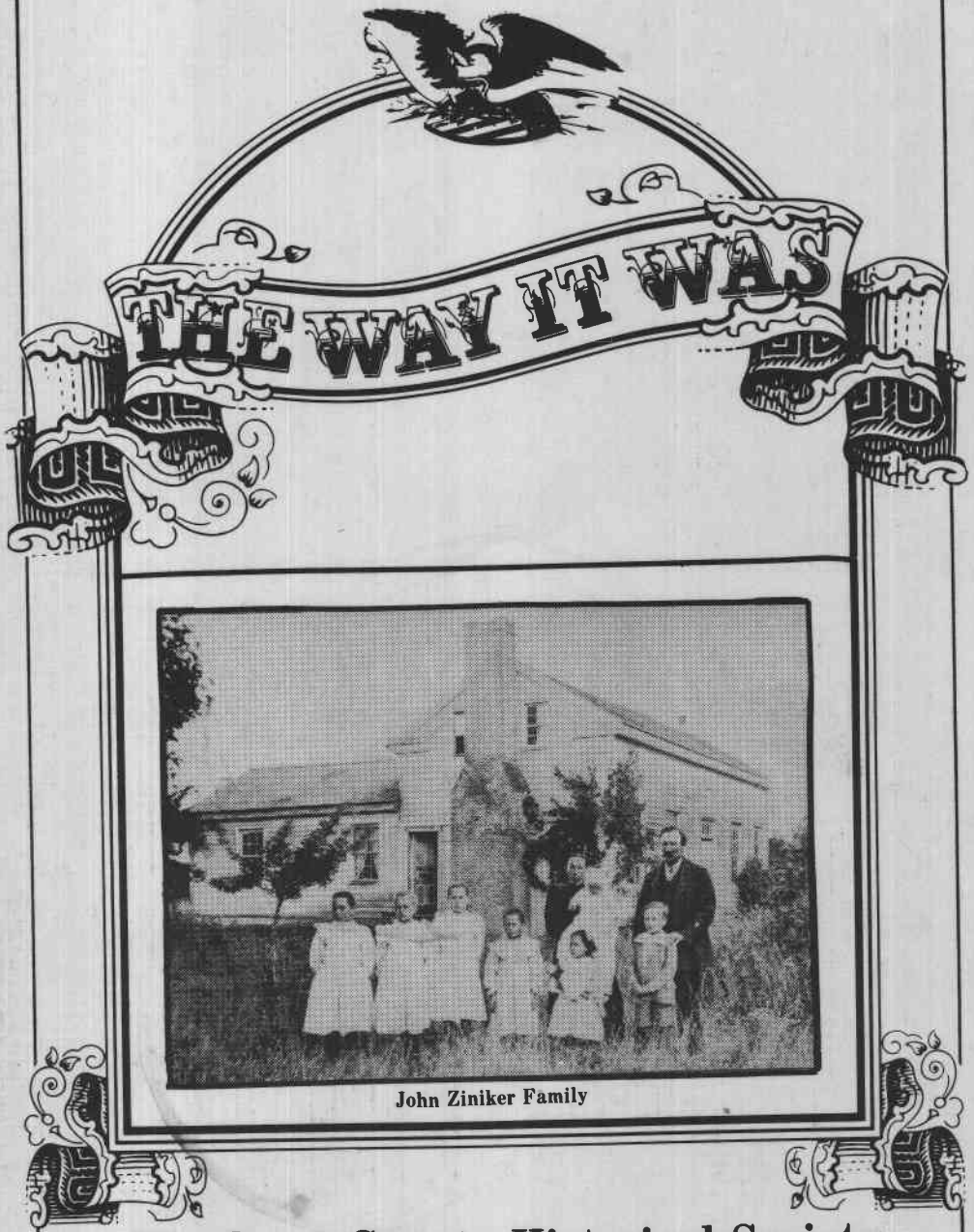
Lane County Historian



John Ziniker Family

The Lane County Historical Society

Vol. XXIV, No. 2 Summer, 1979

LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Lane County Historian **Vol. XXIV, No. 2** **Summer, 1979**

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We are looking for manuscripts on Lane County history. Payment is in copies. Pictures illustrating the stories welcome. Self-addressed stamped envelopes must be included if you want your materials returned.

CONTENTS

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE MARTIN BAKER GAY FAMILY - Lois Barton 27
MARY GAY COGSWELL CEMETERY 38
LETTER - Emma Ziniker 40
RUEGGER AND ZINIKER, Successors to Gay - Lois Barton 42
CAMAS CENTER SCHOOL, THE FIRST YEAR, 1908-1909 - Mrs. Miles Quinn 46

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Cover photo:

Mr. & Mrs. John Ziniker and seven of their eleven children, taken 1900. Children l. to r. are Lilly. Laura, Frieda, Emma, Lena, Albert (the baby) and John. — Courtesy Mrs. A.M. Alexander.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE MARTIN BAKER GAY FAMILY

By Lois Barton

The Spring, 1979, issue of the LANE COUNTY HISTORIAN reported the plains crossing of the Martin Baker Gay family from Missouri to Oregon, quoting both from the trail diary of James Woods Gay and from *The Sunset Trail,* reminiscences of his sister, Martha Ann Gay Masterson. Both members of the Gay family continued their reports to include events during their early years in Lane County. In this issue we continue the story with excerpts from their accounts.

James Woods Gay Diary, April 1, 1852

I begun to set my apples trees in the northwest corner I run east south and west the first one is a Rambo, the 2 a goldensweet. 3 Amer. Pipin. 4 Winter Queen, 5 golden ruset, 6 yelowbelflour 7 2 Waxens 8 fall Beauty 9 Esophiaspitsburg I begun in the northwest corner of my garden and run east and then back again

(no further entries except weather information until January 1854

1 fair we went to Mr Stoels to preaching

2 M fair to day I helped Mr. kilingworth stake off his claim in the forenoon the remainder I worked in my shop (James was a cabinet maker. There is another page which records income from making "chares", tables, bureau, two coffins, sette, book case, 4 chicken coops, 6 "troves" during early 1852 for a total cash income of $220.25 Ed.)

3 T rain I worked in my shop light showers I killed a fine goos on my wheat today

4 W snow at home it snowed some little this has been the coldest day that we have had this winter we went to fathers today ice 5/8 thick

January the 1 day 1855

M it is fogy and cold today I hauld wood and cleaned wheat to carry to mill 1

T it is snowing this morning I went to mill and just as I got to the river there blue up astorm of rain and snow I bought 6 sacks $3.36 2

W it has ben raining and snowing ever cince yesterday evoning and is still at it I got home from mill just at dark 3

T there fell a snow 6 inches deep last night and it is still snowing 4

F it fill an 1¼ inches deep last night I went out and killed a deer today 5

S it has ben raining to day the snow is melting of to day on the botoms I killed a goose 6

A it has ben showery to day and cool the snow is still melting off sloe, Baker was hear today 7

M I went to town to day there was some rain to day. I bought some salt and sugar and other things to the amount of $11.00 killed a crane 8

T I worked in my shop and killed a pig and went to papa 9

W I have ben choping wood to day and fixing up my pig and calf house father was hear today and mr richia was to borow a sadle rain 10

T I went to fathers to get the wagon to hawl wood but could not find the oxen it rained to day I worked in my shop the remainder of the day Mr Read was hear. 11

F I went to town to day after apples trees I bought arope today $1.27¼ Mr. kilingsworth was hear Br John was hear and stayed all night 12

S I have ben diging holes to set my trees sold beets $100 I was at papa to day M emrick was hear Mr jones children was hear after beets it has ben fair I was at Mr emrich 13

A Milton Emrick was hear to day 14

M Thomas walker was hear to day at work inn shop Brise staard (Stewart?) was hear I sold 2 plans (planes) $6.00 15

T Mr & Mrs Richia was hear to day and mary Mcmury Mr. Walker and Mr emrick I hauled wood to day I was at papa to day 16

W I have ben at work in my shop Mr emrick was hear to d papa was to d 17

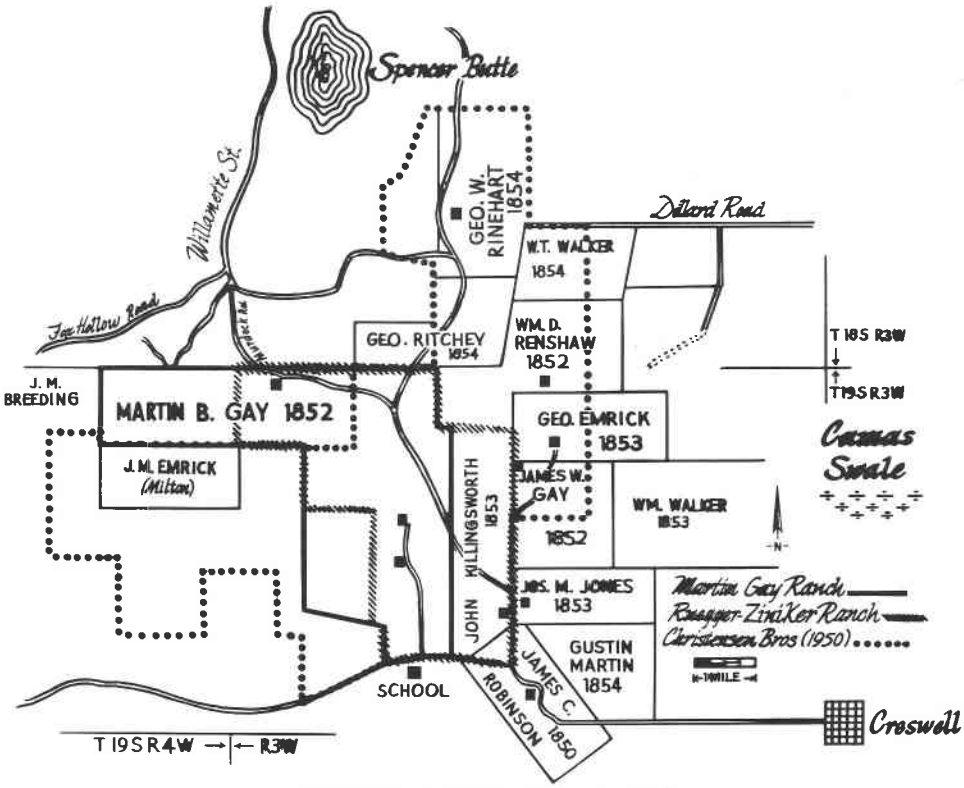
T Francis Cogswell was hear to day I have been at work 18

F francis Cogswell sister Mary & 19

	Martha was hear Mary & Martha stayed all night there was some snow today with the rain it is warm and has been so for some time	
S	Brother good was hear today there has ben some snow to day I have ben at work in shop	20
A	Mr emrick was hear it is warm the snow will be off of the mts in a few days	21
M	it has ben warm today I was at papa to day thomas Walker was hear to day	22
T	Mr T Walker was hear I was at Mr Richias this morning and out to hunt my cow I killed asquirl and seen a deer	23
W	I went out and found my cow, at my work and then Mr emrick, & Mr renshaw, was hear, Mr. emrick killed the largest fowl on the swail that I ever seen it weied 28 lbs & was 8 feet across the wing B Roberson was hear today	24
F	I went to town bought four yds of domestic it has ben coll today	26
S	Mr jones sonwas tohear killingsworth Mr Reed, Brother green, Mr ward, Brother john & Baker I went on the swail to kill geese	27
A	Brother evans, was hear to day fair and warm	28
M	Mr emrick, was hear I was at Mr killingsworth four doors & 60 light of sash finished $35.00	29
T	I went to papas for the wagon I did not get it	30
W	Mother was hear tod & kely was hear I was at m emricks	31

February the first day 1855

T	Mr Walker & B. caldwell & Wiliam Renshaw was hear I was at Mr Kilingsworth and at fathers twice I cleaned wheat	1
F	$1.95 I went to town to day sold 7½ doz eggs $2.87½ Brother john and martha was hear mary f emrick was hear	2
S	I was at Mr joneses and fathers T Walker and Mrs kilingsworth was hear I got a letter from M M gott	3
A	it is warm and has ben for seval days	4
M	I was at fathers for the oxens W. Walker was hear to cut a screw	3
T	Brother green was hear to drive the I was at Mr jones to get the plow	6
W	I went out to hunt my cow and to try and kill a deer I shot but missed Mr emrick was hear	7
T	Mr Roberes was hear it is warm	8
F	has ben raining all day I have ben at work in my shop one plain made $4.00	9
S	I was at fathers to get help to kill a hog Brother john was hear and help me kill it mr emrick was hear	10
A	at home and alone	
M	W. Walker, father Mr. emrick, mr. walkers son, W. Renshaw and Brother Evans was hear	12
T	I went to town today sister Martha was hear i bought ahat soap sugar and tin cup tethor sold 12 doz eggs. $4.22½ $13.00 (for purchases?)	13
T	father was hear to make a sadle	13
T	I went to fathers to day to help him start his beef cattle to the mins Mr Mankin S. Martha, B. green, Martha walker, and mary emrick was hear	15
F	I went to Mr emricks after a cettle Mr. Dabney Dade was hear I have not seen for near four years he is from california hear	16
S	Mr jones was hear twice today a gentleman bought the harrow home Mr Dade left for town I have ben making soap today and yesterday	17
A	it is some cooler to day than it has ben for several days	18
M	I have ben haling to day I was at fathers to day to get the catle and wagon it snowed on the hills W. Walker was hear today	19
T	I have ben choping wood today W Walkers son was hear to day Mr Marten was hear the Mts is white to day with snow	20
W	I was at father Mr emrick was hear twice today	21
T	I went to Mr Breeding today Mother was hear to day Mr emrick was hear	22
F	I was at Mr. emricks Mrs. & miss emrick was hear Brother evans and green was hear Mr walkers son was hear	23
S	Mr emrick and milton & b john was was hear it has ben cold for 3 days	24
A	Baker was hear today	25
M	I went to Mr Breedings to day Mother was hear I went to Mr steards and R Renshas Mrs Br was hear	26



MARTIN BAKER GAY RANCH

Roads and buildings as they appear on a 1921 topographical map. Homesteads of neighbors mentioned in James Gay diary, with year they "settled" on the land. Graphics by Q.L.B.

T	I was at Mr Martins today	27
W	I was at fathers to day W. Walker and Miss M emrick was hear	28

March 1855

T	Mother was hear Brother john, and green was hear $1.50	1
F	B john and goode was hear Mrs emrick was hear $2.50	2
S	I was at fathers last night Mother was here L. Greenwoode was here mrs Emerick was here	3
A	S Martha was here to day Mother was here	4
M	Mother and Sister Martha was here	5
T	Martha was here I killed an Eagle	6
W	Mother and Martha was here thunder Showers in the morning	7
T	Martha was here R Renshaw was too I was at W. Renshaws and papas to day	8
F	I wnet to town to day sister Martha Bro baker was here I shot at a deer	9
S	I was at the school house to day to organize the school district I was at Mr emricks to day. B. john, Bro green sister martha and Mrs emrick was hear it snowed on the mts last night	10
A	Mother was hear to day	11
M	I was at fathers to day Bro green Bro Baker sister martha and Miss M emrick I killed a crow 120 yds	12

(The next entry is dated December the first 1861 and was written after the move to Fall Creek)

James sold his donation land claim to his brother, John, for $950 on August 26, 1859 and moved to Fall Creek where he operated a sawmill for some years before moving to a small farm near Brownsville where he lived till his death January 13, 1903. He is buried in the Union Cemetery there. A grandson, Arthur Sperling, of Eugene still has the original trail diary which carried the above on its later pages after the account of the plains trip reported in our Spring issue.

(Martha Gay Masterson's story was copied from her handwritten original by Celeste Campbell, great niece and was slightly edited by her

THE SUNSET TRAIL

By Martha Masterson
Chapter 9

excerpts

Just about this time, in 1852, father decided to go father south and buy a stock ranch near the hills as the valley land would soon all be fenced.

Our friend, the captain, father and my oldest brother went to Lane County and also to the Umpqua Valley. They returned well pleased with the former place, sold their homes and moved up the valley and settled south of Eugene, taking up a donation claim.

We found some of the Illinois company living there and they were well pleased to have us near them. Our ranch was in the hills and we did not like the place very well. We had settled in the valley when we first arrived and were satisfied with our home and its surroundings. We felt lonely and isolated back in the hills.

Father put up a camp temporarily for a kitchen which was constructed by placing four posts in the ground to support the roof. The wagon boxes were set off the wagons and served as bedrooms. We put up shelves for our cooking utensils and had things quite convenient.

One afternoon, just as we had finished washing the dishes and had all the milk pans on a shelf with buckets and cups hanging from the eaves of the roof, we were surprised to see a man riding toward the camp. He dismounted and spoke to us and as the posts of the kitchen were convenient, he tied his horse to one of them. We recognized him as Mamie's would-be-beau! The man we had first met where the big stove was left. He was glad to see us again and said that he had located a donation claim on the McKenzie river.

While he was busy talking with Mamie his horse became frightened and tried to pull loose, but instead, to our dismay, the horse pulled down our kitchen! Pots, kettles and pans fell with a crash!

Our visitor was much chagrined and tried to help us rebuild our kitchen. In after years we often reminded him of the catastrophe.

We had been in camp a short time when we discovered it was a rattlesnake district. We would see them all about us; there were hundreds of them. We could not walk about the place to explore our new ranch because of the numerous reptiles. Father felt so badly about it. He was now building us a log house as there was no sawmill near and logs were plentiful. Also we saw small bands of Indians around us and we thought a log house better protection if the savages molested us.

In 1852 the summer weather was good for our building operations and before long we had a comfortable house to move into, with large rooms, and an extra nice stone fireplace. We built near a spring of water, so had no need for a well.

Our nearest neighbor was a mile away, the next five miles. We were lonely but knew there would soon be other settlers as there were frequent inquiries for land. The married brother, James Woods Gay, built near us and our captain settled in the Suislaw Valley, several miles away.

Our house was near a hill and at the edge of the little vale with a nice view, and I think we should have liked it if it had not been for the snakes. Mamie and I were out walking one morning when suddenly she cried out, "Oh, here is a rattler!" I jumped back and said, "Here is another." Then Mamie said, "Here are several more!" We were afraid to move. We had walked right into the

mouth of a rattlesnake den. We killed five and as many more got away. We told the boys about finding the den, so they watched and killed several large rattlers.

Mamie told me one day soon after moving into our new house in 1852 that she was intending to leave us and go to a home of her own. I suspected as much as her adorer had been very attentive of late. Preparations for the wedding were in progress and a trip to Portland for Mamie's outfit and other supplies must be made. At that time Portland was a village of 1000 people. Father started out with two wagons and one of the boys to help with the driving. Mamie made a list of her wedding outfit needs which father gave to the merchant in Portland and told him to fill it just as it was ordered.

Father was gone about ten days. Ox teams were slow but sure and we were all proud of the nice articles he brought us from Portland. Mamie's wedding dress and all her other clothes were quite beautiful, but I shed tears over them because I realized she was to leave us soon. How could I give up my dear sister who have been with me all my life? I had no one else for company. She was next to my mother, with me!

Many families has moved into our neighborhood during the last few months. New houses were all over the country, three families of our old company among others.

The rainy season was here again. The storm clouds gathered in the distance and the wild geese were going south. The wind was sighing among the fir trees and a found a sad echo in my heart for Mamie would soon leave us as the wedding day was drawing near.

Some old friends came fifty miles on horseback to attend the wedding. The great day has arrived in a rainstorm and the groom and his attendants and the minister were late. At last all were assembled and the great room was filled with the guests. The bridal party entered from a side door. Mamie and her attendants in white made a charming picture. The wedding ceremony was short but impressive. (Oct. 22, 1982 Mary Frances Gay & John Cogswell) Friends gathered around with good wishes and congratulations, then all repaired to the dining room where an old style wedding supper was waiting. During the evening old time games were played and old songs sung.

Next day being fair, all we young folks went for a horseback ride, coming home late, tired and hungry. The following day Mamie went to her new home on horseback as there was not a carriage in this part of the country at that time.

Mamie came back to see us in a couple of weeks and was well pleased with her cosy white cottage under some great oak trees on the bank of the beautiful McKenzie River.

Since Mamie left home I had become more interested than ever in my baby sister, Julia, who was a charming little girl a year and a half old. She talked quite plainly and tried to sing. Mamie wanted to take Pink home with her for company but I could not think of parting with her and mother said, "No, we can't spare the baby."

Father and the boys again fenced land for grain and gardens, plowed and sowed, reaped and mowed, with a good will. We had a fine crop of wheat, oats, corn and potatoes and a good garden. We liked our new home now and father said he would never move again.

Nearly all the Indians had gone to other parts of the country but those that were left were very quarrelsome and considered dangerous. One day mother had gone to visit a neighbor and left me to get dinner and look after the younger children. Father and the boys were down in the field at work a half mile from the house. I was busy setting the table when one of the children ran in and said, "Shut the doors quick, I saw three Indians coming into the yard!" I ran to the door and told them to stay out, closed and barred the door. In the meantime they had gone to the kitchen door and walked in before I could get to

it. I told the Indians to go away but they said, "No, give us dinner." Then I said, "no." They went to the stove and raised the lids from the kettles, then to the cupboards and looked over the shelves.

They saw that I was afraid of them and told me so! I took the children into the front room and left the Indians in possession of the kitchen. One of the little boys was looking out of a window and said, "I see father coming!" The Indians heard them and got out in a hurry and went to their ponies.

Father followed them and threatened them with a long stick and he had his hand. He scolded them for entering the house when I had told them not to come in. He had seen them coming and knew that mother was away so hurried home, thinking the Indians would frighten us and take a lot of provisions. Father told the Indians to leave and not to come here again. As they were riding off, one of them said in good English, "The old man is mad!" Father said, "Yes, I am mad and if you ever come back here I shall thrash you!"

We always treated the Indians kindly when they came in peace but when they persisted in entering the house after being told to stay away they were ordered out in a hurry.

A short time before the three Indians came to the house our horses had all been driven away twenty miles. We laid it to them, as we had seen them pass the evening before and they had ridden round the horses and looked them over. The next morning our horses were gone. One of the boys followed their trail and fortunately overtook them. The Indians saw that they were being followed so they ran off and left our horses. Father said he thought the Indians ran off the horses just to give us trouble because we would not leave their country to them. Brother was gone so long we thought the Indians had wounded him and were much relieved to see him coming home with all the horses.

Our first crop of wheat was cut by hand with an old-style scythe and then stacked in the field around a level spot of ground which had been selected, then scraped off smooth for a thrashing floor. The sheaves of wheat were untied and scattered over the floor evenly, then several pairs of oxen were driven around over it, tramping out the ripe grains of wheat.

We thought the flour made from that grain of our own raising was of an extra quality and I suppose it was, as the wheat came from a choice variety which was quite expensive in those days. I remember one sale my father made of five bushels of wheat for twenty-five dollars. He did not like to ask such a price but it was customary and he did not wish to lower the price for others who had wheat to sell and besides money was very plentiful with all. Before another crop was ripe father had a good large barn to store it in with a thrashing floor and bins for the grain. We raised poultry by the hundred and it was my work to care for them. I was much interested in this line of industry and delighted with my success, often rising before the sun and going out to feed the flock . . .

Mother came home from a visit one evening and told us we had a niece over at my oldest brother's. Father was very proud of his first grandchild and she was given the name of Suzanne. And over at Mamie's house soon after came a black-eyed little girl whom they named Mary Anne. So there were two "Annes" and father said he felt quite an old man now to be called grandfather by two little girls!

Time went on and we were to have a school. The neighbors were all assembled to talk the matter over. A site was chosen for the building which would be of logs. My father donated a corner of his land for this purpose. After it was finished, a teacher was hired for five months. On the opening day were were happy as larks as we walked the mile to the school building. We were delighted to find there were about forty pupils in all. We had an interesting term of school and made progress in our

studies. Pink was quite young for school but she wanted to go so the big brothers carried her when she got tired.

Friday afternoons we usually had spelling matches. The teacher's oldest son and daughter were the best spellers in school, although some of my brothers were also good. We had several terms of school in the big log house and were thankful for the chance to learn.

We found many places of interest on our big ranch as we explored it year by year. Two miles from the house over a rough road was a huge pile of great octagonal columns (similar to those recently dug out of Skinner's Butte). This pile of stone resembled the ruins of a castle and there were great trees growing among the rocks. No doubt a geologist could tell the origin of the stones - if an avalanche was accountable for them, or if they came in the ice age. (This was a columnar basalt outcropping just west of the crest of what came be be called Gay Hill on Fox Hollow road. Emery Pruett told me in 1978 that his first job away from home was working with a portable rock crusher, making road gravel from the basalt outcropping. LB)

There was much wild fruit on our place, strawberries, blackberries, cherries and crab-apples, cold, clear springs of water and magnificent fir trees.

Eugene was now quite a village and one brother went there to live and two other brothers left for the California gold mines. Soon after they went the Rogue River Indian War broke out and we were much worried, thinking they would be killed. After some time we heard from them and they had safely passed through the danger zone. Volunteers were sent to fight the Indians and soon there was a battle and many were killed. The trouble lasted several months but finally the Indians were overcome and sent north to a reservation.

There were good schools in Eugene now and I boarded in town and attended the classes during the winter months. When spring came, how glad I was to be at home with mother and my little sister! I enjoyed tramping over the hills, gathering wild flowers and watching the white lambs playing in the sunshine, then working in the dairy, making the golden butter into pound patties, hunting for eggs in the barns and sheds and caring for the cunning baby chicks! Happy childhood days!

Father and the boys had made many improvements on the ranch and we had a splendid home with all the comforts of life and many of its luxuries. We were happy, well and prosperous in the large house father built for us. The old log house we had at first was pulled down and moved away to the hills for wood houses and farm machinery. We had great hay barns, grain barns, shops and a tannery, all together making quite a village.

Father bought land at different times until he had two thousand acres under fence besides thousands of acres of range in the foothills.

And now a brother had returned from the California mines and was to be married to an Albany girl. Some of us went fifty miles on horseback to be present at the wedding, then visited our old neighbors a few days before returning. The bride and groom made their wedding trip on horseback as the river steamers were slow and not always on time.

Another little daughter, Florilla, had come to Mamie's home to keep Mary Anne company but not for long as they both sickened and died and were buried in one grave on the hill near where they had played. They were taken ill with scarlet fever while on a visit to our home.

This was our first deep sorrow and it fell heavily upon us. My sister was broken hearted over her loss. she grieved so much that father advised a change for her. They planned a trip east to visit Mamie's new relatives and were to be gone a year. It was a dangerous trip in those days, down the coast by ocean, across Panama on muleback,

across the Gulf of Mexico and then up the Mississippi River! They made the journey safely and how glad we were to see them home again.

Two older brothers went to the gold mines in Idaho, so our family was not very large. But there were several grandchildren to come and visit us.

Pink was a young lady now and fond of music. She played nicely on the beautiful melodeon given her by one of the older brothers. I was very fond of horseback riding and often rode ten miles to church Sunday morning, remaining for afternoon services and rode home before dark.

Chapter 11

Incidents

. . . A peculiar incident happend one Fourth of July as were were getting ready to go to Eugene to a celebration. One of the boys called us to look out and see how the cattle were stampeding. As far as we could see everywhere the cattle and horses were running as if terribly frightened. They had seemingly all started off the same instant. Father said he could not imagine what had started them all so, unless it were sulphuric smoke from a volcano in the mountains. He said he had heard of smoke fumes frightening animals. They notice all such things before human beings can. We proceeded on our way to the celebration and arriving there, others spoke of the strange occurence.

- - - - -

One winter during the holiday season Brother Evan, Pink and I with a party of young people went to Albany and Salem on an old-fashioned stage coach. The rain was coming down in true Oregon style, as it had been doing for several days, but our trip was all planned and we could not stop at home for a little rain!

We had gone but a few miles when we became aware that we would meet with many difficulties on our day's journey. Swollen streams and floating bridges were in our road and some of the party wanted to turn back but the majority voted to go on if possible. Each one had some delightful anticipation urging him on. Sometimes we could travel the main road, and then again we would be obliged to detour where a bridge or culvert has been washed out. This consumed much time, so noon found us still far from our destination.

We stopped at a farmhouse and asked if they could furnish dinner for eight people and feed the horses. They kindly agreed to do so and then invited us into a large living room where a bright fire glowed in a huge fireplace. There were several little girls in the room when we entered but they scampered away and then peeped at us from the hall. We coaxed some of them to come back and told them about Santa Claus and his reindeer. One boy in our crowd asked one bright-eyed child where the rest of the family were as he had only counted seven! She smilingly answered that ten had gone to school; her big sister had gone to a party and another sister was in the kitchen helping her mother get dinner. We heard later there were twenty children in the family.

Before long we were summoned to the dining room where a bountiful meal of well cooked nicely served food awaited us. How we did enjoy that warm meal of nourishing food after our long drive through the rain! We bade our good Samaritans adieu and wished them a Merry Christmas.

Our journey during the afternoon was a repetition of the morning's difficulties with the added complication of night coming early as the days were short. We arrived at a dangerous ford where a stream was out of its banks. We were almost safely across when one of the wheels of the stage coach slipped off the track and we were nearly capsized into the cold dark water.

All rejoiced when we were safely across and a short time later the boy announced that he could see the lights

of Albany. Soon we were set down at the door of the hotel where a crowd was awaiting the arrival of the stage, thinking it had met with an accident. We were all cold and hungry and it was a late hour when we said our goodnights and retired. The hotel was crowded when we arrived so we four girls were given one room for us all. The boat for Salem was to start out before daylight and those who expected to take it asked to be called early. We were soon in dreamland but arose in time to see the two girls and their escorts off on the boat.

After breakfast a carriage called for sister and me and we drove into the country to spend the holidays with relatives, our brother going to Salem. On our return journey we all took the steamer at Albany for Eugene and had much trouble from driftwood. It was necessary to tie up at Harrisburg where a New Year's Ball was in full swing, but we preferred staying on the boat. We ate a nice New Year's dinner and afterwards had music in the cabin by some of the passengers and then played old-fashioned games until a late hour. Next day we arrived at Eugene, leaving some of our party there while we went to our home in the country. We found the family anxiously awaiting us as they had heard of the high water and washouts.

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We always attended the Oregon State Fair which was also a reunion for old friends and those who had crossed the plains together. Even at that early date, there were splendid exhibits of stock, grains, fruits and vegetables. At that time there were no diseases or insect pests to mar the perfection of any growth! Those were the golden days of our lives when we were happy and free.

- - - - -

A crowd of young people met near Spencer's Butte to ascend it and on our return have dinner the the home of a friend who lived at the foot of the hill on the south side.

We started out with some on foot and some on horse back. We left the horses as it was dangerous riding and we felt safer on foot. At first, there was some scurrying to be first to the top, but before long all were willing to take a more moderate pace. Some weakened and called for help, others ascended very easily. Finally all reached the summit and as it was a clear beautiful day, a magnificent sight was spread out at our feet. The lovely valley of the Willamette extending for miles and miles; dotted over with fine farms, orchards and native trees with several beautiful rivers winding through it. We raised our eyes to the snow-capped mountains in the distance and felt as if we were in a new world far above the cares of everyday life. After resting a short time we began the descent which was more difficult and trying than our trip up the Butte. Finally, we all arrived at the base of the hill and enjoyed the bountiful dinner awaiting us.

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A May Day festival was held on Skinner's Butte in 1864. The morning was overcast but the rain clouds obligingly stayed on the hill-tops. The school children were out early gathering wild flowers to decorate the May Queen's throne which had been erected under a huge oak tree. A wreath of choice flowers intended for the crown was suspended from a bough of the tree. The young queen, a daughter of Eugene Skinner, founder of the town, was escorted to her throne and crowned, attended by four little girls as maids of honor. A May-pole had been erected on a grassy level, wreathed from base to top with flowers and streaming from its crown the stars and stripes. Refreshment booths were scattered about in which delicacies and substantials were alluringly spread. The exercises were scarcely concluded when a dark cloud was seen approaching and a hasty departure took place. Many had not reached their homes before the rain

came down in torrents. A ball in the evening ended the festivities of that May Day of long ago. The May Queen is now a grandmother and but a few of that company of young people are living at present.

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Chapter 12

In 1866 we had now spent fourteen happy years in our home and it had been a haven of rest for many others. We cared for the sick, aged and the needy. No one in distress ever came to my father in vain. Those whose hearts were heavy with sorrow found in him a true friend; the wanderer was given food and shelter. The people all loved father for his warmhearted southern hospitality.

But father was growing old now and often spoke of the absent members of his family and wished that he might see them once more. It was ten years since we all met at the dear old home. Father's birthday, October 24, was drawing near and a younger brother and I thought of a happy surprise we would give father on that day. We told Mother our secret and she thought it a fine plan and said she would help us.

We prepared for a family reunion and sent invitations to all the ones absent and they accepted. We had a busy time and took Pink into our plot and she was delighted to be trusted with grown-up affairs.

The day arrived and all was in readiness to receive our company. Some came the night before; some the next day, until all were present except one family. I wondered if they would complete the circle? It was dark now so we illuminated the house and waited and listened. At last we heard them calling to us and we rushed to the door and answered. They were soon in the warm bright room and the whole family was now at home and what a house full! Father looked on the group with pleasure and our eldest brother said; "here we are, Father and Mother, all of us." We were gathered in Mother's large sitting room and father said, "I am so glad to see you all once more. Who got up this surprise for me? We told him we children did it with mother to help us. Then father told us all to stand up in a line and circle around the large room. We did so and asked father and mother to head the procession.

After all had partaken of the evening meal, the children were shown into a large room where they could play and romp without disturbing the older people who were planning the arrangements for the following day. Next morning, we all congratulated father on his birthday. He would not have been considered old for these days, but his head had been white for years.

We told him that we had arranged for a family group picture and wanted him to go to Eugene with us. We had engaged a photographer for the day and ordered a dinner at the principal hotel for the family party. We started out from home a happy crowd, leaving friends to prepare supper for us and care for the house during our absence. We spent a happy day with many friends coming in to see us and congratulate father and mother on the reunion of their large family.

We arrived at the right time for supper and found our friends and the feast awaiting us. After breakfast the next morning some prepared to leave and father said, "Shall we ever meet again on earth?" They kissed him goodbye and a shadow seemed to pass over the group as they left us behind.

In a few days they were all gone to their homes and how we missed them. The house was so still. How quietly we moved about and how lonely we were. Pink looked sad and father talked but little. He walked out on the farm and returned weary. Friends called to see father but he seemed too quiet for him. The photographs were brought home and father had one sent to each child.

We were busy about our work, getting ready for Winter which was approaching. The rain clouds were hovering over the distant mountains

and most of the birds had started south. A sadness settled down over our once happy home because we could see that father was failing. He said that his time was nearly over. We tried to cheer him but he said we had best understand from the first that he was soon to leave us. He told me of the improvements he wished made about the house and on the farm.

Father grew weaker and took his bed. We called a physician and sent for the absent brothers and sister. They came to see him for the last time. He called us around his bed, then looked at the family circle with mother near him and said faintly, "All here but one." We told father we hoped the absent brother would soon be with us but he did not come. Our telegram failed to reach him.

Father talked to us and told us where to bury him and to take care of mother and our baby sister and to live as he had taught us to live; not to grieve for him. His race had been run on earth and he was ready to cross over. So, calmly, his great and noble soul passed on March 17, 1867. We laid father away on the hillside which he had given long ago for a family and neighborhood burial ground, and then sadly returned to our lonely home. Mother was disconsolate. For forty years she and father had shared life's shadows and sunshine, its dangers and joys. Often she started to meet him when she heard approaching footsteps, then remembered he would never come again.

The sister Julia, contracted tuberculosis in the spring of 1870 and was buried on the hillside near her father.

The mother, Ann Gay, continued to live on the old homestead until she died. In January, 1874, she was laid to rest beside her husband, Martin Baker Gay, on the hillside in their family cemetery, now known as the Gay-Cogswell Pioneer Cemetery. It is located in Lane County, about a mile south of Spencer's Butte near Eugene, Oregon.

Martin Baker Gay

Ann Gay (Johann) — Courtesy Eva Johnson

MARY GAY COGSWELL CEMETERY

(from LANE COUNTY PIONEER CEMETERIES, Vol. II, p. 9. Privately printed for Lane County Historical Society and Oregon Genealogical Society, 1975)

This cemetery is located on a hillside south of Spencer Butte in the Camas Swale district. The most recent headstones are dated 1977 and 1978.

Partial list:

CAMPBELL, Idaho Frazer
1864 - 1932
Dau. of John & Mary Cogswell

COGSWELL, DeEtta
b. Aug. 22, 1861
d. June 3, 1886
Dau. of John & Mary Cogswell

COGSWELL, John
b. Feb. 4, 1814
D. May 13, 1907

COGSWELL, Mary Ann & Florilla
children of John & Mary Cogswell
first buried in plot
Born 1852 & 1857

COGSWELL, Mary Gay
b. Sept. 21, 1831
d. Oct. 8, 1887
Wife of John Cogswell
Dau. of Martin Baker Gay and Ann Stewart Gay - Pioneer of 1851

DAVIS, Daniel S.
d. Mar. 22, 1857
Age 25 yrs. 8 mo. 3 days

DILLARD, Elizabeth
1807 - 1858
Wife of Rev. Samuel Dillard

ENGLAND, William L.
b. Mar. 18, 1802
d. Sept. 8, 1893
Wife of Wm. L. England

FRAZER, Nicholas K.
b. June 23, 1862
d. June 28, 1900
Pioneer of 1865, son of Jacob Frazer

GAY, Ann Stewart
b. Feb. 3, 1808
d. Jan., 1874

GAY, David Green
1841-1916
Son of M.B. & A.S. Gay

GAY, Martin Baker
b. Oct. 24, 1808
d. Mar. 17, 1867

JONES, Sarah
d. Nov. 2, 1857
age 14 yrs., 6 mo., 8 days
Dau. of M. & P.H. Jones

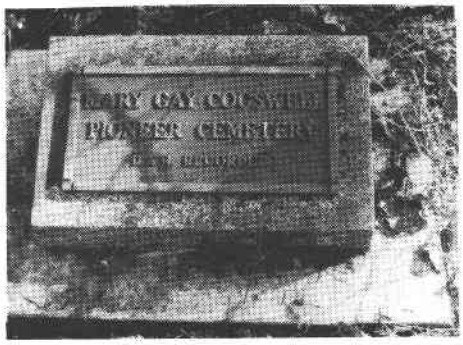
Martha Ann Gay Masterson
b. Nov. 8, 1837
d. Dec. 12, 1916
Dau. of M.B. & A.S. Gay

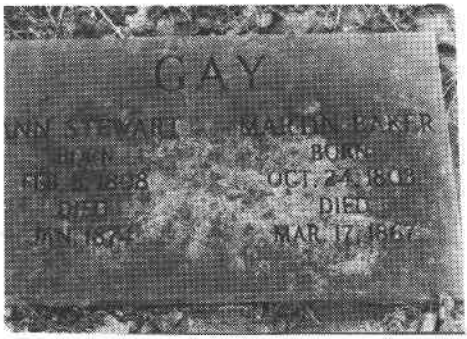
MILLER, Lischin Cogswell
1852-1915
Dau. of John & Mary Cogswell
Wife of George Melvin Miller

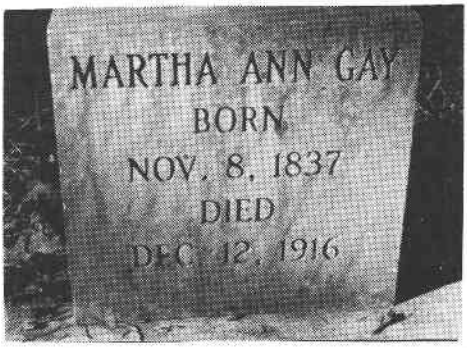
MOREFORD, Mary E.
b. Mar. 16, 1813
d. Oct. 2, 1898

RUEGGER, Albert
1842-1902

THORNE, Catherin Cogswell
d. Nov. 26, 1928
Wife of J. Frederick Thorne
Dau. of George Cogswell
Niece of John Cogswell







Photos by Steve Wheatley, January, 1979.

San Francisco
April 1, 1979

Lane County Historian:

It is a pleasure to write to you about the beautiful house the Martin Gay family built on the big cattle ranch the Ruegger family and my father John Ziniker bought.

There were four entrances to the house. One through the porch on the east side, one on the west side, one on the north side, entering a large parlor and one entering the kitchen. There was a fireplace and a hanging kerosene lamp in the parlor. Other rooms had the lamps. There were copies of famous paintings hanging in the parlor. There was another large room on the west side and a bed room. There was a stairway upstairs from the beautiful porch. The porch was like a room open on one side, with beautiful houseplants. You could eat your lunch on the porch. You could enter the dining room from the parlor or different parts of the house. The kitchen was next to the dining room. There was another stairway from the parlor to a bed room.

There were large bushes of roses, honey suckle and other flowers around the house. There were many fruit trees; apples, pears, plums and other fruit.

There was a well a few yards from the house. It was paved with concrete. The water came from a natural spring. There were troughs for the cows and horses to drink. There was a creek running through the ranch.

My father built a small pond on a sloping hillside. A short distance downhill we had a big garden. They built troughs to the pond to get water to the pond. My father put a stopper on a long rod to open the plug when we irrigated the garden. There were pipes to the garden.

There were two large barns. The very large one my father and the Rueggers built, with stalls to milk the cows by hand. They stored the hay in the barns. In the fall the thrashers would come to thrash the wheat and oats. There was a grainery to store the wheat and oats. The Rueggers and my father built a cheese house. The Rueggers made round cheese about the size of a dinner plate, a few inches high. Some larger and some smaller.

They butchered the pigs and smoked their own ham and bacon. There was a smoke house and a store house for the potatoes, apples and other things from the harvest. They made a barrel of sauer kraut. We had a bean garden for dried beans. There was a chickencoop. We had lots of chickens. There was a work shop and a hot house. We had a large herd of cattle. My father used to take train loads of beef cattle to the stockyards in Portland. We also had horses. It was an ideal dairy ranch.

The Ruegger family and my father John Ziniker lived in Switzerland. They decided to come to America to buy a dairy ranch to make a fortune by making cheese and selling milk and beef cattle. They found an ideal place for a dairy ranch in Lane County.

My father was fourteen when he came with his uncle and family. About ten years later he wrote to a girl he went to school with in Switzerland and asked her to come to marry him. I have the photograph of my mother she sent to him. She came and they were married June 11, 1884. My father and mother lived in the house the Martin Gays built with the Ruegger family for some years. When the family got larger they built a large house on a hill. The Rueggers moved in there. That was the big white house. It burned some years ago. (See front cover Ed.)

When my father's uncle passed away his two grown sons, Edward and Ernest Ruegger decided to go on their own. The surveyors came to make two ranches out of the big one and the Rueggers decided to move back to the Martin Gay house. We went to live in the big white house. A few years later my father sold his ranch and we moved to the state of Washington . . .

Sincerely,
Emma Ziniker

Martin Gay house as it appeared when Rueggers lived there. **— Courtesy Marie Erdman**

These are the pictures exchanged by Vrena Siegerist and John Ziniker before she came to America to become his bride.
— Courtesy Emma Ziniker

RUEGGER AND ZINIKER
Successors to the Martin Gay Family

by Lois Barton

After his mother's death Evan Gay bought out the other heirs' interests in the Gay estate and held the ranch for about three years. In 1878 Albert Ruegger and John Ziniker, Swiss Immigrants, bought 1750 acres of that land which they held as a partnership for several years. Ruegger was Ziniker's uncle.

Albert and Rosena Ruegger arrived in the United States with two children. They spent their first year at Trenton, Ohio, moving on from there to Nebraska for nine months, then farmed for about two years in Kansas. They rented a farm along the Columbia, east of Portland, (site of present international airport) for three years, but their landlord was unwilling to sell that place, so they came on the Gay holdings in Lane County.

An entry in PORTRAIT AND BIOGRAPHICAL RECORD of the Willamette Valley states that Ruegger and Ziniker carried on a large prosperous stock ranch (in the Gay tradition) but added dairying and cheese making. Interviews with descendants of these early ranchers have disclosed interesting details of their life.

John Ziniker had quite a reputation as a "wild driver". His method of breaking horses was to hitch one that had never worn a harness to the wagon with an older, steadier animal. He'd get on board, say "get up" and off they'd go. The wagon would likely be broken before the end of the drive. He hardly went any place without having a runaway in those early years.

One story tells of the family council wherein John's wife was selected. They sat around a table examining pictures of girls back in Switzerland. Which one should become the bride? One was chosen and sent for. When she came into Creswell John went to meet her. she was "pretty dressed up" for the trip, including a big picture hat. John had, as usual, hitched up a wild horse. A lot of people along the route home remember seeing them pass. The bride-to-be was hanging on to her hat with one hand and the wagon with the other. Before they reached the ranch, so the story goes, she was off the seat and down in the wagon box.

The bride's name was Vrena Siegerist. They were married June 11, 1884. Nine children were born to that union; Rose, Freda, Lillie who died young, Laura, Emma, John, Lena, Albert and Frank.

In 1887 Albert Ruegger and John Ziniker sent passage money to Switzerland for John's younger brother, Edward. He came, a boy of sixteen, and worked for his uncle, earning fifty cents a day. He helped build farm buildings, among other things. Edward eventually married Emma Ruegger and they had 10 children. The oldest son, Paul, when he grew old enough to go to school, went to board with his grandparents, the Rueggers, through the week and attend school with the Ruegger children, since it was 5 miles from his home to the school; too far for a six year old to walk alone every day through the woods.

Paul described the Ruegger cheese house as he remembers it. "There was a large vat. I don't know how many gallons it held. It seemed to me it was about ten feet long, maybe four or five wide, eighteen inches deep down to the main part where the pipe was that heated it. They built a fire in that round pipe underneath at one end, and the other end went out through the wall. Had to build a little fire to warm the milk."

The cheese house was a wooden outbuilding, divided in the middle, with a shop in one end and the cheese-making equipment and storage in the other. They bought a little gas engine to run the milk separators, a one-horse engine purchased in 1908, according to an entry in the Ruegger account book. The men made a shaft through the whole building. The engine was in the workshop end. A pulley on the shaft ran the milk separator. A small feed mill in the shop was also run off that shaft. One of the girls once got her long hair caught in the pulley and made quite a stir.

Albert Ruegger passed away in 1907. His wife who lived until 1931 continued to operate the ranch for a time with the help of her sons, but a division of the land was made, giving John Ziniker title to one half. The PORTRAIT AND BIOGRAPHCAL RECORD tells us John, in partnership with his aunt "has about two hundred acres under cultivation, but his principal source of income is Durham cattle, which are raised in large numbers, as are also a variety of other kinds of stock.

Ruegger followed the practice of other valley stockmen of the period and pastured the beef animals in Eastern Oregon during the summer months. According to family recollection those same beef animals were favored during the winter. There usually wasn't enough feed in the barns to keep all the animals, so the milk cows had to forage for themselves. When pastures were poor some of the milk cows just about starved. One grandchild remembers her mama telling how in the winter they would chop down oak trees so those hungry cows could eat the moss.

"Mama had a sort of horror of cattle because they used to have to tale 'em up."

She explained. "In the spring after the calves were born and before the grass came on good the cows would get down — weak and thin as they were, and couldn't get up. The men would grab their tails and help lift to get them to

Albert and Rosina Ruegger, Emma, Edward and Rose (the baby).

— Courtesy Marie Erdman.

their feet again." A grandson recalls, "Years later when I had cows out here Mama always told me, 'Now don't get too many of 'em."

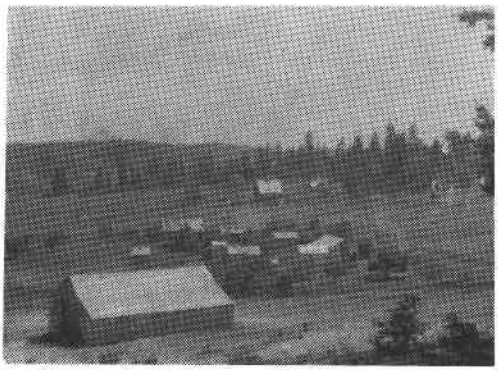
Cheese making was an early summer activity. The milk cows freshened in the spring, and when the grass came, the milk would be plentiful. By the time the grass dried up in late July or early August, milk flow was dropping off as well.

Whereas Martin Gay ***drove*** cattle to the mines, (JW Gay diary) Ruegger ***shipped by train.*** An entry in the family account book notes receipts for "1 carload Beef 19650 lbs. @ 3¼¢ per lb. $635.70 freight $50." This was in 1887. There are numerous entries of a similar nature; e.g., June 9, 1899, check from Zimmerman for one carload of cattle $818.87.

A listing of items divided at the time the partnership was dissolved includes the following:

Charles (horse)	87.50
One comforter	3.00
One saddle	5.00

Poncho	1.25
One washbucket	1.50
Wineglasses	.35
Waterbottles	.50
1½ doz. milkpans	4.50
2 beds	5.00
One cider barrel	3.00
Cider	12.50
One wall clock	5.00
Planing screw	1.75
1 knife and bowl	1.00
Milk strainer	1.00
2 lanterns	2.50



Ruegger ranch buildings in 1910.
— Courtesy Mr. & Mrs. Ed Ziniker

Other items included 18 cows, 8 calves, one machine and rake, one spring wagon, 2 harness, saw, shovel, mousetraps, curry brush, yoke, wagon blanket, nails, 2 boxes wagon oil, broom, chairs, stove, table, cheese kettle, anchor, kitchen cabinet, grinding wheel, salt shaker, hay fork and stove pipe.

According to records at the County courthouse the division of property between John Ziniker and Albert Ruegger's heirs took place June 23, 1908. In September of that year John Ziniker sold his 847.09 acres to Richard Newhall. Six years later Rosa Ruegger gave a quit claim deed to her sons for the remaining 847.09 acres, and Ernest sold his interest to his brother Edward the following December. Edward and his wife, Mary, continued to operate the farm, including the dairy and cheese making business until 1920, when they sold out to W.J. Butler and moved to Gresham. Mr. Butler was unable to keep up with the taxes through the depression and the property went back to the Rueggers after a sheriff's sale in 1938. In 1945 they sold to Sher Khan. The land is now part of the Christensen Brothers ranch.

Thus we have traced the ownership and use of about two thousand acres of Lane county from the original homesteaders to the present nearly one hundred and thirty years of productive involvement in Oregon economy.

Camas Center School, Roy Andrews photo, — Courtesy Oregon Collection, U of O.

Interior, Camas Center School, 1911. Hazel Hazelton, teacher. Pupils, l. to r., Harry Bush, Rosie Ziniker, Edward Ziniker, Curtis Cowgill, Emma Ziniker, Ted Napper or Alfred Bush, Marie Ziniker, Ray Fish, John Napper, Helen Ziniker. Roy Andrews photo, — Courtesy Oregon Collection, U of O.

CAMAS CENTRE SCHOOL, THE FIRST YEAR 1908-1909

By Mrs. Miles Quinn

A description of the organization of School Dist. #178, Lane County, Oregon, known as "The Lower One" of two schools out on Camas Swale, and a study of a Clerk's Record Book for their first year, might be typical of thousands of one-room schools of America.

On May 11, 1908, an election was held at the home of W.P. Napper, at which time John Ziniker, Ed. Ruegger, and C.A. Reetz were elected directors, and Mary V. Reetz, clerk. The board accepted the land for a building site from Mr. Wullschlager for $20.

At the annual meeting, June 15, 1908, J. Wullschlager was elected to replace Ed. Ruegger as director. An eight-mill tax was levied for building purposes. The plan and contract proposed by R.H. Parsons was accepted, by which he agreed to build a schoolhouse for $710., and a fence around the grounds for $42.50.

School Census taken June 15, 1908, copied here, gives the name of the parent or guardian, followed by the names and ages of his children between the ages of four and twenty years. All have Creswell as their Post Office. L. COWGILL: Ethel 18, Willard 17, Lee 14, Blanch 12, Curtis 10, Ruth 6, Joy 4. Frank BUSH: Harry 14, Alfred 12, and Ray FISH 13. F. RENNE: Ralph MOSBERG 17. J.C. RENNE: Josephine WATKINS 7. W.P. NAPPER: Charles 18, Nellie 15, George 12, Edward 10, and John 7. P. McCUE: Bessie 9, Charley 5. C.A. REETZ: Alta 17, Wilbur 16, Carl 14, Gracia 12, and Alvin 4. Rosina RUEGGER: Paulina 17. J. WULLSCHLAGER: Fritz 17, John 16, Ed. ZINIKER: Paul 16, Otto 14, Helen 13, Rosina 11, Ed. 9, Emma 7, and Mary 4. John ZINIKER: Laura 18, Emma 16, John 14, Lena 10, Albert 8, and Frank 7.

Special Meeting, November 4, 1908: It was voted to permit the schoolhouse to be used for Sunday Sch'l. and other meetings "if carried on in a decent and orderly manner and in accordance with the school law of Oregon".

A special meeting, Nov. 19, 1908: "After quite a discussion" it was decided to pay Mr. J. Wullschlager $25. for the 1½ acres, to be used for school purposes after which it would revert back to the original owner. (It seems the price had been incorrectly stated in the clerk's book.)

On Nov. 25, 1908, a school census was taken which added Edwin ZINIKER, 4 years old, and removed the families of J.C. RENNE, P. McCUE, and John ZINIKER, of the forty names that had been on the June list.

The assets of the district that first year came from these sources: A loan from Henry MELTON, $1,000, State School Fund, $64., County School Fund, $258., Special Tax $191.34, and Library Fund, $3.20.

Expenses included supplies, $201; the building $710., insurance and an axe $8.35; teacher's salary @ $40. per month for four months and on April 23rd, a payment of $120. A sink etc. cost $3.75, twice the fees of $4. for conducting eighth grade examination, a clerk's salary was $15., and $191.34 paid on note.

June 21, 1909, Annual Meeting was held at schoolhouse to elect Mr. NAPPER for two years and Mr. RUEGGER three years as directors, with Mrs. Helen HACKETT, as clerk. An eight-mill tax was levied for the relinquishment of the debt, and sealed bids were ordered for ten ricks of fir and five ricks of oak wood. It was decided to let Mr. H.D. MYERS furnish five corner posts for the fence @ 15¢

each. Woven wire fence with barbed wire at the top was to be built.

At the 1910 Annual Meeting, they started to levy a six-mill tax toward paying off their debt, then when it received a negative vote, they passed a four-mill tax and elected Ed ZINIKER as director, and Mrs. Adam SCHMITT as their clerk.

The names of the teachers were not listed until mention was made of hiring Miss Sibyl HARRINGTON, July 8, 1910 @ $50. a month . . . and that fall they voted to have grades above the eighth taught in this school.

(Clerk's Record Book 1908-1914, District #178.)

OREGON PIONEER TALES by HERMON L. ROBE

"The Babtizin"

It was a Sunday afternoon
A cloudless day in early June.
Although a river ran near by,
The gravel bar was hot and dry.
There, in the heat, a motley throng
Stood singing a queer mournful song,
While all around were hundreds more
That gazed and gossipped on the shore.
And now, still singing as he walked,
A preacher toward the water stalked;
Into the stream he waded out,
And with a long stick poked about.
He wore a handsome "preacher's coat."
Its long black coat-tails were afloat
And now he waded to the land
And seized a woman by the hand.
While all the crowd stood hushed and still
They waded out and out until—
A crack! A yell! A swishing crash!
That ended with a mighty splash!

A boy had climbed an alder tree,
Had leaned far out to hear and see,
And now he spluttered to the shore,
Crawled up the bank, was seen no more.
As if there had not been a sound
Nobody laughed or looked around,
Save two small boys that dared to grin
And they were scolded for their sin.
All eyes were fixed upon mid-stream
A view like something in a dream;
The preacher pushed the women down,
But did not quite submerge her gown,
And as he pulled her up again
The crowd renewed their doleful strain.
The two wet figures waded back
And climbed into a waiting hack
Which took them off I know not where,
And soon the gravel bar was bare;
But one small boy that looked like me
Stayed to inspect that alder tree.

LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
89239 OLD COBURG ROAD
EUGENE, OREGON 97401

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Marie Ziniker Erdman's

SWISS FRUIT PIE

(It's Delicious)

1 c. fresh strawberries, (other berries & fruits in season)
1 egg
1 tblsp. cornstarch
⅔ c. sugar
2 c. milk and cream
9 inch pie crust (unbaked)

Place cleaned berries in crust. Mix cornstarch and sugar. Beat egg lightly. Add cornstarch mixture and beaten egg to milk and cream and stir well. Pour custard mixture over fruit in pie shell and bake in a slow oven, 300°, until custard is set, about 1 hour. Serve warm or chilled.