

Bohemia Mining Days 1975



"Radio"
Ray Nelson

**July 17-20, 1975
Cottage Grove, Oregon**

Mining Days Queen Court

Bohemia Mining Days proudly presents the 1975 Court, from left to right they are:

Princess Elena Clegg, 16-year-old daughter of Mrs. Peggy Kahoilua, of 1575 South Fifth Street, and Mr. H. W. Clegg of Coal City, Illinois.

Elena is interested in such things as basketball, girls track, church choir, high school choir, and student government. She has been sophomore secretary-treasurer, on sophomore rally and student council for two years.

For hobbies, Elena enjoys cooking and making hand crafts. She also likes to talk with small children, and listen to how they feel about life. She likes to write poetry, sing and write songs and short stories.

Elena plans to attend college upon graduation and wishes to major in political science, as she plans to be a lawyer some day.

Princess Carrie King, 17, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack King of 142 North L Street.

Carrie has many interests ranging from working with small children to cooking and jewelry making, acting, and drawing. She also enjoys hiking and meeting people from different backgrounds.

During the school year, Carrie is very active in student government and dramatics. She is very interested in the Big Brother/Sister program.

After graduation she would like to follow up her interests in social work involving children.

Princess Tina Pepiot is the 16-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Pepiot of 1142 Birch Ave.

Tina's hobbies are sewing, cooking, swimming, baseball, most other sports, and gymnastics. She enjoys working with older people in nursing homes and has received her cap for 40 hours of volunteer work at the Cottage Grove Hospital in the candy-striper program.

Upon her graduation Tina would like to continue her education in the field of medicine specializing in either obstetrics or pediatrics.

Susie Nation, 17, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arvin Nation, Rt. 7 Box 175A, Pleasant Hill.

During her last year at Pleasant Hill High School, Susie was on the Freshman rally, was a reporter for the Future Business Leaders of America, and was on the girls' basketball team. Susie is now employed by the American Linen Co. as a keypunch operator.

Susie's hobbies include water skiing, hiking, sewing, and photography.

Princess Susan Schenk is the 16-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Blake of 1129 Lord Avenue.

Susan enjoys such activities as bicycling, hiking, swimming, and traveling.

During the school year Susan is involved with student government as the Jr. class vice president and is on the rally and dance teams.

Upon graduation Susan plans to continue her education and go into the field of dentistry.

Due to the death of her father, Miss Clegg will be unable to attend some of the functions of the Court.

On the night of July 11, 1975, one of these lovely princesses will be crowned Queen of Bohemia Mining Days, and shall reign for one year, attend other celebrations promoting goodwill for our celebration, and make other communities aware of what Bohemia Mining Days is all about.



These five girls were chosen out of seven applicants to make up the Bohemia Mining Day's queen court for 1975. One of the girls will be chosen as queen during the Bohemia celebration. The remaining four will become her court. [Top left to bottom right] Susie Nation, Tina Pepiot, Susan Schenk, Carrie King, and Elena Clegg.

Knowles and Getty's Store and Post Office, Bohemia City

By Marguariete Overholser

Gold can get a man, even a well-educated man like George O. Knowles who lived near Mapleton. George was a big fellow and had taught physical education on an Indian Reservation. He was running a good mercantile business when he kept hearing news of "Bohemia Gold". His good friend, Charles Gettys, had all ready gone to the mines.

In late November 1903, Mr. Knowles packed up his young wife and two-week-old baby daughter, Elnor, and headed for Bohemia. At Cottage Grove they took the train, soon known as the Slow and Easy, as far as it would go. There they rented saddle horses and pack mules and joined a pack train, heading for the mines, for the last lap of their journey. The bell on the lead horse signaled other packers that they were on the trail.

Bunk houses had been going up. Fresh-cut, rough lumber had been supplied from the small sawmill at the Musick Mine. A two-story cookhouse had been built. Musick Mine had become Bohemia City.

The upstairs of the cookhouse was divided into twelve sleeping rooms while downstairs was the kitchen with its big black range with two ovens. There was also two long tables with benches where the men ate. The Knowles family moved into a sleeping room of the cookhouse. It wasn't long before Mrs. Knowles was filling the big ovens with sour-dough bread and cooking for the hungry miners.

There had been suspicion of hi-jacking of gold concentrates. Knowles, known for his reliability, hired out as a packer for the mines, carrying gold concentrates out and supplies into the mines by pack horses. He did this for a year, then still inclined to mercantile business, went into partnership with Charles Gettys and built a store to furnish supplies to mine owners, miners, and the cookhouse.

In May 1905, Mr. Knowles became the postmaster at Bohemia in addition to becoming a deputy mineral recorder, with whom mining claims could be filed, while still running the store.

The store building hugged the slope of the hill above the dirt and rocky road and was cabled to a "dead man" buried in the ground to keep the deep snow from pushing it down the mountain during the winter. Several steps led up to the roofed front porch where miners could stamp the dust off their boots in summer and loosen their snow shoes in winter. Inside, boxes and shelves held the numerous supplies with a special corner for the Post Office and its bits of mail. The most important item was the little scales on which to weigh the gold.

In the middle of the ceiling was a trap door with a ladder which led to sleeping quarters in the steep gable of the roof for the Knowles family which had moved from the cookhouse. During deep snows this window and snow shoes were the exit to outside until they could "dig out" the door below.

Men of different nationalities worked the mines, and Mr. Knowles learned to communicate in five different languages as the men came to his store and Post Office for supplies and mail.

Johnny and Gottfried Graber were from Switzerland. They purchased the Vesuvius Claim on Fair View mountain. In 1902 they had struck a rich lode and sold out. The Grabers, however, didn't leave the Mountains but freighted and packed for the Mines, including Mr. Knowles.

One story was told that they were taking a string of loaded pack mules into the mines. One mule started bucking and threw his pack load of whiskey sending it off the trail and down a canyon. Some miners going into Bohemia along with the pack train thought it was a joke to see the two packers struggling with the heavy barrels of whiskey getting them back up the steep bank. One suggested that the miners should help. The other surmized that it was all right. Out of ear shot he said to his partner, "They'll pay for it tonight." They did each time they tipped the glass.

High in the mountains among rough men seeking gold, Elnor Knowles grew from babyhood to a little girl. She picked wild Bohemia lilies along the dirt roads in summer and watched snow pile above the store eaves in winter. On winter days up through the trap door over the store was her place to play. One evening after work was done at the cookhouse, Mrs. Knowles was playing with Elnor in the loft before dark and bedtime. "Come Dolly, it's time to go to bed now," Mrs. Knowles spoke softly. Elnor ran to hide behind some boxes and fell through the trap door. She made a grab and caught hold of her bear-skin coat as she fell. She landed in a little heap on the coat on the floor unconscious.

Her father and Uncle Charlie worked to bring her to. He mother, beside herself, ran to the cookhouse. "Can someone do something?" The miners came to help. They saw the coat on the floor where it fell. They had shot the bear and tanned the hide so Mrs. Knowles could make a bear-skin coat for their "doll of Bohemia".

For hours they kept Elnor awake. They were afraid if she went to sleep she might not wake up. At day break, Mr.

[Continued on next page]

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[Knowles and Getty's Store, Continued]

Knowles and the miners, on snowshoes, carried Elnor bundled in her coat down the steep mountain side to Lundpark where they got horses to take them to Disston to catch the train to a doctor in Cottage Grove.

About three years later George Knowles left the store and Post Office in Bohemia City. He moved his family first to Springfield, then to Cottage Grove where he went into partnership with a friend from the mines, Gottfried Graber, in a store handling mining and logging supplies known as Knowles and Graber Hardware.

The Cottage Grove Prospectors Club is now in the process of restoring the Knowles and Getty Store and Post Office in old Bohemia City, using some of the lumber from the old building, originally cut at the Musick Mine.



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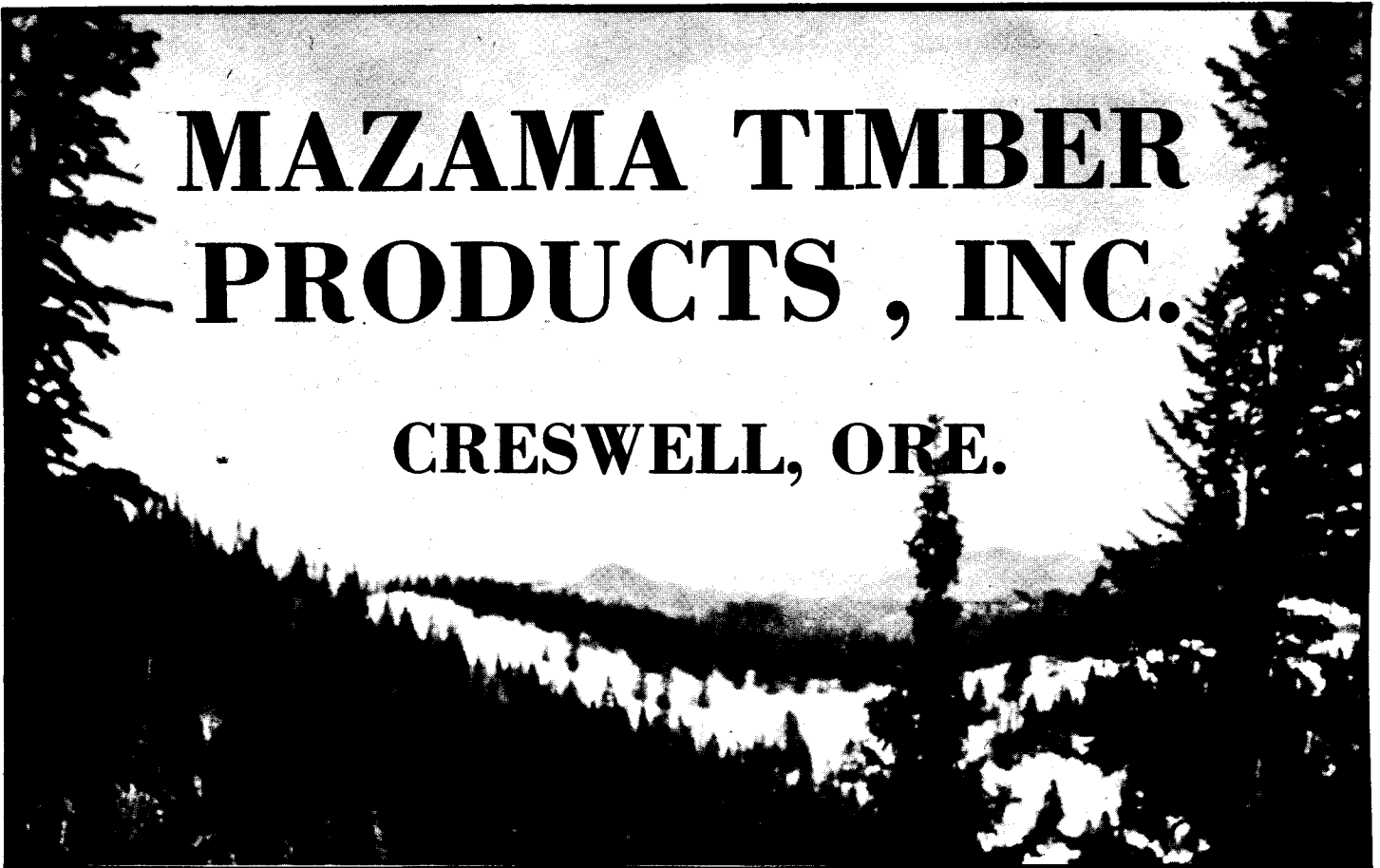
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Early Bohemia Mining Days

By Annie Oglesby Graham

My first trip into the Bohemia District was made in the summer of 1893. In company with my friend, Miss Lola (Lottie) Johnston of Eugene, now Mrs. W. Carlton Smith of Salem, we left Cottage Grove on the stage early in the morning. This stage was driven to the old warehouse by George Witsett. Among other passengers were Boone Shortridge of Cottage Grove, and Matt Brady of San Francisco, bound for the mines.

It took all day long to reach the warehouse, but we were rewarded by the beauty of the scenery.

Next day we were provided with horses which we rode to the "City" as it was then called, arriving there shortly after noon, though it was only about ten miles from the warehouse.

Here we were met by the writer's father, Dr. Oglesby, who had engaged a cabin for us. This cabin was a veritable bower of beauty, being decorated in honor of our arrival by the miners, with large bouquets of Bohemia lilies. These lilies are famous for their fragrance and beauty.

Each day we were invited to a different camp for dinner. Miners vied with one another to entertain us. At the Musick boarding house, Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Thornton were in charge. Another day we were at the cabin of A. E. and Mrs. Davis of Los Angeles. At that time Mr. Davis was superintendent of Musick Mine. We spent one day at the camp of Griffith, Jones, and Reed; and one other day we rode over to the Annie on Grouse Mountain.

Miss Johnston was one of the sweetest singers I ever heard, and the mining men flocked to the camp from miles around to hear her sing. We were said to be the first young ladies to visit the mines, and were the first to climb to the top of Bohemia Mountain.

When we visited the big stamp mill then in operation at the Musick, all the men stopped working and gathered about us. No two queens could have been treated more royally. At last the superintendent called Doctor Oglesby aside and said, "Doc, you'd better take the girls back to town. I can't get any work out of the men while they are here." The next day the Doctor made a big strike in the Washerwoman; and about four o'clock in the afternoon, informed us we were to start for home!

In sorrow we went to the mill to tell our friends goodbye. They had learned we were leaving, and when we entered the mill, not a man looked up or smiled, and we noticed that each one wore a black band around his arm. We learned later that the lining of a coat had provided the badge of mourning over our departure!

We left the mine on horseback. When down the mountain about nine miles, bound for the warehouse, we were confronted by fire on the narrow trail. It would soon be dark on the trail, and it was too late to turn back; we had neither provisions nor blankets. To proceed meant to ride through the fire. We begged to go back to the mine, but the doctor investigated and found that the fire was burning only in intervals for a quarter mile. He believed that by riding fast we could make it. One false step could mean plunging feet below. Riding Charlie, the black horse familiar to many old timers, Doctor led the way, instructing us to use the whip and pray. In a short time we had passed safely through the burning area. The horses' feet were badly singed. We reached the warehouse with no further problems and were none the worse for our thrilling experience.

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Wild Veal

By Rose Kief

Before modern roads and automobiles improved travel in these hills, travelers often went hungry. Most residents invited callers to rest by the fire and share their food. Company was a welcome change for everyone, but sometimes a problem for the cook. Scarce and hard earned dollars were spent for staples. Variety depended on what they grew or bagged. In spite of the game laws, many Oregonians were raised on venison.

One family tells of inviting Sheriff Green Pitcher to stay for dinner. The wife called her husband into the kitchen and asked him, "What shall I do? All I have is that venison." He said, "Put it on the table and keep your mouth shut."

While they were eating, the sheriff asked, "Will you pass me some more of that good veal? I haven't had any veal in a long time."

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Welcome To Cottage Grove

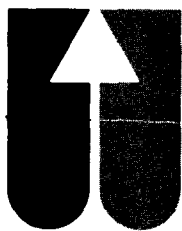
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SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

THURSDAY SCHEDULE

10:00 A.M.

Bohemia Art Guild Show opens at the Presbyterian Church. Admission is free.

11:00 A.M.

Kids Day at the Davis Amusement Company carnival at the core area.

NOON

Gate opens to the annual Bohemia Mining Days core area.

Jaycee Beer Garden opens at 8th Street and Gibbs Avenue.

Dr. Snapp House opens to public until 5 p.m. at S. River Road.

1:00 P.M.

Cottage Grove Historical Museum opens at 'H' Street and Birch Avenue.

6:30 P.M.

Free stage show in the core area. Concert by Musicians Local Number 689; a 31-piece summer concert band.

8:00 P.M.

Cottage Grove Firemen's annual awards night banquet at The Village Green.

FRIDAY SCHEDULE

6:00 A.M.

VFW breakfast opens in core area.

10:00 A.M.

Art guild show opens.
Dr. Snapp house opens.

NOON

Jaycee Beer Garden opens.
Bohemia City opens.

1:00 P.M.

Historical museum opens.
Business and Professional Women's Kid's Parade begins on 5th Street in front of the First Baptist Church.

5:00 P.M.

American Legion Auxiliary dinner from 5 to 8 p.m. at the American Legion Hall, River Road and Main Street.

7:00 P.M.

Free stage show in core area. All-country music show.

8:00 P.M.

First performance of Cottage Grove Riding Club Amateur Rodeo at rodeo grounds on Highway 99 S.

9:00 P.M.

Teen street dance.

SATURDAY SCHEDULE

6:00 A.M.

VFW breakfast opens at core area.

9:00 A.M.

First Bohemia Gold Fast-draw competition at Currin Field near the high school.

10:00 A.M.

Art guild show opens
Dr. Snapp house opens.
Bohemia City opens.

NOON

Jaycee Beer Gardens opens.
Water ball contest between Jaycees and fire department on Main Street, between 7th and 8th Streets.

1:00 P.M.

Grand Miners parade. Line-up on S. River Road beginning at 11 a.m.
Historical museum opens.

3:00 P.M.

Black Powder shoot and demonstration. At the Roner Ranch west of Cottage Grove out Main Street.

7:30 P.M.

Free stage show in core area. Dramatic presentation.
Far West Fiddlers Jamboree. Cottage Grove High School auditorium.

8:00 P.M.

Final performance of Riding Club rodeo.

SUNDAY SCHEDULE

6:00 A.M.

Prospectors breakfast at the Bohemia Saddle park in the Mining District.

8:30 A.M.

Prospectors bus trek to Bohemia Mining Country leaves core area.

9:00 A.M.

Fast-draw competition continues.
Black powder shoot (competitive classes) at Roner Ranch.
Hound water races and treeing contest at C.G. gravel plant site on Row River Rd.
3rd Annual Fly-In at Cottage Grove Airport

11:00 A.M.

Bohemia City opens.
Kids Day at Davis Amusement Company carnival in core area.

NOON

Jaycee Beer Gardens opens.

1:00 P.M.

Historical museum opens.
Dr. Snapp House opens.

5:00 P.M.

Bohemia Mining Days closes

Points Of Interest Along The Route To The Bohemia District

KNOX DONATION LAND CLAIM—On Row River Road, just east of town, is the site of the old Knox donation land claim. The Knox house was located where a gas station now is and Knox owned about 3,000 acres of land around here. He was one of the area's first settlers.

ALCOHOL SPRINGS—Alcohol Springs is located on the old road, on the west side of the creek. Freight wagons on their way to the mines stopped here for the teamsters to quench their morning after thirst and cool their fevered brows after a big night in Cottage Grove.

CERRO GORDO—Stewart and a Frenchman stopped here in the very early days and the frenchman said that the hill looked like Cerro Gordo and so named it.

CHIMNEY ROCK—On the north shore of the dam above Rat Creek, Chimney Rock was respected by the Indians who sometimes called it "Chief."

ROCKY POINT—At this rocky ridge just above the upper end of Dorena Lake at Rocky Point was fought a battle between the Calapooyas and Klamath Indians. The Klamaths had raided the Calapooya camp and carried off the women. Pursued, they were caught and brought to battle here and the women rescued. Arrow and spear heads are still found here.

RED BRIDGE—Built in 1879, the first covered bridge was painted red. It was the turn off place for traffic up Sharp's Creek to the diggings. Near here was situated a two-story saloon and "red light" house for the convenience of miners coming down either creek.

PAINTED POST RANCH—The Hawley Ranch, known as Painted Post Ranch, was at the end of the wagon road as it was first constructed and was the starting point of a packhorse trail to the mines. It was a famous stopping place for man and beast at the end of a long trip from Cottage Grove.

STAPLES BRIDGE—Here lived the hermit, Staples, in a little homestead. He was a bridge carpenter and did beautiful axe and adz work on huge timbers. Some of his work is visible on the old bridge timbers. He was killed in a fall from a rock.

BOHEMIA SHARP'S RANCH—Old Bohemia Sharp, another hermit, lived here all alone, clad in his long-handled underwear. A man of good education, living in the hills through choice, he had a horse, some hay in a field, good fishing and hunting. Originally from St. Louis, he lived in Bohemia all his mature life. He had a mining claim called "Sharp's Bird Nest."

ARRASTRA—At Walker Creek was the largest arrastra of Spanish gold mill ever built in the United States. Driven by water power, it was a primitive form of ore grinder depending upon rocks dragged around by a merry-go-round affair for crushing ore.

DEAN'S CABIN—Dean's Cabin was a way station on the road to the mines up both creeks. Here was a large placer mine, worked by whites and then Chinamen.

SAYLOR [OR SAILORS] GULCH—This was the site of the first discovery of gold in the Bohemia district. Here in 1858 Adams, Oglesby, Shields, and Buoy discovered placer gold in the side gulch and made a "handsome little stake." It has been mined continuously ever since.

MINERAL—Here was the overnight stopping place for freight and passengers before devoting the next day to the long climb ahead. A large barn for teams and a two-story hotel for travelers were here, as were an assay office and a post office first called Benson and then Mineral.

HARDSCRABBLE GRADE—Hardscrabble Grade, 1898, is a six-mile hill road, first built by donation labor of the miners of the camp, aided by \$6,000 from the Musick Mining Company and \$700 from Lane County.

GLENWOOD CAMP—Glenwood camp is the turnoff for Shane's Saddle and Monte Rico Mines. Here was an old arrastra and now a large hydraulic placer mine.

VESUVIUS MINE—Covering the entire southwest slope of Fairview peak, this large patented mine yields gold, silver, copper, and lead and has more than a mile of tunnels. First worked by Grabers and Zinnikers, German-Swiss, and then by F. J. Hard, a Colorado mining man, it is the site of the first ski runs in Oregon—the skis were homemade by the Swiss. It has been reopened and is being operated by the camp historian, Ray Nelson.

BOHEMIA SADDLE—Elevation of the saddle is approximately one mile. The high Cascades are in view to the far east and the Coast range to the far west. The saddle is the dividing line between the Willamette watershed and the Umpqua watershed. Lane County Parks and Recreation Department maintains a campground out along a side road.

MUSICK MINE—Discovered by James Musick in 1891, this is one of the three largest producers of gold in Bohemia. It ran from 1891 to 1906, again in 1912, and again in 1935-36. It is now a ghost camp with the old post office, store, stage house, hotel, and the ruins of the 10 stamp mill, with tunnel sheds, etc. Snow gets 25-feet deep here in winter. It is now being reopened by a long tunnel from the west side of the ridge.

OLD ELECTRIC TRAMWAY—Here on this level road ran a narrow gauge electric railroad from Musick to Champion Mines. Ore was hauled from the Musick to the consolidated mills at Champion.

KNOTT TRAIL—The old Knott trail in 1870 followed the ridge top coming down off Fairview peak, crossing here and going on east to the Knott, Annie, Noonday, and Helena Mines. The road continuing along the ridge top is the new road to these mines and to the Johnson Meadow country.

CHAMPION MINE—The Champion Mine is a famous producer of both low- and high-grade gold ores and is the most highly developed mine in the district. It has had a 10 stamp, and 30 stamp, and now a 150 stamp ton flotation mill. The boarding house is the original, built in the early 1900's. Formerly the camp had a post office, named first Orseco,

then Champion. The mine had the first electric power in the district. It produced ores running to \$3,000 a ton. Owned by the Oregon Securities Company, West Coast Mines Co., and the Bartels family at various times. It has the longest production record of any mine in camp.

GOLDEN CURRY MINE—This name is a corruption of Gould and Curry, the first name of the mine, which was named after the famous mine at Virginia City, Nevada, and was one of the first locations in camp. An original packhorse trail can be seen on the creek just below the road.

TRIXIE MINE—The Trixie Mine was a good prospect on the old Champion Trail. Free gold ores show on the trail above. It is a good example of the early-day efforts of the first prospectors. Located by Materson, it was later owned by Andy Nelson, pioneer electrician.

DOWNINGS POINT—A man named Downing, hiking out from the Noonday mine, was caught in a snow storm, got off the trail, finally lay down under a log on this point and froze. He was not found until the snows melted months later.

BOHEMIA SMITH FALLS—Bohemia Smith fell over here. Smith, local prospector and mine owner, loved his liquor straight. He drank straight alcohol, washed down by a drink from the nearest spring. One night he left Lundpark for Champion, but failed to arrive. Searchers at this point heard singing. Looking over the edge, they found Smithy sitting astraddle a small tree growing from the cliff side, still holding the jug of "alky" and completely unharmed.

WEAVER CREEK—The companion of Downing, a miner named Weaver, who had parted company with

Downing in the storm, was found much later, frozen where he sat with his back against a stump. He also had wandered off the old trail above.

POWER DAM—Here, directly under the bridge, was located the dam for the first electric power plant in the district. A flume led to Lundpark on the north side of the canyon.

TRESTLE CREEK—Somewhere up this creek lies the Lost Trestle Creek Mine. A man out hunting with a companion found good ore and did not want to share it. He kept still and came back later and made many trips, but never found it again.

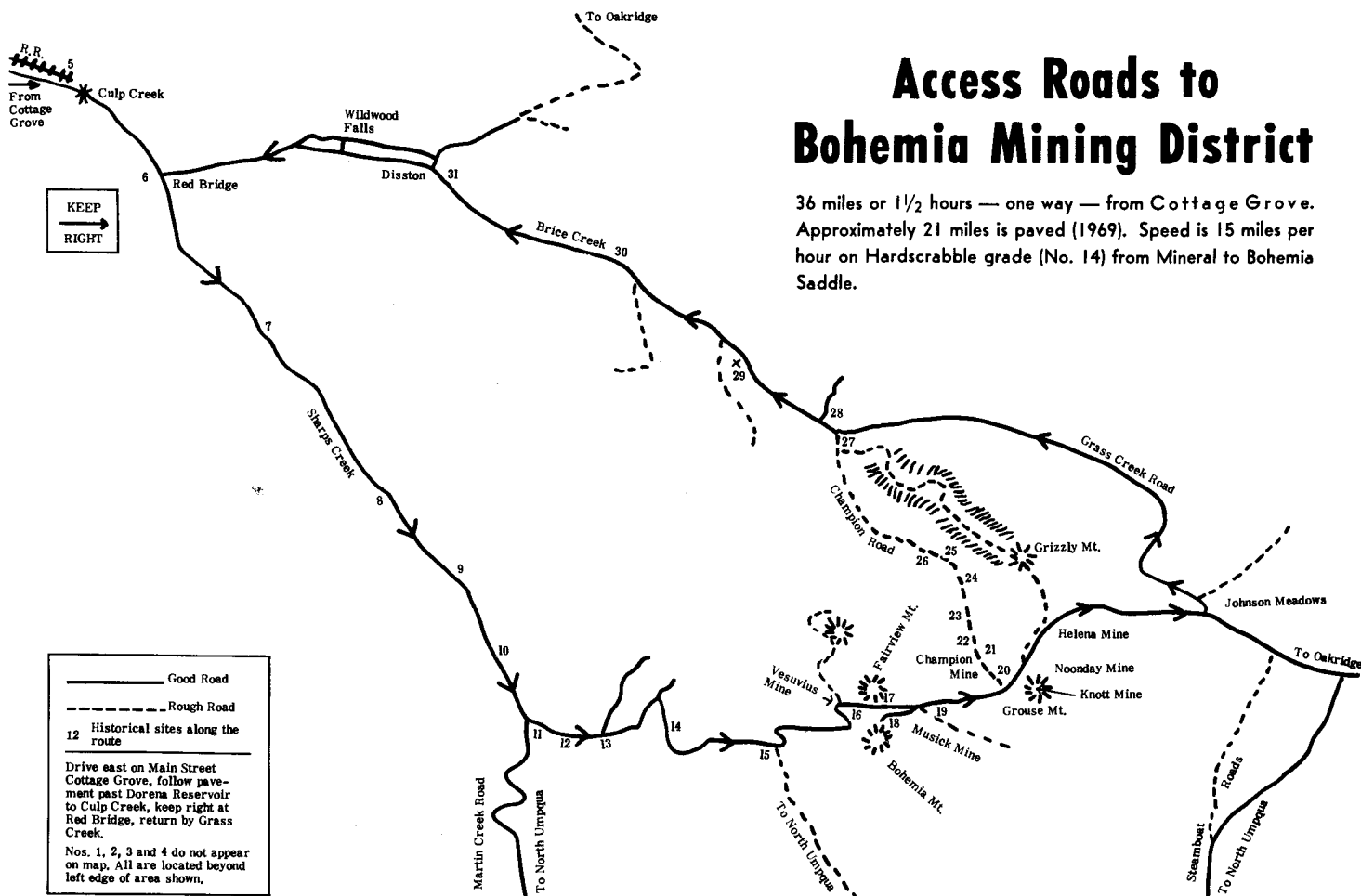
LUNDPARK—Lundpark, formerly the "Warehouse," was named for Harry Parker and Alex Lundberg. Parker ran the hotel there and Lundberg was the mail and freight man. Buildings consisted of a large two-story log hotel and saloon, a two-story log store and post house, a warehouse for freight, and a large barn. They had their own water system and electric lights from the power plant.

GLEASON CABIN—Gleason Cabin was the site of a large scale, early day placer working. Many tons of rock were washed here by sluice box and Long Tom.

DISSTON—Disston is the town and post office at the end of the railroad which was built by Oregon Securities Company to carry freight for the mines. The town was named for Disston saws used in the local sawmill.

Access Roads to Bohemia Mining District

36 miles or 1 1/2 hours — one way — from Cottage Grove. Approximately 21 miles is paved (1969). Speed is 15 miles per hour on Hardscrabble grade (No. 14) from Mineral to Bohemia Saddle.



Bohemia Sharp

Early stories of the fabulous riches in the Bohemia country threw out tentacles that grasped and sucked men in much as an octopus sucks in its prey. Some men accumulated riches in a short time, others accumulated nothing. The lucky ones were remembered for their wealth with maybe a mine or a mountain named for them, nothing more.

James Henry Sharp was born in Illinois in 1836. He was well educated and had trained as a civil engineer. War threatened and he joined a volunteer group and drilled faithfully. Suddenly realizing that he didn't want that kind of life, he changed his plans and headed west. He arrived in Cottage Grove about the year 1864. He worked for a while as handy man at the Central Hotel and then became postmaster. The stories of gold in the mining country caused him to resign this job and head for the Bohemia hills.

Sharp's party followed an un-named stream that headed high in the gold country. They traveled through heavily forested land which seemed to appeal to Sharp more than the gold. Again he made a sudden change in plans and decided to file on a homestead. This was an easy matter in those days. His location was eight miles above Row River on the left side of the stream and opposite the mouth of another small stream flowing into Sharp's Creek now known as Buck Creek. He fell a tree across the stream, so his first access to his homestead was by foot log. He made a clearing for his home by falling trees with his meager outfit of tools, sawing them into lengths he could handle, rolling them together and burning them.

Travel to the mines had picked up considerably so there was need for road improvement. A man named Hawley lived four miles down stream from Sharp and a road needed to be built from his place to the foot of the mountain. Sharp entered into a verbal agreement with Judge Fisk of Eugene to build the road. He used his engineering skills and the road, which followed the stream, was crooked but passable. Judge Fisk died before the road was completed. There was no record of the verbal agreement so Sharp was not able to collect anything for his work. The road is still on the same location but has been widened some, graveled, and grades cut down on some of the hills.

Sharp had never had any mining experience, but filed on a mining claim high on a ridge which he named the "Bird's Nest." Nothing was ever realized from it.

Next, he heard of an opening for an assayer so he borrowed a book on it, applied for the job, and got it. There is no record as to how long he held the job. A man of his education could no doubt have found a remunerative job, but

he chose to live the life of a hermit on his homestead. He kept a work horse, raised hay and garden, hunted and fished, and gathered berries in season.

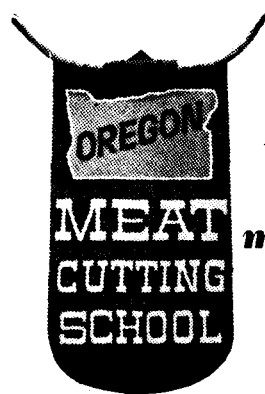
People who traveled the road watched for the old mountaineer, known as Bohemia Sharp, who was quite a figure for his mode of dress—namely the long handled underwear. He had cut down on expenses by buying little in the way of clothes. His wardrobe consisted of a pair of bib overalls for his rare trips to town and long underwear and no trousers at home. In summer he wore only the drawers. At that time, it might have been considered rather shocking, but placed against today's shorts, skimpy trunks, and bathing suits it would seem very conservative.

He was friendly and enjoyed visiting with people, but also enjoyed his privacy. Many people regarded him as being peculiar, and by his standards he may have regarded them as being peculiar too.

As his health began to fail he moved to town for his remaining years and died in 1917.

While he was carving a home for himself, he was also carving a niche in the Bohemia Days history. Soon after he took up his homestead the stream there became known as Sharp's Creek, as it still is today. The possessive noun there indicates that in the minds of the people the area there belonged to him as he belonged to it and the surrounding country.

His lack of wealth did not detract from the impression he left and his colorful part in the early Bohemia history.



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K-C DRUGS

[The Indian's Dilemma, Continued]

was just as valuable as the Klamath reservation. They got one dollar and twenty cents an acre. They paid offsets, court costs, and attorney fees out of that. The Coos, lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw claims were turned down, and many Indians were left out. The Chinook Indians paid their own expenses, and the government paid the Chinooks in Washington. The ones in Oregon are still waiting for their money. The Indians are trying to get something done about this. Some of the legislators are trying to help the Indians get this settled.

The Indians are trying to preserve their history and restore their culture. They want more Indian teachers in the schools. The Coos Bay schools have Indian studies, and other schools are following suit—it seems ironic. We destroyed the Indians' culture, we tried to make him into a white man, and now we are concerned about nature and our own survival. We want to know how the Indian lived.

Alcohol is a major problem today. The Indians couldn't cope with the white man's fire water, and the degrading signs, "No Liquor Sold to Indians or Minors," made their drinking problems worse. The Indians are working in the alcohol and drug programs where they are trying to help their people.

They are training their own archeologists and are trying to stop the outsiders, for they take the bones and artifacts and the Indians never see them again. The Indians want to move some of their dead and preserve some of the old burial ground. They want to keep the artifacts so they can learn more about their people. The Indians are showing some of their artifacts and different things in Empire.

The Indians lived with nature. They are going back to their old religion. Mr. Two Moons, a medicine man from a reservation, lives in Yoncalla. He holds sacred meetings in different places. I went to one in Empire, and Indians from Canada and several western states were there. It was really something to see.

The Indians turned out the lights and placed a few candles on a long table. Two Moons then stood up and faced the east. He raised a ceremonial pipe above his head and talked in his own language, then he repeated it in English. He said this is the way my grandfather greeted the rising sun. He turned to the north and the south, turned to the way of the setting sun, and said a few words. Someday I hope I can get the beautiful words he said. Then some of the Indians laid jewelry and different things on a blanket and Two Moons blessed their things. The Indians then took them away. A young Nez Perce walked up with a blanket around his shoulders and said, "This is Chief Joseph's blanket, and I dedicate my life to my people."

The Indians built a big fire outside. A band of Canadian drummers beat on a big tom tom and the Indians whooped and danced around the fire like they did long ago.



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The Miners' Sawbones

by Edith Darnell

One of the men who ministered to the physical infirmities of the gold-diggers of Bohemia was William Wall. This well-nourished Englishman maintained an office first in an old dwelling house close to the grist mill. The business section of the town stretched out along the west side of the Coast Fork River. The thoroughfare which made the emporiums of the merchants accessible to the public became known as River Road; a name that remains even today.



Dr. William Wall

Many a miner stumbled his way along this muddy passage to find the kindly gentleman who could soothe his aches and pains. The doctor practiced a peculiar blend of psychology, homeopathy, and real medicine. He also possessed an early model X-ray machine. Its chief value in Dr. Wall's practice furnished information as to the seriousness of the fracture he intended to set.

His peculiar tastes in foods and his fondness for liquor probably shortened his career, but he was lovingly remembered by the families he served. One of the children of his patients wrote a great many years after his death that one of the big thrills of Christmas was the expectation of what the good doctor would give the little folks of the family. His habit was to give each child of every family among his regular patients a gift of books or games suited to their ages at holiday time.

He never declined to make "house calls" even though it meant a journey of many miles in stormy weather to set a broken bone or deliver a baby to miners, loggers, or farmers scattered over an area fifty miles wide. Night calls must have been especially trying; not only to the man, but to his horse. The heavy doctor was so large that it is reported his saddle, made to order, had a 22-inch seat!

His untimely death caused great lamentation among those who trusted him for their medical needs. The fine new house he had erected on West Main Street stood as a silent reminder to all who passed by that the dispenser of calomel, castor oil, laudenum, and other remedies of the day had gone and left them.

On the other hand, there may have been those who lived near the good doctor's home and place of business who felt a certain sense of relief that the atmosphere no longer reeked of his "ripening" poultry he had been accustomed to hang by the neck on a wire in his back porch until they fell off, indicating that he considered them ready to cook. Much complaint had been rendered by those who could not avoid the odor of those "ripe" fowls as they stewed or roasted. Even his housekeeper was obliged to open the door, or even go outside, when the smell became unendurable!

"People's tastes vary," said Dr. Wall.



One of the participants in the black powder shoot has help fitting a patch to end of barrel.

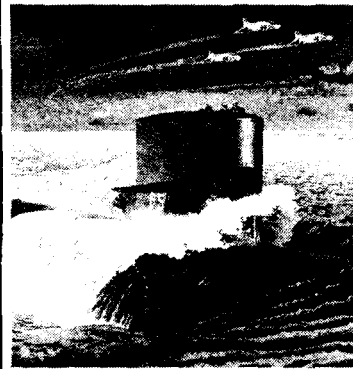
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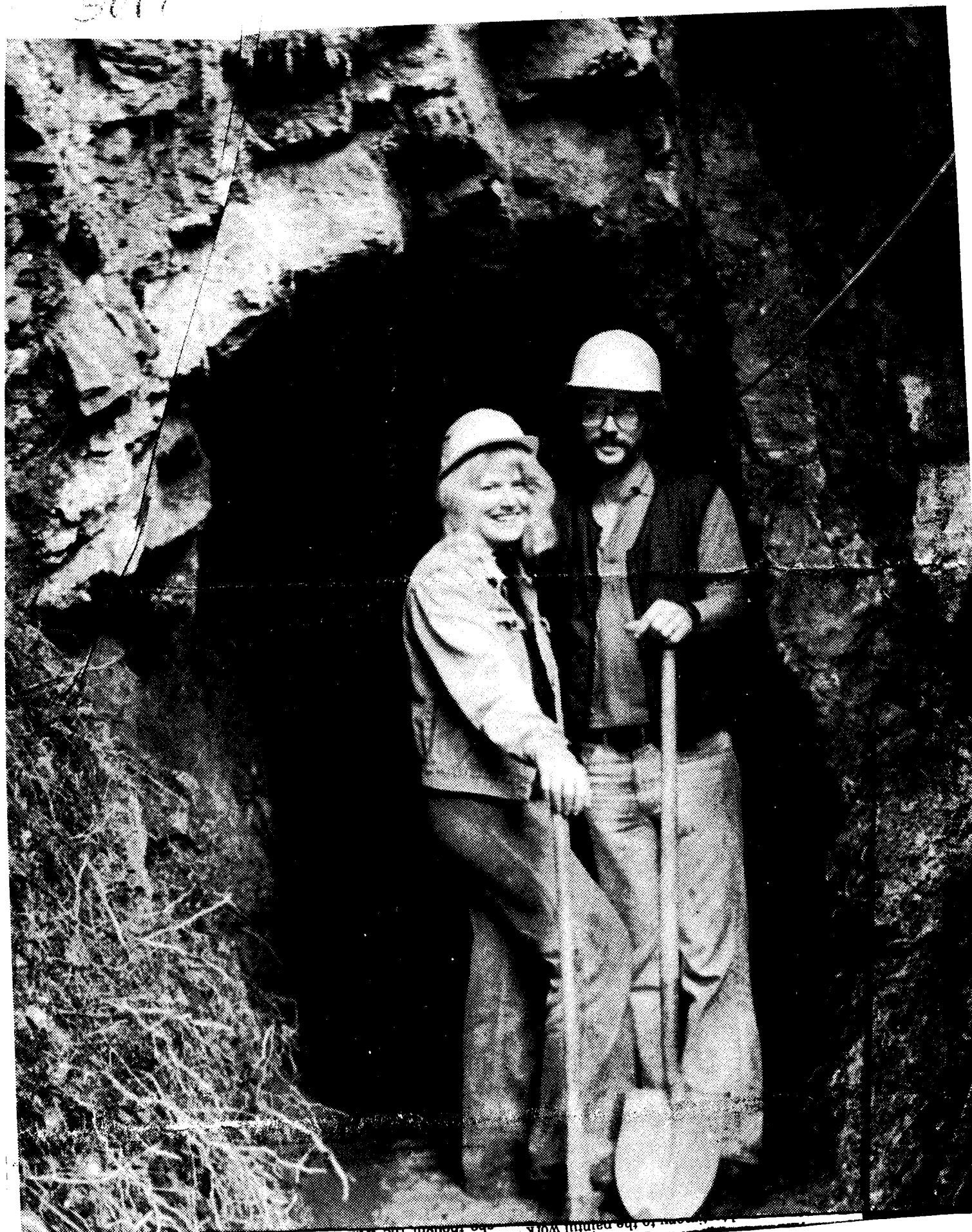
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Ret was in town, a wind storm blew so hard she thought the trailer would tip soon. The

For the Dick family living
on Bohemia Mountain means

Mining a dream

Bohemia Mountain touches the lives of many people in quite diverse ways. For some, it's an enjoyable Sunday drive. For others it's where they first caught gold fever. Most of those bitten by the gold bug are long since gone. But many a weekend miner still picks and digs in the hopes of striking it rich.

For Ken and Cleo Dick, it's not gold fever that attracts them to Bohemia Mountain. It's silver fever. And this couple isn't just weekend miners. For them it's a dream they are living every day.

The couple, with their two children, David 3, and Shawn 8, have moved to the mountain with their St. Bernard, Suzy and a brand new 30-foot trailer to try to make their claim pay. Since June, without electricity, without neighbors, and without much money, the family has worked an old claim in the hopes that they will be among the lucky few to strike it rich.

The couple is following in the footsteps of an old miner, who at the turn of the century began the work on the mine they now own the rights to. He worked at developing hundreds of feet of tunnels, and readied three mine shafts for operation.

But before he could make his many years of hard work pay, the first world war hit, then the price of silver fell, then the price was strictly regulated by the government and he gave up.

The man eventually drank himself to death.

The Dicks have no intention of letting the hard work, impossible hours and difficult living conditions force them into despair like their predecessor. They're confident their dream will come true. They believe in what they're doing.

And what they're doing isn't easy. Their

"We don't want people to think we're hippies. We've got a purpose and a drive to do this. We're educated. We know what we're getting into," Ken says.

Both Ken and Cleo attended college and Ken has worked as a car salesman, a truck driver and as an assistant manager of a bank.

But sometimes, Cleo says, she's not sure this lifestyle is worth it. There are more dangers here than most people realize, she says. The family has come face to face with mountain lions and cougars. In fact, they almost lost their St. Bernard to a mountain lion one night.

The dog was attacked by the big cat, the Dicks say, and still has the deep scars to prove it.

"That dog would lay down her life easy for us," Cleo says.

Storms have not been easy for the family either. Although the Dicks had to endure only about a month of snow this winter, the ice storms stopped their work for many days. One day the family was trapped inside their trailer by the ice. The sliding doors and windows all froze so solidly Ken had to break the back door to get out.

And heating their small trailer has been difficult. Because they have no electricity, the couple heats their trailer by propane from their kitchen burners. To run Cleo's washing machine, the couple has hooked up a small generator to two car batteries, enough juice for a washload. Cleo had to give up her new washing machine because it couldn't run on the 12-volt electricity the generator provides. Instead the couple traded it in on an old ringer model.

Wind storms have been the most frightening for Cleo, she says. One day, while

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Twining a dream

Bohemia Mountain touches the lives of many people in quite diverse ways. For some, it's an enjoyable Sunday drive. For others it's where they first caught gold fever. Most of those bitten by the gold bug are long since gone. But many a weekend miner still picks and digs in the hopes of striking it rich.

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The man eventually drank himself to death.

The Dicks have no intention of letting the hard work, impossible hours and difficult living conditions force them into despair like their predecessor. They're confident their dream will come true. They believe in what they're doing.

And what they're doing isn't easy. Their hands are good testimony to the painful work and many hours they put in on their claim. Both Ken and his wife's hands are scarred with callouses engrained with the dirt of the mines. The lines are deep and the creases are wide, not as Cleo notes, like the hands of a backyard gardener.

This family is no stranger to hard times, though. Just a year and a half ago the family almost lost their lives in a fire that swept through their home. They lost everything and their insurance had lapsed only a couple weeks before. Just a year and a half before that, Cleo almost died giving birth to their youngest son. That too strapped the family with bills.

"After the fire we thought, well what now. We don't have anything to lose; we'd already lost it all, so why not try our mine?" Ken says.

"We don't want people to think we're hippies. We've got a purpose and a drive to do this. We're educated. We know what we're getting into," Ken says.

Both Ken and Cleo attended college and Ken has worked as a car salesman, a truck driver and as an assistant manager of a bank.

But sometimes, Cleo says, she's not sure this lifestyle is worth it. There are more dangers here than most people realize, she says. The family has come face to face with mountain lions and cougars. In fact, they almost lost their St. Bernard to a mountain lion one night.

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Wind storms have been the most frightening for Cleo, she says. One day, while Ken was in town, a wind storm blew so hard she thought the trailer would tip soon. The timber around the trailer swayed and creaked. Trees nearby fell. She tied her two young sons to her waist with a rope and hid under a forest service bridge at a creek which runs near their home.

Trees that did fall during the storm damaged a smaller bridge the couple had built over the creek — just one more project they say that will set them back while they rebuild a part of it.

The two say they are prepared for these natural dangers.

"I know what to do in a storm, or when the creek rises, or when it's real cold," Cleo says. "We're prepared for the natural emergencies."

(Continued on Page 6)

story and photos by Lori Callister

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Suzy, the family's St. Bernard, follows the family everywhere as their protector.

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Ken Dick hopes that by this fall he'll be ready to bring his mine out.

Mining

(Continued from Page 1)

But what they aren't prepared for is the danger that frightens them the most — other people.

"We're private people. We just want to be left alone," Ken stresses.

And although they are a long way from town, being left alone hasn't always been the case. One day Cleo heard shots ring out from a nearby hillside. Her children were playing in the open. They weren't hurt but Cleo says she will never forget the fear she felt when she heard the buzz of the bullets.

"We've been bothered a lot. There are so many people who come through here who've been drinking and vandalize the old cabin. People don't realize there are miners up here who are working — not just dabbling," Cleo says.

The tunnels have already been dug by the miner who went before them. But those tunnels were dug before the first world war and much work is ahead before excavation of the ore can begin. All the mines on their claim were covered over when the Dicks bought the claim and much of their time has been spent

mountain keeps me very busy," she says.

When she does feel a twinge of a longing to be around other people, she says she turns on a radio which picks up one scratchy station from Eugene.

The couple makes use of the old miner's cabin to house their washing machine and the radio, and when it's unbearably cold, Cleo says, she and the children go to the cabin to keep warm by a wood stove. The Forest Service does not allow occupancy of the cabins on the forest, and no improvements can be made on them.

One of the most frustrating moments for them, one that made them question why they were doing this work came in a moment that could have cost them their lives as well.

The two were in a mine shaft cleaning out debris from an old cave-in. As they worked away at the rubble and sludge that had accumulated, they hoped for the familiar whistle behind the mud wall that meant air was being sucked from the outside back deeper into the shaft. That would mean that behind the cave-in the tunnel was clear and not blocked by a second cave-in.

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The air that spews out from the mines smells like an old house that's been shut up for years. The drips from the ceilings echo up and down the long shafts.

Water runs continuously from the cave's mouth and the floor is covered with a clay — like mud that oozes so deep it nudges over the tops of their boots.

They've had to adapt some of their tools to their mining work. The handles for the brand new shovels and picks they bought were much too long for work inside their mines. So they simply sawed off the handles to make them fit.

The children, they say, love their life in the forest. The couple never lets the kids go inside the shafts. And they know that rule well. The two play with their dump trucks and sticks, and with their dog Suzy who never leaves the youngsters' sides, while one or both parents work inside.

Because Shawn is eight and should be in school, the trailer becomes a school room in the early morning hours. Cleo teaches her boy every day from lessons prepared through the South Lane School District. She says Shawn gets no breaks, no recesses — just hard work for two to four hours each day.

"I was never cut out to be a teacher," Cleo admits. "I just don't have the patience for it. I'd rather be working our mountain. But on a good day it would take me an hour to drive him to school and another hour to go get him. We just can't afford that time away from the mountain."

Cleo doesn't get away from the mining work often herself, no more than once or so a month does she travel into the city. She admits she sometimes gets lonely, but it doesn't last long.

"I have my children. And our work on the

mountain keeps me very busy," she says.

When she does feel a twinge of a longing to be around other people, she says she turns on a radio which picks up one scratchy station from Eugene.

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Finally the inward gasp of air came. It was time to celebrate. But just as suddenly water came pouring through and the two, instead of celebrating, ran out of the cave — not knowing just how much water would rush toward them.

After the water had settled they ventured back in. They learned then a second cave-in followed several feet from the one they had just cleared, enough to discourage them, but never enough to make them give up their dream.

"Really, I've only had two days when I wanted to give up. Every other day I'm positive we can make it come true," Cleo says.

But it's not as easy as cleaning out the shafts and hauling out the pure silver.

Before their work will ever pay, they must find some way to turn the raw ore into the refined silver. For that, the couple needs a mill. They've already picked a mill site they hope someday to develop.

By fall the couple believes they will have finished most of what is termed prospecting work, the work necessary to ready to do the actual mining.

They don't want to believe it but they recognize that all the work they've put into their claim may come for naught.

"It's possible we might fail. But I'm not going to drink myself to death if I do," Ken says. "This isn't what we want to do all our lives. But if we fail, big deal, we'll go on to something else. At least we tried."

"My philosophy is, you meet something head on, you go all the way with it and you succeed even if you fail."

"That's the story of a miner. He lives like a pauper and yet he's sitting on a fortune. There's nothing he can do. Maybe we'll be the lucky ones whose dream comes true," Ken says.

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