

CFR 0097

Hollis Mast

U.S. Census Definition of a Farm: 10 acres or more with agricultural sales of \$50 or more a year; or, if less than 10 acres, sales of at least \$250 a year.

## APPLICATION FOR CENTURY FARM HONORS--1973

(Rules attached)

Deadline for filing application: July 27, 1973.

## PLEASE PRINT

Your name (Mr. ~~Mr.~~ ~~Mrs.~~ ~~Miss~~) Hollis Mast

Your address: Route 2470 FAIRVIEW P.O. Box 2470 Town Coyville

Location of farm: SAME (Address) COOS (County)

Acres in your farm today: 1200 Acres in original farm: 160

Does your farm comply with U.S. Census definition at top of page? yes

Name of founder of farm (please print): Wm. P. Mast

Year founder settled on farm? 1873 Where did he come from? N. Carolina

How many families have farmed this land? three generations

Are any of original buildings still in use? No

Who farms land today? You? X A renter?        A manager?        Other?       

If you own the farm but live in town, do you manage the farming operation?       

What relation are you to the original owner? grandson

If you know crops or livestock raised on farm 100 years ago, please list cattle, horses, hogs -  
vegetables for family -

What do you raise on farm today? dairy cattle (chiefly) plus pasture,  
hay & corn ensilage for them. Few sheep & beef cows -

How many generations live on the farm today? (Names) (two) Hollis & Ann Mast  
and youngest son, Bill. (JoAnn - Sr. at OSU. - DAN - OSU. graduate works in Medford)

Has the farm ever been rented? NO - How many times has original farm been divided? once

PLEASE list on separate page attached other historical facts you know about this farm.

Do you declare that the statements made above are accurate and correct to the best of your knowledge? yes -

Mail to: State Dept. of Agriculture  
Agriculture Building, Salem, Oregon  
97310

Hollis Mast Ann Mast  
Signature of Owner

Submitted by: Hollis Mast - 2470 Fairview Rte - Coquille -  
(Name and Address)

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

One half (80 acres) of the original 160 acres is included in our 1200 acre farm. These acres have been farmed continuously but the farm buildings are not located on them.

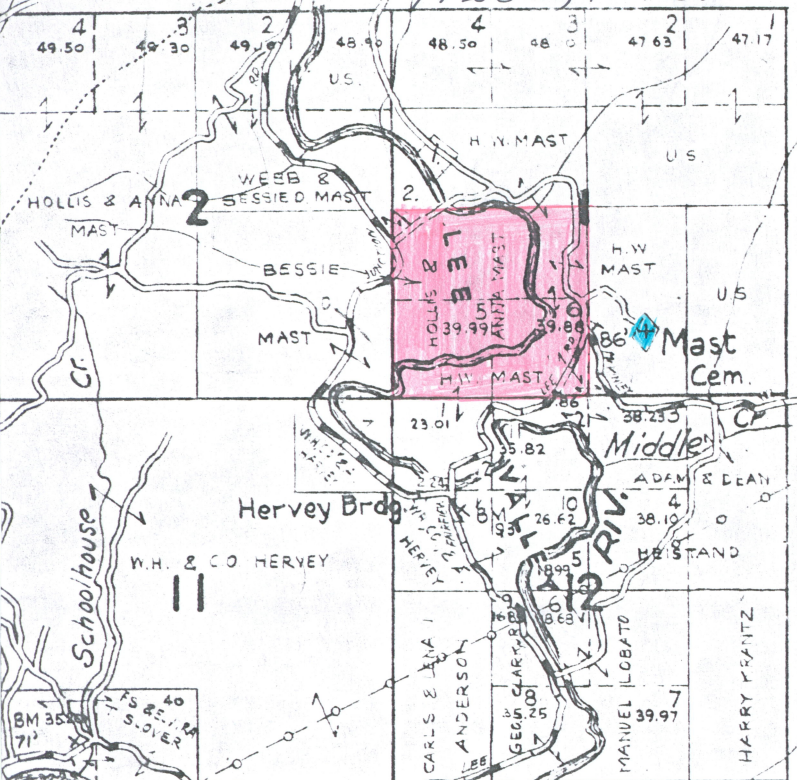
Wm. P. Mast and family moved onto the property and began clearing land and farming in 1873. The patent for the land was received in 1878.

from the obituary of Mrs. Wm. P. Mast  
Southern Coos County American, Mar. 11, 1920

.....in the month of April 1872, they turned their faces westward and in June arrived in Douglas Co., Oregon, where they engaged in farming for a year. In the meantime they purchased a "squatter's right" on 160 acres of land in Coos Co., Oregon which was covered with and surrounded by an unbroken wilderness.

On this foundation for a home they settled in the latter part of Oct., 1873 and from that wilderness proceeded to build a farm. ....

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mile away, walked up within a few feet of his brother, who was plowing in the field, and shot him dead. Severe fled the country, and avoided the officers for some two years, and was finally captured on Puget Sound, brought back, convicted, and hung in Empire City—the first white man that ever paid the death penalty in Coos county. This happened only two weeks before the June election, in 1876. Col. R. H. Rosa, the democratic candidate for representative, had an easy victory to attain the office. The old gentleman and lady Lewis, father and mother, only survived a short time, and died with broken hearts.

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EMIGRATION FROM NORTH CAROLINA.—REMINISCENCES.

About April 25th, 1872, the subject of this sketch, William P. Mast, with his family, and several other families, numbering about sixty-six persons besides the little children, set their faces westward, from western North Carolina, bound for the, to them, indefinitely known country, "where rolls the Oregon." How well do they remember that morning when the wagons lined up with their

trunks, boxes and bundles, in which were carefully stowed their earthly belongings. The old familiar road, along which their feet, the feet of their fathers and grandfathers, had trudged their way to school, and over which many of them would tread no more, was lined with relatives and friends, who assembled to bid them an everlasting adieu and wish them God-speed. Like all other things earthly, these sad adieus ended, and they turned their backs on the scenes of their childhood and every loved spot their infancy knew. The first night out they camped upon the hoary summit of Blue Ridge, the backbone of the Atlantic shore of the continent, with all of its sceneries of grandeur, and they are boundless. But why dwell upon scenes familiar to all who have set their faces westward since 1854.

In course of time they arrived, by the accommodation of the "Emigrant Car," at the City of Sacramento; from there to Red Bluff and then by wagon twenty miles out into the country where they camped and proceeded to invest in horses and wagons with which to continue the journey to Oregon. After a long, tedious journey, with wagons piled high

with trunks, boxes, etc., they pulled up at the foot of the Coast Range, in Douglas county, at what was then Wm. Weeklie's farm, about June 10, 1872, where they pitched their tents and the head of the families proceeded on horseback to explore the wilds of Coos County. After due time they returned not very well impressed for the present, so they returned to Deer Creek, east of Roseburg, and rented houses. (Here they lived until the fall of 1873, but in the meantime the subject of this sketch traded a wagon to Mr. Doff Livingston for his "squatter" right to a quarter section of land on the North Fork of Coquille River where they moved from Deer Creek and began to carve out a home.) They had become somewhat Oregonized by this time, having grown a crop of grain on Deer Creek and gathered other property such as chickens, cows, etc., so that we were doomed to something new, an experience we could not have dreamed of eighteen months previous.

The Coos Bay wagon road was not opened when we first arrived but was during that year. It did not reach our place, there being about four miles of rough mountain trail intervening over which we had to transport, on the backs of our work horses, hitherto

unused to such work, all our trunks, boxes, cooking stoves, chickens in crates, etc., and last but not least, a blacksmith shop, as father could not live on a farm without one. We yet remember what a novel sight it was to see a small horse loaded with two big trunks on each side and one on top, the whole being lashed on by what, to us, seemed an intricate network of ropes, but which, later on, we learned to do with a master hand. When all the horses were packed, the start would be made and then the fun would begin. The horses were as unused to this kind of thing as we and when packed up with those bulky packages the load would be five or six feet wide, so that in winding over these sinuous trails, jumping logs, and crawling under those hanging over the trail, the corners of the trunks would catch against trees and the suddenness of the contrast would almost throw the animals down. The chickens in crates being lashed on top, the load set up sundry squawks as the motion of the horse tossed them from end to end and from side to side, until no doubt they offered up prayer for their deliverance. After so long a time they accomplished the task of landing flour, bacon, household goods, smith-shop, oats for the horses, young



fruit trees and the various things necessary to the establishment of a pioneer home with supplies to last six or eight months, as the base of supplies was Roseburg, fifty or sixty miles away, and roads almost impassable.

They were soon settled snugly in a board shanty, twelve by fourteen, which was surrounded by towering fir timber on the north and east and on the south by a stretch of ten acres of black logs which had been cut down in the early summer and burned over in the fall. All through the long winter they toiled in those black logs, cutting, rolling, burning and grubbing, day in and day out and often till 10 o'clock at night, so that when the June roses blushed and nodded in the sun that ten acres was nourishing as fine a crop of grain and grass as ever grew. And thus passed many years of hard work and by and by a nice commodious house and barn and broad acres teeming with plenty crowned their efforts and all went blissfully along and home contentment and comfort prevailed until the heavy hand of time, "Time, the tomb builder," invaded their happy home in the west and bereft us of their early father whose remains now lie on the little hill near by, as requested by him,

"Overlooking river, dale and dell,  
And the once happy home he loved so  
well."

R. H. MAST.

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE  
COQUILLE VALLEY.

On the 1st day of November, 1871, I crossed the Coast Range of mountains and reached the Coquille valley, parts of which were covered with such a dense forest of fir, cedar, myrtle, maple, ash, alder, etc., that it looked as though it would take an age to prepare the fertile soil for cultivation. In this massive forest we find many sweet and lovely flowers of different hues, raising their heads as if to kiss any stray sunbeam that might possibly find its way through the thick foilage of the dense forest. But wild and rugged as this locality is, we occasionally pass a comfortable cabin, near which a few rods of the forest has been removed and the finest vegetables imaginable growing in sufficient quantity to amply reward those sturdy pioneers for all their toil. My own impression is that whoever lives to see this forest removed and the valley brought to a high state of cultivation, will see the best part of Oregon, but when that period shall arrive, I cannot say, yet

State Department of Agriculture  
Oregon Historical Society

CERTIFICATION OF OWNERSHIP OF CENTURY FARM

I hereby certify that the farm for which Hollis Mast  
Owner's name and address

2470 Fairview Rte - Coquille is applying for Century Farm honors,

has been in his family continuously for 100 or more years.

Fay J Crabtree  
\*County Commissioner Recorder

Date: 8-1-73

\*Please strike office not applicable



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Allen's P. C. B. Est. 1888

Coos

# Mast homestead: century farm

A 5064

All the way from the Watauga County mountains in North Carolina, William Mast and his family trekked to Oregon seeking a better life.

That was more than a 100 years ago. Today, that original settlement in Lee Valley remains in the Mast family and is now classified as a century farm.

Incidentally, the original 160 acres were obtained by William trading a wagon for the land.

"There was a log cabin they lived in first," Hollis Mast recalled in an interview with the Herald.

"Originally," he explained, "my father and one of my uncles ranched the land for a long time. Finally, they divided it by the river."

Hollis and his wife, Ann now have some 1,200 acres on the North Fork of the Coquille River.

Lloyd and his wife, Mary Ann, reside on the site of the original home on the other side of the river. Lloyd's farm extends some 650 acres and includes cattle, sheep and a dairy.

Tending to his farm presents its share of problems. For example, varmints. "We definitely have a pro-

blem with coyotes," Lloyd commented.

"Seven years ago, I had 900 head of sheep. Now, I'm lucky to have 50 head." He said government trappers are brought in an effort to eradicate the sheep killers. But, he observed, "No way to get them (coyotes) all."

His property contains one of the largest myrtlewood groves in the area and also the "Old Mast Cemetery." The latter has some 30 graves of relatives buried there.

In 1918 Hollis' father, Webb, built a three-story home on the north side of the family settlement. In fact, Hollis was born in the home.

Then in 1949, Hollis and Ann built a new home just above the older residence at Fairview Route Box 2470. Their home is nicely furnished and adorned with many pictures, antiques and other family heirlooms.

As ranchers will testify, farm life isn't an easy one, but the Masts personify the best possible attitude.

For example, when asked the best aspect of their life, Ann replied with a chuckle:

"Don't ask him, he's paying taxes today."

"It's a way of life; we enjoy it," Hollis agreed with a grin. "You don't have to worry about getting out of work."

Their daughter, JoAnn, is a teacher in Medford. A son, Dan, works for the Farm Home Administration in Redmond. Their other son, Bill, is a junior at Oregon State University in Corvallis. In January, he will go to New Zealand on a one-year agriculture exchange program.

For recreation?

"We sit in a chair," Ann explained with another burst of laughter. "We don't have to have hobbies."

Hollis noted, "There are so many different types of work, you don't get bored."

About their sense of humor, Ann chuckled and said, "You have to develop it."

Hollis added, "You can't exist without it, can you? If you worried about everything you wouldn't last very long."

Myrtle Point, recently com

decision.

In the middle of the summer 1900 a stranger on a horse related seven