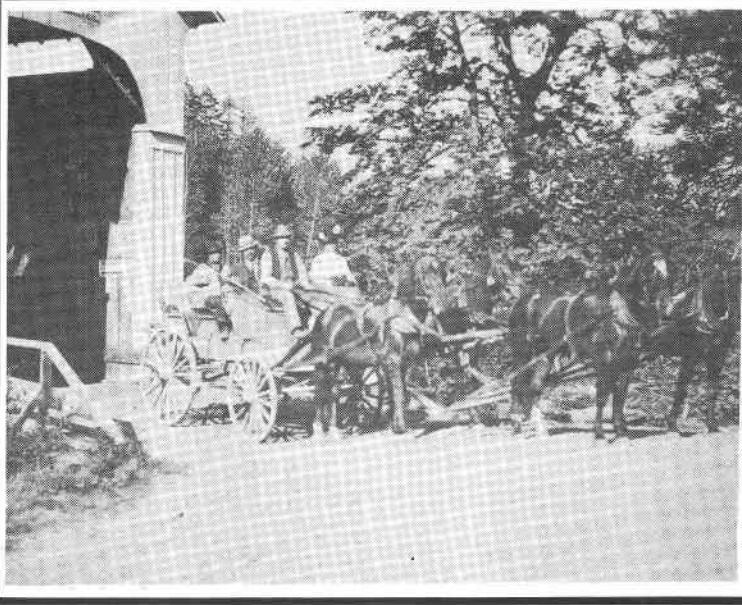
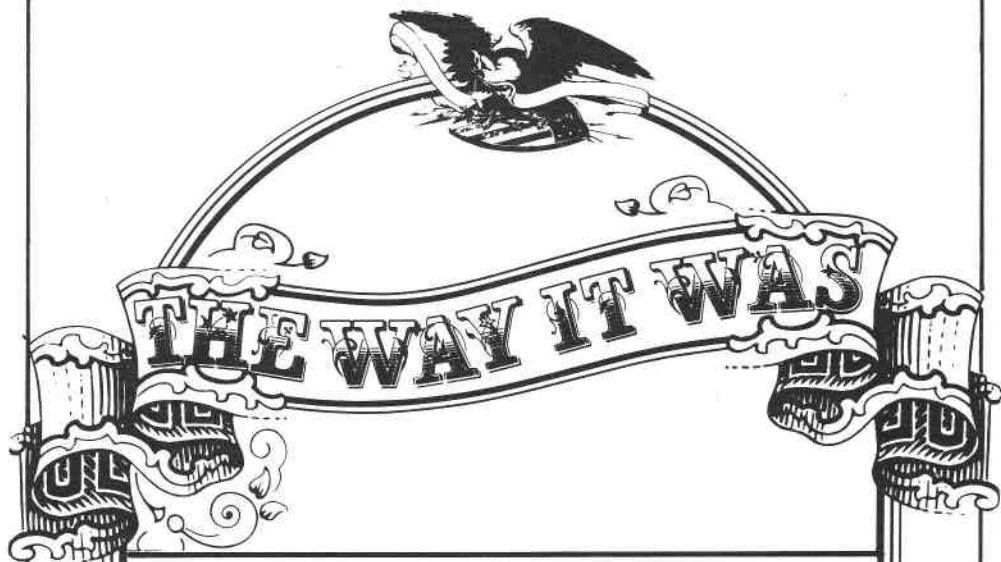


# Lane County Historian



McKenzie River Stage - 1905. Courtesy Lane County  
Historical Museum.

**The Lane County Historical Society**  
**Vol. XXXII, No. 2      Summer, 1987**

# The Lane County Historical Society

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Many thanks to Jan Burg for her competent help with the paste-up of the spring issue and this one. She did even more last fall when I was out of town at mailing time. Ed.

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## OUR JOURNEY SOUTH IN 1896

by *Laura Alice Westrope*

The following account of a wagon trip from Spencer Creek in Lane County, Oregon to California was written by Laura Westrope, daughter of Scott and Lydia Toll Westrope, who was born in 1876 in Cloverdale, Sonoma County California. Her family moved to Oregon when she was five years old. They came by wagon over the Military Road. She was baptized in the Spencer Creek Baptist Church at the age of 15. The trip back to California was made in her 20th year. The family returned to Oregon again in 1899. The original diary is held by Mrs. Clarence Nelson of Springfield, Laura's daughter. Ed.

It was on the thirtyeth [sic] of September which we left our home in Oregon which was situated in a small valley called the Spencer Creek Valley. After bidding our many friends adiew [sic] we started South for Tehama Co. California. Our first day of travel took us to Cartwright. Where we camped was a beautiful stream. On the next day we crossed the Calapoe [sic] Mts. Which are six miles acrossed [sic] after we reached the Summit we traveled down a small branch on the left side of the road, this stream is Peasant Creek. There are several saw mills on this stream. Seven miles from the foot of these Mts. to Drain Station after reaching Drain Station we traveled down a creek called Pass Creek. Then we crossed the railroad came into a beautiful creek bottom the creek is on the left side of the road and is called Elk Creek. After reaching the creek we crossed a hill called Yoncolly [sic] hill this creek runs on on our left and a rail road on its bank tis a beautiful place for fishing and roeing [sic] this is called the Snoden Springs. After decending [sic] Yoncolly hill we came out into Yoncolly valley and about a

mile from the base of the hill is a beautiful farm with a large house on the right of the road and a barn on the left this is Applegates farm. He is a very noted gentleman. At a distance of about three miles is a station called Yoncolly. It seemes to be a very pretty place in the spring and autumn but the land looks very much like a doba [sic], there is several prune oarchards [sic] on the north side of the town. our second camp was about six miles south of Yoncolly at the base of Rice hill on the north side. One of our neighbors a young man of about twenty three years, came to Rice hill with us. Next morning while we were eating breakfast a footman came along and ask for breakfast after we sat him down to eat he put syrup in his coffee instead of sugar and seemed very talkative. He gave pa a knife for his breakfast too. While he was eating our friend came and bid us farewell and he turned his face once more for the north. We finished getting ready and was once more on our road in a few moments we traveled acrossed the hill came through another valley surrounded by hills covered with oak trees there was a large number of



Scott & Lydia Toll Westrope family. Front row, Scott Westrope, Lydia Toll Westrope. Seated: 1-4, Laura, Ernest, Jesse, Walter, Nettie. Back row: 1-4, George, Charlie, Alfred. Courtesy Lucille Nelson.

fruit trees in it we crossed another hill and while descending this hill we saw a young lady dressed in red and wearing a blue cap riding a black horse and driving ten head of cows but what was most queer was her manner of riding for she rode in the new way or rode a stride. But on farther do [sic] south we found that quiet [sic] the style only they wore bloomers. Well in about twelve miles from Yoncolly we came to a small stream called Umpqua. It has a very peculiar bed is all rocks and are shaped very smoothe [sic] some of them are just like stone walks while other are rough and rugged. One half or one mile from Umpqua Creek to a very pretty little town called Oakland

we went South west through a lane about two miles and then the road crosses under the rail road trussel [sic] and turned South again. there was a hop yard South of Oakland on the right side of the road. After crossing under the rail road we came out in another small valley. We traveled down a small hill and came to a small river called the North fork of the Umpqua river where our third night was spent we camped on the south side of this river in sight of a small village which is called Willoby and another in a short distance south of it called Winchester. We had a very pretty location that night the river was north a hill south east of us and we were camped almost in an

orchard that was not fenced but it happened that grapes were all the fruit that was there. Well there is a small part of the valley I did not speak of our camp here was five miles from Roseburg at Umpqua the Washington travelers that you saw camped with us they started next morning before us but we over took them before we reached Roseburg. When we reached Roseburg we traveled through Jackson Street crossed the Roberts mountain and camped the fourth night at Myrtle Creek had a caller that traveler who took breakfast with us at Rice Hill. this time he called just as we sat at supper but he was stopping at the hotel. nine miles from Myrtle Creek is a small village called Canionville [sic]. and it is at the foot of a canion which is eleven miles through we took dinner in this canion. We camped that night at the foot of hill after we decended the hill south we were told this is Canionville Canion. Well there we were overtaken by those Washington travelers again Papa shod their black horse that morning before we left camp after traveling twelve miles we came to a small village called Wolf Creek it is thirty three miles from Wolf Creek to Grants Pass. Our sixth camp was at a place called Jump off Joe and that is only nine miles from Grants Pass. We drove into a pine grove that night and it was almost dark when we camped We had to buy hay of a stingy Dutch man. Well next day when we went through Grants Pass we did not see anything worth speaking of only a monkey sitting upon a chicken coop when we first drove into the town and when we got on main street we saw

a little boy with two dogs hitched to a little wagon and he was driving them and riding on the side walk. but for it being a pretty place it is not any prettier than Yoncolly valley around Grants Pass. and not so nice in my estimation. Our seventh camp was twelve miles from Central Point on the north side of Central Point on Roge [sic] river we passed a place where there was mining going on in the river. There was a good deal of mining going on on Rogue River at that time in that part. On the next day we moved two miles north of Medford I liked the location of both Central Point and Medford. When we passed through Central Point the band was playing some very pretty music. but just at the north of the town we passed the race track and the stalls where were some race horses and that was a pretty sight for me. Where we camped next was on Bear Creek and we were very late that night getting camped. Next morning we passed some hot springs where the steam was just rolling in the air. That day at noon we stopped at the foot of the Syskiyou [sic] Mts. and there was eleven wagons there and all were going south. we had a great time that after noon some of their teams were very slow and we were behind them all and when we got half way up the hill we came to a toll gate there all the men went to see the keeper to see if they could not get through for naught but failed. Well we stopped there near an hour and thirty minutes. While we was there the train rolled around the hill below us for a long time the rail road has many more turns there than on Rice Hill.

After we came up near the top of the Mts. we saw where the tunnel ran through the hill and saw where it came out on the other side. Well it is a wonderful sight to cross the Siskiyou Mts. but stop I guess we came through Ashland before we crossed the mts. That is a pretty town. We got provisions there to cross the mountains. Our ninth camp was at the foot of the Siskiyou mts. on the south side. We reached the top of the mts. just about dusk. we had a fine evening ride down them the moon was up and the evening star shone bright we saw Mount Shasta all white with snow when we started down the mountain and when we reached the bottom we camped on a small branch still the eleven wagons were to gather [sic] in one camp and not over fifty yards apart. Next morning all were on the road a head of us but we soon took the lead of all but two wagons We traveled along a river apart of the way and crossed it at Pokigima a small town on the opposite side of where there are some lumber mills then we went over a hilly scape of land and passed in sight of one or two villages one of them is Ager then we came in where Mr Hoyt lives this is in Shasta County We camped about three miles from Mr Hoyts place our camp was six miles north of Montigue this is our tenth night of travel. Our eleventh camp was three and one half miles from Edgewood and that day was a day well to be remembered for the country I could not say much but the wind blew a hurricane all day and the dust just fogged in our faces until we could hardly see one wagon a head of the other. We traveled most of the day

on the railroad The cars came up behind us once very close to where we crossed the track we had just crossed and as the cars passed they scared the horses some but they did not run. Well we traveled through the Alkali dust tryed [sic] to get horse feed at one place but failed had to travel as late as six oclock. About five oclock Ernest was walking tried to get into the wagon while it was moving and he fell the hind wheel over him some way over his head and arm and leg blackened his right cheek and eye and causing lameness in his right leg. it was not more than an hour until we found horse feed and camped put our horses in a barn that night. It began raining just as we stopped and Pa and Alfred and George were taking care of the horses. Charley and I were left to pitch our tent the wind was blowing and the rain just pouring down upon us every time we would get the tent up the wind would take it down. We pulled of [sic] two straps and tore the front of it and I sat down to mend it and got my head dripping wet got the tent mended papa & George came and we all raised it and got things in built a fire and it quit raining and the stars came out bright as ever and we stayed up until late to get dry and about nine oclock an old man and his son came along with a load of lumber. He came from Sisson. They stopped at our campfire to warm and chatted with the old folks quiet a while they had four miles farther to go to get home well that finished our eleventh nights encampment next morning we arose very much refreshed from our previous day of travel When we drove three and one



August and Laura Westrope Vitus wedding picture, November 19, 1902. Courtesy Lucille Nelson.

half miles. We drove through a pretty little village called Edgewood it is situated just in the edge of the woods after we traveled through Edgewood about a quarter of a mile, we came into a pretty pine grove. We traveled through it and through the woods most all the way to Sisson passing saw mills every few miles that was our coldest day of travel we were in sight of Mt Shasta all the time and it looked as if it was not more than five miles from us all the time but they say it was farther than that from any part of the road. There was some very pretty mountains in around

there. They were higher than Spencer Butte and were almost bare only small brush could be seen all over them They were evergreen and a kind of moss grew in patches on the ground. it is very pretty too. That night we reached Sisson before we got to Sisson we passed some half breed Indians houses and saw the kids playing in the yard. father went and ask those indians about hay for our horses and enquired the road. we went one mile to Sisson drove through the town and camped with some of our friends which were also traveling south. there being six wagons of them

we had a quiet [sic] a large crew there. Sisson was our twelfth camp. father and Charley Shaw began [sic] trying to find some of our relatives there. We stayed one day in Sisson father and Will Cox started over in Squaw Valley but were told the folks were gone back to Oregon. So they came back to camp and gave up their search. The next morning very much refreshed we started on our journey south that day we took dinner near the source of the Sacramento river one half mile from Dunsmuir and that night we camped at a place called Sweetbrier which is a summer resort they have a stove, platform and a grove filled with seats for picnics and dances but stop I must go back a few miles before we came to Dunsmuir we passed the Palace hotel and a summer resort a few miles upon a hill above the hotel there is a lot of rooms built along in a row and a bathhouse off a few yds from the rooms. when we got there I got out and went to find the mineral spring but failed to find it. I went and looked through the bath house and could not find the water so we went on down the hill nearly a mile and one half to the Palace hotel. there we found the soda water. Stopped our wagons and all got a drink of soda water but none of us but the old folks liked it. Next day after we camped at Sweet briar camp we traveled down the Sacramento and a crossed [sic] some queer grades one wagon would go around one hill while one was coming around the other. And they would not be more than about fifty yds. from each other. we passed by a hill with some large rock cliffs [sic] they resembled pictures of rocks on large water falls only they

were on a high hill. that night we camped on Indian Creek. after we reached the bottom of a hill we camped on that creek with a hill on one side and a bridge on the other. Next night we camped on the McCloud river passed a fishery but we did not get any fish for they had none caught at the time and no camp ground near We went on a mile and camped on a place just large enough for one camp but we all camped and spent the night there on a hill side. Next morning we crossed another large hill and came down to the McCloud and Pit river ferry they run to gather [sic] just above the ferry. there we struck a very good ferry man who advised us to take the saddle off our riding horse and take him acrossed cheaper. We crossed first and Mr. Simmons last and just as he was driving off the boat one of his wagons broke down. We all waited until he got his wagon to gather [sic] again and traveled on to Buckeye and camped that night. we were then six miles from Redding. drove down next morning by nine oclock that being Saturday. put our horses in the pasture and stayed until Wednesday and the men went in search for work. We lived on grapes while there for we had been given orders to help our selves in a vineyard and of course coming from a country where grapes are not raised these were quiet [sic] a delightful treat to us all. Finding work at the Iron Mountain mines. We started on Wednesday morning up the Sacramento river drove seven miles and camped. We left Mr. Simmons at Redding. We stayed at the mines until November the elevent [sic]. Then we



came on back to Redding to our old camp ground that night our kind friends Mr. White and son had a camp fire burning and wood prepared for us. I for got to mention we were quiet late getting into Redding the electric lights were already lit and the town looked beautiful. Next morning we started on for Tehama quiet thankful we were out of the mining district for the sulphur smoke was fearful at our camp at the mines. we came through cotton wood late and camped on a creek that runs through the village had a pretty camp there in the creek bottom. there was a nice farm in that part of the country it had some of the most beautiful oak trees I ever saw. Next night we camped at Red Bluff or just south of Red Bluff in a creek bottom under a bridge. And the next day we drove on to Tehama that being

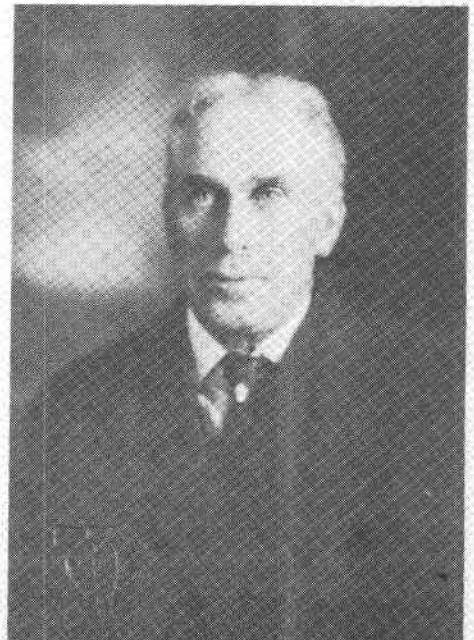
Saturday. and we drove into the south end of Tehama and stopped with my aunt's family which we were looking for at Sisson they had evidently gotten out of work at Squaw Valley and gone to Tehama. We stayed over night and Sunday we had a house rented and moved in on Sunday. So this finishes our journey from our Dear old Spencer Creek home to a new home in Tehama. and I am glad to say we located in a very pretty little town but were not so much in love with the ways of the people. □

Kind reader, I hope you won't go blind before you get through reading this. It is possible I could have written many more facts about what happened but for fear it would be to tiresome I just sketched a few of the happenings of the journey. L.A.W.



Laura Westrope Vitus

Lane County Historian



August Vitus, Jr.

Courtesy Lucille Nelson.

## Our Journey South 1896

It was on the thirtieth of September which we left our home in Oregon which was situated in a small valley called the Spencer Creek valley. After bidding our many friends adieu we started South for Tehama Co. California. Our first day of travel took us to Cartwright where we camped near a beautiful stream. On the next day we crossed the Calapooy mts which are six miles across after we reached the summit we traveled down a small branch on the left side of the road, this stream is Bearant Creek. There are several saw mills on this stream. Seven miles from the foot of these mts to Drain Station after

## MARY CORUM INTERVIEW

Mary Skipworth Corum, long-time member of the Lane County Historical Society, and granddaughter of an early Oregon settler, died in March at the age of 101. Born in Corvallis to Eugene and Annie Willitt Skipworth, Mary lived in Iowa for a while, but later returned to Eugene where she taught in the Eugene and Springfield schools. In 1979 Hallie Huntington talked with Mrs. Corum and the following story is compiled from a tape of that interview.

Ed.

My grandfather, Nathaniel Monroe Skipworth, came to Oregon from Louisiana. In the south he owned a big plantation. He was a wealthy man, owning slaves. He was also a doctor. Had his office on the plantation as they did in those days. He served as a doctor in the Confederate Army, and spent all his money for the cause. When he came home, all his slaves were gone. He was badly in debt and his place was mortgaged. After about 8 years he learned of neighbors coming to Oregon on an emigrant train. He went to some seminary and studied and got his minister's license, then came as a medical missionary to the Klamath reservation.

He didn't get along with Indians at all. He was used to handling slaves, of course, but when he showed an Indian a whip to persuade him to do as bid, the Indian was right at his throat. He had a terrible temper. There was a good deal of French in my grandfather.

So he applied to the Methodist conference for a transfer and they gave him an assignment as a circuit rider. He established his family in Salem and rode around to the little towns to preach, in addition to the pastorate in Salem. He had a stroke at a fairly

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Annie Willitt Skipworth, Mary's mother, about 1884. Courtesy Evelyn McCornack.

young age. By that time my father was established as a young lawyer in Eugene.

My parents married in Albany in 1882. Mother finished Albany College and father was studying law with Judge Strand. He was admitted to the bar in 1880 or '81. Before I was born my father gave up his law practice in Albany and moved to Corvallis to help



Mary Skipworth, high school graduation picture.  
Courtesy Evelyn McCornack.

Judge Pipes who had established a newspaper and needed help with his law practice. Mother didn't like Corvallis. She was a complainer. She thought the sea breeze made her cough all the time. So father thought Pendleton, booming at that time, would be a good place for a young lawyer. They moved to Pendleton, but mother didn't like the climate. She wasn't going to live where the winters were so cold and the summers were so hot. Business was very good and he liked Pendleton. It was a great dis-

appointment to him that she didn't like it, but finally he said, "Well, I'll just start out and see if I can find a place that will suit you." So he sold the new home they'd just built and brought mama and me to Salem, where his parents were living, and left us and started out to try to find a place that he thought would suit my mother. She said she would like to live in the Willamette Valley. He came to Eugene and got a very good proposition from Judge Walton. Judge Walton had been in the army and had lost an eye and it was very hard for him to read — study-up law cases. He was getting along in years and wanted a young lawyer in his office. We arrived in Eugene in November, 1888.

We lived several places before we built our home. First in a boarding house later known as the Hoffman Hotel. Then we lived in a nice little cottage on 7th between Willamette and Pearl. Mr. Henderson sold that house, so we moved to a house on 12th Street out toward the University. There wasn't any sidewalk — just planks, and for a block or two when it rained the water would be over the planks and it was a miserable place. We didn't live there very long. We moved to a house that belonged to Mr. Barker, the bicycle man. He had a hardware store and he made bicycles — the Barker bicycle. His house was on Pearl Street where it runs up on the hill. The Barker house was on the east side of Pearl, just across the railroad track, on that street that goes up on the butte where the Ankenys and all of them lived.

It was a nice residential area and

that was a very nice little cottage. We lived there for quite a long while, then mama wanted a larger house. Mother always kept a hired girl. Everybody did in those days. There were no high schools and when the country girls finished the eighth grade they were too young to marry and there was nothing for them to do but come to town and get a job working for somebody as hired help.

Well, we rented the Knapp house on 5th Street, just opposite the Geary school. We lived there until papa had our new home built. Mother liked it in Eugene.

Father had TB for 10 years. Every spring he'd be down about six weeks in bed with hemorrhages and she took such good care of him. She was so kind. If there was any poor family in the neighborhood, she'd be one of the first people there with food and clothing and anything she could do. They didn't have a hospital then. Lots of times people that were sick would come and ask Mother to come and see what was the matter with them.

In the fall the Indians would come — the Warm Springs Indians — to pick hops. The last day of hop picking they would get their pay checks, then they would come into town and spend all of their money. They would get new blankets and clothing and everything. When they got all through trading they would have a big watermelon feed in front of the Eugene Hotel — my father's law office was in the Odd Fellows building across the street — and I used to sit at the window and watch the Indians. As long as it was shady on that side of the street they

would sit along the edge of the cement walk. The street was not paved — just dust all summer. They would line up there just as close as they could sit together and eat watermelons. They'd spit the seeds and throw the rinds out in the street. They'd have a whole wagonload of melons. There would be right in the neighborhood of 150 to 200 Indians. It took the whole block between 7th and 8th. When the sun would get too hot and over to the west so it was shining in their faces, they'd move over to the shady side of the street. That would be just below our office. They'd eat watermelons all afternoon till they couldn't hold any more. Then they would just seem to quit all at the same time. After the last melon was gone they'd all just get up, get their ponies and dig out for home. After the Indians were all gone the street cleaner would come along with shovels and pick up the rinds and put them in a big wagon and haul them off. And when that was done, then the sprinkler would come along and wash the street. It would make several trips up and down and wash the seeds into the gutters, then they would go along with shovels and shovel them up and the street would be clean again.

(There is a great deal more early Eugene history in the tape from which these sections were taken. The entire transcript is available at the Lane County Historical Museum. Perhaps your editor can include further excerpts in a later issue.) □



Mary Skipworth Corum, 1983. Courtesy Evelyn McCornack.

## GLIMPSES OF MCKENZIE HISTORY

The following brief excerpts are from Part I of the *Driftboater's Guide to the Upper McKenzie* by Doc Crawford. The book can be obtained from Northwest Rivers Publishing, 2133 Centennial Plaza, Eugene, OR 97401.

(John Templeton) Craig built the first bridge (across the McKenzie) by falling two Douglas Firs side-by-side across the river for girders, hewing the tops flat, and pegging on a floor of hand-rived cedar planks. On his first attempt, he felled one tree across the river, walked across it to the opposite bank, and when he tried to fall a second tree from the far bank alongside the first, miscalculated; the second tree fell across the first, and both tumbled into the river and were lost. He spent nine days separated from his supplies by the river before he found another two trees he thought suitable for bridge girders. His second attempt to fall two trees side-by-side was successful. A traveler marvelling at how nicely the bridge was built, and not knowing about Craig's first attempt, asked him how he managed to get the two trees to fall side-by-side. Craig told him he used a "stragem."

Early game wardens on the McKenzie didn't do much; in fact, most of them thought it was a useless job. One early warden, Rodney Roach, spent most of his time in town, playing cards with the deputies at the jail. When asked why he didn't spend more time on the job, he said, "I could stop at any house on the river, there, and I'd find meat . . ."

Which meant, of course, that he wouldn't bother anyone putting in a store of venison to tide them over the winter . . . Probably the most famous of the old-time game wardens was Bob

Steele. He was a hardnose, almost universally disliked on the river. Occasionally, being disliked by everybody means you're doing a lousy job; in Bob Steele's case, it meant he was a pretty good cop. Here are two Bob Steele stories, one told by a man who later became a cop, the other told by a man whose eyes still sparkle when he talks about snagging salmon (Bob Steele cured him of the habit, but couldn't make him forget how much fun it was):

"One time, when I was a kid, word was telephoned up to Bob Steele that a prisoner had escaped, and they thought he was headed up the river. Bob asked my dad to help him . . . it tickled me to no end to have Bob Steele come to my dad, a plain old farmer, when he needed help."

"Bob Steele caught me snagging salmon, and took me in front of the judge that morning, and I got fined, and by that afternoon I was right back out on the salmon racks snagging again. Steele caught me again, and took me in front of the judge again, and the judge fined me again; but this time he said, 'W--, this is the second time today, and the third time this week you've been in front of me; if I ever see you here again, you won't get fined, you'll go to jail!' That night, I laid in bed looking up at the rafters, and I thought about the way Bob Steele grinned at me when the judge made his little speech . . ." □

## A WEATHER DIARY, 1851-1853

*Written by Mahlon Harlow, pioneer*

*Edited by Daye Hulin, great granddaughter*

*Original diary, Lane County Historical Museum*

In the spring of 1850 Mahlon Harlow became afflicted with gold fever and prepared to leave Independence, MO for California. When he reached half-way, he changed his mind and came to Oregon. There were three covered wagons, pulled by oxen at a top speed of ten to twelve miles per day. Five of his ten children came with him. Their ages ranged from two to fourteen years. Also came his very pregnant wife, Frances Tandy, who gave birth to a baby girl a few weeks after arrival in Oregon. It was not a fun trip for her!

There were ten families in this wagon train. Many of them were Frances' relatives, there were: her mother, Sara Tandy; her two brothers, William and Robert Tandy; her sister Jemima Tandy (Mrs. Corydon Bushnell); and a widowed sister, Sarah Benson and four small daughters (one of whom later married Palmer Ayers and became the matriarch of the Ayers-Saunders family).

The winter of 1850 was spent in the Salt Lake City area. The weather was severe, extreme cold and deep snow. They lived in the covered wagon.

When they arrived in Portland in the spring of 1851, they were met by Sarah Tandy's brother, Rev. Vincent Snelling, who took them to his home in Yamhill County. They camped there for several weeks while the men helped with the harvest.

September 27, 1851 Mahlon got on

a mule and rode down the valley looking for land on which to build his home. He knew exactly what he wanted and when he arrived in this area (of present Eugene) *he found it.*

One problem: there was a squatter on the land. He was willing to accept a five dollar gold piece and an old pistol in exchange and Mahlon became the owner of a Donation Lane Claim of 320 acres of free river bottom land.

Some years later when David Chase came looking for good land he, too, liked this piece and bought fifty acres from Mahlon. Thus began the Chase Garden empire. It must have been a satisfactory business arrangement, for the Harlow and Chase families have been good friends all these years.

No written account was kept of the tiresome journey from Missouri to Oregon. Mahlon became fascinated with the thermometer and recorded the weather and the thermometer reading every day after he arrived in the Oregon country.

The following are extracts of the weather diary he kept during that first year in Oregon.

Wed., Oct. 1, 1851 Morning cloudy, 48°

Sat., Nov. 1, 1851 I was taken about 11:00 p.m. last night with something like cholera morbus and was very sick all night and part of today. This morning it was still raining. 55° 62° cleared off at night.



Sun., Nov. 2, 1851 Clear and pretty day. Morning 58°, 68° at noon. At 7 o'clock at night, 60° and clear.

Mon., Nov. 3, 1851 Morning foggy. Scattering clouds during day. 56° morning, 58° at night.

Sun., Nov. 9, 1851 Morning clouds, 61° saw sun several times during day. Rained off and on.

Sat., Nov. 22 Rained slow all the fore part of last night. Helped Aubrey raise his house today. 48°.

Sun., Nov. 23 1851, stayed at home all day. 49° a.m. 59° noon, 56° at night and wind from SE. We could see the snow peaks clearly at night.

Mon., Nov. 24 49° cloudy. Began raining a little. I started with Uncle Vincent to hunt a claim (Vincent McClure who married Sarah Benson).

Tues., Nov. 25 Helped Pat (Tandy) hewing logs. Cloudy but pleasant.

Thurs., Nov. 27 Stepped off Uncle Vincent's claim 6° below freezing. Heavy fog.

Fri., Nov. 28 Plowed today. Began slow rain. 54° at night

Sat., Nov. 29 Halled [sic] wood today 46° a.m. 54° p.m. Snowed hard for a half hour.

Tues., Dec. 2, 1851 Chopped wood in afternoon. Rained all night, what we would call a gentle rain in the states, but harder than we have had since I have been in the territory. 50° in a.m. Thunder came twice.

Tues., Dec. 9 I sowed wheat, Harry harrowed. Foggy in a.m. Cleared off till 4:30 p.m., then a dense fog came in from the north at 9:00 p.m., 48°

Tues., Dec. 16 Plowed again. 29° and foggy, as usual. Cleared off about noon. Some ice in pail of standing water.

Sat., Dec. 20 Plowed in forenoon. Helped raise Armitage house. Finished sowing our wheat. 34° night.

Mon., Dec. 22 Ground axes in morning, worked at house logs in evening. Froze harder this morning than any day this winter. Sleet during the day.

Wed., Dec. 24 Worked in forenoon at work bench and chopped house logs in afternoon.

Sat., Dec. 27, 1851 Helped Alexander raise his house and worked balance of day on my table.

Sun., Dec. 28 Frances and I went riding today for first time in a long while. 40°. Some sunshine.

Wed., Jan 2, 1852 Hunted oxen all day. 50° a.m., 56° p.m. Light showers.

Thurs., Jan. 15, 1852 Worked on school house 24° a.m. Cold, but beautiful day.

Wed., Jan 28, 1852 Worked at foundation of my house. Stopped raining and cleared some.

Sat., Jan 31, 1852 Halled logs till noon, worked on foundation the balance of day. Pleasant weather — looks like April in Missouri. Two or three days ago we picked some strawberry blossoms and other wild flowers in the prairies. Grass growing fast.

Sun., Feb. 1, 1853 53° a.m. 47° p.m. Clear. Raised my house today.

Fri., Feb. 6, 1853, 40° a.m. snowing.

Sun., Feb. 8 Went to preaching at Mr. Briggs, heard Mr. Robe preach.

Mon., Feb. 9 Cut a tree. 34° a.m., 43° p.m. April weather in MO. Larks singing, frogs croaking.

Sat., March 13 Planted potatoes. 36° a.m., 45° p.m. rain.

Mon., April 5, 1853 Made a pack

saddle for some miners. 36°44' some showers.

Wed., March 24, 1853 Build chimney. 40° Rained slowly.

Thurs., March 25, 1853 Moved into my new house today. Quite pleasant.

Ed. Note. His son, Henry, described the house. Actually there were two log buildings exactly alike with a fifteen

foot wide dog-trot between them. Eventually, one building was torn down and only one was finished and used. They were reported to have lived in the wagon box and tents until the house was finished. For further information see LCH Vol. III p. 26 and Vol. VII p. 33-38. □

## PHILIP MULKEY, OREGON PREACHER

by Philip Mulkey Hunt

The following letter was received from Philip Mulkey's great, great grandson after reading *Spencer Butte Pioneers*. Excerpts from his family history book follow. Ed.



Philip Mulkey, Oregon preacher, blacksmith, showmaker. Courtesy Philip Mulkey Hunt.

2227 NE 21st Avenue  
Portland, Oregon 97212

September 11, 1983

Lois Barton  
c/o Spencer Butte Press  
84889 Harry Taylor Road  
Eugene, Oregon 97405

Dear Mrs. Barton,

First I want to thank you for writing "Spencer Butte Pioneers" which I thoroughly enjoyed reading. I wish now that I had known you were working on it a few years ago so that I might have supplied you with information about one of the families which lived in the area from about the beginning of settlement there, namely J.T. Mulkey or John Thomas Mulkey, my great-grandfather.

J.T.'s father, Philip Mulkey, an elder or preacher for the Christian Church, settled just a little bit further north, and thus missed out in the lines that you drew for your book. I know a good deal more about Philip than I do about John Thomas. The Mulkey Cemetery in Eugene is named for Philip and is on land from his Donation Land Claim.

I have recently completed and published a family history, anthology and genealogy about the Mulkey family in this country, and I am enclosing xerox of pages concerning Philip, John Thomas, and a bit about some Calloways which will provide you with some background about this family. The name of the book is **The Mulkeys in America**, published in Portland.

John Thomas left the Eugene area I'm not just sure when, either the late 1860s or very early 1870s, to Rock Creek, a community north of Arlington, in north central Oregon, near the Columbia River. My grandmother, Sarah Mulkey Marquiss was born presumably on the Spencer Butte place in 1857 and was married in 1872 at The Dalles. My guess is that she was probably about 10 or 12 when her parents moved to Rock Creek.

I noticed one mention of a Matlock in your book but do not know if he was any relation to J.D. Matlock or Edis Matlock, whom my aunt, Nellie Marquiss married. She and Edis and son Earl, just a baby, went to the Klondike during the gold rush, and had a store at Dawson. They returned to Eugene and had a general store on Broadway. I remember it well in the early 1920s, when I could go there and help myself to ginger snaps from the cookie barrel, and such.

My grandmother Sarah Mulkey and her husband William Rufus Marquiss lived first in Umatilla County and then in the Dayton, Wash., area, returning to the Eugene area about 1890, and they had a farm at Santa Clara, where my mother grew up.

In reading your book I could readily identify my own ancestors going through many of the same experiences at the same time period. So thanks again for writing this book.

Sincerely,  
Philip Mulkey Hunt

Philip Mulkey was born Oct. 27, 1802 at the Mill Creek settlement in Barren County of Southern Kentucky. He was the fifth child and third son of Elizabeth "Betsy" Hays and John Mulkey . . .

On November 29, 1820, when Philip was just past his 18th birthday, he married Martha H. Martin, who was born May 15, 1804 in Virginia, and thus was 16½ . . . Philip and Martha remained in Kentucky for the first 15 or 16 years of their marriage, probably living somewhere in the vicinity of his parents' farm, near present day Tompkinsville, Monroe County. Most of the 11 children (only nine grew to maturity) of Martha and Philip Mulkey were born in Kentucky. . .

We have no clear evidence as to when this Philip Mulkey entered the ministry. Quite possibly it was while he was still in Southern Kentucky, living close to and probably still to a large degree under the influence of his domineering father. Whenever it was that Philip — and his three younger brothers — entered the ministry, they established a new record for the family of four straight generations of churchmen in the Mulkey line.

In about 1836 Philip and Martha moved with their growing family to Illinois and then to Missouri, where we catch glimpses of them from time to time and we find evidence that Philip was already a preacher in the Christian Church . . .

In 1843 the two oldest sons of Philip and Martha were married, in Morgan County, Mo. John Thomas Mulkey, the second eldest, was married first,

on March 1, 1843 to Hester N. Gist (or Guest) . . .

In 1853, Philip was reported preaching in Mercer County, Mo., which is on the state's northern border, next to Iowa.

On April 1st, 1853, Philip set out at the head of a large wagon train for Oregon. Five of the children, including three girls and two boys, were still living with their parents and traveled with them to Oregon. These would have been: Welcome Mulkey, 22; Patrick Henry, 19; Martha, 16; Pamela, 12; and Hannah, 9.

Quite possibly some of the older married children were in the wagon train with their spouses, including John Thomas Mulkey, Mary Ann Mulkey Jones Brown and Elizabeth Mulkey Barger.

One family mentioned earlier that was a part of this wagon train was Philip's niece, Elizabeth Jane Johnson Wilcox, and her husband, Thomas James Wilcox. She was heavy with child when they arrived in the Willamette Valley and thus she and her husband stopped off in the lower part of the valley and did not settle with Philip and others in the party, at Eugene.

Family tradition has it that Philip's wagon train ran into Indian trouble en route and that their numbers were decimated, but we have no evidence to support this supposition.

Philip Mulkey's wagon train arrived in Oregon on August 8, 1853, which would indicate a fairly rapid crossing of the plains — four months and eight days. But it should also be noted that this was a full 10 years after the big migrations first began

and many thousands of pioneers had crossed from the Midwest to Oregon. The route was well defined. And particularly, improvements had been made so that the travelers could make their way more quickly through the Cascades.

Philip and Martha settled on a 320.24-acre claim on the southwest edge of what is now Eugene, on September 13 (or October 25), 1853. This was in Township 18 South, Range 4 West, Sections 2 and 3. Presumably it is where the quaint old Mulkey Cemetery is located — which is reached by driving west on W. 18th Street, turn left on Hawkins Heights, a road which meanders in a southwest direction, driving the equivalent of a couple of blocks. Then turn right on to Broadview. The cemetery is at the top of this hill which is called Hawkins Hill.

Three of Philip's children settled on Donation Land Claims in the same vicinity. These were his sons, John Thomas Mulkey and Welcome Hays Mulkey, and his daughter, Elizabeth, wife of William B. Barger. The claims of John and of Elizabeth and her husband were for approximately 320 acres each, and they later proved up on them. But Welcome Hays Mulkey eventually abandoned his 1853 claim for 160 acres.

One clipping speaks of Philip Mulkey and Father Rigdon as "circuit riders in an early day." Philip's obituary states: "Since coming to Oregon, his time has been almost wholly devoted to the ministry. He has occupied pastorates both in Lane and Benton counties and at times

preached in nearly every part of the state."

Several references are to be found in various sources, where the Rev. Philip Mulkey performed wedding ceremonies for members of the Mulkey family and others . . .

On April 5, 1863, Philip was married a second time, to his distant cousin, Mrs. Phoebe McPerson Brashare or Brashear. Some years earlier Philip had performed the ceremony for her previous marriage.

Thanks to two great-granddaughters of Telitha Mulkey Means, Shirley Snider of Park Ridge, Ill., and Mildred Feirich of Carbondale, Ill., we have a copy of a letter which Philip wrote in 1884 to his niece, Telitha, daughter of his brother, John Newton Mulkey. She was living in Mulkeytown, Ill., at that time. Philip's spelling, if not creative, was certainly highly phonetic, and it reveals a great deal about Philip and his life in Oregon. He writes from Eugene City, Lane County, Oregon:

*Mrs. Telitha Means:*

*No doubt you will think strange at receiveing a letter fro mee. I got your name and adress from Benjamin Rush. I am your fathers brother Philip neerly 82 years old have bin in Oregon 30 years last fall my wife dide in '69 I marred agane a good woman and we are living haplyly together seerounded with all the nessares of life and many of the luxerez we generly injoy excelant helth wee raised nine children four suns and 5 daughters the eledest dide in the Mexican war the other 3 are hear*

*My oldest daughter is in Cansis the next dide hear leeving larg famelis the 2 youngest is living hear Marrid and dooing well my youngest sun is not Marrid but expects to bee soon my children are all And have bin members of church I still preach sum.*

*Your cosin I.N. Mulkey is hear and is a good precher has a nise famely and is dooing well your cosin J.F. Mulkey is also a precher Hee is your uncle Harling sun we have a good cuntry fine fruit of allmost All kinds stock dos well brings a fare prise we hav fine Churches and splendid scools a pleasant climent and good helth and fertile soyl we need nothing moore in this world but the greatest thing of all is to bee Prepared for the future thoe we have never seen each other in this world and perhaps never will I hope to see you and all my deer lovd ones that has gon Before in our hovenly home where thare is no parting.*

*When this you see remember mee tho many miles apart*

*I want you to rite mee giv all the infermation you can about the conection especially Brother Issee famely this leeves us well Phebe joyns mee in love to all giv our lov to all the relations and recieve the same yourself  
Telitha Means*

*(Signed) Philip and Phebe Mulkey*

In relation to the above letter, Benjamin Rush was the husband of another niece of Philip, Lucinda Mulkey Rush. I.N. Mulkey refers to the Rev. Isaac Newton Mulkey, Philip's nephew who came to Oregon in 1871. J.F. Mulkey refers to John F. Mulkey, another nephew of Philip and son of Philip's brother James Harlan

Mulkey, referred to in the letter as Harling. Brother Issee is Philip's brother, Dr. Isaac Mulkey, who died in 1883 in Illinois. Philip, in 1884, had obviously not heard of his brother Isaac's death. It is strange that Philip would be off by seven years in the date of his first wife's death, perhaps a sign of old age catching up with him . . .

Philip Mulkey died Dec. 3, 1893. An obituary published at the time spoke of him as . . . "one of the most highly esteemed pioneers of this (Lane) county." He died at the residence of his daughter, Hannah, where he had gone to live after Phoebe's death in September.

The mother of the author of this volume remembered Philip Mulkey well, as a very old man of about 90, sitting in a rocking chair on her Great-aunt Hannah's porch, killing flies with a sort of quirt or small leather whip. Flossie would have been a child of seven at the time that Philip died. She was his great-granddaughter, and she was so impressed that she named her only son Philip Mulkey in memory of this Oregon pioneer.

(Some of the marriages performed by Rev. Philip Mulkey are listed in LCH, Vol. VI, pages 22-26. Ed.)

# LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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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.

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

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