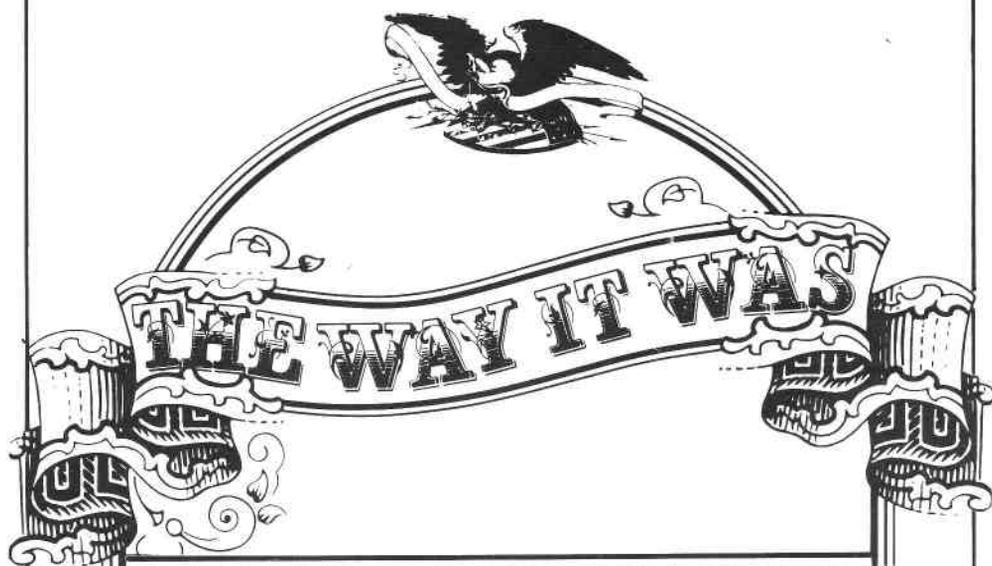


Lane County Historian



One of Noti's first stores, Courtesy Helen Burton.

The Lane County Historical Society
Vol. XXXIV, No. 2 Summer, 1989

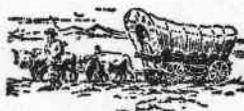
The Lane County Historical Society

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

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Portola Inn and Noti in 1910 or '11, courtesy Helen Burton.

NO TIE — NOTI, OREGON *by Helen F. Burton*

About 20 miles west of Eugene, Oregon, straddling Highway 126, is a small town with the strange name of Noti. Until 1912 this rural community was called Portola, after Don Gaspar DePortola, who was the commander of a Mexican expedition sent to find the first European settlement believed to be somewhere in northern California.

DePortola came too far north, entering Oregon, so the oldtimers have said. Noti is located where several meandering creeks join together, forming the west fork of the

Long Tom River, which then runs through the Coast Range Mountains to the Pacific Ocean.

According to the old legends, the name change was due to the continual mix-up of mail, since Portola and Portland, when written, looked so much alike. When the early residents seemed unable to decide on a new name for the community, they fell back on an earlier Indian story which said that a white man and an Indian who were on a trip from Eugene to Mapleton contracted to share a horse. Since the trip took

several days in those early years, the white man was to ride the first ten miles then tether the horse to a tree, and walk on. The Indian, who had walked the first ten miles, would then ride the second ten miles. And so, in this fashion, each man would walk and ride the same distance, making long rest periods unnecessary.

After his turn, the white man decided he no longer wanted to leave the horse for his Indian companion and so, he rode on. When the Indian reached the place where the horse should have been, he found it missing. Shaking his head sadly, he muttered, "No tie. No tie."

Since post offices in the early years established a settlement's identity, they were carefully recorded. And the records for Portola say that James P. Cheshire, acting as postmaster, established a post office in his home on April 1, 1875. It was named Cheshire. He had, in 1862, purchased the 600 acre donation land claim of Edwin Bagby and John W. Crooks. The Cheshire post office was closed in February 1892, since George Hale, in 1886, had established one in his home, which continued in use until 1907. In 1892, the Varien post office was also established by Paul Varien Boleman, its postmaster, and it was located above today's railroad trestle across from Elk Creek.

The first house built in Portola was constructed for Angie Jay. A second house was built for Bessie Gates. And in 1908, Ed Mix built the third house. At that time, Earl and Edna Parsons owned most of the land in Portola, and it was the Parsons who divided the land into streets and lots for the

town. They also bought the big house that Ed Mix had built and turned it into a bed and breakfast station for travelers. It was named Portola Inn.

In 1911, Herb Suttle, in partnership with Edward Rapp, built the first store in Portola. A few years later, Rapp sold his share to Suttle and the front facade bore the name, "H.G. Suttle — General Merchandise". Shopping in those early days was a far cry from how it is today. As there were no shopping aisles or displays of merchandise, customers had to ask a clerk for the items they wanted to buy. The clerk would then climb a ladder to the upper shelves where things were kept, and bring down the asked for articles. The Portola Post Office was also housed in Suttle's store and he acted as postmaster.

In 1911, the railroad began to build a branch line that was, upon completion, to run from Eugene west through Cushman and on down the coast line to Coos Bay. Everyone was excited about this project because it would give work to a lot of men, and it would also make the transportation of farm and household supplies easier. It was said that a trip to Eugene in those days took all day, so transportation would also be much faster by rail.

On March 27, 1913, Portola's name was officially changed to Noti.

Railroad records say that the rails had reached Cushman by the fall of 1914, and when the first train rolled into Noti on September 14, 1914, there was a large celebration with 1,500 people attending. Horse races and baseball games entertained the crowd while the tables were heavily

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laden with homemade picnic goodies.

Like most of Oregon's rural communities nestled in the tall forests, Noti became a lumber mill town when, in 1922, the Forcia and Larsen Mill was built at Star Camp west of Noti and its planer built in Noti. The lumber was floated down to the planer through a flume. The mill employed a large number of men and the payroll was sizable each month, but it is said that Noti had no police force because none was ever needed in those early years.

In 1924, a Mr. and Mrs. Alley bought the Portola Inn and made it into a rooming house for the men that worked in the mill.

As the lumber mill brought more people to Noti, the Suttles built their third store, which replaced the second one built in 1918. Here with his wife, Edna (Hale) Suttle, he served as postmaster for 45 years and continued to operate the store until his death in 1967. Mrs. Suttle died in 1968.

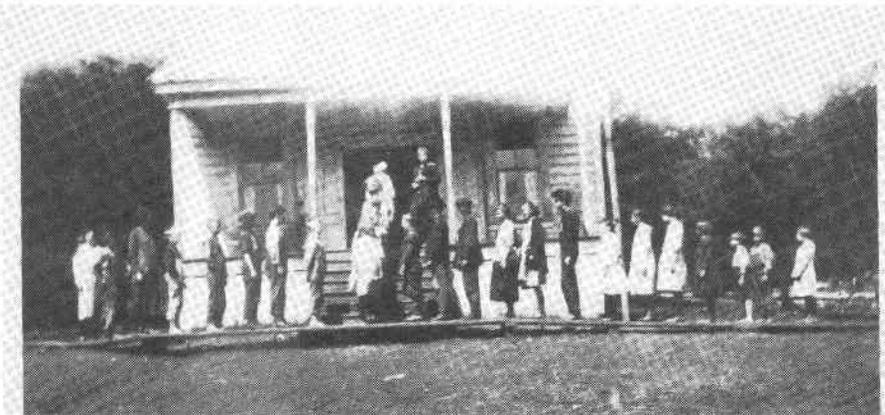
After Suttle retired as Noti's postmaster, postal records say that a

Lola Moorehouse took on this job.

In 1939, the Swanson and May partners built a second lumber mill and Noti became a true mill-town. Then Mr. May sold his interests in the mill to the Swanson brothers, who then operated it for the next twenty-nine years until, in 1968, Sam Konnie bought a share.

In February of 1946, the old Forcia and Larsen mill burned down. Since Swanson's mill was the only one left in Noti, the brothers enlarged their mill to have added drying kilns, a chipper and a new planer. When Ray, the last of the Swanson brothers, retired in 1984, Sam Konnie bought the mill and is now sole owner. Konnie says the mill is still in full operation at this writing, although many of Oregon's lumber mills have had to shut down due to a log shortage.

As you travel to the coast, through Noti, the big old Portola Inn, now minus its sign, is still being used as a private home. And on out the highway, on the north side of the road,



Old Noti school, 1918. Echo Spores, Teacher, Courtesy Helen Burton.

standing like a worn dowager, is the large frame house that was built by George Hale and later became the home of the Farmer Hale family. This house is still occupied by some members of the family and has been given the rich standing as one of Oregon's Century farms.

When the present grade school building in Noti was constructed, Farmer Hale was a member of the school board. Mr. Hale was instrumental in getting major improvements for the Noti school, such as district ownership of school buses, and indoor restrooms for the students.

The first church in Noti was built by the early residents. It was a Presbyterian Church then, but was later changed to The Church of Christ, which it has been for the past forty years.

From about 1920 to 1945, dairy products were supplied to Noti residents and to families of workmen at the Forcia and Larsen mill from the dairy farm owned and operated by Farmer Hale.

The old covered bridge spanning one of the creeks at Noti was one of many built by John Taylor, who was also an early-day stage coach driver. Two other drivers were Darwin Hale and Ernest Duckworth. Some of the stories have been set down in records that these men told of their trips to bring supplies to the settlers before Suttle built his store. Sometimes, the rail-freight wagons would get mired so deep in the muddy narrow road that the only means to free them was for the driver to throw his cargo under the wheels, and it might be much



Old School above Blue School in Noti, 1918.
Courtesy Helen Burton.

needed sugar, flour, sides of bacon, or whatever else he was transporting. Prior to the road for the freight-wagons, and until Eugene grew larger, the men from Noti (Portola) made a trip to Oregon City each fall to buy their winter supplies from incoming boats. This trip always took them two weeks. After the corduroy road was built, mail was delivered by a man who drove a one horse cart. People hung a bag on a post by the side of the road and the mail was dropped into it.

Bits and pieces of other information tell that the early stage lines were

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terminated in 1916 as the railroad was finished to Coos Bay by then and was transporting passengers and merchandise of all kinds.

During World War II, the people in the community of Noti, wishing to do their part in the war effort, manned observation posts. The first one was a small shack established in March of 1942. Since it had no phone, the women who manned it from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. had to walk to Suttle's store to make their reports. Another small building was turned into a second post with a telephone installed, and enough watchers were appointed that the posts could be manned on a 24-hour day. Then on April 22, 1943, a new larger post was dedicated, complete with phone, log books and other necessities. Many of the women had to walk to and from the posts in pitch darkness as no bit of light could be used.

The first dial telephones were put in the settlers' homes in 1948. Until then, people had used the old crank phones and everybody was on the same line, so no conversation was on a one-to-one basis.

Following the war, army trucks served as school buses for a time.

The Sailor Cemetery, located on Highway #126, serves both Elmira and Noti. Records show that the first burial there was that of Thomas Kent Duckworth of Elmira, but many of Noti's first citizens are also buried there.

In 1959, street lights were installed in Noti.

The Noti tavern in operation today was built in 1924 (about) by John Sawyer for an ice cream parlor. He

Summer, 1989

sold it about a year later and since then the building has been used for several kinds of businesses.

Vesta Kull, an 80-year-old life-long resident of Noti, recalls that a dance hall existed in the town many years ago. And she says that only three of Noti's original buildings still remain. Of course, one of them is the old Portola Inn and the second one is believed to be the one built for Angie Jay. But the third house was questionable. Vesta Kull also had in her records a story on the first baby born in Noti (Portola). He was Donald Hackelman, born July 4, 1912.

The first school Mrs. Kull attended in Noti was located on the hill above where the "blue school" is today. Mrs. Kull believes it was built in 1904, but Lee Withrow remembered it somewhat differently.

Mr. Withrow was a retired professor from the University in Modesto, California, who passed away February 25, 1986, at the age of 82. He was born in the Noti area, growing up and attending school there, and being a Noti resident for many years before he moved to California. This reporter corresponded with Mr. Withrow many times before his death, and he related some interesting, and occasionally humorous, facts about his home and the people in Noti.

Mr. Withrow's recollections say, "I remember there was an elementary school on the old Montgomery ranch. It was a small building, had up and down boards with a shake roof. Darwin Hale was the last teacher there before the school was moved to Noti. The building stood empty for several years." Withrow said that his



These two photos were taken by O.M. Shields of Noti. Can you identify the school, the teacher, the pupils? Please call or write your editor with any information you can supply. Lane County Historical Museum photos.

father and several other relatives all attended this school, and that one of his aunts was a teacher there. He further relates that, "After the school was moved to Noti, the parents in the area got together and formed a new district. Number 145." Lou Crabb donated a full acre of ground, and the building was constructed in 1911 by Mark Glass and Lou Peterson. This school was later called the Evers School, and Withrow was a student there in 1912. He said that when he rode his pony to school in Noti, he was never out of sight of the workers that were constructing the tunnel above Noti. He said there were about one hundred in the group, and very few of them could speak English. He said that in the winter, the road was a sea of mud, "and the mud often ran through the lower part of the horse's

collar;" but there were trails at the side of the road which the railroad crew used and he did, too.

In the summer, Withrow said this road was the same one that he helped grade from Elmira through the Noti bridge. He drove a team pulling a Fresno scraper full of dirt through the bridge. The men were cutting down the hill on one side of the bridge and filling the low pass on the other side. Mose Evers and Bert Trout were the other two men working with him. They each received \$6.00 a day in wages.

Interviewing Noti residents for this story, it was interesting to find that some of the "old timers" still live in the area, and many of the descendants of those passed on also live there and say that they, "just hope they never have to move away." □

FIRST TRIAL IN LANE COUNTY

The following material was provided by Ken and Jim Mortensen who got the details from the State Archives. Ed.

Action of Trover

In Willamette Territory District Court for the first judicial district in the Territory of Oregon within and for the County of Lane in said Territory, A.D. 1853 — October term.

Jonathan Keeney

vs

defendants

William Masterson
Alexander King
Robert Campbell
John Thornburg
J.K. McCormack
Green Boyd
John W. Gilmore
George Rugland?
Franklin Green
Joseph Gray
Henry Gray
John Fry
William Miller
William Cox
James Biddle
William Crow
Jacob Crow
Lewis Hardwick
John Delemattin
Furman West
Fielding McMurry
_____ Young
Henry Young



William and Eliza Masterson, courtesy Ken Mortensen.

The defendants were summoned to answer to Jonathan Keeney, Plaintiff, in an action of Trover, and thereupon the said Jonathan Keeney by W.S. Brock and L.F. Grover, his attorneys

complains for that whereas heretofore, to wit, on the 5th day of June, 1851, he said plaintiff was lawfully possessed as of his own property of certain goods and chattels, to wit, ten

cows, ten heifers, ten steers, ten yearlings and four oxen of great value, to wit, of the value of fifteen hundred dollars, and being so possessed thereof, he, the said plaintiff afterward, to wit, on the day and year aforesaid, at the County of Lane aforesaid, casually lost the said ten cows, ten heifers, ten steers, ten yearlings and four oxen, and the same afterwards on the same day came into the possession of the said defendants.

Defendants by finding

Yet the said defendants, though they well knew the said ten cows, ten heifers, ten steers, ten yearlings and four oxen to belong to the said plaintiff, yet intending to injure and defraud him thereof, refused to deliver the same to the said plaintiff, though there unto requested, but afterward on the same day committed the said ten cows, ten heifers, ten steers, ten yearlings and four oxen to their own use, to the damages of the said plaintiff two thousand dollars and thereupon he sues.

Filed Sept. 7, 1853

E.F. Skinner, clerk

District Ct. Lane Co.

Filed Oct. 25th, 1853

J.G. Wilson, clk, S.C.

On 9-7-1853 a summons was issued to the Sheriff of Yamhill County listing all of the defendants "if found in your county, to appear at the Court House in Eugene City, Wednesday, October 5."

A reply from the summons was received 9-22-1853 signed by J.G. Baker, sheriff, Yamhill Co.

Similar summons were issued on the same date to the sheriffs of Benton, Lane, Linn, Clackamas, and Marion Counties.

Trial begun October 5, 1853, continued because the plaintiff was not ready to proceed. Thursday, sixth of October, a jury — twelve good and lawful men of the county, to wit, Marion Scott, T.J. Holland, A.W. Patterson, James Breeding, William C. Spencer, William McCabe, Mathew Wallis, Josiah M. Lakin, John Furguson, William Dodson, Wm. Smith and Hiram Richardson, who were duly empaneled and sworn well and truly to try the issues joined in said cause, and said jury, after hearing the proofs and allegations of the Plaintiff and Defendants as well as the arguments of Counsel, and the charge of the Court, retired under charge of a proper officer, to consider of their verdict and said jury after a short absence returned into court the following verdict. We the undersigned Jurors find the Defendants, Ludwick Hardwick, William Masterson, Alexander King, Robert Campbell, John Thornberg, John M. Gilmore, Fielding McMury and William Cox not guilty, which verdict was received by the court and ordered to be entered of record, which is hereby done.

Whereupon came counsel for the plaintiff and gave notice of a motion in arrest of judgment and for a new trial.

And the court having heard the argument of counsel and being fully advised in the premises overruled said motion and refused to grant a

new trial in said cause.

The plaintiff moved for a new trial, saying that Edward Mulholland and John Muhlolland saw the two yokes of oxen in the possession of Alexander King and Robert Campbell while they were on their way to Oregon in 1851 and they each identified the said oxen to be the property of Keeney.

Reasons given for a new trial were as follows:

1. The court erred in admitting as witnesses to testify on behalf of said defendants the following named persons, to wit, Jona. Crow, William McCarty and J. Galloway, who each severally testified on their *vois cis* that he was a member of the company who took up the cattle which are claimed as the subject of this suit, that said cattle were sold by said company, that he was present at the sale of said cattle by the company aforesaid and received his equal share of the proceeds thereof.

2. The court erred in charging the jury empaneled and sworn to try the issue found in said cause as follows to wit. "That if the jury believe from the evidence that the cattle in the declaration charged to have been converted to the use of defendants were taken up and sold by defendants and others to preserve said cattle for the plaintiff and without any intention to injure them, or converting them to their own use to the exclusion of the plaintiff, the jury will find for the defendants.

3. The jury disregarded the direct testimony of tow unimpeached as to the identify of said cattle (enroute) whose statement under oath did not materially conflict with other

evidence in the case.

4. Other and material witnesses have been discovered since the reading of the verdict in this cause, whose testimony will be vital to the rights of said plaintiff in this suit. Brock and Grover, attys for pltf.

Charge to the jury

1st. The defendants ask the court to charge the jury that if they believe from the testimony that the defts found the cattle in controvesy in the country east of the Rocky mountains and west of the State of Missouri and not in any organized state or Territory that they did not commit them to their own use within the limits of Oregon or any other organized State or Territory then this action will not lie, and they must find the defts not guilty. Refused.

2nd. The defts ask the court to charge the jury that if they believe from the testimony that the cattle in question were found in the plains east of the Rocky Mountains and not in any organized state or territory and were estrays and lost by their owner and that they were taken and driven by order of Zedrig Riggs who was Captain and had command of the company in which the defts. traveled, and that said cattle were afterwards sold at public auction by the said Riggs to pay and satisfy the expenses and trouble of their care and management and that said Riggs is dead, and that the defts. did not afterwards convert said cattle to their own use in Oregon or in any other organized state or territory, then this action will not lie, and they must find the defts. not guilty.

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3rd. That unless from the evidence that the cattle in controversy belonged to Jonathan Keeney, or unless they believe from the evidence that said Keeney was the general or special owner and entitled to the immediate possession of said cattle, or some of them, they must find for defendants.

4th. That if the jury believe from the evidence that the cattle in the declaration charged to have been converted to the use of defts., were taken up and sold by defts. and others to preserve said cattle for the benefit of the plaintiff and without any intention to injure them, or converting them to their own use to the exclusion of the plaintiff, the jury

will find for the defendants.

5th. That if the jury believe from the testimony that the cattle in controversy belonged to Keeney, and also believe from the evidence that the defendants disposed of the cattle without any intention of divesting the owner of his property in said cattle, and also believe from the testimony that the cattle were disposed of for the purpose of enabling the owner to recover his property no recovery can be had against the defendants unless they believe from testimony that the plaintiff has demanded the cattle and the defendants have refused to give up the possession of them or a portion of them.

GEORGE COFFEE'S MEMORIES OF EARLY EUGENE

George Coffee, recently deceased, granted an interview on August 12, 1988, in which he detailed early street car routes in Eugene. He also spoke of many other things he remembered. George was born in Benton County and grew up in the Monroe, Bellfountain, Irish Bend area, moving to Eugene when he was 13 years old, in 1922. The following material is excerpted from the interview. Ed.

Lois: You said you used to deliver groceries.

George: I delivered groceries for everything from McMoran and Washburne. I worked for the Merchant's Delivery. They had five or six trucks. We collected groceries, dry goods. We delivered groceries for Otto Smith's grocery. We delivered meat for Nebergall Meat Market, which was on east 11th. We delivered groceries for Beaver market which was a little hole in the wall about midway between the alley and Oak Street on the south side of Broadway . . . We delivered meat for Green's Market which was across the alley from Haskell's Market. Haskell had their own delivery. We delivered meat and groceries and hay and feed for Granger's Market which was on Broadway . . . People called in and ordered their groceries and they'd come out in boxes. We also picked up freight for all these stores at the Southern Pacific freight depot. There was a little grocery, Teng's Market, on east 13th right where the Harley-Davidson Motorcycle was last. Henry's Knife Shop used to be on the corner where Williams retail store is. The motorcycle shop was there at the

time I rode motorcycles. I had three of them.

Originally I started out, when I was going to grade school when I first moved to Eugene, working for the Eugene Auto Wrecking Company, which was the first automobile wrecking company outside of Portland. Their operation was on West 8th across from Brenners. They towed the cars in and totally disassembled them, one at a time. Washed the parts in raw gasoline. I did, by hand. So you came in and asked for a rear end ring gear out of a certain model automobile, and you walked to the bin and picked it up and sold it to the man — for half the price of a new one.

I worked there while I was going to grade school. I went in — I needed a job because across the alley was Garret's bicycle store. Harry Garret was the uncle of Earl Hutchinson who had Hutch's bike store. He sold out to Earl when he left and went to California. He had a \$15 second-hand bicycle and I didn't have penny number 1. So I went in — Chet Good was manager of the wrecking house because Cogs Campbell was playing football at the University of Oregon. He weighed 260 pounds and he didn't

have an ounce of fat on him and he could do a back flip just, bingo, like that. He was the anchorman on the tumbling team. His partner, Mack McLean, was the tumbling professor at the university, and they were partners and started this wrecking house. They were both going to school. Chet Good was the manager and Isaac Newman was wrecking the cars in the back. He was an uncle of the Newman Fish Market brothers.

So I went in. Good told me to come at noon and his boss would be there. I went in and Cogs Campbell was settin' there with his feet on the desk, half as big as a skinned mule, with an Oregon sweater with a big O on the front of it.

"What d'ya want, kid?"

"I want a job."

"What can you do?"

"Anything anyone else can do."

"How much money do you want?"

"50 cents a day." At that point I didn't realize a day was nine hours and was six days a week.

"Go back and start washin' parts."

So I worked for a couple of weeks and I could see that I was kinda spinnin' my wheels. I'd gained six dollars toward this fifteen dollar bicycle. So I asked him for a raise and he gave me six bits a day, 75 cents. I worked for another couple of weeks and hit him up for another raise, and he gave me a dollar a day for the rest of the summer. That paid for the bicycle, and it was my chore to take the money to the Bank of Commerce, which was on the northwest corner of Eighth and Willamette.

L: The money from the wrecking yard?

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G: Yeah.

L: How did you get into the pump service business?

G: Well, when we moved to Eugene, I dropped out of school and I helped build the first Crystal Ice plant, which was a wooden building. We built it from scratch. We poured the footing out of five gallon buckets of concrete that we mixed out on Franklin Boulevard in the rain. Four of us. Another kid by the name of Bennett and I and Mack McLean and Cogs Campbell. And we built it on part of the ground that Mannerud Huntington was using for a wood yard. The ground belonged to A.C. Mathews sand and gravel and we built the building right there where Romania R.V. Center parts and office building is. We started on that in the fall, and I pulled the first 300 pound cake of ice out of the tank the 5th of July, 1925. I worked there for a while, then McLean -- they decided to build a new plant where the building was on the west side of the railroad tracks at 777 East Broadway. So I helped build that plant and they moved the machinery out of the old plant into that plant, and at that point, when the plant was about ready to start operating McLean sold out to Campbell, as he did in the wrecking house. He and his wife separated and McLean and I went to Alaska one summer to work. I was nineteen. I'd been delivering ice for them and operating the ice plant, the old ice plant, the original one. We spent the summer in Alaska and then I came back and went to work for this Merchant's Delivery when I returned.

L: What were you doing in Alaska?

G: Helping build a canning company plant. It belonged to the Fisher Eddy Corporation. It was in the Narrows west of Ketchikan at Crow Point. We worked an eight hour shift. The cannery only ran two weeks because of the drought. The fish didn't come in. So they closed it up. We completed that job, then we built a shed over a marine railway cradle.

L: What in the world is a marine railway cradle?

G: That's a car that goes down on a railroad track into the water. They taxi a boat in on a cradle, then they bring it up in dry dock, see? So McLean went back to Carnegie Tech to study engineering and I came home.

I paid the hundred dollars I borrowed to go up there on. I borrowed another dollar in Portland and came home with one cent. Then I went back to work for the Merchant's Delivery. I worked for them for a year or so, and then I went back to manage the ice company for Campbell. During that period when Manerud Huntington moved the fuel business from the coal shed right there on the spur back of where our ice plant used to be, I took that over and went into the retail coal and wood business, for myself, in conjunction with delivering ice. Then in 1934 came the depression and everything went gunnysack. I built a cider and vinegar plant back of the ice plant there on east Broadway and did custom cider pressing. I've got some of the handbills that I put out on that. I built that all by myself. A five hundred gallon round wooden tank, a thousand gallon round wooden tank, a 2,500 gallon

round wooden tank, and a 16,000 gallon tank.

L: What kind of wood?

G: Fir. A sixteen thousand gallon round wooden tank, and assembled the whole thing. Poured the concrete. I had the fellow, Ford Nelson, engineer the tanks. Had 'em cut so the stays were beveled so you could caulk 'em and up six inches from the bottom they had a groove cut in 'em where they fit in the bottom of the tank. To assemble a tank like that, you cut the bottom out like you'd cut the bottom of a barrel and you put dry splines in it that fit each plank and you lay that on these wooden foundations. Then you get a bundle of No. 4 cedar shingles and you put one up against the edge of the tank bottom and drive a six penny nail in it. And reach up and butt a 1x4 brace on it and tack that to the bottom of the tank. Then you put another'n beside it and do the same thing, and go inside with a cedar shingle and tack it to the two of 'em. You go clear around the thing. It's lined with cedar shingles at the top and tacked at the bottom. Then you take three twenty-foot bars of cold roll iron to make the hoop. The bottom hoop was three quarters of an inch, right around the bottom of the tank. And every foot there was another one. They went down to half-inch and then down to three-eighths near the top. You tacked them — put a nail in and imbed it and put those around. You had clamps that went around. You tightened as tight as you could get it, or reasonably tight, and fill it full of water. And let it swell. It leaked profusely for a while, and then it swelled up, then it

was ready to use.

L: Wouldn't the fir flavor the apple juice?

G: No. Wouldn't have any effect on the apples. That was a storage tank for the vinegar stock. The sweet apple juice was put in bottles and put in cold storage and sold to customers.

L: You made vinegar too?

G: I had a friend of mine who was a student at the University make me a vinegar testing outfit. I assembled all the machinery. I bought a number 4 cider press from a fellow in Salem, and hauled it up and rebuilt the whole thing and put all the machinery in there and assembled these tanks. There was four floor levels on it. Had a conveyor that took the apples out of a washing vat with an agitator in it — false bottom and an agitator that kept the apples going into the elevator, see?

And you stood there and you'd run the apples through a grater, which was a little cast iron cylinder about two feet long with teeth like a planer knife with grooves in it, and it had concaves — spring loaded concaves — that fit right out within the thickness of a dime of these teeth. And you drop an apple in there and it would go pfsst, like that, and you'd see a little fog come out. Nothin' much. You had a rack, and you put a burlap cloth in there, and pulled a chute and dumped this sludge in there — it was just soup — and fold it over like you'd fold a baby didy and put a rack on top of that. Took what I'd call the frame off and put a press rack on top of that, set the frame down and repeated the process until you got about six or eight of those built up, and by that Summer, 1989

time half the juice was run out. And pressed 'em and when it came out the piece that was left was about an inch thick and it was like a dry door mat. You could throw it like a pan.

And the vinegar plant, I got it goin' a couple of years later. At that point the price of vinegar had gone from 25¢ a gallon in fifty gallon drums — at wholesale — down to 15¢ a gallon retail. I bought apples from this apple company in Monroe at 3¢ a bushel and I got three gallons to the bushel, the juice. At the end of three years I ended up with \$600 and the plant was complete and it wasn't payin' off. I wasn't makin' any money on it. I gave the plant to Campbell, who was a full partner with me on it because he financed the material.

I took the \$600 and went to San Francisco, worked as a salesman for a while. Came back and worked for Eugene Sand and Gravel for a while. Then Mack McLean came back to town and I helped him build a shake and shingle mill. Then I went to work for the Vitus Electric as a salesman. That didn't pan out and Vitus hired me as a pump mechanic. That's where I started in the pump business. □

Editor's Note:

The rather extensive picture files at the Lane County Historical Museum do not include a photo of Cogs Campbell, nor of the Crystal Ice Company or the Auto Wrecking Company George Coffee told about. If you have any of these pictures in your albums, please consider making a copy for the Historical Library, or loaning them to your editor for publication in a future issue of the *HISTORIAN*.

THE EARLY PIONEER FAMILY OF WILLIAM NELSON LUCKEY

by Eugene E. Luckey

James and Nancy Luckey lived in Athens County, Ohio and they had sixteen children. Eight boys and eight girls.

Their second son was named Wm. Nelson Luckey, who was born in 1807. He left home at age 12 and traveled to Ft. Wayne, Indiana, where he married Elizabeth Leasure in 1831, and they had children: Nancy, William Nelson Jr., and John.

About 1845 the family moved to Missouri where Warren and Allen were born, then the family moved on to settle a few years in Des Moines County, Iowa, where Wm. Nelson learned the blacksmithing trade.

Lured by free land in Oregon, the family set out from St. Joseph, Missouri in the spring of 1850, as a member of a covered wagon train consisting of fifty wagons.

At that time, Wm. Nelson was 42, Elizabeth 37, Nancy 18, William Jr. 15, John 11, Jim 9 and Warren 5. Just imagine what a wonderous chance for adventure it must have semed to the children!

At the Platte River, eight members of the wagon train died of cholera, including the train's doctor. They stripped the bark from cottonwood trees to make coffins for the dead, who they buried early one morning and headed west again.

Mother Elizabeth cried and wanted to go back home, but Wm. Nelson was determined to go to Oregon, so on they went.

At least 30,000 died on the Oregon trail, a pioneer grave for every 80 yards of trail, from the Missouri River to the Willamette.

The bluffs along the trail were black with buffalo. One morning a herd stampeded through camp, smashing wagon tongues, and ruining cooking sites. Their huge, black bodies appeared enormous in the early morning light, scaring the women and children, and raising hell in general.

When the family reached The Dalles, they loaded their household effects into Indian canoes and drifted down the river to the locks, and from there made their way to the Willamette.

The wagons, horses and cattle were driven over the mountain to the valley.

Coming down out of the mountains was just as bad as going uphill. They chopped down trees at the top of a grade and used them to drag behind the wagons, to keep them from over-running the oxen. At the bottom of the worst grades, there would be great piles of logs, used by preceding parties for that same purpose. The trail was becoming well worn by 1850.

The first winter was spent on the Sitletz reservation. The following spring Wm. Nelson and his eldest son William filed two Land Donation Claims; 642 acres-TWP18S, R3W, Sections 7, 17, 18.; 139 acres-TWP17S, R3W, Section 5, which

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included much of the northern portion of today's Eugene.

The family first located near Coburg, Oregon, afterwards moving to a place at Butte Disappointment, which is present day Dexter, Oregon.

After arriving in Oregon, Wm. Nelson and Elizabeth had three more children: Allen, Thomas and Mary.

At first the family tried to keep horses to work and to ride, but the Indians stole them as fast as they could buy them, so they finally settled on owning oxen for work and transportation.

Wm. Nelson earned his living by farming and following the blacksmith trade. Macys had a blacksmith shop one mile north of "west point" and Nelson had a shop west and south of Macys. Nelson's son, William, brought the first anvil to Eugene by dragging it all the way from Portland, in an oxen-pulled travois.

William married Lucinda Anderson in Lane County in 1954 and they later moved to Hood River Co. where he raised a large family. His second wife's name as Amanda A. Miller.

In 1865 Warren and James Luckey enlisted in the army for one year and fought Indians in eastern Oregon. Warren returned to follow the blacksmith trade in Eugene for the remainder of his life. He married Laura Wilmot, the daughter of Springfield's Rev. William Wilmot.

After being discharged from the army, James Luckey and his brother John went to work for the Bureau of Indian Affairs at the Warm Springs Indian reservation, teaching Indians how to farm.

This was at a time when the free roving eastern Oregon Indians, especially the cruel War Chief Paulina and his followers, were angry with Reservation Indians, because they had given in to the white man and moved onto the reservation. John and James Luckey were called upon many times to help protect reservation Indians during numerous attacks.

Later, when the army began operating in eastern Oregon, John and James were called upon to scout for the army, because of their familiarity with the terrain and Indian ways.

John Luckey established a residence in Prineville in 1869, a year after Barney Prine settled on the Ochoco. He had two wives, Ella Miller and Sallie Hodges. John was Deputy Sheriff for the Prineville area for many years and his personal residence is still in use as an annex for the Crook County Sheriff's Department. James Luckey also became a Deputy Sheriff in Prineville, then later, became Indian Agent for the Warm Spring Reservation 1889-93. He married Eunice Robbins and they later moved to Portland to live.

Wm. Nelson's son, Eugene, moved to a ranch near Prineville where he lived for a few years until returning to Eugene to start a profitable drug store at the S.E. corner of Broadway and Willamette St. Eugene was also Deputy Sheriff in Prineville for a short while, as was Wm. Nelson's brother, Jerry Luckey. Eugene disappeared mysteriously from the streets of Portland after leaving the Imperial Hotel and was seen taking

a cab. He was never seen or heard from again.

Thomas Luckey married Nellie Davis of Lane County and moved to live in Tacoma, Washington.

Allen Luckey was the victim of an accidental gunshot which killed him in Oakland, Oregon in 1867.

Nancy Luckey married William Smith in 1851 in Lane County and they lived in Eugene.

Joe Luckey opened an early day jewelry shop and was a familiar figure around Eugene for years. He had two wives, Elizabeth Stewart and Jennie Spencer.

Mary Luckey, the last child in the Wm. Nelson family, never married, and died young in Eugene, at age 32.

Wm. Nelson's brother, George Luckey, came to Oregon to join him at an early date, but he later returned to Iowa where he would live out his days. Another brother, Jerry, came to Oregon and stayed in Eugene, to live out his days, as did bachelor brother Joseph Free Luckey. Still another brother, named Samuel, along with his wife and children, were drowned on the Brother Jonathan, while enroute along the Pacific Coast in 1865 on their way to Oregon.

Wm. Nelson and his wife, Elizabeth Leasure Luckey, are buried in Eugene's Masonic Cemetery, as are many other members of the Luckey family, along with many other early pioneers.

WAITING IN OREGON

by Eugene E. Luckey

The way west to Oregon in the early days was fraught with many dangers, no matter how one chose to travel. The machinations of fate and the will of God are difficult to understand.

Jeremiah Luckey traveled to Oregon from Athens County, Ohio, in 1863. He was the younger brother of William Nelson (Uncle Billy) Luckey, who came to Lane County in 1850. After becoming established he sent for his wife, Catherine, and their two children, who had remained in Ohio.

Catherine Luckey and her two children, Charles and Margaret, accompanied by her brother-in-law, Samuel Nelson Luckey, his wife Elizabeth, and their daughter Miss Forbes, traveled to San Francisco. On July 27, 1865, they boarded the 1359 ton sidewheel steamship, the

"Brother Jonathan", operated by the California Steam Navigation Co. There was a total of 232 passengers aboard for the trip from San Francisco to Victoria, with a stop at Portland, Oregon.

Among the dignitaries aboard was General George T. Wright and staff, who were to take command of Ft. Vancouver; Anson G. Henry, Governor of the Washington Territory; Senator J.W. Nesmith; the newly-appointed superintendent of the mint in The Dalles, H. Logan and wife; James Nisbet, editor of the San Francisco Bulletin; Major Eddy, U.S.A. paymaster, and a \$200,000 army payroll.

As the ship's cargo was being loaded, the Captain, Samuel J. DeWolf, protested to a company

official against what he considered the gross overloading of his ship. The Captain's warning concerning the overloading was ignored and the loading continued.

At noon on July 28, 1865, Brother Jonathan slipped her moorage lines and set a course northward along the California coast, directly into a summer northwesterly.

After laboring up the coast for two days, bucking increasing headwinds and a rough sea, she passed the town of Crescent City, California, where she fired the usual one-gun salute in greeting.

On Sunday, at 12 o'clock, the Captain determined the ship's position from a sun sight. The ship had reached a point about 16 miles northwest of Crescent City and all forward progress was thwarted by wind and sea. Quartermaster on watch Jacob Yates, reported, "I took the helm at twelve o'clock. A northwest gale was blowing and we were four miles above Point St. George. The sea was running mountain high and the ship was not making headway. The Captain thought it best to turn back to Crescent City and wait until the storm had ceased. He ordered the helm hard aport.

"I obeyed and it steadied her. I kept on due east. This was about 12:45. When we made Seal Rock, the captain said 'southeast by south'. It was clear where we were, but foggy and smoking inshore.

"We ran until 1:50 when she struck with great force, knocking the passengers down and starting the deck planks."

David Farrell, the Steerage Steward, continues the report from the time the ship struck the reef.

"She struck very hard, apparently about halfway between her stern and foremast. She did not appear to strike her stern; but raised on the swell and settled directly upon the rock. The next sea that struck her carried her as far on the rock as her foremast. Her bottom was badly torn to pieces, and her foremast dropped through until stopped by the yardarm. She remained swinging at the mercy of the waves until she sunk. The officers were very cool, and were doing all in their power to save the lives of the passengers, who were very calm under the circumstances.

"When Captain DeWolf found the ship was bound to sink, he walked forward and coolly said, 'All hands aft and try to save yourselves.' The first boat that was lowered was the forward boat on the port side, and was swamped; its crew were swimming around her. When we last saw her there was one man sitting astride of her, and she was upside down. The next boat that was lowered was on the starboard side of the ship, directly astern of the wheel. This was under the charge of Campbell, the Second Mate, and contained a larger number of ladies, but was swamped before she was free from the davits; her stem was smashed in against the ship's side. The First Officer, Allen, hauled her passengers on board ship again.

"The Captain, who was standing on the hurricane deck just aft off the wheelhouse, spoke to me, and told me to put the plugs into the boat

swinging at the starboard davits, just astern of the last that had been swamped. I did so, and he then told me to remain in her, for the purpose of keeping the men out of her, and told me to take as many women as would go. I did so.

“John P. Hensley brought two women and tried to get them into the boat, but could not succeed; they begged him to let them go, which he did. Seeing that the women would not get in, I said: ‘John, you had better get in yourself;’ but he said he would not; that he would stay and assist others in saving their lives.”

Under repeated urging by General Wright, Mrs. Wright reluctantly took a seat in the boat and then she insisted that she return to the General’s side. Witnesses later related how the loving couple stood embraced as the ship went down.

David Farrell continues the narrative, “I then said: ‘John, if you will not go, give me a bucket.’ He leaped from the hurricane to the upper or pilot deck, and gave me one of the fire buckets that were in a rack on the wheelhouse. I tried again to induce him to come, but he would not, saying that there were already enough in the boat. Allen then commenced lowering us down. John Hensley was the last man I spoke to, and his last words to me were: ‘Keep cool and save yourselves — goodbye!’ When we struck the water the ship rolled over on us and nearly sunk us, but we escaped with only the loss of all our starboard tole-pins.

“We had hard work to clear the ship, which we could only do by pushing the boat around under the

ship’s stem. In this manner we managed to get steerage way and the use of our oars. We started immediately for shore. We were running quartering with the waves, which broke over us on nearly every crest, at times nearly filling the boat, and had it not been for the bucket that was given us by our brave-hearted shipmate, John Hensley, there would probably never have been a soul saved to give tidings of the terrible disaster.

“After we left the ship, there were two guns fired; we looked back at the ship and saw her smokestack go by the board. We then went down into the trough of the sea so far as to make it impossible to see the ship. When we arose on the next crest, I saw the signal of distress flying at the mizzenmast head.

“We were again let down into the trough of the sea and when we came up again, the ship had entirely disappeared. I think the waves drove her over the rocks, and that she went down stem first.

“We were about three hours getting to Crescent City, I should think. The water was very cold, and I think it would not have been possible for a man to have lived more than ten hours had any tried to save themselves by means of life preservers or drift of any kind where they would have been exposed to the water.”

(This only surviving lifeboat was in the command of James Patterson, Third Officer.)

“The people of Crescent City treated us kindly; and there were three or four boats, including the one in which we were saved, dispatched at once for

the wreck, but after getting outside a short distance, they were forced to return, as the seas ran so high as to make it impossible for them to go further.

"The officers were all very brave men, and though death was staring them in the face, they were cool and sensible."

Mrs. Stott, one of the rescued passengers, says that Yates, the Quartermaster, did all in his power to get others into this boat, and says that the reason so many of the crew were saved was, that this being the smallest boat, the officers and gentlemen on board considered it less safe than the others, and sent all the ladies into the larger ones, which were lost.

The preceding was an account of the attempted launching of two of the larger lifeboats and the successful launching of the smaller lifeboat, which contained five women, three children and eleven crewmen. There was a total of six large lifeboats and the smaller one that survived. There is no eyewitness report on attempts to launch the other four large lifeboats as the surviving witnesses had already left the stricken ship.

James Nisbet, editor of the San Francisco Bulletin, sat on the deck of

the doomed ship and wrote out his last will and testament, plus a goodbye note to a friend, Mrs. Casper Hopkins. The pencil-written paper was recovered two days later when his body washed ashore. (Eventually the will reached the California courts but was refused because of a lack of witnesses).

Captain DeWolf's last words heard by the surviving witnesses were, "Tell them if they had not overloaded us we would have gotten through all right and this would never have happened."

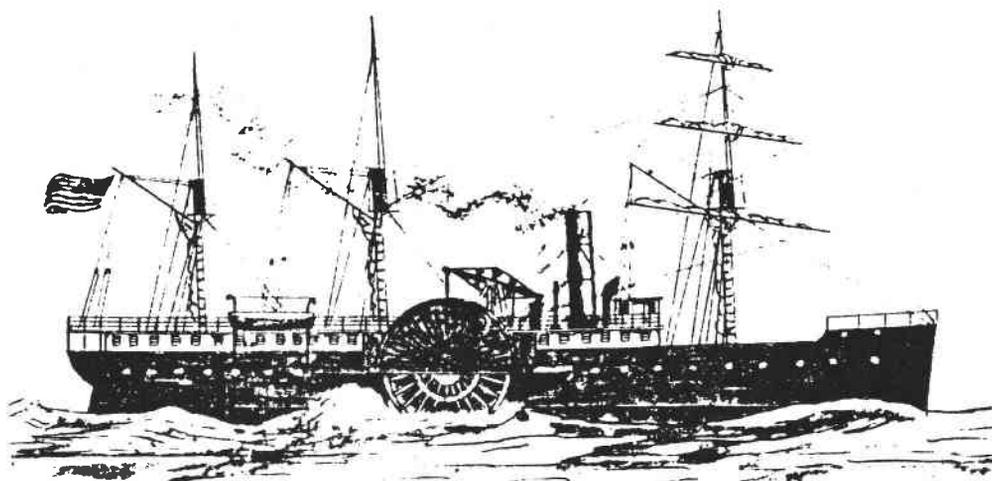
The Jonathan slid beneath the waves, into 300 feet of water within 45 minutes after striking the reef, taking with it 213 souls and \$200,000 in gold.

Samuel Nelson Luckey, his wife and their child, would never live in the promised land of Oregon. Catherine Luckey and her children would never feel the affectionate embrace of husband and father, Jeremiah, who was waiting — waiting for his loved ones in Oregon.

(There is a commemorative cemetery established in memory of those who perished aboard the Brother Jonathan, located overlooking the sea, just west of Crescent City, California).



Brother Jonathan Memorial Cemetery Marker, Courtesy Eugene Luckey.



Brother Jonathan as rebuilt in 1852, from *EARLY AMERICAN STEAMERS*, Vol. 6 by Erik Heyl, courtesy Eugene Luckey.

*Excerpt from Interview with Frances O'Brien,
Blue River, OR by Jane Bigelow 10/29/83*

Mrs. O'Brien taught school at Blue River in 1925 and recalled the games and activities of the children:

"A favorite game was prisoner's base. The important thing was to get someone who could run and dodge. There was a dare line out front and a safety zone behind. I was playing with them one day. We touched the dare line and were trying to get back. Of course the grounds had some rocks on them. I caught my foot on a rock and fell and it knocked all the wind out of me.

"I couldn't say a word! I couldn't get up! I couldn't ANYTHING! The kids thought I was dead. I could hear

Charles Shultze say, 'She's dead, let's get some water and throw on her to see if she comes to!'

"I still couldn't say a word; I couldn't get up. I just lay there, and here Charles comes with the water! Just then I was able to raise up slightly and say only one word! Dooooon't!

"Next thing they were telling me all about it. They said, 'We were never so scared in our lives! We thought you were dead and we'd have to have a NEW teacher!'" □

BOOK REVIEW

THE COMPANY BY THE BAY
A portrait of Edward S. Evans and the people of the Evans Products Company of Coos Bay, Oregon — 1928-1962

This is a history about one of the most successful wood products companies in America between 1928 and 1962 and the people who made it a success. It is a book which examines why a far-flung group of former lumber workers have gathered to picnic every summer for 26 years since the closure of the company on March 1, 1962. This book is a remembrance and celebration of a remarkable company, a remarkable

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era and most important, some very loyal and dedicated working people.

The Company by the Bay is not a company history nor an official history. It is a book inspired, written and published by workers. It attempts to document in an accurate and lively way a unique period when good relations existed between workers and industry in a small lumber town in the Pacific Northwest.

The book is available from Sandra Beebe/By the Bay Press, 3105 Gateway No. 206, Springfield, OR 97477. Regular price \$20.00, include \$1 postage per book.

BOOK REVIEW

SKOOKUM: An Oregon Pioneer Family's History and Lore.

By Shannon Applegate.

Wm. Morrow and Co., Inc. 1988.

459 pp. Bibliography, Illustrations, Index, \$22.95. Hard Cover.

This is the story of the famous Applegate family who settled in Southern Oregon after an arduous trip from Missouri, on which they lost a child by drowning in the Columbia River.

Jesse, Charles and Lindsay Applegate built their homes in the beautiful Siuslaw Valley. Charles' attractive home, completed in 1856, remains standing near Yoncalla, Oregon.

Desiring to plot a safe crossing of mountains and swift-flowing rivers, they charted a route which entered the Willamette Valley from the south. Thus was born the Applegate Trail.

The Applegates had great rapport with the Indians of the area and had a good influence on keeping them happy and contented. The book contains many simple stories of life among the whites and Indians, and how they lived together harmoniously. There is also a list of Applegate descendants, of whom the author is one.

By Daye Hulin

LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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

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

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

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