were the first marriage in Junction City.

This one-half city block on Front Street between Sixth and Seventh Avenues burned down in 1915. The 1914 JCHS Junco-Ed shows two pictures of plays put on by the high school dramatic club on the old Opera House stage. The 1916 Junco-Ed has pictures, names, dates, etc. telling of two high school Dramatic Club plays in the new Crescent Theatre, which was

built in 1915 by Mr. William Perman. This one-story structure stood on the west side of Greenwood, halfway between Sixth and Seventh Avenues. Many local high school plays and band concerts were held in this building.

One rainy day when Erling Bogaard and I had our air rifles we shot at the electric light bulbs on the street light on the corner by the old Methodist Church at Seventh and Ivy Streets, catercorner from the Dane Church. At that range we didn't break any bulbs. We were hiding in the basement of the Danish parsonage which had a full basement. Erling's father was the Danish Lutheran minister.

Thank God, airguns didn't shoot BB's as hard as they do now. One day, about the 4th grade, George Hatcher and I were playing on Front and Third Avenue, south of the white house now standing there. The game was to poke his head up above the 30-inch high bank back of the board walk and I would try to hit him with a BB before he could duck back down. I was about 30 feet from him when my BB shot hit him in the left eye. Thank God, it hit only the white part of his eye. I picked off the BB with my fingers. He told me years later that sometimes he would have a slight spot in front of that eye. What kids won't do!!

1910 Bushnell Warehouse Fire



THE BERRY HOTEL was located at the north corner of Front street and Sixth avenue when the town was first organized and wooden sidewalks fronted the down-town buildings.



This was built in the late 1880's or early 1890's by J. C. Clow. This building was located at the south end of Front Street.

1910 Bushnell Warehouse Fire

T. C. "Shorty Thorton" was the Southern Pacific railroad superintendent of Junction City, Oregon freight division. He was a short, heavy statured man, but very keen of mind.

His son, Earl, a dentist here, married Beulah Stebno, high school language and english teacher here, in 1922. The family lived at Ninth and Front Street. The house is still in use.

Some of his men saw smoke coming out the J. A. Bushnell large warehouse. This building and another large warehouse just six feet from each other were southeast of the local Southern Pacific depot, on east Sixth Avenue.

This 1910 July had been a very hot dry month, with the wind from the north. Fire conditions were extremely hazardous. Several hoboes were seen running from the building. clothed only in their underwear and they quickly disappeared from the scene.

Volunteer Fire Department chief "Sandy" Petersen had just finished cleaning out the ashes from the old firebox of the city's steam jumper fire engine. Thus fifteen minutes of valuable time elapsed before he could get up enough pressure to operate the steam pumper fire engine.

A heavy north wind sprang up. Conditions were similar to 1892 when much of Junction City burned up. The buildings

containing the Odd Fellow and Masonic Halls, just north of Seventh Avenue and Front Street and many other buildings went up in smoke. This warehouse fire of 1910, was also on a hot July day, nearly eighteen years to a day from the 1892 catastrophe.

The flames quickly jumped to the very close grain and storage warehouse. Two heavy, two-inch streams of water failed to check the flame.

The fire jumped the single side track to the S.P. waiting room of the depot, next to the toolhouse, and then to the pump house.

The tremendous large, round crude oil storage tank, 60x60 by 35' high was only sixty feet south of the pumphouse. Two volunteers, using a depot door as a shield advanced with their water hose toward the large oil tank, spraying water on the hot, steaming tank. After getting the steel tank cooled off a little, the two volunteers climbed up the permanent ladder of the tank, and from the large, steel top, tossed off the burning embers as quickly as they dropped on the tank.

Flying sparks ignited the neighboring barns and houses. Townspeople fought the blazes as they erupted.

Chief Petersen phoned for help to the Eugene Fire Department. They responded promptly, sending two hose carts, hundreds of feet of fire hose and two hundred people, newspaper men, railroaders and firemen. They came on flat car and one box car with the engine.

The hundred foot high flames could be seen easily from Eugene. Eugene Fire Chief, Campbell, had things well organized. The short train reached the fire in fifteen minutes. To cut down resistance, thus gaining more speed, the men on the flat-car laid down flat on the car, reaching a speed of sixty miles an hour. This was nearly flying for those early days.

Grandson of Mr. J. A. Bushnell, Clarence Pitney, who lives at Pitney Lane and Hwy 38 on the old Pitney Century Farm, told me the following story about this fire of 1910.

"There were six buildings all on fire. On the east side of the main line railroad tracks was the oil tank, which contained heating oil, to use directly in the oil burning steam engines.

The extreme heat from the many fires caused the expansion in the oil tank to run the over-heated oil down on the ground, across the three lines of railroad tracks, then finally down Front Street. This oil rapidly ignited causing tremendous heat under the steel pillared oil tank. Suddenly, this too reupted, as if it were a volcano's eruption, spraying out the crude oil contents of the tank down to ten or twelve foot level inside the tank. The extreme heat of the metal, the contents of the tank suddenly being ejected, resulted in an indentation in the steel walls around the tank. The resulting fire and heat caused the steel rails to twist like pretzels.

Mr. Frank Ballard, an employee of the railroad company seeing the danger to a large locomotive very near the burning

oil, jumped up into the engine and drove the machine away from the fire danger.

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company told Mr. Ballard that he could work for the company as long as he wanted to do so. Thus, he was rewarded for meritorious service."

The good Lord caused the wind to shift, thus blowing the dry wind away from the nearby structures, thus stopping the spread of the fire. The Junction City Volunteers thus contained the flames before the engine and two cars reached our town. The Eugene people deserved a great deal of thanks for coming to the aid of their neighbors. If the thirty thousand barrel storage oil tank had exploded from the heat, the fire could have been calamitous to Junction City. Many pictures of the city were taken from the top of the tall warehouse in the early days of the town.

Sagas of Dane Lane

Sagas of Dane Lane

Chug, chug, snort, puff, bang, such were the sounds of the "Stobort" ten-horsepowered, four power gasoline engine used on the original Danish Threshing Machine Company threshing machine about 1909.

Carl Wilde of Silvian Lake, Alberta, Canada, told me how at age thirteen he pushed the whole-stalked green corn into the corn ensilage cutter. The corn was chopped and went up the pipe and fell down on the heads of two or three men and boys, continually tromping around and around as the silage grew higher and higher in the ten, twelve, etc. foot diameter wood, steel-hooped silos. I recall Mr. Mosagaard, Andy's father, and I doing such around 1915. We wore rubber boots, and a rain coat, as a small stream of water continually came in with the silage. The tramping was necessary to dispose of excess air, thus causing the corn or grass silage to go through a fermentation process, before a couple weeks elapsed, before feeding it to the cattle. Cows liked it very much. It did put more milk in the bucket.

Carl, now eighty years old, told of his father Julius Wilde coming to the Danish Community at Junction City in 1906. He purchased the fifty acre farm of excellent soil from Hugh Love. Love in the spring of 1850, an Irishman, committed suicide by drowning in the lake, now named for him. Uncle

Julius built "The Swan" a sixteen foot, wooden boat, which hundreds of people enjoyed rowing, fishing, and romancing up and down the mile long lake. Catfish were caught on the set lines, or by direct pole method. An occasional mink, coon, or skunk, maybe a beaver or otter would be caught by expert trappers like Andy Mosagaard, Clyde Cooke, William Harpole, etc. Cousin Andrew was a good trapper on the Love Lake stream. James Down, Englishman, settled south of Love's farm. He died December 25, 1982.

At age twelve, I had my first twelve gauge shotgun. One China Pheasant season, my cousin Andrew and I were walking along the west bank of the lake. Suddenly I pointed to the willows. "What's that?" I asked. Andrew drew a bead on the object, fired and then was the proud possessor of his first pheasant, a hen! Later that day, he and I, going through Mr. Nels Rhown's kale patch, jumped a pheasant. I shot my single shot, twelve gauge gun at the bird. It rose higher and higher. After flying out about three hundred yards, rising higher it suddenly let go, dropped dead from a great height. Shot through the brain.

The wooden twenty-two inch cylinder threshing machine, required a man or youth, to stand on the platform of the machine, and cut the twine band of each grain bundle, as the bundle hauler would toss the bundle into the feeder shoot. The dust and dirt would be tossed back many times a day, into the bundle cutters face. A "sack jigger" shifted the handle back and forth on the grain shoot from the machine, thus

filling the sacks with grain. He then lifted the filled sack over to the "sack sewer" who was sitting on the two filled grain sacks, on which he had a folded gunny sack, between which he had his cut-to-proper length sewing twine. After sewing a sack, ten or twelve rapid stitches, he hooked his sack needle into the next twine, ready for use on the next sackful of grain. He then picked up the full sack of grain, and carried it over to the grain pile.

Often only partly filled sacks would be loaded onto a wagon which then hauled the load over to the next grainery, and dumped the grain from the sacks into bins for the winter horse, chicken, hog feed, or storage to be sold or used in later months.

Chris Sand and James Jensen were early Danish engineers of this machinery. The straw walk pushed the straw out of the threshing to four or five men who with five or six tong barley forks made compact straw piles. Those stacks often with board gates around them, furnished feed for cattle and horses during the winter time. Often sows would burrow nests into the piles and have their litters of pigs, usually without killing their tiny offspring by lying on them.

A Russell steam engine, and a twenty-four inch threshing machine was purchased by the "Danish Threshing Machine Company" in the 1920's. A blower threw the straw up into a straw pipe. Thorvall Kling, and Carl Petersen were two of the "bosses". A wooden barrel water tank, on which was a hand pump to pump water from sloughs, ditches, and lakes, to be used in the

steam engine boilers. Wood was the usual fuel for stocking the boiler of the engine. straw had been used.

Six teams and wagons were employed with their six drivers to haul the shocked bundles of grain from the fields to the thresher outfit. They received \$4.50 a day, ten hours or often longer days, if the farmer's fields could be completed before dark. The three "pitchers" got \$2.50 a day. They pitched the bundles up in the air over the wagon bed, where the leader caught the bundle on their three-tonged pitchfork, and placed each bundle exactly here and there in rows so as to get on as large a load as possible.

My cousin, Andrew Wilde and I did several summers work as pitchers. They employed two sack sewers. These men knew exactly how to flip up the one bottom corner of the sewed sack on their knee, up they bounced, carrying the hundred pounds, or more, full sack to a large sack pile. Farmers later on hauled the sacked grain to warehouse railroad freight cars, or into their own storage facilities.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter F. Petersen were the "roustabouts" and cook for the "Cook Shack". This was a canvas covered, house wagon, equipped with tables the length of the wagon, on each side. A let-down plank seat on each side allowed men to swing up into the plank and sit and eat their breakfast at 6 a.m., lunch at 12 and supper at 7 p.m. A wood cook stove enabled the cook and her helper to bake bread, cake, pie, etc. besides cooking the many types of meat and vegetables necessary to sustain energy in these hardworking men.

At night, if the river or a lake wasn't too far away, the group would walk to the water to swim, and get the grimy dust washed away. The straw pile furnished a mattress and springs for the canvas covered bedding which would be rolled out on the straw each evening, and rolled up tightly and roped the next early morning. Occasionally a lad would be routed from his "sack" and dragged on his bottom by a man on each leg, pulling the victim out over the stubble field amid the screams of the tortured victim. The same general ideas and actions prevailed on the large hay bailing crews which often worked two months or more of each summertime.

One hot day I stopped "Pete and Rock", a pair of black horses of my dad's and walked back over the load of bundles to see if everything was coming along okay. The three-tonged pitchfork I had foolishly, against directions of my Uncle Julius, placed, tongs up, in the middle of the load. It probably helped hold the load together somewhat.

I turned around and fell onto the three upraised steel tongs. Luckily it was my left ankle, and not my stomach, through which the one tong plunged. This occurred on the corner of Hentze Lane and Dane Lane, where John Bodtker lives now. I had a terrible hard time to pull my ankle free of the clean steel tong. I drove over to Andrea Nielsen's house, where McGill's have had a peach orchard for many years since. Nielsen's took me to Dr. Harry Love who dressed it as best he could. I walked on crutches for quite a time.

Andrew Nielsen's father was A. C. Nielsen, who came to Junction City around 1902. He saw how the local farmers had

grained the fields year after year, so the production was getting less per acre every year. He advertised this area in the Omaha, Nebraska and other central states, newspapers. This brought many Scandinavian people to our area. "Kansas" Jensen, William C. Jensen's family came in 1904. James Nielsen's folks came the same time from the central states, where the summers had unbearable heat, even at nighttime. The winters were unrealistically cold and miserable. The Gribskovs, 1905, Peter and Hans Bodtke, Sam Winters, and Julius Wilde, 1906.

These frugal Danish people raised milk cows, chickens, hogs, and some even had sheep. With the manure and crop rotation, using various legume crops, such as clover and vetches, they rebuilt the soils so the production of crops improved.

They organized "The Danish Lutheran Church" in 1902. Dane Hall started in 1902. The church stood on the southeast corner of Seventh and Ivy. A large covered horse and carriage barn on the alley, cared for the animals and buggies, while people attended church functions. West across the street was the large parsonage. It had a full basement. Reverend Bogaard, Steve Mogasen, Nielsen, Chris Hasle, (served two different periods) were some of the earliest ministers. They received \$150 to \$250 a year salary. In the springtime and in the fall, the congregation brought canned foods, cured meats, vegetables, etc. to their minister. Onsker and Erling, Dagna and Ruth, were Reverend Jens Bogaard's children.

The Dane Hall stood generally where Ralph's Drug Store is now. It was used for the church, until the real church building was constructed. Many gymnasium classes were conducted once a week in the building. Hans Reerslev, who had served in the Danish army, was the director. Once a year they had an exhibition in which the white uniformed youth of the community Danes "did their things". It really helped give the youth something to think and work for. In the summertime they had Dane School several weeks. All I ever learned was "KO" (cow) in Dane.

The Danish Brother and Sisterhood had an insurance program which helped the people in times of death, as well as many good times together. Julius Wilde was their first president in 1909. June 5th was celebrated much for the same reason we celebrate the Fourth of July. At the dam on Love Lake, a thirty by thirty wood dance floor, in sections, was used for dancing several times a year. In the fall, "Hustafest" celebration of the crops being harvested, was held each fall. The sections were stored in the dry, each winter.

Robert Harper cleared land on the east end of Dane Lane. In 1915, he and his wife Cora had a large muskmelon and watermelon patch. Being a young man himself he had me and twenty or so odd boys in our early teens, stop by and be served ripe melons by him and his wife. This saved youth plundering and thus protected his merchantable melons which he sold to various stores in Lane County.

The boys went swimming in the raw in those days. This continued until the girls wanted to be in on the large

swimming Sunday Afternoon swims on the Willamette River and its tributaries. I recall taking an eighteen inch Grayling (white fish) on a fly rod one Sunday afternoon. The rod bent nearly double as I pulled out the fish.

One weekend, Hans Bodtker chopped hay began smoking, as it had been put in the barn on the green side. The Junction City Fire Department volunteers came and by hard hand-work pulled out all of the hot hay from his dairy barn. Chris Jensen helped take it out also. Otherwise, the nearly new dairy barn would have gone up in smoke.

As we had no huge dams on our rivers in the early days, many high waters and even floods occurred quite regularly every year. The floods of 1860 and 1890 were so severe that water was said to stand from the mountains on the east to the west coast foothills. Even in 1943 the high waters ran over the east to the west coast foothills. Even in 1943 the high waters ran over the railroad ties on first street. I have climbed to the top of dad's windmill, fifty feet high, more than once, in flood time, from whence I could see solid waters east and west of the Southern Pacific Railroad line.

One year Ralph Coon hooked his fine team, with a cable, to a huge tree floating down the river near his gravel plant. The current was so strong that the team was pulled out into the river and disappeared. With less current they might have been able to tie up the floating tree to be used for fuel or fence posts at a later time.

Andrew Nielsen and two other men in 1947, were taking a cable across the river from Ralph Coon's gravel plant. As

the cable was unwinding from the spool in the light aluminum boat, the gears on the wench jammed causing the boat to tip over. The two men swam to safety. Andrew managed to reach logs by a large drift. He was overcome by cramps and lost his grip. He failed to come out from under the drift. His body was found downstream days later.

Love Lake is rapidly filling with sediment. The diving board formerly had sixteen feet of cool water to dive into from the dam. The old picnic tables, dance platform, horse shoe and ball games have all disappeared. The tall Bull Pine tree across from Julius Wilde's ranch has long ago been cut down for wood. A new one is now coming up at the spot.

The small house in which Grandma Paulsen's (Mrs. Wm. (Grace) Jensen) grandmother, a lady born in Norway over a century ago has fallen in. The cherry orchard where Sorena and Alice Madsen, Mrs. Paulsen, I and others, picked cherries has been pulled out, as it was no longer commercially productive. The Danish Threshing Machine Company of which Mr. Jager and Hans Wilde were officers has long gone the way out. Present combine harvesters, windrowers, mechanized fertilizers, etc. have entirely changed the old hand methods.

The Harrisburg Willamette River Ferry



The Harrisburg Willamette River Ferry

The current-driven ferry was in operation when the McMullen family came to Harrisburg in 1896. We can't find out how many years before it was in use.

The wooden ferry was approximately twenty-four feet wide and forty-five feet long. Mr. Roach operated it in 1896, about two blocks upriver from where it ran across the river in 1916. Mr. Baxter Howard installed the first gasoline engine to drive the boat. There was an apron on each end of the main part of the ferry. This let down or was raised up somewhat. This motion let wagons, people and cars drive directly from the bank on gravel bar on the west side, onto the ferry.

By twisting the large spoked steering wheel the ferry would respond, going upstream at the bow of the boat, than the current would carry the ship across the river. A heavy cable ran from each end of the ferry through a pulley on a high overhead cable which was stretched across the river from a high tree, or tall post on the east high bank side. It took ten or fifteen minutes to make the crossing. Ten cents for a person, twenty-five cents for wagon, driver and team.

The west bank was out on a large gravel bar. The east bank was eighteen to twenty-five feet high. A lot of dirt was moved out so the incline was about thirty-five degrees up to the top.

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Mr. Ed Ayers had Ben Bowers driving his two horse draft horses pulling a wagonload of ground feed down onto the ferry from the steep east bank. The tremendous weight of the loaded wagon and the brakes not being used properly caused the horses to panic. They ran straight across the ferry through the steel chain stretched across the end of the ferry, down into sixteen feet or more, of deep, cold water. The men dived down and cut or released the traces from the wagon's double-trees. The neck yoke on the front end of the wagon tongue let go, enabling the horses to swim to the surface, and were thus saved by their swimming across to the gravel bar.

When autos became more prevalent, one night a car from Portland ran down the steep east incline, directly into the river, as the ferry boat was at the time on the other bank.

Skeletons of the drowned people were brought up with the gravel and sand in the bucket of Morres' Gravel Plant in the ensuing months.

Lane County bought out the private operator, installing a larger gasoline operated ferry. Later, the present Harrisburg steel bridge was built in 1921 and 1922. Chester Ayers had two teams pulling "slips" or "Fresnos" moving the dirt and gravel to raise the highway up to the grade it now has, in 1923. Man and team earned \$7 a day as wages.

Horses had a hard pull up the steep bank, hauling sacks of grain, two-hundred pound hop bales, hay, four foot fir and balm wood, etc. Some loads were so heavy that the horses would stop to breathe, the wheels being blocked so as to not have the wagon run back onto the ferry boat, before pulling on up to the top of the steep bank.

Washburn Skating Rink



THE "PUNKIN SHOW" IN CARTOON

Washburn Skating Rink

The Washburn Skating Rink was a wooden building built around the turn of the century by William Washburn. The Junction City water tower stands about on the south part of where this famous old Washburn Rink stood. Affectionately also called "The Junction City Pumpkin Show Building".

The annual fall time of harvest festival fairs were one of, if not the main, Junction City events of the early days in this twentieth century.

This huge tarpapered roofed building was about sixty-five feet north of Seventh Street on Front Street, west of the Southern Pacific Railroad line which came to town in 1871. This structure went from Front Street to the alley. The main skating floor was thirty-five feet wide, the full half-block deep except twenty feet on the east and west ends. Off of this narrow hardwood maple floor on the south side as well as the north side were twenty-four foot sides, ceiling timbers were sixteen feet from the floor. The south side had a platform ten feet high, about in the middle of the building on which stood an air calliope. This music instrument furnished rhythm music for the many people skating. I bought a pair of used fiber red roller skates for two dollars and fifty cents.

Mr. Forest Miller, hardware man, whose store was where the fabric shop, post office, old bank, etc. have been in the

past, fell and broke his hip while skating in the rink. Mr. Miller always limped from that accident.

Oldsters and youngsters all skated. On the north side, in the middle section stood a four foot raised platform about thirty-five feet east and west by twenty-four feet deep. This is the place orchestras sat and played for dancers nearly every Saturday night. Speakers, singers, various groups of entertainers performed for the Annual Fall Pumpkin Show Fairs which usually lasted three days.

The outside of the main building was painted yellow, on the one-by-twelve upright boards, twenty feet high, with three inch battens. The peak was thirty-five feet high. The skating floor was entirely free from all obstructions. The north side had a twenty-four foot shed, one-hundred feet long, in which were wire meshed cages to hold chicken, ducks, pigeons, rabbits, also pens to hold sheep, goats and hogs for the fairs entrees. The outside three walls were made of fence wire. Inside the northeast corner, William Pitney, father of Clarence Pitney, uncle of Mary Pitney, conducted "The Old Curiosity Shop" each year of the fair. The old banner "The Old Curiosity Shop" is on display at the Lane County Historical building in Eugene, Oregon. The old guns of every type and age, Indian artifacts, beads, etc. Prairie Schooner necessities, oxen yokes, harness, saddles, etc.

On a peg near the east center of the structure, Mr. Ralph Shann, confectionery store owner, was throwing taffy of vanilla, strawberry and chocolate. My, how the children's mouths

would drool as they watched Mr. Shann prepare his taffy candy. Ten cents would buy quite a sackful, back in 1917.

The office for the fair was in the southeast corner by the south door. On to the west of the office were booths for various fair entries, bundles of hay, grains, etc. under the charge of our citizens like Mr. Albert Swartz, who conducted a greenhouse at Eighth and Elm Streets for many, many years. Mr. Clarence Coon, father of Morris and Ralph were always tied up with the events. Judges would come to the fair and judge for first, blue ribbon; second, red ribbon; third, white ribbon. Not all entries won a ribbon, but the controversies were very real to the many participants each year. Local merchants, Eugene stores, and others gave worthwhile prizes for the ribbon winners.

Olse Petersen and Mrs. Andrus Gribscoe were tied for first prize on homemade butter. They decided that the winner of a coin-flip would get the round oak table first prize, but that party would have to give the loser a Sunday dinner. Olse Petersen lost, but got the dinner.

Milo Corey, of Corey Lane, west of the Odd Fellow Cemetery, took first prize one year for the largest pumpkin, one hundred and sixty-nine pounds, winning a large kitchen range, given by Mason's Hardware, whose building was built in 1911 standing on the southwest corner of Sixth and Greenwood.

Clarence Pitney won a large set of dishes, given by Eugene Milling Company for the best display of seed grains. Being unmarried at the time, the Eugene Company refused to give him the set of dishes, as he had no wife to use them.

The north side had booths for the ladies: quilts, dresses, knitting, etc., miscellaneous apparel for ladies of our community. Also dozens of fruit jars of canned fruits, jellies, cakes, cookies, bread, butter, etc. were shown for competition of prizes. Pumpkin Show Prize books listing the various entries, prizes, by whom donated, were available each year for participants.

A booth for grade and high school contained aprons, dresses, etc. for the girls. The 1889 grade school basement on the west end of the building had a woodworking shop in which Seventh and Eighth grades and high school boys made tie racks, pedestals, dressers, tables, boats, trailers, etc. Mr. Arthur Turner, instructor, youths competed for prizes. I won a blue ribbon for a birdhouse. Arnold Tracer's Jewelry Store gave me an Ingersol dollar watch for my winning first prize.

There were several food booths by churches and others selling hot dogs, ice cream, etc. to nourish the body.

Many people were very zealous in putting forth great efforts to raise the largest pumpkin for these fairs. Many pumpkins would weigh over one-hundred and fifty pounds. Some people fed the pumpkin vines with milk to make a larger growth. Enormous sunflowers, cantaloupe, cucumbers, squash, fruits (such as apples, pears, and grapes) were all exhibited trying to win a prize.

Hanna Petersen and Ardetha Kirk had a very exciting contest one year to see who would get to be the Pumpkin Show Queen. Hanna Petersen was finally chosen the queen.

Merry-go-rounds, various games of chance "to get your money" were present at these fairs. There were sometimes "Girlie Shows" where you paid a dime to get to dance with a dance girl. These young girls were pretty, fully clothed, but they knew how to use their accomplished muscles, besides for dancing. Boys would jump on the moving merry-go-rounds to ride free for a round or so, and then jump off. I recall one time Robert Wilde, about sixteen, was knocked down by the ticket-taker, as Robert had jumped on for a free round.

Not only was the Washburn Skating Rink enjoyed for skating by all ages of people, but basketball for both high school boys and girls was a winter sport enjoyed by all. One year Junction City High School was up for state basketball championship. Eddie Hays, Stanley Thompson, Hallie Berry, Lloyd Kirk, Francis Pitney, Luther and Peter Jensen were some of the J.C.H.S. boys that really put J.C.H.S. basketball teams on the mat.

The girls wore white middies, with black ties, ribbons around their hair, usually blue or black knee-length full bloomers made from satin, and white stockings and white gym shoes.

Cora Wilde, Blanche Hansen, Fay Maloy, Freda Asboe, Lulu Foster, Eleanor Bailey, were on the 1916 girls basketball team, coached by Miss Helen Van Valkinburg (later Mrs. Clarence Pitney). These girls won six games of seven, losing only to Monroe. Edward Hays, a star member of the high school boys' team was her assistant coach. They played seven games that year with the neighboring schools.

Sometimes parts of the skating rink were used for storage. Around age nine or ten, I and Carl Borquist, whose father worked on the S.P.R.R. tracks, were peering (probably cheering) through a broken out wood panel of the door on the northeast front street side of the building. J.C.H.S. girls were practicing basketball that eventful afternoon. As youngsters still do, they persisted in pestering the girls by hollering through the opening. Suddenly one of the thoughtless, stupid girls threw powdered lime in Carl's face. He screamed and screamed as his eyes were full of raw lime. Men took him home (the house where Jake Miller formerly had his undertaking business on Deal Street from whence he conducted the Junction City 110 foot water tower and water system for the city). I recall his eyes bleeding. He was in bed for weeks. I suppose his eyes were damaged for life.

Not only did Junction City have basketball, but they and the large crowd of onlookers enjoyed basketball games played entirely on roller skates. The players played nearly as fast as they did without skates. Junction City men won Oregon State Championship Basketball on skates one year. The tarpapered roof sometimes leaked rain or melting snow. We would mop up what we could, then pour gasoline on the wet spots, and burn it off, you can imagine the black smoke. This partly dried up the moisture. Nevertheless, many players would have falls, sometimes quite painful.

One hot, windy day in July 1922, two boys were smoking just west across from the back center double doors on the

alley, when the inevitable happened. As much sawdust was around the alley, fire got into the sawdust and took to the main building. Often sawdust was used on the floor to keep down the dust in Fair time. A heavy north wind blew pieces of burning tarpaper across town. Many buildings, I.O.O.F. Hall, Mason's Hardware, Christian Church, W.O.W., whole tops were burning off as other buildings were on fire at one time or another. Luckily, we had the two horsedrawn steam fire engines. Also, a very capable volunteer fire department. But the captain, Sandy Petersen, was attending a Danish Brotherhood Picnic at Peoria. Thurman Berry was on a fishing trip on the Willamette River. No one knew how to operate the pumper. Finally a pumper engine came from Eugene, which helped out the small fires around town. Junction City could have burned up that day.

Thus ended the most loved building in Junction City, built by money from Grandfather Washburn, directed by William Washburn, and skating managed by Laura Butler.

HOPS - HOPS - BEER - YEAST





Hops was a thriving business in Lane County, where pickers could earn a cent a pound

HOPS--HOPS--BEER--YEAST

"Wire Down--Sack Full." Oregon farmers began producing the elusive hops way back in the last century. Hans Wilde, my father, moved his family from Cushing, Nebraska in 1908 to the French Canadian Catholic community of St. Louis, four miles northwest of the city of Woodburn. There were already thousands of acres of hops growing throughout the Willamette Valley and Washington.

The St. Louis farmers often contracted their hop yards to Chinese businessmen. They would hire the hop pickers to harvest the crop, and sell the finished product, from ten cents a pound, a lower price, to thirty or forty cents a pound for the dried baled hops which made the seller a handsome profit.

My sister, Martha (Mrs. James McMullen), Cora (Mrs. Ed Smith), Flora, and my older brother George (who let down wires) all worked in the hop field, as did a great many other neighbors. The Laschapels, LaBrunns, and Frieswallers were names of some of our fine neighbors.

The hops basket into which we picked the hops were made, generally, of woven, two-inch wide, one-sixteenth inch thick, crosscrossed stripping. Those baskets were thirty-two inches high, thirty inches wide at the top and two feet across at the bottom, which was made of one-half inch thick solid wood.

They were very fragile, easily broken if not handled carefully. You couldn't lean or sit on them, and had to handle them carefully in emptying your full basket of hops into the large hop sacks.

These very pretty baskets were replaced by baskets more strongly made of one-fourth inch thick, two-inch wide, slightly taller, wooden strips approximately wired around every ten inches from the bottom to the top. Two wooden handles connected by wires to the wooden slats were used to carry or drag the baskets down the row from hop vine to hop vine. A full basket would weigh from twenty to thirty pounds of hops. Some people would try to make their hops weigh more by putting in a gallon of water, or a few dirt clods which of course was a "no-no".

The hop vines had stringers on them, from which grew small clusters of hops, from three to twelve individual hops on each short stem. Often near the top of the vine, next to the vine, the hops would be matted together, making picking difficult and much slower than zipping off the hops from the stringers. The hop blossom resembled a filbert blossom, it being very small at first. Each individual hop was from one to two plus inches long, maybe one-half to one inch thick, composed of hundreds of single petals, attached to a central stem. Very beautiful in their yellowish medium green color, and an aroma which I loved, and is the glorious odor you smell in drinking beer, even slightly discernible in the yeast our mothers used in making homemade bread.

Later on, iron framed, shorter hop baskets came into use. They had heavy, cotton canvas-type containers which when full, or otherwise, were emptied into the large, heavy material, burlap sacks. Sacks were about forty inches wide by sixty inches long. "Sack full" meant you were ready to have your sack weighed and the weight recorded in a record book by a girl, who then gave you a ticket for each sack you had weighed every day you worked. The sackful weighed from thirty-eight to sixty-five pounds according to your work.

The full hop sack weigher, as well as the lads carrying out the full sacks, kicked like heck if the sacks were over fifty-five pounds. The "carry out" men loaded the sacks onto two horsedrawn, flatbed wagons, about one-hundred and forty bags to a full load.

In 1910 my father moved his family to Junction City. Brother George had taken pictures of Haley's Comet at our Woodburn area ranch. 855 Kalmia was our house and home, until the family farm buildings were ready to move into, on East First Street, old Ed Bailey land.

A hop yard picking crew would be from one-hundred and fifty to three-hundred men, women and children. Large growers had two or more crews. People picked from 7 or 8 a.m. to 5 or 6 p.m. Workers had to use canvas or leather gloves. A necessity to all pickers was a roll of black bicycle tape, with which we wrapped on our thumb and first two fingers of each glove.

People came by the thousands each late August to pick "early hops", or in September for "late hops". Indians from

various reservations, east or west of our mountains, families from oceanside communities, and throughout the valley came to make a "grub stake" for the coming winter, picking the elusive hop. Whole families looked forward to the fall hop season.

In the Harrisburg, Junction City, etc. fathers loaded the beds, bedding, rough tables and chairs, stoves, etc., food and dishes, etc., into the hay-rake wagon, which were pulled by "Pet and Rock" to the Ed. Ayers Campground, usually on the Saturday and Sunday, before active hop picking began. This was an annual affair for many families. Reverse conditions existed of the end of the five or six weeks of picking hops.

Later years, people had pickup trucks, etc., many living close enough to the hop yards that they journeyed back and forth daily from the hop yards. This was an age that is ancient history now. Machine age has taken over.

It was a vacation for most people; fun as well as work; romance, as well as sweat and toil. The teenagers looked forward to the night time, when around the campfire, they would sing songs, maybe a banjo or violin would play. Various games, as drop the handkerchief, farmer in the dell, etc. were enjoyed. Besides the love of romance, out in the darkness, away from the light of the flaming campfire.

One full moonlight night, a hop flatbed wagon, loaded with youth, were driving back from the Lynn Boggs' campfire when they saw a tightly clasped, standing, couple, in grain

stubble, a hundred feet west of the gravel road which led to the Ed Ayers Campground. How they hollered! I should know, I was the Romeo at age sixteen.

Around age fourteen I rode my Chinook single frame, bicycle to Ayer's hop yard. The route went north along Front Street to Tenth, right across the S.P.R.R. line one block, turned left on Dane Lane four blocks (a built-up six foot wide, high wooden sidewalk, with handrails on each side) occupied the west side of the road over two blocks of this distance, just past the Ed Horton lumber yard and sheds which occupied a full city block, north of Tenth Avenue, and west side of Elm Street. They hauled their lumber from Horton, by four horse teams. Ed Kapping did much of the driving, a trip one way a day.

One block east then north, skirting the Joe Nichols stud farm and barn on the northwest corner. Mr. Nichols was City Constable for years. Four hundred yards north I came to the very short double turn, which was often covered with high waters in the winter time, which stopped all traffic till the waters receded. North four hundred yards, up over the S.P. and O.E. railroad crossing to the present northbound paved highway. On to the Al Martin (Postmaster) or once the Looney Brothers, mixed breed of cattle, dairy farm. This later became the George Gilmore Egg Buying and Producing Farm.

The James Howard farmstead stood by the large maple trees on the west side of the road. Elsie, Alma and Audrey (Mrs. Ralph Speer--Howard's mother) were their three children. Mr. Howard later lived in a white, two-storied square house on

the northwest corner of Eighth and Laurel. On the right was Issac and Kate Howards' farm. Chris Strome's large acreage occupied a large tract of land on the west side of the road. Four children graced this farm, the outstanding one was Glenn Strome. Then right two blocks on the present Ed Ayers Lane. Ayer's home was south along the old river bed a half mile. Left at Tharen Schenk's corner, two blocks to the Lancaster Store. Then right three blocks to the slough, which a hundred years ago, had been the main part of the Willamette River.

The large balm tree, to which steam wheeler river boats had tied up to, when Lancaster was called Woodyville (much earlier post office was called "Freedom"). This tree has succumbed to time and is no more. The tremendous Douglas Fir, two blocks south of Chester Ayer's home, was also used to tie river boats to, a hundred or more years ago, when much freight cargo went up and down the river as far south as Eugene.

Left past the Smith Farm, now Ray Kobb's place. Mrs. Smith was one of the very best hop pickers. She picked hops fast and clean. Her boys, Wayne and Vern often worked in the hop yards. Up over the covered bridge (wood planked) past the pioneer Johnson homesites. Her son, Dr. Johnson, practices medicine in Corvallis. The younger son was a Professor in Mathematics at Oregon Agriculture College. He tried to pound Geometry into my thick skull in 1923. Past a small hop dryer on the right, down through a gravelled bottom slough. This low creek bed, often flooded and stopped all traffic until the water receded. Charles Burges (son Dale), lived on

a farm at the right, just where we turned north to go down McMullen Lane. Then around two, 90° corners, shortly over a small bridge, and a slight incline. Turning left brought you to the double Ed Ayer's hop drying buildings, and the Camp-ground Area. Next came the yellow barn, just past the house, where I nearly broke my neck, trying to turn over in the air, jumping from one upper haymow, trying to land on my back in the lower haymow.

Then came the hop yard, and a long, hard day's work ahead, interrupted at noontime to eat a sack lunch. Farmers in buggies, would bring watermelons, munchables and other farm produce around to the working pickers trying to sell their produce to them. They also sold in the campgrounds. After the advent of autos, Mr. Blehm, of his grocery store in Harrisburg, brought sundry types of foods to sell in the hop yard areas.

I rode that five miles on my Chinook bike just about as fast as I have just now written this narrative. We cyclists developed strong leg, back and arm muscles, from thousands of miles of cycling in our teen ages. The twisty, old gravel roads were rough and full of chuck holes. Much of the time a fairly good path would be cut by cyclists on the one side of the road or the other.

Florence and Vera Sterling, later Mrs. Lee Murphy, and Mrs. Dick Stroda, respectively, besides my sisters, Martha, Cora, and Flora, were picking partners. In order to clean every hop off of the vines, it took a partner, on each side

of the row to get every hop picked, some even off the ground, that spilled off in the action.

Chris Strome, Glenn's dad, and I were partners. We picked our three hundred pounds of hops each day. Mrs. Leslie Perkins, Mrs. Nettie Patterson, "Aunt Polly Lee" (Kenneth's grandmother), Mrs. Kemper, and the Fred Chase family were all great hop pickers.

Burton Young and I camped together at Ayer's Campground, at about seventeen years of age. Our ten by twelve camper tent held our bed springs which were placed on several pieces of four foot cord wood. We did our own cooking, took a sandwich or two in a sack lunch for noon. We worked hard, then at night Burton would still have enough go and endurance left to walk one-half a mile to Lynn Boggs' Campfire; "Buck" was a great guy; prize fighter, baritone player, and singer. His later on wife, Myrtle Murray, and I had been good friends when I was in the eighth grade.

Our bed was the general type iron framed, now antique, double bed. Often the springs were laid directly on 4-foot firwood. Weekends we took our dirty clothes home to be washed by our mothers. We brought back mom's homemade ryebread, cookies, and other foods for the coming week. This was characteristic of all hop pickers weekly routine.

One afternoon, a hot, quiet day, I was picking quietly, mechanically, as the whole crew was very still, being unbearably hot, I suddenly heard a thud! I turned around and saw Katherine Strome, lying face down, flat in the hot, loose

sandy earth. Quickly I jumped over, as she was picking the pole hops next to me, and turned her over, before she smothered to death in the hot soil. A couple more seconds and she would have suffocated to death. The oppressive heat caused her to faint!

This twelve acre hop yard was on poles; about twelve feet high. Pole men pulled the hop vine-covered pole out of the ground by sheer strength, and leaned it on a jack (2 crossed 2x2's, 6 feet high, wired together at the top).

In later years, an auger affair was operated, at first by muscle power, and later on by a gasoline engine. The soil came up through the middle of the auger. Then came wire trelises, the poles sixteen foot high after the mechanical age had taken over. Before that ten or twelve foot poles were placed exactly in rows. The heavy "deadmen" at the end of each wired row. Sacks were carried out at first to the end of the rows. This exactness allowed the pickup wagons later on to drive crossways through the yards to pick up the full sacks of hops. The "wire down" men, meantime had used twelve foot poles with which they released the heavily laden hop wires from a heavy, small hook, which held the wires up in the air.

If the vines were then too low for good picking, a jack would be inserted under the wire raising to five or six feet for the perfect picking. After the vines were picked, "vine cutter" cut down the old vines, and the vine boys replaced the stripped wires back on the hooks. Then the wagon came for the sacked hops.

The hops were plowed in March or earlier if possible by a double horse team. There were two rounds or furrows between each row of hops. This was often crisscrossed by two rounds which made almost all the soil turn over, except a foot or so around each hop hill and plant. Then came the "hop grubbing" season. In March and April, for \$1.25 a ten-hour day, men took a fine-tined, eight-inch wide forked handled affair (hop fork) and removed all but two hop roots from each hill, which were exactly seven feet apart. A sharp butcher knife and file were necessary to trim each shoot down to the crown of each plant. A wooden stick in each hill, unto which two heavy cotton strings were attached, were then thrown upward in the cotton thread ball, over the heavy, iron wire and tied. As the hop plant grew in our warm, moisture God-given rains, the lower three and four feet of the leaves and stems were pulled off by gloved hands. In later years, growers learned to force shepherds to eat off the bottom unnecessary foliage.

One horsedrawn "training carts" banister all around the top, twelve feet high, next came down every other row. The men carefully trained the two vines up and around the two strings and up over the wires. It was very necessary to spray with a soapy material all the hop yards to kell the hop spiders. The spiders, if not exterminated, would devour the young, growing hops. This spray called "Dope". At first, hand power put the dope through the sprayers. Then the gasoline engines came to man's rescue. Fifty gallon barrels were used to spray from. All for \$1.25 a ten-hour day!

George Scott (Everett's father) Douglas Perkins, were weigh men, Kyle Howard and the Stroda lady, now Kyle's wife were weighers at Storda Brother's yards for years. Their swinging, brass-faced scale, hung from a three-legged tripod, onto which your very securely tied sack would be lifted up and hooked into the swinging metal hook of the scale. A lady wrote down in a second book, the net weight of the full sack of hops you just finished picking and weighing. Two baskets, stuffed full would weigh around fifty-five pounds. The picker then received a ticket showing the weight of the just weighed sack of hops. The dry sacks empty weighed two pounds. If rain soaked, they took off four pounds per sack. Usually pickers, if they could stand the rainfall, which in August and September was warm, could gain a few cents by picking wet hops. We would fold an empty hop sack in the middle, long-ways, and tuck it over our head and shoulders and let it rain.

If too much moisture from fog, rain or heavy clouds was available, the red spiders, mildew, rust, mold, and lice would move into the hops, and if not checked would destroy the crop. Spraying with "dope" and chemicals helped retard the destruction. Many years growers would suffer severe losses from the insect pests.

Pickers received one cent a pound for picking. During the Great Depression it was only seventy-five cents per hundred pounds of picked hops. We were allowed leaves up to two inches wide or hop clusters of only five hops. In zipping off the hops from the stringer vines as rapidly as possible with

your right hand if you were right-handed (vice versa if left handed) you held the vine with your left hand and picked or zipped with your right hand. The faster and dirtier hops you could pick and "get by the bosses with", the more money you earned. My wife, Emily, picked a little cleaner than I did so I dumped my basket in the bottom of the sack and thus had cleaner hops on top. They looked pretty clean to the weigher and overseer. Emily and I were in demand as pickers, as several years Dick and Ed, whose hop yard was four miles south of Harrisburg off the Coburg Road, came in early August and endeavored to secure our promises to come and pick hops for them again this season. Our children played with other youngsters in the yard. Children would curl up on an empty hop sack and sleep, especially in the hot afternoons, in the shade from the high vines which were often up on the wires twelve feet in height. We always felt sorry for small children whose parents, often "wine-os" continually harassed them to "get busy and pick hops or you'll get your butt paddled".

As today, there were individuals who would steal your partly filled basket or sack of hops, if left overnight in the field, and even at noontime. One year at Stroda's, I foolishly had around twenty dollars in paper money--I LOST IT! I think someone found it, as I spent two hours trying to locate it in the cut down tangle of hop vines and leaves.

James McMullen, my sister, Martha's husband, spent many years working in the hop fields. At age nineteen, picking for James' uncle, I picked four hundred and thirty-nine pounds

of hops one eight hour day. But a good thing always has to end. So I got fired as my twelve inch longer stringers containing hops were not supposed to be in the basket. Vernetta McMullen was his "checker", my brother-in-law's sister. Imagine how chagrined I felt. Later in life she taught grade school many years at Junction City. She became Mrs. William Lingo, whom together operated Lingo's Greenhouse between Third and Fourth Street on Ivy. James McMullen worked for them for years. Gibson's Ford Garage now occupies the area.

Having too many picked sacks of hops on hand one warm afternoon, we youngsters went swimming in Perkins Slough about a hundred yards southwest of Ayers double hop house. Blanche Hays went down a second time in deep water. I plunged in and tried to drag her to shore. After nearly drowning me too, I finally got her into shallow water, thus saving her life. In 1926, her brother Orin Hays, was my first school superintendent, at Cottage Grove where I coached and taught departmental seventh and eighth grade subjects. Mrs. Elma Thumb was principal in the old grade school now the site of the Cottage Grove Hospital.

The loaded wagons, unloaded the full sacks of hops onto a four-wheeled trolley car. The seventy sacks, or about one-half the wagon load of hops were pulled up the ramp to the two upper drying floors by a three-eighths steel cable. The sacks were manually carried in and emptied onto the burlap covered, one-inch wide apart, one-by-two flooring strips, supported by six or eight feet, underneath by heavy timbers.

These thirty inch deep piles of hops over the entire thirty by thirty foot square drying bin, were turned over manually by large hop forks at least one time. If they were wet from moisture they had to be turned over twice. Cyril Schooling and John Kelsey were two outstanding "dryerman". They were the "bosses" at the dryers. Underneath the drying hops at 100° to 109° F. heat, was a dirt floor in the center of which, was a steel furnace two feet wide, twelve feet long, and thirty inches high. Into this was pushed four foot long, balm or white fir, hardwood. An iron rod "stoker" was used to push the wood deep back into the large stove.

Two open iron heavy steel pots in which were placed four and five pounds of sulphur, burning during each ten or twelve hour hop drying period. A four foot high wooden post on which were nailed a wooden platform, on top of which were three bricks, held open iron pots, with like amounts of burning sulphur. These were in each corner of the furnace room. This sulphur colored the dried hops a light yellowish green.

The heavy ten, twelve inch smoke pipe, carrying the hot smoke, made a complete circle around the kiln, from the furnace, gradually ascending toward the ceiling, under the hop floor, finally emptying its smoke through a metal protected vent in the wall to the outside air. Hops lost one-third of their weight in the drying process.

Men and two-wheeled carts thirty inches wide, high, and deep, and canvas covered, pushed the dried hops through a door, down into the "cooling off" bin. These carts were

similar to our lawn mower grass catchers, only on wheels and much larger.

After cooling off somewhat the hops were pushed by these same type of carts into hop bailers. It was plank constructed five feet high, eighteen inches wide, making bales of around two hundred pounds each, eighteen by thirty-six inches by five foot high. After the warm hops were crammed tight into the aperture the lid was fastened down tight. The two horse team pulled the half inch steel cable which was fastened into a heavy plunger affair, forward seventy-five feet stopped, and reconnected to a three block set of triple pullies, whose magnificent power squeezed the hops into a compact bale. Then the bale was blocked off. The team of horses were unhooked from the cable end and turned around for the next bale. The bailer side door was opened, the heavy burlap bagging material brought on around the hop bale and then securely sewed with heavy twine. Different hop men used various types of hop balers. I lost six pounds one day working and sweating in the hop bailing room.

Some hop growers made good money if they could get thirty or more cents a pound for their dried hops. Large yards existed at Corvallis where Ireland and Butler had an eight dryer complex southeast of Crystal Lake Cemetery. Independence had hundreds of acres in the hop business. Now these very fertile Willamette top soils are producing wheat, as the corn and bean vegetable markets are very uncertain at present. Woodburn, LaGrande in Oregon, and Snoquamish, Washington had hops as early as 1870. The hop dryer at Snoquamish resembled

an early style military block house. Their Historical Society building has many pictures of over a hundred years ago depicting Indians and whites picking the elusive hops.

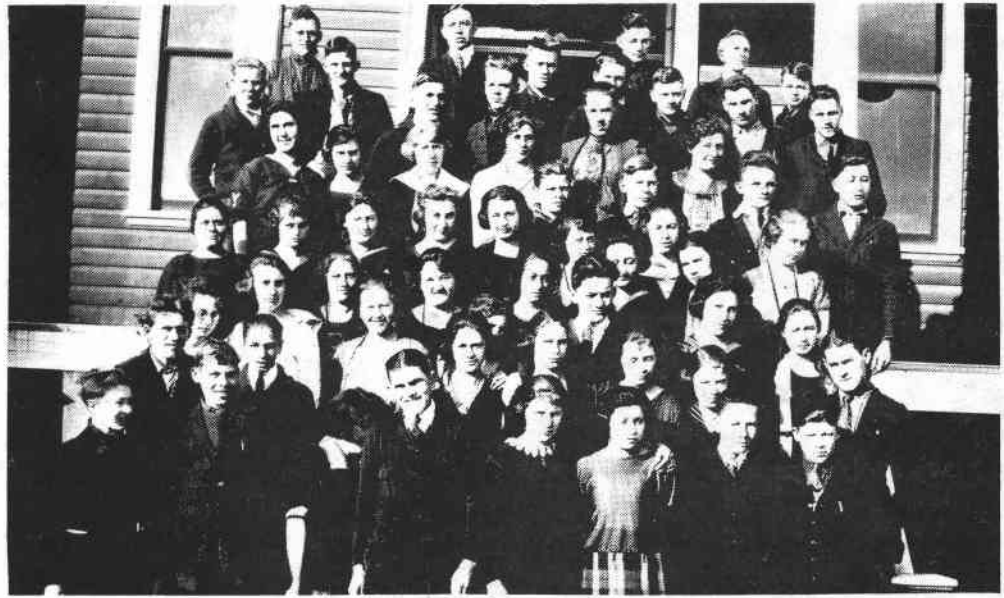
Germany, England, and Ireland and a few other mother European nations produce hops for their ale, beer, yeast, etc.

When all the hops were picked the owner would quickly have the pickers hop checks added up and ready to give to the workers. He called their names off a list and the individual would come forward and receive his check. Much good natured joking and fun accompanied this event as free pop, candy, doughnuts, ice cream would be served by the owner as a picnic affair. "Be sure and come back and help us next year!"

Today there are few hop yards. The wire trellises are up very high on taller poles than ever, anchored stronger than ever by heavy guy-wires at the end of each row attached to "deadmen" (anchors of concrete are wired into the earth buried deeply) men cut off the entire foliage, trucks transport it to large cleaning, separating plants, where machinery separates the very clean hops from the debris. Then the hops are dried and baled.

Ed Ayers raised red raspberries on the island where Miss Strome had fainted. We boys were picking them at one cent a pound in small boxes. As the Willamette River was only a quarter of a mile away by the two railroad drawbridges we went swimming two or three times a day. I picked fourteen pounds, but Mr. Ayers said, "Chris you bet you get your fourteen cents".

Laurel Street, 1910



Laurel Street, 1910

"Dump", "Back Up", thus the working men hollered back and forth in putting loose grass hay into the large feed barn of the Washburn stock barn, which in 1910 stood between what is today called Maple and Laurel Streets, just north of the tiny Hay's Lake, but south of Fifth Street, in a tiney fenced field or pasture lands.

This unpainted, rough, one-by-twelve board barn was probably built by Charles Wesley Washburn in the 1870's. It was forty feet wide and eighty feet long, maybe thirty feet to the top ridge. The barn was partly open on the east and west sides, so that livestock could go inside and eat hay from the two-by-four constructed racks on each side of the barn. Hay would be thrown down from the central part of the building, into the racks on the sides of the interior of the barn. This center area held vast quantities of loose grass, or grain hay. Men worked very hard, hot, long hours to store the hay each June and July to be fed to cattle, horses, sheep, etc., in the cold wintertime.

A four inch track had been built into the barn's peak, which carried a steel carriage. The very heavy rope, and harpoon hay forks came into use. The loaded hay wagon had at least four parts of hay, so loaded onto the hay rack, that the man unloading the hay would push the harpoon fork down

into the back section of hay. The horses on the other end of the rope would pull the load up into the barn. He then tripped the hay from the fork by pulling the quarter inch trip rope. He then picked up the front forkful, then the back third lift full, finally the bottom front part of the wagon, would be unloaded.

Rope and stakes made another type of a sling affair which could also be used to bring in straw or hay. Another type of hay fork was used.

The various animals enjoyed the barn's protection from the elements. This old barn gave up the ghost in a fire in the twenties. The road east of this barn area was only a muddy, dirt trail in those days.

The Washburn High School was a cheaply constructed building erected in 1908 by Mr. Soren Jensen, builder, who lived on the northwest part of Dane Lane. Charles Wesley Washburn gave the land to the school district with the understanding that the block should always be called Washburn Park, School, etc. It is a park today. This full basement, two-storied classroom area, was used from 1909 until the new high school south of Fifth Avenue and west of Maple was built around 1936-37.

The school building was very hard to heat. The hot water radiators gave some heat, from the four foot fir wood that fired the furnace in the basement. A heavy southwest wind would make the whole structure shake. The 1913 Junction City High School Annual, says it is the fifth edition of the local

high school annual. Of course, high school classes were conducted in the upstairs of the old 1889 grade school which stood on the city block between Juniper and Kalmia and Seventh and Eighth Avenues, until it was torn down in the early thirties.

The high school superintendent was Mr. Albert White, when I was in high school, 1918-22. Mr. H. L. Robe, was our principal. He lived to be 101 years and three months old. Emily and I attended his funeral. Lee Murphy, Burton Young and Emily and I visited him in the Eugene Nursing Home in his last months. His mind was clear to the last. The 1921 Junco-Ed, was dedicated to Mr. Herman L. Robe. Mrs. Beulah Stebno-Thronton was our English teacher. Miss June Kubin was the domestic science, art and typing teacher.

Mr. Charles Reetz was chairman of the school board, assisted by Mr. Richard (Dick) Carroll, and S. M. Fries, in 1921.

We had around fifty high school students in 1921. The structure had a very high attic area. The school bell was located in a tiny cupola about five stories up from the ground. A flag pole, extended northward from the room just below the bell room, in the tower part of the northeast corner of the building. The main entrance was the site of many of the pictures which appeared in the various Junco-Eds, over the years, of the various classes, arena club, dramatic club, Pythian club, alumni association, Junction City Junior Band, football, basketball and baseball groups.

I remember some heavy, snowy winters when we students hung over the radiators as long as we could before going to our seats. Sometimes high waters would flood the basement, so we had no heat at all. We didn't get out of school very often in those early days because of the weather.

The tiny, hard-to-keep-clean toilets and showers wouldn't have passed inspection or the health codes of this present day era. We did have many happy parties in the upstairs, northwest corner, English room. We played "Pass Three Windows Tideo", "Drop the Handkerchief", "Three Deep" "Go In and Out the Window", etc. Oftentimes other than your own group would try and steal the eats, which they did sometimes.

As a just-about-to-graduate Senior, I told Mrs. Thronton, "Why didn't I take my school work more seriously and study harder?" She said that's what they all say when their chances are gone. May this statement encourage some present day students to study harder than they now are doing. You only pass this way once!

East of the Washburn High School, was in 1916 and still is, a square, one-storied house, in which the Reverend Mr. Murphy, of the new Baptist Church and his small daughter, Kathline, lived. The Ross family lived on the premises for many years since that time.

North, across Sixth, was the large, two-storied, square house which Mr. C. M. Jackson built before 1900. His oldest son, Earl, then came Ralph and Lynn, who altogether operated the dry goods, notions, shoes, clothing, furnishing goods,

groceries, etc. store at Sixth, just west of the alley, on the north side of the street between Front and Greenwood. A tavern occupies the site today. It is the same old structure, but has been altered somewhat, but not too much at that. Jackson advertised: "Men's tailor made clothing a specialty--2,000 up-to-date samples to select from fit and satisfaction guaranteed."

Grace Jackson was vice-president of the class of 1913. "When once our 'Grace' we forgot, nothing goes right." This caption is under her Senior picture in the Junco-Ed of 1913.

Mr. and Mrs. Doctor Love, daughters, Inez and Helen, lived in this house some years. Miss Inez Love, was my sixth grade teacher. She had a grade school party at the house in 1916. I remember it well! Carl Petersen lived here recently.

West, across the street were two tennis courts for we high school students to play on. We had to remove the years annual growth of new grass each spring, before we could chalk in the lines, put up the nets, and repair the chicken wire backstops on the north and south ends of the court.

I was champion of the boy's Freshman class. Lloyd Keck, a sophomore beat me. Hans Rassmusen was a very expert player. Luella Morehead, Carolyn Williams, and Helen Young, were all good girl tennis players.

The next house was Mrs. Boone's home on the northwest corner of Seventh and Laurel. She donated fifty dollars cash, to have the extra tall shaft of the M. E. church cut way down. It was a danger from the heavy winds crashing it to the earth,

perhaps killing some people. The Gadtke family lived in the place in 1910. Gadtke was an S.P. railroad employee for years as engineer. Some of his children were Roy, Mable and Hazel.

East, across the street was a small square, white house in which Miss Gordon and her spinster sister lived for many years.

The southwest corner of Eighth and Laurel held the new, two-storied home of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Sovern. He was on the local school board at one time, 1913, serving as Chairman that year. Sovern had an excellent farm on the Marshall Island Road, southeast of town.

North, across Eighth, was a large, white, two-storied home of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Howard. Their daughters were: Audrey who later became Mrs. Ralph Speer, the mother of Howard; Alma now Mrs. Dewey Myhre; Elsie was the youngest child. Howard had a good farm a couple of miles north of town on the Harrisburg Road. The old maple trees still stand, about where the front of the built-up house did stand, years ago.

East of Howard's was the very new home of Mr. and Mrs. Hershell Johnson. He was a carpenter; and belonged to the local Masonic Lodge. He had just finished his new home when we folks moved to the city in 1910. We lived at 855 Kalmia. I remember him well!

The northeast corner of Ninth and Laurel held a two-story house where the Grahm family lived. They operated a cafe about where the antique store is today, on the east side of Greenwood, in the middle of that block. One of their sons

was Bill. He had a pegleg most of his life. He married my Aunt Anne Wilde's sister, Matilda Gregersen. Their one girl, Rosy, was married to Dewey Rust of the Triangle Lake area for many years.

North across the street lived the Griffith family. Marie, the eldest child, married Carl Sorensen. Laura, Clara, and Josephine, all moved away from town. Alice was the wife of Chester Ayers for many years. They all married, but have now all passed to their reward.

Victor Henderson, who worked in the local cannery much of his life, lived in the house, with his mother, many years. The old oak tree still stands in front of the house.

On the northeast corner of Tenth and Laurel, Doctor William Wolfe Hicks built the splendid, large, two-story house, with a full basement. He had sold his large, two-storied house that stood where the Cascade Savings and Loan Company building stands today. The Oregon Electric Railroad Company bought the site to erect a passenger depot on that spot, when the rail, electric line came to town in 1913.

The company never built on the spot. I presume they thought Mr. Mallory, manager, could have sufficient room for passengers, as well as handle all the freight in the present structure, on the southwest corner of Fifth and Holly, where it stands today.

Doctor Hicks one night attended a seance in a theater in San Francisco, California. The person in charge called out the name of W. W. Hicks. You are present! Strange things may happen.

In 1910, no other buildings existed on Laurel. A muddy, ungravelled roadway, now a paved street, led to the area, just south of Eighteenth. This site held the large gravel pit, from which the city obtained much of the gravel for building the local streets.

This large, old gravel pit has the heirloom ruby ring in it, that fell off my finger, while several of we eighth grade boys were swimming in the nude in it's cold waters in April or May of 1916.

Rachel Parker, a freshman in the Washburn High School, had given me this very old ring to wear, as she liked me very much.

Anyhow, the cold waters shrank my fingers terribly so that sometime or other this priceless heirloom lost off my finger.

She and her mother came down to our house on East First Avenue. They wanted the ring back. I told her the truth about the ring falling off my finger in the cold water.

Mrs. Parker, then blamed herself, for allowing Rachel, to have the heirloom ring, at such an early age.

On January 5, 1918, four of we grade school boys went swimming in this pit. That January experienced some beautiful, warm, sunny weather with the temperature up in the seventies or more.

This pit still lies only a short distance north of the Laurel Grade School. Guy Gilmore farmed the open lands in this field for years.

Most people in town in those early days, had a good garden, maybe a small flock of chickens and ducks, and many tied their milk cow on the very many open lots all about town.

Mr. Cook had married three women, and never had a girl child. The following is a true record.

"Old man Cook has passed away,
He's gone to greater joys.

He leaves behind a yoke of steers,
Six hogs, and twenty boys!"

Charles Wesley Washburn to the Rescue



C.W. Washburn and his daughter, Lute
posing in front of their home in Junction City.

Charles Wesley Washburn to the Rescue

A few weeks before the death of my friend of around sixty-five years, Eugene Clark Hill, told me the following story:

The Edward Baber, three-storied, red trimmed in white, general farmer's warehouse, located on the southwest corner of East Sixth and Elm Street, burned down around 1915.

Clark Hill was always very interested in all types of mechanical affairs, especially engines. He said the Pitt's eight-horsepower steam engine furnished the power to run the machinery of this large warehouse. During the many years of use, the smoke stack of the engine gradually worked loose from the boiler proper. This allowed sparks to fall down into the various accumulations of debris around the engine. The materials ignited and the resulting fire burned down the entire structure and all the contents.

At age twelve or so, many times we local boys had crawled through the broken panel of a side door, and played among the sacks of wook, chittem bark, hides, rolls of various types of wire, fence posts, etc. The bulk grains were stored in the many large bins.

The fuel for the Pitt's Engine, was the tiny, three-inch long ends of the excelsior wood blocks, that were used in the Edward N. Horton Excelsior Mill, situated in the block north

of Tenth and Elm. This block long, huge wooden building housed the excelsior making equipment, that Mr. Horton used in the manufacturing of excelsior (which was used to stuff mattresses, packing around crates of glasses, etc.). Mr. Horton started this factory when he first came to Junction City around the turn of the century. Mr. Horton was a five foot ten inch high person, weighing around two hundred pounds; he usually wore a mustache. Mrs. Horton was a tall slim, red-headed, freckled-faced, blue-eyed individual. They had a two-storied, square house, next to the S.P.R.R. tracks, just north of the track entrance to their large lumberyard.

Since the local farmers had just placed all of their yearly harvest of grains in the Baber warehouse, they were very bad off financially. Mr. Washburn, who operated the local First National Bank as its President, called all the farmers together one Monday morning. He told them that he would grant all of them "Letters of Credit" so that they would have money to carry on their usual business, pay taxes, and their other personal bills. In return, the farmers were to turn over the money from their next sale of the oncoming crops to the local bank. There would be no interest charge on the so-called loan, until one year from date, had elapsed. If they didn't pay him, then there would be the usual interest charge.

The farmers were very happy, and all agreed to his generous offer! Thomas Harper turned over to the Junction City Historical Society, recently, a "balm log hauling Arch", which workmen had found in the Willamette River, while preparing

the river's banks for the Federal Revetment rocking of the river's shores around 1950. This was around Marshall Island, at the east end of Hay's Lane. It can be seen in the alley, back of the old Dr. Norman L. Lee's home, now the Society's Home.

Balm trees often grew in comparatively low lands along the river. In those early days, it was necessary to haul the logs, by means of horsepower, pulling the logs in this arch, to higher ground in the summer dry season. The logs were then cut up into two-foot lengths, for the excelsior shredding machine to shred into the fine excelsior material. The steam engine that made the first electricity on Second and Front, for our city back in 1905. used this same type of fuel for steam power to drive the electric making generator.

Junction City Stories From 1850 to 1922

Junction City Stories From 1850 to 1922

Colonel Falsom, Nellie's father, had a story and a half house on the east side of the tracks at Fourth and Deal. He had barn room, and hitching racks, for the many horses ridden by men of "The Lancaster Light Horse Brigade". Mr. J. A. Bushnell was first sergeant in 1864.

Other U. S. Calvary Brigades were at Eugene, Pleasant Hill, and one on the coast. Every year the calvary troupes met at Salem, Oregon, in drill calvary maneuvers for first and second awards for their expert drill maneuvers. Colonel Falsom's Brigade won often. The riding drill grounds were west of Hays' Lane toward Fern Ridge. Colonel Falsom later built the two-story home on Twelfth and Juniper, which still stands. He had a large farm north of Eighteenth from Tofdahl Lane to Oaklea Drive.

In the Civil War the people of the area had strong feelings either for the North or South. In 1864 the Confederate (South) "Knights of the Golden Circle" met at Monroe. Members signed these articles of confederation with their own blood, as they hated the friends of the North. At one evening's meeting, they had placed their names on a sheet of paper in a hat. The man drawing out his own name had to murder a northern sympathizer on a certain day. Elijah Jackson drew John Pitney's (Clarence's grandfather) name. He had eaten and

stayed overnight many times at the Pitney home. He couldn't go through with murdering his friend. So he took a mud covered stick and on a large paper placard wrote the names of all the northerners that were marked for assassination on a certain night, including his friend Pitney, with dates, and left it on the banister of Pitney's front porch.

The northern sympathizers went to "The Knights of the Golden Circle" in Monroe, telling them "if any northern sympathizers were murdered they would retaliate in kind". Greenberry Smith, was the leader of the Knights.

Greenberry Railroad Station, just west of the Willamette Grange Hall, seven miles south of the city of Corvallis, was named in his memory. There were no more threats of murder!

At Franklin, often called Smithfield, stood a large oak tree in the middle of the road. It stood there until very recently. Through the heat of the Civil War the confederate sympathizers raised the Confederate Flag from a pole suspended upward from the center of the oak tree. The men of the north drilled and practiced musketry the same as the sympathizers of the southern cause did. They never quite got into an actual battle, but tempers got very hot at times.

Generally speaking, the people of the northern cause lived on the east bank area of the Long Tom River, and the southern people on the lands adjacent and west of the Long Tom River.

A large prune dryer ran for many years just south of Third and Deal Streets. The manager was Henry Bushnell.

Bushnell also had a large apple packing and shipping station located in the packing department of the stacking warehouse of the Bushnell Warehouses, which went up in flames in July 1910. These two structures stood side-by-side by the side-track of the S.P.R.R. just east of the depot.

Junction City Hotel was the town's first Church---the rooming house at Seventh and Holly Streets can trace its origins back to the beginning of the city, when part of the present structure housed the Presbyterian Church, the city's first church building. The Valley Progress, newspaper, states that Mr. A. K. Micky, who was school principal of the local school system, purchased the structure and remodeled it for a home and rooming house.

Circus Days in Junction City, Oregon

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In 1912, or even as late as 1916, March or April, huge, colored billboard advertisements could be seen plastered on the street side of the citizen's barns. Many of our people kept a cow and calf, some chickens, and perhaps a hog or two. Everyone had a lucious garden, berries, etc.

The circus advance billboard men would pay a few advanced free tickets, or possibly a few dollars, to get to advertise the coming circus. These usually came in May, June or July. The Barnes Brothers, and other small circuses stopped in Junction City. The Al G. Barnes, Ringling Brothers, Sells-Flotto, Barnum and Bailey, only stopped at the larger cities like Portland, Salem and Eugene.

As boys, we would carry water for the elephants, from the east side of the S.P. Railroad Station, across the street northward, where the Farmer's Warehouse now stands. The whole block would be used for the show. We carried the boards to help build up the tiered seats which were on the one end and two sides of the huge canvas tent. This job gave us a free ticket to the show. Some youngsters would try to crawl under the canvas and get to the main show free. Their plans were often thwarted and sometimes rather painfully expelled from the area.

The special, ten or twenty car, circus train would get to the sidetrack, usually before ten a.m. They would immediately

unload the sideshow tents. Elephants were used to pull the huge tent to the top of the two or often, three large center timbers which held up the tent. Huge wooden mallets were used by the common laborers to pound the stakes into the earth, from which the many ropes held up the sides of the tent. These freight cars carried the assorted animals, baggage of every type. Sleeping and dining cars, with one engine comprised the circus train.

The Circus Parade at one p.m., was led by the circus band; followed by the elephants on which beautiful girls rode; many varied clowns; and then came the horsedrawn wagons pulling caged lions, tigers, dogs, monkeys, etc. This parade so enthused the spectators that they readily came with their money to the show at 2:30 p.m. or the evening performance at 7:30 p.m.. Charges for admission varied from 50¢ to \$1.00 or more. Sideshows cost from 15¢ to 35¢.

Uncle Tom's Cabin was one sideshow, where Lizza, the black girl trying to escape her owners, could be seen crossing the iceberg-strewn river, with the bloodhound dogs in hot pursuit.

"Elizabeth, the Living Doll", 38 inches high, with her tiny hubby, and the rest of the cast made up of midgets, was an outstanding attraction. The sword swallower (even discharging a shotgun with the sword attached to the gun), fire eaters, snakes and snake charmers, fat man, and fat lady could be seen on the varied sideshows.

"The Trip to Mars", "Tunnel of Love", the whirling-sliding-saucer, maybe a merry-go-round, or a ferris wheel,

popcorn, taffy candy, hotdogs, helped make up the fun at the circus.

The main tent had horses, dogs, clowns, elephants, trapeze artists, and music by their own band played most of the time. Lion tamers, tigers, horse and dog performances were a great joy to the crowd.

These circus people were fed in their own tent set up for a dining room. While the evening show was still an hour long, workmen could be heard tearing down and starting to pack their equipment into the box cars, to get ready for the night journey to the next show place.

I recall seeing some of our own young men handing silver dollars to "Ladies of the Night", as they returned from the darkness of the park. By midnight the entire retinue would be disembarked from the block, and the entire area would return to what had been twenty-four hours before, a place of peace and tranquility.

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Love Lake



Love Lake

A little while ago, I stood on the new open bridge over Love Lake. Hereabouts were some of the most productive agricultural land in the Willamette Valley, Oregon.

But where was the water? Bulldozers had taken out the large, light green leafed, tall, handsome ash trees which once lined the Lake. Gone were the frequent clumps of willow trees. The banks are now pushed out into what once was the middle of the lake.

Next year, after the winter waters have receded, corn, beets, carrots, mint, etc., will now grace the area once forming the sides of the lake.

I recall having enjoyed wiener roasts, boat rides, fishing and hunting trips on these same areas of the old lake.

As a lad of the tender age of seven, I recall watching, now dead, young men, dive into the sixteen foot deep waters from the springboard just north of the dam. The dam was built by Mr. H. Love, an Irishman, who secured a vast area in this community, around 1850. An Englishman, James Downes, about the same year got the lands south of Love's (Hans Bodtke farm). He passed away on Christmas Day of 1852. He was buried back of Jack Jager's house by an oak tree.

There was no bridge at this early date. The road ran north from the lane, which is now Dane Lane, along the west side of the lake. The Covered Bridge of Love Lake existed

for many years. This sheltered structure was a boon for lovers at night, as they could sit in their buggies and spoon, even though the weather was inclement.

I could still hear the clip-clop of the horses, as they walked or trotted across the wooden planks. Many a time I had driven "Rock and Pete", with our bundle wagon, over that bridge, while working different summers on the Danish Threshing Machine.

Thorval Klinge was the boss, and engineer of the Russell Steam engine which gave the power for the operation. I recall him running alongside the large, heavy belt, hooking his arm over it, and pulling the belt off the pulley of the threshing machine. This also was a Russell built threshing machine. It had a twenty-four inch cylinder, with a thirty-six inch elevator which brought the bound grain bundles up into the band cutter, then through the spiked fast revolving steel cylinders which shredded the grain from the straw.

Yes, Love Lake is changed. Nature has been aided by man in filling it up. The large spring on the Gribskov place, and other springs, helped keep up the average level of water. High waters or floods, would clean out many rotting logs, leaves, and other debris. In those good old days, trout, catfish, chubs and suckers could be caught from its waters. Later years, bass, and then carp took over.

Many times my cousin, Andrew Wilde, and I would build a fire at night on the open east bank of the lake. With the aid of the "Swan" boat, we put our four set lines, appropriately

baited for catfish. These lines were tied to willows or other tree branches across the lake. They hung down into the water several feet. The short lines from the suspended main line, were eighteen inches long, on which a number two, long-shanked hook was tied. The worm on the hook attracted the catfish. From the bank fire, we used a pole with two hooks on it, casting out into the lake, then anchoring the poles. Every hour or so we would turn the set lines. By midnight we would take two or four dozen fish, sometimes even a trout. The poisonous spines of the back and heads of the fish had to be avoided, or one would have a very sore finger or hand if the fish's spines happened to penetrate your flesh. The fish in the gunny sack in which I rode two miles home, on my bicycle at nighttime, would poke into my back.

In 1919, the twenty degrees below freezing weather for several days, caused the lake to become so thickly frozen over that men loaded wood rakes full of wood and with horses hauled the wagons across the lake. Ice skating parties, day and night, enjoyed the freezing climate.

Summertime picnics were often, as young and old alike, often carrying their lunch baskets over their arm, if they didn't have horses to drive their buggies. They would walk down the path (partly pie-cherry studded lane), which was finely graveled, from town to the lake. Many happy picnics were enjoyed here.

Love Lake lived up to its name. Many a youthful romance budded into a life of long love and marriage, from its wooded

shores. My own high school English teacher, Miss Ellen Van Volkenberg, who later married Clarence Pitney, was just one of the many spooners, that the spell of Love Lake grew into a lifetime of happiness. In talking with Royal Pitney a short time before his death, nearly one hundred years of age, he told me that Hugh Love drowned himself in Love Lake.

I have heard the story that Gideon Millette, an adopted son of Mr. Millette's, Gideon's parents died when he was only three years old in one of the central states. He had the ability of amassing wealth of cattle, hogs, property as well as being known as one of the best farmers of the area. It is said that he owned over sixteen hundred acres at one time. He died nearly penniless in Portland, Oregon.

Uncle Julius and Aunt Anne Wilde purchased fifty acres from the Millette properties in 1905, when they came from Nebraska. Otto, Julius's youngest brother, bought the farm from Aunt Anne when Julius passed away. Now Harold, his son, owns the place.

In her early years she raised hundreds of Peking Ducks on the lake. Her good neighbor, Mrs. Harold Andersen was a willing partner. They had the neighbors come in and dress out these ducks, mostly in one long day, before Thanksgiving.

Vividly, I recall in my early teens of sneaking silently upon a bunch of mallard or woodducks, with my twelve gauge, single shot, shotgun. I had to make my only shot effective. Then it was the fun of throwing sticks out into the water, the ripples of which forced the dead duck toward the shore,

where a long pole, and sometimes a pantless boy, would wade out to retrieve the game. One frosty morning, I took off all my clothes and swam out into the slough of the river to retrieve a large mallard drake duck.

Fourth of July picnics, Hosta Fest, Harvest Festivals, and other large gathering enjoyed the spot just south of the dame, on the east side of the lake. The Danish people would bring their picnic dinners, have ice cream and pop for sale, enjoy baseball, tug-of-war, sack races, running, duck-on-the-rock, three legged races, etc., in the afternoon.

Then the big dance on the forty-by-forty foot, open dance floor. They had coal oil and carbide lamps in the corners for light. The music of Fred Rassmusen's violin; Chris Andersen's (his half brother) flute or clarinet; Mr. Fred Clausen, piccolo, flute, violin; and Anton Jensen on horns and drums, would be enjoyed by all. Paul Jones, waltz, one-steps, quadrilles, and Danish dances, would keep up to a late hour.

Planed two-by-twelves, on nail kegs, served as benches, all around the dance floor.

As a Freshman in high school, I recall Lloyd Keck, Neil Flint, Glenn Millette and myself following a Campfire Girls group (composed of Luella Moorehead, Grace Campbell, Josie Sanders and Lois Young; accompanied by Hans Rassmusen, Emile Godlin, Stanley Godell, and Claude Keck), down in the moonlight to the dance floor area for a wiener roast. We boys did try to sneak up and steal their eats, but they were wise to the common custom of stealing eats, so they kept the goodies next to them, out of harm's way. No eats that night.

Many people, old and young, past and present, have been carried along the lake's placid, dark waters in the sixteen foot long boat; the "Swan". Julius Wilde built the boat. It was never locked up. If users left it where the usual landing was, it was okay to use it free. The boat was so named, because of the white paint and its prow, which was covered over with white decking. At the east side below the dame was a shelf, quite shallow, where the sled loads of carrots, or stock beets would be dragged into the water by horse power, washed of the free dirt, and taken up to the Long Barn and fed to milk cows. The vegetables produced more milk for the Wilde cream separator.

Andy Mosagaard, Clyde Cook, Bill Harpole and Andrew Wilde all trapped muskrats, mink, skunk, coon, civet cats, and even an occasional beaver in the lake, when the furs were prime in the winter time.

The first wild China pheasant I ever hunted was on the west side of the lake. I saw this bird in the willows, and asked Andrew if that was a chicken. He up and shot the pheasant hen. That same day I, too, killed my first pheasant on the Chris Rassmussen farm, just one-half mile east of the lake. That bird rose from the wet kale patch, this kale produced more milk from the cows. I shot at it with my single shot, shotgun. The bird started climbing up and up in the sky, until when it was about eight hundred feet away, and up in the air two hundred feet, it let go of life, and dropped dead on the Thorvald Andersen place, just west of his small

peach orchard. We found it without a game bird dog. I was twelve years old at the time. We kids didn't need hunting licenses at that early age.

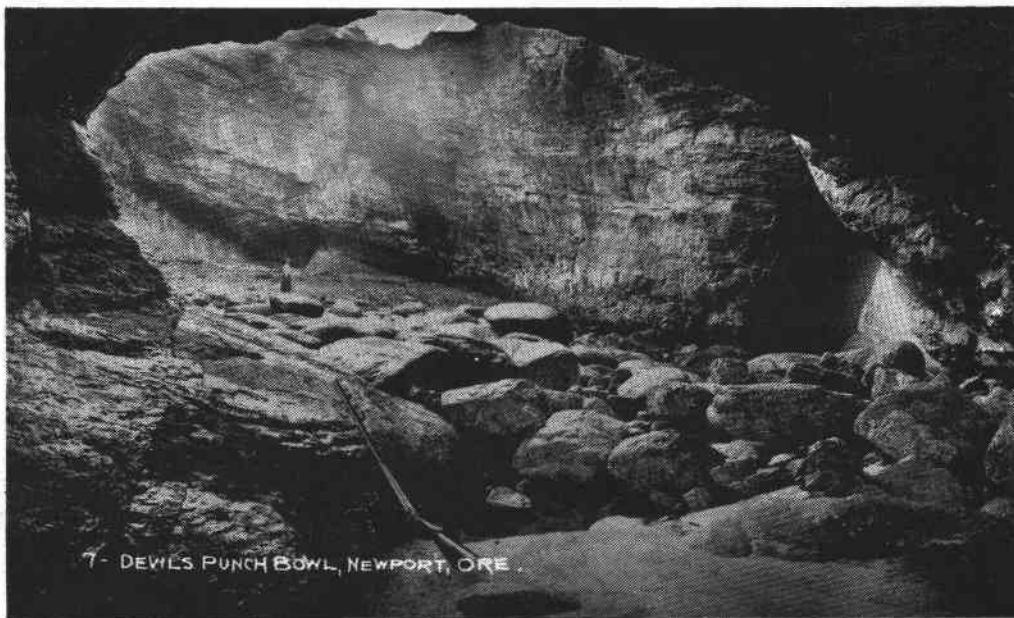
A long time resident of the east side of Love Lake were the Soren Jensen family, consisting of the father, mother, a son, Hansen, girls were Sophia, Dora and Norah. and Sussie. Sophia, the eldest, was a very remarkable artist. Her oil and water paintings were very good. She took many prizes on her works at the County and State Fairs, and the Junction City Pumpkin Shows. "The Julius Wilde Farm" was a good example of excellent work. Dora married Nels Damsgaard, a splendid finishing carpenter, who came here from Denmark. He worked for Loyal Stuckwirth cabinet shop for years. The alter, and pulpit railing, etc. in the new Methodist Church here, were his work in 1943. Norah married Ottos Pitney, mail carrier, was killed accidentally while deer hunting near Noti, many years ago. Doer, his son, is a mail carrier in the Florence area. Norah died in 1965. Sussie the step-mother of Margaret Dougherty, became mother of Mildred, whose real mother died at her birth. Mrs. Andrew Bodtke, Margaret, graduated from high school with me in 1922. Mildred disappeared some twenty-nine years ago after she had left for Alaska. She was never heard from again.

The Bert McKadden ranch was just northeast of the end of Love Lake. As a youth of fifteen, I rode my bicycle to his prune orchard where we picked up Italian and Petite prunes for five cents a bushel box. Mr. Leo Cook leased the orchard. The prune dryer was on the site.

Mr. Cook would pay us a dime a box to pick up prunes under trees that had thistle or berry vines around them. He used his Overland car to bring some of the pickers back and forth from the job. Bert McFadden raised horses and cattle. Peter Petersen bought the farm, and made it one of the best grain, mint, and vegetable farms in the area. The Willamette River had destroyed over a hundred acres of the original ranch. The Eugene Fruit Growers Association bought many of the filberts and other crops raised on this now irrigated farm.

In this early part of the twentieth century, it is interesting to note, that in order to prevent the rains from rotting the timbers of the bridges of the county, they all had covered bridges over lakes and streams. The many bridges over the Long Tom River, and various sloughs off of the main Willamette River, as Hay's Lane, Maple Drive, High Pass Road, Fergusen Creek, Franklin, Cheshire, etc., all had covered bridges.

Catherine Street - Now Called Maple Street



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In 1910, the northbound street leading north from the High Pass Road, was called Catherine Street. It was so named for Mrs. Charles Wesley Washburn. This great-grandpa Washburn and family were very early settlers in this vicinity. Their original home was a small cabin on what is now Dorsey Lane, just south of the present Wendell Williams home.

The Charles Wesley Washburn farmstead occupied the northwest corner of that intersection. William Carrol Washburn, son of C. W. Washburn, lived in the grand old home, which had been built in the 1880's, to the best recollections of great grandson, Donald Washburn, whose father, James, was born in the home in 1895. It was Mrs. C. W. Washburn, that was largely responsible for starting the First Methodist Church in Junction City, on the corner of Seventh and Ivy.

C. W. Washburn, not only farmed extensively in the area, and westward, north and south on the east side of the present Dorsey Lane. He helped form the first bank in Junction City. It was the Farmer's and Merchant Bank, which occupied the site of Ray's paper store, just east of Sixth and Greenwood. He had controlling interest in a large warehouse, which stood on the west side of the Southern Pacific Railroad track, just north of Tenth Avenue. It burned down, as many other warehouses have done, in the long ago. He took part in other

businesses in the young city. My article on "Charles Wesley Washburn to the Rescue", shows how he really helped his fellow neighbors in this community.

The tremendously large barn, with its windmill erected high on the west end of the roof, was a landmark for the city. Many pictures of the area were taken from this high vantage point over the years.

North of the barn stood several oak trees. Four foot oak and fir wood were stored here, until the wood saw would come and saw it up into sixteen inch lengths for the wood stoves in the house. James told me personally, that one of his Chester White sows had twenty-five baby pigs in one litter, in the tiny hog shed under the oak trees. They saved most of the piglets by feeding some of them warm milk from a teaspoon, and even using a baby milk bottle. Apartment houses now occupy most of this area today.

East of the Catherine Street was the early home of John and Rose Ella Hays. They built a box type house here where Chris Ottersen, built in the twenties, his home. This was probably erected in the 1880's, according to Chester Hays, their son, who is now eighty-six years old and still going strong, with his fishing, gardening, etc. The house was moved to Kalmia Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, years ago, according to Chester. Otterson's home has just been burned down by the new owners.

North of the slough, which is now a cleaned out ditch, lived the Nick Andrews family. This was a white, story and

a half house, which stood there many years. He was Washburn's right hand man. I must add here that I recall seeing Mr. Charles Wesley Washburn riding downtown to visit his friends, and buy groceries, etc., in his one-horse buggy, many times, in the teens and early twenties. His horse had the uncanny ability to bring Mr. Washburn, safely home, even though the bewhiskered gentleman would be fast asleep.

Most of the larger farmers had a steady farm hand, whom they often had live in a house on the homestead. Edward Bailey had Bill Harpole; Drews had George Johnson, etc.

The large, unpainted, feed barn stood between Third and Fifth Avenue, in the acreage between Catherine and Laurel. From this barn livestock were fed hay, during the winter time. It is hard to realize today, how the many new homes have now been built on the productive farm lands of the not so long ago.

The open field where the Junior High School now stands, was a baseball park for many years. I recall some expert gunmen shooting cans, and other articles, with their pistols and rifles. One of the participants could have been Annie Oakley, as I recall a lady shooter.

The Washburn High School, built by Soren Jensen, 1908, gave way to a better constructed high school building in 1936-38. This is now the Junior High School structure, and is used for business offices, etc.

The two-storied, square, white house, on the southwest corner of Sixth and Catherine, now lived in by Mr. and Mrs. David Biele, was moved from the southeast corner of Sixth

and Holly in 1913, when the Oregon Electric Railroad came to town. This site never held the proposed railroad passenger station. Doctor William Wolf Hicks, and his Aunty Hicks, sold the house which was moved westward on rollers on Sixth Avenue in 1912 or 1913. Hicks then built the large home on the northeast corner of Tenth and Laurel. Walter and Alice Steel lived in the place now occupied by the Bierley's, and Malcomb and Phoebe Quidort. I remember the house being moved on rollers, Westward Ho! This 1913 was about the same that Sixth Avenue was opened up through the fields of Washburn and David Stromes, making it the west side highway, toward Corvallis. There was a two-plank, sidewalk, next to the fence, on the north side of the road. I have walked it many a time. There were bridges over the two sloughs before you got to Oaklea Drive, on this board walk.

The Harry Douglas home was on the northeast corner of Sixth and Catherine. Harry married Margaret Young. Harry worked for the S.P.R.R. at the freight division, which was Junction City from 1872 to around 1925, some fifty-three years that the S.P.R.R. freight division served this community.

Douglas filled the freight engines with water, oil, greased and readied the engines for duty on their next run. The men, one of whom was my brother George, also pumped the large oil car contents of crude oil, into the immense 90,000 barrel steel storage tank, which stood where the tiny S.P. Depot is today. It was a huge structure of steel. Orville Uttinger, and Foreman, Andrew Nielsen, also worked at this

plant in our city. The pumphouse stood some fifty feet north of the large oil tank. The water tank was north of the Sixth Street depot, a short block, right on the east side of the main rail line track. The small oil tank was just about east of Fifth Avenue, right on the east side of the main track. The large supply building was just east and slightly north of the large oil tank, east of the double track which ran along back or east of the old depot building. These tracks are still in use.

Douglas's father and mother lived in this house part of the time. They also had a forty acre farm home just north of the present home of Mrs. Wendell Williams, on the east side of Dorsey Lane. Harry was a good person to know, always smiling and happy. I believe he contracted pneumonia which took his life at an early age. His parents lived to a grand old age.

I recall watching from the second story English room of the high school, a pair of cats breeding on the open, warm sunny front porch, one school day in 1920. Some of the high school girls just had to walk around the sidewalk to take in the sight.

West, across the street was the Harry Millett home. Harry was a farmer, and carpenter. Mr. Millett had trouble with his eyes. They were often red and inflamed. Ermil, the eldest son, married Goldy the oldest Dorsey girl, and lived on a farm south of Corvallis some eight or nine miles. Her sister, Gladys, married a Blackwell boy. Gertrude married

Edward Blackley, a druggist who worked for Richard (Dick) Carroll, in the drug store that was located in the southwest corner of the first floor in the First National Bank Building that stood for many years where the parking lot of the new United States National Bank now stands.

Glenn, the youngest son, grew up on a bicycle like the rest of we lads in those days. We all skated, played tennis, basketball, football, and took part in track if they had it in high school. Glenn had an uncanny ability to hook a basketball into the basket from some of the most unbelievable positions. He was especially good on long shots from the outside corners from the baskets. They called him "Sleepy", because he had gone to sleep a few times in school.

After his graduation from high school in 1921, he worked for the S.P.R.R. company for a time. He then went into farming with his brother, Ermel, toward Corvallis. He was about to become married when he contracted multiple sclerosis. He lived with his affliction for around forty years. One day in the nursing home in Albany, he told Emily and me that God had given him this cross to bear, and that he was going to live out his life in this physical condition.

His birthday was March 31. Each birthday his many old high school classmates would bring him presents, cards and a cake. Glenn looked forward to these annual parties. His mind was clear right to the end of his life. He could retell many of his athletic contests in football, baseball, basketball, tennis, and his bicycle trips with some of we boys to various towns and fishing creeks in the area.

Chester and Alice Ayers, Burton and Myrtle Young, Alvin and Edith Reetz, Chris and Emily Wilde, Lloyd Keck, Andrew Bodtker, Kenneth Lee and perhaps other high school friends which I don't recall, visited our lifelong friend Glenn Millett over the years. Lee and Florence Murphy brought their gifts with the other old high school classmates to Glenn Millette, who passed away up in his sixties.

Carrie, was the spinster daughter of John Ledene (she attended the M. E. church), who had the Custom Tailor Shop in the building site which would now be in the western part of the Max Strauss Furniture Store. He advertised in the local high school Junco-Ed of the 1916 edition, that he had new suits from \$15 up. He built the bungalow home on the southwest corner of Seventh and Catherine about 1911. My blue suit for graduation in 1922 came from Ledene.

North of Ledene's was the old home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Flint. They had formerly lived on the Pete Follette farm just northeast of the Harpole Corner and Harpole School House, which sat on the southwest corner of that road intersection. Leland Leech and his wife later lived in this home. Leech was a brother of Mrs. Gus Flint.

Mr. Flint was a livestock buyer. He was a smallish man, with a keen eye, and a ready smile. His oldest son, Lewis, graduated from the Washburn High School around 1910. He also graduated from the Oregon Agricultural College at Corvallis, Oregon. He then farmed south of Corvallis, and was a member of the Odd Fellow Lodge (Barnum), in Corvallis.

Agustus, or "Gus" graduated from high school in the 1914 class. He was married to Gretchen Bennett. The only child was Ethelda, now Mrs. Ben Kockler. Gus butchered livestock and also worked as a Lane County Dog Control Officer for many years.

Their present home was moved in from the Alvarado area many years ago at a cost of \$500. Helen Flint graduated from Junction City High School in 1916, the same year my sister Cora graduated here. Mildred Flint graduated in 1919. She and her husband, Bryan Smith, lived on a farm south of Harrisburg. He is dead. She recently fell and broke her hip. Neil and I played, hunted, and worked together around ages eleven through eighteen. Neil was a good hunter. We took his horse and buggy many times out toward the Long Tom River, to hunt ducks and pheasants. We even put out tied tame mallard ducks, trying to get them to call wild ducks down to where we could get a shot at them. I recall vividly, waiting in a grassy slough for a China rooster to walk close enough for a shot. Neil rolled him over. In the same vicinity he shot three white Leghorn young chicken roosters. These he proceeded to throw out of the hack at my mother's place on East First Street in 1917. Mom called up Mrs. Minnie Flint and told her in no uncertain terms for Neil to come down and get those three chickens he had killed from somebody's chicken range. He married Enolla Hubbs, a sister of Grace and Bert Hubbs, who in those days of long ago, lived south of town, east of Clarence Pitney's home. Neil later died in California from some

sickness. I enjoyed many a good meal at Mrs. Flint's table. Sam Flint ran off to Mexico, for some reason. Mrs. Flint grieved so much for her Sam that she soon departed from this earth. Mildred is the only one now left alive from that family.

East of Flint's was the one-story bungalow which Mads Jensen built for Mr. Roy Burton, around 1910. Here Bell Westerland married Mr. Burton. Her mother was Nam McFarland. Their only child, Merle, married Mildred Edwards. Merle passed away just a few months ago. He was Junction City Fire Chief for some years. He was always very active in the automobile business, even in Oakridge. Burton, Sr., operated the Burton and Milliron pool hall for many years. Some large stake card games were held at night in the pool hall.

I recall that my old friend, Carl Petersen, and I had a good fist fight in the alley, just east of Roy Burton's garage in 1915. Boys did much more fist fighting in the good old days than they do now. Carl came to see Emily and I some years ago, from Calgary, Canada. We later returned the call. He and his wife, a nurse, were very kind to us, taking us to their old home east of Calgary, to their ranch south of town, to see Myrtle Jorgensen (who lived on the ten acres dad had sold to Mr. Jorgensen in 1914), to visit Howard Petersen in the city, etc. He has since passed away from a liver disease.

Mrs. Mable Craig, Jensen, Pope, worked for some twenty years as housekeeper for Roy Burton, who lived to be around eighty-seven years of age. Mr. Burton was around six feet

four inches tall, and weighed around two hundred and fifty pounds. He had blue eyes and a blond complexion. He always had a cigar in his mouth. He was a good citizen.

Mrs. Pope's mother, Mrs. Craig, and her older sister, operated the first Junction City telephone exchange, which one-story building stood just west of the alley on the north side of Sixth Avenue between Holly and Ivy. Their home was the square, still in use, one-storied white house on the northeast corner of Eighth and Juniper in 1910, when I and my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hans and Mary Wilde, lived at 855 Kalmia Street, having just moved here from St. Louis, a Catholic community, some three miles or so southwest of Woodburn, Oregon. The Craig home was just southeast of our house across the vacant block.

North of Mr. Burton's home on the southeast corner of Eighth and Catherine is a very, very old house. Mr. Frank Ray, father of the Reverend Ray, lived here for many years while he was caretaker of the grade school on Juniper and Eighth. Way back in my mind it seems to me that one of the Campbell brothers and family lived here around 1912 or so.

Catercorner northwest was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Soren Neilsen. He operated a produce egg and cream buying store on the east side of the alley, just across the alley from the Christian Church. He sold some chicken feeds, etc. Funnison's Appliance Store now occupies the site with a new building. Neilsen also had a butcher shop. In making hamburger one day, he got his fingers on one hand pretty well chewed off in the

power-driven electric powered meat grinder. His son Carl and daughter Hannah moved away. My brother George W. Wilde, and his wife Lois, knew Hannah and her husband in Portland, Oregon, many years ago. Sam and Ethel Toftdahl Miller lived in this over hundred year old house for many years. Sam committed suicide after losing his wife Ethel. North of Neilsen's was the home of Doctor Ruff. Their sons worked on the S.P.R.R. for years. Max was a conductor. Ory was a brakeman. Adlay, the third son, worked in Portland for the city. This home was erected around 1910. Mrs. Ruff was very active in the local Evergreen Rebekah Lodge for most of her life. I recall Emily and I bringing her home from Lodge at various times.

North of Doctor Huff's stands the two-story old home of Mr. and Mrs. Fitzhugh and Anna Lee. Their children are Kenneth, who operated the Union Oil Company business here for many years on Elm Street. In high school, Kenneth played an excellent trombone in the old high school group band in 1918, under the direction of Fred Clausen and Mr. Ben Nichols of Albany. Nichols was a freckle-faced, blue-eyed, red-haired musician. This band had Blanche Hansen, Principal Robe, and other members, so it was not entirely a high school band.

Kenneth pitched an unusually good baseball for his local high school and later for the city teams. He had the uncanny ability to fan and strike out one batter after the other. I was manager for the baseball team a couple of years, 1919-21, securing the dates, etc., for baseball engagements with nearby

high school teams. It was at Springfield in my sophomore year that I was playing third base position. A hard struck ball was caught by short-stop Lloyd Keck, and instead of tossing it some twenty odd feet to me, he threw the ball as hard as he could throw it. Aschel Fish was running from second to third base. He yelled, threw up his arms, and thus ruined my chances of catching the baseball. The ball struck my left collarbone, breaking it. My it hurt! And I was very dizzy! The doctor set it at my expense. We had no help in those days, as the students have today for injuries sustained in athletics. After many, many weeks of pain and troubles, I took the left arm down from the tied-up position it had been carried in a sling all that long time, two months. It looked as if it had tried to grow together. That ended my athletic career. I had been ruptured the year before in running too hard, on a home run at Pleasant Hill - first batter up in the new ball game. I had knocked a home run the day before in a high school game, and the boys were all hollering for me to make another home run. Well, I did, but it laid me up with a truss for years on end, finally having had it operated on years later.

I had had almost all of my teeth knocked loose in a basketball game with the alumni, in the old Pumpkin Show building, in 1920; so, dad said no more athletics for me. However, I did act as manager a lot of the years in high school athletics and in our dramatic club.

Maxine Lee married Lee Churchill, who was manager of the

Mountain States (now Pacific Power and Light) Company, for many years locally. She worked in the post office for her dad, many, many years.

Mr. Lee was city postmaster in the two-storied, white building that once upon a time, stood where the Pacific Power and Light Company office is today. Marie McMullen, his sister-in-law, worked for him many years. His brother-in-law, Samuel McMullen, worked for him two and one half years. Mrs. Lee was Anna McMullen, whose parents and many of the large family, came from Dublin, Ireland in 1896.

Mr. Alfred R. Martin, proceeded Mr. Lee as postmaster. Lee took over the position in 1916, which he held until his demise in 1934. Anna, his wife, lived to the grand old age of ninety-one, passing away a couple of years ago. Mr. Lee had been a rural mail carrier from 1906, until he went into the postmaster position. I knew his mother, Aunt Dolly Lee.

It was around 1916 that I was a sixth grader in the old grade school located in the middle of the block between Seventh and Eighth, just west of Juniper. I was hauled into the office, for supposedly writing a lewd letter to a girl in our class. The writing was compared with my writing. It turned out that the girl's own older high school brother had written the dirty letter to his own sister, and had for some unknown reason, signed my name to the epistle. Such is life! As the letter went through the mails of the United States, it was a Federal investigator that questioned me in the U.S. post office.

North of Lee's home was the Meets dwelling. Their daughters were Lulu and Bessie. The oldest son was Ralph, then Edward, and the youngest son was Jimmy. Jim married Sadie McMullen. They lived in Portland, Oregon, most of their lives. They have all passed away.

These are the only houses that existed on Catherine Street in 1910. All the other houses on the street today, have been built since that early date of our city's life.

It seems to me to be a shame that Catherine Street and Washburn Street have been changed to Maple and Nyza Streets. Catherine was the wife of Charles Wesley Washburn, one of our earliest settlers. Despite raising a large family, she still had time for her Lord and Saviour to have church services at their home, on what is today Dorsey Lane.

From these weekly meetings she and her friends developed the First Methodist Church of Junction City. Her husband was secretary of the first organization of that church. He trusted people so much that he failed to get a signed receipt for the cash for the original cost of the materials used in the construction of the building, from the contractor and builder. The carpenter skipped off with the money. The county court held in the following trial that the church must repay the costs of the materials used in construction of the church.

Mr. Charles Wesley Washburn, as he had been careless in not getting a paid up receipt from the builder, largely repaid the sum out of his own pocket. The old church stood on the northwest corner of Seventh and Ivy, where the telephone

building now stands.

Fred Chase, his sons, Charles and Martyn, and John Mallette, and Elbert Starns, took the old church down in a couple of weeks, around 1945.

It seems to me that these old-timers should be recognized by having the names of streets, etc., named for them.

The Daniel F. Mason & Son Hardware, 1910



W. S. McKee



STREET VIEW—LOOKING SOUTH ON GREENWOOD STREET

The Daniel F. Mason & Son Hardware, 1910

The Hans Wilde family came to Junction City in 1910 from the St. Louis Catholic community, southwest of Woodburn, Oregon.

James McMullen's father and family came to McMullen Lane from Ireland in 1896. James says the McFarland Blacksmith Shop was standing on the southwest corner of Greenwood and Sixth Avenue at that date. It probably had been there for fifteen or twenty years before 1896.

Daniel F. Mason and son Jean, built the present two-story concrete structure in 1910 and 1911. His advertisement in the 1913 High School yearbook "Junco-Ed", says, "Dealer in hardware, farm implements, wagons, and buggies. Headquarters for complete house furnishings."

Once a year, Mason's had an expert chef come and demonstrate to large audiences, how to bake, cook, etc., many types of foods on the wood-burning kitchen ranges. The large stoves had a warming oven, with opening door, fully across the top of the stove some twenty inches above the flat, hot surface; which contained four stove lids. The right side of the stoves had a hot water reservoir.

The "Home Comfort", "Majestic", "Monarch", and "Charter Oak", were a few of the manufactured stoves of that period. Tickets were given out to everyone attending the afternoon

cooking schools. After a week or so of these advertising affairs, prizes would be given to the people holding the lucky number. The first prize was a new kitchen range of the type Mason's were selling. Other prizes were less in value. Some stove tops were so strong that small children could sit on the warming oven and dangle their cold feet down toward the heat coming upward from the top of the stove.

The grocery and clothing section of the department store was in the south annex of the building. The annex door was in the center, with large glass windows on each side. The original door to the hardware section was next to the corner facing Greenwood Street. Plate glass windows were on both sides of the corner.

I recall buying yellow, lowbase shotgun shells for eighty-five cents a box. They carried all kinds of fishing and hunting goods and had all the general types of merchandise carried in a hardware store.

The machinery section was in the west end of the entire building. Here Clyde Shields would assemble the disks, harrows, buggies, etc. to be pulled out through the double doors on the alley or through the double doors next to the west side stairway in the northwest corner. The hot water heating furnace was near the alley in the annex part of the building. Hot water radiators heated up the living quarters upstairs as well as the bottom part of the building.

Doctor A. T. Atwater had his first dentist practice around 1918, in the east part of the upstairs. Dr. L. M.

Lehrback had his medical office there next to Atwater's office. I believe there was lawyer's office there too. The same east side stairway was used to go up to the professional men, as it is today. Doctor Parrot wore a beautiful Van Dyke beard and he occupied the corner office in 1920.

These rooms were later rented out as apartments. The large balcony fully across the inside of the main store, held the household furniture, etc., and the office. The wide stairway went up to it from the center of the east part of the main floor.

Daniel Mason built a beautiful new home on the southeast corner of Eleventh and Juniper in 1912. My uncle, Peter F. Petersen, occupied the home for many years while serving as the first custodian of the new Central Grade School.

Daniel's daughter, Ester Rodney, married Karl Jensen. Jean's girl, Ruth was splendid piano player.

The Mason family attended the local Methodist church for many years. They were active in local community life. Daniel died here and Jean sold the business to L.M. Ruch and J. C. Shields, who together ran the general store business for years.

Archie Miner and wife, Alma, conducted a cream buying, eggs, etc., station in the west part of the building for years. Holger Jensen and wife bought out the Miners and ran the cream station for a long while. A. J. Kaiser's had a clothing store for a long time in the building. Karen Gribskov and Mrs. Kaiser ran this business for years.

Early Railroad Stops in Junction City

Early Railroad Stops in Junction City

Miss Fern Hays led her mixed class of twenty-eight second graders, down the fourteen front steps of the 1872, yellow colored, two-story, grade school. (J. C. Boland was the first teacher in this 30' x 80' structure.) All the other teachers were leading their charges to Fifth Avenue and Front Street where at 11 A.M., President Theodore Roosevelt was to meet all of we citizens, in April of 1911.

His train stopped at the fixed zone. His smiling, bespectacled, mustached, gold-toothed, countenance beamed out upon we children, and the crowd of people assembled to see this great man; and perhaps hear him speak. He didn't disappoint us. He spoke a few chosen words from the platform of the rear passenger car of the train. Those rear end Presidential Cars were really fancy! We all sang "The Oregon Song"--

Where the restless Pacific beats ever and aye,
On the sands and the rocks we know well,
Where the fir and the cedar grow tall on the hill,
And the brooks wind their way through the dell--
Where the ring of the axe, and the lowing of herds,
Are the heralds of eras to come
That's the land that to us, is most wondrous and dear
It's the land that to us is called home.

CHORUS:

There is no land like Oregon
The land of the western seas--
Through east or west, it is the best,
It's the place you want to be.
No matter where you may roam
Your heart still clings to Oregon
Because it's home, home, home.

Verse:

When the people of east call it setting sun land
It's because they do not surmise,
That in spite of its nickname-
Our state is the place where the sun has just
started to rise. Chorus.

In 1872, "First Train" to celebrate the opening of the Oregon-California railroad line, was a great event. The flat cars held several types of seats for the entourage. Some "German-type" bands furnished music. Some pranksters pulled down the water tank spout, at the head of the train, so that water deluged the people on the entire train as it passed under the water spout. People brought their lunches, packed at home, with them as they journeyed on this first excursion to Roseburg.

In 1915, saw all the local citizens turn out and enjoy seeing our one and only original Liberty Bell, come through and stop at our city. The flat car was trimmed in red, white and blue bunting. "Old Glory" waved from both ends of the first car. It was a sight never to forget. The soldiers, sailors, and marines, were all armed with their rifles with fixed bayonets. The huge bell which had come from England, showed its crack on one side. You could discern the lettering around the top of the bell. This event stirred up patriotism and produced men and money for the upcoming World War I.

In 1916, General John J. Pershing, Commander of the U. S. Army, recently invading northeastern Mexico, in search of Pancho Villa, came through our town in the afternoon, enroute to Fort Lewis. Neil Flint, Lloyd Keck and I, climbed up on the end car and shook hands with General Pershing.

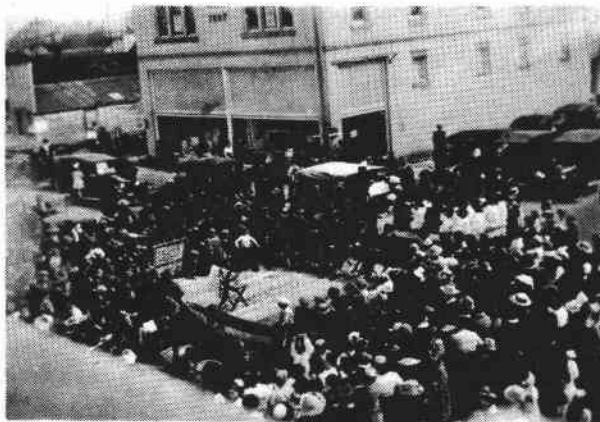
Mr. George Young led the crowd (opposite the Ducky Lee Hotel on the main line), in "Hip-Hip-Hurrah", three times for President Calvin Coolidge, when his train stopped briefly here one day. He was very agreeable and was glad to shake hands with all of us.

In 1921, I was working nights in the J. C. Cannery Prune Dryer located just north of Eleventh and Greenwood, when we saw President Woodrow Wilson's train go east at 3 A.M. Another time we saw President Harding's train go through eastbound, late at night.

When Junction City was a leading railroad town, many, many events have occurred around the railroad zone that to some of us really made history in our town.

Troop Number One, Junction City, Oregon

Boy Scouts of America



Troop Number One, Junction City, Oregon

Boy Scouts of America

The Boy Scout movement originated in England about 1908. Scouting soon spread throughout the world.

Mr. Edward Starr and his son came to Junction City from Eugene, where Scouting was very active. He conferred with Reverend Clyde T. Cook, pastor of our local Methodist Church, about the purposes of the Boy Scout movement. The Methodist Church stood on the northwest corner of Seventh and Ivy Streets, It was originally built from money given largely by the William Washburn family, and many other contributors.

We boys were overwhelmed by the Scouting ideals of hikes and camping trips; besides all the good thing we could learn by completing the required work for merit badges, and the first three stages of Scouting.

The number one drawback was that most of we interested lads were only eleven years of age. You had to be twelve years of age to enroll, at that time, 1914. Superintendent of Schools, C. H. McKnight, whose son Cecil was in our age group, felt sorry for we boys. With his automobile, and Mr. Cook's car, they took a dozen or so of we boys over east of Harrisburg onto the Bert Rose Ranch. This slightly logged off region was nearly virgin first growth Douglas Fir timber in 1914. A couple of miles back on the hillside from the

country road was a ten acre round lake, called "Lost Lake". Its waters were very prime, and contained rainbow trout. It was an excellent lake to swim in. Tall Douglas Fir trees rimmed the entire lakeshore. It was a very pretty setting for Lost Lake.

Lloyd Morrison, who later in life built "Morrison's Rest" Chateau, below Hells Gates on the Rogue River, and I had been to the lake fishing in May of 1914. His father farmed the ranch south of Roland a mile or so. We had ridden our bicycles to the road end, then hiked to the lake. I recall cutting bark from the Red Madron trees from which we improvised belts, etc.

We cut and pounded three foot fir stakes into the ground on each of four corners. After appropriate sticks, limbs, and ferns were applied we had three protective shelters from the elements. Our mothers saw to it that we had proper bedding, food, and cooking utensils from home. That first evening we played "Hide & Seek". I got off the trail some forty feet and found the carcass of a buck deer hanging from a small fir tree. The hindquarters and back straps had been removed, leaving the rest of the deer to be devoured by cotoyes and bears.

The next morning we hiked up the trail a short half mile to the lake. A hundred foot long fir tree had fallen years ago and extended out from shore into the lake. Grasses, willows, and small bushes grew in spots out over on the log itself. Tied to it was an old Indian Dugout Canoe. We all tried to paddle it around the lake. Rainbow trout could be

seen deep in the very clean waters. It was difficult to get them to bite our worms on our plain hooks.

Most of the boys had recently learned to swim, or "Dog Paddle". In the northwest corner of the round lake was the outlet. This was the area we swam in. We also hiked around the beautiful lake. Often, down, dead trees were across our path, some trees were partly buried under moss, ferns, vine maple and other brush. We all did our best to enjoy "Boy's Fun" for a week of vacation.

In 1915, as most of we lads were a year older, Mr. Cook, organized Troop Number One, Junction City, Oregon, Boy Scouts of America. That June most of we Scouts mounted on bicycles took off for Triangle Lake, west of Blachly four miles. It was a one-track road, some of it made of corduroy. Corduroy road means that slabs of eight foot long slab-wood, or planks, were thrown into the mud holes, across the roadway and small rivulets. Thus, in 1914, Fords, Overlands, and Chevrolets could traverse the mostly dirt roads in the wet season, as well as in the dry, dusty weather. The "High Pass" west of Junction City, was the main road used to go to Florence and the Pacific Ocean areas in 1914.

Mr. William Dwyer and Mr. Cook's cars carried our food, bedding, and other camping necessities in their automobiles. After walking and pushing our bikes to the summit of the high pass, we cut small fir trees, maybe five feet tall. We roped them onto the back of our bicycles. These trees acted as brakes on our bikes, as we had New Departure and Morrow brakes.

The west part of the pass was very steep. Edwin Jensen had no brake on his bicycle. After a wild, hilarious, noisy ride down the hill, we came to Edwin Jensen, at the bottom of the mountain. Unable to properly retard his downward thrust, he had reached tremendous speeds, then just as he got to the bottom, the jolting rough road threw him off onto his shoulder. Luckily he escaped serious injury.

In due time we covered the twenty-five mile trek to beautiful Triangle Lake. Mr. Cook led all of us boys up "Little Elk" mountain the next day. It is located west of the small lake, just west over the low ridge from Triangle Lake. A small country school house stood on the north end of the ridge.

The fern, salal, thimble and salmon berries, vine maple, and small fir trees were as prevalent and hard to climb up through in 1915, as they are today. We were all glad to eat our sack lunches at the top of the hill. Big Elk Mountain, on the west a little further, was said to be high enough to view the Pacific Ocean on a clear day.

We took various tests toward obtaining Tenderfoot, Second Class and First Class status. Trout fishing, boating, and sliding down the mossy lengthy slide of the Lake Creek Outlet stream were superb fun.

Six years later, Alvin Reetz and I rode horseback to this same area. We camped by a partly destroyed real old house in the brush. Our horses decided they wanted hay to eat, not brush, so they broke loose and took off for Junction City and

good food. Luckily, Dewey Rust saw them and penned them up for us. The Rust farmstead stood on the northwest corner of the lake.

The membership consisted of: Christian Jensen, James and Lloyd Evans, William Dwyer, Anthony Knott, August and Christian Hatt, Lyle Grivey, Kenneth Lee, Glenn Chamberlain, Edwin Jensen, Vernon Kimball, Ralph Henderson, Clark Reed, Chris Wilde, Herbert Kneave, Burton Young, Alvin Reetz, Chester and Palmer Ayers, Ralph and Robert Templeton, Leland and Preston Drew and others.

We met once a week in the basement of the old Methodist Church. During the long, winter evenings, we frequently had parties to which our girl friends were invited. Fruit basket upset, drop the handkerchief, musical chairs, post office, going in and out of the window for we're engaged today, button, button, whose got the button, and blind man's bluff were a few of the indoor games we played in the good old days. This held true for school, church, Sunday School, Scouts or after parties that were held in private homes, etc., in those good old days.

Scouts learned rope tying, knots, Semaphore Morse Code, camping, health, first aid, etc., as the boys do today. I was the Troop Bugler and wore out two bugles in the effort. Utensil food kits cost us \$2.25, a knapsack was \$2.50, coats were around \$6.00, and trousers were about \$4.00. The majority of the Scouts had uniforms of our Scouting order.

We made forays to the Willamette River. On one hike my close friend, Edwin Jensen, and I ran from the top of Coxes

Butte, southeasterly, to the Long Tom River, jumping a four foot fence enroute. Edwin was killed in 1921. He had climbed up the western tower of the Oregon Electric Bridge over the Willamette River between Junction City and Harrisburg. Apparently he lost his balance and fell, hooking his right arm just above the elbow around one of those sixty-six thousand volt high tension electric wires. His father was fishing upstream. He heard Edwin scream, and saw the blue flash of the whole steel column being shorted out, and Edwin's body fall into the water.

It was several days before men were able to get a barbed wire to hook into his body to pull it out of the deep, log-cluttered bottom hole at the foot of the tall tower by the west cement pier. I saw his bluish, reddish body, twice on the slab at Miller's undertaking parlor. Why he took his life into his own hands in crawling up over a hundred foot tower, we will never know. I had slept, hunted, and hiked with Edwin through several years of early life.

World War I came in 1917. Our Troop Number One went to Waldport on the Alsea River that June for our vacation. Again, we had single track, dusty, mostly ungraveled roads to tour upon. After leaving Alsea a short mileage, we turned northwest up over Big Digger Mountain. The road today goes around "the Missouri Bend". We were driving down the Alsea River in Mr. Cook's, Hatt's, and Dwyer's cars. A boy said, "Look down there." Mr. Hatt looked, and instantly pulled the car across the road, and over the bank. Luckily, he got the car stopped

so it rested partly over the bank and partly on the roadside. I was so scared, I sprang entirely across the other two boys in the back seat of the Holt car onto the ground (the car top was down). Mr. Cook cut a sapling and between us all, we pried the Overland car back onto the road.

My first view of the Pacific Ocean came a few minutes following the near accident. The old road traversed the low mountainsides, angling down into Waldport. It was a beautiful, sunny, clear day. A five-masted wooden ship lay in Alsea Bay below where the present bridge spans the river. Anchored out over the river's mouth was a coastal steam freighter. These ships were both being loaded with spruce logs to be carried to lumber mills in our country and England. The spruce boards were used in making airplanes. DeHavilands, Curtis, Sopwiths, etc., were planes used in combat fighting the German "Luft-waffe", and armies, as well as trying to sink German U-boats, which were submarines that were sinking our transports of every type.

I recall blowing or sounding taps at night, and reveille, on my bugle in the pine-studded trees of a much smaller Waldport than it is today. The Spruce Division Soldiers built the trestle across Alsea Bay at Bay View. They built the connecting railroads from Newport, Toledo to Yachats. Many trainloads of spruce logs were removed from the forested spruce areas in 1917 and 1918.

Alvin Reetz, Burton Young, Edwin Jensen, and I hiked up the beach (there was no road as such in those days) to Yachats

and back one day. We crossed the Alsea River on a small ferry, carefully drove the elevated wooden, one line, planked roadway across the treacherous sands to the beach, on our way to Newport. We camped near Seal Rock that night. Herbert Neave ate thirteen pancakes for breakfast the next morning. The road went up around the Seal Rocks, then back down on the sandy beach again, over the brushy hillside roadway to the ferry over the Yaquina River and Bay at Newport.

Our same four scouts hiked up the beach, north to the Devil's Punch Bowl. "Jump Off Joe" was a beautiful rock formation cut off from shore. It had a large hole through the rocky sides through which at a proper angle you could view the lighthouse on Yaquina Head. Agate Beach had many agates available in those early days.

The old Indian legend has this story. The neighboring Indian Chief didn't want his beautiful Indian maiden to marry the son of the Yaquina Chief. They being very much in love and realizing they weren't going to be allowed to marry, took a terrible decision. So on a terrifically stormy day, she and her lover went out on the rocks overlooking the ocean. She said to her sweetheart, "Let's jump off, Joe." Thus they were both killed by the huge waves. Thus the rock formation's name. The rocky formation is now washed away, but pictures are available of it.

As one of the cars couldn't come to pick us up from our vacation trip, I and several other scouts went by ferry to the railroad station at Yaquina Depot. Today, the railroad

terminates at Toledo. We arrived at Corvallis at the no longer existent Ninth Street Depot.

Colonel Leader, of the British Army, came to Junction City in 1918 to help raise bond money for support of the huge costs of World War One.

Mr. Chamberlain, Glenn's father, managed a logging and lumber company. His office was upstairs in the old First National Bank Building. We Boy Scouts, very actively, not only marched in the Liberty Bond Drive parade, but actually sold the War Bonds to citizens. Mr. Chamberlain had his employees fill in my name as salesman, so I sold a third of the bonds during that one bond drive that were sold in Junction City.

The United States Treasury Department presented me with a "War Service" medal for this service. "Every Scout to Save a Soldier" was the engraved slogan on the bronze medal of April, 1918. I was the only Scout to receive this distinguished gift from the Treasury Department that I ever heard of.

Earl Horsell was scoutmaster in 1922. I assisted him for a brief time before going on to school.

Life As It Was In The 1892 Junction City Grade School



Junction City Public School



The band from Junction City entertaining at Triangle Lake.

Life As It Was In The 1892 Junction City Grade School

Ding-Dong, Ding-Dong, Ding-Dong, Ding-Dong!! Left-Right, Left-Right, etc. The first through the fifth grade pupils lined up in four lines. They then marched up the fifteen steps, into the two-story wooden grade school.

The iron triangle, beat by Elmer Dinges, William C. Jensen, or Harvey Warner, kept us in military cadence until we were at our seats. Miss Maude Hays, my first grade teacher, then asked us to "Be Seated". The second grade teacher, Mabel Hays and her sister, Maude, were living in a house on the southwest corner of Thirteenth and Juniper Streets. The house is still in good condition.

Our reading method was by sounds or phonics, with picture cards. We learned to read by sounding out the words. "Mama loves baby." "Baby loves Mama."

This large two-storied building, with full basement, stood in the center of the block between Seventh and Eighth Streets and Juniper and Kalmia facing the East.

The tall flagpole was in the southeast corner of the block. One day, it was Halloween time, some youth had pulled a dead blue heron up to the top of the flagpole. Another Halloween night, a thirty gallon garbage can had been pulled up to the top of the pole. Kids are kids!

Miss Helen Lang, soon to be Mrs. William Perman, taught in the center room on the west part of the upstairs. There

were only three large windows for light on the west side of the building in our room. No wonder children's eyes required glasses, as our western Oregon dark winter days left the room in a constant gloomy atmosphere. At night Miss Lang sold 5¢ and 10¢ admission tickets to the movie goers at the "Nickelodeon", located where Max Straus's Furniture store is today. We sat in straight, wooden chairs, on a flat floor. The shows were mostly Civil War fighting, Indians and cowboys. I believe I saw Houdini, the great magician, perform here about 1910 or so.

I talked to Mrs. Perman on the telephone in Portland, two years ago. She said she was still short, heavy and sassy. She said she was very happy, that I had thought enough of her to call her up, her pupil in 1913. Mr. Perman was one of the best trumpet players of all times.

Our fourth grade teacher was Miss Bertha Harpole. She was a dark brunette, a second cousin of my wife, Emily Lingo. Emily's folks were Harpoles on her dad's side of the family. Girls taught in grade school just out of their high school graduation, by taking regular annual County and State Examinations, under the County School Superintendent, E. J. Moore. The examinations were on history, grammar, hygiene, arithmetic, etc., once a year at the county school superintendent's office, or a larger room nearby. If the teacher had a state diploma from a normal school, they didn't have to take the annual examinations.

We boys were always trying to get to clean the blackboards and dust the erasers for our lady grade teachers. No

school buses in those days. We walked or rode our bicycles to school in every type of weather.

Inez Love, Dr. D. P. Love's daughter, taught the sixth grade, which was on the north side upstairs hallway. The fifth grade teacher was Miss Fern Holcomb, from Cottage Grove. She was a very beautiful, blonde girl just out of high school.

Mr. C. H. McKnight, was the city school superintendent. His red-haired, long-curled daughter, Elizabeth, sat just ahead of me. One day, one of her prolific, long, red curls got into my ink bottle. Mr. McKnight gave me a good hand spanking, leaned over a desk in the east cloak room. At a Scandinavian Festival a few years back, Elizabeth, Emily, and I had a good laugh about the affair.

While attending the College of Education at Monmouth, Oregon, in 1927, I visited at the home of Mrs. McKnight, who lived at Monmouth at that time. We had a good old-fashioned visit. Cecil, her eldest boy, and I had fist fights, as did William Trash and I. William worked at the Monroe Brick Yard most of his life. He died some time back. 1915 was a very cold, snowy winter. Harvey Warner, Neil Flint, Cecil McKnight and I trudged through ten inches of snow to bring our classroom a ten foot tall fir Christmas tree. The area just north of Lingo Lane, in 1915, was almost solid timber. This is Zumwalt land today.

Neil Flint and I would clean up people's glass, tin cans, etc., and haul the garbage out of town to some hole along the road, for 15¢ or 25¢ with Flint's horse and buggy. We also put Jake Miller's wood in, across the street from the grade

school, in 1913. We piled the sixteen inch fir wood up in his basement for 25¢ a cord.

Boys spun tops on the cement sidewalk, played on the trapeze bars, played marbles, football, swings for each girl or boys' side of the playground, two teeter-totters, basketball hoops, baseball, shinny with a tin can and sticks, mumblety-peg, duck-on-the-rock, were amusing games.

In duck-on-the-rock, one player would be "it". He placed a three or four pound rock on top of a larger, flatter rock. From a drawn line, boys would try to knock the rock off the pedestal stone with a three pound (or so) stone from ten feet away. When a boy dislodged the stone all the players who had missed, whose rocks were spread around the pedestal rock, would grab their own stone and run for the lag line. The boy "tagged" by the "it" lad before he got to the lag line was "it" for the next time.

Children do not seem to enjoy themselves with any of these old games--but now it is mostly some type of ball games or track.

Robert Wilde, my cousin, was known as a heavy baseball batter. He was a left-hand batter. One morning while standing about twenty-five feet from the home base, Bob hit a foul ball that came straight at me. The ball struck me down as it broke my nose. Dr. D. P. Love set it.

Miss Fern Holcomb, our fourth grade teacher, had Erling Bogaard, whose father was Reverend Bogaard, Lutheran minister that lived just west of the old Danish Church, which stood on

the southeast corner of Seventh and Ivy. The church had a covered horse shed back of it on the alley. Erling had a large hole in the bottom of his pants pocket. For some reason the lads, around her desk, were playing a game of "guess which boy's pocket held the sought-after knife". Well, Miss Holcomb plunged her hand into his bottomless pocket. She didn't feel the sought after object of the game.

One day Lola Brown, bent down to retrieve a pencil from the floor (it had fallen from her desk), at the same time I did likewise, from my seat just across the aisle from her. The resounding head smack was heard throughout the five-rowed schoolroom, accompanied with great laughter.

Our seventh grade teacher was Miss Helen Wagner, a gorgeous brunette. She and her sister Gladys, who later married Frank Hildreath, manager of the Mountain Stages Power Company here; were both teachers. They lived in the house south across the street from the Masonic Hall. Years later, Miss Elsie Martin, later the wife of Glenn Strome, Miss Forchte and Miss Goheen, high school teachers, lived in that house. It was jokingly referred to as the "M.F.G." company home.

Miss Wagner loved to read books, poems, lead songs, etc. for opening exercises every morning, sometimes for ten or fifteen minutes after one o'clock. "The Raggedy Man", by James Whitcomb Riley always stood out in my mind. She would get so interested herself with reading the stories that our classes sometimes suffered accordingly.

As the new part of the building was built about 1915, exactly fitting onto the west side of the older 1889 structure.

Its basement had a large woodworking area, directed by Mr. Arthur Turner, Seventh and Eighth grade boys, as well as the high school lads, participated actively in the construction of various articles made of wood, and steel. He was a handsome red-haired gentleman. No wonder the lady teachers visited the basement after school hours.

The basement in the old part held four foot long fir and oak wood. Mr. Miller, janitor, pulled wood to the furnace on the north side center of the basement, on a two-wheeled cart. He had a full beard. The children all loved him and his stories. He told of eating live ants, on his sandwiches. The ants he took from pockets in the wood.

Mr. Miller lived on the northeast corner of Third and Deal. His son-in-law, and Roy Stump, built that house and the one east of it, and also the one north of that one, about 1911. Stump and Erhman conducted the large lumberyard on the west side of the S.P.R.R. tracks, just south of High Pass Road. Mr. Chris White, father of Norma Fisher, had sold out to Stump and Erhman about 1910 or so. Carl Jacobsen, brother of Walter, worked in the lumberyard for many years. He rode a Harley-Davidson motorcycle, with sidecar. The White, Excelsior, Indian, were other types of motorcycles used in those early times.

Muriela Hulbert, was our brunette, smallish, eighth grade teacher. She later married Leonard Jackson, of Jackson's store, which stood on the alley where the tavern is today. Miss Lucille Roe was our music teacher, leading us in group singing. She married Harvey Jensen.

We had a club organized to teach us kindness to all wildlife. One warm Sunday afternoon, several of we boys had air rifles. We were walking south of town on the S.P. tracks. A greydigger squirrel jumped into a pile of railroad ties on the west side of the track. To make a long story short, we killed the digger with our BB guns.

I was hauled up before the club and chastised for my part of the affair. Edward LaBlue, lived in the house Chris Myery, built in 1910. Walter Petersen lives there today. He and I took our bicycles on a trip during Thanksgiving vacation, to his friend's farm southwest of Eugene, some eight or ten miles. There was a light coating of snow on the ground, when we five boys went deer hunting. I had a twenty-two rifle. We were rolling large stones down from the top of a steep cliff. Up jumped a forked-horn buck, down below us. We all shot at it. All the boys ran like wild Indians down the hillside. Having been a member of Troop Number One, Junction City Boy Scouts 1915-18, and having taken a Merit Badge for Tracking, I stayed back and carefully followed the buck's tracks right down to where the deer had fallen dead. Ed and I both brought a little venison home on our bikes. We boys rode hundreds of miles together on our wheels. A trip to Corvallis, Elmira, or Springfield, was not uncommon, besides going trout fishing on our bikes to various streams. One day in 1918, Andrew Wilde and I were coasting down the slight hill just past Ijner Hentze's barn, when a China pheasant rooster jumped up and flew across the narrow road.

He lit about thirty-five feet from the road in some high grass. Having my trout flypole in a cloth case, I jumped off the wheel, and just as the bird arose from the grass I clobbered him down. We had pheasants hundreds of times more plentiful than they are now.

One day I was batting at the home plate, when Laird Bailey took the baseball and threw a curve as hard as he could, striking me in the privates. The excruciating pain finally subsided enough to ask him why he did it. "Oh, just because I wanted to."

We always had fire drills frequently. We could clear the entire building in less than one minute. We had four sets of stairways. Later metal slides were established on both the north and west sides of the structure. This building was still in use in 1925, as I recall going with Winifred Anderson, a pretty blonde sixth grade teacher in the school. The worst part of the building was the dark, filthy, toilets which the boys certainly did all they could to desecrate.

Our sack lunches were eaten in the basement by the wood-piles, if the weather was inclement. Otherwise we would eat outside in the sunshine. We old-timers will never forget this huge painted, trimmed with white, building.

On January 6, 1918, the warm weather of 81 degrees, caused four of we boys to go swimming in the old gravel pit, which is located north of the Laurel School and a little west. We boys started swimming in April. We would eat our school lunch on the way down past Dr. William Wolfe Hicks new house,

past the baseball field where the Methodist Church is today, past the woods to the west, where we lads had BB airgun fights, by the time we got to the pit our clothes would be pretty well off.

Rachel Parker, whose father was an S.P. engineer, let me wear a beautiful, pure, ruby ring. Well, the inevitable happened. The cold water shrank my fingers so much that the ring fell off while swimming in the pit. This being an early heirloom, handed down for generations, Mrs. Parker and Rachel came out to our place on East High Pass Road, trying to get the ring back. I told them the truth. I am sorry, but that's the way the cookie crumbled.

William C. Jensen tells me about his pulling the rope that turned out melodious tones on the grade school bell. He also beat the triangle. His sister, Anna Jensen, taught by teacher's training high school instructions, by Superintendent McKnight, got seventy dollars a month and room and board, her first teaching grade school at Triangle Lake.

Mr. Jessie Soverns, Soren Jensen, Chairman, and Haven Belknap were the school district number 69 board members in 1915. Mr. Soverns had a large farm on River Road. He had recently built a two-story new home on the southwest corner of Seventh and Laurel. Haven Belknap was our druggist at Greenwood and Sixth. His northeast corner store is one of the few old original buildings left in town. That quarter block to the alley east, and the J.C. Hotel, Christian Church (Masonic Hall), Ducky Lee's old brick hotel on Front street,

between Sixth and Seventh Avenue, burned down in 1915.

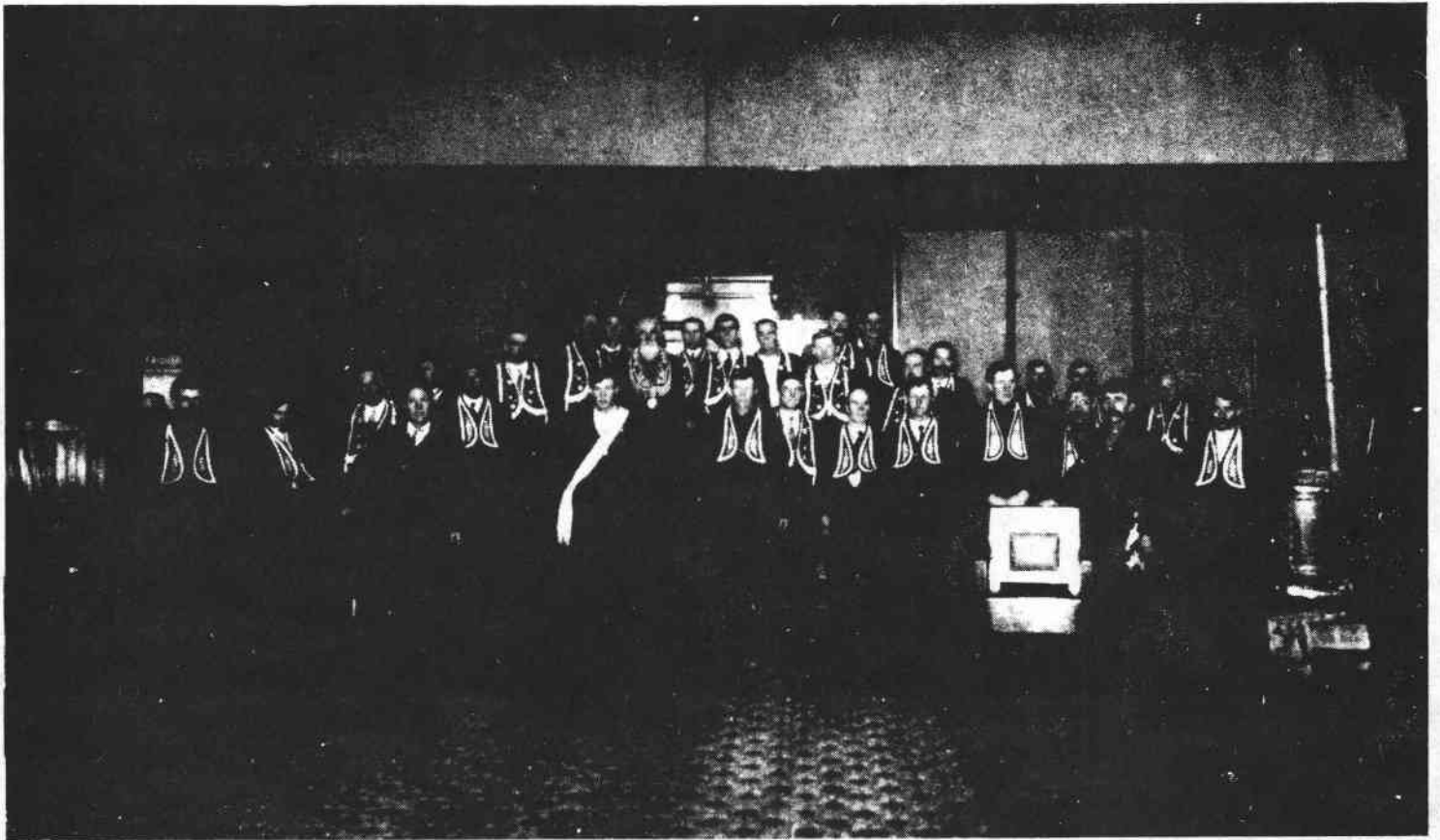
The Junction City High School Junco-Ed of 1915, shows two pictures of high school plays clearly put on, on the old Opera House stage. The 1916 Junco-Ed has pictures, etc., telling of two high school plays in the new Crescent Theater, on the west side of Greenwood, halfway between Sixth and Seventh Streets. December 19, 1915, "The Real Thing", and February 25, 1916, "The Night Riders", were the two first J.C.H.S. Dramatic Club Plays in the new building.

We lads in the fourth grade played on wooden rafts in four feet deep water under the old Nickelodeon show house, which would be under the Max Straus Furniture Store today. There was a large creek running under the building in the winter rainy seasons. They could catch trout from the stream, where Dean McKay's Grocery store is today. It meandered through much of the Junction City area between Front and Ivy Streets.

One day, we both having air guns, shot at the electric city light across the street from Erling Bogaards basement windows. At that range, we didn't break any bulbs. Air rifles didn't shoot as hard, Thank God, as they do now. One day George Hatcher and I, were playing with our guns on Front and Third Street by the white house now standing there. He would poke his head up from thirty inches below the sidewalk. The game was that I was supposed to hit him with a BB before he could duck back down, back of the sidewalk. From about thirty feet west of him, I hit him in the left eye. Thank God, it hit only the white part of his eye. I peeled the

shot off his eyeball. He told me years later that sometimes he would have a slight spot in front of that eye. What kids won't do!

Oasis #41, Independent Order of Odd Fellows



Oasis #41, Independent Order of Odd Fellows

This history on the one hundred year anniversary, September 30, 1972 of the Odd Fellow Oasis #41, of Junction City, Oregon, U.S.A. is compiled by Chris T. Wilde, Past Grand of the local lodge.

Many days and hours of research, looking at the records of the Junction City Times, Eugene papers, Clarency Pitney records, pictures and talks with various old-timers of this area have helped make this history a worth while project for our celebration.

Six men, good and true, decided that our city needed one essential element in its make-up, that of a fraternal organization. W. S. Lee, George Cunningham, S. N. Howard, J. S. Fulton, Jess Gardner and Phineas Gilbert organized Oasis #41, September 30, 1872. These men's names are on the charter in our lodge room.

These men experienced "hard-sledding" for a number of years. They thought of surrendering their charter. There is no record of the place these first meetings were held.

Secretary, J. B. Moran, moved to Harrisburg, but walked to Lodge every meeting to serve as secretary. He thus kept the Lodge active. Much of the credit for holding the order together in those early days was due to Frank Parker (Virgil's father), J. W. Starr, John Blew, R. P. Caldwell, J. B. Moran

and Charles Ehrman.

Money for dues came in, even if members didn't come very well to Lodge. So they bought a lot on Front Street. According to 1888 pictures of early Junction City, it must have been the two-story building that stood where the Junction City Pumpkin Show later stood. After it burned down around 1922, the city water tower was built on the site. They built jointly with the Masonic Order, having a common stairway. The Mason's meet in the south rooms, the Odd Fellows on the north side of the building. A business occupied the ground floor. In 1897 a fire destroyed all, leaving no records whatever.

They moved to the Woodmen of the World building at Sixth and Holly. William C. Jensen recalls attending fifth and sixth grade in the north end ground floor rooms. Later on, this bottom floor on the Sixth Street area became the U. S. Post Office for many years, 1919. The building was on fire the day of the Pumpkin Show Fire. It was damaged so badly that it was soon torn down. I recall attending a glass blowing demonstration on the first floor around 1917.

Ten new members brought rapid success. They were: Frank Moorhead, Wm. C. Washburn, E. U. Lee, A. A. Martin, A. J. Kaiser, S. O. Starr, A. K. Parker, Gait C. Millett, John Franzan, and Frank W. Williams. They proved to be the right men at the right time. Our twenty acre cemetery west of town four miles was bought at this time. The fire insurance money brought three thousand dollars. Charles Ehrman sold them the

lot at Sixth and Greenwood, a two-story house was occupying the area at that time, 1908.

For more friendship and sociability, Evergreen Rebekah Lodge #42 was organized in 1898. This was one year after the big fire. \$10,000 worth of Bonds were easily subscribed by the members for a new building. In 1909 the present commodious lodge building was finished. The lodge nearly built a third floor on it a few years later on.

The subordinate lodge is considered the floor of a house, the encampment the walls, and the roof the Patriarch Militant. So on May 25, 1920, Rose Encampment #85, was organized with a big membership. Their degree team traveled over much of Oregon. It was considered one of the very best in the west. June 2, 1920, Canton Starr, was organized and mustered in to service. It was so named in honor of one of the old wheel horses who met with boys night after night. They doggedly held onto the charter when it looked like every meeting would be the last. One of the many beauties of Odd Fellowship is that a person cannot be an Odd Fellow in spirit and in truth, without leaving an influence for good.

Brother J. H. Day, formerly of Colorado, was The Moses that led the Brothers out of the wilderness of deapair.

Charles H. Ehrmann is another Past Grand, who left his influence for good of the order. So on down the years might be mentioned Past Grand after Past Grand, who in one way or another have contributed his time, and talents for the betterment of humanity by his devotion to the order.

In December 2, 1900, \$15 was voted to go to the Relief Committee of Schofield Lodge as a mine explosion killed twenty-two Odd Fellow men, leaving eighteen widows and their children. Six cords of wood, \$12 total cost, were given to a Rebekah widow July, 1900. The Grand Lodge dues were then only \$19.60. A \$5 weekly Sick Benefit was paid for many years to local members when they were ill. A doctor's examination and "O.K." was required before an application for membership would be accepted by the lodge. Oregon Odd Fellows had a "Black List", from the Grand Secretary, in September 30, 1900.

Our first electric cook stove was bought in 1947 for \$450 paid for by our local Rebekah's. Our building's south outside wall was repaired in 1947 for \$500. We hosted the Lane County Odd Fellows Convention in 1947. We paid \$50 funeral benefits for many years. Last year for death benefits was in 1939.

Oasis contributed \$10 for the United Nations Youth Pilgrimage, May 16, 1956, the year the project started. We have paid our share every year since. to this worthy cause to help our youth become better American Citizens. May 23, 1956, Brother Doctor William Wolfe Hicks went to his Creator.

Keck Roofing Company put on a new roof June 1959. August 26, 1959, Carlson Supply rented the lower part of the building for storing boats, etc. at \$50 a month. Frank Hulburt, A. J. Kaiser, I.G.A. Grocery, Glenn Ditto's Safeway and Tom's Hardware were various renters of our downstairs space. Dues were raised in 1960 to \$10 a year.

The Past Noble Grand Club paid for the tile in the dining room, January of 1960. They also invited Oasis to a smelt feed, March 16, 1960. We took part in the City Band, which had seventeen members. Wm. C. and James Jensen as members around 1914 to 1917. There was an Odd Fellow Band, in the 1930's. Claude Scott and his brother Henry, Chris Damaschofshky, Harold Kennedy, Lyle Day and others played in that band. Oasis and our Evergreen Rebekahs have taken an active part in the Scandinavian Festival many years, serving hamburgers and other foods. The Danish Apple Cake, etc. would be prepared up in the dining and kitchen and carried downstairs to the booths which were located on the street nearby.

Roy Kennedy, Chairman of Americanism Committee, said November 10, 1939, that they would hold a public meeting of our school faculty, citizens and children. All would be invited to this meeting November '39. Past Grand Master, Charly Poole, on November 8, 1939, spoke and showed several reels of pictures at our Homecoming. Past Noble Grand Club donated \$15 to be applied on the cost of our new dining room doors, January 3, 1940.

Our lodge attendance contest, with Past Grand, Chris T. Wilde, and Past Grand, Hugh Hartman as the two team captains, brought out as many as forty-seven members, one guest, on January 17, 1940. Contest results were : Wilde team 267 points, Hartman group 265 points. Hartman announced plans would start immediately for the feed to be put on by the losing side.

Brother Reverend Irvin of Alpine, told the story of Jonathan and David, March 13, 1940 at a mixed gathering. March 14, 1940, the kitchen was remodeled at a cost of \$300, paid for by the Rebekahs. Brother G. J. Harvey, reported disappearing suspiciously a week ago. His marriage was suspected. A committee was appointed to investigate the matter. June, 1940, it was reported he did get married. Our one pool table was bought December, 1940 for \$75. July 2, 1941, Oasis gave our Rebekas a basket of roses on their Fiftieth Anniversary.

Oasis and Evergreen Lodges jointly purchased the old rug from Spencer Butte Lodge in 1963 for \$1,000. Oasis men presented a very interesting play in Gaiety Hall in 1937. Ladies have put in the new curtains and drapes throughout the hall. They also earned and bought the piano. The crocheted piano cover was made and given by sister Capitolla Lingo (Wayne's wife). She was Emily's aunt by marriage.

When I first joined Oasis in December 1936, there were wood and coal stoves. One stood in the southwest corner of the dining room; one in the southwest corner of the hall, another in the northeast corner of the main room. A real, old-fashioned kitchen pantry was off of the kitchen. Coal and wood were carried up the twenty-six steps to a small storage room where the men's toilet is now.

The men's regalia for degree work was replaced a few years ago. This was purchased from a defunct lodge. The two beautiful second degree pictures were painted and given by

Carrol (Wm. C.) Jensen. The frames were given by James and Florence Ball. Balls are both Past Grand Master, and President of the Rebekah Assembly of Oregon. The phonograph given by Gladys Day in loving memory of her husband, Past Grand, Lyle Day, a long time very active member, putting in many hours of hard work in our old cemetery, which James Vandevere now owns.

Oasis has had their own softball team, back in 1936, with regular scheduled games. On June 30, 1937, Oasis Lodge deposited articles in a box put into the cornerstone of the New Union High School Building on the southwest corner of Maple and Fifth Avenue. This contained the names of the present members, a short history of the Lodge. On July 4, 1937, many members attended the Lane County Odd Fellow Picnic at Lost Creek Ranch on the upper McKenzie River. New light fixtures were installed, October 1937. Oasis had a basketball team, December 1937. On January 18, 1936, Chris Wilde brought up the matter of installing a hand railing on the stairway. The large oak, leather covered top, box was used as the alter for years. In 1964 we did have a chair lift in the stairway, but it couldn't stand double traffic. We since had a more substantial one put in.

Past Grands, Ernest Miller and William N. Jensen, and Anton Rassmusen were devoted members who served faithfully, as secretary, etc. They brought in many new members.

The Rebekah's have just now, 1972, finished paying for the new double stainless steel sinks, new cupboards; also,

new lights in the dining room, halls and kitchen. Our Anniversary of one hundred years as an Odd Fellow Lodge in Junction City, 1972. The total costs were around \$1,400. New floor covering in the kitchen was paid for by Oasis; also, paid for a new south side stairway hand railing.

Much of the rejuvenating of our hall was done under the leadership of Past Grand, William C. Jensen. February 16, 1972, Past Grand Master, James Ball, presented him with a "Jewel of Merit", for his many years of work in improving and keeping up the hall. The sisters were also present, and furnished a bountiful pot-luck lunch. Past Grand Patriarch, Peter Stolsig, of Coburg Lodge, was present. This Jewel is very highly prized as only one a year is presented in a jurisdiction.

An Odd Fellow Dance in the new Pope Building, 1936, netted \$69, June 14, 1939, James Ball stated that he was bringing Alpine Junior Lodge over for a Fraternal visit. Past Grand, Ruben Turnbull - official mouse trapper in 1939. P. G. Hugh Hartman's absence from lodge was because he had his time taken up entertaining his first new baby girl.

Claude A. Scott, reported, as did Chris Wilde, that they had an enjoyable vacation to California and the World Fair on Treasure Island, but didn't visit the Sally Rand nude ranch.

On September 10, 1939, the group enjoyed a picnic at Alderwood Park. Banquets were usually given members of athletic teams representing Oasis Lodge, at the end of the season. We have sponsored baseball groups, a golf team,

and bought Odd Fellow insignia sweatshirts, caps, for Junior ball teams. Dutch Ball and Marvin Schweigert and other brothers, have spent much time with ball teams representing us. We have contributed \$100 a year to a needy, worthy high school senior, to further their education for the last five years. We have helped send high school athlete throughout the nation to various athletic contests.

Dutch Ball, Chris and Emily Wilde have earned Sovereign Grand Lodge Membership Certificates for bringing in many new members. "One year the lodge was guaranteed a ten year contract if a third story was put on the top of the present structure." We are especially blessed by having sister Florence Ball as President of the Rebekah Assembly of the Jurisdiction of Oregon, 1963-64. Not to be outdone by his wife, James came right back in 1964-65 as Grand Master of Oregon.

We have had other appointive officers in the Grand Encampment and subordinate Grand Lodges. Past Grands James Nielsen, Chris Wilde, Arlo Atkinson and Emily E. Wilde. Emily was over a fifty year Rebekah at the time of her death, August 14, 1977, from heart troubles. There have been many visitations, county conventions, picnics, visits to the sick and distressed, burying of our loved ones, many acts of giving to worthy causes, and other contributions to many good causes. Oasis Blood Bank was largely organized and headed by Past Grant, Marvin Schweigert. This has developed into the Lane County Odd Fellow's Blood Bank, under the leadership of

brother Art Lund of Irving Lodge. Blood has been given to many recipients outside of our lodge members.

Alpine Lodge #197, consolidated with Oasis in 1966. Two of those brothers, are, or have been, in the Odd Fellow Home at Portland, Oregon.

Past Grand Elmer Kester, built the large, beautiful, secretary's triple desk, free of all charges to the lodge, as far as his work is concerned. A very good job, Elmer! Many of our sister Rebekah's have received the Declaration of Chivalry. Many have served as Chief Matriarch in the Eugene Ladies Encampment, and also in the Eugene Patriarch Militant Auxiliary as President of that chapter. Many of our men hold offices in Hovey #4 Patriarch Militant Order of the Canton, and also in the Wima Walha #6, Encampment.

March 1972, Oasis was presented the National Flag which had been draped on Past Grand, Elmer Kleck's casket, some time back, by his wife. Elmer had served in World War I. We had eight brothers who served in World War II. Many have gone to their reward.

When we think of Brother Moran, in the earlier days of our hundred year history, walking from Harrisburg each week, in rain and mud and cold, to take his position as secretary of the lodge, and thus keep the lodge functioning, we certainly should all be able to drive to lodge each week in our car in the future, and build up our organization. "So waters ebb, and waters flow - and dry the brimming river. Seasons come and seasons go, but Odd Fellowship goes on forever."

Events Occurring in the Danish Community
In Years Gone By



**THE FAITH LUTHERAN
CHURCH**

Events Occurring in the Danish Community

In Years Gone By

In 1902, Mr. A. C. Nielsen, came to Junction City, Oregon, from Iowa. The records show that he bought at auction, 1600 acres of land from the F. T. Plank and Company, of Eugene, for \$50000. This land had belonged to Gait C. Millett, on the east side of our city. History has it that the present Dane Lane, had a locked gate on the west end of the road. Instead of a bridge over Love Lake, as it is today, a lane ran north a quarter of a mile or so, to a gravel filled dam, which contained a culvert. Horse-drawn outfits, as well as people, used this crossing except in flood times when high waters would make the crossing dangerous and many times impossible. This often occurred three or four times each winter.

His advertisements in the "Dannevirke", a Danish weekly newspaper published at Cedar Falls, Iowa, attracted many Danish people to come to this unknown land, climate and soils. These ten to sixty acre plots sold well. These thrifty, economical minded newcomers planted hay, had milk cows, hogs, and chickens. This manure from the livestock, helped build up the lands which had been grain producing for many years. There were around forty families, comprising around two hundred people here in a couple of years. Generally speaking

these people flourished in their new homes. A few families did return to the Central states.

Arnold Bodtger says the people meet at first, in private homes to hold religious services. On April 23, 1902, Mr. Nielsen called a meeting which group organized the Danish Lutheran Church of Junction City. A. C. Nielsen, president; J. P. Lassen, vice-president; H. C. Hansen, secretary; C. Hansen, treasurer; A. P. Asbo and J. P. Olsen, trustees; Jens Krog and N. L. Nielsen, auditors. A. C. Nielsen had two sons Fred and Andrew Jr. Thyra H. and Harvey Fred were Fred's children. They were grade school schoolmates with me and many of the present living people who yet reside in this community. Andrew's children were: Viola, Lester, Charles, Theodore and a lad, Clarence Beck, who lived with the family.

Like my uncle, Julius Wilde, who came here in 1906, from Nebraska, and was the first president of the local Danish brotherhood, they knew little if any of the words or meanings of the English language. Many of them were carpenters, painters, blacksmiths, leather workers, besides being farmers.

They endeavored to secure Reverend H. J. Petersen of Tyler, Minnesota, as the first minister. He was an able educator, and probably would have tried to start a local folk high school here. He refused the offer to come.

In 1903, Reverend J. J. Mylund of Salinas, California became the first pastor for \$400 a year salary, besides the offerings of each of the three festival days in the church. Christmas, Easter and "tinse", or Whit sund. This was celebrated on the seventh Sunday after Easter, or "Pentecost".

Hiw wife, and five children attracted the youth to the parsonage. This house in previous years to 1900, stood between the old Junction City Times office and Tower's Restaurant and Confectionery Store, which stood on the southwest corner of Sixth and Front. The building was moved to the west three lots, on the west side of Seventh and Ivy, right on the southwest corner, in 1902 or 1903. It had a brick foundation built up some four feet from the ground.

Reverend Henrik Pembeck served also three years. Money was being set aside to buy lands east of town for a cemetery and a church building. Flood waters discouraged and stopped this plan. In 1902 a parish hall or gym was built on the south third lot, just south of where Ralph's Drug Store stands today. In 1914, there were a few apple, pears and other fruit trees between the hall and the parsonage.

Bud and Arvilla Eccleston's two-storied white house stood on the northwest corner of Sixth and Ivy at that time. Haven Potterof built a service station on the spot. The house was moved to the lots just north of the Scandinavian Market on Eighth and Ivy. Mrs. Eccleston always had a perfect lawn, with many beautiful rose bushes growing about her place. The house east of Bud's belongs to Mrs. Scheltz, a grade school teacher. Her son, Samuel, and a daughter lived here until Doctor Murel Howard made it his home and office. Bennie Jensen, Andrew Wilde and I, all had to go to him with badly bruised knees. Around 1914 or so, we had a very cold winter. The buggy ruts on Seventh were frozen solid. When a boy was

trying to retrieve the football, sometimes a boy back of him would give him a push, causing him to fall onto the frozen buggy ruts. The ensuing fall resulted in the Doctor's services. Andrew was injured for life from the resulting bone disease that he got from some youth's careless act.

In 1908, the new church was built on the two lots on the southeast corner of Seventh and Ivy. The First National Bank now occupies this site. On the alley was erected a horse and buggy stable which could hold ten or so rigs at one time. This kept the outfits out of the frequent rains.

The "hostefest", was held each fall to celebrate the kindness of the Lord in providing good crops from the hard toil of the year. A Danish Picnic was held on Love Lake, just southeast of the dam, several times a year. Picnic baskets of foods were enjoyed by all the group attending. Often ice cream cones and pop would be sold from a small stand under the trees in the shade. The afternoons were enjoyed by the younger group in baseball games, various games and races. At night a dance on the thirty-by-thirty foot square, wooden, removable dance floor was held.

Lanterns were hung on poles at each corner of the dance floor. Fred Rassmusen, violin; his half-brother, Chris Anderson, flute; Fred Clausen, violin, piccolo, flute, clarinet, etc.,; Anton Jensen, drums; Walter Jensen, trumpet; were a few of the old-timers that played for the occasions.

In later years, they gathered for their various celebrations of the year at Tracer's Oak Grove, out west Eighteenth

Avenue. Ole Petersen lived in a house at one time on the east side of the grounds. Since then a gravel pit was dug on the spot. Since then it has been converted into a garbage pit; but now it is covered over. This park was just west of the new middle Oak Lea School. Modern progress has done much to do away with the "good old days".

The present Danish Cemetery was bought about 1909. This tiny knoll is four miles west of town. The fir trees surrounding three sides or so, make it a beautiful location to provide eternal rest for our loved ones.

The Danish Ladies Aid Society was organized July 19, 1903. They were to work for the general good interest of the church. In 1904, Mrs. Julius Nielsen was president; Mrs. S. L. Jensen, secretary; and Mrs. J. J. Mylund, treasurer. It listed twenty-eight names. They helped start the vacation Bible school in the summertime. As ladies aid societies do, to help their various churches, these ladies expended thousands of dollars throughout the years to help the church and community projects.

A young people's society grew and declined at various stages of the church's history. I recall Reverend Christian Hasle and myself being on a debate team around 1919 or 20, at the parsonage, at one of these functions. We lost the decision.

Danish gymnastics and folk dances, which included wooden bars on the walls of the hall, mats for handsprings, the wooden horse, etc., were coached by Hans P. Reerslev. I

recall Ejner Gribskov, Bue and Ejner Hentz and other youth, at various physical exhibitons held during the year at the hall. Boys wore shite gym suits. The folk dances were enjoyed by all. The Luther League, after World War I, the great depression, succeeded the earlier youth organizations.

In April 1909, Reverend Hans J. Jensen became Plambeck's successor. After three years he moved to Manestee, Michigan. Reverend Jens Borgaard came from Looking Glass, Nebraska. He had two sons, Ansgar and Erling, two daughters, Ruth and Dagny. I recall going with my dad and mother, Hans and Mary Wilde, to a foodgiving day for the pastor and his family in the old parsonage. The house had a full, yet low basement. One day Erling, my age, about 1914, tried as kids will do at age ten or eleven, to shoot at the electric light bulb on the pole at the northwest corner, by the Methodist Church, from the basement windows. We never connected with our BB air-guns. It was an old story that the pastor his his "schnapps" down in the basement, which he occasionally visited to bolster up his energy.

The house had a nearly full back porch across the west end. The west steps lead across a sidewalk to the woodshed which abutted the alley. Erling and I played in this out-house many times. I recall attending Danish summer school. All I got out of it was how to spell and pronounce cow; "Ko".

The Reverend Stephen Mogensen, of Davey, Nebraska, came here at age twenty-six. The majority of the church members were still living too close to the motherland to accept the English tongue in the church services. As the United States

declared war on Germany, April, 1917, Mr. Mogensen, in early 1918, requested a leave of absence to enter Y.M.C.A. work, and thus help our soldiers in various fields. Christian Andersen then returned as interim pastor.

Failure in health caused Mr. Mogensen to retire from the Y.M.C.A. He recovered his health here, but moved to Detroit, Michigan, March 1919, after less than two years of service to our church. He did get the church to join in union services of the community once a month.

Reverend Christian S. Hasle, of Tacoma, Washington came in May 1919. He had worked on my father's farm near Cushing, Nebraska when he first came to this country from Denmark. Mr. Hasle says I was born or was just a tiny baby when he worked for dad in 1903. He served our church for three and a half years in his first pastorage here. Folmer, his son, now sixty-two years of age, married Irene Skovbo. They have a beautiful home located on Quincy Street.

Reverend Hasle believed in the possibility of establishing a social order based on the teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ. He was convinced that only the Christian Church could make this come about.

I must not forget to again mention some of our first Danish people. They all deserve a great deal of praise for their untiring efforts to make this Danish community a success in every detail. Carl Andreason, Rasmus Andreason, Julius Wilde, A. P. Ashboe, Peter and Hans Bodtker whose wives were sisters, Anders Jensen-Gribskov, John Hentze with sons Ejner and Bue, Mads Jensens, Soren Jensen, Troels Klinge, H. P. Markussen, Hans Petersen, Chris Sand, J. P. "Kansas" Jensen,

Jens Nielsen and others.

We must recall that Mr. A. C. Nielsen believed strongly in his twenty acres of apples and other fruits as a means of making a living. He got my dad to plant several hundred various species of apples, cherries, and prunes on the thirty-two acres of the Ed Bailey land that dad bought and built on in 1910. The twenty below zero and twenty some inches of snow and ice in 1919-20 and a following bad freeze decimated these trees to a large degree, as it did for many others that had planted fruit trees. In those days the apple market was not good.

During the twenties and thirties many filbert and walnut orchards were planted in the area and are still producing nuts for worldwide export. A new Junction City Cannery, associated with the Eugene Fruit Growers Association, under the first manager, Mr. Abe Logston enabled the farmers to raise and sell many types of vegetables, fruits and berries. It is located today between Holly and the S.P.R.R. line and Eleventh and Twelfth Avenues. This factory hires a great many people in season, and many people throughout the entire year.

A prune dryer, of which there were several scattered about the Willamette Valley, at various locations, occupied a site on Greenwood, between Eleventh and Twelfth Street for several years. I worked there nights, while a high school lad. We saw President Woodrow Wilson, the World War I, president's train go east (north) late one night.

Lecture services were held in the Dane Hall twice a

month. Huge crowds came to these educational meetings. The local Methodist minister asked Mr. Hasle, "What kind of foods do you have at these meetings to get out such a large crowd?" The Sunday School and Bible School had a similar large attendance.

Two of our young men, out of the thirty-six who served in the armed forces of our country, sleep forever in Flanders Field. One of them was Walter, "Patsy" Petersen, whose family lived one mile west on the High Pass Road, just beyond the very old Milliron Cemetery. Mr. Johansen was the other soldier killed.

Reverend Christian Hasle has made a detailed fifty-year history of the first fifty years of the Junction City Danish Community. In 1946 he was the minister that buried my mother, Mary Wilde, and my aunt, Mrs. Mary Berbernes, both ladies that he had known in Nebraska in the long ago.

Hans Wilde, my father and Jacob Jager, Sr., were very active leaders in the church finances for a number of years. Mr. Lee Cook, the confectionery man on Front Street for years had two daughters, Ella and Leone, were cousins of Chris Jorgensen's two girls; Myrtle and Effie. Mr. Jorgensen bought the northwest ten acres on Pitney Lane from my dad in 1916. Here he operated a small dairy. He had a one-horse milk delivery wagon from which he, as well as Hans Reerslev's dairy, poured out milk into the city ladies milk pans from ten gallon milk cans. The women then could skim off the cream, and make them into their own butter or cheese, or use it for baking and other household purposes. Glass bottles

and now paper, replaced the old milk cans. P. F. Petersen, Olse's father, had many milk cows on his farm one half mile west of town on the River Road. He sold milk to various dairies.

Effie married "Bill" Christensen, whose father, Ole, built a new home just west of Lauridsen's on the new west Sixth Avenue highway, that was built around 1914, through William Washburn and David Strome grain fields west of town. There was a plank board walk next to the north fence all the way out to Dead Man Curve. A double board walk ran along the south fence, with bridges over the sloughs on Tenth Avenue. Mrs. Jensen and son Theodore and daughter Anne, lived just south of Lauridsens. Andrew Wilson and his sister Anne, who married Arthur Wickwire of River Road Chicken Hatchery, lived with their gardener father, just west of Jensen's up on the little rise. Nielsen's son Carl, and I ran around some together in 1923. He worked for Dick Carrol in the drug store in the old First National Bank Building. Nielsen, worked as lantern-tender for the S.P.R.R. Co., for years. They lived in the home Wilson's had occupied at an early period.

Fred Clausen built the chicken houses and home just west of Wilsons'. Horace Petersen had his hatchery and home just south of Clausen's. Russell Taylor and at first his father, live in the Clausen property today. Anton Jensens, Lilly, Walter and Edwin, lived at the west end of Sixth Avenue on the west side of Oaklea Drive. When Edwin's father was fishing above the river bridges on the Willamette River that lead to

Harrisbur, Edwin climbed the west tall column of the Oregon Electric Bridge. He reached the top, but slipped and fell, grabbing hold of the ninety-nine thousand voltage wire, which electrocuted him instantly. His scream was heard by his dad. He said the whole column of steel was a blue sheet of flame as Edwin touched the heavy line. No one will ever know exactly what heppened, but I saw his body twice in the mortuary while they were preparing his body for burial. There was a deep burn around his right arm just above the elbow. It was days before they were able to retrieve his body, as it was caught under some sunken logs and limbs. The water made his body very bluish. He and I had been very close friends. We always said when I got out of high school in 1922 we would go to Alaska together. He fell from the bridge in 1922 as I recall it. He was an unusually strong lad, played all the sports, and clarinet, flute, piccolo, fife, etc., in our band. One time, I had stayed all night with him. We got up at day-break, and with our shotguns, started for the tiny Tracer Lake to see if we could kill a duck. But, a lone duck flew by and although we were close to the pond, I foolishly up and shot at the duck, of course I missed. Immediately, a large bunch of "Honker" geese arose from thepond. If they had been in the north small pond we wouldn't have got a shot at them anyway. But "the best laid plans of mice and men, gan oft aglee", according to Bobbie Burns the Scotch poet.

E. M. Moustegaard had a chicken farm on south of Jensens'. Mr. Louie Kapping and large family, built the home on the northeast corner of that intersection. Back to Edwin again.

As local Boy Scouts, we rode our bikes to Triangle Lake, past Blachley a few miles in 1915. We went up the High Pass Road, attached small branches or trees to our bikes and started down that steep, narrow, treacherous, west side of the summit. Our brakes got hot, but Edwin had a bike that had no brake at all. When we got to the bottom, Edwin was brushing the dirt off his shoulder. A flash had passed we slower boys. He couldn't slow down, but made the bottom, even though he might have been killed right then.

Henry Petersen, at the Junction City Historical Building Sunday told me that Leo Cook's daughter, Ella, married George Dye, a Ford mechanic. He had a Curtis Flying machine, on which Ella would walk and do stunts on the wings while in full flight, about sixty-five miles an hour, 1915. That being also a good horsewoman, and divorced from George, she went to San Francisco, where she led the first traffic on horseback, in the opening of the traffic over the Golden Gate Bridge. She at that time had married a judge of the area. It must have been a great parade. Ella had learned about horses on Petersen's farm on High Pass Road.

This bridge and many more large bridges of the world were designed by a Danish structural engineer. This bridge completed in 1936 will be the world's greatest span up to that time, with the main span of 4,200 feet, side spans of 1,125 feet, a total length including approaches, viaducts and ramps, of four and one-half miles. The clearance above the water of 220 feet, the cables are 36½ inches in diameter, the total cost of \$36,000,000. Many people have committed suicide by jumping off the bridge to their death.

Six years ago, Emily and I were taken to see Myrtle Jorgensen in Calgary, Canada, by Carl Petersen, whose folks once lived in the castlelike house built by Gait Millette at the corner of Prairie Road and High Pass Road around 1904. Their daughter was Ella, their sons: Lanley, Carl and Howard. The family moved to Calgary area around 1916. Carl took us to his stock ranch, south of Calgary, twice; and to see his brother Howard and family; and to the old ranch, where Lanley had died years ago. We could see the flames from a couple dozen gas and oil wells burning in the distance, at night, on our way back to Calgary. The nighttime view of Calgary, with its thousands of lights as we saw it from the heights above town, was a sight I shall never forget. Myrtle worked as desk clerk for a large entertainment center. She was just as attractive as ever. Her sister Effie and Bill Christensen lives some twenty-odd miles southeast of Calgary. Carl has since died from cirrhosis of the liver. Myrtle's folks are buried at Calgary. They say Gait Millette, despite his amazing agricultural ability died comparatively a poor man in Portland.

Leone, Leo Cook's youngest daughter, also not only rode horses, but showed horses at horse shows about the area. Mr. Cook's confectionery store burned down in 1915, when that half block on Front Street went up in flames. As I recall, the fire started in the kitchen of the hotel. His wire legged chairs and tables are a thing of the past era.

The closest Danish Church in 1922, was located at Tacoma,

Washington, some 265 miles away on Puget Sound. Most of the activities of the church were carried on in the Central states. Thus, pastors serving in the North District were always looking for a call to a church situated east of the Rocky Mountains. Reverend Hasle moved to Marinette, Wisconsin in September 1922.

Pastor L. C. Larson from Tyler, Minnesota, came next. His failing health caused him to resign as pastor in less than two years. He operated a cabinet shop in our city for many years in the old Speer Store, which he converted over from a blacksmith shop into which it had been used after being a store for Mr. Speer. Larson built the present building now being used by the Scandinavian Festival Association, which was dedicated in early 1978. Some of the other skilled carpenters of our time were: Anton Sorensen, who lived in a house he built, just north of Strome Lane. Nels Damsgaard, who built the pulpit, alter, etc., in the new M. E. Church around 1947. Chris Grebbe, who was in charge of building the new Methodist Church in 1947 on west Tenth Avenue. Ejner and Vego Gribskov, Mads Jensen, and James Larsen, and others.

O. Dyreborg served only one year, 1925. Marius Larsen served for about three years until 1930. He was very active with our youth, teaching gymnastics and folk dances. He landscaped the grounds around the old parsonage. Our church moved slowly in adopting the American language. This caused some members to transfer to other English speaking churches.

In the twenties, several new Danish families moved to our town from Askov, Minnesota. By 1930, the membership totalled over sixty families.

Reverend Marius Larsen moved to Dagmar, Montana early in 1930. Pastor E. M. Faurholdt of Vancouver, B. C., came in December of 1930. He had enjoyed working for newspapers. He became pastor in 1924. He served Vancouver for over three years.

As the great depression was on in the late twenties and early thirties, many families were often compelled to lower their financial support to the church. His large family probably caused him to return to a church at Kilding, Denmark in 1933. He died there in 1943. He was the first pastor to try American Services. Older people could not conceive of the idea that it was necessary to preach English from a Danish pulpit.

After two years of trying English, he reverted to the Danish tongue, at the regular church services. He published three books: "Emigranter" which were a worthwhile addition to the Danish American literature which had been published up to that time.

Economic conditions were so terrible in 1933, that some people talked of disposing of the church property and disbanding the local church.

In July, 1934, Reverend Johannes Petersen, Calgary, Canada, was promised \$50 a month salary. In 1937 he moved away to St. Ansgar's Lutheran Church, Portland, Maine.

The new Highway 99 was running north and south on Ivy Street in 1933 or 34. This divided the church from the Hall and home on the west side of the street. This made crossing

the highway more or less dangerous. On June 18, 1940, the church board was authorized to move the church and hall to the two acre tract of land on Washburne and West Sixth Avenue.

Reverend Holger O. Nielsen came from Fredsville, Iowa. He got the membership to realize that the various functions of the church were their business as much as that of the local pastors. The American Ladies Aid was then organized. These ladies spoke little or no Danish. Danish language served on one Sunday. English was spoken at the following week's service.

The buildings were moved to their new locations during July and August 1940. The church was rededicated during Harvest Festival, November 3, 1940. In 1942 the inside of the church was redecorated.

In 1946 the eighty year old parsonage was sold for \$6,000. It had been built around 1876 as a business house south of Sixth on Front Street. In 1950 a new business building was erected on its former site, Seventh and Ivy.

During World War II, forty-two men, and five girls served in the armed forces of our land. Three of our men never came home. Alvin Peter Skovbo was killed going to the rescue of his comrade, who was wounded and lying out in the city street. No greater Love has a man that when he lays down his life for his friends. A local soldier lad brought his body to the cemetery at Luxemburg, Belgium. This occurred in the Battle of the Bulge, the turning point of the war. Gunnar Micklesen was killed leading an attack against a Japanese gun emplacement

on the Phillipine Islands during one of the last months of the World War II. His body lies in an American Cemetery for our heroes in the Phillipines. His brother, Brocknar has pictures of the grave. Howard Holm, who had completed his required number of flights over Germany, volunteered to replace one of his buddies that was ill. The resulting bombing attack over Fredrickshaven, Germany resulted in all the men in his big bomber being killed but one man. A heavy toll of American planes were lost in this engagement, March 18, 1944. Howard's remains were brought back and buried at the U.S. Military Cemetery at San Bruno, near San Francisco, California.

After six and a half years, Nielsen received a call from the Bethlehem Church of Cedar Falls, Iowa. In June, 1944, C. S. Hasle was given a call. He had served three and a half years after the first world war in our church ministry. He came in September 1944. This time he served for seven years. On January 1, 1946, an English service was held every Sunday at eleven A.M. A Danish service was conducted twice a month at ten A.M. In 1951, the Danish services were discontinued. Once a month a Danish service was held on Sundays in the afternoons. This didn't last long.

In February 1946, a "Welcome Home Party" for our youth who had come back from military service was held for thirty-six youth in our Parish Hall. Three of our men were killed, but the others had never been confined to a hospital on account of wounds from battle. A very excellent record.

In 1948, the \$14,000 new parsonage was built from plans

of Luther Jensen, just east of the church on the corner of Nyssa and Sixth. His father, Soren L. Jensen, one of the early Danish settlers, built the grand home, just east of A. C. Nielsen's home on the north side of Dane Lane. He also built the Washburne Junction City High School in 1908 on the south side of Sixth, between Maple and Laurel. He served on the local school board. Thorvald Hansen was chairman of the building committee. Hans Skow supervised the construction. Very little donation work on this job.

Within two years the debt on the parsonage was all paid off. The Ivy Street lots paid for half of the costs when they were sold. Members and friends furnish the balance.

A pastor from Chicago stated that : "This parsonage is the most beautiful one in our branch of the Lutheran Church."

Six Danish Beech trees are now thriving on the grounds from seeds brought back from Denmark by members who had visited the homeland. These beech trees may serve as a reminder of the national background of the people who founded this church.

There were two hundred twenty-five young people confirmed into our church in the fifty years, 1902 to 1952.

In 1961, Doctor Gale Fletchall, of Swiss descent, initiated the Scandinavian Festival. This annual four days of festivities, is held sometime between the 8th to the 15th of August each year. One day honors the Swedish, one day the Norwegian, one day the Finnish and one day the Danish peoples. Various organizations, some sixty or more, have foods, arts of many types, purposes and uses, for sale to the forty to sixty thousand people who attend from all countries of the world.

Old Country folk dances, with participants dressed in old country costumes, also worn by the local people and some visitors, with music going continually of the old country folk dances meakes the looked-forward-to event a gala celebration.

Volunteer Fire Department



EARLY DAY PICTURE of Junction City's Volunteer Fire Department, with engine, team and driver, taken from in front of one of the downtown buildings. In contrast, today's fire department is rates as one of the state's outstanding volunteer departments with modern equipment including emergency rescue car, first-aid resuscitator and three paramedic trained men for emergency assistance.





Volunteer Fire Department

In the long year's time, I have been working on the story of the Volunteers, I have secured information from the Junction City Historical Society, Fire Department picture, and the minutes of the meetings from 1890 to early 1917, pictures, stories told me by old-timers, and young-timers. There may be some duplication of facts, etc., but in covering such a long period of time it is difficult to separate much of this material. Many of the names of the volunteers are personally very familiar names, and thus brings out their faces and memories of them. I am sure it will to many old-timers reading this article. So please bear with me on the following history. It is as nearly correct as I can find out the facts.

The two-storied, white city hall was built on the very corner of Sixth Avenue and Greenwood, in 1878, by S. Stanus for \$350. The tiny, red jail, was back off the street, just north of the hall on Greenwood, built around 1873 or 1876. In September 1877, the local council offered to contribute \$500 toward the purchase of a fire engine, if the citizens would put up an equal amount. It was voted down. In 1879 the people again turned down a levy for fire protection.

The Washburn Commercial Bank, later the First National Bank was built in 1912, where the U.S. National Bank parking

lot is today. The City Hall was moved to Eighth and Greenwood. A new jail, built of 2 x 4's nailed flat and laminated, was built back of the city hall, on the alley. It was used until 1931 when the new city hall incorporated a jail. This jail was burned down. The city hall was taken down, around 1938. It was used for dances, basketball games, etc. upstairs, while downstairs was the fire apparatus, fire horses, etc. Will Washburn had the original jail taken to his farm home on High Pass and Prairie Road. Gus Flint later took it to his place. Here Ben Koeckler uses it for a pump house. It is over one hundred years old and still serviceable.

The fire bell would ring in the belfry, the horses were quickly led from their stalls to the engine, and hooked up. The harness dropped on the horses backs, bridles were secured, the lines thrown to the driver on the front spring seat, and away they went on a run to the fire. Bill Nelson says the boiler of the pumper was connected with two valves, which could very rapidly be taken apart; with connecting pipes to a wood burning circulator, which always was stocked with wood, so the hot water always was circulating from the stove, through the engine's boilers. Thus, it took only a few moments to have operating steam on the engine. Mrs. Thurman Berry took it onto herself to keep up the circulators fires.

Our fire department received great fame, when they received news of the Booth-Kelly Mill being on fire in Springfield in 1907. The men loaded their pumper onto a flat car, hitched to a steam engine. With the men lying flat with their

arms around around the spokes of the engine's wheels to help hold it down, at sixty miles an hour, they arrived at Springfield. Engineer Thurman Berry had steam up and was ready to pump water as soon as they got to the fire. George Thuramn Berry, Halley's father, was City Constable, and Fire Chief Engineer for many years. He was a short, jolly, heavyset person. One day, just after locking up a drunk man, in the new jail house at Eight and Greenwood, he dropped dead from a heart attack. The other men with him, said Mr. Berry had complained about not feeling very well.

The City was incorporated as Junction City, in the fall of 1872. On October 5, 1878, a fire started in Solomon's Store. This fire completely wiped out the business district, several homes, and the first hotel (probably the Berry Hotel which stood on the northwest corner of Sixth and Front Street), besides four of the five existing grain warehouses. In 1880 Howard's Warehouse burned down. In 1882, the flour mill and Solomon's warehouse burned. After these conflagrations, most fire insurance policies were cancelled, by various companies, in the city. Pursuant to notice the citizens of Junction City met for the purpose of organizing a Fire Company. They elected B. P. Welch as Chairman, R.M. Mulhulland, Secretary. The following committees were appointed by the chair. Constitution and By-Laws. To be called Junction City Protection Company. R. M. Mulhulland, J. L. Baker, E. J. Kelly, J. B. Schaeffer and I. R. Cooper, served on the Constitution and By-Laws committee. This August 4, 1890 meeting appointed

Wm. Schroeder, S. P. Gilmore and Louis Bundy on the Finance committee. On motion, adjourned to again meet August 8, 1890 at 8:00 P.M. Mulholland, Secretary. The meeting read and adopted the Constitution and By-Laws. Frnaces A. Saylor, appointed Assistant Secretary. He was affectionately nicknamed "Pap". He was the first "Foreman", now called Chief, of the volunteer fire department. He had fought on the Union side during the Civil War. Their home was a story and a half, white house, surrounded by a picket fence, bordered with lilacs, daffodils and roses. This home sat just south of the old A. J. Kaiser Department store, which was torn down and replaced by Hansen and Blirup meat market tile building, which later was the Junction City Times office. His job for the S.P.R.R. company was, to clean and replenish with coal oil, the many signall lantern lights on top of the switches. As this town hosted the Freight Division from 1872 to 1926 there was much work to keep up the railroad line. Many times, as a ten year kid, I rode with "Pap" on the back seat of his hand pulled, red handcar from the depot on Sixth Avenue to the section houses on First. Mr. Edward M. Baber was the first secretary in 189. He owned and managed the warehouse named for him, just north across the east Sixth Avenue from the old S.P. Depot, which sat immediately south, across the tracks on east Sixth Avenue.

August 26, J.B. Schaefer elected president. J. A. Risks, E. J. Kelley, and Wm. Eccleston were voted in as new members. October 2nd, City to buy, but own, the hats and belts for

the firemen. Byron A. Washburn, resigned. October 10, elected J. B. Schaefer as President. Issac Darneile, Vice-President; E. M. Baber, Secretary; Johnathan Butler (who had moved his leather store from Lancaster in 1870, on skids to its location "later Tracer's Jewelry Store"), Secretary assistance. Our department store keeper, S. P. Gilmore to be the Treasurer. Foreman, Francis A. Saylor; Assistant, J. S. Baker, and Matt Uttinger (he was a trapper, woodcutter, etc.). Trustees were Jess Darneile (farmer and worker), J. A. Ricks, and E. J. Kelley. Sergeant at Arms, J. M. Baker. Fire delegated: Isaac Darneille, F. A. Saylor, Jonathan J. Butler, J. A. Ricks, Louie Bundy (railroad worker), Thurman Berry (had cities red, low-slung, horse drawn delivery wagon).

November 2, W. G. Milliron (who had owned the lands where the city is built), Hatcher Baber, J. W. Keck (barber here for many years), Harry Love (builder), J. E. Milliron (saloon operator), Paul Ruff (doctor). Council asked to pay for 36 hats and 32 belts. R. W. Mulholland passed away. Walter Howard (farmer) elected. To have a New Years Bll. January 15, 1891: Members in need of financial help due to sickness were to be aided by the department. A Speaking Trumpet was ordered. March 19, 1891: H. Gilmore thanked the firemen for saving his hotel when it was recently on fire. He gave \$20 to the company. Group to erect a bell tower. J. Baker and Matt Uttinger were to ring the firebell, calling meetings, drills, etc. J. B. Morin was expelled for non-attendance at meetings, drills, by a 15 - 3 vote. April 12, bell tower

lumber from E. M. Kelley to cost \$20. Men to be fined if not at regular meetings. G. F. Boyd and T. C. Thorton elected. J. A. Bushnell to be asked in regards to providing hydrants with keys. The first fire equipment was a hose and ladder wagon. The pressure from the city water hydrants forced the water through the hose until after we got the pumper. Jake Miller's 110-foot high, large wooden water tank, located about where Fifth and Elm Streets would be if the streets were completed, through this large, apparently old river bed, blew down in the hard windstorm around 1916. This high tank full of water gave great pressure to the water systems of the city. The hose cart was nicknamed "Piaschuck", according to stories told by early firemen. The first steam engine was purchased in 1897, secondhand, from Pendleton, Oregon. We had several, scatted, deep, planked up, eight sided, wells throughout the city. Corner street drains ran into them. They had to be cleaned out occasionally. The pumper pumped from them. April 30, we decided to have an annual parade and a dance at night on May 15, 1891. The dances were in the old Opera House of the two-story brick hotel on Front Street.

May 21, M. D. Harpole, farmer; Emmet Butler, railroad man; D. J. Gore elected. Torchbearers to light the way to fires were: Wm. Caldwell, T. W. Blew, L. A. Southworth, J. Blew. June 18, accepted Eugene Fire Department invitation to participate in the Hose Contest in Eugene, July 4. Eleven men chosen for the contest with Foreman, F. A. Saylor in command. Leroy Driscoll elected by 18 votes, none against.

Jonathan Butler elected Secretary on November 9 --nearly impossible to read his hand writing. November 9, 1896, J. T. Clow elected. Secretary, A. J. Kaiser; President, Frank Moorhead (cashier in local bank for a great many years). Elected T. C. Taylor and Wm. McClaren. Committee reported hydrants in good order. September 9, 1897, we were told the Fire Engine would arrive in a few days. November 1: J. J. Butler, elected President of Protection Company No. One. C. D. Lee (insurance man), E.M. Lee, S. T. Starr, Charles J. Ehrman (he operated warehouse, etc.) elected. January 31, 1898. Firemen's Ball, took in \$39, expenses were \$39. December 8, O. E. Starr, President. Dan McMartin, E. R. Eaton fined \$1 each for being drunk the night of a fire. Dance on February 4, 1899. Charles C. Neilson (garageman) Secretary, mentioned "Chief" for the first time in the journal records of all the meetings.

July 13, Mr. E. Van Vanrakan, Acting President, November 1899 (built the house, now our apartments, at 1023 Greenwood) J. T. Clow was now Foreman. November 15, 1900, Francis A. Saylor, Secretary; Foreman, J. W. Briesly; Secretary J. Hank Hill June 5, 1902, H. M. Milliron, President, April 9, 1903, George Eheholt, (laborer), General Sherman Keck (barber), J. H. Hill elected. January 14, 1904 engine to be taken out and tested, on second Tuesday of each month. June 20, 1907, G. S. Keck, President, S. O. Starr, Secretary, July 18, Richard F. Thom, (farmer), S. P. Petersen, (mechanic and Sandie's dad), R. D. Pope, Hershall V. Johnson (carpenter),

elected. December 19, Watson S. McKee (musician, repair man) called meeting to order. November 9, 1908, R. D. Pope, Foreman; S. P. Petersen, Assistant; F. F. Bamford, President. November 18, 1909, Earl W. Jackson President (storekeeper) where pool hall is now. S. P. Petersen, Foreman; James Van Horn, James C. Larsen (carpenter), Henry Swartz (greenhouses on Elm Street), E. O. Browning. January 21, 1910, Charles Towers (confectionery, where Carlson furniture store is now) President. April 16, 1911 Earl M. Jackson, President. Foreman was A. G. Beal. E. V. Broughton (jewelry store, across alley east from 10¢ store) John D. Tomes, H. C. Sultz, Emel Carroll (druggist) Frank Edwards, Edgar Thom (S.P.R.R. worker) Ole Petersen (blacksmith) P. O. Bowman (blacksmith) were elected. April 12, 1912, A. B. Beal, President, May 16, 1919, A. G. Beal reported on fire at J. C. Hotel. Damage to Perry and Gilmore amounted to over \$100, covered by insurance. June 12, D. H. Andrews (worked on farm for Will Washburn), H. H. Drug, S. P. Bogue (farmer) Wm. Perman (Crescent Theater manager, trumpet player par none), Peter Skovbo (blacksmith) W. B. Lee, Secretary, G. H. Blackman, President, A. G. Beal, Foreman. January 16, 1913 - Forrest G. Miller, Vice-President, February 14, dance music to cost \$30. May 6, committee appointed to try and get J. E. Brown, A. K. Mickey (School Supt.), P. A. Pherson, recalled from the City Council. November 24, Ole Petersen, Foreman; Halley Berry to be on the rolls as official mascot. Ralph E. Jackson, Secretary. March 14, 1914. Chief, Ole Petersen gave a detailed list of the

positions for each man of the company, in case of a fire call. Chief Engineer G. T. Berry. Band to be charged 50¢ a night for use of hall. May 18, Bishop Moorhead, Dr. Atwater (dentist), elected, as were Carl Jacobson and A. J. Finley. September 21, 1914, Francis A. Saylor, Past Foreman and Secretary of Dept. No. One, since 1890 and very active member, went to his Great Foreman. Fore of October 2, reported by Chief Petersen. B. M. Jackson having served the required seven years, being in good standing, with all dues and fines paid in full, was given "Exemption Certificate".

January 18, 1915, Wm. Perman's baby died (Mrs. Berman was my third grade teacher) floral piece cost \$3. Fire reported on February 21, 1915. This must have been the large fire that wiped out Front Street from Sixth to Seventh Avenue. Louie Kapping (Horton's lumber yard helper), acted as Chr. Fire of April 4, placed on file. Clifford Bailey (farmer), Lloyd Kirk (worked for Ed Bailey) elected. Forrest Miller, President (Hardware store manager, where second hand store is now, west of pool hall).

November 18, 1915, E. W. Clark, President; A.G. Beal, Secretary; Wm. Schroder, Foreman. Gerald Bailey told me of watching these gallant firemen conduct water fights, in 1914, while looking down from the upstairs of the old brick hotel, second floor, from the Opera House. My, it was a long way down to the eight foot wide, wooden sidewalks. At many of the local Fourth of July Annual Picnics, Pumpkin Shows in September, The Woodmen of the World springtime annual picnics,

these men would choose up sides, and from a distance of fifty feet or less, they would turn the inch-sized nozzle streams of water against each other. The steamer put out plenty of pressure to make black and blue bruises on the participants. One team or the other would ultimately be pushed over a designated line, thus losing the fight to the other team. My picture of the fight shows the old brick walls left standing, after the 1915 fire destroyed that half block of businesses. The Pumpkin Show building burned down, July 1922. Druggist, Vincent Hurley, Chief, reorganized the volunteers in 1929. They were called "Hurley's Boy Scouts", or "Kids". This was because the men were much younger than what the original fireman had been. The grand pumper was used until in the early thirties. It is stored back of the Fire Station and is un-operative. Jake King has the original first Ford, Model T., Fire Truck. It still runs for him, in various parades in the city. Some of the volunteers that I may not have mentioned are Mads Jensen 1913 (who built many houses and buildings in this city), Gus Glint (livestock buyer, butcher, dog catcher), Clarence Harpole (mail carrier, Chief for years), Carl and Jens Hansen Blirup (butcher, etc.), Vardell Nelson was assistant chief for years, under Clarence Harpole, Chief. Adolph Daniels was chief many years. Merle Burton, chief till he moved to Oakridge. Russell Taylor and others served as Captain at one time or another. Other men were: Victor and Ijner Hendricksen, Vernon Nielsen, Roy Petersen, Lyle Day, Lane and Ted Wilde. The picture in the fire hall meeting room shows

Vincent Hurley, Chief in January, 1932. Standing, left to right: Hubert Beck, Roy Petersen, Russell Taylor, Vernon Nielsen, Lowell Standard, Vardell Nielsen, Archie Day, Sandy Petersen, Jr. Middle: Henry Scott, Wm. Thomas, Clarence Harpole, Vincent Hurley, Henry Hansen, Jens Hansen Blairup, and Warren Hansen. Seated: Ernest Petersen, Adolph Danielson, Ijner Hendrickson, Jake King, Wm. Nelson, Lloyd Harpole, and Henry Jones.

Bill Nelson, served as fire chief for twenty-two years of the forty-eight years he has worked in the Fire Department. Charter members are: Vardell Nelson, Russel Taylor, Lefty Mortensen (not as long as these others), Sandy Petersen, Jr., Hubert Beck are men that have served the local community as "Protection Society" for some of them, since 1929, to the present year, 1977. Vardell and Bill were in the armed services during World War II. Sandy Petersen worked at Marcola sawmill for some time. Several of these men are actively engaged in the new survival medical assistance program that has been recently enacted. It is doing a splendid job.

Bill Nelson has prudently saved the Old Journal Book in which all the records of the old meetings are entered, from August 4, 1890 to January 17, 1916. I tried to hit the high spots of these meetings where they were discernible. I am sorry if I neglected to enter the many, many names of the men that have so faithfully served our community all these many years, through all kinds of weather and many difficulties.

In re-reading the Journal, I find that I have not mentioned that they had a \$2 a year membership dues; and a 25¢ fine if

the member was not present at a meeting. Later years a 25¢ charge for eats at each meeting was instigated. The Rural Fire District bought some fire engines which have cost as much as \$70,000 a piece. The Rural District are very grateful for our volunteers putting out the rural fires. Cheshire now has a district engine and building, incorporated with the Junction area. Eric Jacobson took over as Chief, when Bill Nelson resigned.