

CFR 0751

Patricia D. May

APPLICATION FOR CENTURY FARM HONORS

Deadline for Filing Application - May 1, 1994

WJ 5/10

LAKE CO.

(Please type or print)

Telephone #: Redacted for Privacy

Your Name (Mr., Mrs., Ms., Miss) Patricia D. May

Your Address Redacted for Privacy
Street, Route or Box # / City Zip Code

Location of Farm Same

To qualify as a Century Farm, a farm must have no fewer than 10 acres with a gross income from farm use of not less than \$500 per year for three out of the five years immediately preceding application for Century Farm honors.

Does your farm meet this qualification? yes

Name of family member who was founder or original owner of farm: William James Benninger & Ida Florence Benninger

Founder gained ownership of farm in (Year) March 1893 (over)
(ATTACH VERIFYING DOCUMENTATION, See Rule 9).

Founder came to Oregon from Travis City, Michigan

Who farms the land today? The Norman May Family / Benninger Farm Corp

Relationship to original owner Mrs. May is Wm. Benninger's great-granddaughter

Are any of the original buildings still in use? none - destroyed by fire
If yes, which ones?

If you know crops or livestock raised on farm one hundred years ago, please list: Timber, hay, fruit trees, garden produce
horses, cows, chickens & pigs

What do you raise on the farm today? Polled Newfords, May
garden produce, fruit trees, horses & Timber

How many generations live on the farm today? four
(3rd generation) (4th generation) (5th generation)

Please list names: Irene Benninger Patricia May Deanna Thiessen
John, James & Jacob Thressen (6th generation)

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

Patricia D. May / Benninger Farm Corp -
Signature of Owner

Please return forms to: Century Farm Program
Oregon Historical Society
1200 S. W. Park Avenue
Portland, OR 97205-2483

The Benninger Family moved on this land in March 1893, thinking that it was homestead property. Later, when the property was surveyed Wm. Benninger learned that this was Railroad land so he obtained a loan to buy the property -

William's son Coy was 2 years old when the family moved to this place. He operated this farm from 1915 until his sudden death in May 1970.

Since then the farming responsibility has been carried on by the Norman May family. Ownership fell to Mary Minter & Irene Benninger, Coy and Clara Benninger's two daughters - at Mary's death in Oct. 1989 her share of the property went to her husband Thomas M. Minter.

In July of 1990 Thomas Minter & Irene Benninger deeded the farm to Thomas & Mary's children, Patricia May, James Minter of Philomath, Or. and Barbara Reynolds of Medford -

STATEMENT FORM

I, Patricia D. May
(Print Full Name)

hereby affirm and declare that the farm which I own at

Benninger Farm Redacted for Privacy
(Full Address)

in Wane County,

shall have been owned by my family as specified in Rule 2 of the
RULES FOR 1994 CENTURY FARM PROGRAM for at least one hundred
years by no later than December 31, 1994.

Patricia D. May
Signature

----- Acknowledgement (for use of Notary Public) -----

STATE OF OREGON

County of Wane

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on this 21 day of April,

1994, before me, the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for
said County and State, personally appeared the within named

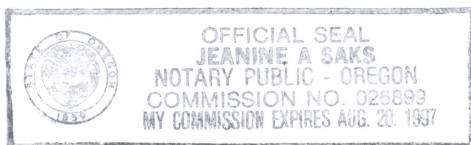
Patricia D. May

known to me to be the identical individual described in and who

executed the within instrument and acknowledged to me that she

executed the same freely and voluntarily.

In Testimony Whereof, I have
set my hand and affixed my
official seal the day and
year last above written.



Jeanine A. Saks Wane County
Notary Public for Oregon
Commission Expires 8/20/97

4-24-94



A "Beary Special" Message

To Mr. Brentano

I hope that this
will supply all the
information you need -

If you have any questions
please call me.

Patty May

Redacted for Privacy



Oregon Historical SOCIETY

1200 S.W. PARK AVENUE, PORTLAND, OREGON 97205-2483

503/222-1741 TELEPHONE

FACSIMILE 503/221-2035

September 22, 1994

Mrs. Patricia D. May
Redacted for Privacy

Dear Mrs. May:

We are pleased to advise you that the 1994 Century Farm awards for Lane County will be presented at the Lane County Historical Society's meeting on Sunday, October 16th, at 2:00 P.M. in the GARDEN CLUB, 1640 High Street, Eugene.

A certificate honoring your Century Farm will be presented at that time.

We hope you and your family will be able to be present at this historic event.

Sincerely,

Ron Brentano, Coordinator
CENTURY FARM PROGRAM

cc: Ethan Newman, President
Lane County Historical Society

RB/g

STATE OF OREGON,

COUNTY OF Multnomah ss.

Be it Remembered, That on this 3rd day of February A. D. 1902
before me, the undersigned, a Notary Public
in and for said County and State, personally appeared the within named

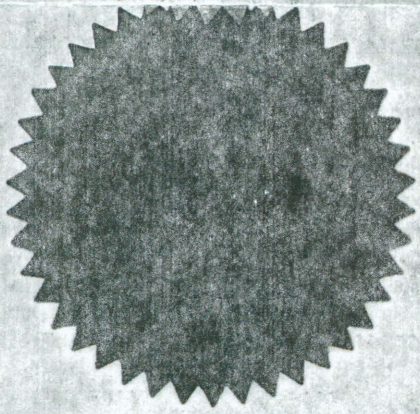
Edward Haberland

who is known

to me to be the identical individual described in and who executed the within instrument, and
acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and Notarial
seal the day and year last above written.

J. W. Fittenger
Notary Public
for Oregon



Bond for Deed.

Edward Haberland

TO

J. W. Fittenger

STATE OF OREGON,

County of Multnomah

ss.

I certify that the within instrument
was received for record on the 3rd
day of February A. D. 1902
at 9:30 o'clock, A. M., and recorded in
Book 5⁴ on Page 4⁰ Records of Deeds
of said County.

Witness my hand and seal of County
affixed.

Edward Haberland
Recorder of Conveyances,
County of Multnomah

By Edward Haberland
Deputy.

T. FROM THE OFFICE OF,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HALL BUILDING, PORTLAND,

ROOM 9-544, MONMOUTH ST.

Know all Men by these Presents, That I Edward Haberland
(unmarried) of Portland Oregon

am held and firmly bound unto W. J. Beringer

in the sum of Three Hundred U.S. Gold coin Dollars,

to be paid to the said W. J. Beringer

his executors, administrators or assigns, for which payment well and truly to be made I bind

myself, heirs, executors and administrators firmly by these presents. Sealed with my seal and dated the
3rd day of February A. D. 1906.

The Conditions of this obligation are such that if the above bounden obligor shall, on
the 3rd day of February A. D. 1906, make, execute and deliver

unto the said W. J. Beringer

provided that the said W. J. Beringer

shall on that day have paid to the said obligor the sum of Three Hundred

(and interest at 8% per annum) Dollars, gold coin of the United States of America,

in accordance with his certain promissory note of even

date, herewith to said Edward Haberland given interest

payable annually, a good and sufficient deed of general warranty

of all the certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate

in the County of Lane and State of Oregon

bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

all of the S 1/4 of the N 1/4 and the N 1/4 of

the S 1/4 of Section 35 in Township No 15

South Range No 7 West containing accor-

ding to the United States Survey Eighty acres, be-

the same more or less. J. J.

(It is understood and agreed that he nor any other

person shall not cut any of the timber on said land

for milling purposes nor in any other way cut or

dispose of said timber without the consent in

writing of the said Edward Haberland)

and shall thereby convey the title in fee of said premises, free and clear of all incumbrances,

(except the taxes from this time forward which said

W. J. Beringer shall pay)
to the said W. J. Beringer
then this obligation shall be void; otherwise to remain in full force and virtue.

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of
J. W. Pittenger
L. F. Christians

Edward Haberland (SEAL)

[SEAL]

STATE OF OREGON, }
COUNTY OF LANE, } ss.

On this, the 2nd day of February,

A. D., 1906 personally came before me, a Notary Public
in and for said county, the within named Edward Haberland
and (a single man) his
wife, to me personally known to be the identical persons described in,
and who executed the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that
he executed the same freely and voluntarily for the purposes therein
named.

Witness my hand and seal this 2nd day of February 1906.

W P Dugg
Notary Public



WARRANTY DEED

FROM

644 H.

TO

645 Wm J. Cunningham
Blackly

STATE OF OREGON, }
COUNTY OF LANE, } ss.

I certify the within instrument was received for
record the 5th day of January
1906 and recorded in Book 69 of

Deeds; page 351

E. L. L.

County Clerk

Deputy.

PRINTED AND FOR SALE BY THE GUARD, EUGENE.

609
Ret 15¢

WARRANTY DEED

This Indenture Witnesseth, That I Edward Haberland
(a single man)

his wife, for and in consideration of the sum of \$300.⁰⁰
Three Hundred DOLLARS

to _____ paid, do hereby Bargain, Sell and Convey unto
William J. Benninger

the following described premises, to-wit:

N. W. 1/4 of S. W. 1/4 and the S. W. 1/4 of N. W.
of Sec 35 Tp 15 South Range 7 West being 80
acres more or less, according to Gov Survey.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the said premises, with their appurtenances,
unto the said William J. Benninger heirs and assigns forever.

And the said Edward Haberland
does hereby covenant to and with the said William
J. Benninger heirs and assigns, that he is
the owner in fee simple of said premises, and they are free from all
encumbrances,

and that he will WARRANT AND DEFEND the same from all lawful claims
whatsoever

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and
seal this 2nd day of February A. D. 1906

Done in Presence of

W. P. Drugg

& Barlow

Edward J. Haberland (SEAL)

(SEAL)

(SEAL)

(SEAL)

609 ✓
Oregon and California Railroad Co.

Deed for Land

TO

205
8 ✓
26

Dated.....

STATE OF OREGON)
LANE COUNTY) ss.

I hereby certify that
the within instrument was filed for record
this 3 day of JUL 1903, at
4:30 o'clock, P. M., and duly
recorded in Book 56 page 491
Lane County, Deeds records.

E. C. Fisher
County Clerk.

Per *A. J. C.* Deputy.

Albert Hakalaud
Clerkly of

legal custodian of, and is acquainted with, and has in his possession, the corporate seal of said Company; that the seal affixed to the foregoing instrument as the seal of said Company is such corporate seal; that the same was so affixed by him as Secretary of said Company on the second day of March, A. D. 1903 by order of the Board of Directors of said Company, and that he signed his name thereto by the like order of the Board of Directors of said Company.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the day and year in this certificate first above written.

David Louie
Notary Public for Oregon.

State of New York, }
CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK. } ss.

Be it Remembered, That on this 21st day of May, A. D. one thousand nine hundred & three, before me, a Commissioner of the State of Oregon in the State of New York, residing in said City of New York, personally came J. V. B. Thayer, Vice., President of the Union Trust

Company of New York, the corporation described in the foregoing instrument as the party of the second part thereto, and who is personally known to me; and he, being by me duly sworn, did depose and say that he is, and at the time of the execution of said instrument was, the Vice. President, and that E. R. Merritt, is, and then was, the Assistant Secretary of said Company; that he knows the corporate seal of said Company, and that the seal affixed to the foregoing instrument as such is said corporate seal; that the said seal was affixed by authority of the Board of Trustees of said Company; and that he J. V. B. Thayer, as Vice.

President aforesaid, signed, and the said E. R. Merritt, as Secretary aforesaid, attested the said instrument by like authority; and the said J. V. B. Thayer, Vice. President as aforesaid, acknowledged the execution of said instrument as the act and deed of said Union Trust Company of New York for the purposes therein expressed.

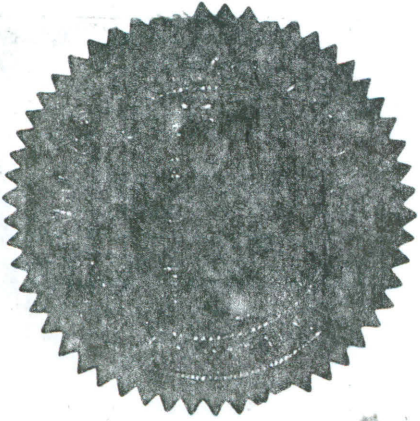
In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my official seal, at my office in the said City of New York, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

Etta Palmer
Commissioner for the State of Oregon,
in the State of New York.

To Hold the said premises, with the appurtenances thereto, unto the said purchaser, his heirs and assigns, forever freed and discharged from the lien, powers and trusts of said Deed of Trust or Mortgage of July 1, 1887.

In Witness Whereof, The said parties of the first and second parts have caused these presents to be sealed with their respective seals, and executed by their respective Presidents and Secretaries, the day and year first above written.

In presence of *David Louie*



L. H. Naegge

J. A. Shaughnessy

E. P. Rawling

Oregon and California Railroad Company,

By *R. Koehler*
Second Vice-President.

Oregon and California Railroad Company,

By *Geo. H. Andrews*
Secretary.

Union Trust Company of New York,

By *J. W. Hayer*
President.

Union Trust Company of New York,

By *E. L. Smith*
Assistant Secretary.

State of Oregon, }
COUNTY OF MULTNOMAH. } ss.

Be it Remembered, That on this 2nd day of March A. D. 1903, before me, the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for the said County, and State, duly commissioned and qualified, personally came R. Koehler Second Vice-President of the Oregon and California Railroad Company, and Geo. H. Andrews, Secretary of said Company, whose names are subscribed to the foregoing instrument as Second Vice-President and Secretary of said Company, both personally known to me to be the said individuals named and described in, and who executed the said instrument, and they severally acknowledged to me that he, the said R. Koehler as Second Vice-President, and he, the said Geo. H. Andrews as Secretary of the said Oregon and California Railroad Company, executed the foregoing instrument as and for the act and deed of said Corporation, for the uses and purposes therein mentioned; and he, the said Geo. H. Andrews, being by me duly sworn, did depose and say that he is the Secretary of the Oregon and California Railroad Company, and resides at Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon; that he is the

Quit Claim Deed No. 3403 Issued for Contract No. 5233

This Indenture, Made this second day of

March A. D. 1903

Between the Oregon and California Railroad Company, a corporation duly incorporated under the laws of the State of Oregon, party of the first part, the Union Trust Company of New York, a corporation created and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of New York, party of the second part, and ~~Edward Haberland~~ hereinafter called the purchaser, party of the third part;

Witnesseth: That in consideration of the sum of _____ Dollars paid to the party of the first part, and the sum of One hundred and twenty (120.00) Dollars, paid to the party of the second part by direction of the party of the first part, as per

terms of Deed of Trust by party of the first part to party of the second part, of date July 1, 1887, the Oregon and California Railroad Company doth hereby remise, release and quitclaim unto said purchaser, his heirs and assigns, all of the right, title and interest which it, the said Oregon and California Railroad Company, now has or owns, or may hereafter obtain or acquire, in and to the hereinafter described lands; and the said Union Trust Company of New York doth hereby release and confirm unto said purchaser, his heirs and assigns, the said lands, which are described as follows, to wit:

The North West quarter of the South West quarter of Section thirty five (35), Township fifteen (15) South, Range seven (7) West, Willamette Meridian.

containing, according to the United States survey thereof, Forty (40) acres, be the same more or less, being understood to be part of the land granted by the United States to the said Oregon and California Railroad Company, and embraced within the terms of, and conveyed by a certain Deed of Trust, executed by the party of the first part to the party of the second part, as Trustee, and bearing date July 1st, A. D. 1887.

AS

609 ✓
Oregon and California Railroad Co.

Deed for Land

TO

205 ✓
8 16

Dated

STATE OF OREGON, }
LANE COUNTY. } ss.

I hereby certify that
the within instrument was filed for record
this 8 day of P 1893, at
4:30 o'clock, P. M., and duly
recorded in Book 56 page 49.
Lane County, Deeds records.

E. W. Se.
County Clerk.

Per Deputy.

P. J. C.
Albert Hobalaced
Blackly

\$ 1.50 ft by E. W. Se.

legal custodian of, and is acquainted with, and has in his possession, the corporate seal of said Company; that the seal affixed to the foregoing instrument as the seal of said Company is such corporate seal; that the same was so affixed by him as Secretary of said Company on the second day of March, A. D. 1903 by order of the Board of Directors of said Company, and that he signed his name thereto by the like order of the Board of Directors of said Company.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the day and year in this certificate first above written.

David Loring
Notary Public for Oregon.

State of New York, }
CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK. } ss.

Be it Remembered, That on this 21st day of May, A. D. one thousand nine hundred & three, before me, a Commissioner of the State of Oregon in the State of New York, residing in said City of New York, personally came J. V. B. Thayer, Vice, President of the Union Trust Company of New York, the corporation described in the foregoing instrument as the party of the second part thereto, and who is personally known to me; and he, being by me duly sworn, did depose and say that he is, and at the time of the execution of said instrument was, the Vice President, and that E. R. Merritt is, and then was, the Assistant Secretary of said Company; that he knows the corporate seal of said Company, and that the seal affixed to the foregoing instrument as such is said corporate seal; that the said seal was affixed by authority of the Board of Trustees of said Company; and that he J. V. B. Thayer as Vice President aforesaid, signed, and the said E. R. Merritt as Assistant Secretary aforesaid, attested the said instrument by like authority; and the said J. V. B. Thayer Vice President as aforesaid, acknowledged the execution of said instrument as the act and deed of said Union Trust Company of New York for the purposes therein expressed.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my official seal, at my office in the said City of New York, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

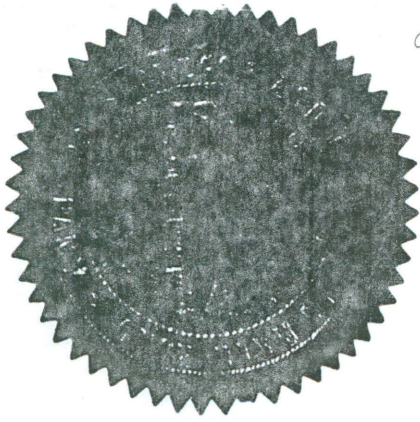
Edw. Palma
Commissioner for the State of Oregon,
in the State of New York.

To Hold the said premises, with the appurtenances thereto, unto the said purchaser, his heirs and assigns, forever freed and discharged from the lien, powers and trusts of said Deed of Trust or Mortgage of July 1, 1887.

In Witness Whereof, The said parties of the first and second parts have caused these presents to be sealed with their respective seals, and executed by their respective Presidents and Secretaries, the day and year first above written.

In presence of *David Louig*

D. J. Naigg



J. A. Shughnessy
E. M. Rawlings

Oregon and California Railroad Company,

By *R. Koehler*
Second Vice-President.

Oregon and California Railroad Company,

By *Geo. H. Andrews*
Secretary.

Union Trust Company of New York,

By *J. W. Schayer*
President.

Union Trust Company of New York,

By *E. R. Elliott*
Secretary.

State of Oregon, }
COUNTY OF MULTNOMAH. } ss.

Be it Remembered, That on this second day of March A. D. 1903, before me, the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for the said County, and State, duly commissioned and qualified, personally came R. Koehler Second Vice-President of the Oregon and California Railroad Company, and Geo. H. Andrews, Secretary of said Company, whose names are subscribed to the foregoing instrument as Second Vice-President and Secretary of said Company, both personally known to me to be the said individuals named and described in, and who executed the said instrument, and they severally acknowledged to me that he, the said R. Koehler as Second Vice-President, and he, the said Geo. H. Andrews as Secretary of the said Oregon and California Railroad Company, executed the foregoing instrument as and for the act and deed of said Corporation, for the uses and purposes therein mentioned; and he, the said Geo. H. Andrews, being by me duly sworn, did depose and say that he is the Secretary of the Oregon and California Railroad Company, and resides at Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon; that he is the

Quit Claim Deed No. 3404 Issued for Contract No. 5831

This Indenture, Made this second day of March A. D. 1903

Between the Oregon and California Railroad Company, a corporation duly incorporated under the laws of the State of Oregon, party of the first part, the Union Trust Company of New York, a corporation created and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of New York, party of the second part, and -----Edward Haberland----- hereinafter called the purchaser, party of the third part;

Witnesseth: That in consideration of the sum of ----- Dollars paid to the party of the first part, and the sum of One hundred and eighty (180.00) ----- Dollars, paid to the party of the second part by direction of the party of the first part, as per terms of Deed of Trust by party of the first part to party of the second part, of date July 1, 1887, the Oregon and California Railroad Company doth hereby remise, release and quitclaim unto said purchaser, his heirs and assigns, all of the right, title and interest which it, the said Oregon and California Railroad Company, now has or owns, or may hereafter obtain or acquire, in and to the hereinafter described lands; and the said Union Trust Company of New York doth hereby release and confirm unto said purchaser, his heirs and assigns, the said lands, which are described as follows, to wit:

The South West quarter of the North West quarter of Section thirty-five (35), Township fifteen (15) South, Range seven (7) West, Willamette Meridian.

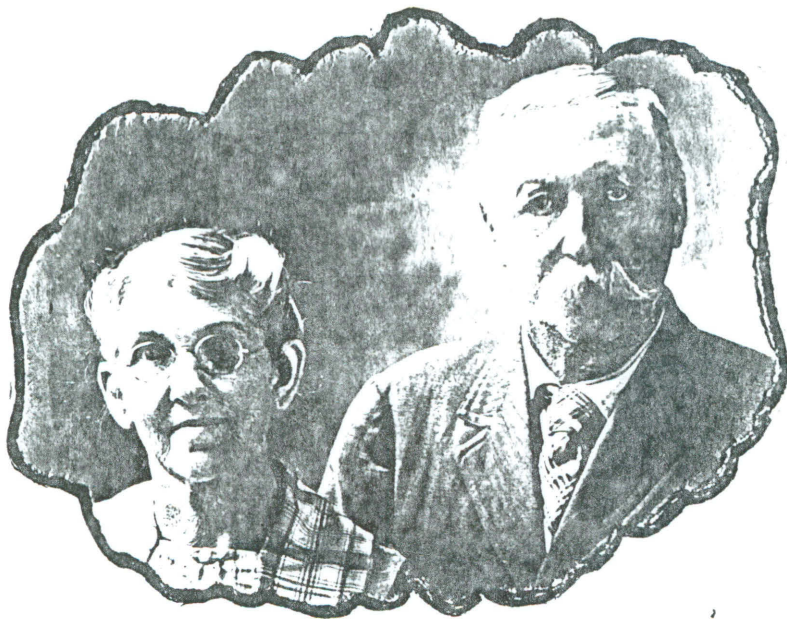
----- containing, according to the United States survey thereof Forty (40.00) ----- acres, be the same more or less, being understood to be part of the land granted by the United States to the said Oregon and California Railroad Company, and embraced within the terms of, and conveyed by a certain Deed of Trust, executed by the party of the first part to the party of the second part, as Trustee, and bearing date July 1st, A. D. 1887.

[Handwritten initials]

B e n n i n g e r

F a m i l y

H i s t o r y



Benninger History

By

Irene Benninger
1985

I, being the youngest grandchild of Jim and Ida Benninger, counted it a privilege to have lived next door to them until Grandpa died, and after that Grandma made her home with us and at times she visited her other children. I spent many hours with my grandparents and heard from them many of the stories I have written here. Some of the events were things my Dad told me.



Top picture The Jim + Ida Benning
Home Built 1892

Back row L-R - Vera, Claude, Grace, Ar.
seated Grandpa, Grandma
Bottom picture - The house Grandpa built
House was built of hand split lumber, made
one white fir tree. The nails used were 6
Top picture taken 1904 - Bottom about 19



Benninger History

The call "Go West Young man Go West" must have been the sound that rang in my Grandfather William James Benninger's ears as a young man. He was born at Brandy Camp, Elk Co., Pa. on Nov. 14, 1850. His family worked in the timber and farmed. I remember about him telling that they would cut the logs and have them ready so when they had a hard freeze they would haul the logs out on the ice, as they could move a larger pile that way and not be working in the mud. I think he was from a good size family but I am not sure how many. I remember Grandpa telling the story that an Uncle and his wife had nineteen children. They cooked over an open fire place, which I guess at that time was common. He cooked the hot cakes for breakfast and the family couldn't start eating until he had a stack as high as his knee ready to eat. They said he was a tall man, too. When he had a stack that tall he could keep up with the family while they ate.

My Grandmother Ida Florance Bartlett Benninger was born Jan. 21, 1857 in Jefferson Co. Pa. Grandma's family and Grandpa's family were friends in Pa. Grandma's Grandfather Saxton was a Dr. and her Grandpa Bartlett had a sawmill and furniture Factory. Grandma told of working with her Grandpa gluing chairs together. In later years if a chair came to peices she was the one that would fix it so it would stay as good as new.

When Grandma was about nine, Her family moved from Pa. to near Traverse City, Mich. They went by boat from Cleveland, Ohio, on Lake Erie, Lake Superior, and onto Lake Mich. before they reached their new home in Northern Mich. This trip was an unforgetable trip, as they encountered such a bad storm, they didn't expect to complete their journey; they thought they would all be on the bottom of the Lake. Later you find this story written by Grandma Benninger. On the boat with them were their belongings on a wagon and their team of horses. They made this trip in Nov. 1866. They were a family of five children at that time. That meant many mouths to keep fed that first winter in the woodlands of Northern Mich. The winters there were very cold. Here they took up a home stead with their nearest neighbors a mile away. This was the Carl Hamilin family with two girls and three boys.

The next year after settling in Mich. Grandma's father, an Uncle and Mr. Hamilin organized a school Dist. and built a log school house on the corner of their property. During their early years in Mich. her father hauled lumber from Silver Lake to Traverse City.

As the years passed others came to Northern Michigan including a young man by the name of Jim Benninger. This young man being my Grandfather had heard the call "Go West Young man Go West". The timber in Pa. was fast being cut and since what he did mostly was work in the timber, he went to Northern Michigan and settled close to where Grandma's family was living. At the time Grandma's family had left Pennsylvania, she was a little girl with pig tails; now Grandpa found she had grown into an attractive young lady, who became the attraction in his life very soon. After a courtship they were married March 7, 1875 in Grand Traverse Co. Michigan. There they settled and started raising their family. First born was Grace, then Mabel, Ernest, Claude, Coy, and Vera.

In 1881 much sickness and death struck the family; in three months time six members of the family died, among them Grandma's and Grandpa's little daughter Mabel who was about three years old.

After all this tragedy Grandma and Grandpa took Grace and went back to Pennsylvania and visited Grandpa's family, Grandma's fathers parents and friends. They were there for nine months before returning to their home in Michigan in Feb. 1883. At that time Grandpa bought a little store at Bartlett, Michigan, and later took over the Post Office. They had this for eight years until they sold out and came to Oregon.

Once again the call "Go West, Young Man, Go West" was heard by Grandpa Benninger. Some close friends, among they Charlie Hamlin had come to Oregon and wrote back what beautiful timber was in the Lake Creek Valley. Door Hamlin came next; he wanted his folks to come. The Lee Congdon family sold out and came. Next Uncle Lyman Thompson came, found a place to live, and sent for his young bride Dorothy (Aunt Dora). Aunt Dora was 18 at the time she made the trip from Michigan to the wild West Oregon alone on the train. I wish I had copies of the letters she wrote home of her trip

to Oregon but I dont. I understand her trip had many wild experiences. At that time Indians would come on board the trains to sell their beaded and leather things to the people coming west.

When Aunt Dora arrived in Junction City, Oregon, on Feb. 1892, Uncle Lyman was there to meet her. He would take her the 16 miles over the Mountains to her new home in the Lake Creek Valley. The country was wild and the nearest store or Post Office was Junction City.

Their trip from Junction City to Lake Creek was not uneventful, since the days in Feb. are short and wet, dark arrived before they got over the Old High Pass Mt. where the road was nothing more than a good trail. Uncle Lyman had a cart and horse they were traveling with. Before they got down the Mountain which came down at Horton Ville (now some call it Jumbstown and no one lived there then) they had an accident. The cart tipped over and Aunt Dora was bumped some, but not badly hurt. Uncle Lyman left her in a trapper's cabin near by while he went to get help and a light so they could see to get the rest of the way to their new home. It would be one room of the two room house Uncle Lyman was sharing with the Congdon family. This was a log house located on what is now the Wolfe place. That winter was one of Oregon's open winters with almost no snow at all. To the families coming from Michigan this was like Heaven. Now letters from Aunt Dora and Uncle Lyman went east telling more about the wonderful climate and all the beautiful timber that they were sure would soon open up for market.

Again Grandpa could hear the call "Go West Young Man Go West". He wanted to come to Oregon and get located then send for the family. Grandma would not stand for that as she was expecting the sixth child in late March. On March 27, 1892, Vera arrived and then plans to come to Oregon were in full swing. They sold the store, had an auction sale, and began to pack. Aunt Dora's letters telling what Grandma would need for the trip helped a lot. I remember Grandma telling how her friends helped her make diapers out of all kinds of soft worn out blankets for the trip diapers that could be thrown away. She couldn't carry around all the dirty diapers for ten days or more. She probably had the first desposable diapers ever made.

Grandma hadn't been too anxious to leave her family and friends to come to the wilderness of western Oregon but she did consent to come for just five years. The five years grew into the rest of her life, as neither Grandma or Grandpa ever went back to Michigan not even for a visit. Coy, their son was the only member of the family to ever return to the state of his birth. His entire family made this trip in the summer of 1949. We made the 7500 mile trip with two cars and two small trailer houses. We visited 16 states, visiting friends and relatives all along the way. Coy made the statement he was so glad his parents had brought him to Oregon when he was a boy as he didnt care for the climate in Michigan as it was so hot and sticky.

The Benninger family was packed and on their way West on June 10, 1892. They traveled on the Northern Pacific train and when they reached St. Paul they had to change to the Great Northern Pacific as the railroads were washed out throught Minnesota, the Dakotas and Montana. This caused them to have to detour up into Canada to Winapeg and then West and down through Seattle, Washington to Portland, Oregon and on South to Junction City, Oregon on June 20, 1892. They spent the night at the Dirty Lee Hotel in Junction City.

During the trip across Canada, Indians would come on the trains when they stopped trying to sell the travelers rocking chairs made of buffalo horns, Moccasins all beaded and beautiful. Aunt Grace thought her dad should buy a chair but he didnt agree with her so no chair was bought.

To meet the Benninger family when they arrived in Junction City was Uncle Lyman, Jeff and William Campbell. Jeff Campbell had a wagon and team and Grandpa William Campbell had a two seated hack and team. While loading their trunks and packing boxes they found that they hadn't all arrived yet. Grandpa asked the man at the station how much he would charge him to take care of the boxes of things that were still to come until he could get back to pick them up. The man told him four bits. That term not being something used in Mich., Grandpa didnt know how much that was so he told the man he would gladly pay him if he would tell him how much four bits was.

The wagon that Jeff Campbell was driving was loaded with the trunks, packing boxes and suitcases. Grandp and Aunt Grace rode with him. Grandma, Ernest 7 years old, Claude not yet 4 years old, Coy not yet two, and Aunt Vera not three months old, rode in the hack with Grandpa Campbell.

The 16 mile trip from Junction City over the Mountain to the Lake Creek Valley took all day. This was an experience that Grandma never forgot. They were only the second wagon over that Old High Pass Road and probably now we would call it a trail.

I remember Grandma telling how tight she held the baby in one arm, held on with the other hand, and had Coy on a box between her knees. Ernest and Claude in the back seat here holding on for dear life. As they came over the Mountain Grandpa Campbell told Grandma that when they got down the Mountain the going would be better but the road would be rougher. Grandma wondered if it was rougher how she could stay in the hack. They arrived at their first home on Lake Creek on June 21, 1892. Aunt Dora told Grandma she had heard her (Grandma's) baby crying for two days she was so anxious for Grandma's family to arrive. Aunt Dora, no doubt, was homesick being so young and so far from home. They were late arriving due to the detour up into Canaca.

The Berringers first home in Oregon would be a two room log house they would share with two other families for a few months. This was on what is now the Wolfe Place. The one family was Aunt Dora and Uncle Lyman this was Grandma's youngest sister. The other being the Lee Congdon family who had been their neighbors in Michigan.

Soon the three men came up the Valley to locate three homesteads. Lee Congdon picked the piece of property west of what is now the Horton Road. The Horton store is on the east side of the original Congdon Place. My Grandpa Benninger picked the land east of the Horton Road. Of course at that time there was no road in this part of the valley. Uncle Lyman went North and East one mile from the Benninger place to pick for his homestead. The land had not been surveyed at that time.

The first of August Aunt Dora had her first baby a girl named Dottelle. She arrived right at thrashing time and there were no doctors around, so they called for Mrs. Campbell who acted as midwife. She had just started dinner for the thrashing crew so she asked Aunt Grace then 15 to go and get the dinner. With the help of two old men (Mr. Laftus and Mr. Vertrease both old bachelors), the mission was accomplished. Aunt Grace made pies, cooked the chicken which Grandma Campbell had dressed and the dinner was ready for the hungry thrashing crew on time.

The first big job was for the men to build a 16 ft. by 24 ft. log house with a shed room 12 ft. wide on the side. This was built on the Congdon place. The three men worked on it and it was ready to move into the first of Oct. The three families plus George Bissard and Sanford Plucher made this move, 21 persons in all.

Aunt Dora's family of three had their bed in one end of the shedroom which was the kitchen. Grandma Congdon and her girls had a bed in one corner of the big room. Grandma Benninger, Grace, Coy and Vera shared a bed in another corner of the main room. Grandpa Congdon with sons Ray and Mort, Grandpa Benninger and his sons Claude and Ernest plus the other two men had their beds in the upstairs. The stairs was a ladder up the wall.

They were settled in their log house just before Congdon's baby girls Lula arrived in Oct. This made three babies in the household under seven months old. I have wondered if when one baby cried if they all cried. There were seven other children and eight adults sharing the one small house cooking and eating together as one happy family, or maybe sometimes not all that happy. They shared what they had. Grace's job was to go to the attic and make the men's beds.

I can only imagine how crowded that small house must have gotten their first winter in Oregon (1892-1893). Oregon showed off its weather for them and dumped three ft. of snow on them. At that time this upper Lake Creek Valley was called Little Michigan as all the families were from Michigan.

When they were settled on the Congdon Place Grandpa Benninger started building his house with the help of the other men. He found a cleared level place close to the hill and thought this a good place to build as there was no timber on that spot. Grandpa got his foundation down and one of Oregon's good hard rains came and it didn't stop until they had a flood. Then Grandpa found out why there was a clearing with no trees. The water stood in this low place all winter and the trees couldn't grow

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there. The foundation to the house was floating. The creek banks were much narrower then than they are now so it flooded faster. He then looked for the higher place that wasn't flooded to put his buildings. His house was built only a few feet south of my present Benninger home near the bank of Congdon Creek.

Grandpa Benninger did not build a log house but built from hand split lumber and most of it came from one large white fir tree. They used square nails. Their house was also 16 ft. by 24 ft. It had an upstairs with two bedroom upstairs and two bedrooms downstairs. They later added a 12 ft. wide shed kitchen on the side of the house. At the time the house was built there wasn't a sawed board in the entire house. I remember well helping Grandma sweep upstairs and the old split board floor with cracks between them. If you didn't sweep length ways of the boards the dirt all went down the cracks. I was real helpful I swept lengthwise of the boards as long as Grandma watched, but when she didn't look I did otherwise as I didn't like to take up the dirt when I got to the end.

When their house was ready to move into, they had to wait till March and let the snow leave to get horses and wagons up the valley for the big day. Before making the move Grandpa Congdon and Grandpa Benninger borrowed a two wheeled cart went to Junction City, and bought two cook stoves to bring home over the old High Pass Mt. Before they got over the mountain it got dark. Grandpa Congdon had Grandpa Benninger drive while he went ahead to be sure they stayed on the road as it was very narrow. They were undoubtedly dragging a tree as this was what they used as a brake. They needed very little speed with no light on the narrow mountain road. The trip was successful with no mishaps. Windows for these houses were packed in on horse back from Junction City. Late in the fall of 1892 a Post Office was started by Slayters and named Blachly. Till then the nearest stamp was Junction City. Blachly was named for William Blachly.

The first winter after these three families came to the Valley, there were two more men came, Jess Rust and Jasper Smith. They came over the High Pass Mt. on snow shoes and took up homesteads at Little Lake.

When the day came to move to the Benninger home, it was a great day. They had to wait till March for the three ft. of snow to melt so they could get horses and wagon up the valley for moving day. Grandma and Grandpa Benninger's family of seven and Aunt Dona and Uncle Lyman Thompson's family of three moved into the Benninger house too. This left the Congdon family all alone in their house. The houses were about one-fourth mile apart but it was through the timber and probably seemed a long ways. The only other family living in this end of the Valley was the Hamersly's large family. They lived on the place south of the Benninger place about one fourth mile away.

Many things happened their first winter in Oregon. One was they run out of "Grub" so Grandpa Benninger borrowed five horses and went to Junction City for a supply of food. Then most things came in bulk on in barrels so you packaged the amount of beans, rice, coffee beans, (unground), dried prunes and unground pepper, etc. in paper sacks; these were loaded into gunny sacks and put on the horses backs for the trip back over the Mt. and home. While they were crossing the last ford in the creek (there were no bridges at that time) before they reached home the horses became scared and began to buck breaking the paper sacks and stirring the contents of all the sacks together. Grandma didn't think cooking every thing together looked very appetizing so that meant spending many winter evenings around the table. They would put a pile of the mixture on the table and each person would pick out one thing to put in his or her dish. This must have been a new game. I guess you would call it "Unscramble the Food".

When the land was surveyed, Grandpa Benninger found he wasn't on a Homestead; they were on Railroad land and that meant he had to buy his eighty acers of land. The North forty he had to pay \$4.50 an acer for. The south forty he payed \$3.50 an acre for. This sounds like peanuts but when he could find work locally he got fifty cents a day for that. During harvest time he would go to the Willamett Valley to work then he and his team of horses would get \$1.00 a day and they would work from day light till dark. They did get their board and a place to put their bed rolls for a few hours of sleep.

The spring of 1893 found Uncle Lyman picking out the place to build his house.

This house was North and East of the Berringer place about one mile. Where he split boards to build his house from. When it was ready the Thompsons family moved in. It must have been quiet for each family to have their own house and not be so crowded.

Uncle Lyman and Aunt Dora where on their homestead for awhile then they spent sometime working on a prune ranch near Monroe. While they were there Erma was born. Later they went to the state of Washington for some time. From there his father got them to go back to Michigan.

The spring of 1893 found the men clearing land for a garden so they could help raise food for the families. A salmonberrie patch near the forks of Congdon Creek and Lake Creek was cleared for a potato patch. Within the next two or three years enough land had been cleared to plant fruit trees. Three of the first eight or ten fruit trees planted on the Berringer place still stand today (1985) and bear fruit. The three apple trees are the King, Baldwin and Thompson favorite. Other fruit trees such as the Goal apple, Bosick pear, Senator apple and Yellow transparent apple were added a few years later.

The Berringer family had been in Oregon about four years when Aunt Grace and Uncle Art were married. Uncle Art's family had been on Lake Creek several years before the Berringer family came. They lived about one half mile up Post road. This is where Uncle Art and Aunt Grace lived and raised their two sons. Uncle Art was a very quiet man and I often wondered how he ever got around to talking to Aunt Grace enough to asked her to marry him. Dad told the story about when Aunt Grace and Uncle Art had company for dinner. He just couldnt bring himself to asked for the biscuits so he would took at Aunt Grace and when she would see him he would rub his hands together and then she would have the biscuits passed to him. Dad always said Art couldnt stand the sight of biscuits, he ate them as fast as he could. Many times when Uncle Art would be sick Dad, then a teen uger, would have to go down and help milk the cows and get wood and etc. When my Mother taught school at Dist. No. 90 at Blachly, she boarded with Aunt Grace and Uncle Art. Part of the time Mother was there she had her sister Lela with her as there Mother had been dead for several years. Mother told about one time when she boarded there, she had gone up stairs at their house and got her Bible and when she came down stairs she had fallen, and in trying to catch her self, she had grabbed for what ever she could get hold of and what she got was Uncle Art's gun that hung in the stairs. When she came shooting out into the living room with her Bible in one hand and his gun in the other hand, Uncle Art told her she shouldn't be so emphatic about her religion. Uncle Art and Aunt Grace played for many dances. Uncle Art played the fiddle and Aunt Grace corded on the organ. Uncle Art spent a lot of time hunting and trapping and was out in much bad weather so when I remember him he was bent over in half with arthritis. He was one of my favorit Uncles because he didnt tease me like some of the other Uncles did. Uncle Art and Aunt Grace were married eight years before Joe arrived and about three years later Ross joined the family. Joe and Ross were so different. Joe was a big man and talkitive and Ross small and quiet. Most everyone knew Ross as "Runt". When Ross started to school he used a little Red Chair with a box in front for his desk as the other seats were to big for him.

In Jan. 1903 Ernest became ill and died. Because of the bud weather and high water he was buried on the place as they couldnt get down the Valley. Later his grave was moved to the Blachly cemetery. Ernest was the second child for Grandpa and Grandma to lose.

One of Grandma's stories was about Uncle Claude when he was about five years old. She heard him laughing so hard and she went out to see what was so funny. What she saw was no laughing mitter to her. It was in the winter and there was a very high water and Uncle Claude being a dare devil was out on a foot log over the creek with his dog trying to push the log in the creek. The rushing water could have easily swallowed him and the dog. The water was so noisy she had trouble making him hear that he should come back to land. Uncle Claude was always trying out all kinds of things to keep his Mother on her toes.

When Dad was a young boy, the kids of the family would start in before Easter about a week and they would gather all the hen eggs they could find and hide them, but if some one found where you had yours, they took all of them; you strated all

over again. The game was to see who could have the most eggs on Easter Morning. In the mid 1890's the first school house was built at Horton. This building was made of hand split lumber; it was sixteen by twenty four. The building was located near the forks of Lake Creek and Congdon Creek on the Benninger place. They found a high knoll to put it on so it wouldn't flood. Some of the first teachers in this school were Mrs. Higgers, Martha Robinson, William Evens. The last year they had school in this building they had twenty students. About 1900, another school building was built nearer the center of the district. That building was on the Towers place near where Horton Road crosses Lake Creek about one half mile from the Benninger place. By now there were about thirty students in the school. Some of them were twenty years old. The one teacher taught all eight grades. They received \$10.00 a month and boarded around, usually staying one week with each family that had children in the school.

By this time several more new families had moved into the community. Some of them were the Jack Robertson family with children Ed, Sadie, Harry and Roy; Joe Barrows and son Emery and their housekeeper Mrs. Bixby; the Eugene Towers family with children John, Charlie, Vern, Kate and Ruth; the William Wolfes with children Louise, Callie, Daisy and Ida (Babe) also Grandma and Grandpa Wolfe (Lution and Harriett). These families were from Minn. and were acquainted before coming here. There was also the George Swartz family with children Lizzie then teaching in Salem, Emma, Harry, Bill and Jack.

There was many a tale told of what happened in those one room schools. When my Dad Coy Benninger started to school he wanted to be sure he didn't have to do the same lesson twice so he tore each page out of his book as he finished it. This made it a little hard for his younger sister Vera as the books were handed down from one child to the younger ones.

Another story told was when William Evans, a small man, was the teacher. One of the bigger boys named John Tower sprinkled pepper on the top of the old pot bellied wood stove during school time and the stove was hot. This caused an unscheduled recess in a hurry. The room was cleared of children and doors and windows opened to air out. John thought he was in for trouble so he went home put on extra pants and padded himself and back to school he went. To his surprise nothing happened, not that day any way. The next morning all John had to do was look cross eyed and Mr. Evans had him by the shirt collar. He gave him a good beating, stopped and rested and beat him more. His brother Charlie was going to help him but Emery Barrows sat Charlie down in his chair and he stayed put. Some of the younger children ended up in the back of the room as far away as they could get. When John got home his Dad gave him another beating. I am sure this made a good group of children for a long time. Mr. Evans was a good teacher and a good disciplinarian.

The two Harrys (Harry Swartz and Harry Robertson) should have been called double trouble as they were always into something. My Dad told the story about when the Swartz family lived on the Evans place over, on Fergerson Creek, Harry Swartz had broken some of the cows to ride and Harry Robertson was visiting him. Out to ride the cows they went. Harry Robertson got on the one Harry S. told him he could ride but he couldn't get her to go and Harry S. told him to kick her under the chin and then she would go. The lane they were in was too confining so Harry S. would open the pole gate but try as he would (but not very hard) he just didn't get the top pole down in time and the cow went under, leaving Harry R. hanging over the top pole. I am sure Harry S. was laughing very hard.

When the two Harrys were grown they had gone to the Valley to bring in a load of bricks. It was late in the fall and the road over the High Pass Mt. was a muddy mess. They had a four horse team and were coming up the Mt. when one wheel of the wagon dropped into a big chuck hole and Harry S. was thrown from the high seat on the front of the wagon head first into a big mud hole. Harry R. laughed so hard he fell off the wagon into the mud hole, too. Then they could laugh together and drag them selves from the mud and climb back on the wagon to continue there trip over the Mt. and home.

In the early 1900's as more families moved to the valley there were five schools between Horton and Triangle Lake. One was at Horton, another one close to the forks of Horton Road and Highway 36, one was District No. 90, there was one up Swamp Creek,

and one at Little Lake. These schools were consolidated in 1922. The early years after the schools were consolidated the children were hauled to school in a covered wagon. Mother told of heating bricks and grind stones for my Uncle Slim Abbey that drove the wagon and for Mary to put there feet on for the long ride to school. In 1927 the school purchased the first school busses, that was the year I started to school. A neighbor working at school thought it was terrible when the folks started me to school as I was so small, but I was nearly seven.

My Grandpa Benninger thought I could do no wrong. I remember him telling Mother not to get after me that I was just a little girl. The day I started to school he was sick and couldn't get out of bed. Mother went to help Grandma with him and to see what was wrong. He didn't know what was wrong and soon he asked Mother if I had cried when it was time to get on the bus and go to school. She said no I had just waved and got on the bus with no tears. When Mary had started to school she had cried and made such a big fuss, he didn't want to see me have trouble like that. When he found out I hadn't had trouble he was fine, and got up as good as new. After Grandpa passed away and I found out I wasn't the angel Grandpa had led me to believe, I was I found it hard to live with for awhile.

Before the turn of the century the community of Blachly was named after a pioneer family William and Malissia Blachly. The Isiah and Alice Slayters family had the first store and Post Office. Their children were Myrta, Daisy, Emma, Charlie, Bill, Gerty and Bob. The supplies for the Blachly store were hauled in from Junction City with team and wagon. This was a two day trip, one day each way. One winter, when they were rebuilding the road and it was bad, the wagon was stripped down to just five boxing boards to make it as light weight as possible. Then the two teams could only haul about a thousand pounds. Issiah did part of the freighting. His brother helped him and so did Jeff Campbell, Ross Myers and Lew Campbell. Then later that was Charlie Slayer's job.

For years Jeff Campbell carried the mail from Junction City to Deadwood. In the winter when the roads were bad he would drive a team and hack as far as Blachly, then horse back the rest of the way. It was told that any one along his route that needed any thing would just tell him what they wanted, and as soon as he got to town he would get what every anyone had asked for and on his return trip he would take it to them. One man didnt want his Mother to know he was using tobacco so when he delivered it he always put it in the end of a hollow log. He never made a list. He was of the schooling that the mail must go through, so no matter what kind of weather the mail went. The story was told of the time the water was so high in the Willamett Valley it was across the road for two miles. There came a cold spell and there was two inches of ice on the water and he waded in water knee to waist deep with a pole ax breaking the ice so he could lead the horse through. There was many a tale he could tell of his experiences.

My Dad told of one of his own experiences when he was in his mid teens, he had taken the team and buggy to take Uncle Claude to the valley to find a job in the logging camp. It was a beautiful day when they left home but the next day for the return trip was a different story; it had rained and the red clay road were very slick. While coming down the High Pass Mt. the going got tough as the team had no britcher, not even a pole strap (a pole strap went from the belly band on the horse to the neck yoke). This would keep the neck yoke from running up under the horses hames and the collar from going off over the horses head. When he got to the steep part of the Mt. and the road was very slick, the horses were sliding badly and the collar got to dangling right up behind the horses ears. He had to let them go faster to keep from having an accident as the buggy had no brakes. It took some fancy driving to get the team and buggy down the Mt. with out having a mishap, which he did.

Although Grandma never went back to Michigan her sister Ella and family came to visit in Oregon. I dont know how many times they were here but one time Aunt Ella helped Grandma start a Sunday School at Horton. I remember Dad telling about one time when they came that their son who was about my Dad's age. The two boys decided to dig a tunnel through the hill to Blachly, so they could go to Aunt Graces house a short way. The boys worked on it most of the time they were here. Dad told about his Aunt Ella being so proper every thing had to be just right and she would make her husband and son put on coats and ties before they would go to the dinner table

to eat. I am sure this wasn't very fitting in the rural surroundings they were in here.

In the fall of 1927 Aunt Dora and Uncle Lyman came to visit Grandma and Grandpa. They came in Oct. just before my seventh birthday which made that birthday special and they stayed most of the winter. On the way out Uncle Lyman had told Aunt Dora he hoped Grandma's house wasn't sealed up upstairs as he wanted to hear the good old Oregon rain. I wondered if maybe he had wished he had stayed in Oregon. The Christmas they were here was special as most of Grandma and Grandpa's family was home. One day a few days before Christmas Aunt Dora and I had been out walking and I insisted she would have this little Christmas tree which I pulled off the bunk for her. It was small, maybe fifteen inches high, but it was just hers as Grandma had a bigger one. There were so many gifts for their little tree that strings ran from the limbs of the tree to their big packages on the floor.

While Aunt Dora and Uncle Lyman were here Aunt Dora wanted to visit their home-stand. At that time there were no roads up there so she could either walk or ride horse back. Well it ended up that she walked part way and rode the horse part way. She was a short heavy set lady and when she rode the horse she bounced along like a bowl of jello. I never liked to ride horse back but her riding bouncing along, looked like fun, and when she got off the horse, I got on and I tried to bounce like she did but it didn't work for me as I was a skinny little kid. We had made a fun trip of it as several of us had gone along and it was a nice day. We had enjoyed having them around very much and I am sure it gave Grandma many happy hours as by this time Grandpa wasn't well and was confined to the house, and Grandma took care of him so didn't often get away from home for long.

Again in April 1940, Aunt Dora, her two youngest daughters Lucille and Matilda and Matilda's son Fritz then seven visited Oregon. When Grandma received the card that they were coming she could hardly believe what she read on the card. She was visiting Aunt Grace at the time so she had to hurry home to get ready for company. We hadn't been in our new home too many years so was still trying to get it finished. While she was at Aunt Graces we had papered her room; she had gotten new curtains and we had them hung so she was ready for company. When they arrived the two sisters that hadn't seen each other for about fifteen years had a grand visit. I don't know if they ever slept as the last thing at night you would here was there talking and the first thing in the morning they were talking. They were here a week and it was such a happy time for Grandma. On the way out Matilda asked her Mother what she would talk about as she was quiet and had never met any of the family here. After they had been here a day or two Aunt Dora told this on her and Matilda laughed and said, "now I wonder how I can get a word in edge wise." This was the last time the sisters were to see each other.

After the turn of the century, more families moved to the area, among them was Andy and Minnie Tourcottes and their children Lettie and Fred. They homesteaded upon the High Pass Mt. The closest school for their children to attend was the one at Horton so the children rode horse back to school, or when the weather was bad they stayed with friends. As time went by Uncle Claude who had met Lettie when she came to school at Horton courted her and they were married on Dec. 1, 1909. To this union came four children, Florence, Dora, Cecil and Nuda. Uncle Claude and Aunt Lettie lived first in a little house on the Benninger place. I am not sure but what Uncle Claude had built the little house by the side of his folks but I think he did. They later lived at Blachly, Franklin, Vaughn and in later years near Eugene. Uncle Claude lived to be eighty eight years old. They celebrated their sixty seventh anniversary. Uncle Claude had worked in saw mills and logging all his life; his last job was unloading logs at Roseburro Mill in Springfield.

Uncle Claude was working at a logging camp on lower Lake Creek when the devastating fire of 1911 swept down the Lake Creek Valley. The fire started at Spring Canyon just below Triangle Lake and traveled to some distance west of Greenleaf and over the top of Nelson Mt. all in one day. Grandma told that the smoke was so dense the chickens went to bed at four in the afternoon as they thought it was night. Uncle Claude and Aunt Lettie were living in a tent that summer about three and half miles west of Triangle Lake at the time of the fire. They piled all of their things in the road, covered it with their tent, and kept it wet with water from the small

stream near by. Harry and Myrtle Robertson were living there too. The men kept the house close by wet down and that house was the only one left standing along there. They told that the fire traveled so fast that some tried to out run it and ended up turing the horses loose and tukiing to the creek throwing water on each other to keep from being burned. The day the fire started, Coy had stared to go to Walton to visit Clara and the roar of the fire was so bad when he got to the Lake he turned around and came home. I well remember years later the snags that were left standing along the road from that fire. We traveled the road over Nelson Mt. as that was the shortest way to go to visit Mother's family.

One time Uncle Claude, Aunt Lettie, Mother and Dad were going some place with the team and two seated buggy. Somehow, the tug came loose from the singletree and began to hit the horses heels and they ran away. The buggy caught on a root that threw Mother and Aunt Lettie out on the bunk. Dad was hanging on the under pinning on the buggy till he decided to drop off in the road as that wasn't a very comfortable place to ride. On down the road Ross Myers was riding his horse up the road and saw the team running away so he got off his horse and was able to flag down the team and get them stopped for Uncle Claude. Uncle Claude came hurrying back up the road, found Dad trying to get the dust off so he could see where he was going. He asked Dad where the girls were and Dad said sitting on the bank back up the road. Luckily none of them were badly hurt. There were horse and buggy wrecks the same as we have car wrecks now. Dad and Uncle Claude always enjoyed each others company from boy hood right on till they were elderly and enjoyed camping, hunting and fishing together.

An attractive young school teacher Clara Surcamp came to the Valley to teach and Coy decided it was time to further his education so he went back to school. Mother taught at Horton and boarded with Grandma and Grandpa; later she taught at Dist. No. 90 at Blachly and while teaching there she boarded with Aunt Grace and Uncle Art. She was the oldest daughter of Fred and Adah Surcamp and had eight younger brothers and sisters. Then the school was three months in the spring and three months in the fall. By the fall of 1911, Coy had decided to marry that school teacher which he did on Dec. 23, 1911. To this Union came Mary and eight years later Irene joined them. The first two years after Coy and Clara were married they lived with Grandpa and Grandma. Grandpa spent so much time with Mary he had taught her to whistle by the time she was seven months old. When Claude and Lettie moved out of the little house next to Grandpa and Grandma, my folks moved in to that little three room house. Coy took over running the Benninger farm when his Dad was no longer able to. Coy lived his entire life (all but his first two years) on the farm and died there May 6, 1970 just lacking two months of being eighty years old. Clara had passed away March 4, 1950. In 1955 Coy married Emma Suacamp. She had seven children, Ivan, Adah, Earl, Lou, Emma Jean, Geneva and Letha. Coy and Emma were only married six years when Emma died with cancer. In 1920 when Dad bought his first car, a 1918 Model T Ford, he could only drive it in the summer as the roads were not graveled for winter driving. He bought the car from Ray Congdon and Ray was teaching Dad to drive. One time they were coming down across the feild and getting near the gate and Dad asked Ray how to stop the car and Ray got excited and by the time he told him it was too late; they had opened the gate and were through it; then there was a gate to repair. In the early to midtwenties they began improving the roads graveeling them so you could drive on them all year around. The old wooden wheels on the Model T would get dried out and get very loose, and I thought it so much fun to go with Dad in the car to the creek and just drive back and forth to soak up the wheels.

One time, before my folks had a car, my Grandpa Surcamp came to visit. When the folks were to take him to meet some of the family so he could go home, they were driving a team and two seated buggy and going down over Cape Jenny. Below the lake the road was very narrow and one of the first cars in the valley came around the corner and met them. Because Mother was afraid the horses would run away, she screamed one of her terrible screams that only she could do. Her Dad said "My God girl, you make a man's hair stand on end". Mary had to take a good look at Grandpa Surcamp to see what he looked like with his hair standing on end as he only had about an inch wide fringe of hair between his ears.

Besides running the farm my Dad worked out summers. He worked in the rock crusher and also worked building roads. One summer he worked for Harry Swartz logging. When he was a young man he had worked at Hortons saw mill. Then they worked for small wages and the company would feed them their noon meal at the cook house. At that time Minnie Tourcotte was cooking. Dad told the tale about Andy and Minn, they were both short plump people and Minn was very slow. Every day at noon they had HOT prune pie with the pits in the prunes. Can you imagine trying to eat hot prune pie with the pits in them? Dad said when the men would be coming to eat and dinner wouldn't be quite ready that Andy would say, "Hurry up Minn, Hurry up Minn, Hurry up Minn", but would never do any thing to help her. During the depression of 1930-32 Dad made fence posts for four cents apiece to pay for Mary's college education.

Aunt Vera, being the youngest of the family, must have had a busy time trying to keep up with three big brothers and trying to do every thing they did. During her growing up years she worked for Slayters. They had the Blachly store and Post Office. A young man by the name of Clifford Abbey (Slim) came to the valley to work. He and Vera met and as time passed, on July 1, 1913 there was another wedding in the family. To this union were born Lucille and Vorce. They lived in the Lake Creek valley raising their children there. In the 1940's they moved to Junction City and run a motel, later moving to Eugene where they lived till Slim died in 1949; Vera continued to live there till she died at the age of 92. Uncle Slim at one time was road supervisor, he also worked in the rock pit getting out big rock which was crushed into gravel for the road. One time when he and Dad were working together Dad saw a big rock coming down right for his head, Dad hollered loud for him to look out as the machinery made so much noise you could hardly hear any thing. Dad said it was the first time he had ever seen anyone run so fast Uncle Slim ran out from under his hat leaving the hat to be crushed instead of him. Aunt Vera and Uncle Slim ran a farm besides his working out.

How different the life style was back in the early days on Lake Creek than the way we live now. Most every one doesn't have far to go to get to a store to buy what ever is needed and hurry home to put it in the refrigerator till time to use it. So let's think back to the time Grandma and Grandpa came to Oregon and the nearest store was about twenty miles away and when you got home with things there was no refrigerator to put any thing in. When there was fresh fruit and vegetables many of them were dried as canning jars were hard to come by. I remember Grandma telling about one fall, not too many years after they came to Oregon, when some one from down the valley had given them a lot of the little white seedling peaches that are so hard to can. She had all of her few jars full, so she took a square five gallon Kerosene can and cleaned it well with her home made lye soap, and started the long tedious job of peeling those little peaches. She cooked them open kettle, then would put them in the big can that she had on the back of the wood stove wrapped with a heavy towel to keep it warm while she did another kettle. She continued this untill the five gallon can was full, then she sealed it with sealing wax and put it away until a time when she had enough of her jars empty so she could open the can and eat what they could of the peaches and recan the rest of them. Now that makes canning hard when you have to do it twice.

In the fall when the pigs were butchered that was another big job. The meat was cut up, the hams, shoulders and bacon was cured (my Dad used a dry salt, some used a liquid) then they were hung up and smoked. The sausage was ground and what do you do with a big dish pan full of sausage? One thing Mother did was to make it into patties, cook it then pack it into wide mouthed fruit jars and pour the lard over it and seal it till they were ready to use it, and boy, was it good just like fresh! The rendering of the lard was no little job in itself but it gave them the shortening they would need for pie crusts, cakes, etc. I never will forget the first time my Dad butchered pigs after my Mother had passed away. He had the hams and bacon taken care of and we had ground a big dish pan full of sausage. Dad looked at me and said, "How much salt, pepper and sage do we put on this?" Well, I had no more idea than he did; my Mother had always done that. We laughed and started adding some of this and some of that, then he would mix it well. How do you know when you have enough seasoning? We put the fry pan on the stove and cooked a patty to see how we were doing. Then we added a little more of this and that and

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tried it again till it suited us.

When a beef was butchered things were done so different than we do them now. When a beef was cut up some of it was cubed up and packed in fruit jars, salted and canned. There was no pressure cookers so it was cooked for three hours in a canner on a wood cook stove. Some larger peices of meat would have been made into corn beef. They did this by putting the meat in a big crock with the brine over it. When there is no refrigration or freezers what do you do with a bucket full of steak? You can't eat it all before it spoils, so one thing you can do is get out your old two or three gallon crock and in the bottom put a sprinkling of salt and pepper then pack a layer of steak, then more salt and pepper more steak untill the crock is full or untill the meat is all put down. You put a plate on the top and a rock on some kind of a weight to keep the meat down tight so no air can get in it. You try and use one layer of meat every day or two and you always know when you get to the bottom as that steak is the best.

On Feb. 13, 1931 Grandpa Jim Benninger passed away at his home at Horton, Oregon, at the age of eighty. Grandpa had been a simi-invalid for more than five years and Grandma had taken care of him. Most of the time he was only able to go to the table, then to the couch, he rarely was able to even go out side. One time we had a new calf I thought Grandpa should see so I took him to the barn unknown to any one else and when he got to the barn he was so tired he couldn't step up into the barn so I got behind him and gave him a push. My Dad was milking the cows at the time and when he saw I had brought Grandpa to the barn he got Grandpa to sit down on a bench till he was done milking, then he took him to the house. Nothing was said to me about what I had done till Dad and I started home. He then told me never to do that again because Grandpa could fall and brake a hip, Dad knew better than to scold me in front of Grandpa or he would have been in the wrong as Grandpa thought I did no wrong. I remember Grandpa telling me that the older you got the faster time went and I just couldn't imagine how he could think time was going fast and he had to be on the couch all the time. I am now at the age I know what Grandpa meant. Time flies and I am always behind.

On April 17, 1946 Grandma Ida Benninger passed away at Coy's home at Horton. After a short illness. She made her home with Coy's family for fifteen years after Grandpa had died. She was free to go and visit the other children when ever she wanted to. Grandma was always busy making peiced quilts for the children, Grandchildren, and Great Grandchildren. Some times, in later years, she had trouble trying to keep up as the family grew pretty fast. Grandma always kept busy helping do dishes and what ever she was able to do. She died at the age of eighty-nine. I spent many hours listening to the stories she would tell me of the "older days". I often think I should have written many things down years ago as I have forgotten many things. Grandma was always teaching me to darn socks, tat, or what ever else she was doing.

As the Benninger family grew and the grandchildren came along, I am sure I speak for most of them when I say it was always an enjoyable time to get together at Grandma and Grandpas place for family getherings, whether it was Christmas or other holidays. One Christmas I remember Mother and I went to help Grandma the day after Christmas as she was sick. Things needed to be put away and the piles of plates put back in the cupboard and the floors swept after that many pair of feet had been in and out. The men had done the dishes the day before and Mother picked up the plates and discovered only the top plate in the stacks had been washed. What a job we had to wash all the dirty dried dishes! Now that the Grandparents have been gone for many years, we cousins parents have all passed on, now we find our generation are starting to pass away too. We don't very often get together any more but when we do we have many happy memories of our families to reminisce about.

A Capsule of History



By Morley Young

Irene Benninger sits in her favorite chair, in the house where she has lived most of her 72 years, and shares her memories with the stranger who has come to interview her. Her memory is assisted by generous quantities of old photographs.

The old house was built of hand-split white fir, most of which came from one huge tree. *Jim* Benninger, Irene's father, felled the tree, then split and finished the boards. Only then could he start building the house.

Coy was used to working with the giant old-growth trees that covered most of Western Oregon in those days. Although he was born in Michigan, he had lived in what is now known as Horton since he was 2 years old.

Irene's grandparents, Jim and Ida Benninger, were born in Pennsylvania. After they were married, work in the woods took them to northern Michigan. When they saw that the timber in northern Michigan wasn't going to last much longer, they packed their possessions and their young son onto a train and set out for Oregon. "They landed on Lake Creek on June 21, 1892," Irene recalls.

They found that the trees really were as big as the stories said they were. "In those days, there weren't any mills to handle the big trees yet, so they just cut them down, then piled them up and burned them. They needed farm land in a hurry, and the trees were in the way."

The Congdons, Thompsons and Benningers who settled in the valley were farmers first and loggers only when the occasion demanded it. Gradually the trees gave way to the axes and hard work of the settlers, and the valley began to acquire a few amenities.

A pretty young school teacher named Clara Surcamp was hired to teach the younger generation. Coy's flagging interest in education suddenly revived, and he returned to school. After completing his education, he married the school teacher.

The young couple moved into the house Coy built for them, where they raised two daughters, Mary and Irene.

In 1937, just two days before Irene's 16th birthday, the old house burned.

Coy built a new house next door to the old one and Irene has lived there ever since. She has seen people come and go, many of them making fortunes and taking them out of the valley, never to return. The sawmill that processed much of the old-growth timber of the surrounding area is just a mill pond now. Boys swim there, and occasionally someone catches a fish.

The original 80 acres of the Benninger homestead has now dwindled to 62 acres, but it still supports a herd of polled Herefords. The farm work is a family project these days, and there are plenty of younger Benningers around to see that it is done.

When asked about her life, Irene explains that, with the exception of one 17-state tour with her family, and a few short trips to California and Washington, she has spent her life on the homestead.

There is now a sixth-generation Benninger living on the farm. Fifty Benningers showed up for a family reunion recently, so Irene doesn't lack for company.

She has help when she needs it too. A few years ago the King apple tree in the back yard, planted in 1895, blew over. There didn't seem to be any serious damage to the old tree, so some of the young men set it up straight again, then held it in place with an ingenious but effective arrangement of guy wires. They protected the bark from the wires with cushions made of old tires. The arrangement worked—the old tree was in full bloom in May of 1993.

The barn, built in 1911, still stands straight and true. A rusting sign advertising Surge milking machines, a relic of the days of dairy herds, is still barely legible beside the stable door. To one side of the barn, the drive shed shelters a buggy that Irene's grandfather bought in 1920. Coy had bought a new Ford car at the time, but grandfather wasn't quite ready for such radical inventions as the Model T Ford. The buggy is rarely used these days, but it still couldn't be bought for the price of a new Ford car today.

When asked about her life, Irene explains that, with the exception of one 17-state tour with her family, and a few short trips to California and Washington, she has spent her life on the homestead.

The family made the 17-state trip in two cars, each pulling a travel trailer. They went as far east as Michigan, where they visited relatives, before returning to Oregon. "I guess my roots are deep," she muses. "I've never had any desire to live anyplace else."

Surrounded by friends and relatives, in a quiet green valley sheltered by the steep hillsides of the Coast Range . . . those of us who have traveled farther would agree, there are a good many worse places to spend a lifetime.

A few years ago, Irene compiled a history of the Benninger family. The photos in the family history, a few of which are shown here, are also a capsule history of Western Oregon. Along with priceless pictures of giant old growth trees now forever gone from these mountains, the amateur photographers captured a way of life that is now just a memory.

Thanks to those early photographers, and the people who have cared enough to preserve the old photos, the memory is a little clearer for us all. ■

Opposite page, Irene stands beside the buggy her grandfather bought in 1920. To the right, top to bottom: The Benninger family poses in front of the original home that Coy built for his wife; Irene's home as it appears today; the Benninger's barn, originally constructed in 1911, still stands straight and true; the 95-year-old apple tree in full bloom, even though it blew over a few years ago.

