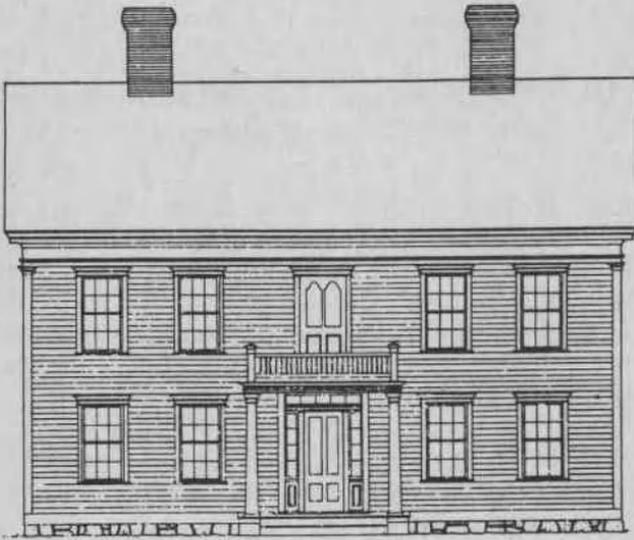


THE OLD OREGON- CALIFORNIA PACK TRAIL

Kenneth Munford



**HORNER MUSEUM
OREGON STATE UNIVERSITY
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Bybee - Howell House

Sauvie Island

THIS tour in cooperation with Oregon State University Summer Term Tours, Irwin Harris, Director.

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SAUVIE ISLAND. 1834. A good spot in time and space to start our trip along the old Hudson's Bay Company pack trail through the Willamette Valley.

Let's position ourselves where we can observe what is going on around Sauvie Island in the Spring of 1834.

At first glance this 15 x 4½-mile, 24,000-acre accumulation of alluvial soil at the mouth of the Willamette River does not seem a likely place to start a pack trip to anywhere.

Its sand bars, wooded islets, grassy knolls, ponds, lakes, bogs, and swamps seem to be more water than land, especially in springtime when the melting snow in the mountains all the way from the Cascades to the Rockies are pouring through the Columbia River to the sea.

The fringe of trees around the delta screens the mouth of the Willamette. The first white explorers did not realize that a large river flows in here from the south. Lt. Wm. Broughton of Capt. George Vancouver's expedition passed here with 25 men in two boats from the *Chatham* in 1792. On October 29, he says, "A very distant high snow mountain now appeared rising beautifully conspicuous in the midst ... of low, or moderately elevated, land." He named it for Lord Samuel Hood, an admiral who had served with distinction in the recent war with 13 American colonies.

The "high round snowy mountain" north of the river was named for Baron St. Helens (Alleyne Fitzherbert), the British ambassador to Spain who had negotiated a treaty in Madrid which gave the English better treatment at Nootka Sound.

Along the south bank of the Columbia, Broughton noted the Sandy River (which he called Barings), but both going up and down the Columbia, he did not see the Willamette.

LIKEWISE, Lewis and Clark, paddling down the Columbia in November 1805, saw the Sandy (which they called Quicksand River) but missed the Willamette. In this "fertile and delightful country" they obtained wapato roots on Hayden Island (between Portland and Vancouver) and were kept awake all night because "immense numbers of geese, swan, ducks, and other wild fowl ... during the whole night serenaded us with a confusion of noises."

Returning up the Columbia in March 1806, Lewis and Clark again missed the Willamette and had reached the Quicksand River before an Indian who lived at the falls of the Willamette drew a map for them. Capt. Clark gave the Indian a burning glass as an inducement to guide him to the river he called Multnomah. With six men and the guide, Clark ascended the Willamette 8 or 10 miles — tradition says as far as the bluff on the campus of the University of Portland overlooking Swan Island. Clark's map shows he was aware of both the main channel and the lower, western (Multnomah) channel of the Willamette which make an island of the delta.

Both Broughton and Clark found many Indians on this island, both permanent residents and visitors who came to fish and dig wapato roots. But later in the year we are observing (1834) Nathaniel Wyeth will find that "mortality has carried off to a man its inhabitants and there is nothing to attest that they existed except their decaying houses, their graves and their unburied bones of which there are heaps." In the struggle for ownership and settlement of the lower Columbia the newcomers have already won many battles through incidious, unpremeditated biological warfare. White men's diseases — small pox, measles, "intermittant fever," etc. — to which the natives have little or no immunity have depopulated the island.

ON THE AFTERNOON of May 22, 1834, we hear someone coming from eastward. Through heavy, almost continuous rain we hear shouts, snatches of French songs, and boatmen calling back and forth to each other to keep their little flotilla together. Out of the mists, over the placid waters that cover most of the island, comes a line of canoes and batteaux. They have left Fort Vancouver ten miles upstream on the Columbia at 2 p.m. and now cross the flooded island to reach the west bank of the Multnomah channel as dusk is falling.

John Work, leader of this "Trading & Trapping Trip to the Southward" will tell you he has 12 men in his party, including two Sandwich Islanders, who like their French-Canadian comrades, are employees of the Hudson's Bay Company (HBC). As we get a closer look, however, we see there are more people than 12. The voyageurs have brought along their wives to make camp, prepare meals, clean and pack pelts, and to assist in other ways. The wives have brought along their children to teach them their duties in a fur brigade; the boys to wrangle horses, run errands, and make themselves useful; the girls to imitate their mothers' occupations. A small girl on the back of F. Champaign's woman has a sickly pallor and will not survive this journey, dying three weeks from now in the Umpqua Valley.

BACK AT FORT VANCOUVER, Dr. John McLoughlin, the "White-Headed Eagle," is celebrating his 10th anniversary as Chief Factor for the Columbia department of HBC. George Simpson, Governor of the Company, is

arranging for McLoughlin to receive a gratuity of £500 and an additional allowance of £150 a year for the past four years for his professional services as post physician during epidemics.

By virtue of the charter given by Charles II in 1670 to his cousin Prince Rupert and 17 other gentlemen, incorporating them into a "Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay," HBC has long held a monopoly in trade and complete legislative, judicial, and executive control over all land draining into Hudson's Bay. When HBC amalgamated with the North West Company of Montreal in 1821, this exclusive control was extended to the Pacific and now includes all territory from Mexican California to Russian Alaska. Under Governor Simpson, Dr. McLoughlin as Chief Factor of the Columbia department is the unquestioned ruler of the whole northwestern region.

John Work is one of McLoughlin's trusted lieutenants. In 1834 he is a 42-year-old Irishman who joined HBC 20 years ago. He has served in various parts of the HBC empire and now holds the rank of Chief Trader. Three years ago he led a fur brigade into the Snake River country. Two years ago his brigade, numbering 100 men, women, children, and Indians, was out for a year, or more, going south through central Oregon to trap and trade in northern California and returning along the pack trail west of the Cascades. Later this year he will be in charge of HBC shipping at Fort Vancouver, and still later will take brigades into British Columbia.

Seven years ago, Work married Josette Legace. They will eventually have 10 children, 8 daughters and 2 sons. We are not told whether or not Josette and some of her children are with the brigade today but they could be among those huddled in the boats trying to keep as dry as possible in the pouring rain.

Having crossed the island, the brigade pulls up their canoes on the west bank of Multnomah channel at 6 p.m. The people and baggage are soaked. The long, wet grass where they prepare to make camp and the mosquitoes add to their discomfort. Women and children have a hard time finding wood dry enough to make a fire. But these hardy travelers know that once they get over the range of mountains ahead of them the going will be easier.

DR. McLOUGHLIN'S STEP-SON, Thomas McKay, has a farm a few miles down river (near present Scappoose). John Work tells us it "is a beautiful situation." As the high water subsides McKay's workers will plant 5 acres of potatoes and also wheat, barley, peas, and Indian corn. The trail to the farm, however, is terrible and Work has no need to go there now.

It is not likely that we would find McKay at home on his farm. He gads about a great deal. Last year he "resigned" from HBC after more than 20 years' service, but his step-father still calls on him for special assignments.

This spring when Dr. McLoughlin learned that a Japanese ship had wrecked on the Washington coast he sent Tom McKay and 30 men overland to rescue them from Indians holding them captive. The going proved too rough in the Chehalis River country, even for the dauntless McKay and his sturdy voyageurs, and they had to turn back. To effect the rescue McLoughlin now sends the brig *Llama*, which Capt. Wm. McNeil sailed to Oregon last year and sold to HBC. We see the *Llama* dropping down the Columbia about the time the Work brigade starts south.

McKay in the meantime has gone off into the interior. In southeast Idaho in July he will come upon an American party traveling west. He will renew acquaintance with Nathaniel Wyeth, leader of the party, and on July 27 will hear Rev. Jason Lee preach the first sermon by an ordained minister in the Pacific Northwest. He will see Wyeth building Fort Hall (near present Pocatello) and later in the year, on McLoughlin's orders, will build Fort Boise on the western side of Idaho (near present Payette) where HBC men can monitor the activity of the rival American trade.

So, 1834 is an active year for the loquacious, gregarious, adventurous Tom McKay, who came west to Astoria as a teen-ager (14) in 1811. His father Alexander McKay was an Astor partner who subsequently lost his life in the *Tonquin* massacre. Now, 23 years later, Wyeth describes McKay as "lithe and tall, with a pleasant companionable manner, with light brown hair and vivacious eyes."

Tom McKay has useful connections. His mother, Mrs. McLoughlin over in Fort Vancouver, is related to the Chippewas in the Red River country. His wife Timmee, the eldest daughter of Chief Concomly of the Chinooks, has one sister married to a Multnomah chief and two married to chief traders for HBC. Because of his physical prowess, skill with weapons, and ability as a story teller, McKay is a favorite everywhere.

A few years ago, on a trading mission in the Willamette Valley, McKay built a house near the mouth of the McKenzie. John Work will leave Voyageur Champaign there next summer to recover from a fever similar to that which has stricken his tiny daughter.

McKay also has a farm on French Prairie that he visits occasionally. Hence, it is not surprising that we do not find him home today at his Scappoose farm.

Work really does not need to see him. He knows where McKay has pastured the horses to be used for the brigade and that some of them need to be left on the farm for summer and fall usage.

ON THE MORNING of Saturday, May 23, 1834, we see a group of men and boys leave Work's camp early and strike out on foot toward a pass in the forested ridge to the southwest. Up the steep, winding trail they clamber to an elevation of more than 1,000 feet above the river level, clearing out some

of the branches and trees that have fallen over the trail during the winter. We lose sight of them for a while but late in the afternoon here they come back down the trail driving a small herd of horses, with animals and drovers alike soaked to the skin.

Showers are still falling the next morning when the brigade breaks camp. They pack tents, bedding, trade goods, cooking equipment, food, tools, firearms, traps, and other gear on the horses and start up the same trail used the day before. In 3½ hours they struggle up and over the pass and descend into the grass lands that mark the beginning of the Tualatin Plains. There they round up the rest of McKay's horses, about 170 in all, select the ones they want for the trip, and assign them to individuals as mounts, pack animals, and replacements.

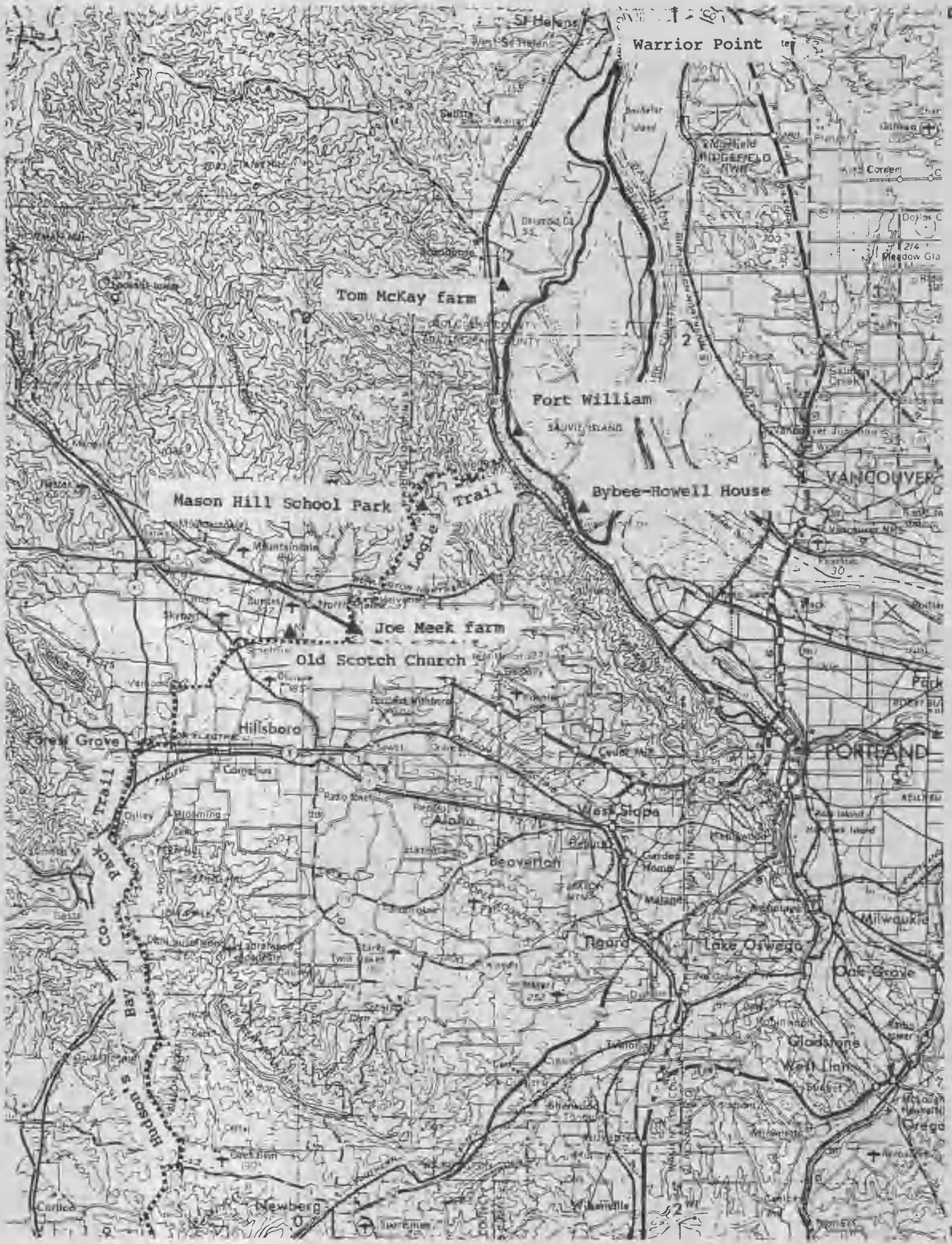
Next morning we see six men and boys with 103 of the horses they do not need come back down the trail and herd them to McKay's place. Because of the slow going on the brushy, muddy trail they do not complete their mission and climb back up over the pass until late the next day. In fine weather, on May 27 all is in readiness and the brigade heads south. Later we will follow their trail.

IN THE MEANTIME, let's see what else happens along Multnomah Channel. Upstream a few miles and across Multnomah channel from McKay's, HBC people are developing a dairy farm. Here Laurent Suave, dairyman and herdsman, will build a herd to produce butter for trade with Russians in Alaska and other dairy products for the Fort at Vancouver. Laurent is a 50-year-old native of Montreal who has been in HBC service since 1816. He and his wife Josephte (Tsik) have a 2-year-old son, Joseph. When Catholic priests arrive four years from now, the parents will be formally married by Father Blanchet, and Joseph will be baptized by Father Demers. When daughter Catherine arrives in 1840, she too will be baptized.

Suave will have considerable success in building his herd. He will have about 100 cows and 200-300 other cattle before he retires to French Prairie ten years from now and takes up a land claim adjacent to the Catholic Church property southwest of St. Paul. Both of his children will die young. Josephte will die in 1848, and Laurent at 66 will take a second wife, Francois of the Walla Walla tribe, and live with her 8 years before his death.

He will be so well remembered as the dairyman on the island variously called Wapato, Wyeth's, and Multnomah that it will become officially: Sauvie Island.

ANOTHER HBC EMPLOYEE deserves mention. A Scot from the Orkney Islands, James Logie came to Oregon about 1830. He will become overseer for HBC at the dairy farm. In 1839 he will return to Scotland and marry Isabella Miller, 16, and return to Oregon in 1841 with his teen-age bride,



St Helens

Warrior Point

Tom McKay farm

Fort William

Mason Hill School Park

Bybee-Howell House

Joe Meek farm

Old Scotch Church

Hillsboro

PORTLAND

Logie's Trail

Albino

West Slope

Beaverlawn

Lake Oswego

Reard

Oak Grove

Gladdene

Newberg

Oreg

probably the first white woman to live on Sauvie Island. When HBC moves its headquarters from Fort Vancouver to Victoria in 1849, the Logies will take the 640 acres surrounding the dairy as a donation land claim.

One of Logie's continuing projects until his death at age 40 in 1854 will be improving the trail over the Scappoose (Tualatin) Mountains. As a result of his labors, the path used by John Work's brigade and other travelers for years to come will be known as the Logie Trail.

Isabella and James Logie will have no children. She has gained some medical knowledge in Scotland, and she will study under Dr. Forbes Barclay at Oregon City. Nursing Indian women on Sauvie Island, when they are "dying by the dozens" — probably from small pox and measles — she will save many lives.

After Logie's death, Isabella will marry Jonathan Moar, an HBC man, also from the Orkneys. They will have three children. Moar will continue management of the dairy after Isabella's death at 49 in 1871 and Jonathan Moar, Jr. will continue at the dairy during his lifetime. Moar Lake lies just east of the dairy site.

IN JUNE the waters recede on Sauvie Island. Knolls and islets grow and more land appears above the water line daily. The wapato and camus bulbs flourish in the deep, rich soil. Deer find wider grazing areas. Trees are fully leafed in shimmering green. St. Helens and Hood preside benignly over the peaceful scene.

JULY STARTS QUIETLY in 1834, but on the 8th down the Logie Trail come the remnant of John Work's once sizeable brigade. He still has a good many horses loaded with packs of furs, but he has few men with him. Returning from the Umpqua he sent 6 men and 3 Indians, in three canoes which they had built for the purpose, up the Middle Fork of the Willamette to trap beaver. At "McKay's old house" at the mouth of the McKenzie has left the sick voyageur Champaign and the families of the men who went up the river. He has only one voyageur, DeChamp, a Sandwich Islander, and an Indian with him now.

Coming out of the Logie Trail they turn north toward McKay's farm six miles away. The trail is so bad and the horses so jaded that the trip takes several hours. Thickets, fallen timber, tall grass, and many streams with clayey bank — some so deep they have to take the packs off the horses to let them ford — impede their progress. Where the water has recently dried off, the grass is so tall it reaches the horses' shoulders.

McKay is not home, of course. He is about to witness historic events in eastern Idaho, but Work finds another old friend, Louis LaBonte. Louis, now about 50, has been in the Oregon Country since 1812. Four years ago he retired from HBC and returned to Montreal to be discharged. He hurried

back to Oregon to rejoin his wife Kil-a-ko-tah (Marguerite), daughter of Clatsop Chief Coboway. Their son Louis (II) is now about 16. Four years ago they settled on French Prairie but last year moved here to Scappoose. They will not stay long; in a couple of years they will move to Yamhill valley (near Dayton) and develop one of the best farms in the area. LaBonte will die in 1860, about 80 years of age. Son Louis (II) will marry a Montour, a Gervais, and a LaFrambois in succession and live to be 93, survived by Louis (III).

On this July 9, 1834, Louis (I) LaBonte comes into our story because he loans John Work a canoe to take his furs to Fort Vancouver. The brigade remnant paddles down a stream into Multnomah Channel, crosses Sauvie by Sturgeon Lake, and after a 190-yard portage on the east rim of the island enters the Columbia. They camp on the north bank for the night.

"A canoe with people from the Llama passes us in the evening on their way to the fort," Work notes in his diary. Perhaps the Llama has just returned from its rescue mission and the three Japanese sailors may be in this canoe or in the brig anchored in deeper water down river. When the Japanese do reach the Fort, McLoughlin will care for them and eventually will return them to Japan by way of London.

The Work party gets an early start on July 10 — glad to get away from the swarms of mosquitoes — and reaches the Fort in time for breakfast.

The trapping/trading trip has been reasonably successful. Work has obtained more than 100 pelts valued at £1,375, which will net £627 profit — about average for a brigade to the area visited.

THE MONTH OF AUGUST passes quietly but in the middle of September activity begins again. About the 15th the brig May Dacre sails up the Columbia and drops anchor at the north tip of Sauvie Island. In her holds are goods and equipment for Nathaniel Wyeth's Columbia River Fishing and Trading Company and for the five Methodist missionaries led by Rev. Jason Lee who with Wyeth have come to Oregon overland.

In a day or two here come Jason Lee and his nephew Daniel Lee to check the condition of their cargo and to seek a suitable site for their mission. With two men sent by Dr. McLoughlin they paddle up the Multnomah Channel to the farm of Tom McKay — "our friend in the mountains" Daniel Lee calls him — and obtain horses. Up and over the Tualatin Mountains they go along the Logie Trail and across Tualatin Plains to the Chehalem Valley. They will leave the well-beaten pack trail south and cross the Willamette (near Newberg) to visit the settlers on French Prairie. They will camp for a while in Joseph Gervais' melon patch then pick a site two miles further up river (by the present Wheatland ferry slip) to build their mission.

In a few days they return the way they came to Fort Vancouver. McLoughlin provides them with cattle and supplies, some of it in return for

horses they left at Fort Walla Walla on their way west. He also gives them a boat on which to transport their cargo from the May Dacre. When the Lees next arrive at the May Dacre, their co-workers P.L. Edwards and Courtney Walker are with them.

Cyrus Shepard, in ill health, stays at Fort Vancouver, where he will teach the school previously taught by John Ball and Solomon H. Smith for the children of the Fort. Shepard's pupils this winter will also include the three Japanese sailors rescued by the *Llama*. In better health, Shepard will rejoin his fellow missionaries on Mission Bottom in the spring.

Taking their cargo from the ship, the Lee party rows up Multnomah Channel to opposite McKay's farm. Here Louis LaBonte gives them a hearty French welcome and helps them obtain the horses they had arranged to get from HBC. Jason Lee and Courtney Walker continue in the boat with the cargo up the Willamette to portage around Willamette Falls and reach the French Prairie settlements that way. Daniel Lee and P.L. Edwards take charge of the horses and, accompanied by Louis (II) LaBonte, up and over the trail they go on their way to Champoeg, where they will meet Jason Lee and Walker.

ON OCTOBER 25 or 26 another fur brigade heaves into view coming down from the Tualatin Mountains. It is considerably larger than the Work brigade, having had, at least at one time, 18 men, 12 women, 16 children, and 17 Indians. Under the leadership of Michel LaFramboise (1790-1865), this brigade has been out many months and has ranged as far south as San Francisco Bay. Last April, in a serious fight with the Indians on the "south side of the Umpqua mountains," none of the HBC people were hurt, but 11 Indians were killed.

Later, coming northward, the brigade followed a fresh trail made by the hooves of many horses. Near present Roseburg, they caught up with Ewing Young, Hall J. Kelley, and 14 other men and about 150 horses, which these Americans were bringing from California to sell in the Willamette Valley. LaFrambois found Kelley seriously ill and since he had heard of this fabulous Boston schoolmaster with the romantic ideas of colonizing the Pacific Northwest he took care of him, nursed him back to greater strength, and brought him north. The brigade exchange their horses for boats and made the crossing to Fort Vancouver, arriving there on October 27.

Ewing Young meanwhile is pasturing his horses in the lush grass of the Chehalem Valley. After crossing the Willamette to French Prairie, where he learns that McLoughlin has branded him as a horse thief, he borrows a canoe, paddles down the Willamette, and storms into Fort Vancouver to have his famous confrontation with "the White-Headed Eagle."

ON DECEMBER 3 the May Dacre leaves her anchorage at the north end of Sauvie Island and, piloted by George, a one-eyed Cowlitz Indian recommended by Capt. McNeil of the *Llama*, drops down the Columbia, bound for the Sandwich Islands (Hawaii) for the winter.

The Hudson's Bay Pack Trail

NOW THAT we have viewed events occurring around Sauvie Island in 1834, let's come back to the present and take a look at the Logie Trail and the great valley beyond.

Logie Trail: Enter from U.S. 30 3/4 miles north of the Sauvie Island bridge, 6 miles south of Scappoose, just north of the village of Holbrook. On the winding road climb to 1,000 feet elevation in 3 miles.

Skyline Boulevard: Turn right for half a mile.

Johnson Road: Turn left and continue southwesterly.

Mason Hill Park: (2 miles) Here on the site of the one-room Mason Hill School (1891-1949) residents of the area have built a commemorative park, with the old school bell in a steeple atop the picnic shelter.

Helvetia Road: (3 miles) Immigrants from Switzerland named this area for their homeland. Turn right 1/4 mile then left 2 miles. Cross SP&S (now Burlington Northern) tracks and continue to Jackson Road. Turn left. John Work's camp while rounding up the horses May 24-27, 1834, was possibly near here.

Joe Meek Land Grant Claim: (1 mile) The famous Mountain Man, cousin of Pres. J.K. Polk, settled near where Jackson Road crosses Sunset Highway. Cross Sunset and continue south (1/2 mile) to Scotch Church Road. Turn right (1 1/4 miles).

Old Scotch Church: The Tualatin Plain Presbyterian Church, built in 1878, stands well-kept in its Gothic simplicity. Nearby lie buried Mountain Men and other early pioneers. Continue west on Zion Church and Verboort roads (5 miles), crossing Southern Pacific tracks at Schefflin and then Dairy Creek — the branch of the Tualatin River which gave John Work the most trouble in 1834.

Verboort: Visitation Catholic Church and school here and St. Francis church and school at Roy, three miles north, serve a wide farm area settled by Dutch Catholics. Note the huge sequoias planted by John R. Porter, pioneer nurseryman, who brought two gunny-sacks of sequoia cones from California in 1869.

Porter Road: From west side of Verboort turn south into Porter Road, which passes the impressive corridor of gigantic sequoias on the old Porter home site. Other century-old Porter sequoias grace the country court house in Hillsboro and several yards in Forest Grove. In Forest Grove (2 miles)

turn right on 22nd Ave., left on Laurel (?), right on 21st, which takes you to the second oldest college in the Pacific Northwest.

Pacific University: The white frame building with cupola is Old College Hall built in 1850, the first frame building in West Tualatin and the oldest building continuously used for school purposes in the state. Turn right and continue around campus turning left twice to 20th Ave. and highway 47. Turn right and follow signs to Dilley. The old pack trail probably skirted the east end of Forest Grove, following approximately what are now Fern Hill and Spring Hill roads, but because of weight limits on bridges we will not take buses that way.

Dilley: (3 miles) South of Dilley make left turn into road to Laurelwood. Continuing south on Spring Hill Road we are back on the old pack trail. John Work camped somewhere near here on May 27 and on his return on July 6, 1834. His trail skirted the east side of Wapato Lake, quite a wide, shallow lake backed up from beaver dams in pioneer days. Joseph Gaston, the railroad builder and editor whose town we see across the lake, saw its possibilities for agriculture and started draining it. A curious thing about Wapato Lake is that before it was drained — and perhaps even now at times of high water — it had two outlets, one to the north into the Tualatin River, and one to the south into Chehalem Creek. The black, beaver-dam land of the drained lake raises wonderful onions. Before World War II Japanese farmers tilled the crops; now Chicanos.

Spring Hill Road: (1 mile) We pass the site of Spring Hill School (1 mile). At Hill School site (3 miles) the road to the east leads to Laurelwood Academy, a large boarding school maintained by the Seventh Day Adventists.

Chehalem Valley: (6 miles) Here Ewing Young ended his 1834 drive and here he turned his horses out to pasture. He liked this valley so well that he took a 50-square-mile rancho for himself, built a house on the southern slope, started to build a still and did build grist and saw mills at the lower end (now Newberg).

Lafayette: (7 miles) This town at the falls of the Yamhill was the early trading center for the west side of the Willamette Valley and county seat of Yamhill County. The Poling Memorial Church (Evangelical) is now the county museum. (See Ruth Stoller, *Old Yamhill*). Leave Lafayette by highway 233 south. Cross highway 13 and turn right into Highline Road, a continuation of 233.

Amity: (11 miles) John Work camped near here on May 30 and July 4, 1834. South of Amity turn right, crossing railroad, onto Amity-Dallas Road.

Perrydale: (6 miles) The narrow-gauge Oregonian Railway, Ltd., of Dundee, Scotland, ran somewhat along the old pack trail from here to Dallas, and on to Airlie.

Salt Creek: (6 miles) The Applegate brothers, Charles, Lindsay, and Jesse, after spending the winter of 1843 in the old Methodist Mission buildings at Wheatland, moved their families here in 1844. Two years later, Lindsay, Jesse, Levi Scott, and others set out to turn the HBC pack trail from here south into a wagon road. It became known as the Applegate Trail west of the Cascades.

Dallas: (3 miles) Leslie M. Scott, who edited Work's 1834 diary for the *Ore. His. Quarterly* in 1923 has Work's trail going through McCoy, southwest of Dallas, then southeast to Monmouth, but John E. Smith, who grew up in this area made a careful study and concluded that the old pack trail went the way we are going today, south on 223 through Fern Corner, then southeast through Maple Grove, Tartar, and Airlie. "The diagonal road of today from Airlie to Adair Village," Smith says, "is little more than the old trail straightened up a bit." The USGS map still calls this stretch the "Old Portland and Umpqua Valley Wagon Road."

Marys River: (31 miles) Work camped near the mouth of Marys River on June 1, and July 2, 1834. In June he found the river too high to be forded but "learned from Indians that it is fordable higher up." In July, he noted in his diary, "The Indians set fire to the dry grass on the neighboring hills, but none of them came near us. The plain is also on fire on the opposite side of the Willamet." (sic)

SOUTHWARD FROM THE MARYS RIVER the old pack trail — with many variations — passed Monroe, Cheshire, Coyote Creek, upper Siuslaw, Elk Creek into the Umpqua Valley and on south through the Rogue River Valley and over the Siskiyou Mountains into California. Sections of it have since been known as the Applegate Trail, Territorial Road, Portland and Umpqua Valley Wagon Trail, Pacific Highway, U.S. 99, and I-5.

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