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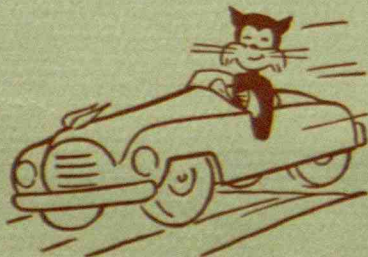
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**HIGHWAYS**

and

**BY-WAYS**



**SHELTON-TURNBULL-FULLER CO.**

*This is the second of a series of planned trips over the "Highways and Byways" of our state, which can be made in a day or a week-end. In the first booklet we presented six such trips taken from our weekly radio program which is compiled and narrated by Reg Roos of KUGN. Not only is the route described but a historical background is given so that you may enjoy the lore as well as the lure of our scenic spots.*

*Herewith is presented six more suggested trips. We hope you will enjoy them.*

Because we are printers and this is a good chance to "display our wares" we have purposely set each chapter in this booklet in a different type face. The name of the type is indicated at the end of each chapter.

# UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

Today, we have an unusual trip planned. For variation, we're not going to leave Eugene, but this time, we're going to explore some ground that's mighty important to our community . . . and that too often, perhaps, is forgotten in the rush of business. We're taking you on a tour of our own University of Oregon, located on a 130 acre tract right here in Eugene.

It's our belief that many folks, even though they certainly are aware of the University's existence and great influence, still may never have taken the time to actually go up on the campus, explore the grounds, see the buildings, and find out what makes our University so prominent among its brother institutions of higher learning.

Nearly everyone can find his way to the campus, so we won't waste time with directions there. Let's start our tour in a logical sequence by entering the main entrance at 11th and Kincaid Streets, more familiarly known as the Dads Gates. First, we should explain, for those who may not know, that the University campus is divided into two parts . . . the old campus, and the new. Roughly speaking, the Old campus, with most of the older buildings, occupies the piece of ground between Franklin Boulevard or 11th Avenue and 13th Avenue, and the New campus is situated between 13th Avenue and 15th Avenue. So that the main thoroughfare, 13th Avenue, which stretches down the length of the campus from east to west, separates the two parts.

The old campus, is planted with trees and shrubbery, while the new campus is more open and planted in gardens. An interesting thing to note as we make the tour is how the architecture of the buildings changes . . . showing the actual progress made thru the years. On the old campus,

the buildings are largely without architectural uniformity, but on the new are more harmonious groupings.

Before we begin our tour, here's some of the pertinent facts concerning the history of the University. It had its official beginning in 1876. The federal government in 1859 set aside a grant of 72 sections of land. In 1872 the legislature fixed the site of the institution at Eugene on guaranty of the Lane County delegates that the city would soon provide a building and campus to cost not less than \$50,000. The amount was soon raised; pledges ranged from fifty cents to 50 dollars. Farmers without cash donated wheat; one gave a fat hog.

Construction of the first building, Deady Hall, began in 1873, but that year panic struck the country and there followed a struggle to keep that enterprise alive. Finally, however, in 1876, the doors opened and classes began. At first, only classical and literary courses were offered. As the state developed, the college of arts and letters, the schools of architecture, allied arts, education, journalism, music, physical education, and social science were established. And thus the University came of age.

Getting back to our tour of the university campus, after entering Dads Gates, we see first the old and stately Villard Hall, a two story brick building with a mansard roof, French Empire in style. It was erected in 1885 and named for the railroad builder, Henry Villard, who gave the university \$7,000 in 1881 and \$50,000 in railroad bonds in 1883. For years the home of the English Department, Villard Hall was remodeled in 1949 and now houses the speech and drama departments, and a complete new radio station, KWAX, for student use. Adjoining on the west is the new and modern University Theatre, a

white concrete structure . . . one of the finest college playhouses on the coast.

Another of the old buildings, covered with ivy in the summertime, is Deady Hall, built in 1876 of native stone. It was at the beginning the entire university plant. It was named for Mathew P. Deady, president of the board of regents from 1873 until 1893.

Fenton Hall, facing 13th Avenue, a three story brick building, was built in 1907 and remodeled in 1915. It houses the school of law. It was for years the main campus library, before the new and impressive library was built on the new campus.

To the west, facing on 13th Avenue, are the Commerce Building and Oregon Hall, home of social sciences, and the new Administration Building, completed only last year . . . one of the newest and most impressive buildings to rise on the campus during late years.

Condon Hall, on the corner of 13th and Kincaid, designed and built in 1924, perpetuates the name of Dr. Thomas Condon, pioneer geologist and discoverer of many rare fossils, who was a member of the faculty until 1907. It houses labs and classrooms for geology, geography and anthropology. Housed here is the noted Howell Collection of 10,000 specimens, mostly from Oregon.

The Art Museum, centered in the quadrangle of the new campus, was a gift of alumni and friends, and built in 1930. It's an imposing brick building that shelters the rare and extensive Murray Warner Collection of Oriental Art, given to the University by Gertrude Bass Warner as a memorial to her husband. The Murray Warner library of 3500 volumes dealing with oriental life, fills one room of the museum. The building is unique, with an inner courtyard and pool which is exceptionally beautiful.

The large and ultra-modern Uni-

versity Library . . . one of the finest buildings of its kind anywhere in the nation . . . was erected with the aid of a Federal grant and loan in 1936. An addition in 1950 at the rear of the original building, increased the floor space by 82 per cent and added shelf space for a total of 535,000 volumes and facilities for 1270 readers. One of the most interesting things to note about the University Library is the fact that its tremendous facilities are used not only by students, but by townspeople at large; who find its complete facilities a very welcome service in a city the size of Eugene. Along with our city library, the city now has as complete facilities for library service as any city in the nation.

As you take your trip thru the University campus, you'll note that the University Library plays a very important part in the life of the student. For its here that he spends a major portion of his time . . . collecting information to be used in classrooms . . . seeking out rare volumes which are helpful in the study of rare problems. Indeed, the city of Eugene can be very proud of the University Library.

The Education Building is a brick structure two stories high. It was built in 1921 and stands back of University High School.

The Music Building, located on the southernmost edge of the campus, was erected in 1920, and contains classrooms, studios, and an auditorium for recitals and concerts. In the auditorium is a four-manual Reuter organ. A two story wing of practice rooms was added in 1950, and connects to the main building by a breezeway.

McArthur Court . . . the large concrete basketball pavilion seating approximately 8500 persons, is another University building used to great advantage by townspeople and civic groups as well as University students. Thru the years, much of the cultural activities which have come to Eugene

have been presented here, and Mac Court, as it is more familiarly called, has become known to residents of the area as the site of many important musical, dramatic, and sports activities. Offices of the athletic coaches are in this building. It was named for C. N. McArthur, former congressman from Oregon and graduate of the class of 1901. One of the typical activities which take place at Mac Court is the Oregon High School Basketball Tournament which brings teams from all over the state to Eugene during March. All games are played in Mac Court and are broadcast all over the state by KUGN and stations in many Oregon cities.

Also well-known in sports circles and otherwise is the famous Hayward Field or stadium, which was built with Associated Students funds. Started in 1919 and finished in 1931, the stadium seats 18,000 and was named for Bill Hayward, track coach and trainer at the University for nearly half a century. The stadium is a fitting tribute to such a man . . . beloved by all those who knew him . . . a man who devoted almost all of his life to the furtherance of athletic activities at the university. Just recently, the well-known Hayward Relays a track meet, was held here on the field.

One of the landmarks of the campus, which stands between Susan Campbell Hall (a woman's organization) and Hendricks Hall (the same) is the Pioneer Mother, a heroic bronze statue by famous sculptor Phimister Proctor. The statue was presented in 1932 by Burt Barker, vice president of the university, in memory of his mother, who crossed the plains to Oregon in the early days. Students who daily pass by the statue of the pioneer mother have come to know and love this tribute to all mothers of Oregon who blazed the trail here and were the prime movers in the establishment of our systems of higher education.

Johnson Hall is perhaps one of the best known of the campus buildings, since it fronts 13th avenue and is seen by many motorists who drive thru the campus. It contains the administration offices. The huge white columns in the front are well known thru their use in publicizing the university activities in book and pamphlet form. The structure perpetuates the name of John Wesley Johnson, the university's first president, who was a great Latin teacher during the school week . . . and a great duck hunter on Saturday!

Carson Hall, built at a cost of 1½ million dollars in 1950, is a five story brick and concrete structure housing 333 women. It is completely modern, with its own cafeteria, and again is put to use by certain local civic groups on certain occasions for meetings. The hall was named for Louella Carson, one time dean of women. It is typical of the newer and more modern buildings which are going up these days on the university campus.

The pioneer monument, in the court between the old library and Friendly Hall on what is known as "the old campus", is a heroic figure holding a bull-whip and carrying a long rifle slung over the shoulder. It, too, was sculptured by Proctor, and was given to the university in 1919.

Friendly Hall, erected in 1893 as the first men's dormitory, was remodeled in 1914 and again in 1951. It was named for S. H. Friendly, regent from 1895 to 1915. It is one of the few remaining "old buildings" on the campus.

The center of student life, recreation, and extracurricular activities is the beautiful Erb Memorial Student Union Building. Modern in design, of brick and concrete, it is one of the largest structures on the campus. It occupies a double block between 13th and 15th avenues, and its facilities include reading and browsing rooms, cafeteria and soda bar, and a spacious banquet ballroom which serves also as a hall for concerts and student

programs. The building was erected at a cost of over 2 million dollars, and was built almost entirely thru the contributions of students, alumni, and friends. It was dedicated and occupied in 1950 as a memorial to the late Donald W. Erb, former president of the university, and to the sons and daughters of the school who gave their lives in American wars for freedom.

For years and years, the Student Union was "just a dream" . . . groups of students meeting in many spots on or near the campus . . . in living houses, in corner restaurants, in private homes, or other places. Today, the common phrase heard all over the campus, is: See ya at Erb Memorial!" At long last, the students of our University have a recreational facility second to none in the nation.

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Body type in Spartan

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# Crater Lake

Today, we're going to journey to the southeast about 200 miles, and we'll have to get an early start, as it's a full day's trip to beautiful Crater Lake National Park. For those of you who haven't made the trip before, we take the highway down thru Oakridge thru the mountains past Crescent Lake, Chemult, and down to the junction with the Crater Lake Park road. Again, we suggest that if you plan to take the trip in ensuing weeks, that you take a long weekend for it, as there is plenty to see, and you'll want to take your time.

The first man to gaze on the ultramarine body of water that is now the world-famed Crater Lake named it Deep Blue Lake. Chalcid in the crater of an extinct volcano, walled by majestic cliffs, and miraculously blue, it is one of earth's most beautiful lakes. No one can stand without reverence in the presence of this sublime creation. A beholder becomes silent as the sea at his feet. Crater Lake has been named with the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and Victoria Falls of Africa as one of the greatest scenic marvels of this globe.

The lake was formed eons ago when this mountain exploded, forming a huge crater. Seepage and precipitation filled the caldera with water. Finally a point was reached where seepage was balanced by evaporation, and the lake which you now see was formed . . . six miles in diameter, and reaching to the impressive depth of 2,000 feet. The first white men to view the lake were members of a party of prospectors searching for the "lost cabin" mine. They were led by John Hillman, who discovered the body of water in 1853. It was rediscovered in 1865 by soldiers from Fort Klamath.

Crater Lake National Park, created in 1902, is the only national park in

Oregon, and in a sense a monument to William Gladstone Steel, one of Oregon's most widely known writers and mountain lovers. It has been figured that more than 200,000 persons visit the lake in one season. When discovered, the lake had no fish, but an early settler, carried 600 Rogue River fingerlings to the lake and deposited them there. Survivors flourished, and they have increased their number by about 200,000 annually.

Unscarred by the axes of man, the park stands in towering splendor, covering the mounds left by the original cataclysm. Species of trees include the yellow pine, madrona tree, mountain hemlock, and Douglas fir. The hemlock with its feathery blue green foliage and reddish brown bark, is perhaps the most arresting tree in the area. On the slopes of Mount Mazama are lovely meadows and marshes, and in them grow more than 500 species of flowering plants and ferns. Avalanche lilies, asters, and other alpine blooms flourish. Meadows of scarlet trumpeted mountain lilies, snow white phantom orchids, Indian paintbrush, and blue lupine cover the scarred slopes of the mountain. The park abounds with smaller game of great interest to the visitor because of their friendly inquisitiveness. Squirrels are numerous, and have become tame thru feeding by park visitors.

For you folks planning the trip, hotel, cabin and cafeteria service is open from June 10th to September 20th. Registration is at the entrance, with admission fee \$1.00 a car for the calendar year. When you visit Crater Lake you'll probably want to take what is known as "Rim Drive" . . . which branches north from State Highway 62, close to the park administration headquarters. Rim Village is a resort community at the

south end of the lake. Prominent here is Crater Lake Lodge, a modern three story hotel in a setting of great beauty. The Rim Campground in a fine stand of hemlock, is also close to the rim of the lake.

Near the campground is the Community House, around whose stone fireplace visitors gather in the winter-time. By taking the path left from the Rim Village, we come to Sinnott Memorial, an attractive stone structure erected in recognition to Congressman Nicholas Sinnott. High powered field glasses are trained on important features to reveal the geological formations. From this point is an excellent view of Wizard Island . . . the symetrical cone rising 700 feet above the surface of the lake. The Phantom Ship is a small volcanic island resembling an old double masted sailing ship. The sharp pinnacles of lava are the masts. Right from the rim village is a trail which slopes down steeply to the edge of the lake. It takes one 45 minutes to walk down. From the foot of the trail, you can take a 26-mile motor launch trip, for about \$2.00. Guidance of rangers who know the park is available.

The rim drive is one of the most delightful features of the area. This route, provided with observation points at the most impressive vantage spots, gives an opportunity to see the lake from every angle. From the parapets of Kerr Notch, one of the vantage points, The Phantom Ship may be mirrored on the water, it may be sharply defined, or, depending on the weather, it may seem to vanish magically against the rocky background. Another very fine vantage point you should stop at is Cloudcap Viewpoint, which at 8,000 feet altitude, and 2,000 feet above the rim of the lake affords the most spectacular view of the lake. Thru gaps in white barked wind buffed pines are discernable the ever changing water, tumbled foothills, with Lake Klamath beyond, an expanse of sil-

ver blue in the vast green marshlands south of the park area.

Mazama Rock is a single lava stone, 60 feet or more in height, yellow in color, and streaked with vermilion markings, which rises over brilliantly pigmented rock strata on the lakes rim. There is every indication, geologists assert, that this body of laval fell, or was literally blown out of the side of ancient Mount Mazama and hurled into space by some terrific force.

The rim drive proceeds from the junction with State 209, and reaches Llao Rock, a towering laval formation that rises nearly 2,000 feet above the water, the highest vertical precipice on the rim, and one of the most remarkable lava flows know to geologists. On its face may be traced the history of the mighty volcano. On this rock lived the mythical Indian God, Llao, known and respected by original Indians of the vicinity.

The Rim Drive winds about the lake and eventually comes out back on State Highway 62. To complete your drive, you might go on south thru Klamath Falls, and then back north up thru Ashland and Grants Pass.

We thought that perhaps today might be a good time to remind you folks about some of the rules and regulations relating to summer traveling and camping in our national forests. So, for the Keep Oregon Green Committee, and other government agencies interested in preventing forest fires and destruction of our forest lands, here are some of the pertinent facts.

In the national forests, there are no registrations at the entrances, no fees; but all visitors are subject to rules and regulations of the US Forest Service. There are more than 7600 miles of passable roads, improved trail mileage. Here are the special regulations. No campfire may be lighted without a permit from a forest



ranger except in improved camps, which are posted. Burning matches, tobacco, or lighted material of any kind may not be thrown away within the boundaries. Fire season begins May 15th and ends October 1st. Campers must extinguish all fires before breaking camp and may use only dead wood in campfires. Growing trees must not be felled. Forest signs must not be defaced. State fish and game laws are enforced by all forest rangers, all of whom are deputy game wardens. Campers must carry axe, shovel, and water container of a gallon or more capacity. Copies of state and Federal regulations are available from any forest superintendent.

Oregon's National Forests profoundly affect the existence of the people of the state. They are the source of streams that produce the state's immense water-power; they provide pure water for three fourths of the population and afford pasture-  
age for hundreds of thousands of live stock. Without them, Oregon's fertile areas would become a desolation of torrential rains, shifting sands,

and barren rocks. Oregon has 13 National Forests, with a net total area of 13 million acres. All but three lie wholly within its boundaries. The Forest Service has spent millions of dollars in the construction of roads, both as fire protection and for recreational purposes. The invitation of the Federal Government to the public to make use of the forests for vacation purposes is accompanied by cautionary advice which visitors should bear in mind. Lives have been forfeited because amateurs underestimated the hazards they faced. Safety precautions are insurance against danger and should be observed in making any excursion into the forests.

We repeat this reminder for you folks who will be journeying into our forests during ensuing weeks. Just remember that one carelessly-tossed cigarette or match, or an un-extinguished campfire may start a costly conflagration which could destroy millions of acres of our beautiful forest land. Make sure you return from your jaunt into the forests with a clear conscience.

## *A Short History*

Since so much of our weekly chats with you concern transportation "to and from", which of course nowadays is strictly by car, we thought it might be interesting to review some of the history and background of transportation here in Oregon, so that when you're out for your Sunday drives, you'll know and appreciate what the early-day settlers had to put up with, and how "easy" we actually have it today.

In the spring of 1837, more than 100 years ago, a little band of men and women, sent out to reinforce the four lonely brothers at the Methodist Mission station on the Willamette River . . . arrived at the lower waters of the Columbia, after a voyage of ten months by way of Cape Horn. Near the mouth of the Willamette River they were met by Jason Lee, who made the journey of 75 miles from the mission by canoe. With him, they paddled back to the mission.

Most of the common methods of travel were much like the above 100 years ago. It is next to impossible to realize that so short a time ago, travelers made their way strictly on foot, by horseback where trails could be cut . . . and by water. By canoe on the waterways, by horseback in the valley bottoms and level open country, and thru the mountains and heavily forested country by foot, following Indian trails and trails cut by trappers. It was not until many many homeseekers began to trickle into the country that the trails were widened into roads.

The original Oregon Trail, for example, that wound its way across mountains and desert all the way from Missouri, finally wound up at the junction of the Walla Walla River and Columbia River, where the rest of the journey to the coast was made by boat portage, down the Columbia and the Willamette or other rivers. The first road south from the Columbia River area was laid out in 1846, down thru the Malheur

country and into Klamath, thence back northwest thru the mountains into the Willamette Valley. It's hard to believe too, that the first practical route into the Willamette Valley was by way of the south, when today we have many modern highways crossing the Cascades between Portland, Salem, Albany, and Eugene . . . and eastern Oregon points.

Many of the early roads led to river landings where boat service was available. Bridges, then began to be built. In 1846 there was a good wagon road from Portland to Tualatin, and in 1850, the public demanded in a body that a bridge be built across the river near Hillsboro immediately below the forks of Dary and McKays creek where the former frame bridge stood. In 1851, a stage coach line from Portland to Southern Oregon points was begun to take care of the demand for mail service from the many settlers. Wells Fargo company took over this line 4 years later, and in 1857 a Concord coach made the run of 50 miles from Portland to Salem in one day. Large vehicles, some of them drawn by six horses, came into use as the roads were gradually improved. During the early 1860's, connections were established with California stage lines, and fast service was instituted to adjacent valley and mountain points.

Until well along toward the middle of the century, freighting on the Columbia River was chiefly controlled by the Hudsons Bay Company, which operated a fleet of large barges for carrying furs from the upper tributaries down to the company's big depot at Fort Vancouver, where the pelts were examined, dried, and packed for shipment to London. Each of these barges had a cargo capacity of about six tons, and was manned by a crew of at least six French-Canadian or half-breed oarsmen. The company maintained a service such as this on the upper Willamette River, as well, and there was a

time when such merchandise was loaded onto such barges right here in Eugene (then called Eugene City) for transport northward to Fort Vancouver.

Contrary to many people's belief, there were not many steamboats on either river before 1850. In that year, The Columbia, 90 feet long, was launched at Astoria, and began operating on a semi-weekly schedule between Astoria and Oregon City, on the Willamette. This service was supplemented later the same year by a larger vessel, the Lot Whitcomb, built and launched at Milwaukee. Steamer service above the falls at Oregon City reached Salem in 1853, and Eugene in 1857. At Portland, ocean-going vessels loaded shipments for east-ern ports by way of Cape Horn.

Since we have already covered the history and background of Willamette Valley railroad transportation, we won't go over it again except to say that by 1884 Oregon had railroad access to the east and to California, and as far as railroad transportation was concerned, the state was coming into its own.

By 1910, the smell of gasoline was heavy in the air, and good hard-surface roads began to sprout all over the state. All the rest is modern history, with which most of us are familiar . . . today, a great complex system of roads, railroads, and air travel cross the state, and many thousands of visitors enter our state every year.

Next week we are going to take you on an unusual tour of "Willamette Landings" . . . some of these early-day river landing points where trading and river traffic was carried on before the advent of highways . . . when river transportation was at its height and the Willamette River towns flourished. But for now, since they had a great deal to do with the development of Willamette Valley transportation facilities, we'd like to tell you just a bit about the two great cities of Vancouver and Oregon City.

In 1848 a military post was established at Vancouver, to maintain order over the Indians. From Fort Vancouver, military expeditions were sent out to

wide points to subdue hostile tribes. With the establishment of a military post, a townsite was platted, and named Vancouver City. Fort Vancouver had a strong influence upon the cultural life of the territory. The first theatrical performance ever held in the region was held aboard the British gunboat Modeste while moored at Vancouver in 1846. In the fifties, residents of Oregon City, to the south, were ferried across the river to participate in gay affairs at the home of Richard Covington, who was the social arbiter of the town. Vancouver came of age as the terminus and center-point for all river transportation, being visited by ships of many nations, as well as the beateaux of the trappers and fur traders who plied the upland rivers.

Oregon City, the other town so much concerned with development of early-day transportation, is a city of first things in the state. It was first provisional capitol, and the first town incorporated west of the Missouri river, scene of the use of the first water power in the state, the first Masonic Lodge west of the Missouri, and pioneer debating and temperance societies were first in the region. Three log houses were built on the site in 1829, and were burned by the Indians who resented this infringement on their territory. A flour and sawmill were erected in 1832. In 1841 a group of missionaries organized a milling company. The immigration of 1844 added about 800 people to the population. In 1840, the first territorial governor, Joseph Lane, arrived from Washington D.C. to take up his office here, and the city was the first territorial capitol until 1852 when the seat of government was removed to Salem.

Although today's program has strayed a bit from the usual "tour", we mention this bit of historical information in preparation for next week's tour up and down the Willamette River to Willamette River landings. It's really necessary to understand that the two towns of Vancouver and Oregon City played an exceedingly important part in the

development of upper-river transportation. Probably, if it had not been for the early establishment of the Vancouver, Portland, and Oregon City river points, our upper-Willamette area would have been much slower in development. It is interesting to note that where the river terminals were, there were built the first big cities, and even Eugene and other smaller up-river cities owe a great deal to the fact that early river transportation brought civilization to our Willamette valley points that much sooner.

It is interesting, too, to note that nowadays much of the river transportation has been resumed once again, particularly on the Columbia . . . as if even modern day transportation experts have thrown over all the many

modern modes we now have at our command for the same water transportation that our forbears used. Where in past decades only paddle-wheel steamboats plied up the river today these have been replaced by powerful diesel metal crafts which propel metal barges to and from distant points upstream. Vast quantities of petroleum, construction materials, and wheat are transported. All hydroelectric dam projects on the Columbia are constructed with lift locks, to facilitate boat and barge traffic. Meanwhile, ocean-going freight on the lower river is again increasing in volume, with as much as 2 million tons of outgoing vessel freight crossing the river bar in 1950.

# Willamette Landings

Today, as we promised you last week, we're going on a tour off the beaten path to the points of interest up and down the Willamette River between Eugene and Portland. About 100 years ago, these little villages, now almost forgotten in the rush of traffic . . . were thriving, butling trade centers, each of which played a very important part in the development of Western Oregon. By taking to the side roads, we can still drive thru these out of the way spots and reminisce as we go.

Willamette Landings, as they were called 100 years ago, now the ghost towns of the river, are Oregon's early and important history. In those hamlets, pioneers set up business or outfitted for homes elsewhere in the valley; to them they returned to trade and sell their wheat and livestock, to ship their produce to down river markets. In those villages Oregon's provisional governments were started in buildings that have long ago disappeared . . . as in many instances so have also the towns.

During that pioneer period there were five towns clustered around Willamette Falls: Oregon City and across the water Linn City; Lincoln, once the leading wheat shipper of the valley; Beuna Vista, whose potteries led the Pacific Coast; Champoeg, now a picnic grounds; Orleans, and others. All prospered in an age all its own before the coming of the railroads.

For purposes of our trip, which couldn't possible cover all of the Willamette Landings, we're going to start out from Eugene and take you as far as time allows, then next week, we'll complete the trip. Of course, a one-day trip actually will cover most of the points we'll talk about . . . in fact, it would make a most pleasant Sunday's outing.

We start out by taking the highway north from Eugene to Junction City and to Harrisburg. Then, at Harrisburg, instead of continuing on the highway, we take off thru the countryside over to Lancaster, which, today, were it not for the white highway marker identifying the locations, the speeding motorist would peer in vain for the site of the town that was once the "fightenist town on the river" . . . Lancaster.

Well after the turn of the century, the Pacific Highway swept thru what was once the busy center of Lancaster and just west of the willow-grown channel and the town faced extinction. Merchants moved to the south to Junction City, and in only a few years, nothing was left of the Willamette Landing where less than half a century before, flat-bottomed river boats had tied up and the sweating roustabouts, with the river in their blood, had wrestled the produce of the countryside.

Typical of the fate of most of the Willamette Landings was the fate of Lancaster. In 1856, the steamer James Clinton, first of the riverboats to venture above Corvallis, churned upriver as far as the mud wallow where Eugene Skinner, founder of Eugene, first camped in the shadow of the butte that bears his name. Thereafter, when water was of sufficient depth, Woodyville or Lancaster, Harrisburg, and other scattered bankside landings of the upper river enjoyed an augmented and fairly regular steam transportation service. Along the dirt road which winds along the river between Harrisburg and Corvallis we pass thru many of these early day Willamette Landings, most of them, not marked anymore.

Another present day community which was once a thriving landing is the town of Peoria. It can be reached from Shedd, which is on Highway 99, as well as along the river route we're taking. Actually, Peoria's commercial prominence declined more than half a century ago. In its day it gave promise of becoming one of the upper valley's most important trading centers for river shipping. But any hope it had waned during the 1870's, when the railroad was built thru Shedd and Halsey, a few miles to the east. It is probable that the town's founding came from the settlers who came west with the Peoria Party in 1839.

In the Salem newspaper of those days was printed an article which read "there is good steamboat navigation on the Willamette to this point during the stages of high and ordinary highwater, but during flood stages, goods are hauled from Shedd". Davis Brothers have a country store of general merchan-

dise, and are doing a fair business. There is a blacksmith shop but at this time no one has rented it. There is a pretty good school with about 60 pupils in attendance. Peoria Grange 116 has its headquarters in the village and US Mail is received Tuesdays and Saturdays."

This was in 1880. During this period, too, there were many flocks of sheep grazing on the pastures east of Peoria and the wool clip was a considerable source of revenue. Although there was an abundance of fruit orchards and an occasional oak tree, the face of the countryside was "one vast wheatfield". In 1875 larger holdings were priced at from 15 to 30 dollars per acre. Then finally, with river transportation becoming a thing of the past, Peoria's life merged with that of the community of which it had been the heart. Farmers in the immediate locality still traded with the hamlet's few establishments, but in time these came less and less frequently. Roads, almost impassable in wet seasons, grew less and less accessible. The becalmed community of Peoria dwindled, but lingered. Today, more than half a century after its heyday, the inhabitants have all but forgotten that the town once boasted commercial leadership in a wide area.

The Willamette River, meandering generally northward down its broad valley, between Eugene and Corvallis breaks into a series of waterways that interlace bottomlands. Certain of these intersecting courses run the full year around, but others, in rainless seasons, are muddy slews or dry, mud caked hollows. More than once, since pioneer days, flood waters have altered the rivers course, so that many areas have been maintained with difficulty . . . some with tragedy.

Beginning at a point opposite Corvallis and spreading southward are four islands. Across one of them, Stalbusch Island in 1850, a crude roadway ran west to Smith's Ferry, its rough plank and log landing lying beneath the trees of the west shore. At this point, grew up the Willamette Landing of Burlington. In 1854, Burlington was named as the terminus of the territorial road that wallowed thru the valley mud to Corvallis, crossed the river to Orleans, and then led two and one half miles to Burlington. Later the road continued south, bisecting Kiger Island, in a

nearly straight course to Peoria, eight miles distant. In 1850 the town's population stood at the incredible figure of 200. Although menaced by the flood waters several times thru the years, Burlington survived for a time. It last appeared on a map in 1875 but the formation of the Centennial Chute two years later left it on an un-navigable side channel and it soon slipped into oblivion. Some wheat and fruit produce was shipped from Burlington thru the years, but gradually with the coming of better roads and other modes of transportation, (shorter and drier than the Smith's Ferry route) Burlington slipped into oblivion. Today all that's left is the river and a few outbuildings . . . but as we stop here and reflect, it is indeed hard to imagine that on this spot 100 years ago stood one of the most colorful of all the Willamette Landings.

Right across the river from Corvallis stood the village of Orleans, nowadays not much more than a dot on the map, but in the early 1850's, a precinct growing in numbers and power. Much of the early Indian history of the period had to do with the Calapooya tribe which roamed over the verdant mid-Willamette valley. Although they did little actual harm, in a country long theirs, their insatiable curiosity and passion for trading made them a nuisance to settlers.

In the autumn of 1846, a handful of land-seekers crossed the prairies of the upper Willamette Valley and rolled to a standstill among the scattered oaks, maples and alders fringing the low shore of the each riverbank. There in a region that was still Indian country, they found rich bottom land awaiting the plow, and staked out their claims. The site prospered, and in 1848, it was noted by a traveling missionary from Oregon City in his diary: "the farmer in the Orleans region needs only to break the sod, sow wheat or plant corn and vegetables and the harvest will appear like those in the old fields of New England. The whole valley may be made like a garden. The hills may be turned into peach and apple orchards, and it is of excellent luck that the river is navigable for steamboats of light draft to the forks . . ."

Then suddenly, in 1861 came the great flood. One of the greatest catastrophes to befall any village of that era came to the town

of Orleans. Almost the whole town was washed away, without much warning. Newspapers in the lower valley at first reported that the town had been completely swept away, but the truth of the matter was that while the devastation was extensive and disheartening, the losses were too great for a pioneer age when even the most meager assets were irreplaceable. And so, the end came to another of the once-thriving Willamette River Landings.

Well, those are just a few of the once-upon-a-time river towns that flourished and then perished or disappeared. We think that today's trip up the Willamette River to these forgotten landings will at least make you stop and think that here, not so long ago, were the true beginnings of much of the development of our Willamette Valley. In the two decades following 1910 an occasional boat ran between Oregon City and Salem, carrying freight, towing rafts, but most of the skippers soon found there was little to haul on the Willamette. Save for the small boats used for log raft and barge towing, the days of Willamette River shipping were gone, and the aging captains knew it. The sounds they heard cutting thru their dreams were the shrill whistles of trains and the sharp horns

on transport trucks, not the deep throated whistles of the boats foggy with steam. Now that this was the order of their days, it was time to sit in the sun and recall a way of life that was no more, and the stories of the vanished towns.

Our trip today, of course, can be continued all the way downriver past Albany, Buena Vista, Independence, Eola, and Salem. Many side roads to these forgotten villages would make another interesting tour for you some Sunday, if you want a leisurely day's drive thru a really beautiful part of Western Oregon. From anywhere along the river, it's but a hop skip and jump over to Highway 99 and back to Eugene.

We hope you've enjoyed our reminiscing about the ghost towns of the Willamette. We'd like to give credit for this program to author Howard McKinley Corning, who has given us most of the material used here in his unusual text, "Willamette Landings". We might suggest, too, that if any of you would like to read more about this unusually interesting part of Western Oregon's history, you try to secure a copy of the book, published by Binford and Mort, for the Oregon Historical Society, dated 1947.

## WILLAMETTE LANDINGS

Last week, we took you on a tour of the upper Willamette river towns . . . "Willamette Landings", as they are called by Howard McKinley Corning in his book of the same name, from which we draw material for this travelogue. As we drive along the dusty roads which now follow the Willamette River on its course to the Columbia, we come across many towns . . . some fairly large, some smaller . . . many forgotten today, some still on the map. The percentage of survival among middle and upper valley towns from Salem south has been greater than that on the lower river, near Portland. At least four towns that had their beginnings as dusty, sprawling river towns are today thriving cities . . . these are Salem, Albany, Corvallis, Eugene, and Springfield.

Salem, Oregon's second largest city, had its beginnings when the Rev. Jason Lee and his evangelizing compatriots removed the Methodist Mission holdings from Mission Bottom to Chemetka, in 1840. Original money came to the town from the California mines in 1849 and gradually many merchants began to build the town. Impetus toward town growth came in 1851, when the legislature, meeting at Oregon City, chose Salem as capitol of the new Oregon Territory. Nowadays, as we drive thru Salem, it is interesting to reminisce that during the 1860's, many territorial and state officials journeyed to and from the halls of state aboard the puffing riverboats. In rough leather boots they tramped the plank landings of the river front town.

After a further decade of struggle, during which Salem was served by the river steamers, the early 1870's brought the railroad and period of more rapid growth. In 1876 the town that overlay the Chemetka prairie in the mid-valley beheld the rising of a

stone structure that became the state capitol.

Meanwhile, other centers were developing farther up the river. The most influential of these in pioneer days was Corvallis. Of lesser importance were Harrisburg and Independence, towns whose wharves rocked in the constant nudge of the river waters.

About 8 miles above Salem, Edwin A. Thorpe in the late 1840's blazed the markings of his donation land claim. On the site of this, just north of Ash Creek and on the west bank of the Willamette, he platted a small town, naming it Independence. Diversified farming, hop growing, and dairying made Independence an agricultural center, rather than a commercial one. In 1890, Independence was visited by a huge flood, of which the town's paper noted: ". . . the water now stands in the main street of Independence and all over North Independence. The shipping house of the farmers floated away at noon. The office of the sawmill later, and \$5,000 worth of hardwood lumber at 3 o'clock. At four, the water came up to within a few inches of Whiteacers furniture store. The ladies have all enjoyed the privilege of a boat ride on main street."

The flood was great, and the damage greater, but the town survived. Today, it's still a thriving village doing considerable local trade. As we pass thru Independence on our tour, we can scarcely believe that the town ever withstood such an ordeal.

Albany, 22 miles above Salem, began as a village divided against herself, and was first named Takenah, a pleasant sounding word employed by the Indians to describe the large pool or depression created by the Calapooya River as it enters the Willamette from the east. The name was changed to Albany in 1855, after local



residents tired of their town being named "hole in the ground". The city was established in 1848 after the gold craze had begun to wane. The first steamer arrived in 1852, and the first local newspaper, the Oregon Democrat, began publishing in 1859. During the 1850's and 1860's, Albany was a hotbed of political intrigue. Out of the Fremont party began the organization of the state Republican Party, in 1857. During the war years pro-slavery advocates were numerous and voiciferous in Albany.

Settlers entered the wide Corvallis area first in 1845. The first commercially-minded was Joseph Avery, staking a donation land claim on the west bank of the river, 20 odd miles above Indian Tenekah. Avery operated a ferry here, harvested crops, built a log granary, and finally named the town Marysville. In 1851, the territorial legislature designated the town the seat of Benton county. From earliest years Marysville was on the road thru the west Willamette Valley by way of Yamhill Falls, and across the Rickreall, Luchiamute, and Long Tom Rivers, to the upper Willamette and Umpqua river countries.

Along that route in the gold crazed years, came all the trade . . . freight moved in pack wagons and pack trains, carrying the commerce that made Marysville an important way point. Because the route passed thru Marysville, California, Avery decided to avoid confusion by renaming his town Corvallis, from the Latin words "Cor" and "Vallis", meaning heart of the valley. The city prospered. The first telegraph line was strung from Portland to Corvallis in 1856, and the next year the city was incorporated. Corvallis gradually transformed from the roistering frontier community of ribald freighters, saloon keepers and gamblers, to one of law-respecting, home-building citizens.

A party of 26 land seekers disembarked from a steamer at Corvallis wharf in May of 1880, and of the ar-

rival, one of the party, Wallis Nash, wrote in his book of 1882: . . . the white houses of the little city were nestled in the bright spring green of alders and willows and oaks that fringed the river, and the morning sun flashed on the metal cupola of the court house, and lighted up the deep blue clear-cut mountains that rose on the right of us but a few miles off. The redeeming feature was the trees, lining the streets, darkening the houses a bit, but giving it an air of age and respectability that was lacking in many of the bare rows of shanties that we had passed in coming here across the country. . ." Corvallis had a population of 4500 in 1910, but then the river meant little to the town's life.

Until construction of the railroad in the 70's, the town of Harrisburg, like other up-river villages, dependent almost entirely on river transportation, first by flatboat and canoe, later by steamboat. The first steam carrier, the James Clinton, reached Harrisburg in 1856, and then went on to Eugene, 20 more miles upriver. Harrisburg townsite was surveyed in 1852, and was originally called Prairie City. It was renamed Thurston the following year, but the town was finally called Harrisburg in 1866, after the Pennsylvania state capitol. By 1880 it had a population of 500, a figure that later doubled several times but it lacked the metropolitan hardihood and grew into the present century a dependable local trade center.

At the foot of a small rounded peak in the upper valley there settled in 1846 a pioneer named Eugene Skinner. The butte soon bore his name and the small settlement that grew up at its base was called Skinner's Butte. Nearby, J. M. Risdon, later a judge, erected the first dwelling within the area, which in the early 1850's, became the corporate town of Eugene. Skinner operated a ferry across the river. His land lay so low that the new town soon bore the derogatory

epithet of "Skinners Mudhole". To avoid continued use of this, the town was renamed Eugene City in 1853 and made the county seat of Lane County.

Eugene's early industry centered around milling and agriculture. The shipping of these products to tide-water markets was greatly speeded with the coming of steamboats, but it was only during stages of high water, when Eugene could claim to stand at the head of navigation on the river. At the best, this was for a period of only four or five months. The Eugene "Oregon State Journal" noted in 1869: "A boat was up to this place on Wednesday, and returned Thursday, loaded with hogs." This was on January 1st. But on the 30th of the month the same paper noted again: "... the river has been so low that we have had no boats at this place for several weeks." The same medium on April 3, 1869 reported: "... the steamer ECHO arrived at this place on Sunday evening, with considerable freight, and went immediately to Springfield, where it remained overnight, and returned on Monday, leaving this place with 101 tons of freight . . . the heaviest load ever taken by boat from this market. The boat was not able however, to take near all the freight from Eugene and Springfield, as the river is falling fast, and it is not likely that the boat will reach here again until there is another rain. Rain enough for farmers does not answer the purpose of steamboat men." And so it was in 1869 . . . the towns waiting for the steamboats and never quite knowing

whether they would arrive or not . . . that being wholly dependent on the water level of the Willamette.

A convenient spring of cool mountain water led Elias M. Briggs in 1849 to locate his claim on the site now occupied by Springfield, three miles above Eugene, on the east bank of the river. For many years the fenced in portion of this claim was known as the "springfield" and when the settlement later grew up here it was given that name.

Water transportation on the upper river was practically abandoned following construction of the railroad in 1871. The milling of lumber grew in importance, while more and more grain raised was fed to meat stock. Manufacturing drew an increased settlement. For a time the gold and copper mines discovered in the mountains to the south, added to the region's prosperity.

Concurrently, Eugene's position of prominence was assured and some thing of its temper was permanently fixed when in 1872 the University of Oregon was established. As the years grew varied industrial plants substantially aided the agricultural economy of the region. Southward and westward, the town grew. New citizens, entering the life of the 20th century, turned away from the river that had motivated the town's growth, and turned toward the farms and forests nearby that promised a better and more dependable future than the river itself could ever bring.

# ***In and Around Eugene City***

Today we will deal with some background information about our own city of Eugene . . . we'll travel about the town and talk about some landmarks and places that played an important part in the development of the town. First, we wish to say that we've enjoyed reading the fine book, "Eugene", written a few years ago by three local women, Lucia W. Moore, Nina W. McCornack, and Gladys W. McCready. We suggest that if you don't now have the book in your library, you purchase a copy. It's certainly an edition that belongs in every library in town. As Cal Young, well known pioneer of Eugene states in the forward to the book, "thru this first history of our town there runs something of the buoyancy and optimism of Eugene's founders . . . the courage and faith of its early builders. To those of us who knew Eugene as a village, the story is nostalgic and gratifying" . . .

We thought it might be interesting to some of you to talk about some of the first landmarks, and how the sites look today, almost 100 years later. Surprisingly, there are still many historical landmarks around town that can still be seen just for taking the time. One of these, the early-day streetcar service, is one of the most interesting things about the old days in Eugene. Quoting from the book "Eugene", . . . "it seemed no time at all, until there were two blocks of pavement on Willamette street, between 7th and 9th, and a mule-drawn street car with "Happy Black Wiley at the reins, who daily, if he felt like it, traveled the distance from the railroad station and the university."

Nowadays, you'll see quite a bit of the tracks of this original line as you drive about Eugene, often completely forgotten in the rush of modern traffic. The story is that Mr. Holden, a new resident, had been in town only two hours before he realized the possibilities, and hurried to purchase a block of real estate and two weeks later had made the deal with the city to construct the line for a distance of three miles. He imported two street cars from Texas, along with three brindle mules to power

them. In addition, he purchased property at the southern terminus of the car route on the lower east slope of College Hiell, at about the point where Willamette meets 19th Street now, and this he fitted up as a "pleasure park", to be known as "City View Park". However due to heavy rains, his mules acquired the "sickness", and the line really never prospered.

We perhaps wonder at the heavy rains we had this spring here in Eugene, but going by olden standards, it's a mere nothing. In 1882 the river overflowed, covering most of what is now the downtown section of town with several inches of water. Pioneer Ed Fronk remembers: ". . . we lived where the present day Armody building is (at 7th and High) and water got up on our front porch, but didn't get in the house. I rode a skiff at Ninth and Willamette streets. The first circus to visit Eugene came to town in the year 1864. The tent was set up at the foot of Skinners Butte, where Manerud Huntington's fuel yard is now, and this one-ring affair was quite an event. Definitely in those days, Eugene was an unfinished town. The streets ran water all winter long and in summer they were covered with a deep, drifting dust that covered everything in sight. In 1875, the local paper declared: "the road around Judkins Point is a disgrace to any community and that pine log across it, just this side of Springfield, has been there two years and shows the narrowness of the supervisor."

In the 1870's, there were no streets south of 11th, and Alder was just a country road meandering out towards Spencers Butte. Earliest hint of fall days in Eugene were the wood piles along its sidewalks. Wood stoves and fireplaces were used for warmth and by September the supplies of 4 foot maple and oak were being stacked on the edges of board walks.

Eugene's first great hotel, called "the St. Charles Hotel, stood near the corner of what is now Broadway and Willamette. Thru the years, the name changed, until today there remains what is known as the

Hoffman Hotel. Another, the Astor House of the 80's, originally the Baker Hotel, later was the Smeed Hotel of the 1900's. At the luxurious Smeed, Sunday dinners were as high as 85 cents and a room, if one were choosy, cost 2 dollars a night. The Smeed Hotel, of course, stands on its same old site, fronting on Willamette Street in the 700 block. The Red Top Tavern, owned by a James Heath, stood where the Osborne Hotel stands today.

In time, too, some fine houses appeared along the streets of the town . . . homes that for years to come were to be the center of family life. Dr. Shelton's fine mansion, (now the McMurphy home) on the south slope of Skinners Butte, to this day looks down over a town that spreads out wide across the valley. Still standing is the original Johnson house, "the Presidents House", it was called. Located at the corner of 5th and Lawrence. President Johnson was the first head of the University of Oregon. With its tall arched windows reaching from floor to ceiling, the J. L. Page home, still to be admired, stands on the northeast corner of 7th and Washington. One of the many beautiful old homes in Eugene that you can still drive by and see is the old William Preston home, at the corner of 5th and Pearl. There were the early Hendricks home, built on the northwest corner of 9th and Charnelton Streets, and known for years as "4 corners". Many other fine homes were built in this "square" of what is now Broadway and Charnelton, but all are now gone, except in memories, and the 4 corners houses a parking lot, a filling station, a public market, and a grocery store.

One of the many things that haven't changed much down thru the years is the horseshoe pitching in the park square downtown. On a summer day you'll still find many followers of the sport getting in their licks.

Even if one could recall, Eugene's main street down thru the years would be a long, roundabout way. From the lean-to shop beneath Skinner's roof on the butte, it would lead down along the river . . . down thru the part of town that now is considered "the other side of the tracks". Occupying

a large portion of what was once the busy waterfront of our town is the new Eugene Water and Electric Board Steam Plant and other offices. This was once the scene of the Huddleston-Akeny store by the ferry landing. It would begin at the sawmill of Hilyard Shaw, just west of the present-day Ferry Street bridge, touch at Abrams' Sash and Door Factory, Midgley's Planing Mill, and the tall flour mills by the railroad tracks.

The turn of the century found Eugene no more extensive, but much more grown up than Springfield is now. College Hill, today covered with some of the finest homes in the city, was then a bare hill and south of there, only the Lucas House and the Farrington Farm greeted the hiker who dared the boulder-covered expanse out to Spencers Butte. Blue of camas and yellow of buttercups marked the Amazon wet-space between downtown and College Hill. In the area west of the University, cows grazed.

Both of the major banks located here today began from rather small holdings. The First National Bank, on the corner of Willamette and Broadway, was always the First National, but in those days it was located on what was known earlier as "Bristow's Corners" and headed by Mr. Hendricks, Snodgrass, Rogers, and the late Richard Shore Smith. The U. S. National Bank, now situated on the corner of 8th and Willamette, was originally known as the Hovey Bank, and continued for some years until the formation of what was known as the Merchants Bank . . . merging later with the Savings and Loan to become the U. S. National, under Mr. Galkins.

On the site now occupied by the old Lane County Jail . . . on 8th Street a block off Willamette, once stood the city fire station. One of the oldtimers here told us once that on a bright summer day an alarm came in and the old wagon came tearing out of the fire station . . . drawn by a big team of horses . . . failed to make the turn, lost a wheel, and crashed into the building standing on the opposite katty-corner . . . causing considerable damage.

There's a room in the present day Osburn Hotel, known rather vaguely as "the oriental room", which one day was the scene of much activity and charm in older days. Mr.

and Mrs. Osburn presided at a large "New Years Day at home" making use of their beautiful Japanese Tea Room, a place of great novelty at that time. Mrs. Osburn during extensive travels had collected much handsome oriental furniture, and thru many years it was known as one of Eugene's most colorful places. To this day it carries a nostalgic wistfulness for townfolk who knew it in "the days when".

The old Country Club, which stood on the present site of Radio Station KORE, was a center of social activity. Townfolk puffed up and down the hills over a golf course that was all weeds, and either powder dry or soaking wet, furnished with sand and oil greens. Today, this site is covered with some very fine residential areas, and nothing remains of the golf course, save for the old country club building which houses the radio station on South Willamette.

It's hard, too, to imagine nowadays that many of the newer residential areas of Eugene, located out here not too far from KUGN in the Pioneer Pike and Westward Ho developments . . . stand on ground that not

so many years ago was bare orchard and brush land, with scarcely a house in sight, and the farmers of the land moving their produce down to the river and to the ferry which took them over to "the town" on the other side. Elmo Chase, one of the sons of the man who founded Chase Gardens out in the Harlow Road area, told this reporter not so long ago that he could remember bringing cabbage to town to the markets as a boy . . . and that the old Chase Homestead seemed "a long ways from town" in those days.

Well, these are but a few of the landmarks . . . the old buildings and first sites that made our town. It's easy to reminisce as we cross the present Ferry Street bridge . . . on a warm summer afternoon, to gaze up the river to the bend way off in the distance . . . to look at the old homes built around the base of Skinners Butte . . . and to imagine how the town looked to the steamboats that used to slip into the docks along this piece of land. If you take a good look, and close your eyes, it's not too hard.