

Mt. Bette Stands Guard Over Dillard's History

By ROSA M. HEINBACH

Fir-tipped Mount Bette, with its background of historical Indian legends, stands guard over the entire Dillard Valley.

Located on the southwest edge of Dillard this picturesque mountain has taken its part in the local "March of Time." One side has been blasted away during the past year to make way for a broad county road suitable for the transportation of logs and lumber from the Willis and Rice Creek areas to the local sawmills.

Old-timers look back to when this road was a mere trail and the only means of transportation through the Dillard Valley. It was more or less abandoned after highway 99 was constructed.

In recent years it has been used by its owners, the Rices and the Heinbachs, for stock grazing and as a trail leading down to the "old swimming hole" on the river sand bar.

Mt. Bette has given up part of its virgin timber during this past year, to feed the electric sawmill recently erected at its base, by the Andrus, Buell and Manske Lumber Co.

Across the highway, Paul Hult's busy lumber and veneer plant was erected on the hillside where the local people once many years ago, got their salt. There are still traces of the wells back in the hills.

This land was the original home site of Dillard's first owner, John Dillard, in 1852. The mill is still using, for an office building, the original railroad depot that was built in 1880 when the road was completed. The first depot agent was Will Seeborg.

Mill On Original Claim

In another direction, the Ford Lumber mill and new plywood plant is taking on huge proportions. This activity was built on the original Robert Phipps donation land claim. From this point the lands of Robert Phipps and Austin Rice at that time extended as far as the eye could see.

Other large industrial plants meet the eye in the farther corner of the valley. The South Umpqua Remanufacturing Co., the Commercial Sales and Lumber Co. and the Pacific Plywood Mills have all been built on the once-fertile farming lands of the old timers.

Many of the old buildings that have stood in the shadow of Mt. Bette for half a century or more are still in use. The oldest one that can be recalled is in the center of the block, in the heart of Dillard, on Highway 99.

This two-story residence was first built of collapsible walls and moved to its present location

Grant Claytons Helped Make Dillard Melons, Tomatoes Famous In Western City Markets

By ROSA M. HEINBACH

It was perhaps through the untiring efforts of Dillard Valley "oldtimers," Mr. and Mrs. Grant Clayton that Dillard melons and tomatoes became famous in all western city markets.

The drive up Kent Creek from Dillard is picturesque and colorful at any time of the year. About three miles up the road is a small house where an elderly lady lived with her crippled son until she died in October, 1930.

Evie Clayton, wife of the late Grant Clayton was surely one of the very early "old residents" in Dillard having moved there in 1870 when she was five.

Her mother, Rebecca Huntley, and her father, William W. Walker, were the first white couple to be married in Douglas County, in 1852, at Lookingglass Prairie by Joseph Hudson.

Evie, along with her brothers and sisters, attended the old school house, now standing in Brockway, walking five miles each way for three months of the year. Later, a one-room school was built over the hills on Rice creek. Della Rice Crawford was the teacher.

Evie took up a homestead on Kent Creek in the early nineties. One evening when she and a sister were returning from a dance with some friends a panther was discovered lurking around the house. The first instinct of the frightened girls was to climb a tree because the panther had previously been heard scratching on the walls of the house.

The bewildered panther took refuge in an adjoining tree with dogs and boys in hot pursuit. Evie's brother came to their aid and shot the beast. It fell from the tree, but the wounded animal began climbing the tree occupied by the girls. It was then that the true aim of "old timers" came into practice and the panther's tanned pelt was soon seen on the cabin floor.

The Claytons married on Jan. 29, 1896 and had two sons, Shirley and Elzie. They all had a hearty, full life helping build up the fertile Dillard valley with the well-known reputation of Dillard melons.

Had Gardening Ability
Mr. and Mrs. Clayton were noted for their gardening ability. She always found time to work with her flowers, transplanting wild flowers, and cultivating them with loving kindness.

With their busy days came times of sickness and tests not known in our present day. Doctors were scarce in these days and one time when the oldest boy had blood poisoning from a cat scratch on his arm, his father carried him on horseback over the mountains to Dr. Taylor in the Olalla country.

With surgery almost unknown, the doctor opened the wound with a razor and soon Shirley was

around 1900 by the late Sam Miller. It was roofed with hand-made shingles from Sugar-pine Mountain many years before that.

It has been the home in recent years of Mr. and Mrs. Milt Norris. Milt, 85, and Mattie, 84, have lived in Dillard since 1904.

Directly across the South Umpqua River from Mt. Bette stands the building that was once Dillard's first hotel, operated by Mr. and Mrs. Mark Howard about 1895. Looking over in the "Dillard bottom" rests the old Leonard Coon house, where Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Coon now reside.

Close by is the well-kept "Robe Green" house built by "Uncle Jimmy" Howard, an early Baptist preacher in the community. Further in the distance is the home of early Dillard residents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Davis (Beatrice Rice), which was called the "Uncle Billy" Thornton residence around 1896.

Church Moved
The quaint old Dillard Church, topped with its age-old belfry, rests peacefully on the banks of

Runaway Umpqua Indian Gives 'Oh Bettie' Its Name

By ROSA HEINBACH

"Where did this mountain get its name?" Everyone wonders when they see Mount Obedah, or "Oh Bettie," looming over the valley southwest of Dillard.

Well, this is the story of "Oh Bettie" as told by a member of the early pioneer Rice family.

"My parents came to Rice Creek in 1853, and the Indians had named this mountain before that time. My brother, Sylvester Rice, spelled the name Obedah. 'The Indians said it was named for one of their tribe who was killed in a fight between the Umpquas and the Shastas. His daughter, a beautiful Indian girl, wanted a Boston name, and some of our folks told her Bettie was a good name. From that day on she called herself Bettie.'

"The Umpquas, her people, had sold or traded her to a young man of a Willamette tribe. Bettie either did not like him or she did not want to go away from her folks, so when he came for her she ran away and hid on Obedah. The young man and her people looked and hunted for her three or four days, but could not find her. They would call, 'Oh Bettie, Oh Bettie.' Finally, the young Indian went back to the Willamette tribe. The Bettie came home to her people and told them where she had

the South Umpqua River. It was into this picturesque setting that the early settlers moved their church after its purchase.

The church was built around 1895 by the late Sam Miller, well-known throughout Dillard history. It was used as the Baptist Church, until about 1919, when the Methodist congregation purchased it. Carol Hercher fixes the date of the moving by an important event in her life. She says her husband, Lawrence Hercher, came home from the Navy in August, 1919. That autumn the church was purchased by the Methodists and moved to its present location.

Opening services were held the following March, 1920. Those assisting with the moving of the church were Harry Davis, Luther Royer, Lawrence Hercher, R. A. Hercher, John Lewis, John Campbell and S. A. Royer. The first services were conducted by the Rev. R. S. Bishop, followed by the Rev. Carlton Jones. Recent ministers have been the Rev. Walter W. Appleby and the Rev. Frank B. Drew.

Phipps Gave Land For 1st Melon Patch

By ROSA M. HEINBACH

The fertile soil of Douglas County has been brought to its present productive condition by some of the most stirring and progressive men of our country.

One of the leading spirits in this agricultural development was Robert Phipps, a prominent pioneer farmer of Dillard. He always took an intelligent interest in the welfare and advancement of his country, and willingly contributed his full share toward development.

Phipps was born May 2, 1829 of Quaker parents, at West Chester, Pa. Left fatherless at 14 he was "farmed out" for five years to learn a trade to one of Philadelphia's leading tailors.

He then went to Chicago where he worked until he heard of an emigrant train headed for Oregon being formed in southern Illinois.

When he quit his job the owner of the shop couldn't pay him cash, so he took part of his pay in men's silk handkerchiefs. He packed them in a carpet bag along with his clothes, and went to join the company for the trip to Oregon.

He got a job sewing on wagon covers for a place to sleep, his board and the privilege of driving an ox team to Oregon.

The group arrived in Portland in the fall of 1851. They had no trouble with Indians, and only one death occurred on the way, a woman who left a small baby. Phipps, along with another boy, Abe Good, started walking south from Portland and headed for the mines in northern California.

They spent a night in Douglas county at Winchester, where they paid 25 cents each for someone to row them across the river, and \$5 each for their breakfast, which consisted of two pieces of meat, two sour dough biscuits and a cup of coffee, with cream but no sugar. They also procured a blanket, in which they slept on the ground. When they went through Dillard Phipps admired the valley along the Umpqua River and decided he would return and settle there.

Furs, No Beds
The next night found them at Rucker, or Do, where they had a rudely-built cabin with a stick and mud fireplace. Here they asked for food and shelter but were told by R. S. Bean that there was no food other than the portion of deer meat that was roasting by the fireplace, and no beds, but lots of furs that could be used.

They were made comfortable by Bean, who was afterwards one of Oregon's leading men at Salem. The boys finally reached the mines. There they worked hard and saved all their earnings. Phipps sold the silk handkerchiefs he had carried all the way from Pennsylvania for \$5 each.

In the spring of 1853 they sold their mining equipment and started back. Phipps staked out his claim of 160 acres just south of Dillard. His companion, Abe Good, insisted he wanted to "go back home." So they went together to Portland where Phipps purchased a wagon, ox team, what farming tools were available and five sacks of seed wheat.

He returned to his farm, plowed the ground with oxen, planted the first wheat ever raised in this section, cut it by hand, tramped and flailed the grain and sold it for \$5 per bushel, coming out in the red.

He then followed the blacksmith trade for a large year, working with Robert McKee and John Bowen.

In 1855 Phipps enlisted in company B, second Oregon regiment, under command of Captain Buoy. He served six months, taking part in the principal engagements of the Rogue River Indian War.

Phipps was married in 1862 to Helen Willis, who was born in Illinois. She died in 1871 leaving five children. Victor Phipps, the only son, helped work his father's lands and carried on with his father's interests until his death in 1948.

Robert Phipps later married Mrs. Mary (Gage) Louney of Dumas, Ore., her parents were pioneer settlers. Of this union two children were born, Vera Anna, who married Abner Rice, and Lila S. who married Abner's brother, Alton Rice.

Bought Other Ranches

Phipps added to his original 160-acre donation land claim by buying other ranches, until he acquired all of the land south of Dillard extending to the Green Bridge on Highway 99.

This farm included around 1,000 acres, upon which he continued to raise wheat and livestock. Phipps raised fine blooded Jersey cows and horses. He sold the cows for \$75 and \$100 apiece and the horse teams for \$450 to \$600 per team.

In the early '90's Phipps furnished the land and T. P. Lee planted the first large melon patch ever raised in the Dillard district. Seed came from California.

This melon patch covered all ground along the river from the Rice Creek Bridge to the bridge on Highway 99. The melons were shipped in boxcars to Portland, Seattle and points south. Due to cost of labor and transportation, there was no profit in it, melon raising, to feed his hogs. The hogs were butchered, the meat cured and shipped to Roseburg markets.

Through Phipps' efforts and those of Sam Moore, Steven D. Willis, Harrison Rice and Matthew Neves, the Willis Creek School District 14 was established about 1870. Neves was the first teacher. The work of constructing and financing was done by them.

The ideals and work of Robert Phipps have been carried on by his daughters Vera and Lila Rice and son, the late Victor Phipps.

Samuel Blakely First Settler

By MRS. ARTHUR M. SELBY

Just 100 years ago, the first white settler arrived in the Glide area. He was Samuel Plumb Blakely from New York state.

Easterners had heard of the wonderful possibilities of the North-western states and Samuel, inspired by the glamorous stories, decided to venture out west.

At the age of 22, he started for Iowa to visit his cousin Lucy Trast and her husband. When he arrived at their home, he found that they also had the Northwest "fever."

They purchased two covered wagons and packed them with personal possessions. Then, Samuel Blakely, Mr. and Mrs. Trast and their only child started on their great adventure.

Through the plains, valleys and over the mountains, their firm faith in the future carried them through all trials and tribulations.

In spring, 1852, they forded the North Umpqua River just below the present site of Wilbur. Driving on further, Samuel stopped, decided that this spot would be his home, and at once staked out 320 acres. The location was two miles west of the present town of Glide. It's well known today as the old Blakely place.

Samuel filed his papers for the Government donation land claim and built himself a log cabin. The original spring on the property, after all the years, is still flowing abundantly.

Winter arrived early with heavy snowfall. For six months Samuel had only venison — no flour, no toes, and no vegetables — to eat.

When Samuel Blakely visited his cousins in Iowa before starting west, he met and fell in love with Matilda Mallard. He wanted to make her his wife. However, as his future prospects were indefinite, he could not marry at that time and his sweetheart promised to wait for him.

In 1864, Samuel decided to make the long journey back to Iowa. He journeyed to Portland and took passage on a sailing ship which traveled around Cape Horn.

Samuel found his promised bride awaiting him in Iowa and Samuel Plumb Blakely and Matilda Mallard were married in 1865.

Back To Oregon

Again, a wagon and horses were purchased, and the bride and groom started the long trek back to Oregon, joining up with a hundred-wagon covered wagon train headed for the Northwest.

The journey was long and drawn out because of the length of the train. Travel was slow. When the summit of a mountain was reached there was a tie-up. The wagons had to be taken down the grade, one at a time, with the nervous and best driver of the train to handle the horses, and a crew of men holding the wagon back with a rope so the wagon would not break loose and be demolished.

Some of the families and their wagons dropped off in Idaho. Samuel's first child was a son, Arthur, born in July, 1866. Anna was born July 1868; Lester, October, 1870; Phinetta, January 1873; Robert, May, 1875, and Forrest, October, 1877.

To augment his income from the sale of wheat and oats, Samuel staked and worked a gold claim in the Bohemia Mountains east of Cottage Grove. He also went gold mining in Idaho.

Samuel died in February, 1913. His wife died in October, 1926. The last five years of her life were spent in darkness as she was totally blind.

There are only three surviving children, Robert T. of Glide; Anna (who married John Alexander in 1903) also of Glide; and Phinetta (married W. J. Garner) of Roseburg. Also surviving are 11 grandchildren, 16 great grandchildren and six great great grandchildren, all residing in Douglas County.

Pioneers Trap, Sell Wild Cattle From Baker Flat

By J. M. Ledgerwood

In the late '50s two men from the Willamette Valley brought in a band of cattle and placed them on Baker Flat. The price of cattle went very low, so the men went off and left them and the cattle scattered all over that part of the country. They got so wild they would feed mostly at night like deer. In fact they were as hard to see as deer, and people from

the valley, needing meat, would go out and shoot one if they could find it.

In '68 meat got to be more in demand, especially at the Jacksonville mines, and Thos. Ledgerwood, who came to Douglas County in 1853 and located east of Roseburg on Roberts Creek, bought Baker and Smith's interest in these cattle, whatever he could get out, for \$2000.

He hired several men to build log corrals and fall trees along edge of timber to make wings from corral. The cattle would follow these wings down until they were trapped in the corral. The men would run the cattle mostly on moonlight nights as that was the only time they could find them out of the brush. They had to be close behind them when they reached the corral so they could close the gate and keep them in.

They would rope them and tie them up for two or three days. Their heads would swell and get very sore. Then they would split out boards about two feet long and about two inches thick. They would put these over the cattle's heads so they could not see to fight horses, tie two together, and two men would drive them out to the valley.

When they got enough for a drive, they would take them to Jacksonville and Winnemucca, Nev., and sell them in the mines for \$60 or \$70 per head. Meat of all kinds was scarce at the mines.

Where these cattle were raised they were not so hard to handle.

Tales Of 'Glamorous' West Lure Men 100 Years Ago



SAMUEL AND MATILDA BLAKELY

Letter Tells Story Of Rice Family's Wagon Trek Across Plains To Dillard

The Harrison Rice family arrived in Dillard on Nov. 17, 1853 and settled on Rice Creek. They had just completed a wagon trip across the plains from Granville, Putnam County, Ill.

Their story, as told here, was contained in a letter written in 1927 by Mrs. Della Rice Crawford to her youngest sister, Eva Rice, who died in Dillard in Mar. 21, 1945 at 90 years.

The letter reads: "The wagon train consisted of 12 covered wagons. Two were light wagons, drawn by mares. The rest were drawn by oxen."

In the Rice outfit were father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Rice and five of his children. Sylvester W. Anna, Alice, Aggie and Adelia. Aggie, the youngest, was a year old on the plains. Then there was Grandmother Rice (Mrs. Roxanna Rice) and Uncle Austin.

Father had three men along to help drive the teams and loose stock — mother's second cousin, Lyman Gilliland, Thomas Whipple and Felix Margraves. Uncle Austin took a man named Story to help him. They called him "Sis Story." I don't know just what his given name was.

Father had two wagons with ox teams. He had four oxen, two teams to a wagon and Uncle Austin had one wagon with oxen. Father had two mares, old Pop and Fill, and two cows, States Reddy and Fransway.

Saw In Wagon
One wagon was fixed for us to ride in. It had a step on behind that we could get out and in on without stopping the team. Grandmother Rice generally rode with us. In the wagon in which we rode were the bedding, dinner box and other things. Our other wagon carried the supplies and it was fixed with a sheet iron stove to cook on. Lyman generally drove the wagon we rode in and Uncle Austin rode in the other.

Then there was a tent to sleep in for father, mother, grandmother and we children. The men slept under and in the wagons with their blankets.

In the Willis outfit were Uncle Albert, Aunt Sarah, Aunt Helen and Uncle Stamp. Grandfather (Steven Willis) and Uncle Paris, Della's mother's brother, who had crossed the plains the year before.

Grandmother Willis and Uncle Will (Della's mother's brother) went by water and crossed the Isthmus of Panama. They got there before we did. Uncle Alex Gilliland and Aunt Mary and three children went. Maggie was only a few weeks old when they started.

They also had William and Parson Ross and Uncle Alex and Aunt Dorcas' boys to help them.

Others in the company were Mr. and Mrs. John Beeson and their son, Wilborn, with one wagon William and Purdy McLaughlin, with one wagon; and Mr. and Mrs. Jim Logan and their little boy, Franky, with a wagon. Willis and Gilliland each had an oxen team, and light wagons drawn by mares.

This is the company we started with from Hennepin, Ill. **Start Mar. 17**
At Council Bluffs Uncle Alex and Aunt Dorcas Ross, Cordelia and little Jim Ross joined the company. The company met at Hennepin, Ill., Mar. 17, 1853.

We started from Granville, Ill., that morning and crossed the Illinois River at Hennepin. Mother had a cousin, Martha Zenor, who lived there. We had dinner with her.

She is the lady who gave Sylvester the walnut that the "old walnut tree" (still standing on Willis creek, grew from Sylvester had forgotten to bring his walnuts. Mrs. Zenor told him to go upstairs and pick out the best and as many as he wanted.

From Hennepin we traveled through Illinois to the Mississippi River and crossed it at Burlington, Iowa. We went down into Missouri, for father bought Old Buck and Bright in Missouri. We came up into Iowa again and camped at Council Bluffs for a week to lay in supplies. It was called Kanecaville then. Uncle Alex and Aunt Dorcas had a brother living there so she and the boys stopped a while. We went to a place "nat grandfather had there. It was near Corvallis. It was called Marysville then."

Uncle Will had gone to Douglas county and told it would be a good place for the folks to go. So grandfather sold his improvements there and went on with us to Douglas county.

We camped up Deer Creek on the Howe place and father and grandfather went hunting places. It was in November that we were there, for I was nine years old. They found the places on the creeks and we started for them. We were two days in getting to the mouth of the Willis Creek and forded the South Umpqua three times.

We went through Roseburg. It was Deer Creek then. The first place we crossed the river was at Lemory Ford. It was down below the Winston place. We camped near a big rock down there, then we crossed at the Beale Ford, on up to the Phipps timber ford and camped at the mouth of Willis Creek.

The first time we saw Uncle Robert Phipps was there. He came to the camp. It was raining and he was after stock to drive it across the river before the river got up. The men had to dig the banks of the creek there before we could get up into Willis Creek.

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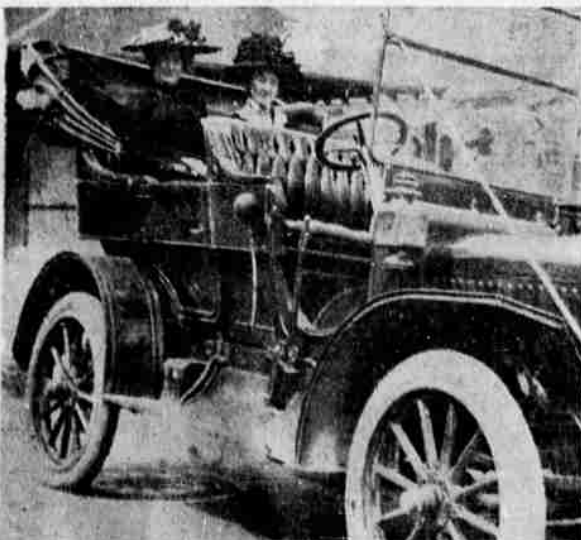
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PRE-AUTO DAYS RIDE — Sitting in the buggy above are the late Mrs. George Bacher Sr. and her mother, Mrs. Charles Wilson. They're ready to leave from in front of the Bachers' old residence, located where Roseburg Junior High School now stands. Mrs. Bacher was the wife of the late Dr. George J. Bacher, who practiced dentistry here for over 30 years prior to his death in 1942.



ONE OF ROSEBURG'S FIRST — In a mischievous moment Mrs. Ben Moore (Mable Van Buren) and the late Mrs. George Bacher Sr. slipped into the car unnoticed — or so they thought. The picture was snapped by surprise. The auto, one of Roseburg's first, belonged to Dr. George E. Houck. The photo was taken about 1910.



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