

SFR 0019

Rebecca Owen

Oregon Agricultural Education Foundation

Sesquicentennial Award Application

Date 10-29-2008

Type of designation (please check) Farm Ranch

Legal owner / Applicant name Rebecca A OWEN

Mailing address of Legal Owner / Applicant Redacted for Privacy

Telephone Redacted for Privacy E-mail address Redacted for Privacy

Contact name (if different than legal owner) N/A

Mailing address of Contact N/A

Contact Telephone _____ Contact E-mail address _____

Location of farm or ranch (which is the subject of this application):

County LINN

Distance 2 miles from nearest town SHEDD

Township 12S Range 03W Section 31

Address or physical location of the farm or ranch (which is subject of this application): Redacted for Privacy

GPS (Global Positioning System) Coordinates, if known: Not known

Sesquicentennial Award Application - Continued

Please provide the following information.

Founder(s):

Original family owner(s) or founder(s)

NICHOLAS SPRENGER

Year this farm or ranch was acquired by founder(s)

1852

Year farm or ranch was awarded Century Farm or Century Ranch status, if applicable

1958

Who farms or ranches the land today?

Rebecca A OWEN

Relationship of Applicant to original owner. Please explain lineage.

applicant is 5th generation - grandchild
applicant's great-great grandfather was original founder

History of buildings:

Are any of the original buildings still in use? Yes No

Barn built by applicant's great grand father still standing.

If yes, please describe the buildings and their former and current use:

Barn used for horses & milk cows. Currently used for feeding goats

Are any of the buildings listed on the National Register of Historic Places? Yes No

If "yes", please describe:

Barn is 2 stories and has 54 foot long hand hewed timbers & some wooden pegs

History of crops or livestock raised on farm or ranch:

Please describe the early crops or livestock.

grain & hay as well as cows, sheep, & horses, and a few hogs - later crops grass -

How many acres were included in original farm or ranch?

320 acres

How did the crops / livestock / use of farm or ranch change over the years?

Currently grass seed is grown - stock barn used for lambing and machine shed transformed to a receiving station for sheep & goats to be re sold mainly for an ethnic market -

(Please continue application on next page)

Sesquicentennial Award Application – Continued

History of crops or livestock raised on farm or ranch – Cont'd:

What are crops / livestock raised on the subject farm or ranch today? *Grass seed*
sheep & goats

How many acres does the subject farm or ranch include today? *61*

How many acres are in agricultural use today? *60*

The Family:

How many generations live on the farm or ranch today? *1 generation which is the fifth generation*

Please list names and birth years:

Rebecca A. Ouleu (Becky) DOB 1945

Please include a narrative of your family history. Please also submit historical & current photos of the property & family, as available. If photos can be provided in digital format at a high resolution appropriate for publication (300 dpi or greater), it would be appreciated.

Types of information to include in your family history narrative:

- From which city, state, or country original owner moved.
- Generational transfers of the farm or ranch property.
- Significant events in the family (births, deaths, marriages, etc).
- Any major changes to operations (methods of production, etc.).
- Additional information on crops, buildings, other changes from the original farm or ranch.

(Please continue application on next page.)

Statement of Affirmation

I, REBECCA A OWEN,
hereby affirm and declare that the farm or ranch which I own at Redacted for Privacy
Redacted for Privacy in the County of LINN

has been owned by my family for at least 150 continuous years, as specified in the qualifications for the Century Farm & Ranch Program / Sesquicentennial Award, on or before December 31 of the current calendar year. Further, I hereby affirm that this property meets all other requirements for Century Farm or Ranch / Sesquicentennial Award honors, including that the farm or ranch has a gross income from farming or ranching activities of not less than \$1,000 per year for three out of the five years immediately preceding making this statement. I understand that the application materials will become property of the Oregon Historical Society Library and be made available for public use. By signing below, I understand that I am consenting to the use of both information and photographs.

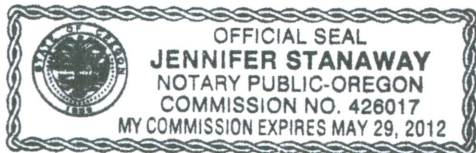
Rebecca A. Owen 10-30-2008
Signature of Owner Date

Certification by Notary Public

State of Oregon
County of Linn

Be it remembered, that on this 30 day of October, 2008, before me, the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for said county and state, personally appeared the within named Rebecca Owen, 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.



Jennifer Stanaway
Notary Public for Oregon
My Commission Expires May 29, 2012

Fees

Application Fee (includes one certificate) \$ 25.00
Additional Certificates (\$15 each) \$ _____
Total enclosed \$ 25.00
Make checks payable to:
Oregon Agricultural Education Foundation or OAEF

For office use only

Date Received 2008
Century Farm or Ranch ID No. if on File CFR0236
Not on File _____
Application Approved? Yes No
Authorization GM
Century Farm & Ranch Program Coordinator
OHS Library
MSS 1604 Program ID No. SFR0019

October 30, 2008

Century Farm and Ranch Program
Oregon Agricultural Education Foundation
3415 Commercial Street SE
Salem, OR 97302

To Whom It May Concern:

Application submitted in hopes that my Century Farm will also be a Sesquicentennial Farm.

I have lived on the farm since 1972. My daughter is the sixth generation to be raised here. Enclosed you will find the latest edition of the genealogy of the Sprenger family. Pages of my direct line are enclosed. Total pages would have been 53.

History of the original Sprenger family's arrival in the United States from Germany is included. The story includes details of the wagon train traveling across America.

Enclosed are 3 pages of photos. Pictures on page 1 are of grandparents with my mom and aunt. Picture number 2 is of the main barn which has hand hewed beams 54 foot long on the main floor and in the haymow. The barn was built before the first house by my great-grand father, Henry, shortly after his marriage. The 3rd photo is looking east down the lane to the farm.

Photo page 2 consists of the 2 homes built on the farm. The first house burned down when it caught on fire when my grandfather was heating tar on the wood stove in the summer to repair roofs. The house burned when my mother was 3. The house I live in was built immediately that fall. The family lived in a newly constructed garage while the house was being built.

Page 3 of photos is an aerial view of the house and farm buildings today and some of the acreage being used for pasture and farm ground being used for seed production

Ownership has been passed down from generation to generation. My great grandfather received part when Nicholas, the founder, passed on. My grand father received part of the donation land claim when his father, Henry, passed on. My parents purchased the farm from my grandfather, Harry. After my mother's death in 1976 my first husband and I purchased 61 acres from my father. He later sold 110 acres out of the family.

There was a period of time that the farm and house was rented out to different individuals. This occurred after my father, Cliff Beach, was injured in a farm accident and could no longer farm. He owned commercial livestock trucks and hauled cattle, sheep & hogs from feeding operations to the packing plants in Portland, Washington and California. His office was located in the Exchange Building at the Portland Livestock Yards.

Crops produced varied. Grandpa milked cows. The milk truck came in on a daily bases as I remember. Grandma raised chickens. She occasionally sold eggs and always had fresh chicken for Sunday dinner.

There were horses, cows, sheep and hogs for livestock. The horses raised were used as workhorses for farming, harvesting, and pets for my mom and aunt. Later pleasure horses were raised here. I had my first mare when I was 3.

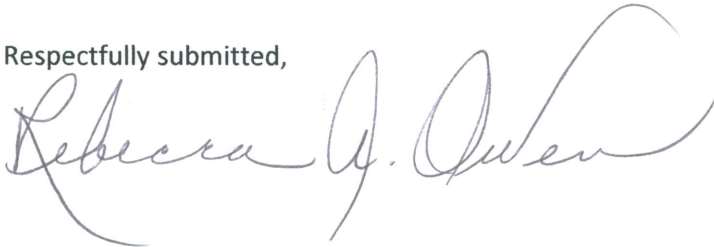
Sheep were raised for the wool and lambs were sold. The hogs were here until 1962 when the Columbus Day storm blew the oak trees east of the big barn down and destroyed the hog house.

Alfalfa was grown north of house on high ground. Oats were grown for feed and also sold for a cash crop. By the early 1950's Grandpa had a tractor pulled combine and a hired man to sew sacks. As a child I spent many hours just following the combine on my horse.

During the late 1950's to early 1960's my dad grew only ryegrass on the farm and had self-propelled combines.

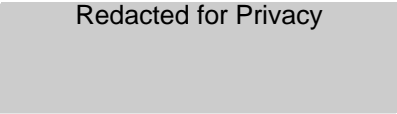
Since I moved back to the farm I have raised, sheep, horses, and cows. The sheep always paid the feed bill for all the other livestock.

Respectfully submitted,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Rebecca A. Owen". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the text "Respectfully submitted,".

Rebecca A Owen

Redacted for Privacy

A rectangular grey box used to redact information, located directly below the name "Rebecca A Owen".

Enclosures:

HISTORY OF THE FAMILY OF
NICHOLAS AND MARIA BIRD SPRENGER

The next definite information to be had on our Sprenger ancestry was recorded in the family Bible by Maria Bird Sprenger.

Father Abraham Sprenger was born in Albersweiler, near Landon, Germany on July 5, 1770.

One source of information says he came to the United States in 1819 and settled in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. This is the same year his son Nicholas immigrated to this country. Also recorded in the family Bible - "Father Abraham Sprenger died in Lancaster, Pennsylvania in August 1854." He would have been 84 years of age.

Nicholas Sprenger was born on a small farm in Albersweiler, Germany on February 8, 1802. Discontent with his surroundings led him as a boy of seventeen to leave his family and friends and embark upon life in a country across the sea, of which he knew naught but by hearsay. He left Germany on July 2, 1819 in a sailing vessel, and he reached New York in September of 1819. He remained there a short time and then made his way to Pennsylvania where he engaged in the merchandise business.

In Reading, Pennsylvania he met and on April 8, 1827 married Maria Bird who was born in that city on June 9, 1804 of Quaker parentage. Colonel Baxter who had fought in the Revolutionary War was one of her grandfathers, and she was related in a round about way to William Penn. (These facts were related by her son Henry Bird Sprenger when 86 years of age at a family gathering November 1, 1936.) One branch of the Baxter family came from Ireland and several brothers fought in the Revolutionary War, but it is not known if these were Grandmother's relatives. Her mother Mary Bird died in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania on October 18, 1861 (recorded in the family Bible).

The following children were born while the family resided in Reading:

- twins (Mary Ann - March 7, 1828
- (still born boy
- Abraham Bird - November 23, 1829
- Isaac Bird - July 1, 1831
- Abigail Bird - December 4, 1832
- Jacob Bird - August 15, 1834

The family which now included five children, two girls and three boys, moved to Morgan County, Ohio in 1835. Here Grandfather Nicholas Sprenger learned the millwright's trade and afterwards applied himself to the grist and woolen milling. A fourth son was born in Zanesville, Ohio.

Charles Bird - August 22, 1836

The family were residing in McConnelsville, Ohio by the year 1838, where Grandfather was engaged in the milling business. It was here that they joined the First Presbyterian Church - Grandfather was raised a Lutheran and Grandmother was a Quaker. It was here also that their other six children were born.

- Maria Bird - September 16, 1838
- 1st Sarah Bird - August 16, 1840 - died January 2, 1842
- 2nd Sarah Bird - June 26, 1842
- Nicholas Bird - March 10, 1845
- Henry Bird - January 12, 1850
- Thomas Bird - October 25, 1851

The milling yielded a fair income for the large Sprenger family, but the same spirit of ambition which rebelled at the limitations of the little German farm saw further than millwrighting in Ohio. Nicholas Sprenger, like many another pioneer, got the western fever after listening to glowing accounts of the climate, natural beauty of the scenery, the great evergreen forests, snow capped mountains, the rivers full of fish, and the land all ready for cultivation that awaited the pioneer in the great Oregon Country. Like many another pioneer who came with them to the valley of the Willamette, the desire for land upon which to build homes, with a better opportunity for their growing sons, was the idea uppermost in the minds of Nicholas and Maria Bird Sprenger when they made their decision back in 1851. They, like many others, turned their backs on the eastern country where they were considered well to do in this world's goods. They hoped for a more healthful climate and less severe winters because the ravages of fever and ague were so prevalent at that time. They also longed for the fir and pine forest of the west.

* * * * *

The following account of the crossing of the plains to Oregon by our grandparents in 1852 was written by Sarah Bird Sprenger Fisher who at the time was a child of ten years. The original narrative was written from memory in December, 1925 - seventy-three years after these happenings took place. The manuscript as you now read it was prepared by her great granddaughter Marcia Hurt of Oakland, California who merely corrected grammar and spelling and kept the story almost exactly as it was written, leaving out only the parts that were repetition.

OHIO TO OREGON - 1852

by

SARAH BIRD FISHER

This is my memory of our trip across the plains to Oregon in the year 1852.

In 1850, my brother Abraham and his friend, James Bingham, who was engaged to my sister Abbie, decided to go West, after having heard stories of praise for the new country from a friend who had left McConnelville, Ohio, the year before. Father and Mother in turn received such glowing accounts from Abraham that they decided to go to Oregon in the spring.

All winter was spent getting ready for the trip. Father sold his woolen factory and grist mill. He and Mother shipped some of their bedding and clothing around the Horn and loaded the rest of what we were to take with us in the wagons. One of the three large wagons was made like an omnibus, with a door and steps at the back and seats along the side. This was where we were to sit by day.

At night extra boards could make it into a bed for Mother and Father and the younger children. Our friends were very kind and helped us in many ways, and on the first day of April, 1852, we were ready to start.

The small stern-wheel steamer on the Muskingum River took us from McConnelville to the Ohio River, where we took a large side-wheel steamer up the Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers. As we came near Lexington, the Captain, a big, black-bearded man, came through the crowd of passengers with a pistol in his hand. He told us that a short time before, a boat going up the river had blown up and many people had been killed, because they had all run to one side to see the town. He threatened to shoot any of us who went over on the other side. We weren't going over to see, but pretty soon the people on the other side changed places with us so that we could see the town and the boat that had been blown up in the river. It seems that in those double boiler steamboats, if there is too much weight on one side, the water all runs in the boiler on that side. And when it goes back in the other one again, that boiler explodes.

When we arrived at St. Joe, Missouri, Father rented a house, where we remained six weeks until we were equipped with everything we would need, including horses, cows, and oxen. Our wagons, made in Ohio, had been shipped to St. Joe, and we filled them with bedding, tents and groceries. There were barrels of sugar, molasses, vinegar, flour, and meats. Mother slipped in a little jam to use if we were sick, or to give to sick people we should meet on the way.

II

Sometime in May our preparations were completed, and we left St. Joe for Savannah to cross the Missouri River at that point.

At Savannah we had to cross the river by way of one small ferry boat, which was pulled across by a hand-operated pulley. Father had dreamt three nights in a row that the family would attempt to cross in that boat and that the oxen being rather wild, would run to one side, causing the boat to sink. In his dream he was told that none of his family would drown. Though Father didn't believe in such things, after dreaming the same dream three nights in a row, he tried to get the boatman to take the family over alone and make another trip for the oxen. But the boatman refused, as so many other people were waiting to be ferried over; so we had to go along with our wagon. When we reached the middle of the river, the oxen ran to one side and the boat began to fill with water, until just a tiny bit of the wagon cover was above the water. The oxen swam off; the boatman held my baby brother above the water, Father held Mother up on a wheel of the wagon and my sister Abbie and brother Jacob kept Nicholas and me from drowning by holding on to us and to the wagon. My oldest sister held to the wagon on a wheel. My brothers Isaac and Charles, one on each side of the river, were crazy to come to us, but that was impossible as the river was too full of sand and eddies to swim in. There was not even a skiff to come to our rescue, and my brothers had to run a mile to get a boat. Archie Rusk, a friend of ours who was going with us to Oregon, jumped of the boat to try to get help, though I pleaded with him not to. He was drowned.

At last the boys got to us with a boat and we were pulled out. Mother looked around and called out, "Where are Maria and Henry?" A voice from the wagon said, "Here we are." and the wagon cover was pulled off and they were dragged out. As the water had risen in the wagon, Maria had put the big family Bible on the beds which happened to be left in the wagon that morning, along with the dishpan and every other thing she could find to pile up. That left her just room enough to stand and hold their heads above the water, with a few inches between the top of the water and the cover of the wagon to breathe in.

We stayed in Savannah a week trying to find the body of our young friend and to replace the clothing that we had lost. The people of the town told Father there was no use trying to find Archie's body, for it would have been buried in the sand in a few hours. But they tried for a week, and when we left, Father left word that if his body could be found and sent home, the finder could keep the remainder of the five hundred dollars in gold that he had in his belt.

Finally, there being nothing more we could do at Savannah, we started on our way again.

III

Along the trail, we saw buffaloes wallowing in their mud holes, and many antelope. Once in a while the boys would kill an antelope, which made delicious meat. We found that buffalo meat was too coarse and bear meat too greasy to eat much, but that prairie hens were a real delicacy.

Father always rode ahead to hunt good camping grounds with plenty of water, grass, and wood - at least water and grass for the cattle. Often we had to cook with grease wood or sagebrush. We had iron pots and teakettles for cooking, and did our baking in a Dutch oven with coals under it and over it. It was difficult for my Mother and sisters to work and cook this way, as we had been used to a

large house, a cook stove and brick oven, and a maid to do the hard work. When our cow gave plenty of milk, we put the milk in a large, tin can and hung the can on the wagon, where the jolting would churn the milk to butter. But most of the time since the cow didn't get the right kind of food, it took all her milk for my little brother Tommy. Besides, a number of the cattle died before we reached Oregon, and we had to be frugal with the milk we could get.

One night my oldest sister and I were going from one wagon to another one and a big wolf came up. We didn't stay to see what he wanted.

We saw Indians often. Once when we were in the Nez Perce country, a chief came and offered my brother a lot of horses in trade for my sister Maria, a beautiful girl with black hair and snapping black eyes. My brother jokingly agreed, and the next day the chief came with his ponies, looking for Maria. Father hid my sister in one of the wagons, and after several days managed to persuade the chief that my brother had been in fun.

There was a great deal of cholera that year. So many people had started without any tools to do anything with, and without enough food to eat. The night before we came to Old Fort Kearney, my sister Abbie was taken sick. Father went to the fort when we got near to get help. As he was a Presbyterian and a Mason, they allowed him within the grounds, but not in the Fort itself. The doctor and his wife came down and sat up that night with Father and Mother caring for Abbie but she died. They gave us the best coffin they had - a plain board one - and they allowed us to bury her in their cemetery. The doctor and his wife promised to care for her grave as long as they were there, but it was heart-breaking for Father and Mother to have to leave her.

While we were traveling along the South Platte, Father also contracted cholera. That night we had an awful hail and rain storm, and to keep Father from getting wet, Mother put the feather bed and boards over him. Thanks to this sweating, and to the medicine, Father recovered. During the hail storm, the cattle became frightened and ran off and swam over to an island. The next day, when it had cleared, the boys had to swim over and drive them back so that we could travel on.

Maria got the cholera too, but Mother cared for her as she had cared for Father, and she too recovered.

As we traveled, we met a great many people who were sick and dying. Often there was nothing to dig a grave with, and the dead had to be wrapped in quilts and blankets, and be laid on the ground with stones piled over them. In spite of these precautions we saw many graves that had been invaded by wolves.

IV

We passed Fort Laramie, Fort Hall, and Fort Boise. At the Malheur River, my brother Abraham and Mr. Bingham met us with some provisions, thinking rightly that we might have run short. When Mr. James Bingham, who was to have been married to Abbie upon our arrival in Oregon, heard of her death, he was so shocked that he became sick, and had to be cared for all the rest of the way to Oregon City.

We were camped one Saturday night at a good place for both the cattle and the family. My brothers were watching the cattle when they came upon two young men camped nearby. One was quite sick, so when the boys told Mother and Father, they took food and medicine and helped them get ready for their journey again. The young men were from Indiana, and had no wagon - they had packed all their food and supplies on horses. One of these young men, Walter McFarland, was to become my husband seven years later.

We crossed the Green River at a very steep place where the banks sloped sharply to the river's edge. The boys unloaded two of our wagons and fastened the two wooden beds together, fastened a rope to them, and swam across the river and anchored the rope to a tree on the other side. The beds were loaded with food and the dismantled wagons were pulled across the river, where the wagons were put together again. The cattle swam to the other side.

When we reached The Dalles, the party separated. Some of the brothers took the big wagon over the Cascade Mountains. The rest of us took a flat boat to the Cascades, from where we went around the Cascades in the wagon to the Lower Columbia River. There we took a flat boat again to the Sandy River, quite a way below Oregon City. At that point our brothers met us with the big wagon and we started together for Oregon City.

On our way down the Columbia, the wind started to blow so hard that we had to put ashore. It happened to be on a pretty steep place, but we had to stay there all night, nevertheless. How we managed to sleep and eat our food without slipping in is more than I can tell.

V

We arrived in Oregon City on October 26, 1852. My brothers had found a house for us; it had only four rooms and no plaster, and was not very comfortable, but it did have a cookstove, and was the best we could get at the time. At that time, flour sold at \$5.00 a sack, butter at \$1.00 a pound, apples 25¢ a piece, cabbage 25¢ for a small head, and potatoes about the size of walnuts were all prices. All the big potatoes were sent to California.

One day a man came and begged Mother to care for his three little girls, as his wife had died on the plains. He wanted to get work and would come for them in a couple of weeks, he said. They were awfully dirty, but Mother and my sisters took care of them for about two months without pay of any kind from their Father.

While in Oregon City we met Walter McFarland, again. His father who had crossed the plains in 1849, and his stepmother and sister and brother. We met also Captain Cochran, who, with my brother, was running the hotel named Oregon House. And we met Judge Wait, who became much in love with my sister Mary Ann, as Captain Cochran was with my sister Maria.

My sisters sewed to help along until my Father and the boys could get a farm. It was in Linn County on the Calapooia River, eleven miles south of Albany. The family stayed in Oregon City until the first of February, when we moved to the farm.

Our home on the farm had three rooms at first, the center room of logs, and on each side a room of shakes, with a puncheon floors. Our fireplace was made of sticks and mud, as there was no bricks available there at that time. There were little sternwheel steamboats running up the Willamette River to Albany and Corvallis in the winter, and as long as they could in the summer. As soon as possible, Father added two more rooms, and an attic where we could sleep. One of the new rooms was a good sized kitchen where we cooked and ate, and the other part store room and part curtained off for sleeping.

When spring came, the prairies were covered with lovely flowers and delicious wild strawberries. We could go out with wash tubs and buckets and fill them with these delicious strawberries, as large as most cultivated berries and much sweeter. We ate all we could and Mother made jam of the rest. We also had many blackberries in their season, and in a few years plenty of fruit of all kinds that the family had planted.

My sisters were a wonder to some people who had been in the wilds for several years. One day a woman came to our house and asked Mother if the girls could cook and wash and make soap and such things. Mother told her the girls were proficient in all home making, as even when they had plenty of help, she had insisted that her daughters learn how to do everything. The woman said that her son John thought if they could keep house and sew he would like to marry one of them. Mother told her it would not be necessary for John to come to see them as they were both to be married in May.

The boxes that Father shipped around the Horn arrived in April. When they came, it made a great stir, as we had carpets, and many such things to make us more comfortable.

My sisters were both married the 25th of May, Maria to Captain Cochran, and Mary Ann to Judge Wait. They were married in the same ceremony and looked very pretty. The gentlemen came in a two-seated carriage with two fine horses. They were married in the morning, and left for Oregon City, going as far as Salem the first day. So, when I was not quite eleven, I was left as Mother's only help.

We went to school three months in the year, except for times when Mother occasionally would spare me for the winter to go to the Seminary in Oregon City. At these times, I met many of my sister's friends and had a good time. There was a Dr. McLaughlin, an English gentleman who in the early days had married an Indian Squaw. They had several daughters who were highly educated and married fine men. They were Catholics, and when Dr. McLaughlin died they wanted him made a Saint, but the priests charged so much that the McLaughlin family left the church and became Episcopalians.

A couple of years after we were on the farm, Walter McFarland and his family came and took a farm about three miles from us. Walter had lost a sister Sarah about my age shortly before his folks left Indiana, so he was very kind to me and often would come over Sundays, put me on his horse, and walk along side to church.

About a year later, some other neighbors moved in, and I had some girls to go to school with. One of our teachers, Mr. Storey, who stayed at Father's a good deal of the time when he was teaching, became engaged to Miss Frank Hogue, a friend of mine. When the Indian War broke out in Eastern Oregon, Mr. Storey went with many other young men to fight. He sent Frank and Indian pony, cream colored, with a white mane and tail, and he sent me a white pony. So I had my own pony to ride to school.

One morning, Nicholas, who had been minding the calves over by the lake, came running home all out of breath. At last we got out of him that a lot of Indians had come along. At this time the Indians in the Rogue River Valley were killing the whites in such diabolical ways, that we were always fearful of them. So we decided to get away from the house. Nicholas said he could load the gun and I said I could put out the fires while Mother got the little children a little way from the house. We went out, stopping to lie down in the tall grass from which we could peek to see if there were any Indians coming. Pretty soon a boy of about seventeen came along whom we knew. He said he hadn't seen any Indians, but that he had been hunting and had his gun and would go home with us. When we were near home, the young boy thought he saw an Indian head sticking up from behind a stump, and fired his gun. It turned out to be a red head of cabbage.

We worked hard, but once in a while we would have a party or a quilting bee. Once we girls went to a quilting about three miles from home, and the boys came for us afterward in the evening. They took us home in a big wagon filled with hay. At one point the wagon stuck in the mud, and the boys had to get out, carry the girls out over the mud, then push the wagon out of the mud. We didn't get home until early hours.

I was married to Walter McFarland on June 15, 1859. We were married in our prettily decorated cabin and went to Eugene on our bridal trip. We settled in Corvallis, where my five children were born, and lived there until we moved to California.

* * * * *

Grandfather located his land claim of 320 acres, mostly prairie land, one and a half miles north of what is now the town of Shedd (and about eleven miles south of Albany). There was some school land added to the original claim. This was on the west side and across the south end. The land claim still belongs to the family - Harry G. Sprenger and Lena Sprenger Pugh own Henry B. Sprenger's part of the original claim. Thomas R. Sprenger, son of Thomas B. Sprenger, owns the original homesite on which stood the family's first home. This was a log cabin. Grandfather bought

the logs which were hewed for the first log house from Reverend T. S. Kendall, United Presbyterian minister, and which was set up that first winter of 1852-53 and into which he moved his family in the early spring of 1853. The family now consisted of Mary Ann 25 years, Abraham 23, Isaac 21, Jacob 18, Charles 16, Maria 14, Sarah 10, Nicholas 8, Henry 3, and Thomas 2. However the older ones were not at home for long.

(Quoting from "Portrait and Biographical Record of the Willamette Valley, Oregon" published by Chapman Publishing Co. - 1903)

"In Oregon, Mr. Sprenger devoted his entire time to farming, his useful trade being relegated to the past in the middle west. As time went on he prospered exceedingly, taking a prominent part in the affairs of his township, and exerting his influence for progress and good government. He was prominent in the Masonic Order, having become a Mason before he came west, and as long as he lived took an active interest in Corinthian Lodge A.F. and A.M. of Albany of which he was one of the organizers. He also assisted in the organization of the pioneer Masonic Lodge at Oregon City. He was always prominent in church and Sunday School work and for many years was a class leader, expounding the scriptures with intelligence and enthusiasm. He was equally interested in educational matters. He was a Republican in politics, but never sought official recognition."

Grandfather Nicholas Sprenger passed away November 8, 1871 - sixty-nine years of age - in the main room of the log cabin which stood just back of the house later built by Thomas B. Sprenger in 1876.

Grandmother Sprenger continued to live on the home place with Tom and his family after her husband's death. On July 21, 1885, at the age of eighty-one years she passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Maria B. Cochran of near Hubbard, Oregon, after a short illness. "The Occident" published the following "In Memorial" to Mrs. Maria Bird Sprenger.

"A mother in Israel, whose lovely Christian character and many good works are well known among a large circle of relatives and friends in the Willamette Valley was Mrs. Maria Bird Sprenger. She, and her earnest, Christian husband, surrounded by a large family of children founded a home that has been as a haven of rest to many a weary body and discouraged spirit.

"Ministers and missionaries of early days without regard to denomination always found a warm welcome, and hearty hospitality among its inmates, and felt inspiration and encouragement that only the sweet companionship of earnest hopeful hearts can give."

Grandfather Nicholas and Grandmother Maria Bird Sprenger are buried in the Crystal Lake Cemetery at Corvallis, Oregon.

Compiled by:
Merle Pugh Lamar
June, 1952

Nicholas SPRENGER

b. Feb 08 1802 d. Nov 08 1871
mar. Apr 08 1827

Maria BIRD

b. Jun 09 1804 d. Jul 21 1885
13 Children

1 Mary Ann SPRENGER

b. Mar 07 1828 d. Mar 30 1859
mar. May 25 1853
Judge Aaron Emmons WAIT
b. Dec 26 1813 d. Dec 13 1898
2 Children

1-1 Columbia L WAIT
b. d. in infancy
1-2 Charles Nicholas WAIT
b. Feb 10 1856 d. Dec 15 1939
mar. 1878
Lorena J MARKS
b. d. Jul 20 1891
3 Children
re-mar.
Wilhelmina WOICKA
b. Oct 15 1869 d. Oct 14 1933
2 Children

1-2-1 (Todd) Charles Emmons WAIT
b. Nov 27 1881 d. Apr 07 1954
mar. Sep 08 1901
Agnes Helen BUSE
b. Feb 28 1891 d. Oct 29 1960
2 Children
1-2-2 Annett Maria WAIT
b. Feb 12 1885 d. May 05 1953
mar. Mar 06 1903
Charles T BATES
b. Oct 08 1879 d. Mar 29 1962
1 Child
1-2-3 Myrtle J WAIT
b. Jun 23 1887 d. Feb 22 1973
mar. Nov 20 1907
Robert J BATTY
b. Sep 25 1888 d. Mar 31 1981
2 Children
1-2-4 (Buzz) Aaron E WAIT
b. May 02 1898 d.
mar. Apr 23 1921
Margaret GOLAB
b. Apr 03 1895 d.
2 Children
1-2-5 George Nicholas WAIT
b. Apr 14 1899 d. Jan 03 1980
mar. 1929
Miriam GILMAN
b. d. yes
re-mar.
Norma B
b. d.

12 Henry Bird SPRENGER

b. Jan 12 1850 d. Apr 01 1938
 mar. May 28 1873
 Izzie M POWERS
 b. Sep 14 1855 d. Jul 31 1921
 5 Children
 re-mar. Sep 15 1922
 Mrs. Suzannah SMITH
 b. Mar 26 1853 d. Apr 17 1936

12-1 Alida Izzie SPRENGER

b. Jan 02 1874 d. Apr 16 1928
 mar. Sep 03 1888
 Charley E POWERS
 b. May 27 1862 d. Oct 29 1934
 7 Children

12-2 Lenna V SPRENGER

b. Jun 03 1877 d. Mar 25 1879

12-3 Sarah "Lena" SPRENGER

b. May 21 1879 d. Dec 30 1978
 mar. Oct 04 1899
 Charles Asbury PUGH
 b. Jan 22 1876 d. Nov 15 1934
 4 Children

12-4 Fredrick James SPRENGER

b. Mar 17 1882 d. May 01 1949
 mar. May 24 1905
 Vera Elaine PORTER
 b. Apr 20 1885 d. Nov 08 1975
 1 Child

12-5 Harry Guy SPRENGER

b. Dec 08 1887 d. Dec 18 1969
 mar. Jun 08 1910
 Minnie SWATZKA
 b. Jan 27 1890 d. Feb 15 1955
 2 Children
 re-mar. Feb 09 1959 or 1960
 Alta Ruby SHORTRIDGE MERRITT BUNTIN
 b. Oct 17 1894 d. Apr 29 1979

12-1-1 Glenn POWERS

b. Jan 24 1890 d. Mar 04 1894

12-1-2 Walter "Wayne" POWERS

b. Dec 30 1892 d. Nov 06 1969
 mar. Jul 03 1913 div.

Lilly SCHIEMAN

b. Nov 1891 d. Dec 22 1975
 1 Child

re-mar. Jan 24 1948

Ruth CHRISTIANSEN

b. d.

1 Child

12-3-2 Merle Lurlene PUGH
 b. Oct 27 1904 d.
 mar. Oct 02 1927
 William "Dale" LAMAR
 b. Oct 28 1904 d. Dec 20 1968
 No Children

12-3-3 Marian "Katharine" PUGH
 b. Aug 11 1911 d.
 mar. Aug 31 1946
 William "Russell" GITHENS
 b. Jun 29 1897 d. Oct 25 1964
 2 Stepchildren
 re-mar. Jun 02 1979
 John Gale SWATZKA
 b. Dec 25 1925 d.

12-3-4 Rena Elaine PUGH
 b. Apr 26 1918 d. Aug 1918

12-4-1 Henry Byrd SPRENGER
 b. May 16 1922 d.
 mar. May 04 1946
 Betty WILSON
 B. Mar 10 1926 d.
 3 Children

12-5-1 Lois Elaine SPRENGER
 b. Feb 25 1919 d.
 mar. Nov 22 1950
 Clayton MANN
 b. Nov 23 1912 d.
 No Children

12-5-2 Ardis Izzy SPRENGER
 b. Oct 15 1921 d. May 24 1976
 mar. Oct 24 1943
 Clifford Horace BEACH (he re-mar. Carmen JENSEN)
 b. Feb 27 1922 d.
 2 Children

12-1-2-1 Walter William POWERS
 b. Jun 26 1916 d. Nov 06 1969
 mar. Jul 02 1941
 Maxene EARDLEY
 b. Aug 22 1920 d.
 1 Child

12-2-2-2 Karen Kay POWERS
 b. Oct 06 1949 d.
 mar. May 10 1969 div. Apr 19 1979
 Charles Doris BARNEY
 b. Feb 05 1948 d.
 3 Children
 re-mar. Feb 14 1980
 Dennis Stephen BATCHELOR
 b. Jun 14 1943 d.
 Children

12-4-1-2 Deborah Kay SPRENGER
 b. Dec 25 1949 d.
 mar. Dec 21 1975
 James Donald BARATTA
 b. Nov 23 1946 d.
 1 Child

12-4-1-3 Susan Lee SPRENGER
 b. Jun 26 1952 d.
 mar. Aug 12 1972
 John Michael MATTEONI
 b. Jul 25 1951 d.
 Children

12-5-2-1 Rebecca Ann BEACH
 b. Jan 29 1945 d.
 mar. Dec 21 1965
 Dale Michael OWEN
 b. Mar 12 1946 d.
 1 Child

12-5-2-2 Janie Lynn BEACH
 b. Mar 10 1953 d.
 mar.
 b. d.
 Children

12-1-2-1-1 Gary POWERS
 b. Aug 09 1948 d.
 not married

12-1-2-2-1 Lisa Ann BARNEY
 b. Oct 25 1969 d.
 mar.
 b. d.
 Children

12-1-2-2-2 Shelly Jean BARNEY
 b. Mar 02 1972 d.
 mar.
 b. d.
 Children

12-1-2-2-3 Brenda Kay BARNEY
 b. Dec 10 1973 d.
 mar.
 b. d.
 Children

12-1-3-1-1 Shirley Adelle WALKER
 b. May 08 1936 d.
 mar. Jun 16 1953
 Jack E HERRMANN
 b. d.
 1 Child
 re-mar. Mar 25 1961
 Warren Christopher FLINT
 b. Jul 01 1929 d.
 1 Child

12-1-6-3-1 Ramona Lea NORRIS
 b. Jan 24 1952 d.
 mar. May 23 1970
 Gary Eugene SMITH
 b. Jan 02 1948 d.
 2 Children

12-1-6-3-2 Melanie Fay NORRIS
 b. Dec 10 1953 d.
 mar. May 20 1972
 Billy DENNY
 b. Nov 16 1948 d.
 2 Children

12-1-6-3-3 Wayne Eugene NORRIS
 b. Nov 21 1956 d.
 mar. Jun 12 1976
 Margo ELDRIDGE
 b. Jan 10 1957 d.
 1 Child

12-1-6-3-4 Kathryn Mae NORRIS
 b. Aug 07 1961 d.
 mar. Jan 01 1982
 Ernest BENNETT
 b. Sep 01 1940 d.
 Children

12-4-1-1-1 Nicole Dyan SPRENGER
 b. Jun 11 1973 d.
 mar.
 b. d.
 Children

12-4-1-1-2 Hunter Ryan SPRENGER
 b. Mar 19 1976 d.
 mar.
 b. d.
 Children

12-4-1-2-1 Kira Sprenger BARATTA
 b. Jun 04 1981 d.
 mar.
 b. d.
 Children

12-5-2-2-1 Michelle" Ann OWEN
 b. Nov 18 1970 d.
 mar.
 b. d.
 Children

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PHOTOS



1940's

GRANDMA Mom Auntie GRANDPA



1950's

ORIGINAL BARN 54' Hewed Timbers



1970's

LOOKING EAST DOWN THE LANE

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PHOTOS



FIRST HOUSE - DESTROYED BY FIRE



BILT
1924

REPLACEMENT HOME



1994

REMODELED HOME TODAY

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PHOTOS



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View year 2003