

**REMINISCENCES OF EARLY EUGENE
AND LANE COUNTY, OREGON**



Irena Dunn Williams

**REMINISCENCES OF EARLY EUGENE
AND LANE COUNTY, OREGON**



Irena Dunn Williams

Copyright 1941

*To My Beloved Children Burke, Marjory and Melba,
and Grandsons Howard and Billy Hall,
these Memoirs are Lovingly
Dedicated.*

Printed in U.S.A.

SHELTON-TURNBULL-FULLER CO. EUGENE, OREGON

Appreciation

Irena Dunn Williams was the first secretary of, and later, the president of Eugene Fortnightly Club. She was a daughter of pioneers, and pioneered in the founding of the first Study Club west of the Rocky mountains. Mrs. Williams has said, that to her knowledge, this was the first club of its kind west of the Mississippi.

Study Clubs were few and none too popular, and it took women like Irena Dunn Williams to join with other women, who, like herself, cared for their homes, reared their children, and at the same time, by regular study refreshed their minds, and kept abreast of the times.

While guiding the footsteps of her two daughters through infancy, girlhood and womanhood, Irena Dunn Williams carefully recorded all programs, social and civic activities of the club, and from these records Fortnightly Club members may read of painstaking efforts put forth by herself as well as others on preparation of their topics.

Members of Fortnightly Club know that Irena Dunn Williams has done well, what faith in herself told her she could do.

To be entrusted with a message is a high honor, to deliver it safe and straight is a fine achievement, not something to be proud of, but something to be thankful for. Irena Dunn Williams delivered her message safe and straight, and was thankful.

Fortnightly members old and young, join in paying loving tribute to Irena Dunn Williams, loyal member, and splendid contributor through many years.

CECIL O. WILHELM, *Past President.*

Reminiscences of Early Days in Eugene and Lane County, Oregon

Volumes have been written, volumes could still be written of this trek across the plains. What manhood, what womanhood, what bravery, what optimism, what patriotism, what pain, joy, sorrow, fatigue and final attainment! How astounding to us today, this tale of the covered wagon!

It is only because the simple record of any family, however humble or distinguished, is truly a 'slice of life', and as such of interest without, as well as within a limited circle of friends, that I have the temerity to relate the pioneering experience of my own family. I have told the story as it was told to me by my parents, or as I remember it from the days of my childhood and youth.

Emigration by actual settlers, from the "states" to Oregon, began in the early 40s. By 1846-47 the ever increasing emigration advanced like an on-creeping tide, till by 1852-53 it had reached its height. In 1847, 5000 souls were numbered in these "ships of the desert" following one after another, an undulating line of them, stretching over billowy prairies, treacherous streams with quicksand bottoms, over deserts of hot, choking, blinding sands and unsightly sage brush, through terrific wind storms and driving rain, over mountain defiles, seemingly unsurmountable, by snow-capped peaks, through hostile Indian tribes, whose curdling war whoops struck terror to the hearts of timid women and children and even to brave men.

To add to the hardships, the scourge of cholera stalked the plains, taking toll of hundreds of lives in the 50's. Many unmarked graves dotted the trail, unmarked because of the fear of desecration by Indians, of the sneaking coyote that followed ever in the wake of the wagons. If the victim chanced to be the husband and father of the little party the grief stricken wife must take up the reins, or guide the patient oxen and press on with her little ones huddled around her. There was no turning back; she must fall in with the train. There were kind and sympathizing friends, but necessity was a hard master. It was "on to Oregon".

Babes were born, many of them, but a kind Providence watched over

mother and child; kind and experienced women in the same wagon train ministered with willing hands to their needs. Soon on a mattress laid on the floor of the wagon mother and child were made comfortable and were once more on their way.

When after untold difficulties, the caravan came out at last to the beautiful Grand Ronde valley and gazed entranced upon the beautiful vista that spread before their eyes, it seemed like Paradise.

To be sure, there were still hardships before them but only for a season. The Good Earth would yield a store sufficient for their needs and by a second season more than enough; and in time the necessities that Mother Earth could not supply were obtainable as communications with the outside grew easier.

The first immigrants occupied the lower part of the Willamette valley around Oregon City and the village of Portland, gradually spreading southward.

In 1846 four horsemen pressed on beyond the other settlements to select their homesteads, in order that their friends, and relatives still in the "states" might obtain claims nearby. These four men were Elijah Bristow, Capt. Felix Scott, William Dodson and Eugene Skinner.

They continued up to the head of the Willamette river proper, a lovely spot nestled in the foothills. But not yet satisfied, they pushed on up the middle fork some eight miles and came to a place which for beauty and grandeur appealed to them.

Here Elijah Bristow, gazing at the lovely rolling country and blue mountains in the background, enthusiastically exclaimed: "What a Pleasant Hill; this is my claim. Here I will live and when I die, here will I be buried." And verily it came to pass. His body rests in the little cemetery on the hillside close by under the evergreen trees.

One of his first acts after obtaining his 640 acres allotted by the government to settlers, and building a log cabin, was to donate sufficient land for a school house, a church, and a cemetery.

Today one may motor in twenty minutes over a fine highway to this spot and if he be a lover of nature, experience the same thrill as did Elijah Bristow and his companions as he views the pleasant prospect.

The motorist will notice close by the roadside a queer sort of monument, a representation of a fireplace chimney. This is made of the stones that were formerly used in the fireplace of the first log cabin erected in Lane county eighty-seven years ago.

William Dodson's claim adjoined Mr. Bristow's. Felix Scott settled the following year, 1847, on the McKenzie river bank near the Mohawk, close to the present Hayden bridge. Eugene Skinner partially built his cabin in the fall of 1846 on his claim upon which a part of Eugene now

stands. He finished his cabin and brought his wife and little daughter in the spring of '47 from Yamhill county where they had remained until he had a home ready for them.

Mary Skinner was the first white woman to make her home within the boundaries of what was later to be Lane county. It is hard for us to realize today the lonely, isolated life this faithful wife and mother must have led during the months before other families settled nearby. Mrs. Skinner was later given the privilege of naming the town, which she named "Eugene" in honor of her husband.

The family of Elijah Bristow did not arrive until October, 1848, two years after Mr. Bristow first came. This was owing to the slow and tedious means of communication then existing between the west and the states. It required one summer to send a letter and another to get an answer, either by correspondence or in person.

My father, Francis Berrian Dunn, crossed the plains to Oregon in a covered wagon, in 1853, at the age of twenty years. He drove an ox team all the way, most of the time on foot. He came in the company with his oldest sister and her husband's family, the Schwatkas. The first winter in Albany, he found a position as clerk in Smith and Brassfield's store. Coming to Eugene the following spring, he accepted a position as clerk with Joe Brumley, the first general dry-goods merchant in Eugene, whose store was located at Broadway and Willamette Streets. A trading post was operated in earlier days by Ankeny and Huddleston at Ferry and First Streets, but it was not in any sense a dry-goods store.

In the meantime, the country around on all sides, was fast filling up with settlers. Cloverdale near Pleasant Hill was a close competitor, and soon was a thriving community, then the vicinity around Cottage Grove. The foothills near the present town of Coburg held a number of prominent pioneers. Up the Willamette, Middle Fork, the McKenzie, Camp Creek, Fall Creek, Lowell and Mohawk were the homes of many pioneers. West of Eugene on the Long Tom, was a large settlement.

The first white child born in the county, was a daughter born to Mr. and Mrs. Wells near Cottage Grove, in April, 1848. The first native son was William Peek, born in June, 1848.

Churches and schools were of first importance to these pioneers. The first school house in Lane county was erected at Pleasant Hill in 1850 and is District No. 1. Cloverdale comes next as District No. 2. In most of the early settlements, school-houses were built first, and used as "meeting houses," (as churches were called), until the community could afford to build a church.

The first pioneers located on the foothills on either side of the Willamette valley, following the Indian trails, where grass, water and

timber were abundant, and where the streams, swollen in winter, were fordable. Horseback was the only means of travelling. There were no roads in the valley between, and it would have been impossible to travel in winter for the mud.

In 1847 the only flour mill was at Oregon City. It took ten days for one to go and return on horseback with flour. However, by the next year Salem owned a mill, and soon after, one could get flour in Brownsville, a great boon for the Lane county settlers.

By the time my father arrived, pioneers experienced few real hardships; the only exception being the scarcity of sugar and salt, and this was remedied, when ox teams and wagons could be driven on makeshift roads, and steamers plied between San Francisco and Portland at least once or twice a month.

My Mother, Christianne Cecilia Christian, crossed the plains in 1852, at the age of twelve years, journeying the usual six months. The family spent the first winter at Tualatin Plains, near Hillsboro coming to Eugene the following Spring of 1853. Grandfather Christian took up a donation land claim, comprising land now within the city limits, extending south from Eleventh Street to about Twentieth Street and East and West from the alley near Willamette Street to the alley near High Street—two blocks in width. He built a log cabin at what is now Twelfth and Pearl Streets but within two years he had erected a two story frame house, as did all the early settlers, soon after the advent of a sawmill made it possible. This house is still in excellent condition, with very little alteration, though it was moved across Twelfth Street to the South. It must be over eighty-years old, I venture to say it is one of the oldest houses in Eugene.

It was not long until Berrian and Christianne met, and their friendship ripened into love. They were married on December 27, 1855, father being just twenty-two years, and mother only fifteen years and six months of age. It was not unusual in those days for girls of that age to marry. My parents began light housekeeping in the rear of Mr. Brumley's store in two little rooms. In December the following year, 1856, I was born. It was mid-winter and the rooms were none too secure from the cold blasts without. But I survived in spite of my little mother's youthfulness and inexperience, and an attack of "lung fever", as pneumonia was then called. By the summer of '57 we were living in a nice new white frame house with green shutters, and a veranda running across the front, located on Ninth Street now Broadway, near where the Miner building now stands. I cannot remember living there, but the house withstood the ravages of time until it was razed when the Miner building

was erected not many years ago— so well were those early houses built. There were no houses between our home and the Brumley store, or at least not enough to obstruct the view between them; for my mother used to tell me of standing at the kitchen door with me in her arms and beckoning to my father to come home to dinner.

The story of the Territorial road built by the Government by two regiments of soldiers, under Phil Sheridan (afterwards General in the Civil War); and of the overland stage coaches, is one of picturesqueness and romance as well as adventure. The road, begun in 1857, followed the Indian trails closely, along the foothills, from Portland southward on West side, through the Umpqua valley. The stage coaches used this road with stations placed every eight or ten miles, where horses were changed.

I do not know where these stations all were, but I know nearly where the eating places, or inns, in Lane county were situated. Milliorn's a few miles west of Junction, and Cartwright's, near Lorane. I suppose Franklin and Crow were the stations between where the horses were changed. Cartwright Inn is very little changed from the days of over seventy-five years ago.

When I was a child, I accompanied my grandparents in an all-day ride in a wagon to visit the Cartwright's who were old friends. As the house is off the highway south of Lorane, I never saw it again until two years ago, I was delighted to be driven by motor car to the place in less than an hour. The house is somewhat changed for the worse, but the fine old walnut trees still shaded the front and it was by these that I recognized the place. The old lock with a key six or eight inches long and the same stones in the hearth are there, mute witnesses of pioneer days.

The earliest mail was carried by pony express messengers; a dangerous ride, bi-monthly, over turbulent streams, through winter rain and snow, carrying his pack and letters to every mining camp and settlement.

Then in 1857 followed the stage-coaches and picturesque driver in his big soft hat, who handled the huge Concord stage and six horses that galloped up hill and down, urged by the stinging lash of his long whip. The skill with which he could touch up any horse in the team, or snap the whip with the crack of a pistol, was astonishing; as was his skill in handling the reins, and heavy brake, as he guided his horses down steep grades on the gallop, while the terrorized passengers within the coach, bobbed helplessly around like shuttlecocks, and who would emerge disheveled and aching in every bone at the station, after the driver, with a shrill blast from his horn, and a crack of his whip, pulled up his panting, foam-flecked steeds with a grand flourish at the tavern

door, to the delight of the crowd, which always awaited this grand finale.

Coolness, bravery and skill made the old time drivers famous, and the coveted seat was beside the driver, high above the horses. A lady was generally the favored one, naturally envied by the less fortunate passengers.

The driver was generally an agreeable and entertaining person. In fact a sort of hero was he, in the eyes of all.

There were dangers too, in connection with these stage journeys over the rough mountain passes. Robbers were by no means infrequent: many a stage was held up by "road agents" as they were called, and every passenger was searched and stripped of valuables. Wells Fargo Express strong box, carried in the boot at the feet of the driver, and often containing several thousand dollars in gold dust, was the booty mostly desired.

Several times my father took the overland route to San Francisco, instead of going by steamer, (which by that time made weekly trips, I believe). The purpose of these trips was to purchase merchandise. He carried gold in a chamois belt beneath his clothes. There was no bank in Eugene at that time, and gold was the only medium of exchange. Though I was quite young, I can remember the anxiety we felt until we could hear of his safe arrival in the city.

The pioneer mother of the 40s cooked over the coals in the fireplace, in large iron kettles swinging from cranes. They made all the clothing, the men's and the women's and the children's. They washed, carded and spun the yarn for the socks and stockings. They seemed never to relax. If they chanced to be seated for a while, the ever handy knitting was picked up and flashing needles clicked, as the stitches fairly grew into a sock before one's wondering eyes. One marveled that the stiffened, toil worn fingers could be so deft.

A few years later there came the rather crude sewing machine and the cook stove, which materially lightened the housewife's burdens.

As a little girl I loved to go with my mother and father on a Sunday visit to some country home. The delight with which I saw the housewife open the wardrobe doors and proudly bring forth a huge pile of quilts and unfold them before our admiring gaze, all fresh, not yet used! I marveled at the tiny stitches that covered every inch of the artistic quilts.

I had a maid in the early 90s who was the daughter of pioneers living about twelve or fourteen miles west of Eugene. In the winter the roads were almost impassable even at that late date, but she told me much of the earlier days of her family, as told her by her mother, and as she remembered when a child. A trip was made to Corvallis

once a year in a wagon to obtain bolts of linsy woolsy, from which the mother made dresses for herself and daughters all alike, and very durable. I suppose Corvallis had the nearest loom on which to weave this cloth.

The sons as well as the older daughters knitted socks of winter evenings before the huge fireplace which furnished the only light, unless they lighted a tallow-dipped candle with a tightly twisted bit of paper, from a receptacle on the mantle, always filled with these "pipe lighters" and that reminds me, the modern women have nothing on the elderly women of pioneer days, for I have seen many an old woman smoking, but it was generally a corn cob pipe that she used.

When these pioneer women visited their neighbors, they knitted as they walked along the dusty roads, so said my maid, and they ministered to these neighbors in case of sickness, day or night, as well as taking the place of a doctor at childbirth. But it was not all work; there were social gatherings, and the old time country square dance; dancing all night to the music of the fiddler, who was also the caller, who verily shouted above the noise of the stomping feet: "Swing your pardner and all promenade," or "alamande left, and doce ballonette." At midnight they stopped to partake of a bountiful supper then "on with the dance" till daylight.

I have spoken of the difficulty of transportation and communication as being the cause of the hardships of the early pioneer days. By 1849 there was a surplus of flour, wheat and lumber, and no market. There were, incredible as it seems, eight flour mills and fifteen sawmills waiting the tardy arrival of some vessel to take away this surplus stock at her own price; disaster threatened, when something happened. Gold was discovered in California, and Oregon was saved from her first depression. Merchant ships now thronged the river; there were fifty ships, against three to five in '47-'48. Portland grew into a thriving town. A rapid influx of immigration began from then to '53. Gold seekers traveled back and forth through Oregon; roads over the mountains to California were improved sufficiently for pack trains and freight wagons to travel; money flowed more freely; but so great was the stampede for the gold fields, that Oregon was almost depopulated for a while.

Newspapers could not be published for lack of compositors; clerks, doctors, lawyers, farmers, all were victims of the gold fever; women had to run the farms and do all sorts of work the men had deserted; but many men returned for the winter bringing gold.

By the next summer the prices began to drop as conditions became more normal in California and the people there returned to their neglected fields, realizing they could get good prices for their produce, to supply the thousands of men in the mines; men from all parts of the world.

But Oregon was already on the road to prosperity; a mint was established at Oregon City and with adequate currency, and accessible markets, the entire community underwent a radical change. I have given this account of the gold discovery in order to explain the rapid change from the log cabin to comfortable homes, and real luxuries, within the short space of five or six years. As a little child I do not remember seeing a log cabin home. I have seen a few log cabins deserted and sometimes used as a shelter for sheep or other farm animals.

I have a clipping copied from a letter written by Mr. George Belshaw, a prominent pioneer and farmer. This was written in 1858 to his relatives in the east. It was through the courtesy of his daughter, Mrs. George Kinsey that I obtained a copy. It serves to bridge a gap in the early history of Eugene, otherwise unobtainable. Mr. Belshaw writes: "There are nine drygoods stores, two book stores, one drug store, one bakery, one restaurant, two hotels, two billiard saloons, two printing offices, three cabinet shops, four blacksmith shops, two tinshops, two paint shops, one planing machine shop, two meat markets, two livery stables, one flour mill, one sawmill, one barber shop, one college, one district school house, a courthouse, a jail, one church (there were two others within the next year, I believe), a Masonic lodge, three physicians, four lawyers, four clergymen, and one newspaper. There are five hundred or six hundred inhabitants."

This sounds like a remarkable accounting for so small a population, and I wonder that Eugene could support nine drygoods stores at that early date and with only five or six hundred inhabitants. I cannot recall more than nine stores six years later, the first year that I can distinctly remember; and I am not sure all of them were there at that date, but I would say there were twelve or thirteen saloons at this time (1864). Eugene certainly went a good pace there.

Of the two hotels mentioned, the first was the "Red Top Tavern" (I like the quaint name). It was erected in 1854 on the spot now occupied by the Osburn hotel. The second tavern was situated on Broadway and Willamette where the Hoffman House stands. It was called the Renfrew Tavern. It was operated by the Renfrews from 1855 to 1874—nineteen years.

In 1858 Father moved to Springfield, four miles east of Eugene, to take charge of a branch store for Mr. Brumley. But in another year or two he was sole owner of the store. Springfield was on the map in very early days. The country 'round about was settled very soon after Eugene's earliest settlers arrived. Our little home in Springfield is still there, with only the addition of a porch which surrounds two sides of it and this is where my earliest recollections begin. In Springfield a little brother was

born, who died in infancy. In 1860 my sister Luella was born, and in 1862 a second sister enlarged our family.

When I was about two years old, I was lost long enough to create quite a disturbance in the community. My parents searched frantically in every nook and corner of the store and home nearby. Soon the whole neighborhood was aroused. They were on the point of dragging the mill-race nearby, when Father chanced to come on the porch of the store where there were two large dry goods boxes, piled one on top of the other. Though he was sure I could not have climbed into the top one, he nevertheless peeked in and there was the little culprit, curled up in the corner, fast asleep.

Another time, my Father was having the roof of a nearby warehouse shingled. A ladder leaned against the house, and a workman was busy on the roof, when to his amazement and alarm, he saw a little child approaching up the sloping roof. Fearing if he spoke quickly he might startle her and cause her to fall, he smiled encouragingly as he slowly came towards her and caught her in his arms. Then he called to my Father to come see what he had.

I remember the little trundlebed which in the day-time was rolled under the high four-poster where my parents slept. Of evenings this little bed was pulled out and our young Mother tucked sister and me snugly in. Our little white night-caps were all stitched by hand with tiny fine stitches and a frill of narrow lace around the face. I remember often when I was wakeful and Mother flitted about at her household tasks, I would ply her with scores of questions, mostly of God, the angels and the stars. So do children today, and have done down through the ages.

The terrible flood of 1861-62 is another highlight of my childhood memories. The river was in plain sight from our door and the water came to within a few feet of our floor and our next door neighbors had to vacate their home while the inmates of homes nearer the river were rescued from second story windows by men in boats in the early morning. I recall huge trees floating down the river with their roots high in the air, looking like some monstrous sea serpent with uplifted head, very frightful, to my childish imagination. All this I could see from our porch, the river seemed higher than the nearby land.

In our little home was a tiny melodeon which I proudly played with my two fore-fingers, by standing on one foot and pressing with the other on the bellows pedal. I played *Mary, to the Saviour's Tomb* and *Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing*, and a few more simple tunes or hymns.

My first Christmas tree that I can remember, was a delight and must have taxed the ingenuity of my parents, so little did they have to work

with. But in my eyes, it surpassed all the prouder Christmas trees of later years. It was a tiny tree, perched upon the melodeon, and the decorations were pretty silvery, lacy papers from the bolts of fine linens and organdy in Father's store; cornucopias made from bright colored paper were filled with candies and nuts; shining red little lady apples bobbing on a cord fastened to the stems; and finally festoons of strings of popcorn. I am sure my young parents enjoyed trimming it after sister and I were fast asleep and our delight and surprise in the morning when we opened our eyes.

The Indians were friendly in this valley, and used to come, every summer from the reservation at Siletz, near Newport, to sell hazel nuts and blackberries to the whites. We bought sacks full of nuts, and were seldom without them from one season to another. I liked to listen to my Father talk jargon to the Indians and I could understand quite a bit of the conversation, intermingled with pantomime and poetical phrases. The Indians always camped down by the river in a maple grove which has long since disappeared. Father sometimes took us down to the camp to see them of evenings. They never seemed to take the slightest notice of us, but went serenely on with their games or other occupations. Often as they talked to each other, and seemed amused, I had a feeling that they were poking fun at us and I still believe they were. Indians have a great sense of humor as well as dignity. Once when we went to the camp with father we heard a terrific beating of tom-toms or tin pans as we approached, and chanting monotonously "Hi-Yi-Yi-Hi-Yi-Yi." Through the open flap of the tent we noticed the swaying of bodies of the Indians as they kept time to the noisy tom-toms. We learned that one squaw was sick and the Indians were chasing away the evil spirit with this outlandish noise. Later I saw a group of Indians gathered on horses about the front of Father's store, and among them, was a squaw held upright on her pony by ropes so that she could not fall off. The Indians are so stoical one could not tell by her face whether or not she was suffering. But my heart was filled with pity and I hoped she would soon be well.

One of my greatest delights while living in Springfield, and not yet six years old, was going to see Grandma and Grandpa Christian, my aunts and two young uncles in Eugene on Sundays—sometimes we went late Saturday and stayed over night. Father had a carriage upholstered in oyster-reps, or broadcloth, with cushioned arm-loops trimmed with satache braid. Our horses were Ned and Dandy—we kept them until their death years afterward. When we moved to Eugene, a year or two later, Dandy was always in demand by the Grand Marshall for the Fourth of July parade. How proudly he danced and pranced to the

music of the brass band. Everybody knew Dandy and he never became too old to dance to brass band music with the Grand Marshall on his back.

We had to cross the river on a ferry-boat at Springfield; this was always a fearful time for me and I was relieved when we touched ground again and the horses were once more cantering on their way through the grove of young pine trees where West Springfield is now. I doubt that more than three or four of those pines still stand. The first point of interest on our ride to Grandma's was a pretty white house with green shutters nestled among the trees at about the place where Mammy's Cabin is now located, belonging to "Grandma and Grandpa Judkins." Not a trace of the grove is left. During the Civil War the old couple left as missionaries to the negroes, a very altruistic gesture but they returned to Eugene to their grown family.

The next house on our way was William Smith's which with some alterations, still stands. The old willow tree near the door still retains its shape and beauty though decimated by several severe winter storms. The Smith farm now comprises the greater part of Fairmount. Lovely homes dot the encircling hills, where seventy-nine years ago I, as a child, saw no other house along the County road until we reached the McMurray or Chichester farm where Dr. Harry D. Sheldon now lives in a house erected on the old home-site and in a similar type of architecture—American Colonial. The County road skirted the hill near the Condon Oaks, on the University campus, at this point, and the wheat field, which fifteen years hence—in 1876—was to be the original campus of the University of Oregon. There were no streets south of Eleventh, but what is now Alder Street extended as a County Road south into the hills and over to pioneer farms, as did Willamette Street. Here we neared Grandfather's home and only three or four houses on either side intervened. My two young uncles could easily spy the carriage several blocks away, and they always came running to meet us, and sprang upon the carriage steps till we turned up the lane on what is now Pearl Street to Grandpa's picket gate, where three aunties were eagerly waiting to see who could first grasp the baby.

I recall the huge freight wagons that paused at the store on their way across the mountains over the old military road.

The blue wagon sideboards were so high a man's head would be hidden if he were standing up on the bed. There were six or eight mule teams with tinkling bells on the leaders, and at the crack of the driver's long whip as with a flourish he threw it far forward with a deft flick over the heads of the patient mules they stretched out and away over the long rough road to the East somewhere. Again I recall the home-

comings of my father from Portland, the joy of seeing him, and the delicious scent of the oranges that always filled the room when he unclasped the plush velvet carpet bag and brought forth the lovely yellow fruit and how my little sister and I gathered at our mother's knee while she peeled one orange and divided it carefully into sections to give to us. In fact I do not remember having a whole orange of my own before I was seven years old, and we never thought of such a thing as asking for one. Perishable fruit from abroad was necessarily scarce and high in price, since it came by slow steamers to Portland, thence to Eugene by freight, taking four days. I am not even sure oranges were grown in California at that time, not to a great extent, at any rate.

In 1863, when I was nearly seven, Father sold his store in Springfield and moved to Eugene. Grandfather had given Mother three acres of land for her dowry, just one block west of his own home on what is now Oak Street. We soon had a pleasant home, and it was not long until Father had planted locust trees along the lane, and many evergreens and shrubs down the large front yard. A white picket fence enclosed the large grounds. The trees today are majestic locust and tall firs, but many have been cut down. The house was one story, with large pillars supporting the porch under the gable end, and facing east on the lane.

I do not recall a single log cabin in Eugene. Mr. Skinner's home was a quaint rambling house formerly of logs but covered with weather boarding and stood where Mr. John Kelly's residence is now. That was not his first in Eugene, however; I do not know its exact location as that was before my time and I believe there is some controversy just where it was located.

Father began merchandising straightway, in a building on the east side of Willamette Street between Eighth and Ninth (now Broadway). I think the spot is still known as the Dunn block, in later years he built a brick building. He was in business for many years, until his death in 1892. In the early 60s a merchandise store was a general merchandise store quite literally; for it held hardware of every kind, agricultural implements for the farms, groceries, silks, dry goods, millinery, shoes for women and children and boots for men. I remember, beside, Father was agent for the Studebaker wagon, and the St. John and Grover and Baker sewing machines; and the Prince and Son organs. He bought wool, hops, wheat, oats and chittam bark.

One of my delights was to go with Father when he unpacked the big drygoods box in the store of a Sunday morning, when no one was around to bother him. If it was winter the pretty things brought out of that magic box, after the paper covering was carefully laid aside, were many-colored winter hoods for young and old. Nubias, very loosely

knitted strips, two yards in length of blue, green, pink, or white wool, to be folded double for warmth, and placed on the head, the ends crossed under the chin, then tied at the back of the head. Sometimes a tassel on the end, hung a foot or more between the shoulders. Another warm and becoming hood was made to fit close around the face with a brownie like point on the top, brought forward and fastened with two pom-poms of a harmonizing color. Another article from the big box was the "Sontag", named for a famous singer of that day. It was very much like the knitted hug-me-tight of today made with large armholes and fitting snugly at the waist. These were warm and made in pretty colors.

In the summertime, the magic box revealed to my eyes the queer headgear called "Shakers", an imitation of the old fashioned slat sun-bonnet, without the tail or curtain. These shakers were made of straw, so cheap that they could be discarded when soiled or broken. It was quite exciting to select the type of trimming. One could line the shaker or not with blue, pink, pale green chambray or gingham and use one or two bands of the material over the shaker, finished off with a bow on top.

Little girls wore low-necked dresses with short puffed sleeves and waists gathered into a belt, much like the present style. Materials for summer were organdy, (swiss, we called it), or calico, either French calico or just calico, marseilles, chambray and gingham. In colder weather, or for special occasions we wore merino, cashmere, wool plaids and in later years serge was the material used for sailor suits for girls and tailored suits for women.

The ornaments for little girls were invariably a coral necklace with a gold clasp and a little gold finger ring. Furs for children were swans-down "tippets" to go around the neck, with often a little muff. For women, furs were beaver, fox, mink and a few others. Beaver fur was very common. Other fabrics worn were—in silks—moire antique, or "watered silk" as it was called; peau de soît, and drape-de-ta; sura satin (silk backed), velvets, grenadine, alpaca, challis, ottoman cloth and reps. The silk was the pure thing and lasted for years. It could "stand alone" as they say.

Bonnets in 1864 were quaint, curving around the face and under the chin with lace and flowers filling the brim and framing the face—a very becoming style. The hair was parted in the middle and combed smoothly in a wave over side combs, called puff combs. This manner of dressing the hair was also becoming. The next style for bonnets was the "sky-scraper". The bonnet was built up in a peak above the forehead and filled with flowers, and generally a bunch of flowers adorned one side of the back of the bonnet.

It was my delight to go to church with my parents and gaze with

rapture on the pretty women who walked up the aisle in their beautiful clothes. One lady in particular walked so proudly with head lifted high, her pretty white straw "skyscraper" with a bunch of lilacs on the side, outside the bonnet, and lovely flowers filling the "peak" on the inner side above her waving hair. She wore a bronze silk velvet cloak, I remember, singing in the choir; as she sang she swayed her head, which fascinated me. Some of the younger maidens had broad brimmed straw hats with little dangling straw beads around the edge of the brim which never stopped bobbing. How I envied their owners.

I can recall my Mother's best dress and wrap of 1863. The dress was moire antique, made with three flounces to the waist, each flounce trimmed with velvet ribbon two inches wide; bodice tight fitting, with flowing sleeves, velvet trimmed, and organdy undersleeves trimmed with lace held in place with rubber bands above the elbow. The cloak was really a cape of black silk velvet, with top cape reaching to the waist, trimmed in wide heavy moire antique ribbon. All this was lined with pink satin, with wadding between making a soft warm garment. Mama had this pretty wrap for a number of years. Dressed in these pretty clothes and bonnet, with jet earrings and broach, and a lace collar, I thought her very beautiful, with her black hair and eyes and white skin. And she was so young even then! For my mother was only sixteen when I was born. It was no unusual thing to be married so young in those days.

Many may wonder that we had such fine clothes and nice homes and furniture in such early days before there was a transcontinental railroad. The pioneers of '43, '44 and '45 (40s) were the ones who suffered hardships, and starvation, almost upon their arrivals but by the time later immigrants arrived in the 50s, wheat, potatoes and all vegetables could be obtained from the earlier pioneers, on credit, if necessary. Sawmills were all up and down the valley, wherever the people settled. Frame houses took the place of log cabins, grist mills too increased, so flour could be obtained easily. When gold was discovered in California, in '49, then Oregon fairly boomed. There was a great demand for everything Oregon could produce. Cattle and horses were driven over the mountains to California. In the place of three or four steamers, fifty steamers were soon plying between Portland and San Francisco with wheat, flour, vegetables and lumber. "In 1847 Henderson Luelling had brought young apple trees from Iowa. By 1855, 6,000 bushels were shipped to California, bringing \$20.00 to \$30.00 per bushel. Earlier than this they brought \$1.00 a pound or even \$1.50 each." The apples in my childhood were the Newton, the Baldwin, the Bellflower, the Rambo, the Rhode Island Greening, the Seek No Further, the Northern Spy, the Winter Pearmain, the Spitzenberg, the Golden

Russett, the Gloria Mundi (as large as a cantaloupe), Early Harvest, the King, the Red Astrachan, the Golden Sweet and the Waxen, a tart tender apple fine for pies, sauce and jelly. One of my favorites, the Bellflower, I think must not be cultivated any more, I never hear of it.

We had fine mahogany furniture in our homes including pianos. But all these had to be brought around the Horn to San Francisco and thence to Portland, until 1869 when the transcontinental railroad was finished to Sacramento. But we had good cabinet makers here in our own town who made lovely Birds-eye and Curly-Maple furniture.

The overland stage route to California did not continue for many years to follow the Territorial road. As far back as my own personal recollection, when I visited the Cartwright Inn in my childhood, I do not think the stages were still running by there. It was a wayside inn for travelers who passed by and came out over the mountain near where Drain is now situated. I do not know just when the overland stages began to take the route over the present Pacific highway but it was this route that my father took in the 60s. There was an east side, also, as early as the Territorial road on the west side of the Willamette valley. It followed the foothills from Oregon City through Silverton, Lebanon, Brownsville to Spores ferry at Coburg, and to Springfield and Eugene. Boats were used on the Willamette to Salem as early as 1833. At first canoes were used, later steamboats were built, coming as far as Corvallis in high water and very early to Eugene.

As soon as we were settled in our new home in Eugene, 1863, I was sent to my first school. It was a private school, as were most of the schools in the early 60s. My teacher was Miss Mosse. She taught in a vacant dwellinghouse a block away, on Eleventh and Pearl. Years later a large residence built by Dr. Paine on this spot was used as a home for the Sigma Nu Fraternity. I still have my "award of merit" card my teacher gave me at the end of the term—"a painted ship upon a painted ocean." Under the picture is written, "For excelling in spelling". I still love to see square-rigged ships sailing on the sea, but they exist only in pictures now. I had the remarkable opportunity once on Whitby Island where I lived when I was first married, of seeing with my husband eleven square-rigged ships and schooners coming up the Straits of Fuca under their own sails, before a fair wind, after being becalmed for several days outside the Straits—a marvelous sight. They were racing to be first to the Customs House at Port Townsend. I have never seen Miss Mosse's name among the early teachers of Eugene.

My second teacher was Miss Cornelia Killingsworth. The schoolroom was a strange one for little ones. A dark little room in the rear of a

building on Willamette, between Eighth and Ninth, where Miller's Store now stands. We had to go down the alley to get to our school. I have never seen Miss Killingsworth's name listed among the early teachers, an oversight to be deplored, which goes to prove how inaccurate are our early records.

While on this subject I will mention the fact that my Mother, in her first year in Eugene, '53, went to school to a Miss Moore, Aunt of Mrs. Nellie Hampton Tyson of Eugene. This was the *very first* school in Eugene and no one knows today where it was located. Mother told me when I was small, of going to school "out in the hills southeast of town, beyond the Masonic cemetery," she said. Like most children, I paid little attention, except to wonder why it was so far out. To my regret, I never asked her who her schoolmates were for very few girls were here then and she knew them all. (Later I have just had the good fortune to discover that Elizabeth Kincaid, Joe Luckey and his young brothers and Joe Matlock and his young brothers all attended this school.) Miss Moore is mentioned, in Walling's History of Lane County, as a teacher who taught a school at the "point of the hills", but not a soul can tell me where. I wonder too, why the school was out there, so far from town. I have thought perhaps it was convenient for children over the hills around Goshen. The Hamptons, her brother's family, lived on the pioneer farm just over the hill. (Goshen did not exist until the Southern Pacific went through the country many years later.)

My third teacher was Mrs. Angie Parsons. This also was a private school. In fact Mr. Walling, in his history, states that there were as many as five private schools in Eugene at one time. To be sure, there was a public school as early as 1856, the teacher, Mr. Rogers, I believe. Miss Lizzie Boise also taught there but I was too young to know of them, only by the records.

In 1865 I went to school to Misses Anna Underwood and Lizzie Gale. The former, a sister of Ben Underwood a prominent citizen of Eugene; the latter became the first wife of Joshua Walton. The Misses Underwood and Gale taught in the Presbyterian church—now the W.O.W. Hall, at Lincoln and Eighth Street. This school seemed quite a distance for children from our side of town, but we enjoyed it, and adored our teachers. We somehow learned of Miss Gale's birthday, and a few of us decided to give her a present. We agreed that she would like some large fancy trimmed candy hearts; so we surprised her with a large tray of hearts placed upon her desk. Of course she expressed her delight at the tempting array, and we were sure there was never a *sweeter* present given a beloved teacher.

After 1865 we began to have public schools more frequently, in the

original school building situated at Eleventh and Olive. Nathan Hull was my teacher in 1866, John Gilbert in 1867. Rufus Callison was another public school teacher who taught a number of years. I should not omit mention of Mrs. Wm. Odell, who taught a school for young women, in the 60s, in the building on the east end of Skinner's Butte. This schoolhouse was erected in the 50s, I believe, and was always used for a private school. Mrs. Odell was a woman of refinement and culture, highly fitted for the work of instructor of young women. She taught several private schools of this nature, at a later date. She also organized a literary or reading club composed of young girls of Eugene who met at her home. We read prominent authors and poets; then someone was appointed to write a review of the work just read. I remember my task was to review Scott's "Marmion". Mrs. Odell's influence was widely felt in the community and her demise was a great loss.

It was in 1870 that our young people were given the impulse to advance to a higher plane of education. At this date, two young men just graduated from Willamette University in Salem opened a private school in a building on the east end of Skinner's Butte where the Ankeny residence now stands. These two young teachers were Robert Veatch and John Arnold. Young men and women came from miles around to their first school with advanced courses. Mr. Arnold was my teacher. He was a strict disciplinarian, but I learned more from him than from any previous teacher. By the second year he was teaching in the public school at Olive and Eleventh and given a free hand to teach Latin, higher Algebra and Geometry. This was really Eugene's first high school. Two young men studying under Mr. Arnold were afterwards graduated in the first class of the University of Oregon in 1878.

We had a large class in Latin, the textbook, McClintock and Crook, I liked better than the one I later studied at the University, because we translated from English into Latin as well as from Latin into English. Mr. Arnold later built a schoolhouse of his own where the Eugene Hospital now stands and taught advanced students. All the persons I ever spoke to of Mr. Arnold, emphatically agreed that he was the best teacher they ever studied under.

In 1874 and '76 I went to St. Helen's Hall, a girl's seminary in Portland, at this time situated on Fourth street between Madison and Jefferson. There was no bridge across the Willamette, so the train stopped at East Stark street and we had to cross on the ferry—then take a cab to our destination. Most of the business houses were on Front and First Streets. Chinatown was on Second Street. St. Helen's Hall was under the supervision of Miss Rodney, sister-in-law of Bishop Morris of the Episcopal Church. Other teachers were Mary Clopton and Miss Lydia

Blackler. Every girl who went to the Hall carried away the influence of these fine women.

Portland was not large in those days, but there were wealthy families who had acquired fortunes in the wholesale business, gas company, banks, and early steamboat companies and had fine homes, carriages and coachmen. In '74 the girls, chaperoned by Miss Rodney and other teachers, were taken in Tallyho out in the forest northwest of town, to a clearing among the stumps where a spot was consecrated by the Bishop and clergy for a future hospital. That hospital is today the Good Samaritan Hospital with no sign of a forest near. In fact, the forest reached the river bank in pioneer days.

I was fortunate in my two years at St. Helen's to study a number of the subjects not in the curriculum of the University of Oregon the first two or three years; namely, French, History of England, History of France, and once a week, History of Greece and Rome, Ancient Geography, and Mythology. Of course I studied Mathematics and Botany and other ordinary subjects. When I entered the University of Oregon, in the fall of '76, I studied Latin and Greek under President Johnson, a strict disciplinarian but I learned, as I did under Mr. Arnold and I have always held President Johnson in highest regard. I studied Geology under our beloved Doctor Condon and Higher Mathematics under Professor Bailey. To my regret, I never finished my course at the University, as I left in '79 on account of my mother's ill health, so I am only an Ex-'80.

The first church to be built in Eugene was the Cumberland Presbyterian in 1857. The building still stands, with some changes, on Sixth and Pearl streets. The Baptist congregation, however, was the first to organize at the home of M. H. Harlow, in 1852. The Cumberland Presbyterian convening a year later at the schoolhouse on the farm of Walker Young. The denominations met as was the custom, in school houses until able to build a church.

Very few of the original members remain. In fact, I believe only the second generation represents those early worshippers. I can recall so many faces of that congregation, my grandfather and grandmother Christian, especially, as they slowly moved up the one center aisle, separating, as was the quaint custom, as they approached their pews—grandfather turning to the left and seating himself beside the masculine portion of the congregation, and grandmother, to the right beside the women. I remember the first couple to break away from this custom. It was not long until husbands and wives and children were comfortably and happily esconced in a normal fashion. Other churches were soon built and Eugene was called the city of churches.

The first service of the Episcopal Church at Eugene City, as it was originally called, was held by Bishop Scott on October 8, 1854, the Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity. The service was held in the temporary Court House which was quite crowded.

"By the kindness of Mr. Skinner, one of the proprietors of the town site," writes the Bishop in his journal, "we have been presented with a valuable site of an acre of ground for Church and School or Parsonage."

The Bishop wrote to the few members of our Church of the consecration of the new building, St. Mary's Church, Eugene City, January 23, 1859. The instrument of donation and request to consecrate was read by S. Ellsworth, Esq., one of the Building Committee, and the Sentence of Consecration by Rev. Johnston McCormac.

In the Journal for 1870 the Bishop writes: "The Rev. J. McCormac, the oldest resident Clergyman in this Mission, resigned in April last. He had labored long and faithfully in an isolated part of the Diocese."

At a Convocation held in April, 1872 a plan was made by which Eugene and other places should have regular services. The Rev. James E. Hammond took charge of the work January 1, 1874 and remained till April, 1875.

During the Spring of 1878, at the request of Bishop Morris, the Rev. Lemuel H. Wells (who in 1892 became Bishop of Spokane) established his headquarters at Eugene, dividing his time chiefly between St. Mary's and Roseburg and Oakland. "No man left a better memory behind him than he did."

The Rev. Octavius Parker was appointed in the fall of 1883 and continued in charge till April 26, 1886.

After Mr. Parker's departure Prof. B. J. Hawthorne, M. A., of the department of Philosophy at the State University acted as Lay reader, until the arrival of the Rev. A. L. Parker, January 16, 1887. As a slight testimonial of their appreciation of his services, the members of St. Mary's presented Prof. Hawthorne with a handsomely bound Prayer Book and Hymnal.

The Rev. Daniel Edward Loveridge accepted a call to St. Mary's and took charge as Rector about the first of May, 1889. He was the most beloved of all the rectors of St. Mary's. His coming coincided with the organization of Oregon as a Diocese.

The Methodist Episcopal worshippers first met in 1854, and were served by itinerant pastors at first, but soon resident pastors had charge. In 1859 a good church was built at Tenth and Willamette and served them for many years (with considerable enlargement in the meantime) until they moved to their beautiful edifice at Twelfth and Willamette.

Outstanding among the early preachers was Dr. I. D. Driver. He must have been a minister of unusual force and character and of superior intellect as all who heard him were of that opinion. He spoke with such conviction and logic that some of our intellectuals, particularly lawyers, who were skeptics, came often to hear Dr. Driver preach. One always left the church with the feeling of having learned something. He reminded me of Henry Ward Beecher as he spoke, with leonine head thrown back, arm upthrust, rising on tip toes, he poured forth, in convincing eloquence, the truth from his text. One seldom forgot his sermons. One phrase Dr. Driver frequently used was: "Throughout the sheeted fields of God's immensity." It gave one the feeling of Infinity, on and on and on, till one's mind swooned in its wanderings. One sermon, the text of which I remember so vividly was "Before Abraham Was I am"—pausing to let it sink in then repeating it. The very power of the Almighty seemed to envelope us and brood over us.

Dr. Driver was noted for his debating qualities and was called on from far and near, for this purpose. He debated with the famous infidel, Robert G. Ingersoll. He was minister of the Methodist Episcopal church in the early days, and at other times through the years also presiding elder. He was a popular speaker until his death in recent years, in Tangent.

I had the good fortune, recently, on a visit to my friend F. M. Wilkins, to see a large picture on his wall—a drawing of Eugene, by Kuchel and Dresel, made in 1859. Around the margin of the picture were drawings of the principal business houses, two hotels and a few residences that were built, some of them six years previously. It was just what I had been wanting to know and was never able to find on record. Mr. Wilkins told me that he bought the picture at an auction, years ago at the old Renfrew Hotel. The picture was drawn several years before photography was in use. Now I have positive proof of business houses I have never heard of, and the date of the erection of many. They are as follows: Chase Livery Stable—Abraham Peek Livery Stable—Joe L. Brumley, merchant, corner of 9th and Willamette built in 1854, —Avery Smith, merchant, East Willamette between Eighth and Ninth, built in 1854. I am sure of the date of the two above stores for my father clerked in each of them when he came to Eugene, in 1854. Mullholland and Locke, merchants—Joe Teal's store and warehouse—L. Danforth Drugstore—Renfrew Hotel (1855 to 1874) corner of Ninth and Willamette—"Red Top Tavern", erected by James Heath in 1854 and rented by M. Harlow for a hotel, in 1856—Flouring Mill, Avery Smith proprietor. The two residences were: Hilyard Shaw's, corner of Lincoln and Eighth and Eugene Skinner's, corner of Lincoln and Sixth. This residence was

Eugene Skinner's second home. His first home was a log cabin at the foot of the west end of the Butte, the site of which is unknown today.

Other stores in the 60s were, as I remember: A. S. McClure, Ninth and Oak (1861)—Goldsmith and Blanding, Ninth between Willamette and Oak—F. B. Dunn (1863) in the Avery Smith Building between Eighth and Ninth East Willamette—Mycr Rosenblatt, corner of Eighth and Willamette West—Sol. Steinheiser, grocer—Bellshaw and Ellsworth drugs—A. V. Peters (1867) corner of Eighth and Willamette East—Killingsworth Bakers—Brown the bookman—Hanson the tailor—Tin shops of Dorris, Waud and Maxwell. Of course there were blacksmiths and butchers as well as numerous saloons.

If I remember correctly, father owned the first telephone in Eugene, a private one going from the house to the store. It had only a receiver, no separate mouth piece. One turned a crank and rang the bell, then took down the receiver and placed it to the ear until he heard a wee small voice, then he put the receiver to his mouth and spoke, and again to the ear for an answer. A long drawn out affair—you may imagine the difficulties of carrying on a conversation.

I have taken from my Scrapbook, a reprint from an early copy of the "Guard" of 1868, a list of the early papers in Eugene. Many of these were very short lived. During the Civil War was a difficult time for the newspapers. *Pacific Journal*, 1858, J. F. Wilson Company—*People's Press*, B. J. Pengra and Joel Ware—*Democratic Herald—State Republican*, issued by H. Shaw and Company, January, 1862. (By July it had passed into the hands of J. M. Gale, who soon placed H. R. Kincaid in charge of the editorial department). This paper expired in March, 1864—*Democratic-Register—Herald of Reform*, 1863, a monthly, issued by Reverend C. Edmonds, devoted to the advancement of Universalism—*Eugene City Review*, Joaquin Miller, Editor. This paper was shut out of the mail during the Civil War (September 16, 1865) due to his sympathy for the South—*Union Crusader—Oregon State Journal*—Harrison Kincaid, editor and publisher (March 12, 1864). This paper continued for many years by its able and well-known editor, advocated strong Republican views—*Eugene Guard*, founded by J. B. Alexander (March, 1867) voiced Democratic opinions.

I suppose that traffic accidents were as frequent in proportion to the number of travelers as they are today. At least two notable steam-ship accidents happened within my early memory, and one of them is a part of my own experience.

In 1865 my father went East *via* the Isthmus of Darien, as it was

then called, to visit his parents in Baldwin, Kansas, where they had moved after he had left his boyhood home in Illinois. On his return he brought his sister Marilda. Business and high-water detained them in New York, so that they did not make connections with the "Brother Jonathan" which they expected to take from San Francisco to Portland. Luck was with them, for this steamer was wrecked off Crescent City, California with a loss of two hundred lives. Only one boat reached shore with 19 persons. It was later proved that the ship was overloaded against the counsel of Captain De Wolf, who went down with the ship. Seven Eugene citizens perished. My little schoolmate, Molly, lost her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Luckey and Jerry Luckey lost his wife and three children.

It was in 1878, I think, that my sister, Luella, and I accompanied a young married couple, friends of ours, on a camping trip to Foley Springs, a favorite resort some sixty miles east of Eugene in the Cascade mountains. There were no fine highways then and the mode of travel was by wagon and team, or loaded wagon and horses and buggy, if one was fortunate to have the latter. We went in a wagon supplied with tent, bedding and plenty of provisions. Mrs. K-'s older brother also accompanied us; the men provided with fishing tackle and guns.

Thirty miles a day was the limit for horses to travel. This took us to the Pepiot place, the usual stopping place at the end of the first day's journey. Everyone knew Pepiot—a real Frenchman, and his hospitable family. There is no sign of this spot now. The little village of Vida occupies the place where once the house and barn of the little ranch were. Today one reaches Vida in forty minutes or less by auto.

Among the personnel at the Springs was a very interesting old trapper, a genuine old timer. We listened to his tales of trapping deer and fur animals and of hunting wild animals with absorbing interest. I learned that he had a deer trap not far from the camp at the end of a path that led to a "salt lick" and something about a pit covered with leaves and a snare that tripped a deer when his feet were caught in the noose and hung him up.

One morning as our men folk were going to fish down Horse Creek towards the McKenzie river, we girls decided to go fishing too. We walked down the road some distance then turned to Horse Creek nearby. As we had no luck we finally turned back and walked along the bank of the creek until we came opposite the camp. It was rough walking over brush and rocks.

The girls were ahead of me so when I saw a little path leading from the creek I turned out, knowing that the path would lead to the camp. But I took only a few steps when I was thrown violently to the

ground, striking on my shoulders with one foot in the air and held fast in a noose! It did not take me long to realize that I was caught in that deer trap. I was not hurt so did not scream but I was surely in an embarrassing predicament and I was determined to extricate myself if possible. I could raise my body only a little and try to reach my imprisoned foot.

I thought "If I only had a knife!" but I did not. Then I noticed that the rope was only around my instep and not around my ankle so somehow I managed to work the rope loose enough to slip it off. I hurried on to the camp only a quarter of a mile away.

My sister and friend had arrived a few minutes earlier and were not yet alarmed at my absence. I told my story to the campers.

McCarty, the trapper, was there, the Johnsons and a few others and to my surprise and indignation no one believed me. They declared it was impossible—that I was fooling them or joking. I assured them that it was true and told them to go and see for themselves. Their faces still showed unbelief and wonder as they said excitedly that I would have been struck by the "sapling" and either killed or my face disfigured for life. I did not understand that but asked them to come on and see.

McCarty led and all followed and when we arrived at the trap there dangled the rope noose from the sapling which had sprung erect. They were silent—then looked at each other incredulous still. McCarty said something, after the language of a trapper, I suppose; then several of them helping they pulled hard on the maple sapling and bent it down over the pit. A trigger trap such as is used for bird traps was set and the slightest touch was sufficient to spring it—all stepped back as s-w-i-s-h went the released sapling as the trapper sprung it. With incredible swiftness the sapling flew through the air to an erect position so swiftly one scarcely saw it. Blanched faces saw the thing I had escaped. Of course, being taller than the deer I was not pulled completely off the ground but I never saw that sapling when it swished by my face as I was caught.

Many years later, in 1883, I accompanied my father to San Francisco, he on the way to a Knights Templar Conclave and I a delegate to an Eastern Star meeting. As we were going out of the south channel we saw just to the north the wreck of the "Great Republic" which had gone down four years before. Little did we dream that on our return trip we should be wrecked on the spit opposite the Republic, a distance of one and a half miles. That was the wreck of the "Queen" and an experience I shall never forget. On board were in addition to many jolly Knights Templar and many ladies, a number of men, prominent on the Pacific Coast, as guests of the Northern Pacific for the ceremony of driving the golden spike to celebrate the completion of the railroad.

It was one o'clock Tuesday morning when the "Queen" arrived at the Columbia Bar. Although the sun was shining in a cloudless sky, it could not dissipate the fog and smoke. At the word of Governor Perkins, Captain Alexander proceeded with little apprehension. We moved slowly into more shallow water and were finally grounded. The vessel began to tilt and the captain ordered everyone to the upper side of the deck and soon we heard the boom of a cannon—a call for help. The mate made off for Astoria twelve miles away, in a little boat—there was no wireless then. At 2:30 the fog began to lift somewhat and then someone cried: "There comes a boat!" only to be disproved by a practical old gentleman with a pair of marine glasses. It was the wreck of the "Great Republic!" At about 3:30 in the afternoon a staunch little tug arrived. It was the "J. C. Brennan" and her crew from Baker's Bay on the Washington side of the river. With great difficulty the passengers were lowered into the life-boat, and not without some serious injuries. A little panic ensued after one of the worst injuries, and I at my father's request followed into the life-boat. After we were all safely landed, the steamer was finally extricated from the treacherous sands. Great rejoicing followed. I shall never forget it; everything that could be used to make a noise was sounding. We continued our journey to Portland next day on the "Queen".

The "Queen" of the Pacific has had many vicissitudes since stranding on Clatsop Spit. She was brought to this coast when one year old by Captain Alexander, her master for many years. She was the pride of the first fleet on the coast, and had a bridal suite unequaled by any ship on the Pacific. Later the "Queen" plied between Seattle and Alaska. In February, 1904, Captain Cousins commanding, she caught fire off Tillamook, Oregon. The fire was extinguished after a desperate struggle. There were 232 passengers and a crew of 90. Four passengers were drowned, also six members of the crew, cut off by the flames, were burned to death. A total loss of fourteen lives.

The ship was brought back to Seattle. Later when plying between San Francisco and Mexico, I do not know the date, she again caught fire off Point Reyes, California and was again saved from destruction. But the "Queen's" tragedies were not yet over. On November 18, 1934, while lying idle in Lake Union, in Seattle, came the death knell of the once proud "Queen". She was sold to a Japanese firm, in Tokio, and under her own power headed toward the setting sun to be scrapped. What an ignominious death for the beautiful ship that sailed with the gay company of Knights and other pleasure seekers on that eventful trip that was almost fatal to her on Clatsop Spit, on September 4, 1883, and after almost fifty-one years of service. This all seems but yesterday to me.

When the river was at proper stage, steamboats visited our landing at Ferry Street where the ferry crossed the river. This was so infrequent that the whole town, you might say, turned out to see the sight—especially if it were Sunday. Often we had to wait for hours for the steamer to make the ripple, far down the bend behind the butte where we could not see it from the dock. We could hear the chug-chug of the engine as it labored over the shallows; then at the triumphant toot-toot of the whistle the crowd would shout, "Herc she comes!" as the vessel hove in sight. I remember the names of most of the steamboats that docked at our landing in those days of the 60s and 70s: The *Salem*, *Enterprise*, *Echo*, *Alice*, *Dayton*, *Ohio*, *Active*, *Reliance*, and *R. R. Thompson*.

The first steamboat on record to reach Eugene, was the *James Clinton* that came from Corvallis to Eugene in March, 1857. The next that I have any record of was the *Relief* which arrived in Eugene on the flood water of December 28, 1861 and reached Springfield the following day, the twenty-ninth. This was the first and only steamboat ever to reach Springfield, according to my friend, H. M. Wilkins, who is good authority on such matters.

The earliest doctors I know of were Doctor Davis and Doctor Ramsey and the earliest doctors I can remember were Doctor Danforth and Doctor Hanchett. The former came to Springfield to serve our little ones in the early 60s. I remember vividly the remedy applied to my baby sister, third child of my parents. She was not well, through the teething period, and several times suffered convulsions, to the anguish of my mother. It seems that all ills of infants were laid to the teething period, but whether this particular remedy was for teething, I do not know. I only recall seeing the little one lying on her face in the cradle in great distress, a huge blister on her back with a crumpled cabbage leaf placed over it, presumably for a cooling effect.

Doctor Hanchett attended the ills of our family when we came to Eugene in 1863. He was a white-haired little man, always pretending to be very gruff, but he never fooled us children who curiously gathered around the little table, when he put on his spectacles, and opened his medicine case with the little bottles all in a row and carefully labelled. Doctor would run his finger over the little flasks till he found the right label, then carefully he laid out some tiny little squares of white paper, sifted out the powder, almost to the correct amount, using a knife to adjust it to the proper proportions; then carefully and deftly he would fold over the edges of the paper and there were the Dovers powders all packed tight in their little envelopes.

The remedies for years, as I remember, were mainly Dover's powders, Blue Mass, a crude form of mercury now given in 1/10 grain calomel

tablets. This blue mass was kept in the family medicine closet and doled out to the youngsters in little balls imbedded in a spoonful of jam which they vainly endeavored to gulp down, but always the pellets remained on the tongue. It is a very dangerous medicine for use in the household. Often the victim was salivated, affecting the gums and teeth, and poisoning the system. Other medicines were quinine, and castor oil, and different kinds of liniment for rheumatism and lumbago. Nearly all middle-aged and elderly people wore porous plasters on their backs at some time or another, as a sure cure for backache. Bleeding was not practiced in my day, to my knowledge; cupping was. This was done by using a little glass cup in which a few drops of alcohol was poured then a lighted match applied. The flame thus using up all oxygen, the cup was clapped quickly on the body of the patient, a vacuum having been formed in the cup, the flesh of the patient was sucked in, completely filling the cup. As many as seven or eight cups were used. It was not painful, but looked frightful. I think cupping was used to bring the blood to the surface of the body, thus stimulating circulation.

Appendicitis was unknown in those days, but I can recall a number of deaths that I am sure were caused by it but were pronounced inflammation of the stomach and bowels. Putrid sore-throat must have been diphtheria for it was very contagious and much feared in the community as it was nearly always fatal. Lung fever was probably pneumonia. Scrofula was a dreaded word in all family doctor-books that one never hears mentioned now. It is strange how afflictions of the human body have their day. When I was little felons were in vogue, a very painful inflammation of the end bone of the finger generally leaving it disfigured. It seemed to me that nearly every tenth woman suffered from this discomfort. Sick headaches were in order too; people were confined to bed and unable to bear footsteps of the rest of the household, or going around with a bandage tight around the head. One rarely sees people suffering from such attacks these days.

Dentists extracted teeth with a murderous-looking instrument called a turn-key. Dr. Cardwell was one of the first dentists in the 50s. Later he practiced in Portland for many years.

Until I was a young woman in my early teens, there was no mortuary in Eugene. People "sat up" with the dead in private homes. The young people of the town were generally requested to serve in this capacity. Of course I never refused, but always someone older than I attended to changing the cloth on the face of the dead. I would go into the death chamber with her, but secretly with fear and trembling. There were always two or more young men in the party, too, as sort of protectors.

Our nerves were always strung to the highest pitch; once we were startled to the point of screaming at a strange noise, seemingly near the woodshed. On investigation by the men, it was found to be a loose horse belonging to the family, straying around over loose boards in the yard. There was always a nice lunch laid out for us, and coffee on the wood range in the kitchen ready to be heated. It was a great relief to us when the first mortuary was built, for though we were not unwilling to help our bereaved neighbors, it was a lugubrious task.

At first, the women could only save their fruit by preserving it—cooking with equal amounts of sugar, and putting it in crocks. If the winter was severe, this was all right, but there was some trouble in keeping it if the winter was mild. However, we had more snow and ice in those days than we do now.

Mother's first canning was a strange process. The fruit was cooked in large kettles, then poured in tall square cans with a round hole on the top, which she set on the wood range to keep hot. She would send one of the children down in haste to Mr. Dorris' tin shop for him to come with one of his soldering irons to seal the cans. He placed a square piece of tin over the hole and sealed it with lead and a hot soldering iron. By another year, I think, ordinary round cans like today's commercial cans were used, only the lids fitted into a groove around the top, then a mixture of resin and beeswax was poured into the groove, thus sealing it tight. Later there was an improvement in the sealing wax, for there were long straw-like pieces just long enough to fit around the groove and the hot can melted it quickly with less burning of fingers. In time there followed the glass jar which brings us up-to-date with the exception of high-pressure canning.

Not only the women, but the men of these days, can thank their lucky stars they did not live in the 60s, for house-cleaning was a very disagreeable job, just had to be done, and required the help of the man of the house. I am positive no man ever undertook it willingly, and I do not blame him even if he used some pretty strong language. Everything had to be removed from the walls, and the furniture taken into the yard if possible, or carefully covered from the cloud of dust that arose when the carpet was taken up. This carpet was tacked down with myriads of tacks which had to be carefully lifted out with a screw-driver for fear of tearing the carpet, which was generally a two or three ply or a rag carpet. Later we had nice body brussels carpets and plush for the parlor, and we also had man-help and more modern tools to lay the carpet. At first we used straw under the carpet. Oh grief, in spite of all the care we could take to remove that dusty straw with a pitch fork

and carry it in big baskets to the back yard to burn, the dust rose in such clouds one could not see across the room. Imagine cleaning the wall, ceiling, and floor of one room, let alone several in like condition. Later we used padded paper under the carpet instead of straw—a great improvement. Then the father had to tackle the beds. There were no wire mattresses in the early days, ropes were stretched back and forth over little wooden knobs on the round rail of the bed. Ropes were stretched both lengthwise and crosswise, very taut, thus forming a springy foundation for the mattresses. It took all the strength of one man to do this and it left him exhausted. Daddy had only two beds to work on as our little trundle bed was laid with wooden slats and with a mattress on top it was very comfortable. What a task to get the carpet tacked down, stretched with a cumbersome tool, and all the pictures and curtains cleaned. It is too long a story to tell, but the younger generation should be thankful they have no house-cleaning day the year round. Waxed floors, vacuum cleaners, air-conditioned homes, make it almost play now to keep a house immaculate.

In those early days before automobiles were ever dreamed of, and every family did not have a horse and buggy even, it was customary as soon as spring came, for families and lovers to take walks on Sundays—either on Skinner's Butte or College Hill on the South, or across the Mill dam to the little grove where the community often held picnics. This grove has long vanished with the changing of the river bed. We could easily see the people on Skinner's Butte from our front porch. The Christian Church now stands on part of the ground where our front yard used to be, and many houses intervene to shut off the view.

We children used to take long walks, it seemed to us then, to the ruins of Columbia College on the hill. The college was first built in '56 and burned and was rebuilt twice more within three years. But the ruins were there many years. We remember it as a mere shell of soft sandstone, the tin roof in a crumpled heap in the fence corner down the hill a way, and an open stairway leading to the second floor with so much earth collected on the steps that grass was growing on them. We were afraid to climb the rickety stairs. All over the old wall were lovers' names—and others—cut in the soft stone.

The streets of Eugene were a mass of mud in winter, which had to be carted away. The cross walks were scraped daily, so that the pedestrians could cross without going ankle deep in mud. In summer the despised and lowly dog fennel actually took the town. The empty and neglected lots and the streets, clear to the wagon tracks of the dusty road, were a mass of white blossoms that threw off a cloud of dust if you disturbed them.

The Fourth of July was a great day. The town was filled with people from all the country side. Many leaving home just at peep of dawn as the horses must go in a walk, pulling a heavy wagon. If one had a light spring wagon or hack the horses might trot part of the time. The parade and the fireworks were the principal attractions. Young ladies rode horse-back representing the states of the Union. Pretty girls represented the Goddess of Liberty and "Columbia". The horses drawing them, gaily caparisoned, and the vehicle fittingly decorated. Little girls marched in white swiss dresses with blue or pink silk scarfs crossing from one shoulder down under the other arm.

My most vivid recollection, however, of the Fourth is of being in my father's store watching the crowd of women and children from the country, who had no other place to go. Tired women, some of them, looking for hours, it seemed to me, across the street to the doors of a saloon opposite, children clinging, tired and fretful, to their mother's skirts, a baby perhaps in arms—looking for what? For the husband, who late in the day would come reeling and cursing through the swinging doors to the walk in front. It was a scene to clutch the heart. I never saw the finish of these scenes but I always imagined the brutal repulse if the wife approached to beg to be taken home. I have often heard of the homeward trek from town, the drunken driver scarcely able to guide the horses that often went on the run. It was the custom with these men who drank, to come to town (especially of a Saturday) and frequent the saloons and seldom did they leave until they were drunk. Gambling too was prevalent.

On Fourth of July anvils were fired on Skinner's Butte at early dawn in imitation of a cannon. One anvil was placed on top of another with some powder placed between, and touched with a long lighted stick. As the top anvil jumped off into the air at the explosion, it made a tremendous boom which could easily be heard all over town in those days when the houses were few. This anvil ceremony also signified Christmas.

I fear I am giving the impression that Eugene was a very rough and unsightly town with its mud and dust. But such was not the case. Even then our streets were lined with fine maple trees, many pretty homes of pleasing architecture, and well-kept yards. The natural setting, with the encircling hills made Eugene a pretty place in which to have one's home. Eugene was the home of many most excellent people of education and culture. Our lawyers numbered some who were among the best in the state, the peers and intimates of the prominent lawyers and statesmen in Portland.

Our women were noted for their hospitality. Many were possessed of charming personality and education. It was the custom then to have

New Year's calls; when the gentlemen paid their respects to the ladies of Eugene. They came in groups of two to six. Sometimes there were several hostesses receiving in one residence. Tea and coffee, cakes and bonbons were served and a few ladies served even more substantial food; as a result the men were surfeited when the day was over, though I never heard of any really serious results; I saw several who were apparently under the effect of too many cups of stimulating coffee. No liquor of an intoxicating nature was served, to my knowledge.

Dressmakers or sewing women came to the home to sew. When sewing machines came into use many, many tucks were stitched in our white lawn dresses and petticoats. I remember the first sewing machine I ever saw—a tiny piece of bronze no bigger than a flatiron placed on a table and run by hand by means of a little wheel with a handle attached. The needle went up and down piercing the cloth and forming a chain stitch on the under side which raveled easily if one were not careful. A little later there were larger machines similar to the present make with a shuttle, but still without a table or treadle. Then came the *Grover and Baker*, and *Wheeler and Wilson* and others with all sorts of appliances for gathering and tucking and hemming.

In 1867 women actually wore dresses called walking dresses—a little above their ankles. With this short dress they wore a bright balmoral petticoat; that is, a petticoat of woolen fabric with a bright-colored (preferably red) strip running around as a border for the skirt. The dress was caught up in scallops by buttons with little screws for shanks that pierced the dress goods to fasten it in festoons in order to show the gay petticoat beneath. I still have one or two of those buttons with the screw shank at the back, made of glass like the popular antique milk glass dishes of today.

I have a little box which contains all that is left of my string of friendship buttons. Some are quite unique. Friendship buttons were the vogue in my early school days. The custom was to exchange buttons with your friends and see who could get the most and remember the giver of each one. Many girls possessed more than one hundred. They were threaded on a string and hung around the neck.

Since I have mentioned men's boots, it is a good time to speak of the different styles of women's and girls' shoes at different periods. School girls in the early 60s wore calfskin with copper toes—a strip of copper bordering the toes to protect the leather. But soon my friends and I were wearing a more dressy shoe for Sundays and special occasions. Then came the French kid shoe, soft and fine as morocco, the top reaching higher each season. These were laced with scarlet strings with scarlet

tassel at the top. Again there was the style of shoe buttoned down the side of the foot, and the pretty style with a seam running from the toe straight up over the middle of the foot and no vamp seam, giving a glove-fitting effect. High heels were in vogue in the 70s, the bottom of the heel being perfectly round and the size of a twenty-five cent piece. There was a pretty slipper called the shoe fly from a popular song of that day—with a leather bow running lengthwise over the instep resembling the folded wings of a huge fly. These wings reminded me of the pictures of little Bo-Peep—very coquettish they were with rather high heels.

PONY EXPRESS

Up to 1860 the people of the Pacific coast were still far removed from the East, in the matter of mail. The railroad from New York only reached as far west as St. Joseph, Missouri and from there to California the overland route was in operation by coach. It took twenty-two days for mail to reach San Francisco from New York and several more to reach Oregon.

Rumors of civil war persisted and the people clamored for accelerated mail service. There had been repeated appeals to congress, but no notice had been taken of them. The impending war put all thought of the needs of the West out of mind. Senator Gwin of California had been most persistent in his efforts, but seeing no help in view from that source, he gained the interest of some capitalists of New York in the project of establishing one of the most romantic and daring business ventures this or any other country ever knew—The Pony Express. The time of transmitting news across the continent was reduced from twenty-two days to ten by using telegrams from New York to St. Joseph, Missouri. There was only one city between St. Joseph and San Francisco—Salt Lake, two thousand miles of uninhabited country infested with hostile Indians. Through this dangerous region led the trails over which the flying ponies and their riders must go. The riders were to start simultaneously from their stations, east and west, men noted for their lithe, wiry physiques, bravery and coolness in moments of greatest danger, and endurance under the greatest fatigue.

I quote from Vischer's "Pony Express": "Horse and human flesh were strained to the utmost tension day or night, in sunshine and storm, under the darkest skies with only the stars, and time to guide him, the rider must speed on with no delay. Sometimes his way led across prairies straight as the flight of an arrow, more often, a zigzag trail hugging the brink of awful precipices. He must be ready to take the place of the next

rider if any misfortune had befallen him, falling exhausted at the end of the next division.

"On like a flash of color on the landscape. The ponies were noted for their speed and endurance; ten miles was the limit exacted from them. The pony came dashing into the station flecked with foam and with dilated, crimson nostrils. The rider paused only a second or two, till the saddle pouch with its precious burden was thrown on the next pony, then with a leap into his seat, away they sped down the trail, and in a moment were lost to view, two hundred and fifty miles a day.

"The rider carried not an ounce of surplus weight. Even his case of precious letters made a package no bigger than an ordinary writing tablet. Five dollars was the price in advance for every letter. There were hundreds of them, but they were written on the thinnest tissue paper. No frivolous correspondence among them; business letters only, and important telegrams, that warranted the immense expense, found their way by the Pony Express.

"The mail bags were two pouches of leather, sealed and strapped to the saddle before and behind. Only twenty pounds weight was allowed. The letters were wrapped in oil silk then sealed and the packet locked, not to be opened between St. Joseph and San Francisco."

In 1862, the completion of the transcontinental telegraph put an end to the Pony Express, but it marked the way for the transcontinental railroad.

The railroad paralleled the trail of the Pony Express almost its entire length. In 1869 the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific were united from east to west; then followed the progress of civilization. Towns and cities sprang up along the way; the desert was made to blossom as a rose; mountains were subdued, and the days of the covered wagon were as a dream, or as a tale that is told.

CIVIL WAR

The Civil War began nine months after the Pony Express was started and the excitement on this coast was intense. My husband has often related to me how in his southern Oregon home, the neighbors would gather at his parent's home when the *Weekly Sacramento Union* arrived, to hear his mother read aloud the news.

Civil War times brought intense bitterness of feeling between the two parties, adherents of the north and south. There were many southern sympathizers in Lane county, but we did not use such a polite appellation, we called them secessionists or more ungrammatically "secesh." This antagonism was felt as vehemently between the children of the opposing parties, as between their elders.

I do not remember that we came to actual blows, or threw rocks at each other, but there was near gnashing of teeth and pulling of hair, as we shouted back and forth such vituperations as "Black Republican" and "old secesh" or "rebel", and the naughty little republicans sang derisively, "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree" to the tune of *John Brown's Body*.

When President Lincoln was assassinated, all Eugene mourned. Men were not ashamed to brush the tears from their eyes. Yards and yards of black bunting and crepe were festooned from every porch and door and store front, cannon boomed and bells tolled. Business houses were closed; services and assemblies were held; eloquent orators were in demand in every town. Southerners could not conceal their exultant feelings; excitement was at fever heat. If it had not been for the state militia, serious trouble might have occurred.

The following advertisement of Bell and Company, book sellers in a resurrected edition of the "Guard" in 1868, is a most astonishing revelation. I venture that Portland, even, could not have shown a finer selection in their book stores. I can even declare that no concern in Eugene today carries a wider range of high class literature. At this place could be procured: the *London Times*—*London Athenaeum*—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Review*—*London Illustrated Weekly*—*Atlantic Monthly*—*Harper's Weekly*—*Harper's Monthly*—*Country Gentleman*—*The Nation*—*German Language Papers*—almost any of the leading New York or Boston papers—farm magazines—medical journals—legal journals—business surveys—army and navy journals—*Godey's Lady's Book* and *Peterson's Lady's Book*—*Lesley's magazine*. Even with all this wealth of public publications they omitted *Overland Monthly*, a western publication corresponding to the *Atlantic Monthly* of the eastern coast. *The Overland* was very popular; Mark Twain and Bret Hart were contributors and, I think, were editors and publishers in the mining days in Nevada and California. This monthly was published in San Francisco. My father was a subscriber from the first and mother took *Godey's* and *Peterson's* magazines for years. I still possess many colored prints from these magazines.

Charles Dickens, Anthony Trollope, Charles Reade, the Brontes, Jane Austin, Bulwer Lytton, Walter Scott, Thackeray, Hawthorne, Washington Irving, and last but not least, George Elliott, soon found their places on our library shelves. One of our earliest novels was *Scottish Chiefs* but mother's favorite was *Miss Muloch* and we had many of her books.

Not only did Eugene have good books but we had good actors and good plays and even light operas in the early 70s. Frederick Ward was

a favorite, and appeared often in such plays as *Damon and Pythias* and *Shakespeare*. Miln was also popular as a Shakespearian actor. The Jefferson Brothers were here in *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Rip Van Winkle*, and other good plays. The light operas were *Martha*, *Norma*, *Girofle and Girofla*, *Il Trovatore*, with Jeannie Winston as leading lady. John Drew was here later in *Rosemary*, also Olga Nethersole and Maud Adams. The Boston String Quintette Club honored us twice, once performing to a crowded audience at the Methodist church at Tenth and Willamette. We do not have these good attractions since the movies have taken their place. I would so enjoy a play on the stage once more.

Most of you are more or less familiar with the history of the University of Oregon.

Deady Hall was the only building on the campus on that first day in October, 1876, as a group of students climbed the stile on Twelfth Street and surveyed their new Alma Mater, with a strange feeling of elation. It seemed a very stately and beautiful building to our eager eyes. To the few of us who remain, all the associations of those early years still center around Deady Hall. It stood there in the stubble field from which the grain had recently been reaped; no trees were near, save the noble oaks on the northeast corner, later named for our beloved Dr. Condon.

We could not then envisage the lovely campus of today. But the encircling hills, the distant snow peaks rising in their purity, the beautiful Willamette "gliding onward to the sea" and the old mill race appealed to us. The third story of Deady Hall was unfinished and it was a year, I believe, before it was ready for use as an auditorium.

The seventy or eighty students who first entered the university were earnest young men and women who came for the sole purpose of obtaining an education. Those from a distance were mostly former students under the three professors who were first appointed to their respective chairs in the university. President Johnson, who was president of the high school in Portland, had a large following; Professor Bailey, President of McMinnville college, was followed by his faithful ones, and likewise Professor Condon, teacher from Pacific University at Forest Grove.

President Johnson held the chair of Latin and Greek; Professor Bailey, mathematics and astronomy; Professor Condon, geology, botany and paleontology and other sciences.

Two literary societies were formed within one month after school opened. They were called the Laureans, for the men, and the Eutaxians for the women. They were the literary and social life of the university

and early in their history became incorporated so they could legally hold property and transact business.

A room was given them on the first floor of Deady Hall, by the faculty, and they became eager to obtain some books as a basis for a library. Fortune seemed to play into their hands, as at this time the City Library had become defunct and the librarian had attached the books in payment of his salary. Here was a chance to buy a library:—but this was easier said than done. The librarian was willing to sell on condition that he be admitted to the Laurean Society. This was a snag they had not foreseen. It was against the rules of the society to admit a member who was not a student of the University. The matter was in litigation for some time but they finally were victorious.

The next problem was to raise funds to furnish our room and shelves. Although the faculty frowned upon theatricals, the two societies, by some means, obtained permission to give a play—with restrictions.

Irena Dunn Williams was selected for the leading lady and her hero was Emery Burke, of the class of '81, who was "not only a very handsome man, but a most worthy and popular one among his fellow students."

The play was of the time of the Civil War and titled *Gailee*. Mr. Burke was the sweetheart returning from war. But the restrictions were: "no embracing or kissing."

President John Wesley Johnson reported at rehearsals, at Lane's Hall, to check up on the characters and to see that there was no breaking of his mandate. Somehow, the play passed censorship, but it was to be marvelled at how the characters curbed their enthusiasm enough to act "natural" at the return of a lover from war—and still get by. Poor Prexy Johnson would turn over in his grave, could he but see some of the plays put on these modern times in Johnson Hall.

The library thus started and maintained by the Laureans and Eutaxians became the nucleus of the library now held within the walls of one of the most beautiful libraries on the Pacific Coast and containing 320,000 volumes. Few students of today looking upon our beautiful new library and its contents, realize its humble beginning.

There were few coeducational institutions in the United States at that time—none on the Atlantic coast. The Laureans and the Eutaxians were the social and literary life of the University. There were few amusements. A social or promenade in the Auditorium with music and simple refreshments. Occasionally some pleasant home was thrown open for our entertainment.

The Choral Society organized by Prof. Bailey, gave the young men an opportunity of "Seeing Nelly Home." No dancing was allowed then—

the girls had no evening dresses. We just wore our Sunday dresses—high necks and long sleeves, and high buttoned shoes. But you need not pity us, you modern young women, we did not know what we were missing by "Being Born 30 Years Too Soon."

I dare say we were happier in our simple way, than many girls of today. No girl felt envy or heart burning because some more fortunate girl had lovely frocks that she could not have.

Commencement Day was a great day. Farmers came in wagons and buggies with their entire families, from the surrounding country. It was an all day affair. Every senior had an oration. Everybody brought baskets (even the townspeople) and seated themselves on the grass at the noon hour for a picnic luncheon.

A very picturesque and happy scene.

In 1881 I was surprised to receive a letter from my beloved teacher, Miss Mary Rodney, Principal of St. Helen's Hall, asking me if I would consider teaching at the Hall. I was astounded as I had not been graduated from that institution, leaving in June '76, to enter the University of Oregon which opened its doors that fall. I was obliged to leave the University before being graduated and had never taught school. This, I told Miss Rodney, but she repeated her offer. I deeply appreciated this honor and enjoyed my two years of teaching there. The teachers were given rooms where the students came in classes for recitation. As I had classes from different grades, it gave me a variety of subjects to teach which made it very pleasant. It was such a pleasure to again be with my teachers whom I had loved in my school days. Very few women are living today who attended St. Helen's Hall in '74 and '76 and those teachers have long since gone to their eternal rest.

INDEX

- Dunn, Irena (author) 12-26, 28-35, 37- 44
 Christian, Christianne Cecilia (mother) 12, 17, 20, 22, 24, 35
 Dunn, Francis Berrian (father) 11, 12, 14, 16-18, 20, 29, 30-32, 36
- Alexander, (Captain of the *Queen*) 32
 Belshaw, George 16
 Bristow, Elijah (early pioneer) 10, 11
 Brumley, Joe 11, 12, 16, 28
 Burke, Emery (classmate) 43
 Chichester Farm 19
 Christian, Catherine 18, 26
 Christian, Daniel 12, 18, 19, 20, 26
 Cousins, (Captain) 32
 De Wolf, (Captain of *Brother Jonathan*) 30
 Dodson, William (early pioneer) 10
 Dunn, infant (Charles Wiley) 16-17
 Dunn, Louisa (Schwatka) 11
 Dunn, Luella 17, 30
 Dunn, Marilda 30
 Ellsworth, S. (Esq.) 27
 Hamptons 24
 Harlow, M. H. 26
 Ingersoll, Robert G. (orator) 28
 Johnsons 31
 Judkins 19
 Kelly, John 20
 Kincaid, Elizabeth 24
 Kinsey, George (Mrs.) 16
 Kuchel and Dresel (artwork) 28
 Luckey, Jerry 30
 Luckey, Joe 24
 Luckey, Molly 30
 Luckey, Sam and Mrs. 30
 Luelling, Henderson 22
- Matlock, Joe 24
 McCarty, (trapper) 31
 McMurray Farm 19
 Paine, Dr. 23
 Peek, William (first baby boy) 11
 Pepiot, (Frenchman) 30
 Renfrew 16
 Rodney, Mary 44
 Schwatka family 11
 Scott, Felix (Capt.) (early pioneer) 10
 Shaw, Hilyard 28
 Sheldon, Harry D. (Dr.) 19
 Sheridan, Phil (General) 13
 Skinner, Eugene (early pioneer) 10, 11, 20, 27, 28, 29
 Skinner, Mary (early pioneer) 11
 Smith, Avery A. 11, 28, 29
 Smith, William 19
 Tyson, Nellie Hampton (Mrs.) 24
 Underwood, Ben 24
 Vischer, Edward (pony express author) 39
 Walling, Albert G. (historian/ author) 24
 Walton, Joshua 24
 Wells, (first baby) 11
 Wilkins, F. M. (friend) 28
 Wilkins, H. M. (friend) 33
 Williams, Charles S. (husband) 23, 40
 Williams, Irena Dunn 43
 Young, Walker 26

List of Authors of books in the Dunns' Collection (page 41)

- | | | |
|------------------|----------------------|-------------------|
| Austin, Jane | Hawthorne, Nathaniel | Scott, Walter |
| Bronte sisters | Irving, Washington | Thackery, William |
| Dickens, Charles | Lytton, Bulwer | Trollope, Anthony |
| Elliott, George | Reade, Charles | Twain, Mark |
| Harte, Bret | | |

Note: Book begins with page number 9.
 Index created with *Microsoft Paint* in 2020 for the digitized copy of this book.

Businessmen (pages 28-29)

- Bellshaw (drugstore) 29
 Blanding (merchant store) 29
 Brown (bookman) 29
 Brumley, Joe (dry-goods store) 11, 12, 16, 28
 Cartwright (inn) 13
 Chase (livery stable) 28
 Crow (pony change station) 13
 Danforth, L. (drugstore) 28
 Dorris (tin shop) 29, 35
 Dunn, F. B. (merchant store) 29
 Ellsworth (drugstore) 29
 Franklin (pony change station) 13
 Goldsmith (merchant store) 29
 Hanson (tailor) 29
 Harlow, M. (tavern) 28
 Heath, James (tavern) 28
 Hoffman House 16
 Killingsworth (bakery) 29
 Locke (merchant store) 28
 Mammy's Cabin 19
 Maxwell (tin shop) 29
 McClure, A. S. (merchant store) 29
 Miller's Store 24
 Milliorn (inn) 13
 Mullholland (merchant store) 28
 Osburn (hotel) 16
 Peek, Abraham (livery stable) 28
 Peters, A. V. (bakery) 29
 Renfrow (tavern and hotel) 16, 28
 Rosenblatt, Myer (merchant store) 29
 Smith, Avery A. (flouring mill) 28
 Smith and Brassfield, (merchant store) 11, 29
 Steinheiser, Sol. (grocer) 29
 Teal, Joe (store and warehouse) 28
 Waud (tin shop) 29

Clergy (pages 27-28)

- Beecher, Henry Ward 28
 Driver, I. D. (Dr.) 28
 Hammond, James E. (Rev.) 27
 Hawthorne, B. J. (Prof.) 27
 Loveridge, Daniel Edward (Rev.) 27
 McCormac, Johnston (Rev.) 27
 Morris, (Bishop) 25, 26, 27
 Parker, A. L. (Rev.) 27
 Parker, Octavius (Rev.) 27
 Scott, (Bishop) 27
 Wells, Lemuel H. (Rev.) 27

Education

Professors

- Bailey, Mark 26, 42, 43
 Condon, Thomas (Dr.) 26, 42
 Johnson, John Wesley (President) 26, 42, 43

School teachers

- Arnold, John 25, 26
 Blackler, Lydia 25, 26
 Boise, Lizzie 24
 Callison, Rufus 25
 Clopton, Mary 25
 Gale, Lizzie 24
 Gilbert, John 25
 Hull, Nathan 25
 Killingsworth, Cornelia 23, 24
 Moore, Miss 24
 Mosse, Miss 23
 Odell, William (Mrs.) 25
 Parsons, Angie (Mrs.) 24
 Rodney, Mary 25, 26, 44
 Rogers, Mr. 24
 Underwood, Anna 24
 Veatch, Robert 25

List of early newspapers and Publishers/editors is on page 29

Medical (pages 33-34)

- Cardwell (Dentist) 34
 Danforth (Doctor) 33
 Davis, (Doctor) 33
 Hanchett (Doctor) 33
 Ramsey, (Doctor) 33

Political

- Davis, Jeff 41
 Gwin, (Senator of California) 39
 Lincoln, Abraham 41
 Perkins, (Governor) 32

Actors in early Eugene

- Adams, Maude 42
 Drew, John 42
 Jefferson Brothers 42
 Miln 42
 Nethersole, Olga 42
 Ward, Frederick 41
 Winston, Jeannie 42