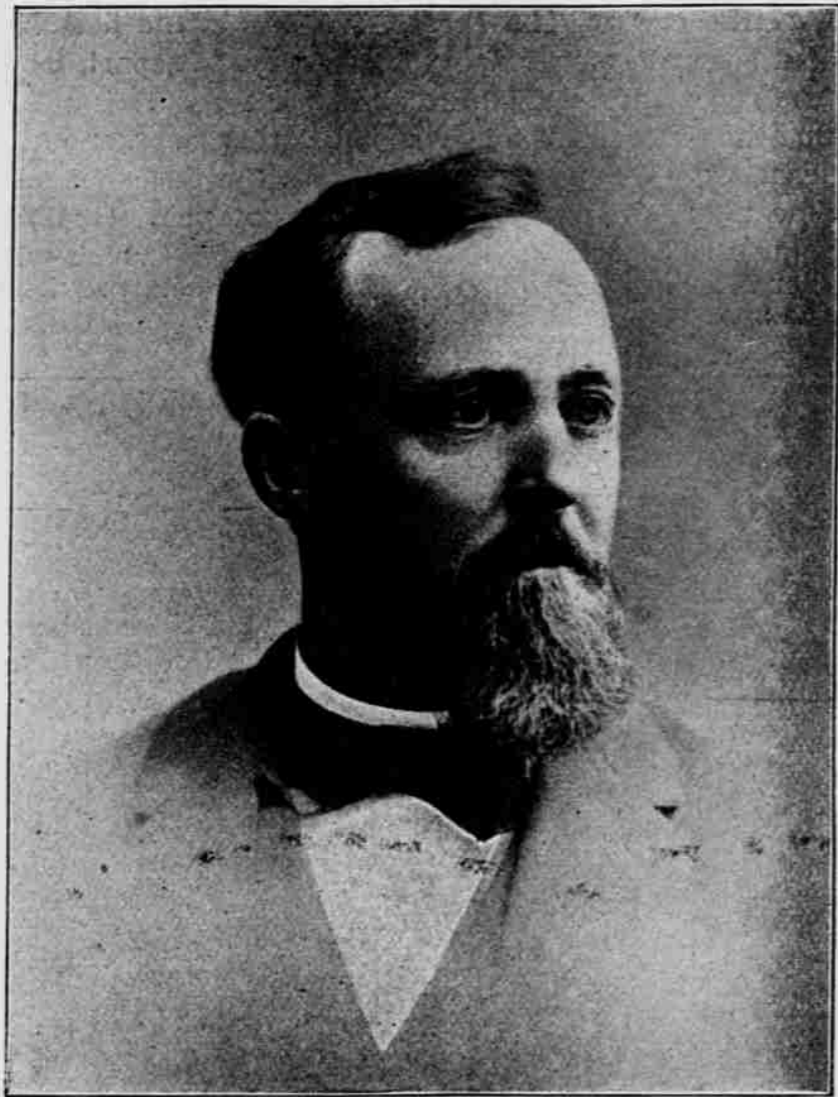


SEUFERT BROTHERS COMPANY.



F. A. SEUFERT.

Of the different enterprises that have been instrumental in bringing about The Dalles' prominence in the commercial world, none have played a more important part than the above-named firm. The development of this enterprise has been phenomenal. Each year has seen it make progressive strides to the fore, each year has seen its trade limits broaden, its trade connections grow stronger, until to-day it is known and carries on business in two continents. Their plant consists of over two thousand acres of land, about 2½ miles from town, including six miles of river front. On this are located their two canneries, and their orchard of 160 acres of peach, cherry, plum and apricot trees. They employ about 150 men during the season, and pack as high as thirty-five thousand cases. In addition to this they also freeze a great many fish, sending them in carload lots to New York, for foreign shipment, having two hundred tons to go to Hamburg this year, and they contemplate building a large plant at an early date especially for this purpose. Their brands, namely, "Annie's Favorite," "Tenino" and "Merrimac," are known in every household where salmon are enjoyed. When one contemplates that where their plant now is was a barren waste and drift of sand piles in 1884, he can not help but admire the pluck and ability of Frank A. and Theo. J. Seufert, who have made it what it is to-day. They came here in '81 and '82, without a dollar virtually, but after making a start, saw this chance, and had the business foresight to seize it. It is just such examples that show the possibilities of the west, and particularly of Oregon.



T. J. SEUFERT.

DUFUR—Past, Present and Future.

The increase of immigration from 1844 to 1846, and the terrors of rafting all their belongings down the Columbia to the land of promise, of which The Dalles was then, as it is now, the "gateway," led a few of the most enterprising pioneers to seek for a more feasible route over the mountains, and the result was the building of the Barlow road, connecting Eastern and Western Oregon.

This road was declared open in 1847, and a large proportion of the 7000 emigrants of that year, being more accustomed to land than to water travel, preferred to risk the hardships of logs and canyons to the more dangerous but less laborious journey of floating down the Columbia.

The meadows, and bunchgrass hills of Wasco had in these days no value to the pioneer, save to thereon rest and feed his starving stock, that they might be able to cross the last great divide that separated him from the far famed Willamette. The beautiful valleys of Wasco, with their pure streams, had no names to the pioneer, and to him meant but so many miles less to travel. Thus the names "3-Mile," "5-Mile," "8-Mile," "10-Mile," and "15-Mile Creek," referred to the distance from The Dalles to the crossing of these streams on the road across the Cascades.

From the date of the opening of the Barlow road, in 1847, the valley of "15-Mile Creek" became famous as a resting place to the emigrants and its wild hay gave strength to many a foot-sore horse and ox that but for it would never have spent his declining years in Webfoot.

The law provisions were fulfilled and school district No. 2 (The Dalles was district No. 1.) was established.

Upon the granting of the new district a permanent site for a more pretentious school house was selected within the present corporate limits of Dufur, near the large pine tree opposite the present elegant cottage of Mrs. A. K. Dufur, and here Mr. W. R. Menefee still an honored resident of Dufur, built a 16x20 school building,—the first regular school house of District No. 2, a district that was bounded on the north by the dividing ridge between 5-Mile and 8-Mile Creeks, and on the south by an unexplored region from which several wealthy counties have been carved.

The difficulties of maintaining a school in those days can be well imagined when it is explained that according to law it was necessary to have at least six persons present at the annual meeting to conduct business legally, and it was impossible, owing to the sparse settlement, to get the necessary six together at a meeting—just how they held a legal organization is not the duty of your historian to find out. Sufficient it is that the 16x20 school house on the creek was the nucleus around which has formed one of the handsomest and most prosperous towns of Oregon.

The history of a town is the history of its school system, so I will continue with the rise and fall of school district then No. 2.

Forty years takes us back to the time when all the settlements of Eastern Oregon were along the streams—when the famous bunchgrass waved on the hills and tablelands

into a spirit of contrariness as to where the school house should be re-built, each patron of the school being afraid the other might reap some benefit by location. The usual result followed, and it was erected a mile south of its former location, on Pine Hollow, in the most inconvenient place possible to select. Again the bad part of man's nature had triumphed, and all interested were dissatisfied but even then matters might have quieted down were it not for a strange combination of circumstances. It seems that in times like these the devil gets in his work, (such is not a matter of history, but simply the opinion of your historian,) and this occasion was no exception.

Mr. Herbert and Mr. Cushman were prominent patrons of the school, but differed widely on the slavery question. Mr. Herbert had a half breed Indian girl, and she was a pupil of the school. Mr. Cushman had a negro boy whom he was bent on proving the equal of any in intelligence, and was educating; the negro boy also attended school. About this time the directors employed as teacher John Michell or his brother Phil, I am not positive which, but my readers in Wasco county will agree with me that it must have been John, for he seated the Indian girl and the negro boy together on the same bench.

Mr. Herbert was terribly angry over the insult to his Indian girl, and Mr. Cushman thought the insult on the other side. The community, which had grown considerably in the ten years, divided on the question, as they always do on trifling things that don't concern them, and



BIRDS' EYE VIEW OF DUFUR.

In the ten years following '47 we find a settler here and there along the streams, the sound of the ax in virgin forests could be heard, and soon rail fences enclosed the choicest meadow lands of Tygh, 15-Mile and 8-Mile creeks.

In those days men were neighbors though miles of distance separated their cabins, and their animal wants provided for with true American instinct, they began to talk of schools. Wasco county then reached south to the California line; there was a school at The Dalles, but it was unsatisfactory to the settlers of Tygh, 15-Mile and 8-Mile Creeks, and they discussed the advisability of having a school district struck off and a school house erected at some more convenient point. At a settlers meeting called for that purpose it was decided unanimously that "15-Mile Crossing" had more natural advantages, as a school center than any other place in the county (a judgment that stands today as it did forty years ago—undisputed.)

The law of that time provided that it was necessary to have a school in session in the proposed district before it could be set aside, but the settlers were equal to the occasion, and on the Herbert place, a half mile above the present town of Dufur, a double line of poles were driven into the ground, planks placed between them for walls, a covering put over the rude structure, rough benches provided and the school building was complete. A gentleman named Hill was secured as teacher, and with some eight or ten pupils in attendance the first school of Wasco county outside of The Dalles was in session.

undisturbed by the farmer's plow; when the whirr of the header or the hum of the threshing machine had never been in Wasco county, and it is with pleasure I chronicle the fact that even at that remote date the settlers of the beautiful valley of 15-Mile were willing to make sacrifices that it should be an educational center. In order to maintain a good school, children residing at too great distances to attend from home were boarded free by the settlers more favorably situated, and school district No. 2 prospered for a number of years, but dark days were in store for it.

War times came on and the war clouds of the east spread their darkening shadows between homes that miles had failed to separate—war news that brought a bright proud smile to the face of one were reflected in a scowl on the face of his neighbor. The hearty handshake gave place to the cold nod of recognition. During these troublous times the school of "15-Mile Crossing" was kept alive only by great effort; but when at last peace was declared and old friendships patched, all went in again with a will and the 16x20 school house by the big pine tree was once more their pride, and so it might have remained indefinitely were it not for one of those unlooked for incidents, these trifles in themselves that tear asunder nations as well as school districts. About the year 1866 the school house on the creek burned down, and the germs of enmity planted in each breast during war times grew rapidly and blossomed

war was declared. Result—school District No. 2 was cut in two with the negro boy in one district and the Indian girl in the other, and no school in either.

As to what became of the three parties, the direct cause of the trouble, your historian has failed to trace the negro boy or the Indian girl, but John Michell, as might have been expected, went from bad to worse, and was for years proprietor and editor of The Times-Mountaineer, but thirty years after was captured and sent to the Oregon legislature for four years.

Up to late in the '60's the hill lands of Wasco were considered worthless for agricultural purposes, and were valued only as pasture lands for countless herds of stock, but some time in this decade, "Dutch" Mann, a settler some four miles east of the present site of Dufur, planted unknown to himself a few grains of wheat that had accidentally become mixed with other seeds, to his astonishment the grain produced well and matured; the experiment was successfully repeated and soon small fields began to appear on the higher lands. Strange to say, the first settlers were the last to take advantage of the wonderful adaptability of the soil to grain, and to this day many of the old timers hold that before the land had been trampled and packed by stock it would not produce a crop of wheat.

For several years after the downfall of the school, and caused thereby, there was a little settlement in the immediate neighborhood of 15-Mile Crossing, and things re-