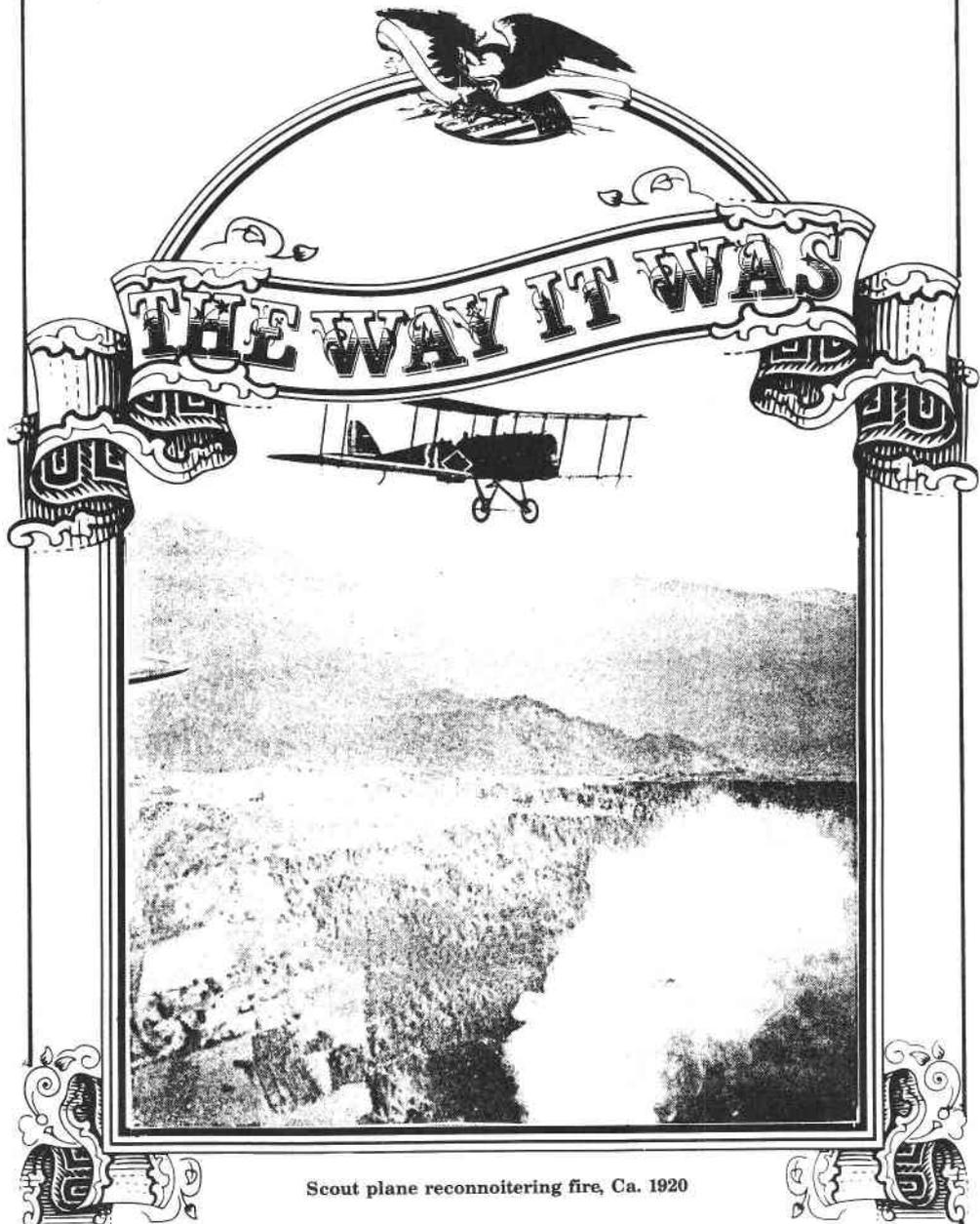


Lane County Historian



Scout plane reconnoitering fire, Ca. 1920

The Lane County Historical Society
Vol. XXXI, No. 2 **Summer, 1986**

The Lane County Historical Society

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Membership Secretary, P.O. Box 11532, Eugene, OR 97440

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Annual potluck picnic of the Lane County Historical Society, Saturday, June 21, 1986, beginning at 11 a.m. Conference Center; 13th & Madison, Eugene. Election of Officers. Entertainment. Come and bring a friend.

PRIVATE FIREFIGHTERS IN EASTERN LANE COUNTY

By John McWade

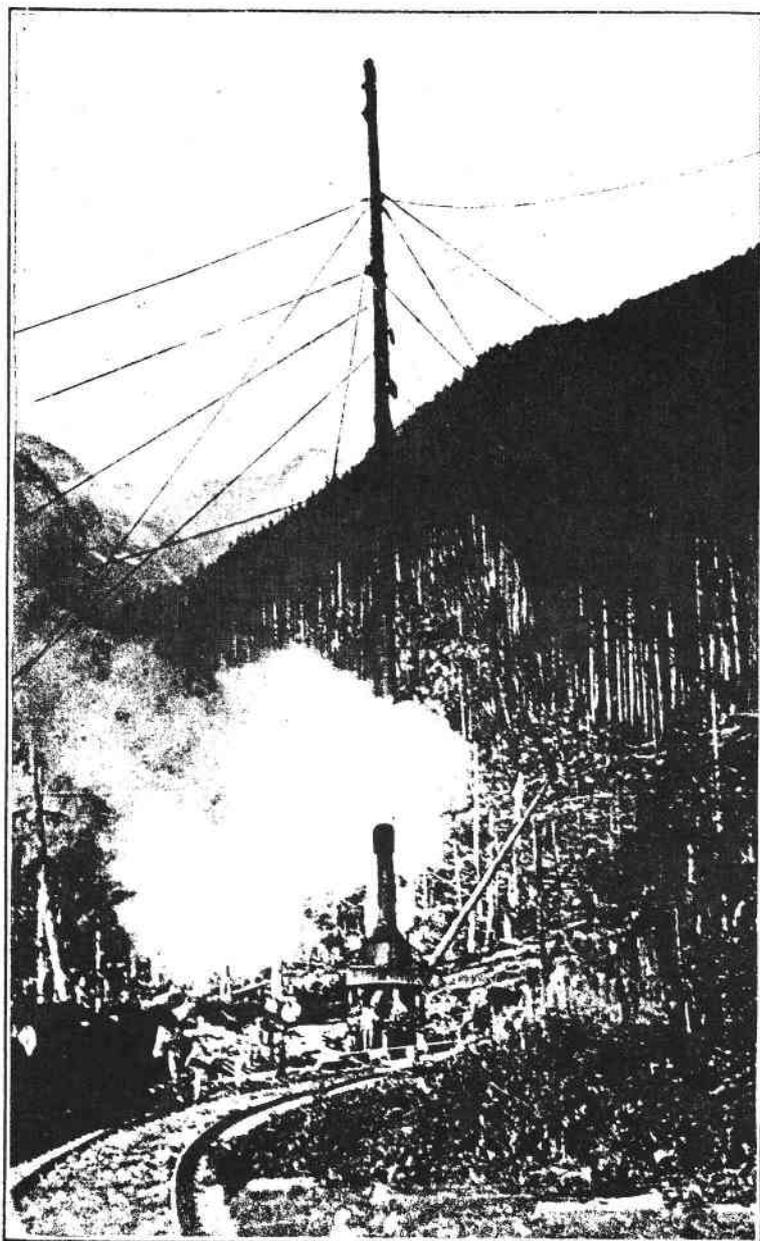
Timber land owners in eastern Lane County have always been an independent, if not somewhat defiant, breed. Independent with their forest management styles, and reluctant to be influenced by big government bureauacracry. It is little wonder that when Robert A. Booth, and the brothers George and Tom Kelly acquired large stands of merchantable timber, they organized their own forest fire fighting brigade. In 1904 this concept was not in use by other landowners in the county. The value of standing timber was so low that little effort was expended by most owners to prevent or extinguish forest fires.

However, large fires in Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota were attracting considerable attention at the turn of the century. The Yacolt fire in Washington State burned 239,000 acres and took 35 lives. Lane County timberland owners and loggers did not want a repeat of this catastrophe. The chance that a fire could start, and would start, on any warm dry day was very great. Logging machinery known to start fires was in use everywhere in the woods. Wood fired steam yarding machines dragged huge fir logs to the landings where wood fired jammers loaded the logs on wood fired trains for a long downhill, brake burning haul to the mill. Spark

catching screens and ash pans were inadequate, at best, and wildfire in the woods was a common occurrence. Such was the scene when in 1904 Booth-Kelly Lumber Co. appointed James W. Jones as company "Fire Warden".

Jones' job during the winter months was track maintenance foreman. He and a small crew of laborers tamped ballast, drove spikes and repaired switches. As the spring showers diminished and the fresh fell and bucked timber took on the pungent odor of volatile resins, Jones and his crew patrolled the track behind each loaded train. His alert crew detected and extinguished many fires while they were still smoldering embers along the right of way. Steam yarders, belching sparks and reeling high speed cables through the tinder dry woods in as many as ten different locations, kept Jones and his firemen busy.

The scattered and sometimes checkerboard pattern of Booth-Kelly lands made it impractical to defend company lands from fire without also attacking fires on adjacent owner-ships before they crossed into company timber. By 1905, agreements to defend adjacent timberland from fire were made. This addition brought Booth-Kelly's responsibilities to over 200,000 acres. James Jones



Safety of timber and equipment depends upon adequacy of spark-arresters.

had "first call" on the company logging crews in case of a fire. This was the beginning of a fire protection system that would be copied by other private landowners throughout the state.

Considerable confusion persists over the distinction between private patrols, fire patrol associations, state patrols and United States Forest Service. The Booth-Kelly Private Fire Patrol instituted in 1904 has the distinction of being one of the earliest. The Federal Forest Reserve was created in 1891, transferred from the Department of Interior to the Department of Agriculture in 1905, and name changed to the National Forests in 1907. Forest Rangers were patrolling and suppressing fires in the back country during this time. There was little or no industrial activity on the National Forests.

By 1908, Governor George E. Chamberlain had appointed a "State Game and Forestry Warden," Robert O. Stevenson. Stevenson, a biologist, apparently had little interest in fire prevention as not a single word was devoted to the subject in his 1908 annual report. In 1910 disastrous fires swept through Idaho and Montana, burning over one million acres of timberland and taking 81 lives of firefighters. F.A. Elliott was appointed State Forester in 1911 by a seven member State Board of Forestry. Oregon's forest fire laws were enacted and the new State Forester was directed to appoint district wardens in each county. James W. Jones, Booth-Kelly's

Company Fire Warden, was recognized as "County Supervising Warden". In 1912 State Forester Elliott stated in his report that "Eastern Lane's Booth-Kelly Patrol is not regularly organized, and it is not a good policy to recognize such patrols. Regular patrols are more stable." That should have cemented relationships.

M. Judd Skinner was selected to succeed James Jones in 1912. That year the Booth-Kelly patrol protected 307,166 acres of private land at a cost of 5.5 mills per acre. They fought 18 fires, built 82 miles of trail, and helped organize the Blue River Forest Fire Patrol Association. In 1913 the 27th Legislative Assembly passed the compulsory Forest Fire Patrol law, which provided that all timber lands in the state must be protected from fire. This could be done by the individual landowner in providing his own patrol (like Booth-Kelly); by joining an association of landowners, or by letting the State do the job. Where associations had formed and were already protecting a majority of the timberlands, the State Forester contracted with them to protect the remainder. However, in Eastern Lane, where Booth-Kelly's private patrol had proved itself as an efficient fire-fighting organization, the satisfied landowners continued to resist pressure from the State Board of Forestry to organize an association. Fire Warden Skinner received supervision from the State Forester. This was to assure coordination and consistency of policy.



Forest patrol plane near Mt. Jefferson.

As early as 1911 the Federal government provided monies to the State to assist in forest protection. Fire patrolmen were hired with these funds. Frank B. Eddy was hired and worked in the Cottage Grove district. Other patrolmen serving without compensation or in employ of timber owners were: Albert Baker, De F. Bartrum, Art Belknap, F.D. Lansbery, Smith Taylor and Dee Wright, all of McKenzie Bridge. Harry Bown, Anson Cohoon, Corydon Cronk, D.E. Fitton of Eugene. Dan Brumbaugh and John Palmer of Cottage Grove. James Furnish of Lowell, A.W. Jones of Fall Creek, L.M. Kibbey of Wendling and George Leach of Vida.

SOLDIERS SENT TO HELP

As the summer of 1917 warmed the forest in Lane County, a rash of

incendiary fires sprang up. Fires mysteriously started in cutover and logged areas. They started on ranch land and in remote timbered canyons. The reason was not clear, but some of the fires must have been set by arsonists in order to obtain work. Booth-Kelly firemen were at wits end, and running ragged, trying to catch these fires before they spread to standing timber. By late summer, 131 fires had been set. The burned over land approached a record 29,700 acres. Finally a desperate request to the State Forester brought troops from the War Department to assist in controlling the fires and catching the arsonist. Very few of the woods-wise rascals were apprehended, but the presence of troops in the County slowed the start of new fires.

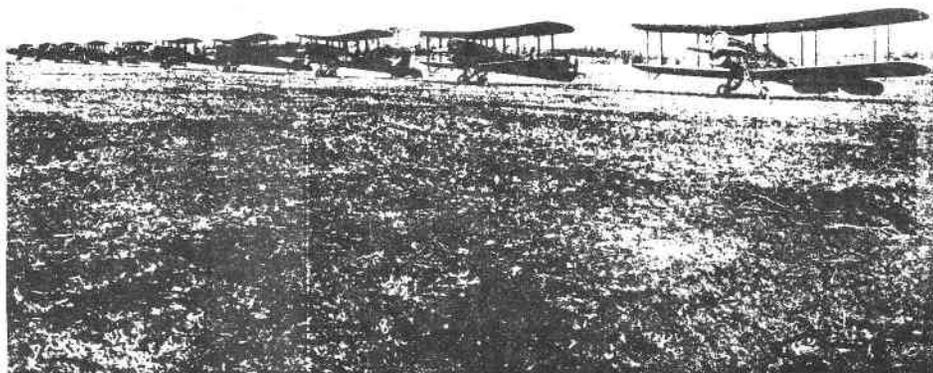
AERIAL PATROL INITIATED

Forest fire patrol by aircraft was introduced in the State of Oregon in 1919. This being right after World War I, the War Department was anxious to maintain proficiency of its pilots and make sure the aircraft were in working order.

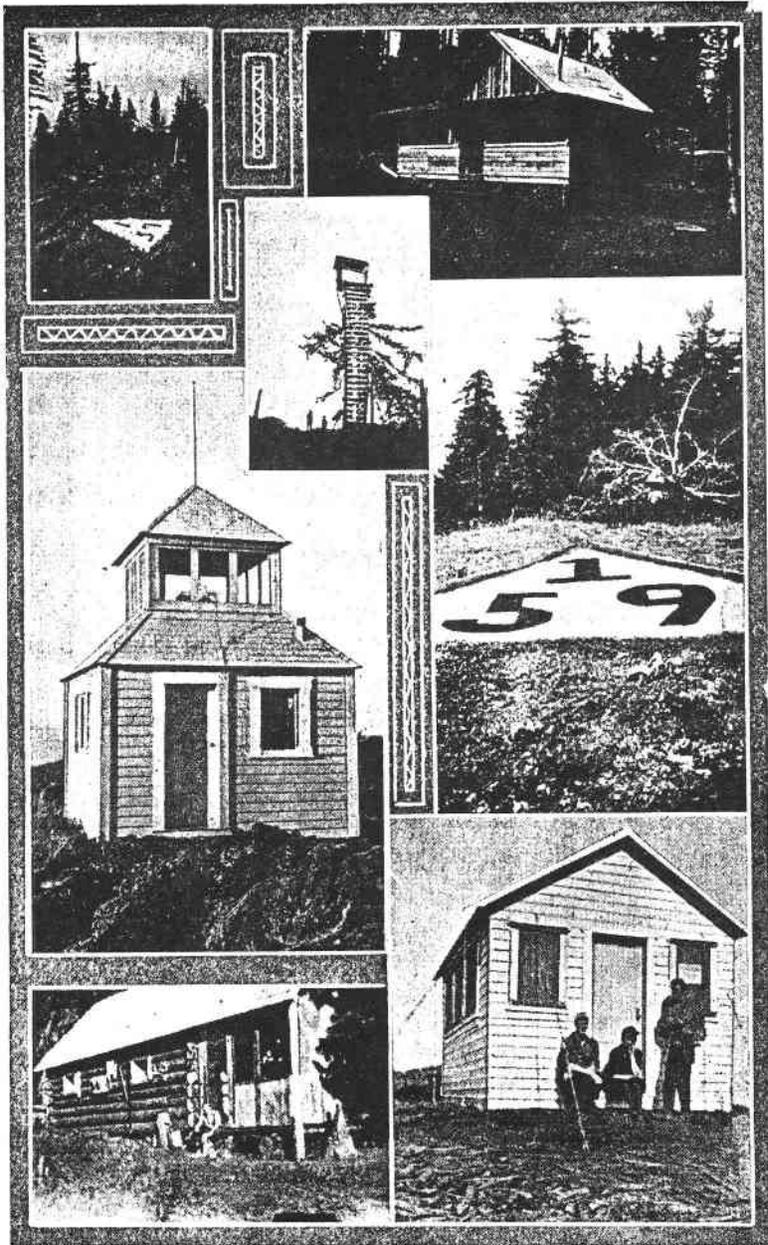
It started as an experiment by the "Air Service" and forestry officials to determine the practicality of maintaining such a patrol from year to year. The flying force must be kept in training, and this cost was to be borne by the Air Service. Therefore, this portion was practically free to forestry. The State Forestry Department and the U.S. Forest Service arranged the plan of patrol, gave the pilots and observers a quick training session, arranged for gasoline and guards for the planes, and provided transportation for the men to and from the field. Everyone was extremely optimistic. The monotony

and routine of training was broken and a good service was being provided.

During 1919 a total of 15,000,000 acres of timberland was covered by aerial patrols. All this land was west of the Cascade summit. The first patrol flew on August 29, 1919. There were seven Curtis Hawks flying from bases in Salem and Roseburg. These ships must refuel every two hours. The Curtis ships were replaced on August 23rd by five DeHavilands which were more practical because of greater fuel capacity. When the larger planes arrived, they were based at Eugene. The air field was located on Chambers Street between 18th and 13th Aves. The planes patrolled north to Portland and south to Medford until October 7th, when fall rains began and patrol was no longer necessary. It should be said here that there were relatively few fixed look-out towers in use at this early date.



Line up of forest patrol planes at Eugene Base.



Types of cabin, lookout and airplane marker construction in 1920.

A majority of towers were built by the Civilian Conservation Corp (C.C.C.s) after 1934.

The mechanical success of the airplanes was considered excellent. The Curtis Hawks flew an average speed of sixty miles an hour and covered a total of 20,160 miles in 21 days. Between August 24 and October 7 the DeHaviland planes, flying at 95 miles per hour, covered 40,000 miles. The DeHaviland plane was a 400 horsepower, bi-winged, two place open cockpit workhorse.

Safety was considered good, perhaps not by present standards but there were only six forced landings, three due to weather and three because of engine problems. One pilot was killed and one plane destroyed. The aerial patrols reported 153 fires. Some of these may have been spotted previously by fixed lookout posts. The aircraft also proved valuable in scouting and reporting progress on large fires. During smoky weather the observer in the aircraft had an advantage over the fixed station. The observers' view from 10,000 feet could spot a small fire at a distance of 30 miles, and he could see both sides of a ridge during his fly by.

AERIAL COMMUNICATION UNCERTAIN

Wireless telephones were experimental at best. They had been used between Mt. Hood and other lookout points but not from air to ground from aircraft. Delay in reporting a new fire was critical to the success of control efforts. Young Army Signal Corp.

observers, although enthusiastic, knew very little about the geography of the rugged Cascade Mountains and accuracy of location of the fire was not always the best. Various methods to identify points on the ground were tried. Fabric panels were laid out to mark district offices and ranger stations. Large concrete triangles were constructed on high points. Numbers visible from the air were painted on the triangular shaped markers and used by observers to identify locations. Aerial photographs were taken and mosaiced into photo maps. These all helped to identify the location of the fire, but, short of flying back to the base or dropping a message, no immediate communication method was available.

CARRIER PIGEONS USED

As impractical and humorous as it may seem in this day of instant radio communications, the development of a carrier pigeon message system was serious business in 1919. One officer and three enlisted men were assigned to raise and care for forty-eight birds at the Eugene base. This method was widely accepted and eleven pigeon lofts were established throughout Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Northern California. It was important for the homer to return to the nearest fire station with the urgent fire message which had been tied to its leg. One wonders how many vital messages were devoured by a hungry hawk.'

EARLY RADIOS

By 1921 wireless radio development had progressed enough to retire the pigeons. Each airplane was equipped with a radio sending device. Each field base and the Portland office were equipped with a radio receiver. Upon take-off from the grass-covered air field in Eugene, the aircraft circled the home field to tune its radio transmitter with that of the ground receiving equipment. No aircraft was allowed to leave the field unless its radio set was working. As soon as an O.K. panel, consisting of two parallel strips of white cloth laid on the ground, was seen, the ship turned away for its patrol over the nearby forested mountains.

Aerial fire detection continued to be an important part of fire control systems for the next 10 years. However, by far the largest contingent of military men and aircraft were used in the early 1920s. A total of twelve aircraft, together with seven officers and eighty-six men were stationed in Eugene, Medford and Portland. Patrol was conducted only west of the Cascade Mountains. As the planes wore out and more fixed lookouts were built the system faded. War department funds were reduced and eventually totally withdrawn. The canvas hangars and military tents were taken down, dried and stored for the last time in the fall of 1925.

ASSOCIATION OF LANDOWNERS

All through the 1920s the forest landowners in Lane County resisted overtures from the State to "get organized" for they *were* organized, at least as much as they wanted to be. Bureaucracy always has strings

attached, and local control has always been uppermost in their priorities. In 1924 "Logging Inspectors" were hired by the State and assigned to each district to help with forest fire prevention and enforce new and strict fire laws. The year of 1928 brought severe fire losses in Eastern Lane District as well as Jackson and Josephine Counties. 1929 was another very dry and dangerous year when no rain fell in the fall until December 7th. Firefighting was taking its toll in enthusiasm, manpower and funds. It was time to finally "get organized".

After considerable discussion a meeting of timberland owners gathered in Booth-Kelly's office. The date was April 7, 1930. Fifty-seven owners were present when Mr. E.B. Tanner moved that "those present organize the Eastern Lane County Fire Patrol Association and that a Board of Directors of five be elected to handle the business of the Association." The motion was seconded by C.S. Chapman and unanimously carried.

Volumes could be written to document the events that have molded and shaped the Eastern Lane District. Many were serious, often controversial, and a few were even humorous. One thing stands out above all in the recorded history — Eastern Lane was controlled and manned by independent thinking and dedicated people. They have always fought hard to protect their right to make decisions.

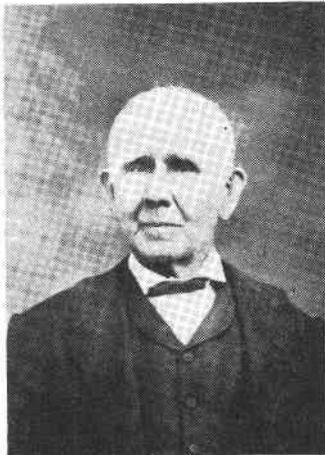
(Photographs accompanying this article are from annual reports of the State Forester for years 1919, 1920 and 1922. Ed.)

Summer, 1986

1852 Road Viewers



Alex King Lane County Museum



John Diamond



William Tandy, Menefee collection
Lane County Museum.



Robert F. Walker, Menefee collection,
Lane County Museum



Joseph Meador, courtesy Lane
County Museum

Coburg, Lane Co., OR
Feb. 10, 1896

At 12 o'clock August 21, 1852, a party of seven (namely William Macy, A.A. King, J.J. Walker [who was afterward Sheriff of Lane Co.] a Mr. Clark [who went to Cal, probably in '54, since which time I have known nothing of him], Joseph Meador [who was also Sheriff of Lane Co. for several

terms, and is still living somewhere in Eastern OR.], William Tandy [still living somewhere about Dayton, Wash.], and myself [John Diamond, still living aged 80 yrs. hale & hearty at Coburg, Lane Co., OR], [Macy, King, and Walker are all dead]. We started from Tandy's place in the forks of the Willamette, for the purpose of viewing a roadway from Eugene City to old Ft. Boise. The first night we camped near

Butte Disappointment. We crossed the Cascade Mts. on the route now known as the Military road. We found great difficulty in getting through, as there were neither trail or road at that time. We came in contact with no Indians at all, until we arrived at Crooked River above where Prineville is now located. We had no trouble whatever with the Indians, until within about five miles northeast of Harney Lake, when at this point about eleven mounted Snake Indians came to us and wanted to trade horses. We refused to trade with them, and proceeded on our way, when about thirty or forty rods from them, they came charging after us and opened fire with Hudson Bay guns. We were not very well armed. Macy had a Dragoon revolver, King a small raffle [sic] (muzzle loader), Walker had what we called an Indian shot gun (single barreled muzzle loader), Clark an old musket, Meadows a double barreled shot gun, Tandy a small raffle [sic], I had a U.S. Yager. These weapons were all muzzle loaders.

At the first fire of the Indians three of us were wounded. A bullet glanced along the right temple of Clark's head, cutting the skin and taking the hair off. Macy was shot in the left shoulder, the ball passing through the shoulder and lodging in the arm near the left elbow. I was also shot through the right shoulder with a musket ball, which rendered me incapable of returning their fire. This took place on Sept. 15, 1852 about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. From that time we had a running fight until dark at which time we came to the head of a canyon, and

went down this canyon about a mile then retraced our steps to the head of the canyon, and thus got rid of the Indians, they having passed us on the left, with the evident intention of getting ahead of us, and shooting us from ambush.

I do not know whether any Indians were killed or not. We were short of ammunition and reserved our fire as much as we dared, and kept them at a distance. When we did shoot they would throw themselves on the sides of their ponies, and we could not tell whether any of them were wounded or not, and we were not disposed to stop and investigate. On this engagement we lost four horses and all of our provisions. Therefore for the next eight days we were forced to subsist on wild rose-buds, wild elder berries and wild cherries, and you may be sure we did not fatten much on such diet. At the expiration of these eight days, we came across some immigrants on Burnt river, among whom were Dr. Miller (who afterwards located at Albany, Linn Co.), also Dr. Millard (who afterwards located at Portland, OR). We camped with these immigrants the night of the 23rd of Sept., 1852.

The next morning we had our wounds thoroughly examined and the ball extracted from Macy's arm. He never fully recovered from this wound. We were told by these Doctors that the scarcity of food during these past eight days were better for us than it would have been had we eaten heartily of beans, bacon and bread.

We arrived at the Dalles on the 3rd of Oct., 1852. Macy was so weak from

the effects of the bullet wound in his shoulder, that he took the boat to Portland. The rest of us (6) came down the Columbia river trail and reached our homes on the 20th of Oct., in Lane County, OR.

Macy and Walker were born in Illinois. Macy died in California in the Spring of 1860. I was born in Ireland August 13, 1815.

On the 6th of May 1866, a party of forty or fifty men started from Springfield, Lane Co., in search of gold (namely the Blue Bucket diggings) and only got five miles beyond where our battle occurred when they too were

attacked by Indians. The Indians surprised them and took sixty-six horses from them. A Mr. Phipps was wounded in the foot. The party then made their way back to this county as best they could, satisfied to search no further for the Blue Bucket Diggings. These facts I learned from Alex Vaughan, one of the party. For further particulars of this expedition, I refer you to Robt. Millican of Walterville, OR (who was one of the party), and who I think would be glad to furnish you with the details.

*John Diamond
(per A.B.M.)*

BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF HANKS AND ELIZABETH HILL

The following excerpts were taken from the May, 1980 Newsletter No. 27 of the Society of John Neville Descendants. This material was made available to your editor by Richard Bailey Hill, a grandson of Hanks.

Hanks Neville Hill (whose mother was a cousin of Nancy Hanks, the mother of Abraham Lincoln) and his bride of two years, Elizabeth Ann Merrill, in 1846 had moved from McNairy County, Tennessee to Barry County, Missouri, where Hanks then served as probate judge until 1853.

About April 15, 1853, the family, now including four children, left Barry County by ox cart for Independence, Missouri, to join a wagon train heading for Oregon. A fifth child was born on the way, and four more in Lane County.

In Lane County their preemption claim was about 14 miles northwest of Eugene. The property is still in the family, being owned by Dorothy Hill, widow of a grandson, Clark Hill. Dorothy lives on the farm, as do also her daughter Mary Jacobs and her husband Edmond.

The original narrative of the migration was written by a Hill relative, Anna Wright Bailey, just as Hanks is said to have related it to his grandchildren. That story was published in Junction City Times in

1901. Excerpts of the newspaper account follow.

Famine Stalks Famed Lost Wagon Train In Willamette Crossing

Starvation and thirst beset the famed "Lost Train" which crossed the Willamette Pass in 1853. But through all this suffering, everyone survived.

Among the party were Hanks Nevill Hill, his wife, Elizabeth Ann Merrell Hill, their children, William Harris, Alcy Jane, Jesse Reuben, Margaret; Cyrus Landreth and family, John Carter, Ben McClure, Frank Denning, James Molloy, Isaac Coulson, Frank Coulson, Catherine Coulson, S.B. Cathcart, Mary Molloy, Andrew McClure, Pleasant Noland and Charles Clark.

The Hill family left Missouri in April, with four families numbering 20 persons. They were well supplied for a six months trip with 12 wagons, three yoke of oxen to each wagon, about 30 horses and a small band of cattle for beef and stock.

Osage Indians were elaborately friendly, and even the Pawnees provided little trouble other than to frighten badly a negro family in the party, according to an account of the trip given by Hill and recorded by his family.

The train took the old Santa Fe route, and buffalo stampedes several times nearly wrecked the train. Then they headed for Pike's Peak, and halted a few days at Fort Man. Indians ambushed one of the men, but he escaped after killing two. Comanches attacked a train just

ahead, but spared this one. Forging the South Platte, the Cashlapoodie and the North Platte were great tasks, sometimes taking several days.

Misfortune Stalks on Trail

Beyond the summit of the Rockies, the cattle began to die, and the whole party took mountain fever. At Fort Bridger they took up the main traveled road to Oregon and California, a fearful stench-filled route because of dead cattle of preceding trains. Though their own cattle were in pitiful condition, they were called the "fat cattle train."

At American Falls they met Elijah Elliott who recommended that those with provisions for four weeks go by a new and quicker route. Ten families, with 40 wagons accepted the offer. They followed the 8-year old Meeks trail to Lake Harney, and there it suddenly ended.

For two days they traveled without water before reaching Crooked River, then they laid their course for the Three Sisters. Desolate mountains, with no vegetation and no water, lay between them and their goal. Two days after the Crooked River water gave out they were forced to stop. It was October, bitter cold, cattle were dying, wagons breaking down, and the cows cooked offered little nourishment. Only a few crackers and a little flour remained.

Stock Hunt Water

Tents were pitched, and part of the party remained with women and children, while others followed loosened cows and horses to see if their instinct might find water. At the

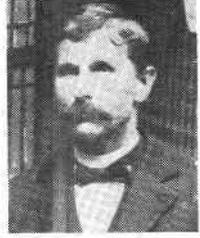


Hanks and Elizabeth Hill, courtesy Mary Jacobs

Children of Hanks and Elizabeth:



William & Mary Ann Smith



David & Cora Baker



Jesse Rueben and Ellen Bailey



Joseph & Mary Ellen Drake



Margaret Elizabeth & Edward McClure



Andrew & Olevia Stickels



Richard & Emma Blachley Wilson

No pictures available

Aley Jane & Isaac Darnielle
George & Almeda Mood

end of the first day a 14-year-old boy, Isaac Darneille, who had run away from the train in search of water, joined them. He later became Hill's son-in-law.

Next day the horses and cattle separated, and before the men who followed the horses found them at Crooked River they were forced to drink the blood and eat the flesh of a calf they found unable to get up. Hill was among those who followed the cattle on jaded horses scarcely able to walk. Suddenly they brightened, and the Darneille boy disappeared over a 50-foot bank to the icy waters of the Deschutes River. Fearing the icy water would make them ill after their three days of thirst, most of the party warmed it by fires before drinking much. Water was carried up to the horses in hats and everything else available.

Son Born to Hills

When Hill returned to camp with 12 gallon kegs of water he found that his wife had borne a new son, whom they named Hardy. Mrs. Hill and the other four children had had but a quart of water, and one of the girls was asleep with her tongue swollen out of her mouth. But children withstood the great thirst with greater fortitude and strength than did their elders, Hill said.

They stayed nine days at the Deschutes to recuperate and wash. Other trains joined them until there were 300. They boiled pots of beef, but having no salt, made it "green" with red pepper and drank the soup with streaming eyes.

The trip to Diamond Peak was achieved without much trouble, but thereafter the thick, heavy brush and great trees of the western slopes of the mountains literally upset the train. Logs too large to be moved were bridged over, and women and children walked because the wagons were continually turning over. First open ground was the Pine Opening, where they camped to rest the teams a few days.

News Goes Ahead

News had reached the valley that the train was coming, for the train had reached there, and on the second evening wagons laden with food drove into the clearing from the settlements below. The road traversed by the party became the Old Military route, now the Willamette Highway.

The party arrived in the valley November 8, and the Hills took a claim 14 miles northwest of Eugene. Hill farmed, taught school and served as county commissioner from 1866 to 1870. Other children born here were George Neville, David Randolph, Joseph Breckinridge and Andrew Lee.

The Neville Newsletter editor made the following comments at the conclusion of the newspaper story.

"The wagon train spent its first few weeks in the area now comprising the State of Kansas. However, in 1853 the eastern part of the area was known as 'Indian Country', having been so designated in 1830, and tribes were moved from the Eastern states to the plains.

"On the treeless plains west of the

Arkansas River, Hanks Hill said there was plenty of small game on the prairie and fish in the streams. But he was most impressed by the millions of buffalo. They killed a number of young calves for food, and one man is reported to have said that

those buffalo were so tough that he could not stick a fork into the gravy. Even though there was not a tree in sight, fuel was abundant in the form of 'buffalo chips.' Hanks said they made the best fires in the world for frying bacon and baking bread."



Hanks Neville and Elizabeth Ann (Merrell) Hill and their five children arrived in Oregon Territory (now Lane Co.,) on 8 Nov. 1853 and settled in a Pre-emption Land Claim about 14 miles northwest of Eugene, Oregon. This area is now known as the Fern Ridge - here they continued to live and rear their family.

This is the birth place of George Nevile(Neville); David Randolph; Joseph Breckenridge; and Andrew Lee.

After the death of Elizabeth Ann Hill, Andrew lived and cared for his father in the family home, as grandfather Hill was not well. Hanks N. Hill passed away 9 Sept. 1898, two days after Andrew and Olevia(Stickels) Hill were married.

This picture was taken before the old home was demolished in the early 1920ies.

The home was located on what is now known as Alvadore Road.

(The Spring issue of the Historian carried stories by Laura Miller of her stage ride to McKenzie Bridge, her day of fishing, and a camping trip. In this letter she reports these adventures to her family. Ed.)

*Log House Hotel,
McKenzie Bridge
July 4, 1904*

Dear Mamma and Winnie;

We are sitting in a shady nook on the bank of the McKenzie, Grace Mountz, Nellie Loomis, Mrs. Prentise, Bess and I, all writing and reading. I think I never realized before how very beautiful the river is, so clear and many colored with pure white waves. Bess and I came last Tuesday by the big, four horse stage, leaving Eugene at 5:30 in the morning and reaching here at 7:30 at night stopping only for dinner and to change horses. The ride was very pleasant tho' we grew tired before reaching here and felt sore the next day.

Frizzell's is a most delightful place to stay, a great roomy log house with porches all about and such very kindly people. "Uncle George" Frizzel, the best fisherman in these parts, is a veritable Isaac Walton, and the most lovable old man. Yesterday afternoon he took Bess and me fishing all afternoon on Horse Creek. It kept us scrambling to keep up with him in his mad career over logs and rocks, but we were repaid by 40 fish, most of which Bess, who knows the ways of trout, caught. "Uncle George" showed us the holes, got our bait, and gave us a real lesson so that we intend to go boldly forth alone next week.

"Auntie" Frizzel is a wonderful cook and we have trout, venison, delicious

vegetables and blackberry pie.

There are a few Eugene people in the house, those I've mentioned, and Mrs. Day, wife of Dr. Day of Eugene. The Halls are in their cabin. We all went over there the other night to a bonfire which burned much better than in the rainy summer when we were there. Bess and I have taken long walks in the woods each morning and we always come back ravenously hungry. To me this seems an ideal place to spend the summer. Carol, I left at Uncle John's until Aunt Marcy comes up the first of August when he is to camp with them at Foley for the month. Kenneth is still at Blue River but he and Mrs. Stines expect to come here for a few days the last of the month and we hope to go up Horse Pasture again. I haven't seen him since the middle of May but everyone tells me that he is brown and stout. He has to go back to Berkeley on the Steamer leaving on the 9th of August so I won't see him much again until Xmas time. He can easily come home for Xmas as there is a whole month's vacation then at U.C.

Your letter from Pisa came just before I left Eugene. I'm so glad that you are enjoying Europe and not hurrying through. You must not hurry any on my account as Carol and I are going into the house in September. I do hope that Papa can get leave and come home in the autumn. It would be fine to have the family all together again.

Since coming here I've read Jack

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
- Patron, annual \$100.00
- Lifetime Membership \$500.00
- Contribution to Society's Preservation Projects \$ _____

Your Lane County Historical Society is entirely sustained by membership dues and contributions which are fully tax deductible. Hence, we earnestly encourage present gifts and contributions, devises and bequests under wills and other forms of deferred giving such as by use of trusts and life insurance policies. For such deferred giving, your attorney should be consulted.

*London's "Call of the Wild," and
enjoyed it. He is an Oakland man and
I heard of him many times while in
Berkeley. Now I'm reading Crockett's
"Stickit Minister", and enjoying it too.*

*I feel overpowered with drowsiness
so will cease writing and spread out
in the shade for a nap.*

*I feel perfectly well here, the air is so
invigorating.*

Much love to you both.

Laura