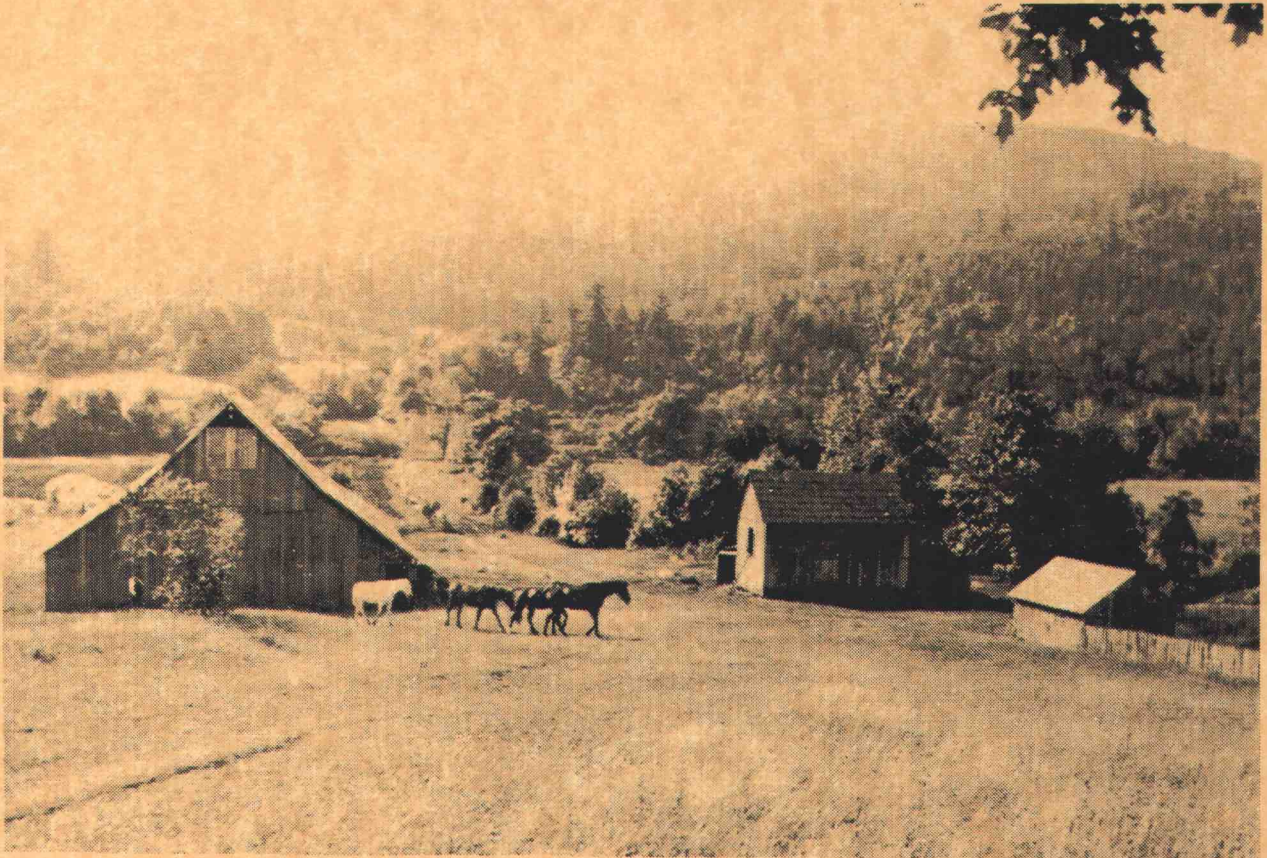


CHARLIE OLSON

Biographical Sketch And Early History Of Sulphur Springs

Benton County, Oregon: 1900-1920

Oral History Interviews by
Bob Zybach and Angela Sondena



Soap Creek Valley History Project
OSU Research Forests
Monograph #7
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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Soap Creek Valley History Project was authorized by, and is under the direction of, Dr. William Atkinson, former Director of the OSU Research Forests. Funding for the project is provided by the OSU College of Forestry.

Lisa Buschman, former OSU Research Forests secretary, transcribed recordings to computer files and assisted with draft editing, formatting, and indexing. Holly Behm Losli and Tami Torres, OSU Research Forests text editors, completed final formatting and indexing under the direction of Pam Beebee, OSU Research Forests Office Manager. This project could not have been completed without the help of these people.

Cover Photo: Courtesy of Myra Moore Lauridson and the Soap Creek Schoolhouse Foundation. View from the Moore family house, looking south toward Soap Creek. Dabler's blacksmith shop is to the right. Portion of current McDonald Forest can be seen in the background. Photograph taken about 1899 or 1900 by Mrs. Lauridson's father, Samuel H. Moore.

Title Page Photo: Olson Family [c. 1901] Mother, Anna Frestrom; father, John, sister, Hilda; brother, Augustus "Gus"; and Charlie.

THE SOAP CREEK VALLEY HISTORY PROJECT

The Soap Creek Valley History Project was undertaken by the Oregon State University's Research Forests in 1989 for the purpose of better understanding the history, ecology, and culture of an area that has been impacted by OSU land management practices for nearly seventy years. An important part of the project has been the location and publication of existing recorded oral history interviews with individuals who have had an influence upon the valley's history. New recordings have also been made with significant individuals who have not been previously consulted, as well as "follow-up" interviews with people who have continued to contribute to our understanding of the Soap Creek area.

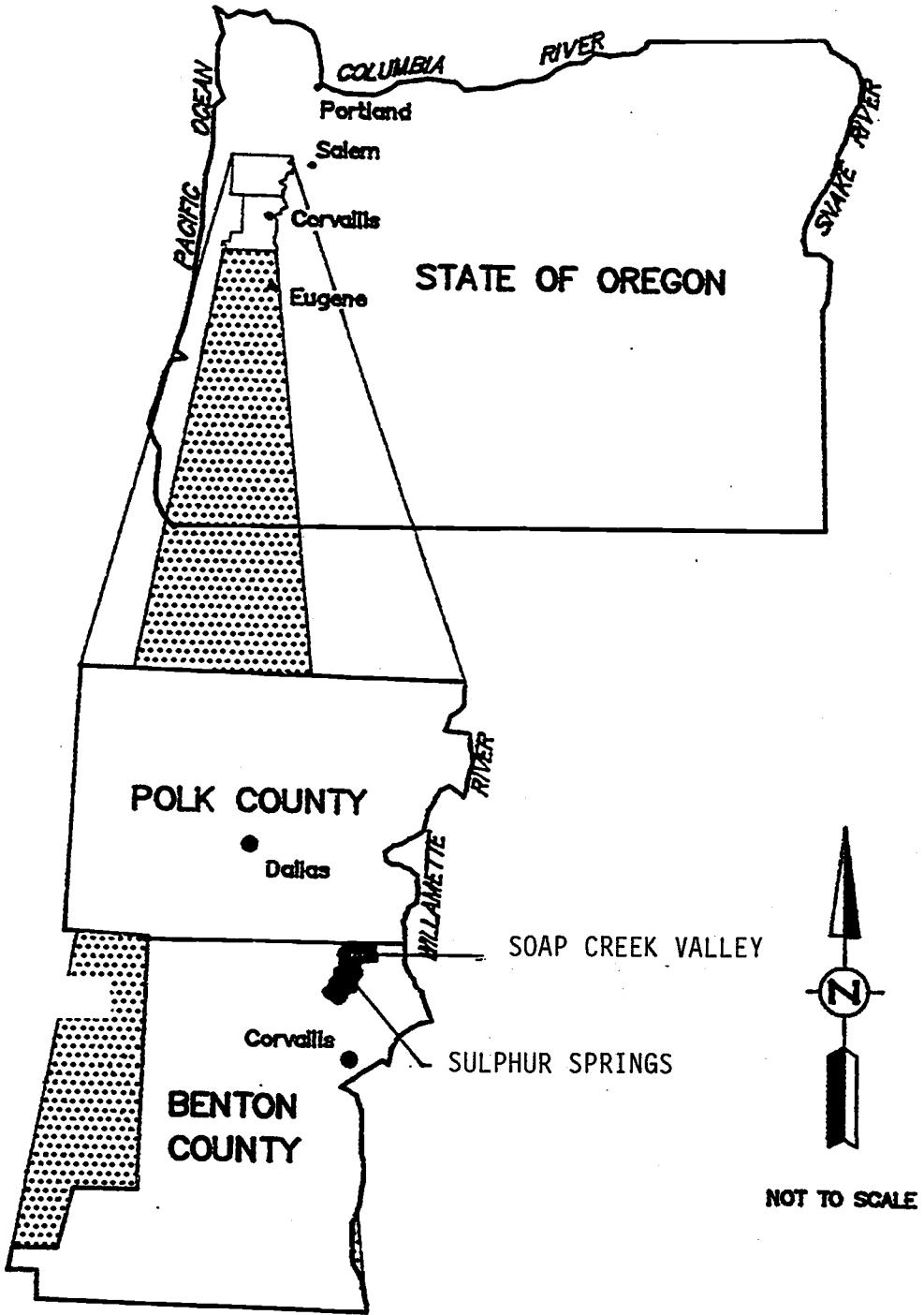
The publication of these interviews as a series of cross-referenced and indexed monographs has been undertaken in an effort to make them available to resource managers, researchers and educators. An additional use is accurate and available references for a planned written history of the area.

One of the primary accomplishments of the project has been the creation of a computerized concordance file, currently on IBM Word Perfect 5.1. This was made possible through the assistance and expertise of Bonnie Humphrey, of the former Horner Museum staff, Lisa Buschman, former secretary for the OSU Research Forests, and Holly Behm Losli and Tami Torres, text editors for OSU Research Forests. The file allows for both the efficient and systematic indexing of the monographs in this series, as well as providing a method for cross-referencing other research materials being used in the construction of a scholarly history of the Soap Creek Valley.

The Soap Creek history is being assembled from the written and spoken words of the people who made it and lived it. The use of a concordance file allows information from the journal entries of botanist David Douglas, the transcribed words of Kalapuyan William Hartless, the memories of pioneer "Grandma" Carter, and the recordings of turn-of-the-century Soap Creek resident, Charlie Olson--a history spanning over a century and a half--to be systematically searched and organized. The index to this monograph is an example of the applied use of the file.

Citations should mention both the OSU College of Forestry and OSU Research Forests.

SOAP CREEK VALLEY LOCATION MAP



Map of January 29, 1990 Tour of Soap Creek Valley. Circled letters correspond to chapter headings in Table of Contents.

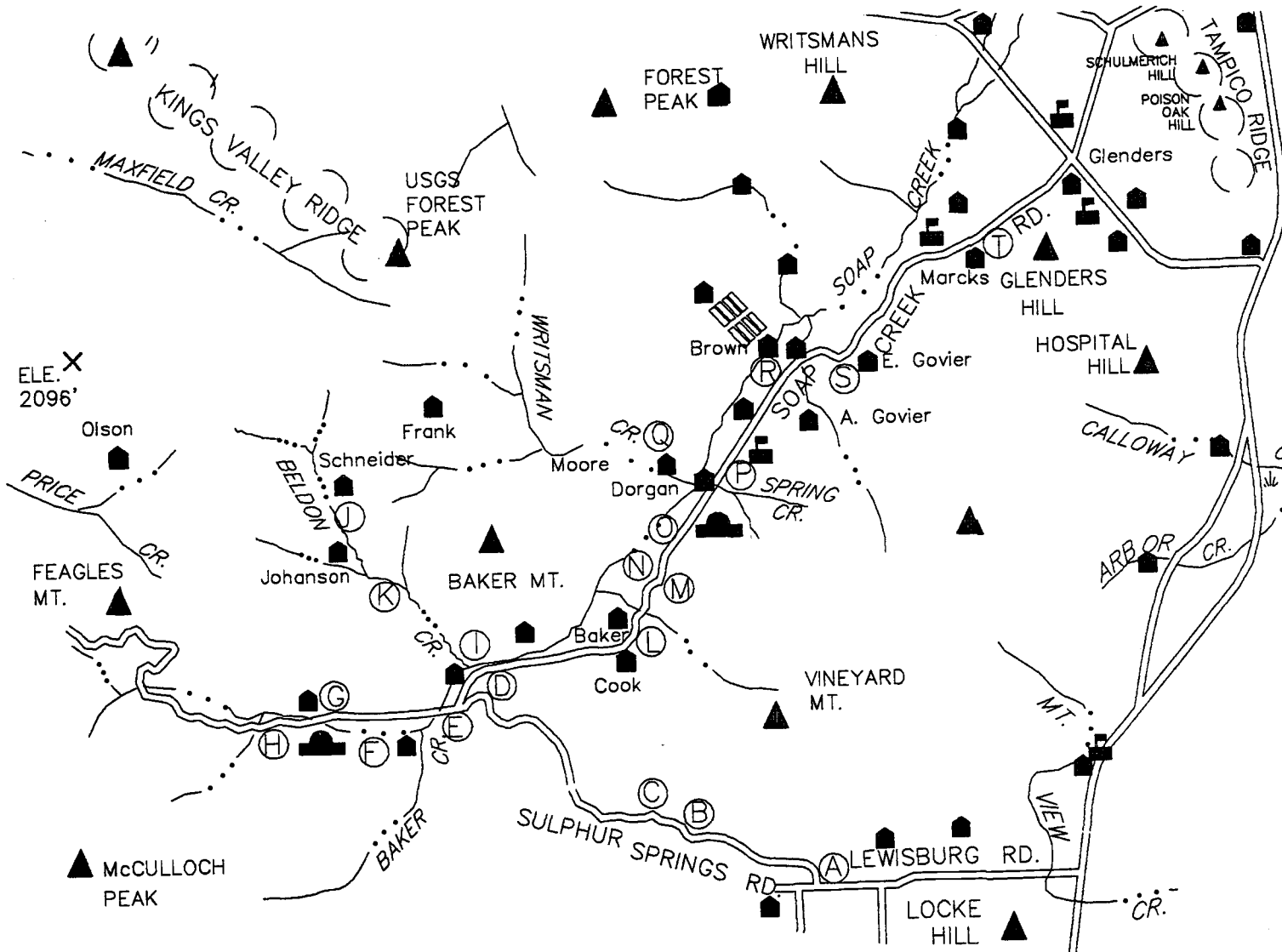


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INTRODUCTION

Charlie Olson's father was a Swedish immigrant who came to America looking for opportunities. He eventually ended up in Corvallis where he worked for Fisher's Flour Mill. It was seven years before he was able to save enough money to send for his wife and son. Once in America, the family settled in the Soap Creek Valley where Charlie Olson was born in 1898. Charlie was born in a small log cabin where his family lived on 160 acres of land.

Today, Charlie is still as sharp and agile as he was several decades ago. This point was made abundantly clear when the interviewers watched Charlie cross a frozen log no more than six inches in diameter to reach the other side of Soap Creek. Not once did he hesitate nor did he take notice of our offers to help.

This independence and determination has served Charlie well throughout the years. He survived a stint in the Student Army Training Corps during World War I, worked as a mechanic in Corvallis, saw the Great Depression, married and fathered children, and ran a successful school bus operation for a number of years.

Throughout his long life Charlie has witnessed many changes in the Corvallis area. He can remember when cars were unknown there, and people often lived miles from their nearest neighbors. We have attempted to record many of those changes in the following pages.

The first Olson interview took place as we drove along the main roads through the Soap Creek Valley. Because of the nature of the interview, people unfamiliar with the geography of the valley may have difficulty following some of the dialog. To help alleviate this problem, maps have been provided for reference points.

The second interview took place at the Olson residence near Summit, in Lincoln County, Oregon. This interview covers the personal history of Charlie and his family as well as additional history of the Soap Creek Valley.

It is our hope that this oral history will provide valuable historical information about early life in Benton County, and a glimpse into the life of a very interesting individual. Students of many disciplines will find this a useful document in recounting vegetation patterns, lifestyles, occupations, attitudes and landscapes of the early Soap Creek Valley.

Angela Sondenaa
March 1991, Grangeville, Idaho

Postscript. Sadly, Charlie Olson died shortly before Christmas in 1993. He was very interested in this project, and it is unfortunate that he wasn't able to see his story in its final form. For those of us with an interest in Oregon history and ecology, Charlie's story represents a legacy that will entertain and educate others for years to come.
Editor, May 23, 1994

Part I. January 29, 1990 Tour

Interview conducted January 29, 1990 by Bob Zybach and Angela Sondena, during a tour of Sulphur Springs and Soap Creek Valley area.

A. Sulphur Springs Road

We're with Charlie Olson at the intersection of Sulphur Springs Road and Lewisburg Road at the base of Lewisburg Saddle. Charlie do you want to tell me where the road that you remember going through here went?

The road was farther over [west], farther over than it is now. And it came across and came out in the road that goes down back of us [Highland Road] and goes past that school house. It came out beyond that school [Crescent Valley High School].

Do you remember the families that lived there at the school?

No.

That was Bessie Murphy's [Gragg] family. Now, when you say over farther you mean on the south side there. It came down the south side of where it is now?

Yeah, it left quite a ways back from here. There was a family by the name of Totens over there and then Vineyard, John Vineyard on this side, it took off between those two places and went easterly there and came back where there is a walnut orchard now and it was there years ago, but they haven't grown hardly at all.

Was the road as far over at that house?

The one we see?

Yeah.

Oh, yeah, it was quite a ways beyond that.

So it went beyond that house and went from Totens through Vineyard's and did it go up over Lewisburg Saddle by that route?

Yeah.

Will we intersect it up here in a little ways?

We'll be pretty close to it on top. When we go over here, but on the way down we're not in it.

Where would be the next good place to stop from here, would it be up on top?

On top, I think, is the best.

Do you know any houses or any large trees or daffodils or anything of that nature that might be worth stopping and looking at between here and there?

No.

Okay. And this road, do you remember what year that that was the old route? Do you remember what year it changed to this route?

I don't know what year they changed things.

Could that road have been driven by wagons?

That we went then?

Yes.

Only. Wagons only. There was a turnoff over yonder that went in to another area that . . . I don't remember the different people that owned that in there. There's quite a few names in there that I'm not familiar with any more, but quite a ways over there, there was a gate and another road that went on in to quite an area.

To the Oak Creek area, that far over?

It didn't go as far as Oak Creek.

When you say only wagons could get through, this would be maybe 1900 or 1905, 1910?

Wagons would go through, yes, but it was pasture, a whole lot of it was pasture and Sol King's pasture. A lot of that road over there went through Sol King's pasture and there would be let downs of different types of gateways to go through, but wagons was it of course, there was no automobiles yet.

What's a let down?

A wire fence with a pole holding the whole together, you know, the different wires, you unhook the loop around the top and you take this whole thing and walk around with it or else you just let it down and drive over it.

Was that an actual road or a right of way?

That was neither one, and you could go through there and you could go any place really just so you could get through, but there was a let down or some way of getting in from one pasture to another. He had it divided . . . Sol King owned a whole lot of land in here, and he had it fenced off in different blocks so that he could shut the cattle out of one and in another.

But he didn't care if people went through his pasture. Could he have stopped people if he wanted to?

I don't think so.

So they had some kind of right of way?

Yeah.

Was Sol King still alive when you were a kid?

I don't know for sure, when I was little he probably was, but he had a daughter and there's some cabins in Corvallis, I think there's probably eight or nine of them . . . they're right together and they're just alike and this daughter owned all of those cabins and when I got big enough that I could drive around, you know, why it was just common knowledge that she owned all those cabins. I think she was . . . I don't think she was married. I never saw her. I think she was just a single woman.

I have just one more question on that walnut orchard there, did that have a name to it, or just the walnut orchard?

I don't know who owned it. It didn't have any name. But there's walnut . . . there's little walnut trees there yet that ain't much bigger than this. [Shows 4"-6" diameter circle with hands.]

Can you think of anything else in this area that . . . how did the vegetation look here, were these hill sides open, can you recall?

Oh, yeah. That whole area on the south side here, pert near everything was bare on the south side here. All of these hills in the early days were bare. When there was anything at all, it would be oak and then these trees came in and took over and choked the oak out. These trees that are here. You're in the forestry department?

Yeah.

Maybe you can answer some of these questions then. Where did they come from we called them bastard fir when they came in and that wasn't really a beautiful name so it changed to Douglas fir.

Oh, bastard fir, I think, is wolf fir. That's isolated with heavy limbs. It meant there was just a few of them. That's what I've heard so maybe it's changed.

They were all from the same area it seemed like when they first came in here they took over. We never knew what . . . where they came from, but we called them

bastard fir until some where around 19 . . . oh, maybe 1918 or sometime along in there. Why, there were more biblical names, called them Douglas fir.

Do you remember when they started calling them old growth for the older trees?

That's . . . that probably didn't start . . . the old growth probably didn't start too early, because we called them yellow fir. And that's what they were. They were yellow fir. And my father could bore a hole in one and . . . straight in, and then another one a little higher and then he could make some coals out of oak and put them in one of those holes and with a blower fan them and they would start to burn in there and they'd burn that tree down.

That's how they removed the trees?

Well, no, no, they . . . when they started to really remove the trees was when the sawmills came in. And the railroads would take nothing but that yellow fir. And if there was a round edge . . . just a little bit, just on the sap side, a little round edge on any of one of them they'd throw them out. I worked for Christiansons at the time when they would load out one load after another on that score that they had down there.

Where was the Christiansons' fir at?

Huh?

Where was the Christiansons' fir at . . . where you were working?

They . . . little creek, I think, they named it Christiansons after a while. I don't think it was named before. But they had their mill about two miles up on the highway, or three. Up on the highway in Kings Valley, right up this creek and then later on when I started to run school buses in there, why we'd go up that road and then go across over past a gravel . . . manufacturing outfit and they were . . . they called themselves Tri-County Gravel Company.

Would that be in the 1930's?

That was earlier, they were in there earlier than that. And that would come out on Maxfield Creek and then go back down past the church and then to the school house on Maxfield Creek.

On this area here, do you remember when the bastard fir started coming in?

No. Soap Creek over there is where I noticed it.

Okay, we'll talk about it there then. These hills were all bare, can you remember what kind of vegetation was on the hills before the oak?

Grass.

Native or would people plant grass?

I don't think it was ever planted. I don't know how it got here but there was . . . oodles and oodles of grass.

Good grass?

Good, yeah. Good pasture for cattle. And it would grow tall because it wasn't pastured down.

So this would be cattle pasturage, would people run sheep or horses?

Sheep, yeah.

Or horses?

Not very much. Horses, they had enough horses for their own use just for what ever they needed them for. But there was no . . . that I know of, there was no place where they raised horses for sale or anything like that.

These hills here, what kinds of wildlife would come in?

Gray diggers.

Gray diggers. Would there be very many deer in those days?

Quite a lot of deer.

More than now?

Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah. My mother would go out and feed the chickens and she'd called the chickens and the deer would come and eat up the wheat.

On the south facing hills at this point though, too, would the deer be in this area?

Well, they were all over.

How about bear?

Not too many. Not too many bear, there were a few panther.

What, cougar?

Yeah.

How about bobcats?

A few.

Now you called them panther.

Well, there's a lot of different names for the same animal.

But the common name was panther, would people say panther?

That's what we called them.

How about beaver?

There wasn't too many beaver until later. The beavers came in quite a lot later.

So when you were young, can you recall any beaver?

Undoubtably there were some but there wasn't many enough to that I noticed them.

On Soap Creek they didn't build any dams at the time when I was living up there.

Can you ever recall seeing a boomer in this area?

Yeah.

Can you remember the location?

Boomer?

Yeah.

Where I live now. [Summit, Lincoln County, Oregon]

Not where you live now, this area. Where you live now, there's colonies of them.

I didn't know of any of them earlier. I had my first contact with boomers was when I moved to Summit.

But you don't recall any in this area?

No.

Okay. Can you recall anything else about these south hills here, about the types of vegetation that was on it, or the type of animals that were pastured here, or maybe a type of wildlife that we haven't mentioned . . . coyotes?

There was coyotes. There were coyotes.

How about wolves?

There was only one wolf that I know of. And that was about 19 . . . I'll have to figure a little bit. When I was aware of it, I didn't know what it was and my uncle came over here about 1910. And I had to go and talk to him one evening coming from school and my sister went on and we went around Bakers Mountain at the time and we went over Bakers Mountain and we went around it the other way. We had three different ways of going to school. And that particular night, why she went home around Bakers Mountain on the north side, or went to the right of it. And

when she came to where there was what we called a white house with a big barn, there was something walked out in front of her and it . . . the hair stood up on its neck and it showed its teeth and she didn't crowd it. She just stood still for a while and then it took off. And I had gone over that night, I had gone over to talk to my uncle, to tell him something, he was working for a neighbor and I had my little twenty-two pistol. I wasn't with her. And when I came along he [the wolf] wasn't there. And that was about . . . that same year but quite a little while later, I was alone and I was on the road coming toward the school house and about a mile from the school house something went across the road and it wasn't a coyote. And I went over and talked to Alvie Govier and he had hounds. And he went up there and turned his hounds loose. And they took it. And they never came back. He lost them. So after awhile there was some people named Staats over toward . . .

Airlie.

Airlie, yeah. And they had some hounds and they got out of that thing later and they didn't come back. I was working in the [Winney] mill out at Mountain View [Winney's] and there was a fellow that had been up on Soap Creek when I hadn't been there. I'd been gone from there for quite a little while. I can't think of his name now, but he told me that they finally got a timber wolf. He called it a timber wolf. And that apparently was what had killed these dogs.

You think it was just a single wolf, not a pack or anything?

No, it was just a single wolf. How they only got the one.

That's the only one you've heard of in this area?

Yeah.

Did you ever hear of any white tailed deer in this area?

White tail?

Yeah.

Well, you mean mule deer.

No. They had white tail in the 1820's, I just wondered if there were any left by 1900.

We had two different types of deer here and the white tailed deer is just the most common one, but there was another one that came in and got mixed with these and right now I can't think of what they call that. But it was a heavier deer, shorter

legged deer, they never had anything but a spike. They had nothing but a spike, no matter how old they got.

Where did they come from?

Well, I can't tell you that. I don't know.

And then it just inner bred with these deer here? Did they call them something like a "bench leg" or anything like that?

That's it. That's it, "bench leg." That's what it is. Yeah.

So they had bench legs in here?

Yeah, they did. They had bench legs here but they were mixed with the others and I shot several of them. I hunted quite a little bit when I was a kid, and I shot several of them. And we were up on the Grass Mountain over in Alsea [River], my wife's father and I and Charlie Rauls. Charlie Rauls had a little shop at that Volvo people are in today in Corvallis. His mother owned that building and he was with me. And it was just about like it is now only thicker, fog, thicker than this and he was down before and we were out in the open but there was bunches of trees in clumps and in rows, different places you know. And I spotted a pretty big deer but I couldn't tell what it was. The fog was too thick and it was only about thirty-five yards from me. And I didn't know where Charlie Rauls was by that time. So I blew my hands a little and then he whistled and he was farther back so I knew he wasn't where he would get hit. And when the fog lifted just a little bit so I could see the outline of this deer again. He was still there. And I shot him. He just went down. I have a little .32-.20 and that's the only thing I use for deer.

Still?

Still.

When did you shoot your last deer?

Huh?

When did you shoot your last deer?

I stopped shooting them about twenty years ago, but the last one that I shot was about 8 months ago or six months ago. I can't see with my right eye. I had a little forty . . . a little .44 magnum automatic. And stock is quite short and I figured that if I hold that under my shoulder and then grip that grip real tight and hold the other forearm,

you know, real tight. And I was squatted down. I had my elbow against my body here and had a really tight grip on the trigger grip and a real tight one on the forearm. But I had bought a box of new ammunition -- that hollow point. And the hollow point was the same size way down deep in there, not just a little cavity . . . And I hadn't shot one of them before. So when I pulled the trigger, that thing came back and the scope caught me right here and . . .

Right between the eyes.

It tore my nose loose from my forehead.

This was just six or eight months ago?

About six months ago.

That wasn't during the season.

No, I don't think so. I don't remember, it was pretty close to the season, but . . . I started to bleed enough so that I didn't look what happened to the deer. And I just waited a while until it kind of quit bleeding and then I went over to see what happened to him. He'd gone about as far as from here to that white peg right there.

About twenty feet.

Yeah. And it [the bullet] had entered right where I had figured just back of the shoulder and then it had blew up. That cavity is big enough that when it hits something it would create pressure as it comes back until there is enough air pressure in there that it'll create an explosion and not just a little cavity that will expand and make a bigger hole from there on. Anyway, my wife started to try to make something out of it, and this explosion when it occurred it ruptured the midriff between the chest cavity and the paunch and it ruptured the paunch. And it seemed like it did the same thing with all the rib cage. So the whole rib cage was blood shot.

It sounds like you should have been using your .32-.20.

B. Lewisburg Saddle

Okay, we call this the Lewisburg Saddle now, did you call it anything before?

No.

You called it the Lewisburg Saddle?

No.

The pass?

No. I never heard a name for this until the forestry people came through here, you know, and they probably named it.

So this was called no name, the road, would you call it the road?

Well, that . . . sure it was a road.

Just no name to it.

No name.

So if you said you were going to Corvallis, was this the only route through here?

This was the only route except if we went down through the . . . well, we came out through Ed Blake's.

That's down at the other end of the valley?

Yeah. We could go down that way, but we couldn't . . . at that time the road didn't go where it is now. The road went out at Ed Blake's.

Okay, we'll go down at that end and then you can show us. Can you remember how it came up through here, like we can see kind of an old grade down there to our left, is that maybe the way it came up?

I don't know just exactly where it went down from here but it went farther to the right here than where it comes up now.

Okay, so that would be to the west.

To our right now, yeah.

Okay. I'm trying to get things into this [tape recorder] so we can figure it out later.

Yeah.

So that would be towards the ocean or to the west. And it went down to where we were at the bottom of the hill. It came up through Totens; past Sol Kings, through Totens and Vineyard's and then angled back this way, or maybe back over in that way [west] further, can you recall?

We didn't go back that way [west] very far.

Okay.

We went down here pretty directly down to between . . . a fellow by the name of Toten, and Vineyard was a little farther to the left . . .

To the east?

Yeah.

Towards Corvallis.

Yeah.

So you went passed Vineyards.

No, we passed Vineyards after we came down to Totens.

Okay. I was thinking of coming up the way we just came but if you're going out you would have gone down to Totens, and then cut past Vineyards and gone out toward the walnuts.

And then up here where did the road go toward Soap Creek?

A little farther to the left [west] of where it is now.

Maybe fifty feet or maybe . . .

Oh, it zig zagged.

Okay, but it was off to the left here.

Yeah.

And that was right around the turn of the century?

It continued that way until they built this here. I don't know when they built this.

Do you recall anybody saying when they built this road here, the old road?

No.

Was it called a road or a trail?

You mean this forestry . . . [indicates Patterson Road to the west].

No. Not the forestry one, the one back when you were a kid. Do you recall when they put that in?

I wasn't old enough to know when they put that in, because it was there when I got big enough to know that it was there.

Was this the main route to Corvallis?

Yeah.

Would people come in by this way to go to Sulphur Springs?

Absolutely, there was no other way.

Could people take bicycles over it?

Yeah. They could.

Do you remember anybody bicycling over this pass here?

I didn't know anybody that had a bicycle in those days.

I see. It was possible but they didn't do it.

There was a family that came out . . . they walked from Corvallis and you will have [reference to] him. You've gotten him already on this book. You haven't got him, but you've got his offspring. Moore.

Oh, the Moores.

Yeah.

They used to live out here didn't they?

No.

They would just walk out from . . .

In the early days, they did live out on Soap Creek. Sam Moore's father lived down there and Sam Moore was probably born there, but his daughters started to come up over here and when they got here they camped right here on top.

Oh, so this was a camping area here?

No, not normally, but they camped here and they wrote a big sign and tagged it up there. "Snailgate Camping Ground." But of course that was torn down pretty soon. But they camped here and then they went down to Sulphur Springs and camped down there. They came up and visited with us while they was camped there at Sulphur Springs. And we were haying at the time and my father always would read quite a little while after dinner and so we went out and was fooling around outdoors and Iva Moore, Myra was the older one, then there was Iva, and then there was Neva. Neva was the youngest one. But she [Iva] got to talking about . . . oh, they got to talking about getting married and I was just a kid, but I could realize at the time that I was making a safe wager and she wagered with me that she was never going to get married. And it was twenty-five dollars. And I bet that she would get married. She bet that she wouldn't. Now when would she be able to collect?

It was pretty safe bet.

Yeah. She never could collect it.

Did she ever get married?

No.

But did she remind you about the bet, would she talk about it?

When could she remind me?

Did she remember betting you?

Well, we didn't discuss it in later years, no.

Can you remember anything else about this area?

No.

So can you remember what the vegetation is like right here, was this an open pass?

Just like it is now.

Just like it is now.

Yeah.

So young fir, scattered oak.

There wasn't as many of those smaller firs as there is now, but other than the maple, the other brush would be the same as it is now only that the smaller trees that are here now wasn't here then.

Okay. Were there any old growth trees up here?

Yeah, there were quite a few of them. And there were quite a few others here.

To the east?

Yeah.

So that would be from this area to the east, but now just behind us . . . to the south . . .

There was old growth on the north and it was coming over onto the south side some but there wasn't much on the south side.

Okay, could the bastard fir that was coming up on the south side be from the old growth.

No, it could not have been from the old growth.

Why not?

Well, that's a thing I would like to have somebody tell me, what was it and where did they come from.

Why couldn't it have come from the old growth [seed] blowing over on the wind or something?

It wasn't the same thing.

Oh, it's a different kind of tree?

This bastard fir and the old growth was entirely a different type of tree.

What was different?

The bark was different, the needles were different, the wood was different. The wood on this bastard fir won't burn unless it's dry. That old growth -- we'll give it

it's right name -- "yellow fir".

Yellow fir, okay.

It would burn when it was green. Right at the foot of this hill was one that people had run into in some way with a wagon and they had made a scar and that created a lot of pitch. And they set it afire. And that burned into it a little ways and then went out. Probably somebody else had come along and there was pitch and they'd set it afire. And then it went out. And then I came along afoot. I was about ten years old at the time and I had been to town. I had some teeth filled and I walked and on my way home, I set that thing afire, warmed my fingers a little bit and went on. And my father, I think, went to town the next day. It pert near had to been, he drove in and of course that tree was burned and when he started to come home it was night. He'd always go to the library and read. And he had a horse, just a single horse, and that horse would take him home no matter how dark it was in a buggy. And when he came to that tree, it was down and across the road. He couldn't see.

So the fire you'd set had toppled the tree?

It had burned just enough so it was down at the time. But he just turned the horse loose, he got in the buggy and turned the horse loose and the horse took him into the brush and went on around and come out on the road down below. About two or three days later, that whole tree had burned up.

Completely?

Completely! Completely, and there is a whole lot more back of that that people have never explained. There wasn't enough there but what a fellow could scoop it up and put it in a dust pan and then in a bucket.

You think the fires that used to burn through, when they hit that yellow fir could they have burned those trees completely up.

Sure.

Do you think that may have happened?

It did happen.

So when they had a fire through here, there wasn't a bunch of snags, it was clean?

Oh, well, if a fire could run through without setting them afire because they'd have to develop some pitch in a hole and go in until the fire would be inside of the tree

before that tree would start to burn up.

I see.

But you could burn around that tree with some grass and it wouldn't set it afire. The bark is . . . that's another thing, the bark would be that thick.

About 3 inches?

Yeah. And it would have big clumps on it. You could pert near climb the tree just by getting a hold of some of those clumps. That will never happen to this bastard fir. It's a different species and where did it come from? But, I contend that when you burn wood it blows into where it came from, it doesn't create smog. If you burn something that you have mined out of the earth, it will create smog because it's . . . it wasn't produced from the air. These trees and every other tree . . . every thing that it has gotten . . . has gotten from the air.

Are these trees here, do you think they are descended from those yellow fir?

No.

You think these are bastard fir all through here now?

Of course they are.

So what happened to the last of the yellow fir?

They were sold, they were fell and made . . . most of it rail road ties and sold to SP [Southern Pacific] railroad.

[James] Hanish called the older trees the "grandfather trees" and the younger trees the "kids", wouldn't those kids be the descendent of the older trees.

Never.

Why not? Where did the younger trees come from?

That's what I want to know.

Why didn't the older trees seed in the area?

I never saw but one place where those yellow fir had a small tree. And that's another question. On the ridge between Wren and the ridge that divided Soap Creek and Kings Valley from there and over towards Wren on the left hand side of that ridge that runs cross ways with these other ridges that run the other direction.

There's a cross ways ridge between Wren and Kings Valley and there's another ridge that runs across to the general line of ridges.

Between Soap Creek and Kings Valley there is a ridge [Kings Valley Ridge] that runs cross ways and if you were to get on to that ridge and then take off towards Wren on the left, there was some of those yellow fir and there were some small ones, but the small ones were just as tall as the others. There were only probably a foot through but they were just as tall as the others. And I didn't . . . I'd never seen a small one from a seed.

Do you think those trees are still there now?

Oh, no.

They're gone.

Oh, God no, that was . . . I was probably twelve years old when I saw that.

Do you recall ever seeing any Sugar Pine in this area?

No.

Any Ponderosa or other pine . . . natural pine?

No.

Just the yellow fir and then the Doug-fir that's in here now that was called bastard fir and then Doug-fir.

Yeah.

That's about all that I can think of from this area. Why don't you finish the story on the bench legs? You'd shot it in the heavy fog and that's the last we got recorded on that.

Well, he was afraid because it was a spike. But it was so old that some of the teeth were gone. It was a gummer but it was fat, I don't know why. I don't think it would rut, it was right after rutting season, or during rutting season but it hadn't rut. And it was awfully fat, it probably weighed 220 pounds.

What was the game warden's name in that area . . . at Alsea?

Clint Haren.

And this man you were with, what was his name?

Charlie Rauls.

And so Charlie Rauls was afraid that Clint Haren would find it and he would get a fine or a ticket.

Yes.

Can you describe how you got the deer out of there?

We put it in Charlie Rauls pick up and we went out through Harlan. He wouldn't go back down through Alsea.

You said there was a problem in one of the areas where he was driving the pick up out.

Well, between Burnt Woods and Harlan and on up it's awfully zig-zaggy, an awful lot of crooked road. That's where he hooked on to this piano outfit, I don't remember what they called themselves, but it was a piano outfit and they had a rig that they could move pianos with a pick up, but it was a closed . . . they knew Rauls rig and he knew theirs but he didn't stop.

Then you ended up hauling it out that way then.

We brought out that way.

And those bench legs, you think, inner breed with the other deer in this area and now they're just part of the population.

They've crossed. I've shot several of them.

Several bench legs?

Yes, I've shot several of them that were crossed. And I had one killed after I wasn't shooting here anymore and was feeding them. And it was killed from the road just beyond where this bee man, you know where he's located, over there just north of me.

Where you live now?

Williams. Somebody had shot this bench leg, and it was only a half breed bench leg, but they'd shot it, it was a doe and they had dressed it out but they had left it. They just left it lay there and rot. They'd shot it from the road.

On the bench legs, other than the short legs and the heavy chest and that the bucks only have spikes. Was there anything else you could tell was different from the other black-tail deer?

No, they were heavier. They were heavier and shorter legged and that was about it. Had nothing but spikes.

Okay.

C. Lewisburg Clearcut

We're at the Lewisburg clearcut, at stop 9 on the tour [Soap Creek Valley Auto Tour, Bob Zybach, OSU Research Forests cc: 1989] or stop 10. We're looking out across the south

slopes to the north of us. Can you describe what that looked like?

Coffin Butte of course you can hardly see that. Writsman's Pasture over there, it's pretty near covered, it was bare.

Is that Writsman's Pasture where we see that patch of fir?

Yeah.

What did you call that hill up there? Right above Writsman's Pasture, what was that hill called?

I don't know. I don't know what that was called.

Wanda Cook called it Writsman's hill, but you don't remember a name.

It undoubtably could be because that . . . it runs right up through there and Writsman's undoubtably had quite an area of acres. And all of this other here that you can see has got timber on it now, it was bare.

Was it grass?

Grass and strawberries.

And strawberries?

Yes. That's Bakers Mountain right there.

That's Bakers Mountain off to the left.

The one that your finger's pointing at is Fogles Mountain.

Is what mountain?

Fogles Mountain. The only name I ever heard for it.

F-o-g-l-e?

I never saw it spelled but that's . . .

The one with the bald is Fogles and the peak to the right [east] of that is Bakers Mountain?

The one right in front of us is Bakers Mountain.

Oh, the lower -- the front profile here -- the very foreground.

Yeah, that's Bakers Mountain.

Okay and the one behind it is Fogles Mountain.

The one way over there on top of that hill . . .

With the bald on it . . .

That was Fogles Mountain. And up on there were some big trees that I didn't know just for sure what they were. They looked different from everything else.

Could they have been pine?

No. No, and I kept wondering for a long time what they were until probably . . . well, about the time they started to log in there, I found out what they were. They were hemlock.

Oh, there was hemlock up in there. Up on the peak?

Yeah.

I've been looking for hemlock all through here. That's why I'm interested in that. Now on Fogles Mountain, that's where the hemlock were.

There was a heck of a lot of hemlock, old growth, big trees.

And they logged those out of there?

Yeah.

Do you remember when?

About . . . I could get pretty close to that, they went to Airlie.

Was there a mill at Airlie at that time?

There was a railroad there and that's where they went out. There's a fellow by the name of Winson Reed that bought the old Matthews place up here. That Matthews place joined us on the north and it was 160 acres. And this Winson Reed had his eye on all that timber in there was going to have to come out through there. And he was going to get a little commission on that as it came out, but it didn't turn out that way. They went out toward Airlie.

So was that hemlock visible from here?

Huh?

Was that hemlock . . . could you see it from here, from this spot?

Oh, sure you could.

So, where would it be in relation to that bald?

Well, it was where that other green stuff is now.

Up along the ridge?

Yeah.

How about down in the draws?

Well, it didn't come down too far. It didn't come down too far until there was fir. Old growth and the bastard fir.

On these hills here was there any oak?

Most of the oak would be in the little clumps and they would start I think probably some of it is still visible in places here, I can't tell, but I think they would be oak visible yet there in some places. The oak would start first and then this bastard fir would come right in and grow right with it and choke it out. There would be great big ones about like that, occasionally.

About twenty four inches.

Occasionally. And they would die when the fir trees would come up around they would choke them out.

These occasional oak, would they be in small groves or would they be just one or two?

There would be quite a lot of oaks in groves that would come down on these bald places and they would be taken over as soon as . . . it seemed like they have to have fertile ground and moist ground before the seed of these firs would take.

The oak would create a climate for the fir to come in. Did they start growing in the shade of the oak or underneath the branches?

Underneath. They'd crowd the oak out.

And then they'd choke them out and start seeding in the area, and that kind of moved down hill maybe like with the acorn or something.

Yeah, they would. They'd come down the hill.

How much time would it take to go from the oak to the fir?

Oh, they didn't have any time limit.

So some hills would seed in pretty quickly and some would be kind of slow?

It just depended on what the wind would happen to blow and . . . that's kind of an asinine question, I think.

Okay, I'm sorry for being asinine. On the grasses and the strawberries, can you remember any other kinds of plants that grew in conjunction with those, any kinds of wild flowers or berries?

Goat weed.

Goat weed, is that a native?

Goat weed took the whole works, all of the bare ground became goat weed and it choked out the strawberries . . . we could go down and pick wild strawberries and

have a big box and then a bucket, three gallon bucket and then we would have these little buckets that we would pick in and we'd fill the whole works up. Go home and can strawberries.

Wild strawberries?

Wild strawberries.

Do you think the Indians ate them?

I don't know whether the Indians. The Indians weren't here yet. Coffin Butte was as far as the Indians had come when I was a kid.

What do you mean "had come"? From like the Siletz Reservation?

West. Coming west. There's a little history that we haven't learned when we went to school. When the white man came here, we started in using the Indians as if they were varmints and we started to drive them west. And we continued to do that until they grouped so there was about twelve tribes all together that was fleeing about three days travel ahead of the white man.

You mean right here in the Willamette Valley?

No, that was way east of here.

Oh, back in Oklahoma or something?

Oh, yeah.

I'm pretty interested in this Valley right here, now you mentioned that there were artifacts on Coffin Butte.

When they got as far as Coffin Butte, there was a big pit on top and they only way that we could figure it out, the white man could figure it out later, and the only thing I'd heard from it, I never went up there and looked. There was a big pit and they figured that was a place where they tried to stop the white man and hold the white man and keep . . . defend themselves.

So that . . . the local feeling was that it was a battlement or something, a protective area?

Yeah. When they left there and came west, why we followed them of course and when we got to Hoskins, they called that Fort Hoskins.

I'm familiar with the history of it, yes.

There wasn't a darn sign of any Indians but we built a fort. And of course the Indians fled toward the coast and went north here just like they had done all the way,

and just like they did when Custer attacked them.

So you think that these were Indians that were driven all the way across the United States essentially.

Sure.

And these were eastern tribes that had been moved into the Willamette Valley by . . .

Sure, they drove them west and north.

Did any other people in this area feel that same way, was that considered common knowledge or it that just your theory?

Hoskins . . . no, let's see . . . I can't think of that guy's name. At Hoskins, he had a big barn and a good beautiful house . . .

Chambers . . .

No, that wasn't Chambers, there's several Chambers there.

Eddy or Norton?

No.

Dunn?

I knew those too, but then this wasn't them. I can tell you what he was doing, maybe . . . he was representing the British. He was representing the British and he was building a railroad.

Hogg or Hoag? Nash, Wallis Nash?

Nash. That's the name. He saw when the Indians came through. He saw them come through and they did the same there that they did all the way before. They . . . squaws came ahead.

So he was watching them, this was in the 1870's or '80's, this is from the Indian Wars, as they were putting people back on the reservation then?

Yeah.

That's why I didn't get it.

He saw them when they came through and so he could give us a pretty good description. But he started a railroad and Britain was backing that, but there was another outfit that started and they were also from Britain. And they started to go the other way. And he was trying to get his through first and they were trying to get theirs through first, but they had more money. Now get this, Newport, that was what

he was . . . that's what he named that.

Yeah.

Portland.

Those were in there before Nash. Nash came out here in the 1870's and Portland was 1840's and Newport was 1860's.

Yeah, but we're talking about a railroad to get the produce from the Willamette Valley. And he was trying to get that produce this way to Newport. But they was working to get it the other way, Portland.

I'm familiar with that story too.

They beat him so, it started to go the other way.

Back on Coffin Butte, where they had that pit there, you heard local people talk about that pit?

Yeah.

I heard there was three pits on Forest Peak. Did you ever hear of those?

No.

Can you tell me which one of those peaks is Forest Peak, or did you know of a Forest Peak?

I have never heard of it.

How about these ridges and peaks to the right here? Do any of these look familiar?

These?

Do they have names?

Not that I know of. I've hunted all over those. I've carried my little .38-.55 when I was a kid and I've been all over that area.

What did that look like when you were a kid?

It was timber. And bare spots.

So the bare spots have pretty well filled it?

Oh, yeah.

Was there oak in there?

Yeah.

More oak than now?

I don't know what there is there now, I think it's probably pretty well killed or rotted. My uncle and my brother built a fence. Now we're talking . . . we're going

to talk about Ernest Cook.

Ernest Cook, okay.

And we're also going to talk about Peacock.

Where did Peacock live?

They lived just across from the school house.

Okay.

And there was another one, that place that I'm speaking of Peacock, that was the Moore Place.

Okay.

And it was Lacy, it was Smith . . .

Was that Joseph Smith, John?

I don't know.

Okay.

I don't know, it could have been an offspring of his, but he had a kid about four years older than me and they got to school they had a daughter, Bessie Smith. My uncle and my brother built a fence, a woven wire fence, with barbed wire around the entire Cook place. That was about eleven . . . I think the Cook place was eleven hundred acres.

Yeah.

And this other place, Ball . . . Smith, then Dorgan, what ever you want to call it, Moore, that I think was about the same. They built a fence around both of them. Wire fence and they built it with oak.

Is that oak off of these hills up through here?

They cut the oak as close as they could to where they were building the fence.

So they had an eleven hundred acre ranch fenced in there.

They got the older oak that was grown in among the fir trees and it was killed, you know, and got dried and was . . . well, a lot of people called black oak because it black. It would turn kind of black after it was dead. And stand, and it was hard.

How about Yew wood, did people use yew wood for fences?

That yew wood comes in a little bit on the mountain on this side of the school house of the mountain just to the right, coming home it would be to the right. On there was

an old fence and it had been some yew wood. Those posts, yew wood posts are setting there when these oak posts are rotten and gone.

So yew wood was a better post material?

Oh, gosh, yes.

Did anybody use the madrone for anything through there?

I've never heard of it.

It's got another name, they called it something else too. It's kind of a waste wood, it's that wood with the bark that peels off and it's got the leathery leaves to it.

Laurel.

They call it laurel too.

Laurel, that wouldn't last long.

Did people use it for anything?

I don't know what it would ever be good for. It was so brittle that you would have to be careful when you fell it, you know, you'd cut an undercut and then you'd start in the back with a cross cut saw awful carefully, if it leaned a little it would be apt to pop anytime and go up a ways and split up there and . . . any direction wherever it would happen to fall. Laurel, I don't think, was good for anything else to but write your initials in. It would never disappear. It sheds it's bark but that initial will be into the next underneath, it sheds it's bark every year.

We talked about the animals in this area on the other side. And I want to talk about the fish when we get down below, but can you remember the bird population through here, the owls or the hawks or the pheasant.

There was a pheasant that we called bush pheasant here, and in Canada they called it fool's hen.

Grouse?

They called it rough grouse, some of them do, but there's another grouse, a blue grouse, and it's a bigger heavier bird and they are more adapted to the old growth or yellow fir. They are more adapted to that than the owls that they're talking about, because you could find them in that type of timber and I happened to have my little double barreled shotgun and go up through a trail one morning pretty early and there was a lot of fluttering up above and I looked up there and there was grouse, and they

were picking buds. And I shot one and it come down, they didn't fly, I shot another one, they didn't fly. I don't know why but they . . . I could shoot . . . I had only thirteen shells with me, I'd already shot two rabbits so when I ran out of shells, I went home.

So there used to be a lot of grouse in here?

Oh, yeah.

Did they call them anything, did they call them hooters or boomers or . . .

Yeah, they called them hooters.

Can you remember many owls or hawks through this country?

Yes, quite a lot of them. Quite a lot of them and they . . . they were pretty bad, there was a hawk that was not, not the great big ones, the big ones were bad too. But there was a hawk that was about . . . a little heavier than a pigeon, but they looked a whole lot like a pigeon.

We're talking about the small hawk that was a little bit bigger than a pigeon.

They would catch the pheasants and they couldn't carry it but they could kill it and eat it. They were probably the worst of the hawks.

What did you call them, what kind of hawks?

Well, as far as I know they were no other name.

Just hawk?

Just hawk.

How about the bigger hawks, like the red tails or something? Did you just call them hawks too?

Yeah.

How about owls, just call them owls?

There were hoot owls and then there was other owls, there were small owls, little fellows.

Pygmys.

I don't know what they called them, but they're small. They didn't do any harm, I don't think. They didn't . . . they were probably the size of a robin.

Would you shoot owls or hawks?

I would shoot hawks, yes. I would shoot owls too. Because they were bad, there

was an owl that got into our chicken house and didn't know how to get out. And it killed several chickens before my mother went over to feed them in the morning and it couldn't get out. There's a little narrow door and it had gone in through that narrow door and the whole front was wire netting and it was trying to get out through that wire netting and she just got a club, you know, and when it would try to get out there why it would stick its head through that wire netting and she'd come down on it with a club. So she had an owl. But they . . . the pheasants . . .

What you call pheasants are these China pheasants or the grouse?

We had no China pheasants yet until . . . they never did come up through the timber up to my place . . . our home. They were down here in this area, there were a lot of them down here and one year it rained so that they couldn't thrash, all the grains was left and the pheasants were awfully thick, they grew awfully thick after that. Down in the valley. Gray diggers, lots of gray diggers.

There's something I've heard of called a brush bunny, in which they said it had short coarse black fur up on the higher elevations, do you recall anything like that?

Brush bunny?

Yeah.

That was a red rabbit that we called a timber rabbit.

Timber rabbit?

Yeah, that's what we called them. And my little shepherd dog would get after one of them and they could go around a while and then if it happened to come back to where she jumped it that's where I would be and I could shoot the darn thing. And if they could get into a log, they would . . usually would, they would get into a hollow log and she'd bark and stay there, and I would come down there and poke it out, you know, and she'd get after it again.

Were those about the size of a regular bunny or were they more like a jack rabbit?

They were not as big as a jack rabbit, but they were much bigger than these little rabbit that we have here now. But they seemed to disappear, but they were good to eat. But the jack rabbit, of course, they wasn't fit to eat. They had warbles all over, you know, I wouldn't want to eat them.

So you had timber rabbits, gray diggers, do you remember when foxes . . . anything about

foxes?

There was only one group of foxes in this area and that's when Marvin Clark's got away. He had . . . he was raising them for fur.

Red fox?

No, they were not the red, they were the grey, I think they call them.

So the grey fox was brought in from outside?

Yeah. They got away some how and there was foxes for a while, but they didn't last too long, I don't know just what happened to them.

Okay. You mentioned pigeons came through this area, was this a pigeon flyway?

The pigeon got to being pretty thick and they . . . just down there by Nashville, there's a . . .

That's the other side of the hill though, I kind of want to keep on this side here. I'm familiar with the pigeons in the Nashville area, just on this side here. Can you recall pigeons from this area?

Oh, yeah. There was pigeons here. And the only things that I ever was successful with them was with the twenty-two. I had a little twenty-two stephens favorite. And I could kill them with that, but with a shotgun it just seemed like they'd fly away. But they . . . I got a different shotgun and we had strawberries and there was some wild strawberries from the house north and there was kind of a ridge there so I could go down in this side of that ridge with the shotgun and then come on up other and be right on top of them and of course, they'd take off. And this was a pump, and I shot right in to the pile of them and they started to fall and I pumped it and shot again and they started to fall and then they got down by the creek and they lit down there . . . Mary's River. And they lit down there and every once in a while one would fall out. So they started to move . . . and they went on over towards Summit and Vic Plunket lived in a place where Weavers live now and they got over that fall and they were still dropping once in a while. And I didn't know what Vic was talking about when I met him and he says, "Why don't you take care of your chickens." I didn't know what he meant. And he told me. He told me that those pigeons were falling every once in awhile out of that bunch.

The pigeons would fly this far east too? They moved through here.

Oh, yeah.

Did they have chitum or was dogwood, were those major trees at that time?

I planted a bunch of chitum.

In this area?

Yeah. I planted a bunch of chitum, I got it from the Arboretum.

That's Peavy Arboretum?

Yeah. I planted in rows so I could till the two ways. And they . . . pigeons got in there and they . . . teachers in Philomath wanted to come out, you know, and shoot them and they did, and they came out and shot pigeons. I told them they could shoot pigeons anytime they wanted to there.

How about ducks and geese?

No. There was no place much for ducks and geese unless you'd go out to Corvallis and north of Corvallis.

But in this area here, there was no flyway?

No. They'd go over, oh, yeah, they'd go over, but then they wouldn't lite. There was nothing here for them to lite on.

One more thing at this spot here, these trees . . . that they dynamited, do you have any idea why they did that?

Why they did it?

Yeah.

I don't have any idea except if I was to quote Wilson, E. E. Wilson . . . "It probably was Professors that did it."

That's what E. E. Wilson would say?

You know who E. E. Wilson was.

I know they named the game farm after him. Did you know him?

I should have. My sister was his secretary.

Oh, I see. What kind of man was he?

He was a nice fellow. He was a real nice chap. She worked for him until she got married and the man she married induced her to go out to the farm where he was.

Oh, I see.

And she quit Wilson then. And this man he had a place about three miles south of

Monroe and he was building a house, but he didn't have money to finish it and he . . . didn't have the money to pay for the ranch. And he got her to come out there and he had her pay for the ranch and then he had her pay for finishing the house and she told me "I don't know what he did with his money." She couldn't just sit there, you know, she had to do something, so she got turkeys and raised turkeys. She got a pretty big flock of turkeys and she would take them out to the neighbors where they had grain and they would catch grasshoppers, you know, and eat the grain that was lost and she would transfer them to another place and she was doing pretty well with the turkeys. And then he sold the place.

Her husband? When she worked for E. E. Wilson, what was he doing there?

He was a lawyer.

He was lawyer.

Why sure.

Why did they name the game ranch after him?

Because he owned that . . .

So he was the land owner.

He owned that . . . well, did you ever see a lawyer that didn't own land.

I've seen a few poor lawyers. Not a good lawyer.

Well, he acquired that out there and he set it aside for a game reserve.

Oh, so he created the reserve.

Of course.

What kind of game was he into?

Well, Chinese pheasants was the main thing. And he planted a bunch of stuff, you know, where they could hide and . . .

So he was creating habitat for them?

Yeah.

Now when he would say "it must have been the professors that done it", what kinds of things was he talking about?

Well, I can quote him. I'll just quote him, that "they're the most ignorant thing that you could ever try to make a contract out for, because they can't understand anything."

And he's a lawyer? So when you're saying "it must have been the professors" that blew out these stumps here, you're saying they couldn't quite figure it out?

Well, can you tell us anything about that, that was practical? Can you name a practical thing to take dynamite and blow these things all that high up and then leave them set there?

It leads to good discussions.

[ANGELA] The reason they did it was for bird habitat, because a lot of these areas when they go through and they clearcut the whole thing, they don't leave any snags for the owls and the other cavity nesters and the hawks to build their nests in. And so this is something a lot of people are starting to do is leave damaged trees or just old trees and blow the tops out for the birds. Once the forest grows up these will be used -- probably every one of them -- for nesting birds of one kind or another. So it's a wildlife habitat project.

Well, that sounds practical for a professor.

So you're saying that the creation of this kind of habitat for owls, you'd rather see it used for people.

I doubt if there will be a bird nest or an owl's nest in any of those snags.

And what's the reason for that?

They want a nest where they have cover, where it's hidden.

So you think that these are too far out in the open and by the time the trees come up these will be gone, rotted out or something.

Of course! They're too open. Stuff won't nest in that.

Okay. We'll have to wait another forty or fifty years and we'll check back with you.

Those will just rot and fall. [Olson's Note: You'll have to put preservatives in them or they will be down in ten years.]

Okay, that's interesting on both sides. Can you think of anything else in this area, can you see any places that we haven't maybe mentioned or any types of vegetation that have changed or think of any animals we haven't discussed or types of birds that we haven't discussed.

Not from this point of view, I don't believe, but farther down we can point out roads . . . where the county roads have been.

Down below I want to get into roads, and houses, and orchards and fish, so we don't want to forget those. I think we covered most of the general patterns of things. And I also want

to talk a little bit about your family history.

We can speak a little bit of fish here because the whole area is . . .

Okay.

This Soap Creek really had good fish and the water was good, you could drink water from any little stream and it was good water and the fish were really good.

What kind of fish were they?

Trout.

What kind of trout?

I don't know.

Would you call them brook trout or cutthroats? Just trout?

It could have been both, I don't know. I'm not a fisherman and I don't know much about fish, a little bit about salmon but not trout. I don't know much about them only that I could, without a hook, I could make a hook out of a needle by getting it hot, you know, and bend it. And I could go and catch fish.

How big would the fish get?

Well, [spreads hands between one and two feet apart].

Sixteen or eighteen inches?

Pretty good sized ones.

Get some pretty good sized ones?

Yeah.

How far up the stream could you get them that big?

That's another item, that's another item and it would cover several things that are a little bit extreme but they've got to be. We could go up above our house and go down . . . our house was on the side of the hill, and there was a spring above it and we could get water from that spring through a pipe to the house and we could also pipe it from . . . not pipe it, but ditch it, from where we took water and go down to where we had a garden and irrigate the garden. There was a stream that was far enough up from our house that we could do that you know and it would run. So now rainfall comes in, after a while, and I'm not going to say that it -- falling the timber between here and the coast -- was the only reason for it because I don't know, but that rainfall started to get less and less and less.

Less rainfall now than there was when you were a boy?

Less, much less. When I say two hundred inches a year, I'm guessing because I didn't measure it, but it had to be somewhere in that area. And I . . . when I first realized that they was checking it . . . it was pretty close to 100 inches a year. And this is marked at Summit at the Post Office, she checked and 96 was what it was doing when she started and when they moved the Post Office and she moved away I started to keep track and it got down to 56, out in the valley here it was .32. Now there is something there that I have to go back and say that I think it was over 200 inches a year.

So that would be like Olympic Peninsula or some of the real wet areas up around Valsetz maybe?

I don't know what the reason was unless their cutting the timber between here and the coast. But they weren't cutting so much at that time that that could have done it.

I see, like condensation from the trees would be pulling it down maybe, or change in weather patterns, wind patterns.

That will create more when there's a lot of trees, it will condense it you know, and it will fall if there's a lot of timber, but and that later on has proved out but it hasn't been as extreme as that had to be at that time. Now to catch fish if we would go back to where we could catch fish at that time when I was a kid, there isn't any stream.

We're going to be heading down to that area, so we can kind of see it from here.

You go down to the school house. And there was a little creek that came down from up above and we got our water for the school house out of that little creek. There isn't any creek now. Right below the school house was a bridge across Soap Creek. That bridge floated out three different times while I was a kid and right now I don't think that creek was over it's banks.

So you think there's a lot less moisture . . .

There's something else that has changed that I think besides the falling of the trees between here and the coast.

How about temperatures, are summer temperatures do you notice much difference?

The temperatures vary from year to year and of late years and particularly of this

year now, we are having a milder winter than we used to have.

How about snow falls and freezes?

Less, it seems like we have less. In 1937, my father started for the barn from the house in the morning and it took him till noon to get over there.

I talked to Jim Hanish and he said sometime about the mid-30's there was a three foot snow fall on Berry Creek.

Three foot wasn't any where near to what there was up there. It came up to his neck. *So it would be over five foot.*

And he would lean and wiggle you know and then he would move forward and my stepmother would come behind and she would tromple it down so that you could walk back and it took him until noon to get over to the barn and it was about a hundred yards from the house to the barn.

And that was in 1937?

1937. That same year I started to go up, I had a set a snow shoes and I had to take them off and leave them and started in walking and there was a crust on it. About three feet up and then it rained and then it froze and that crust would just hold until you were almost on it and then it would break. And it took me about three hours to go from the house and up to the top of the ridge above where Marvin Clark lived and when I got up there, there was a buck laying under some hazel bushes and he saw me, he heard me come and he saw me and when I located him why I just veered off a little bit, you know, so that I wouldn't be going directly at him and went on and I knew that he wasn't going to get up. When it snowed on top of this already. It snowed another two feet and it was on for five weeks and then when it was almost off, why it snowed and stayed two more weeks. Well, I went back up through there and his bones were there all right but he hadn't left, he was still there.

So that was going to be my next question, you kind of anticipated it. What effect did that snow have on the wildlife population through the area?

Well, it almost depleted the deer . . .

The one bad snow fall knocked the deer population way back.

Oh, yeah, it pert near depleted that. They had to . . . I don't know how long it took them to come back. I wasn't shooting very much after that because we stopped eating

meat and . . .

You're a vegetarian?

No. Oh, no, but there are things that will happen that you have to . . . I like meat and pork was my pet meat and I had to stop it, but . . .

For health reasons?

Yeah.

Were there ever any elk in this area, I've never heard anybody ever mention any elk?

Yeah, there was elk.

Right here in Soap Creek?

Yeah.

Until when?

Well, they were probably out of here by 1910, but I found horns . . .

Elk horns?

Yeah, I found a horn that was deep enough covered with fir boughs so that it was a little hard to pick it up and I had a gun that was fairly long and that one horn was as long as my gun. I stuck it up on a limb of a tree and somebody else had found it, I think they took it.

Jim Hanish mentioned a type of sheep that the early pioneers had might have been wild, it had a curved horn to it. Did you ever find any sheep horns back in these hills? Nothing like that?

No. Talking about sheep, on that picture that you have [Soap Creek Schoolhouse student picture, c. 1900], is a guy by the name of Dell Baker. When it had rained real hard, we came home from school and it was just pouring down and my father had just gone up and seen where the sheep and a horse and a dog had come by and had gone on down. And he went on up to see where they had started from and there was a bell strap, cut with a knife and dog tracks and so he followed them down and he came down to where they had been forced across the creek. The creek was a torrent at the time, but there was a foot bridge so you could walk across but he had apparently swum his horse across and he had forced the sheep to go across and he had them up there in his yard and he had about two or three thousand more and . . .

So there was two or three thousand sheep in this valley?

Well, at that time, yes, oh, yes. But my father's sheep was branded with his special type of brand, an O and a bar out from each side, but it was paint. You put paint on it instead of heating the iron. So it was easy to go and pick them out so he had Dell Baker pick them out and bring them back.

So this area here . . . somehow kind of went from on the south slopes it went from grass to strawberries to oak started coming in and goat weed took over. How did the goat weed get in here?

I don't know but it grew . . . it grew thick and it just choked pert near everything else out.

Was that during your life time or was there goat weed in here when as long as you can remember?

I didn't know of any of it at first, because there was strawberries and the goat weed choked them out you know, and there wouldn't be anything else but goat weed. But it seems to have a cycle. And not only goat weed but silver grays [squirrels] seem to have a cycle. There was a lot of silver grays and I shot a lot of them with my little .22.

Would people eat those?

Oh, yeah, they were good. Yeah, they were very good. And when after a while, they disappeared and they said that seventy-five years they will come back.

Are they back?

They did, they came back, there's quite a few out there south of Monroe and in '76 I was building a house over in Alsea, Maltby Creek, and there was three of them there, but people were hunting and they shot them.

You think they should be allowed to come back possibly?

Well, it doesn't hurt. They've got quite a few at the state house in Salem, but they're not the same, they're either stunted or something. They're not . . .

They're not the same kind of animal.

. . . they're not near as big and they haven't got near as much nice fur and the tail isn't near as long.

But there used to be a lot of silver grays in this country?

Oh, gosh yes. Alvie Govier's folks, we were down there to visit them one day and

their dog treed something. I went over there, well, it was a big bunch of maples, you know, about four or five trees and I counted seventeen silver grays in there.

Seventeen?

Yeah.

Those were wild, they weren't like the state house, so they used to be thick through here?

They were bigger than those down there at the state house. Prettier. I didn't have my gun. I didn't have my gun with me, so I didn't shoot any of them.

Then it went from this goat weed which you think might be a cyclical thing, might come back choke everything out and maybe go away and then the oak started coming down the hills and the fir started replacing the oak, but on the north side here, this was pretty much the way it is now.

There was fir there but it hadn't gotten started on the south side.

How about the draw there then, right along the creek where we're seeing oak and maple and some ash, is that pretty much the same as you recall?

Well, there's a whole lot more of this Douglas-fir now than there was then.

Just along the creek there, though, there's hardly any Douglas-fir along there, how does that compare to the way you remember?

There wasn't much of it. There was very little of it.

People just pasture right up to the creek?

On this side of the creek, there was quite a bit of it . . .

On the south side.

But on the other side there wasn't hardly any of it.

Okay. So, did the creek run pretty much the same course that it is running now?

Oh, yeah.

Can you think of any kind of vegetation along the creek like skunk weed or cattails or something that has changed through time?

I don't really know what there is there now. I haven't been up in there and messed around with it. I don't know.

Okay. Can you remember anybody living around this area that we're at right now or anything happening with people in this particular area where we're at right now?

Well, I can think of something that happened that might be interesting to you. The

fellow by the name of William Henry Matthews, and Ernest Cook is involved. He had the place right next to us on this side, 160 acres. And he always wanted to monkey with a pretty foxy horse, you know, and break them but he was old and Ernest Cook discovered a horse that was down here and he had part of the harness on and he got kind of suspicious so he went on up. He knew it was Matthews' horse so he went on up there and he found and traced and checked what had happened. They had started to run away with him, there was two of them . . . they started to run away with him and they had taken him about a mile and there was a place where it was a marshy place and they had put a lot of pole in there tight, close together and when that buggy hit that why it of course bounced. And it probably tipped over and threw him out because he was dead. His head was stuck in the mud and he had . . . it had broke his neck.

This was Henry Matthews, one of the Matthews family in this area?

There wasn't any other Matthews that I know of.

Okay.

They called him "Junk" because he used to always had . . . all the houses that he had he filled them full of iron. And they called him Junk Matthews.

But that's how he died with this run away horse?

Yeah.

Isn't there a place here called the Matthews place though, it seems like on the map [Appendix B] that you drew for Soap Creek [School House Foundation], that they had Matthews?

Well, that would have to be up there by Sulphur Springs.

Okay, let's . . .

That was one of them, he had that over from Sulphur Springs, it joined Sulphur Springs territory.

I see, but he was just a bachelor, I was thinking Matthews family, but Matthews was a single person.

His family was kind of spread out. His daughters were both gone and married and he married a woman at Falls City named Martin. And they had a boy . . .

Okay, we're talking about Aubrey . . .

Aubrey Martin.

Martin.

Yeah, he got into the reform school up there. He stole something and they put him in a reform school. And Matthews married his mother and they didn't get along so he moved back over here to where he had these two places here. Aubrey Martin apparently didn't get along with his folks either too good because he came on over here.

And lived with Matthews?

And lived with his step father. And his step father of course bought him his clothes and what ever that he could help with why he helped Matthews with it. And I chummed with him quite a little bit.

With Aubrey Martin?

Yeah. He was a nice kid. And now, we'll go back to something that is involved with what you have in here. [Soap Creek Auto Tour Booklet]

Good.

With this guy that has this elephant [tooth] . . .

Glender.

Yeah. Glender. We were thrashing right back of that barn . . . the water came from that spring where they found this.

That down there at the other end of the valley?

Yeah, it was down there where Glenders lived, out pretty close to Tampico.

And you say "Tampico" [tam-PUH-ko], that's how you pronounce it?

Well, it wasn't clear down there, but it was pretty close to it.

I've been to the spring.

Aubrey Martin . . . I will . . . Govier came to me and wondered if I knew where he could find a pitcher and I told him I believe Aubrey Martin would do it, so he went up and saw him, and Aubrey Martin did. He came down and he pitched for them and we thrashed until we were almost through. We thrashed twenty days and we only had about ten more days left and we were thrashing for Glender and the water came from that spring, came down to by the bar with the stand pipe and about an eight foot hose

and Aubrey Martin came in from the field and took a water bag out from under a wagon and was going to fill it . . . that's the only water they had out in the field you know. And so when he came with that old man Govier was drinking out of that pipe and he thought it would be funny, you know, to turn it on Aubrey when Aubrey came and he did and Aubrey didn't run like he expected him too. He just pulled the cork out of that water bag and it was . . . it probably had two or three or four cups of full of water yet and he just pulled the cork out and run it and shook it over Shorty Govier's head. Everybody laughed you know and Shorty Govier got mad. And he said, "You're canned."

He fired him for that?

He said, "You're canned, go home. I'll send you your check. I'll mail you your check." And then in the evening he said, "I don't know what we're going to do." He says, "I don't know where we can get another pitcher." I've been a damned fool lots of times in my life and I was then.

That's what Shorty Govier said?

No. That's what I'm saying now. I said, "George," I'll call him George right now, he was sowing sacks with me and I said, "George can go out and pitch and I'll sew the sacks." "Oh," he says, "I'll help you." And he was very pleased about that. And then in the morning we started to thrash and I would get a sack off of there and put it over on a sack pile and come back and he wouldn't have that empty sack on the sacker, you know the other sack. And it run over and I of course had to sow this one and let that one run over for awhile. And when I came back with this . . . after putting this one on the sack pile, why he didn't have this one on. Well, I pushed him away then and put it on. And when you sew sacks a little while and get used to it, it don't take you very long to sew a sack. When you learn how to get the thing up so that you can carry it, it just flies up and hits you. You get your knee under it and you get a hold of the sack on the other side where the ear is.

What did you call them, "ears"?

Huh?

Did you call them "ears" on the sacks?

Yeah.

We called them a different name when I was a kid, that's what I was wondering.

You get a hold of the one on the other side and your knees under the sack and you're giving it a pull and at the same time you give it a flip with your knee and then you get up off of the two sacks that you're sitting on the sack just hits you right across the chest and you grab it and run. And well, I got him to stay off of there and I made it during the day without problems, in the evening, he would sit down every time at the cook house. You know, he would sit down and figure out what he had made that day. I think it was seven cents a sack for oats and nine, I think, for wheat, I don't remember for sure. But he would sit down and figure that every night. Then sitting across the table from me and he asked me if I knew how many we threshed that day and I told him, no. And he told me how many. And he wondered if I knew how long it would take a guy to sew a sack. I didn't know. He said, "You sewed two sacks a minute. Bucked, sewed, and jigged." Well, I think I didn't finish what I should have. . .

You were telling the story about the spring and the . . .

This one I didn't finish. If I hadn't been a damned fool when he said, "Where can I get another pitcher?" I should have said, "you'll need two more sack bucks in the morning too." That's what I should have said. But I didn't.

What's the reason he'd need two more sack bucks? What was the reason for that.

We should have walked out.

I see, you should have quit because he did that.

When a man will act like that, you know . . .

He's not worth working for.

For a kid, Aubrey was the best pitcher they had.

I got you.

And when he'll act like that and fly off.

That was Shorty Govier that fired him.

Yeah.

What did Glender think about that?

Huh?

What did Glender think about that?

Glender didn't give a damn. He was only paying seven cents . . .

So Shorty Govier was in charge of the crew?

Shorty Govier owned the threshing machine.

I see, so he was hiring Shorty Govier's threshing machine to work on his farm then.

Shorty Govier threshed for everybody in the neighborhood.

I got you.

And he had his own threshing crew. And Alvie Govier was his roustabout, that was their younger boy, you know. And he had two sets of horses and there wasn't any automobiles at that time, so those horses, the ones that he used, they went on the run wherever they went. Went out to the mailbox in the morning and got the meat. They had a contract with a butcher to set that out and he'd bring that to the cook shack in time that they could have that by noon. And any other things that they needed why those horses had to go and they got it. They were running all the time wherever they went.

Was there things that Shorty Govier did later where you said you were a damned fool that you wished you had quit at that time, or just because he did that one thing was the thing.

Well, he was all right normally, usually, but that one stunt, you know, that he pulled there. I should have . . .

Should have called him on it.

I should have just told George Benedict. That's the name, I couldn't think of the Benedict. I should have just told Benedict "Let's walk off, let's just walk off." And he would need two more sack bucks. It would have been pretty hard for him to have found them too.

Why don't we go down to the next stop, where I'd like stop now, we're going to start getting into some places where people lived and I would like to get some names associated with them and some roads and trails. Can you remember any roads or trails or anybody living up in this area at all or was this all just timber?

There wasn't any here.

Okay. Just on the road.

Cook was the only one . . . except us and Matthews.

Okay.

D. Soap Creek Bridge

Okay, we've just crossed over Soap Creek and there's a road now and before there used to be bridge here.

There used to be a bridge here and it was quite wide and it would float in the winter time.

A floating bridge.

It would float [but it wasn't supposed to].

Was that even when you were a little kid, they had the floating bridge?

Yeah.

So when the water would come up through here and then there'd be a floating bridge?

Yeah. The water would come up here until you couldn't cross.

Who built it?

Huh?

Who built the bridge?

I don't know.

Do you recall any family living through here or anything like that?

No, no families lived here. But Matthews had this forty acres up here above Sulphur Springs.

Okay. Let's go on to Sulphur Springs from here.

E. County Road Oak

We're looking . . . these fir trees around the oak weren't here, and just the oak were here.

That was the only thing here.

No other trees?

No other trees.

And what did the county road do at this point?

The county road went just beyond that. It stopped probably where that mailbox is.

Okay, this was the end of the county road, right here.

This was the end of the county road right here. There was a barn right in here.

Okay, off to the left of the mailbox was a barn?

Yeah.

About how far off?

Well, just far out enough so that you'd miss it when you drive up here.

So the barn . . . whose barn was it?

We have no idea.

It was an old barn when you were a kid?

Yeah.

So there was an old barn here about 1900, it was real old then?

Yeah.

And this was the end of the county road at this point?

Yeah.

[ANGELA] Was the barn on this side of the creek?

Yeah, oh, yeah.

Maybe 50 or 100 feet from us?

Right at the edge of the road.

Oh, right at the edge of the road. Maybe on this little flat here we can see? Maybe by that state refuge sign? That yellow sign, can you see that?

Pretty close to there.

And so was there a circular turn at the end of the county road around this oak here?

No, you couldn't drive around it, but it was open on the other side. It was on this side of that oak.

And so this was a landmark kind of, this marked the end of the road. Did the oak have a name, or did this road have a name?

It was just the county road, I don't know of any name. They didn't have them named in those days.

Okay, all these roads beyond this point here are . . . were private roads?

Yeah.

Was that barn used for anything?

That was all open in there.

This whole area down here to Sulphur Springs?

That whole area was open, it was just a big open area, and campers would come in

here. Tents, put up tents, and up in right in there somewhere was a hotel.

And that's . . . I'm interested in finding out about that. But from this point here, how long was that barn there?

How long did it stay there?

Yeah.

I have no idea when they tore it down and when it disappeared because I wasn't here at the time when that happened.

So it was after you left?

Yeah.

So that barn was there for twenty or thirty years, did people camp out in it or . . . use it for anything?

Originally, apparently somebody had used it. They didn't use it when I knew anything about it. It was too old then. And this hotel up here was old then. And this had been a camp ground, they'd bring their own tents up here when they camped here. And I don't know if I told you about that big tree that they had . . . that they had cut up from both sides of the creek. There was big tree just a little ways from this hotel. They had cut it up for wood on that far side of the creek and they had cut it up for wood on this side. But it set right across the creek there and it was rotten, when I was a kid it was rotten. But walking across that widened it on top, you know, so it was easy to walk across. One night during the night there was a big noise and a guy got up and took a 30-30 with him and went out and there was something big over there and it was dark and he couldn't tell what it was. And he took a shot at it. And it didn't move so he went back in. I don't know if he came out of the hotel or if he came out of a tent because I didn't see this, but I . . . the people told about it you know. In the morning, they found that the log had broke and fell in the creek and this chunk of it was setting up there on that side and he had just seen that chunk, it was dark, and he just aimed and shot.

So this was before you were born maybe, that that happened? It was an old story?

It happened while I was here. While I lived here. That happened while I was right here.

Okay.

We lived right across the hill here.

Okay, and this is the area we want to try to get familiar where the houses were and what people did and look at the places where people lived like the Bakers and your family.

Bakers didn't live up here and my family didn't either. Bakers lived down there right across from where Cooks lived. And we lived over on the other side of this ridge.

We could see the mountains there, but you can't see it here.

So we'd go in from maybe another road?

The county road that stopped here . . . this is something that the people wouldn't be able to find right now. The county road was on the other side over here, it flipped. And it came over to the ridge here and it went right up the ridge.

Right up this ridge to our right here was the old county road.

It went right up that ridge, and up through where it hit our home and it went through our home and went down on the other side to Kings Valley.

So Kings Valley is just up and over . . . and that road isn't there anymore?

No, it's pretty hard to find it. I don't know whether I could find it all along but I know I can find it in places because where the road would be and the wheel tracks . . . wagon wheel tracks, the seed, the fir seed, there would be nothing but stumps now but there were trees then of course, they'd start right in the wheel rut and we can find it probably by seeing where there'd be a bunch of wheel tracks with stumps probably about that far apart and straight. But there'd be no need of going up there because it goes right up the ridge and goes through our 160 acres of ground and goes out on the other side where it's called the Longfellow place.

Okay, let me write that down, I haven't heard of Longfellows before.

And down to Kings Valley.

Okay, at this end here then, while we're on this spur, I wasn't sure how these roads went, but we can go up here to Sulphur Springs, maybe get a drink of water and kind of look around here and then start back down the other road system there.

Yeah.

Do you remember any orchards or any other trees other than this one to our left in this area here?

No orchard, but if you talk about trees there's a whole lot of yew trees and they're still there.

I'm familiar with this area, so . . . but I'm thinking of trees that people used. Like they used this tree here as a landmark. Or they used . . . did this tree have a name or just the oak tree at the end of the county road, something like that? Do you recall any name associated with this tree, they name it after anybody or . . .

Oh, hell, they didn't name . . . every tree.

I know, but sometimes they would . . . there'd be a tree at the end of the road and they'd call it the "hanging tree" or "Smith's tree" or something like that. Nothing, just this tree just happened to be here, kind of a landmark.

The only thing that I know of was that there was a tree there and it was the end of the road. I've never hear anybody name it.

Okay.

F. Sulphur Springs

Okay, we're at Sulphur Springs and you were telling me the hotel was down there to the right, and right in front of that brush that we can see. And this whole area, this whole side here didn't have any trees or anything in those days.

No, it was open.

What kinds of plants grew in here?

Plants?

Like grass, strawberries, or goat weed . . .

They had that trimmed up pretty good in there. There was tents . . . there was a lot of tents in here, they camped in here.

Would the tents kind of be in this open area that's here now?. Is this kind of where they put the tents?

Of course.

Would anybody camp on the other side of the creek?

There was nothing on the other side of the creek but trees.

Did you say there was a trail that went over to Oak Creek from here?

This trail goes right through here to Oak Creek and old Junk Matthews took a notice

that he was going to make a road through there one time. He started it. It's only four miles . . . about five miles.

From here to Oak Creek?

Yeah.

Where did Junk Matthews live from here?

Right up there just about as far as you can see a little bit farther beyond what you can see, was his forty acres.

Where was his house at?

It was just about the middle of the forty acres.

So it would be quite . . . so there was . . . was he the only family up this little stretch here?

That was the only family here at that time, but there is something else. Missed a kind of little detail, years ago they had put in a sawmill up here and . . .

Can you find that spot?

Water power.

A water power sawmill?

Water power sawmill.

Can you find that spot, I'm real interested in that? Can you find the spot where the sawmill was?

I doubt it, because there's trees there . . . I don't know how many families live up there now.

I don't know either, we've got a key to the gate. Why don't we talk about Sulphur Springs right here and then take a little drive up there to where Junk Matthews' house was and you can just point out generally where the sawmill was, does that sound all right?

I think I can point out pretty closely where it was, but there's . . . his house I can point out pretty close where it was, but I don't know what they've got up there now.

There's undoubtedly a bunch of houses up there now.

I don't know either so we can find out together. How about this hill up on this side here [north], what was this like over here?

That was bald.

All of it?

That was bald.

And this road that's going through here now this rock road . . . was there a road going . . . is this Matthews' road here?

That was a sort of a trail that you could drive up there with a buggy or a horse, but that was all.

About where the road is now?

Yeah.

Families camped out here what would they do?

I didn't check on them.

I've heard of a croquet field here, can you remember a croquet field?

Who?

Would they play the game called croquet? A woman a little bit older than you said there was a croquet yard in here.

Not that I know of.

Were there any tables?

No. They put tables in here when Roosevelt was President, yes, they put some tables in here then, yes.

The CCC's?

Yes.

And the CCC's were the ones that put that rock down there as near as you can remember?

That concrete slab?

Yeah, they did, they put that on.

So people would come in from town about where the oak tree is and they'd set up camp here.

How long would they camp, how long would they stay?

I don't think they had any fixed time. And of the dozens that come in here, how the hell would you expect me to answer that question.

Just of the top of your head. Would anybody camp out over here on this side of the trail?

No.

Did they all stay in here?

They were in that camp ground.

Why would they come here instead of someplace else?

I didn't ask them. This up here was bare and there were gray diggers up here. I

could shoot gray diggers from here with my father's .45-.75. Lots of fun to shoot gray diggers up there.

Off on the left you said, there was a fenced off area that . . . was that at the same time that people camped. You said, a man was breaking a horse in here.

That was where they camped yes, when they came out here and camped, they camped on the camp grounds.

Was the fenced off area, would people put their horses in there?

I don't know if it . . . I never saw a horse out here except when he . . . Dell Baker owned.

Did the Bakers own this piece of ground right here?

They did, they owned this piece of ground.

Would they charge people rent for camping, or was there any charge?

I don't think so.

He just . . .

In those days, the people were not as greedy in those days as they are now. I don't think they charged for it. I never heard of them charging anything for it.

On that hotel that was a two story hotel, do you remember about the dimensions of the hotel?

I could tell you pretty close to the dimensions all right but it was probably forty by forty. It was a pretty good sized building, it was a well built building.

Did you hear any stories about it? People, did they call it the hotel or Sulphur Springs Hotel?

I don't know what they called it but there were stories to the regards to this, like there was down at Tampico. That was really a liquor outfit you know in there and crime.

Crime in Tampico?

Yeah, there was four brothers, Lee Brown was one of them, but Lee Brown was the only one of them that hadn't murdered somebody.

In Tampico, what years was that about?

I don't know what year that was about.

But the Browns were the four brothers, and three of them had murdered people?

Lee Brown was about fifty years old when I worked for him and I was about

fourteen.

And he had three brothers that had all murdered people?

Yeah. One of them . . . one of their names was Clint, and he had one of these little single stage race . . . two wheeled rigs you know that they used to run races with . . . with just one horse. And he would come up here every week all winter . . . summer, not winter, he'd come up here and drink this Sulphur water.

Just for his health?

Yeah.

So people might have been coming here to camp out for health, like a . . .

Yeah.

So that was why people were here. Now did they call that area down there Tampico when you were young, did they still call that Tampico in that area?

Yeah. That was still called Tampico and I think it still is, yeah.

So, and then . . . it was known as a . . . you say, a liquor outfit. Did they have the tavern, was that still open when you were young?

I don't know what they had there. I didn't go down there when I was a kid.

It had a bad reputation when you were a kid?

Oh, yeah.

Can you name some of the people that lived in the Tampico area?

Well, of the later ones, you know, I could. Will Glender was pretty close to it, you know. And Charlie Glender was pretty close to it and there was a . . . I thought of his name this morning, trying to think of it right now.

A turkey farmer?

I don't know. I'll probably . . . I can think of that probably after I stop trying.

Can you remember any special stories from Tampico, do you remember any particular stories? Mostly, it was a bad place?

I didn't know of any stories that were bad only that I knew it was a bad place because people talked about it, you know.

Do you remember any stories about black people or Indians in that area?

No.

Do you know of any Indian artifacts that might have been found in this area, any arrowheads

. . .

An occasional arrowhead could be found almost anywhere in here and on my place where I live today, I have found some.

On this area here, the hotel was there and did you . . . do you want to talk about it burning down or about what year it burned down or any circumstances concerning that?

Yeah, I could come pretty close to the year when it burned down, but the circumstances I can name the guy that burned it, but I won't do it. Because he had two . . . he has two daughters now that tend to . . . they're a part of our [Soap Creek] school house foundation.

Oh, I see. Do you know the reason why he burned it down?

Spite.

Was somebody living here at that time?

Aubrey Martin.

Oh, Aubrey Martin . . . the person you were talking about earlier was living at the hotel.

He was living here.

I see.

He used that for his home.

Was it still Baker's property at that time?

I kind of believe that it was.

So Aubrey Martin was living on Baker's place and then he had problems with somebody else who burned his home down.

Well, I think probably . . . I know the old Tom Baker was dead and I think that Dell Baker was dead and did you ever hear about this Youngblood, coroner.

No.

He married Mabel Baker. I can't think of his first name, but Youngblood. They were just about one of the first coroners there in Corvallis.

[CHARLIE OLSON ASKED US TO STOP RECORDER AND THEN RELATES STORY REGARDING THE BURNING OF AUBREY MARTIN'S HOME]

So he . . . was Aubrey Martin living here by himself?

No, Matthews would bring in people here that he figured would settle. And he brought two families in here, I can't remember the name of this one, but Schneider

was the name of the other family. He brought them both in here at the same time. This Schneider family had . . . there was a boy and a girl and then their mother, and the father left them. These other didn't have a family. And he left his woman. And they .. I don't know anything about their circumstances but Aubrey Martin was living with this other woman, here, in this hotel.

And no children, there were no children?

No. But on this other situation, Schneider, there was a fellow from Corvallis that would come out here, you know, and stay with them and Gene Schneider, he was about eighteen, he got tired of that and he said, "you've got to let that guy go or I'm going to leave". And that gives you a pretty good idea why their husbands had left. And this Mrs. Schneider says you can leave. Gene Schneider worked for Cook, Wanda would probably know him.

Okay, Gene Schneider.

He was clearing land on this side of Cook's house. He was clearing land down there and that was the only income that they had. And so you can't blame him for wanting his mother to let this guy go back to Corvallis where he belonged. He shouldn't come out here and live with them.

Right.

But the mother told him he could go. And he went. And he joined the Merchant Marines. And the last that they heard of him, that ship was sunk and he was a pretty good swimmer, but he was on a couple of planks, whatever happened from then on they didn't know.

Never heard from him again?

No.

What happened to Aubrey Martin after his house burned down?

Well, he was around for quite a while but I don't know really what happened.

What happened to the woman that he was living with?

Don't know.

Okay, so . . . Junk Matthews got killed a few years later on the horses like we've already said. Did anybody live beyond Junk Matthews place, was this the furthest place out in this area.

His place was the only one.

But where did Schneiders live?

On the other side of this ridge.

Oh, I see, so they were up on another road system?

They went . . . they lived on the road that goes up to where I lived.

Now in this area here then, we had a two-story hotel, there used to be benches around the spring and it had a concrete fountain. Can you describe that fountain?

It was pitcher like, of cement.

Just like a cylinder?

It was round, I'll tell you how they put it in, they started to dig for it and the stuff would keep running in, keep running in, they couldn't dig down for the thing, so they got on it and worked it down.

Oh, I see, just a bunch of people pushing it in to place. So was it like a standard fountain like you could buy for at a concrete place.

You have seen a pitcher pump?

Oh, it was a pitcher pump.

You have seen a pitcher pump?

Yeah.

Well, this was a cement rig built like a pitcher pump, the spout came out just like on a pitcher pump.

Oh, I see, so it came up and over. Did the spring have any more pressure in those days?

You say a stronger flavor.

It was stronger than it is now. There's nothing to it now.

We thought there was something to it. I drink it every time but I never tried to gulp it before.

Well, maybe my taster isn't as good as it should be, but . . .

Were the benches that were built . . . built around there kind of rough benches or were they kind of elaborate?

They were wood, one on each side.

Were they permanently put in place or could you move them around?

No, they were permanent.

What were they set in, were they stakes in the ground, built on that or ..

There was a floor, there was a floor in there and they set on the floor.

Was there a roof or any side walls?

No.

Now the floor, was it a wooden floor?

Yeah.

So plank? So this was pretty well, built up right around that spring then?

It was a wooden floor, tongue and groove.

And it had an open field and people would have tents, a house that people lived in sometimes, or the hotel, was it ever vacant? Or was somebody always living there?

Dell Baker lived with his folks down here just on the other side of where Cooks lived.

Was there any garden or orchards here?

No.

Can you think of anything? I think we have a clear picture and I think we've covered . . . can you think of anything about this area here that we may not have mentioned.

I can think of something in regards to that power for that sawmill.

Let's go up that way next here.

G. Junk Matthews' House

We are up here by a red house, and we're on probably the south east corner, we're just entering what looks like a horse ranch or something here.

I wouldn't have any idea what they've got here now. The house, Matthews' house was right in there.

About maybe where that barn is or where the fences are down there or horse trailer?

I can't tell what that is down there.

But it would be off to the lower left of us. What kind of house was it?

Just an ordinary wooden house.

Do you recall any orchard or anything in this area?

Nothing.

Where would the sawmill have been from here?

The sawmill was up there quite a little ways farther.

Okay.

But they had a flume they caught water and they trapped it and they had built what you could call a silo today. They had built it with two by sixes laid flat clear around, not edge ways, but flat ways in order to make sure it was strong. And they had built that up until I don't know how many thousand gallons it could hold but it was pretty big and it was up on a stand so that there would be quite a little bit of pressure when they would let that water come out of there. And they would drain that on to a paddle wheel. That was their power and they would saw and then of course when they ran out of water they would stop sawing and then they'd go ahead and fill that up again and when it was full why they would saw.

Can you find approximately the spot where that sawmill was if we drive up that way?

Approximately maybe, but I can't tell you I can find it because everything is different now, you know, I don't think that should make such a hell of a lot of difference.

The reason it makes some difference is that was probably the earliest sawmill in this area, or one of them and if we can get the approximate location they can excavate below ground level and some of the anthropology classes they have now, it would be an interesting school project or an interesting research or education to teach people how to do that, so if they can locate it, and they've done the type of research we're doing today, trying to reconstruct things the way they were.

Well, I can make a guess at approximately where it set.

Why don't we drive up there and take a shot at it.

H. Sulphur Springs Sawmill

Okay, we're up between a cyclone fence and a new logging road to the left and we're about 100 or 150 yards before the gate. Can you kind of point out roughly where you think the sawmill may have been?

Where?

Approximately where?

Well, we're pretty close to where it was right here.

Okay, would they have a log yard out in here?

A what?

A log yard, did they deck the logs in this area?

They pulled the logs down with oxen.

Oh, with oxen?

They pulled them down here with oxen, and they had a skid road up in there and when I was in the school bus business, I went up to the . . . darn it, they had a law suit, court house, I went to the court house but I had a schedule, you know, I had to leave right . . . I couldn't stay and see when it was over. There was a lawyer in Portland, Gitner, he was trying to tell them that this road here had been a highway, county road, and I sat in there awhile and listened and then I had to go on my run. So I couldn't tell just what they had, but anyway this whole hillside was bare. These little trees here now were not there. And Lee Brown, I mentioned him, Lee Brown was on the witness stand and they were trying to get him to say that this had been a county road up through here. So that Gitner owning land and timber up above here could get that road up through there so he could come out through here and that they would keep it up because it was a county road. That was what he was trying to do. I had to leave but Lee Brown was on the witness stand and he said, "I have rode my horse all over that area chasing cattle," and I don't know what he testified later because I had to leave. But this guy Gitner later on, Cook wrote me a letter and warned me of Gitner. He had . . . he had had some trouble with him, because Cook owned this other land in here, you know, and Gitner.

So this was Matthews' land and Cook's land went out from here?

Well, Cook's land went beyond here, we've seen where his land was, you know, my uncle and my brother built a fence around . . .

That area we could see from up there [at Lewisburg Clearcut].

But Gitner had tried to steal something from him, and he wrote me a letter and told me to watch out for Gitner.

On Matthews' land, was this sawmill on Matthews' land?

Yeah.

And so beyond Matthews' land, who owned that land out there, before Gitner?

I don't know what Gitner did, that was probably state, there was quite a lot of

government land yet.

Public domain.

Yeah, there was quite a lot of that yet in here and also S.P.

Southern Pacific.

. . . owned a lot of it.

From the old O and C lands.

Yeah.

So this area here . . . was the sawmill called Matthews' sawmill?

I don't know what they called it.

Do you know when it operated?

No, I wasn't born yet.

This was before 1900?

Yeah.

So, do you know of any other sawmill that operated in the Soap Creek Valley before 1900?

No.

And this one here, was the water wheel, it was still in existence, you saw that when you were a kid?

No, they had taken it out when I saw it.

You've just been told about it?

I saw the tank, and I saw the flume and I saw the skid row where they had hauled the logs down with oxen. That's all that I could see.

Was the skid road planked?

No.

Just a regular skid road.

Just a regular skid road.

Which way did the skid road go?

It went up into the timber.

Pretty much along the line of this road now?

Yeah, right in the valley, right in the draw.

Okay, how about the flume, do you know what happened to that?

It was gone before I was big enough to come over here and look, I never saw it.

Do you know what kind of saw they would have been cutting the timber up with in those days?

What kind of what?

Saw? What kind of saw? Circular? Reciprocal?

The saw, circular saw was the only thing they knew of at that time. They didn't have a band saw yet for years. And that became quite a thing later on, you know, band saws came in.

Would they have been cutting up yellow fir, do you think, would that have been the product?

They cut the yellow fir, yes, that's the only thing they had to cut here at the time.

This bare area here, we're at pretty much the end of the bare area; did it start turning into timber by the gate there?

Well, you wouldn't have to go very far beyond what you can see here until it was pretty much timber.

Okay.

And that would go clear to Kings Valley.

Timber all the way to Kings Valley?

Yeah.

No openings or anything like that? All the opening were pretty much here in Soap Creek until you got to Kings Valley?

These little . . . all of these little oak trees here have come since.

Okay.

This was all bare.

So this is kind of where the bare area ended and after this it was timber?

Yeah.

And then, could you get to Kings Valley by going this route?

No.

You had to go back over . . .

You could get there all right but you'd go through an awful lot of brush.

Okay, so how would you get to Kings Valley from here?

Well, you'd go up the other creek. Go up the other creek and go up that other road . . . where there was a county road.

Okay, we've got the sawmill here, we've got Matthews' house behind us, did Matthews have any barns or anything?

He didn't have any barns here at this place.

So we would have had a sawmill, we would have had Matthews' house, would have had the old hotel, and then we would have had the barn right by the oak tree and that would have been the only structures through this area that you can remember.

That barn over there that we spoke on, there was a wagon, a buggy in there when I was big enough to run around. There was still a buggy in there. And we took it out and Elmer Govier was with us when we did that, and he was probably one of the big guys at the head of that. We took it out . . . there was some people in Corvallis, this isn't . . . this has nothing to do with it, but there was some people in Corvallis that was up here at the Springs, Sulphur Springs. And we thought it would be a joke to take that wagon out and put it in the road and take the wheels off of it. And we did that and then we went back on down. And they stopped at Govier's house when they went back out and asked old man Govier, Elmer run and hid when he saw them coming. And they asked the old man if Elmer Govier was around. And Elmer had told him, "Don't tell them I'm here."

Elmer Govier sounds kind of like a trouble maker a little bit. One last question on the hotel; do you have any idea when that was built or when it shut down?

Well, when it was burned up, I can tell you pretty close, when it burned down, it would be pretty close to the '30's.

Was it shut down . . . did people rent rooms out by 1900?

That was used at all by the time that this . . . this had faded out, people had automobiles when that thing burned down and there was quite a lot of stuff went every where else, you know, but they didn't come here because this was . . . this was kind of an out of the way place . . .

So this was pretty popular before 1900 . . .

Yeah.

And then it kind of faded out . . .

Well, it was still pretty popular when I was big enough to run a foot race, so . . .
Until 1905 or 1910 . . .

Well, 1913 was when that was . . .

Just up about until World War I, or up till the automobiles, right up until then it was a popular place to come.

It was just about 1913, that they had a foot race on that . . . and I entered it. And Otto Han, do you know him?

No, I sure don't.

South of Corvallis. Well, he was here, but I didn't know him then. I got acquainted with him later on. And I had four miles to school and it was steep and it was regular. In those days they didn't have kids to exercise, you know, at all. And I had a heck of an advantage. And I could run away from anything that they'd stick out there. And I run a foot race here and they had a guy that was going to run with the winner. And I made an ass out of him.

So, did you get anything for winning the foot race?

No.

How far did you have to run?

One hundred yards.

It was a sprint.

Yeah.

Was it an organized thing or was it just kind of an informal competition?

No, it was just something that come up.

I see.

Another one came up just north of Corvallis about a year later. Otto Han was there and I didn't know it. I ran that one, but that one I had a disadvantage. We had button shoes in those days, and the last couple out, and they had hauled wood out of this area with wagons and then of course the wagon would make a track about that deep and about that wide. And they had mowed it and left the grass on there and I sprained my ankle. Otto Han was there. I knew he was there then because he had a sister there, I don't remember her name now, I had just met her that day, but she was pretty athletic and I got her for a partner and nobody would catch us.

And you with the sprained ankle too.

No, not yet, not yet, but I sprained it there. Button shoes was the thing then, and I

put strings in the hole and so I would button it over the string. And got over, there was a rail fence you know in the shade and I sat down and watched the rest of it. And my brother came up and he said, "You've got to get over here and sign up, they're signing up for races" and I said, "With an ankle like that," and he said, "Yeah." He says, "That won't bother you." And I said, "I can't run with that." And he says, "You can win it on one foot." Well, I had quite a lot of faith in him, he was ten years older than I was. And he kept on, and I finally got up and went over there and we started to sign up and I was going to sign up with the boys, you know, and he said, "No, you sign with the men." Oh, God, no. But he insisted and I did, I signed up with the men. Well, they had a little cap gun and that went off, why of course I just gritted my teeth and I used it just as if I hadn't sprained it and took off. And there wasn't anything too close, I didn't look around but I could hear them. And when I got to about thirty feet from the string why of course I put on a little extra and took the string. I didn't realize that Otto Han had been up here, I didn't know him at that time. But I had a big advantage over everybody. I could out run anybody that could stick at me, you know, at that time because going to school starting at six and continuing until I completed ninth grade, I told you about Miss Allen, she taught the first year of high school here, and that was the thing, you know, morning and night, evening and morning and four miles and hilly and then after coming home, probably that much more, I had to chase the cows home. I sprained it another night.

How about that race there though, what happened on that one, you were thirty yards from the string?

Huh?

You were up thirty yards from the string and you started to give another burst, did you win that race too in 1914?

Oh, yeah.

With the sprained ankle?

Oh, yeah, that didn't bother me at all.

This Otto Han could remember that? He told you later about it?

Yeah.

You must have made an impression on him?

Well, he didn't realize the advantage that I had.

From all that exercise.

And I didn't either, but you know, they didn't have anything in the way of athletics in schools in those days. But I learned something in the later years that I was chasing cows to try and get them home. I had a little shepherd dog and I was . . . I got them started and they went around me and headed on the road to Kings Valley, I told you about that county road that went right through.

We want to go over there, too, before we . . . try to beat some daylight.

I was trying to get around them by running in the brush and it was getting dark and there was a big log. I got up on that and jumped and they were just about even with me, I could hear the bells and I was almost ahead of them and when I lit on the other side, something turned my ankle. That time I really turned it. So, I hurt it, . . . it made me sick, you know, I just in desperation and anger, I said, "Sic'em." And my little dog left. And the bells began a ringing a little harder and a little harder and a little harder and pretty quick I began to realize they were coming closer and she had gone around them and they were coming back. And they started for home. They were going just all they could go, you know. And she came back for me after while and I found something that I could use for a crutch and I started for home. And when I got to where there was a lot of openings on that Longfellow place up above our home and on the Kings Valley side, I heard one clink of a bell. Over on the other side was a few open areas and they had a trail through a bunch of small trees and I got onto that trail and started to go over that direction and after a while I could smell cattle sweating and I knew I was right among them and I just said, "Sic'em." And she took them. Well, I didn't get home as quick as they did. But when I came home they were in the barn.

Smart dog.

I learned then, but it was pretty late in the game, I learned then when those cows was going to go home, just tell them "Sic'em." That little dog would take them. She'd grab them right by the hock, you know, and then duck back and they would strike at her but she would be back and too low and before they could get anywhere why she

would have them by the other hock.

What was the dog's name?

Trixie.

Trixie, okay.

I. Soap Creek Road

Now, we just passed the bridge, the first bridge on the left coming from Sulphur Springs and you said Joe Hansen built that bridge?

Yeah, but this has been rebuilt since.

Do you remember when Joe Hanson built the bridge though?

It would have been pretty close to 1940.

1940, okay. And there was a house where we just passed the bridge and we're looking on the right here.

There was no house here at all at that time. There was no house here at all, but the county road came out right back yonder.

Where that trailer house is?

Yeah, it came out right there.

Okay.

And it crossed this creek.

This one on our left here now.

It crossed this creek some where right here, it forded, there was no bridge across it.

There is now here, but . . .

There was a ford here, so this . . . we've got an area right down there, Angela can probably see it off to the left and we've got a slope down here in these alder here that looks like a slope to the bank. Yeah, see that right off on our left here could that have been the ford?

I can't see, I'll have to turn around.

It's kind of subtle.

There was no trees in there at that time, but there's where the county road crossed and . . .

So this is the old county road . . .

And it got over to the middle of this ridge that goes up here . . . that we saw to our

right when we were stopped up yonder.

So that's now on our left.

It went over here and then went right up that ridge. And it stayed on that ridge until it got up to our place and then it went into our place and went through it.

So let's . . . we can't get up there today, so let's say we're on this county road and we're heading west across the ford in this creek. Does this creek have a name here?

No. It was just part of Soap Creek.

Did any body live down in this area where . . .

Nobody, there was nobody here.

He [Cook] would have had to have owned this.

Okay, so we're at the Cook's place right here, [with the] county road going down the valley, it's crossing on this ford here and this is just kind of open field here then. There's nobody here.

There was nobody living . . . we were four miles from our nearest neighbors.

Okay. So then coming up towards this ridge here, did the road cut sharp to the right or did it just kind of angle up the ridge?

It just angled up that ridge.

So maybe it intersected it maybe over there about ten o'clock or something like that? I might be able to find that on the ground, so . . . it went up the ridge and how far up the ridge was your place?

That county road stayed on the ridge until it came up to our place and it still stayed on the ridge and went through our place. And went over on what was known as the Longfellow place at that time. And the Longfellow place . . . had some prairies that we called Fern Prairies, there was no trees on it, and it went through there and right down a canyon to Kings Valley.

So this ridge line goes all the way through to Kings Valley?

That's the county road that went right through to Kings Valley.

Okay. Because I think that road's been in there since the 1850's. I think they hauled lumber over that in 1850. That's why I'm real curious about it. Were there an orchards between this point here and your house?

[ANGELA] [exasperated] Nobody lived here, Bob.

They could have had pioneers that lived here before . . . or they could have planted orchards . . . people, most people planted orchards right around their houses, didn't they?

They'd be apt to live there, there would have to be a place there at that time, but there wasn't. Right here there could have been a place, because there was some roses right about . . . just a little behind where these cars are was a bunch of roses and some bricks.

Oh, okay. And where these cars are, right in front of the Ponderosa pine there, looks like Ponderosa, something like that. There was roses and bricks right in that location and that was . . . was there when you were a kid. Were there any apple trees around here?

No.

How about up on your place? Did you have apples up there?

My father planted some Bismarks and some Baldwins and two or three others, and a sweet apple, and a Royal Ann cherry tree, and a Black Republican cherry tree, and pie cherry tree.

Do you know about what year he planted those?

Yeah, he built that house when I was newly born in the log cabin right down below it. And he planted those trees soon after he got that house built, he planted those trees.

So right around the turn of the century, right around 1900.

It probably would have been 1901 or 1902 when he planted the trees.

Are any of those trees still there?

They were the last time I was up there, they were there, but there was stuff growing all around them. He made . . . here's something on this wood again, he made that roof out of this yellow fir, he split shingles, he made shakes out of that and sold shakes to anybody that would want shakes. He would burn the trees down, I told you about that, and when they would fall, he would saw them off, you know, so they wouldn't go on up and burn up completely and then he would make shakes and he would sell those shakes, but when he built that house, he made shingles and he shaved the shingles with a draw shave and those shingles were on that house about ten years ago.

Is that house still there?

No, they were starting to leak and when they started to leak, why of course the water went down and went through the floor and the foundation began to give way and the last time I that I was up there, the house was almost down. It had started to fall down.

When was the last time you were up there?

About fifteen years ago [1975].

How long would it take to walk up there from here? Not today of course, but . . .

I don't think I would want to tackle that, I'd go up the road.

This road here goes all the way up?

Yeah.

This road does?

Yes. But you're going to run into something when you get over to this Matthews place. When you get into that Matthews place, he had built a house right on a pinnacle and it was pretty steep on the right hand side, it's cut into those rocks. It's just nothing but rocks there. And it is pretty steep on this side and narrow, but they have started to go around the other way and then go on up, that also was steep, but . . . a car would make it if the car was good.

We've got a four wheel drive, let's go for it. Want to drive up there now?

I don't think we could get there now, because I don't think that that's open.

Let's give it a shot and see how close we can get so we know where it's going.

You can get, I think you can get to this Matthews place.

Okay.

J. Schneider's House

Who's homestead did you say this was, you said this was Junk Matthews' homestead here? I thought we just visited his homestead on the other side? Wasn't that Matthews' place we visited right before the . . .

He had two places.

Okay. That makes sense.

He had two places, and the one house that he had here was right on that pinnacle up

there.

So right on the pinnacle in front of us along this old road bed here.

I don't know what that old road is there, but that's where the road would have gone if I would have continued to own that place up there, I would have put the road right up this canyon.

I see.

I wouldn't have climbed this knoll here, you know, and then climb and then go clear up there and get on the level and then go back down a little bit to go into that draw up there where the house is.

But his house was right up here on the pinnacle?

Right here.

Let's see, I'm not sure we're looking at the right . . . same place here. From all the building they have there.

There's something up there, I could see it. There's something up there on that pinnacle, I don't know if it a house or what . . . it looks like a house to me, but . . .

I don't know, there is a lot.

And that was Junk Matthews' homestead and one of the families would stay out here or one would stay out at his other place there.

He had only one family.

The Schneiders.

These two families that I was telling you about, they were people that he had brought in here. Schneider was the name of one of them. But I can't remember the name of this other one.

But the Schneiders would like live here and he'd live out at the other place.

The Schneiders lived right there in that house . . .

Oh, on the pinnacle?

Yeah.

Was there another house right here?

No.

And then Junk Matthews lived on the other side of the stream?

He lived over yonder, yeah. He lived over in that house as long as they . . . as

Schneiders lived here.

And so you'd go past the Schneiders on the way to and from school every day.

I went right by them all the time.

Okay. Let's say right behind us where his horses bolted [we had just passed the area where Cook had found Matthews' body], was that crossing a creek or a gate down there? It's probably worth mentioning that Mary Bowman just said your house blew over in 1977, and she's the person living here now, so that would be over fifteen years ago, so that sounds about right. Can you think of anything else to add here? Do you know about how many trees were in that orchard?

Just roughly.

Our orchard up there?

Yeah.

There was probably five apple trees, there were three cherry trees. And there was a walnut tree, that didn't grow very fast. That was about all, there was a . . . good gravenstein tree, and an apple bracket, but there's one . . . of the cherries, there's one Royal Anne, one Black Republican, and a pie cherry tree.

Did Longfellow have any orchards beyond there?

On the Longfellow place?

Yeah.

There was a gravenstein tree there, and there was several other apple trees there, but the fir had grown up and choked a lot of the others, but the gravenstein tree was up where there wasn't anything else took over. It stayed there quite a while.

And then on the Longfellow place, how far beyond your place was it?

Well, our line fence . . . western line fence joined that place and I would say a mile between our house and where the buildings had been. There was a building there yet, a house, about a mile apart.

But nobody was living at the Longfellow place when you grew up?

No.

So that was an old place.

That was an old place and they had a log cabin there that had rotted down, but there was a house there that was still all right to live in, the door was locked, but that

didn't stay locked too long. Somebody breaks the lock, you know, and then everybody could come or go, rats would go in there. Coons.

So yours was the only place between the Schneiders and Kings Valley?

Yeah, when Schneiders lived here, they didn't live here very long.

Okay, so when they did live here, yours was the only place between here and Kings Valley?

Yeah.

Okay, so there'd only be the two orchards and the one orchard was pretty well eaten by fir trees; it might have a gravenstein left.

The one orchard on the Longfellow place?

Yeah.

The other apple trees below there, fir trees had choked them out, they didn't amount to anything, but there was a big silver maple.

Did they plant it? They must have.

It would have had to. It started to sprout, there was oodles and oodles of silver maples out from it.

So there's be silver maple and gravenstein to look for in that area.

I think probably that the fir trees had crowded the silver maple out by now.

That [road] goes up to the Pete Frank place. There used to be a place there a fellow by the name of Pete Frank that had a place there, but he left it. And it became a timber claim, Southern Pacific.

So on Pete Frank's place any old houses or orchards or anything associated with that?

Nothing but a big house.

A big house.

There was just a big house, and my mother told me that he carried that lumber in there on his back to built it.

Who built this house right here?

Johanson.

Johanson?

Johanson.

Do you recall about when?

Yeah. About 1935, '36, somewhere along in there.

Was there . . . and he replaced the Matthews' house essentially.

The Matthews' house was torn down I think by then.

Was there any house in between?

No.

Okay so this is an old house in itself then.

K. Matthews' Accident Scene

This is the boundary to this 160 acre Matthews' place. Right there. That's the boundary.

Now the boundary here has got a little creek here, was this creek always through here?

Yeah.

And this is where the horses started bolting on . . . you were telling us on Matthews?

Yeah, but they went out this way.

Okay, where did they find him?

I'm not too sure, but that . . . bog . . . I have looked and it ain't there anymore.

Okay.

So I'm not sure, it ain't very far out to where that was and all of those poles that they put across, of course, were taken out of there. But this is where they got started. And down there after they hit that and it threw him out, why it wasn't very far until they got separated somehow, they probably one went on one side of the tree and the other one on the other side and broke the neck yoke and got rid of the tongue and there they split up so that they weren't even fastened together by the lines anymore, but they came down and Cook saw it and he realized that there was something wrong and he come on up here and found that old fellow stuck in that mire with his neck broke.

When was that about, what year was that?

I haven't got anything that I can trace it with. Wanda could probably tell you, because her husband found him.

Okay, so that would be before 1926, she moved out of here in 1926.

Yeah.

So Wanda's husband was the one that found him. Okay. Charlie that's probably the bog down in there, I'm guessing, this is the road going up to Baker Mountain, you were describing. You said this road went up and you had different ways you could go out around here.

Yeah.

How did those routes go from this road? We have Starker's gate up here off to our left which would be the north was this the way . . . did this road kind of just angle off up in here like this?

I don't know a thing about that road because that wasn't there. That is a logging road that has been put there recently. If she told you anything about this, why she probably knows, but I don't know a thing about this.

I think this is where when we were coming up you said, that the road went off and around Baker Mountain up in here about this point, was it down there further.

[ANGELA] There was no road, Bob, that's just the route they went to school.

Oh, it was just a trail?

Oh, you mean when . . . that we walked?

Yeah.

This is where we started. This is where we started to go up but we went up by this . . . right like that you know.

Straight up? So this was just a short cut to school from here.

Yeah.

Oh, I misunderstood, I thought it was a road.

No!

Were you following any trail or anything or just making your own on it?

We made a trail by walking it.

I see. Okay. At this point here where we've got logging bridge down to our right and Starker gate to our left, and we're facing east this is the short cut over to the school.

Supposedly.

Okay.

Supposedly it was, but I don't remember now who it was that stood down below here and saw us going across there and told us later on that he believed that it would be

shorter to go around it on account of all these little dips. Now there's canyons coming down in there and we would go down where the sheep would have made trail, you know, instead of going down and up they'd angle here and then angle back again. So it made quite a loop to go right across it, it would be pretty steep, but he said that if we would go higher and get away from those or go lower down and get away from them, but we didn't do that we stayed on the trail. There were sheep trails, you know. And that was the way we went to school, we either went that way or we went this way or we went around Bakers Mountain from the other side and came on around Bakers Mountain and in from the right across from the school you could see Bakers Mountain, you know, if you go to the right of it.

I've got one more question on that, those draws you were going up and down, would those draws have Doug fir in them? Or was that all bare in through those areas?

These little gorges here?

Yeah.

There were no trees. There were no trees there.

Okay, it was all pasture?

Yeah.

Okay.

L. Cook's House

We're at the Cook house right here, first question is: Have you ever heard any stories about this house being haunted?

No.

I've got stories now, three or four of them.

Oh, well, that . . . I wouldn't pay any attention to that, I think that . . .

I don't pay attention to them except that I keep hearing them different places. Now this is the Cook house and their ranch extended all the way up to your property, except for Matthews?

Yeah, Matthews was the only one in between us.

Okay, and this is where Wanda Cook and her husband and his uncle lived?

Cook's uncle?

Yeah.

I never knew him. That must have been after we . . . after I moved out of here. Now, the . . . she can tell me all about these orchards and that, can you recall anything through this area of particular . . . any particular memory of this area?

No.

Now you said that her husband was the one that found Junk Matthews and that they didn't have . . . they had two boys but they were a lot younger than you.

Who had two boys?

Wanda Cook.

She didn't have any kids, I don't think.

She had two boys but they were a lot younger than you, so young you didn't even know about them.

She could have had a family but I never knew it because after she married Cook and started to live here, you know, and I grew up and left the area, I didn't know what happened to her.

Do you know who lived here before the Cooks?

Nobody.

Nobody lived here.

Nobody lived here before, he built this house.

Do you know who owned this land before the Cooks?

Baker.

Oh, this is Baker's property. Where did the Bakers live?

Just a little farther on.

And that would be Bakers Mountain right there?

Yeah.

Do you know the name of that hill over there?

That's still Bakers Mountain.

I mean the one . . . you can't see it probably. So from this point until Baker's place can you think of anything in between that's worth stopping at?

Well, where's Baker's house was, we should probably stop and see if we can make

out where this place is here that you have a picture of.

I definitely want to stop at Baker's.

I can't . . . from the picture, I can't tell for sure what was there.

Oh, okay, that's at Baker's. That's an old logging camp.

I don't know where that is.

We're about ready to go.

M. Grabe's House

We're right here by Lorna Grabe's driveway. Where was Baker's from here? Baker's house?

You're not to it yet.

Okay.

We're not to it yet.

Were you seeing something over here?

There was nothing over there.

This was just all open pasture land. This orchard up to . . .

This house wasn't here either.

This little orchard to our right, it may have been Baker's orchard, that would have been before Cook's.

It's possible that Baker's made that, I don't remember seeing that. I kind of believe that it was planted afterwards . . . after I was out of here. Because if there had been anything there that would have had apples, we would have had stopped and eaten some of them at times.

That's why we've got you in the truck here . . .

N. Baker's House

Now, in this draw right here, this is Hosteter's house, where did they live at from here?

They had a big grape vine right up there. And as far as orchard is concerned I don't think they had any in here. Back in here was their barn.

Okay, where this house is now about?

Their house was right there.

Right on this knoll?

It was right there, yeah.

So, what happened to the Baker's house after Cooks bought it, did they tear it down or . . .

It was already down.

Did you know the Bakers?

Yeah, Baker was the girl that told me what "became" was.

What did she say it was?

The woman that wrote this thing . . . wrote that other book up. Got all that mixed up. Right in the back there.

Marlene McDonald.

Right there.

Yeah. I quote from her only because she's got some nice pictures in there. Everybody I've talked to said there are real problems with it.

It was . . . a man teacher, Mr. Wing, he lived in Corvallis, he walked over the ridge. He walked right over the ridge, over the Vineyard Mountain and over to the school house. And my folks taught us the Swedish language before they taught the American language, otherwise we would never have learned it. And when we had learned so that they figured that we should start to learn the American language they started to speak the American language. And when we started to school, Mr. Wing, had me come up and recite and I went up there and I read what I was supposed to read, you know, and I came to a word and I called it "become." And he stopped me, and he says "That isn't become." And I studied at it and studied at it and he didn't say anything and pretty quick he just grabbed me the neck and threw me across his knee and gave me a darn good paddling. And sent me back to my seat and he said, "You study your lesson." And I went back to my seat. And after awhile he hollered down there and wondered, "Well, do you know what that is yet?" And I said, "No." Well, Verna Baker was sitting right back of me and she was about thirteen years old at that time and she watched him and when he wasn't looking she whispered in my ear, "became." I had called it "become." I didn't know there was such a thing as became.

And he gave you a spanking for that?

Yeah. So when he hollered the next time, and asked me, I told him "became." I

didn't know there was such a word as that, you know. A kid's vocabulary when he is six years old when he hasn't had but probably a year learning the American language became and become wouldn't be very much a part, you know.

Was it common for those teacher to give spankings in those days?

Oh, not too often.

What did you think of Wing? Did you ever like him after that?

No, I didn't. And there were several older boys there, you know, that hadn't gone to school early enough so but what they were still in these lower grades when they were about nineteen, there was one of them that was in his twenties. And they certainly didn't have much faith in that Mr. Wing. I'm going to have to straighten her [Marlene McDonald] out because . . . if I get an opportunity because she has written that it was a woman teacher that give me a licking and that teacher, I fell in love with that teacher.

She got the wrong teacher.

She had the wrong one, she had Mr. Wing, honorable teacher and this woman supposed to given me a licking.

When you said [previous conversation] I had some mistakes in that book, I was glad it was some body else's reference.

Anyway this teacher gave me her picture when school was out, she gave me her picture and it had a little string around the book that the picture was in and her picture and a little tassel on a string, you know, all pretty. If there were more teacher like that today, there would be a better world.

So she got the bad rap . . . she was the one that was blamed as the bad teacher by that other book. She was actually your favorite teacher.

She was my favorite teacher, all right because she taught us a lot of things that wasn't in the book.

Well, you've got the record straight now.

She . . . one of those was, first of all, "to thine own self be true", "thou canst not then be false to any man". "Love without respect is an angel with but one wing".

What was that?

Love without respect is an angel with but one wing". Then there was another one

that was a song. "There's danger in flowing bowl, touch not, taste not, handle not; twil ruin body, ruin soul, touch not, taste not, handle not; twil lead the young and strong and brave, twil lead them to a drunkard's grave; twil lead them where no arm can save; touch not, taste not, handle not."

Is that about alcohol?

Yeah.

Have you ever drank alcohol?

No. What I have tasted in all my life wouldn't make you drunk if you drank it all at once.

So, you did take it to heart.

I'll tell you something that helped that. There was a family by the name of Swansons that lived just about three miles north of Corvallis and they came over on the same ship that my folks came over on. It was different times but they came from the same area. And we got acquainted with them, or my folks got acquainted with them. They had a big family and a big house. And we had Christmas dinner with them. And there was a little glass about so tall, [indicates 3 inches] by each plate. They had to have it formal just like they had it in Sweden, you know, everything had to be just right. We came to the table and I sat down where they put me and my folks were over on the other side of the table, my father and mother. And the first thing was somebody said grace. And next thing we pick up this little glass and touch it to our neighbor's glass and touch it the other neighbor's glass and then we would say "Skoll." And then we would take a sip and we'd put it back down again. And then we'd start passing the grub. Well, there was one glass that stayed there. Didn't get picked up and everything came to a dead stop, you know. I knew that every eye was on me, but I didn't flinch I just sat there. And I looked across and saw my father and mother but I didn't let them see that I saw them but they weren't embarrassed. They seemed to have a sort of a proud look. That helped me just as much as that little teacher that helped me because they didn't . . . I knew that they didn't . . . they weren't embarrassed.

They approved of your health and decisions over traditions.

After I had sat there and just nothing happened for a little while, they all went ahead.

And when the dinner was over that glass sat right there yet.

How old were you at that time?

I was seven.

O. DLC Survey Marker

We're looking at a driveway here that goes to a new brown house, we just passed the R.K. Jones mailbox.

There was a big rock, there was a big boulder right off there and inscription on it as if it was a marker.

Did you know anything about it?

That . . . yeah. I'm not sure, but what that is it right there, but it seems to me it was over farther. And for several years there was something there that had a cover over it. But this here had been a marker . . . a line. And that was to determine the line between the Baker place and this other place here.

Okay, this was the old survey marker then?

Yeah.

That was the old survey marker.

That's supposed to be, yeah.

Okay, and where's that located about?

Well, since this road has come down here now, I believe that doesn't belong where that marker was . . . I think it was right back yonder.

By this little fir here?

Just on the other side of this fence row. This fence row is supposed to be the line. And that was intended to be from a survey way back, but somebody arranged to have another survey and I don't know who it was. Whether it was on this side or on that side. When they surveyed it again, the line was down here a quite a little ways probably about where you see those stakes down there coming up.

You think the original survey was right here at the . . .

That was the original survey, but this . . .

It's to the left of the driveway here.

This later one . . . this driveway wasn't here. And all these houses wasn't here.

But if this was the original donation land claim survey, they would have put the driveway down here following that survey line, that would have been if they built it a hundred years later. That's why I'm wondering which side of this driveway the stone was on.

Anyway they went to court, and the court decided that the survey at that time the present survey was the right line, so it moved the property line over. And this over here, they won much more land from down yonder and up.

Who owned the other land on the other side over there?

Dorgan.

Dorgan?

Dorgan, I could name you about several of them.

I was just kind of curious who . . . this was the Baker place and I was wondering what the next place was called.

If we go back, it would be Moore.

Oh, the Moore place. Okay, so now we're heading into the Moore's place.

It would be Moore and it would be Smith and it would be Lacy and . . .

We'll keep going that way, I don't want to get ahead of us, I just want to keep stopping at these places and identifying who was there and . . . we've gone by the Baker's place and the Cooks bought from the Bakers and I've got Cook's up until 1926, so now we're heading over to the Moore place here. Is that correct?

Yeah.

P. Soap Creek Schoolhouse

We just passed Writsman's Creek Road. Was the Moore's house . . . where was the Moore's house from here?

You mean the owners . . . the original owners?

Yeah.

There's a hump over yonder. There's a road that started in . . .

Is this the road we just passed here, somebody just came out of?

No, that's . . . Dorgan house. That's the Dorgan house, it was built, but . . .

The blue house is the Dorgan house?

Yeah.

Okay.

He just built that, he married a woman that was a music teacher, he got acquainted with . . . they were Catholics, and he got acquainted with her in Portland. And then they got married, and she came out here. And there was something in France, so she could go back and get that she hadn't gotten when she was teaching there and she went back there. She couldn't stay because if there was something in the world that she didn't have in the way of music she was going to get it, but she went back there and then she came back here again and there was nothing here that they could teach her because she knew already and she was good. She could argue with you on something and then play a tune. She could sing one song and play another one. She knew how to put emphasis on a melody that we would just not put any emphasis on at all and wear it out. And she could put emphasis on that and hold and make it a beautiful melody.

What time was this that you heard her play?

What time?

Yeah, 1920's?

I was probably in the fourth grade at that time, so . . .

1910?

Yeah, if I started at six and four that would be '10.

So, . . .

Wait a minute, wait a minute. We're getting my age in and the date wrong.

You were born in 1898. I mean . . . 1910, I'm just trying to get to the nearest ten years.

When I was six years old, you know, why we'd have to take two years off on that other date because I wouldn't be six years old in 1906.

Yeah, I'm just trying to get to the nearest ten years, I just wanted to know whether she played music in 1930's or 1920's or 1910. So I wasn't trying to get the exact year, but . . . So they lived here in 1908, in 1908 you could hear . . . she played music and she'd been to France. When did they build this house?

They . . . I don't know.

Did you know anything about anybody that was living up this draw?

There wasn't anybody living up in that draw. The stream that we got water from

came right down . . . we're just about sitting where it run across the road.

Okay, that's the stream you're saying used to have fish? That's the stream that's on . . . that's the stream that's on page 26 here going on the guide [Soap Creek Auto Tour]. This building here I believe was up here about a quarter mile and there used to be a stream coming down by the school here and there used to be fish in that stream?

I don't think there was fish in it, there could probably be some up here a little ways, but you know, there was a fall in here just a little ways above where we got our water. We got out water for that school house right here, but there was a water fall that was probably four feet.

Four foot water fall?

Yeah.

And that was right up this draw here?

That was right up this draw.

What happened to the water here?

Well, didn't happened anything to the water, the water was good.

Where's the good water now, is what I mean?

Well, yeah, that's an indication again of what I told you about . . . I think we had 200 inches of rain fall at that time, when we haven't now got more than about probably 40 inches.

Do you remember about when this dried up?

It didn't just dry up suddenly.

Do you remember the last time it ran?

It was still there when we were in the ninth grade, it was still there and it was good. I built a little water wheel on that water fall.

So it dried up while you were a young man, stopped running when you were a young man?

Well, I can't tell you just when it dried up because I wasn't here when it dried up.

It was still running when you left here then?

Yeah. And it was running across . . . there was a bridge here. There was a bridge and we had to cross three planks.

Was the school located in the same spot when you were a kid?

Yeah, it was located in that same spot, and when they cut that school house in two

and moved it across here and took it down to Tampico and put it back together again. Zorenson built that and we tried to get the date when that was built, but there was another way . . . I talked to this guy that was a rattle brain. Old, I don't know how old he was. But he didn't know where he had met me, but when I found out he lived in Philomath, I know that he hadn't met me probably but he knew that I had a school bus business there and he knew who I was, but I didn't know him. But after I got rid of him on the phone and was talking to Audrey, why we realized that he probably just knew me because I had a school bus business there. But he didn't know anything about this date. But we can get that date. We can get that date, I think.

I'll tell you what happened. Angela was helping me work on this [Soap Creek Valley Auto Tour, Bob Zybach, OSU Research Forests cc: 1989] and we're putting it together and right about ten o'clock [p.m.] I got a call from Lorna Grabe just around the corner and she changed all this information from what I had written, but she knew these dates for sure. She said that this was constructed in 1932, and the previous school was constructed in 1899, and then I got this . . . there was a picture of another building here that she said was completed the previous year, but she said this school here was 1932.

Well, that is possible, but we can get that exact because they have records in there when the school started. And the other school had been missing for quite a while when this one was built and her records, all the records in there would give you the exact time when that school was started again.

And that's the woman that call me up and gave me those numbers there so it's not the same as that book that we've been referring to, but these numbers here . . . they were given to me the night before this went to press. So as near as I can tell, that's where the numbers are coming from, those have got to be the right numbers. But you went to school here about 1904 or 1905, something like that?

Yeah.

And so it was the building before this building?

Yeah, it was the old. It was the building I went to school in was this big building that is shown here [in the Tour Book]. I don't know what page it's on, but there's a big building and it shows. My fingers are like sticks.

I didn't think I had any other school buildings in there, I think that was the only school

building they had, that one we were looking at there.

Well, there is a point there that these people are probably a little touchy on, they would like to have that school the original school but it isn't.

No that's 1932. I think we were just looking at the picture of the . . . I think that's the one you're looking for right there.

I think it is.

Yeah.

Yeah, it is.

That's 1899. Does that sound right, about the year after you were born?.

Just about.

Did you hear of any school being there before that building?

Yeah.

So even this building wasn't . . . it shows . . . there's a picture, there's a building I cut off of this to fit the page here, there's a picture right here and they said that was built in 1898 just the year before.

The picture that's on the wall up there, that I spoke to you about this morning, the picture of that will show you the original school house which is then on that picture the wood shed.

I've got that picture. It shows some people standing in front of it.

Yeah.

I think you might even be one of the people.

Yeah. There's that great big tall Miss Dullen, seven footer I believe.

She was really that tall? Or she just looked that way?

Oh, she was immense. You can tell by the picture you know compared with the other people.

Yeah.

But on that picture, you said you have it already.

Yeah.

You can see the original school.

She was saying the original school was only built a year before that school, the wood shed school they said they just built for temporary use before the next school went in.

Well that one that . . . the wood shed on that picture was the school for quite a while.
She said just one year, and before that I thought it was back to the 1870's.

Who said that?

Lorna Grabe.

She wasn't born when that took place.

No. Neither were you if it was 1870's.

But my brother went to school and his picture is on that. He is ten years older than I.

He was going to that school ten years before this one was built.

Yeah.

Okay that's . . .

He's holding something that he had gotten from the teacher, I don't know what it is, it couldn't have been a certificate . . . I don't know what it was. Award of Honor or something. And Moore is on that picture.

Can . . . you went to school here, you walked here, we can see Bakers Mountain there and we've covered the routes you've covered on it and you've said these people here, you can't remember when they built their house?

Well, I would . . . I hate to guess at it. That's what I'm pert near apt to do.

Okay. Did they live in a house before this house? Because she was playing music about 1908, this house . . . does it look like . . .

Dorgan himself lived here, he was single, he lived back there on that hill, you can't see it now from this shed, but there's a hill over there and there was a house on top of it and that whole works before that lived in that house and this one wasn't here.

Okay that house . . . can we back up and look at that. That house back there where Dorgan lived then, that's the one I'm interested in. That's where he got that house from the people before him. That was the old house. Okay. That's the Alfred Writsman's homestead.

That's what we've been trying . . .

There's no house there now.

Yeah. Where would that be from here?

I think there's another house built there now.

Okay.

[ANGELA] Do you want to drive down there?

Yeah, let's do that.

Q. Zeolite Hills Road

All of this here has been ruined according to what it was then. It had been ruined by making this road. Because that was just a smooth knoll.

This was a smooth knoll here.

That was just a smooth knoll and there was a house setting right on top of it right there.

We've come up that Moss Rock Drive and we're taking Zeolite Hills Road and this knoll to our left with these oaks on it, that was the original homesite.

Yeah.

Okay.

That was it.

Do you know of any Indian artifacts or anything in this area?

Any what?

Any Indian artifacts?

Oh, no.

Most of these old cabins were built on old Indian sites. But this . . . was it a log house here?

No, it was a large farmhouse built of lumber. I played for that . . . for a dance right there one night and when it was over they came out with a lantern you know to see me off, there was a picket fence around it. And I got onto my bicycle and I had my fiddle in one of those plastic cases, had a strap over and it was on my back. And I started to coast down that hill, now there's a road that went this way across right at the bottom and there was a blacksmith's shop.

Oh, you know where the blacksmith's shop is?

I know where it was.

Good let's head for it.

It [the road] would go over between the blacksmith's shop and a barn.

And what was that barn, was that the barn that went to this house here?

That barn went to that house up there.

What did they call this house, was this the Moore house?

That's the house that Moores were in. But they didn't call it that, because there was so many, there was probably seven people that lived in that house and owned this place.

Was it the Modie house? Or Modic?

Who?

Modie, or Modic?

Modie never had it. I never knew a Modie.

Well, he was here in the 1840's. I don't know why he left.

I was out of here in 1940.

1840.

Oh, oh.

I'm trying to go back to some of this stuff. This house up here was an old donation land claim. And so it was before Moores and this was the road coming through and it hit the old road that you said went down the valley here, went down this side of the creek, is that correct?

Well, I would tell you if you would let me.

Okay.

But the road came down from that hill and right at the bottom of that hill it could go around the black smith's shop and leave the black smith's shop on the right.

Back there then?

Yeah, you go around that black smith shop and leave it on the right and on the other side was a barn. I go through between the black smith's shop and the barn and come over on one road and go down here or I could right between that same barn that I just spoke about and another big barn on the other side. And go right down another road and come together down here.

So there were two roads that came out . . .

There were two roads that came out here, one was on that side of this little stream, that was a pretty good sized creek in those days, one on that side and one on this

side. But they came together down here in order to cross the main creek over the bridge.

So back there on the knoll was the old house. If we're looking backwards where the black smith shop from right here, where would that have been?

There's two barns and a black smith's shop, is that correct?

Yeah.

Where would the black smith's shop have been from here?

That's pretty hard to tell.

Okay.

But we went around it, and had it on our right.

R. Govier's Sawmill

Okay, we're by Alvie Govier's place right here. A yellow house and where was the sawmill located from here.

Right straight up from the house.

Straight behind?

Yeah, right up straight from the house about fifty yards.

Okay. Now, Goviers still live there don't they, some members of the Govier family.

I don't know.

Do you know any Goviers alive now that would know about that sawmill?

Jup.

Jup?

Alvie Govier's boy would know. We tried to call him. This guy in Philomath that couldn't tell where he met me, he gave us a phone number and he said it was Jup and in Salem.

Jupiter?

I don't know what his real name was, they always called him Jup.

Okay.

Then Audrey called that number and they didn't know anything about any Goviers.

So this rattle brain you know . . . he got the wrong number.

Okay, so do you know when Alvie Govier built that house there?

Alvie Govier built that house.

Do you know about when?

It would have to be about the time that he got married, he married Neva Nebon, from the east and they came out here . . . it would have to be . . . pert near have to get something I can associate with it, you know, it's pretty hard to just pin point a date.

I was just curious about when, it doesn't matter exactly, do you know about when their mill got started, was their mill going when you were a boy?

I was going to school, I was pretty well along in school when he married that . . . he had a little idea that probably he would marry my sister when she got old enough. I was trying to figure out about some date and he was a pretty nice guy, respectable sort of a guy, but this Neva Nebon grabbed him. And Hilda was probably about fifteen years old at that time, and I would be thirteen and a half.

So, she was how much younger than you?

A year and a half older.

So it would have been about 1915, he got married, and then he built the house about the time he got married.

Yeah.

When did he start the mill?

Pretty quick after that.

So right around World War I, he started the mill?

Yeah.

Was there any other mill going in this valley then?

No.

So that would have been the only mill going at that time?

Yeah.

Do you know of any mill between Sulphur Springs mill that we already looked at and this mill, any other mill going at that time?

There was one back of the school house.

Yeah.

There was one back there, but I was so little at that time, that I can't even tell you if I was two years old or if I was three years old or if I was only one year old. But we

went down there and there was somebody that had an accident some way and they had operated on him, I think he had lost an arm or something and they had operated on him, but he was under ether at the time and they would call his name once in a while and he'd grunt. But they were trying to bring him to. That was a sawmill there.

About the turn of the century then?

Yeah.

Was it operating?

It was operating at that time because he had that accident you know. And they had a sawdust pile that we kids could go back and play on when we went to school.

But it wasn't operating while you were growing up, it was a real old sawmill.

It was gone. It was gone when I started to go to school, why it was gone.

Did you have any name associated with it or anything?

No.

So we had the Govier sawmill, Sulphur Springs sawmill, and then a third sawmill site in back of the school that was there before the turn of the century. On the Goviers, I'm going to be talking to somebody else about their family history so I can get some information from them. Can you think of any other thing associated with this site that you might think is important or interesting?

No.

S. Lee Brown's Place

Lee Brown's place had silver maple, is that maybe what some of these things that have gone to weed here?

I think there's still sprouts from that silver maple.

Now Lee Brown was one Brown brother that hadn't murdered anybody.

That's right.

And you worked with him?

Yeah.

So the Browns lived down through this area about the turn of the century, and towards the Tampico area?

Yeah.

Okay, I know the name of the family that lived here in the 1930's, but we didn't know the older family. Do you know where Lee Brown moved after this?

I think he died here.

Okay, because this is a prime prospect for excavation.

There was a family that moved in here and the house burned. And I think the whole family burned up except for one.

The dad and the boy lived.

Yeah. The dad came home and it was a fire and he went in and got the boy out, carried him out. But I think it burned the rest of them. I don't remember the name.

It seems like it was Etridge. [Hildebrandt]

I've got the name, I talked with Gene Glender and he knew all about this, so we're getting into an area where I've got a good history on it, back there you're the only history we've got, so . . . okay.

T. The Marcks' Place

Okay, we're at the Marcks house now, Marcks built this house, didn't he?

Yeah.

These people here think this house was built in 1850.

Goviers built a barn for Marcks right over here and a little wind blew it down.

We just passed the old teacher's cottage there, where your sister used to come and stay with Mrs. Harris and Miss Allen.

Yeah.

Did they ever use that cottage as a school site? Did they ever teach classes out of there?

No. Oh, no.

Okay, and this is the Marcks house here. Okay. And can you think of anything about this house in particular?

No.

There used to be a barn across the road that blew down and . . . I've got one more question, there's a real old apple orchard out across the Soap Creek on the road . . . on Tampico Road, do you know anything about any old apple orchards or anything in this area?

No. No, I wasn't familiar with that area. We came home from the hop yard and Goviers came out and talked to us and they needed another hand and I was about thirteen years old and my father didn't figure that I should go down there but they out ruled him you know and I kind of wanted to, so I went down there the next morning and I pitched for them for . . . only about two weeks left of threshing. That was my first year out and my first time out to work out. I developed younger than most people and when I was thirteen or fifteen I was as big as I ever got.

Let me ask you one or two quick questions about why your family came here, we're just about out of tape. They came here from Sweden right?

Yeah.

Can you tell me what year and how they came the United States?

There was a lot of immigrants that came across on the Lusitania from the old country and the desire to get to some place where they could get land, that was it, and my father left you know and came over here and he started in the east and there was nobody that wanted to hire anybody, they all wanted to get land. He kept coming farther and farther west and when he got to Tigard, Tigardville, he got to Tigardville, it's part of Portland now. But it was a separate town then, there he got his first real job and it was a dollar a day.

Do you know what year that was that he came out here?

I could trace things back a while and I could get it . . . but, you know, I wasn't born yet when that happened.

Your brother was born about 1888.

He was ten years older than I.

So your dad and mom were probably married 1887?

Somewhere along in there.

And he'd been in the United States for how many years?

Well, my brother, I think, was ten years old when or nine years old before my father had enough money so that he could send for the two of them. But he got his first job at Tigardville, a dollar a day, ten hour day. And then he moved from there to Corvallis and he started to work for Fisher's Feed Mill, Fisher's Flour Mill. And there his wages were a little higher and he continued to stay with that until he got

enough money so that he could send for them.

Where were they at?

In Sweden.

So your brother was born in Sweden?

Oh, yeah.

So your dad came out here after 1888? Your dad got married in Sweden, he already had a family when he left there.

Yeah, he had to buy two tickets, you know to come out here, to bring his family out here.

I see. I misunderstood. He came out by himself, I thought he was a single man. He was married and with a family. What town were they from?

Calsang.

Calsang, Sweden.

Yeah.

And your family has been there for a long time?

That's one of them. One of them was from Calsang and the other one was from Frieda.

Freida? And that was your mother?

No, my mother was from Calsang.

Okay, what was her maiden name?

Anna Frestrom.

Frestrom? Okay, so your dad was married there and then he came out here and he worked in Corvallis, saved enough money, sent for them, and so about that time must have been when he purchased this land.

We worked that flour mill until he had enough money so that he could buy a little something somewhere and he had \$400 when he went out on Soap Creek and bought a guy's right that had started to homestead this place that we had. He could have bought about four acres of land right in Corvallis at that same time with that \$400, about four acres, but they didn't realize what things was going to be, you know, what things was going to do and he wanted to get out some place where he was free and that was it. He was free there and we could run stock, we had lots of cattle and they

could run clear to Kings Valley, clear to Airlie and clear almost to Corvallis and Soap Creek was the shortest distance they could come four miles was about all they could come if they came in this direction. But . . .

Who did he buy the claim from?

I think his name was Sather or Sether or something like that.

Can you . . . I've got a pretty clear idea now . . . we've covered all the time from when you were born until you left here and then some after and some before. Can you think of any think else about the history of this valley that we haven't maybe discussed or that you think is important? Have we covered about everything?

There's nothing that I can think about is important to this, it would be important to me of course but not in this.

Something that's important to you that you think might be important to use here.

Well, the thing that's important to me was when the Armistice was signed.



Photograph of Soak Creek Schoolhouse and local families c. 1899 courtesy of Myra Moore Lauridson and the Soap Creek Schoolhouse Foundation.

Back row from left to right: Mrs. Denhan's mother; Mrs. Denhan; Mr. Denhan (Benton County Superintendent of Schools); Anna Frestrom Olson; unknown boy; Dell Baker (with hat); John Olson; Walter de Moulin (teacher's son); Augustus "Gus" Olson; Merle Moore.

Second row: Neva Moore (left foreground); Mable Baker; Myra Moore; Iva Moore; Verna Baker.

Front row: Charlie Olson; Hilda Olson; Mrs. de Moulin (teacher).



Hilda Olson in front of Olson family house; view south c. 1912. Portion of current McDonald Forest can be seen in the background.

Part II.

June 16, 1990 Interview

The second interview with Charlie Olson took place in his home, near Summit in Lincoln County, Oregon on June 16, 1990. We started the interview by examining two photos from his family album; a family portrait taken a little after the turn of the century, and a photo of his sister in front of the family's Soap Creek homestead following a snow storm a few years before World War I.

1. Family Homestead

Whenever you are ready to go Charlie we can ...

Start on any of them, and I should have made a little sketch of what I should say and what I should report on but I haven't.

Okay.

There's so many things that it would take quite a lot of literature to copy it all down and read it.

Before we talk about the armistice, if you want I could make a little list and then go back to the list.

It doesn't make any difference as long this will report when, and a fellow can go on up to a certain point and take something else, another topic, and can bring it up to that point if a fellow can remember it and do it.

Yep. Well that's why I've got an index in this. So we can skip around and then we can come right back and somebody reading the index can put it together. But I do know we want to talk about the Armistice and your personal experiences and want to talk about family life and home life, how your mom did the washing, what you ate, how you put up food, different times of the year, that type of thing if we could.

Well, it don't matter to me which day we start.

We looked at this picture right here. [Picture of Olson family, about 1901-1904.]

[Mrs. Olson] Yeah, that's the family (Olson) right there.

Can I borrow these pictures and copy them at school?

[Mrs. Olson] Well, I think so.

Okay. Is that your mom and dad?

Yeah.

That's gotta be you?

Yeah.

And your older brother and your sister.

That's right.

And we've got all the names on the first recording so if I can copy this and then this is your homestead there. Is that your mother in front? [Second picture of Olson homestead in snow.]

That's my sister right there. And that's the barn. This picture is correct. We have several that are not.

Do you know when this photograph was taken?

I'd have to figure a while before I could tell you that. My sister on there was probably about 16.

And she was born a year and half after you?

Before.

Oh, before you. So this would be maybe 1912?

That would be close enough.

And then the barns in the background on the lefthand side with Bakers Mountain behind it, what's that building there?

That building is not a building. You mean that white spot?

No, this building here, the large building.

That was the house.

Okay. And then this off to the side, is that a kitchen?

That's an addition. That was a porch.

Why is it enclosed like that? Was it used for storage?

That was a built-in addition later on.

So this is the home that your dad built after you were born.

I was born down here [indicates spot on picture] in a log cabin while he was building that right there.

Okay.

And that roof stays on that. That's made out of the old yellow fir. That roof was

made out of shingles that he shaved out of what they called old growth then, yellow fir. And they stayed on that house until I think after you took a picture from the air, you told me you had a picture of it. I think the roof was still on it when that picture was taken. [Referring to 1948 aerial photographs.]

Okay. So this place was built what, about 1898?

He was building that right in 1898, yes, he was building it then.

Now that pipe coming out it looks like a metal pipe. Is that a metal pipe on the roof there?

That's a stove pipe. That stove pipe came from both stoves, the heater and stoves in what we call the other room, and then the kitchen, of course, they came together, and they went out in one stove pipe. Just the stove pipe, nothing else.

What would you use for firewood?

Wood, nothing but wood.

Would you use yellow fir or would you use oak?

We used mostly willow and fir.

Why would you use willow? Just soft to cut, or . . .

There was no particular. We cut wood from many things. And there was no particular choice or any particular schedule on the wood that we used. We just burned wood, whatever wood we happened to get at that time. The woodshed is a little ways back of that house. It doesn't show it. It would be back here, back of Hilda's shoulder this way, a log cabin. That was put full of wood every summer, late summer, you know, fall, and used during the winter.

How many cords would it hold?

It was never measured, and it was never any uniform length. It was just whatever a fellow could cut it into and then haul it to the woodshed on the sled. And then bucksawed.

Oh I see, so once you got it to the shed then you prepared it for the stove. What's that small building off to Hilda's . . . ?

That was, on the side there, that held our milk and cream and butter; kind of a little cold storage. The sun didn't get on that.

That looks like it would be the east side.

No.

Is that the north side?

It's on the north.

Okay. Well we're seeing Bakers Mountain here which would be to the south. Oh I see, it would be kind of northeast, almost. Were you ever at the old homestead?

[MRS. OLSON] Oh yes, all the time.

Oh. Were the parents still living there then?

[MRS. OLSON] The father was there, and his stepmother.

How long did your father live there? When did he finally move out?

He moved out from Corvallis just about a year before I was born. He was working for the mill. Fisher's Mill. Flour.

Then how long did he stay?

Well, he moved out just a short time before I was born.

I mean, how long did he stay at this homestead then? How long did he live there?

That's a little difficult to get. We got him, we moved him out here [Summit] when he got too old. My stepmother has a little deed to the place. That she would stay with him up there until the last. And that got so hard to get to, muddy or slick. Probably three miles of nothing but dirt road and [unintelligible]. And I bought a little house for him right over here at the Y [Summit intersection between Blodgett, Eddyville and Hoskins], and moved him out here. And this stepmother had a will that if she stayed with him until the last she could have the whole thing. And when we moved him out here, she began to get scared that he would change that will. He wouldn't have done it of course. But I bought that house over here on the Y at the corner and I deeded that to her. And he didn't think I should, he thought I should have deeded it to myself, but I deeded it to her and told him that the reason was that if he had an automobile accident, he was still driving, that he wouldn't lose his home. And that seemed to satisfy him. So that was hers over there too, but she was terribly scared that he would change that will, just scared to death.

Was she a pretty nice lady that you were concerned about that? Your stepmother, was your stepmother a pretty nice person?

She was, in a certain way, yes. But a neighbor woman over here knew her brother in New York, and my stepmother wanted to go to New York and see him, and I loaned

her the money, my father wouldn't give her the money, I loaned her the money. I gave her the money I should say, so that she could go over there and visit her brother. He told . . . Ms. Smith, she was married . . . and he told her that it's no use, any amount of money she get ahold of, she will spend it, that is my stepmother would, she would spend it on an airplane ticket from here to Sweden and back. And that kind of loused things up a little bit, but I never told her that we knew that her brother had said that, and she, this neighbor woman, also told us that he kicked his sister out of there.

In New York.

Yeah.

What was your stepmother's name?

Hannah.

Okay. Your sister's name is Hannah too isn't it?

Hilda.

Hilda. Okay, that's what I was getting confused. How long after your father died did your stepmother continue to live at the homestead?

She never did live there after he died. We moved them away from there. I don't mean never, I mean after we brought them out here, she didn't go back up there. But there is a lawyer in Portland by the name of Gitner that had gotten a three-year option on that home, that Soap Creek home, a three-year option to take the timber off for \$3,000. Timber wasn't worth anything in those days. That three-year option was seventeen years old when we went in to the lawyers I was doing my business with to have this timber cut on that home and by a fellow by the name of John Weinert. And he was going to take a section and pay a downpayment what they figured that one section of, not a regular section but a marked off square, and he would pay down on that approximately, and then when that was taken off they would adjust one way or the other and they'd mark off another square. And when we came in there to have this settlement drawn up, Gitner, the lawyer from Portland was there with my lawyers. I can't think of their names, there was three of them. Anyway, they started in to bother my father, he was there, and they put him clear at the other end of the room, and then they were in the middle and then they put me clear over here at the

other end. And when they started to make a deal with him, I realized that they was gonna try to install in his mind that they still had this option. So I spoke up pretty loud, and said "If he decides to sell it to you, would you be willing to pay more than that obsolete option?" [It was only a 3-year option.] And he said "Yes." But my father missed it, I know that he missed it. And they started to bother him to make a price. And after a while why they decided, well make a price on the whole thing, not just the timber but the whole thing, the land. What went through my mind at the time, I should have probably done it but I didn't, if I'd got up and go around there and take him out of there and tell him "let's get out of here before they want you to pay them something so they can have the whole thing." But I didn't do it because there was that one thing her brother had told this woman "everything that she gets she'll spend it on airplane tickets between Sweden and here." So I just sat quiet and let him take it. He made them a price and then they took it right now, I don't remember what the price was for sure.

How many acres was . . .

160

It was 160 acres.

It was 160, and in 1914, the [Benton] County cruised that to 15 million board feet. That 15 million board feet was yellow fir. And in the meantime, from 1915 until somewhere around 1955 or something, I'm only guessing, there had been a lot of this second growth. So there was a lot of timber on there. [C.O. Addendum: Timber cruising by the Forestry people then was as far off as it is yet at times 3 times too little or 3 times too much.]

Forty years of growth. What year did your father sell the land?

What year did he sell it? He sold it right then. And I don't remember the year. I'd have to guess and I could probably miss it quite a little bit. [Maybe 1950]

It's not too important. Did your stepmother take the money and go to Sweden like her brother said?

Apparently. Apparently she did. [Not until my father died.] And I don't know how long it took her to get rid of it. And then she began to find out that it was worth a whole lot more than she got, and she came back and tried to get them to, out of just

sympathy, you know, give her approximately what it would be worth or quite a lot more, but of course they wouldn't do that. So she went back to Sweden and married a man back there just to get the citizenship paper so that she could be taken care of there in her old age. They were socialistic, Sweden was a social government, and they would take care of the older people in probably a better form than they do here now. We haven't caught up with the world on that.

Was your father a socialist?

Oh yeah. Everybody in Sweden were socialistic. They were a socialist country.

Were you a socialist?

Me? It has taken me about 78 years to decide what I am. I have been on the fence. I registered as an independent so that I could vote independently, but I soon learned that that deprived me of everything, only just certain things. Then I continued to stay that way, and I have stayed that way, until -- I am still registered that way.

Independent?

Independent.

But have you ever decided whether you are a socialist or not?

There is no difference between socialism, democracy and communism. There's three Constitutions. The Constitution of those three, socialism, democracy and communism, they mean exactly the same thing, they cover the same thing. So I am still registered as an Independent. But I would go democratic if we had a democracy. But we haven't got it. We haven't got a democratic system and we never have had. It is nothing but a bureaucratic [system]. And it constantly becomes more and more and more bureaus. And if anybody can gain a position where he could start to make it democratic they'll kill him. Lincoln was the first one that they killed.

Well, he was registered Republican wasn't he?

I think he was. But I don't know -- the histories, I've been told it's alright, but I lost faith in the histories after I saw that quite a lot of history and then read what it was supposed to be afterwards. I never would sit down and swallow the history after I began to learn what they did.

2. World War I

When World War I came up, at that time your family was socialist. What did your parents feel about you maybe having to go to war?

When they ran in the paper that this student army training corps [S.A.T.C.] was ready to be shipped, they were at the door, and a sergeant came and told me, it was during noon while we were eating, and I went to the door and talked to them and I didn't tell them what I knew was coming. Of course, they came down and said goodbye. But I didn't tell them the situation because it would have worried them quite a lot. We had soldiers and there was no corporals. They just gave the order on this line, fall in, count off, and right dress. One two three four, one two three four, one two three four. Every number one man was a corporal. And when they yelled, right front in to line, that corporal would take his squad and get them in the right position, and right front and on front that would be from a different situation to form a different line. But that guy, whoever it happened to be, the number one man, he would have to take his squad to a new position. We would do everything that they could yell at us, and we carried Enfields [rifles]. And not one word had they given us the entire time on the nomenclature of those guns. They didn't tell us what caliber it was even. And I had started when I was quite a kid to work with guns, and I knew quite a little bit about it. But the kids as a rule, you know, didn't know how to take the safety off or put it on. They didn't know how to set the sights. They didn't know what the trajectory would be on that. I should have kept the magazine that I got right after everything was over with. The captain sitting on the side of a flatcar with these boys sitting as close as they could clear around that flatcar, midnight, and the rest of the company standing, supported by their backs, and the kid next to him put his hand over on the captain's leg and said "I wish you'd show me how to load this gun." The captain used everything that he could to express his feeling. "If they had had a baseball bat, they would have had 90% better chance of living." That was his, that was his statement. He said, "they would have been captured but they had guns and they would be killed." I knew what was gonna happen to us if we went over, and of course, the people read it in the paper. Then hell broke loose at midnight, armistice. So we didn't get to go over.

One part we skipped, that we didn't get on recording, and maybe we could go back over it. When you were first hearing about World War I, and afraid of being drafted, at that time you going to school in Albany, and then went to Portland?

When I came back from Portland, I went straight to Corvallis, and the college there was an armory.

Okay, Oregon State campus.

The whole thing. There was no college anymore, it was just an armory, the whole thing.

They'd shut down the college?

Yeah. There was soldiers in every building they could put them in. And they built an extra one so they would have enough. My number was 8000 and something, I don't remember just what, but there was enough more enlisted afterwards so there was probably 12,000 of us.

12,000 soldiers, or people total?

Soldiers, nothing but.

Do you remember what year that was?

Ummm. I think it was '18.

Okay. So you would have been about 20 years old? You were born in . . . I forget I should have checked my notes.

Well, would be 2 years old in 1900. '18, it'd have to be 17 at least. I'd have to be 17 at least.

Okay. Another part we haven't gotten on this tape is, you had left home, you started working when you were 15. And then, can you kind of cover the time when you were 15 and left home until you went to Oregon State campus to train for the army, can you kind of tell about that part?

Yeah, I would have to put dates on all of this, I would have to mark it down and figure a while so that I could get that straight. But the armistice, I don't know for sure, it was signed in 1917, or it happened in 1917. And that is a kind of a question, I think they waited until they considered it was signed. I think it just drug along until 1918. I think their date is 1918, when the armistice was signed. But in 1917, I know it was 1917 when we got out. And when we got out, it was on account of the

armistice. They turned us loose. But there was quite a lot happened, that won't get into the school books. It happened in Russia, and I don't know if you have read enough literature outside of the United States version of it, so that you know of this. But when the Russians, drove the sheiks and shahs, and what did they call their rulers that they sat under them?

The Tsars?

Yeah, the Tsars and priests ruled Russia. And they represented the big powers, Britain, U.S., Germany, and France, and those bigger companies held them in power over the Russian people. And on October 19, 1916, was when they left their guns right where they were and went home. And put people in charge of their country chosen from their own group and something else began to happen. And that's not gonna get into the American history. The American general that was chosen, his name was General Graves. And what they was supposed to do, the US, Britain, France, Germany, go through Russia with a bayonet on their gun and stick that bayonet to every little kid that they could come to, even in the mother's arms.

That was Graves, the American General, that . . .

His name was Graves.

Where did you get that information.

I got it right at the time when it happened, through a Canadian news letters and George Selds, Anna Louise Strong. George Selds was an American correspondent, and he sent stuff home from these foreign countries, and our press wouldn't print it. They would put it in whatever way they wanted to. Anna Louise Strong was a correspondent for the Chicago Tribune and the New York Times, and she sent literature home because she . . .

She was a correspondent for the Chicago Tribune, and the New York Times, and she sat in to all of those meetings between those European governments and the US government, and sent that literature home, but they of course chose to report whatever they wanted to. She wrote a book, and she knew what was going to happen because she sat in when they planned it. And she wrote a book, I've got the book. I bought one and I loaned it to some people that were logging for me, and the wife of one of them burned it up, and I got another one. And it's pretty near wore out.

But you think that her book then is an accurate history of World War I?

They give the full details of that. Anyway, George Selds, he started a little newsletter, and called it "In Fact." And he quit our newspapers. And he published his little weekly, "In Fact." And a whole lot of the actual things that happened was reported in little papers like that, you know. So I saw the thing pretty straight as it went through. Anyway, we go back to this American General, and a young captain came to him one evening and saluted and said "General, if you send me on another mission like the one I just returned from I'll pull my uniform and go over to their side. I'm not sticking bayonets through little kids." And the General returned the salute and said "I don't blame you a damn bit, I'll do the same thing." End of course. Things bogged down and stood to a standstill, and he got an order to proceed, move on. It came from France, he ignored it. And the next day he got another order through Britain -- move on, proceed. And he made a report on that: "We don't take orders through Britain, let them send it direct." William Randolph Hearst, not Patty Hearst's father, but her father's father, he was pretty much in charge of the US at that time. He owned pert near all of the magazines and newspapers and he could control it by those papers. And then of course he established Reader's Digest, and reported from different magazines, and the public here thought that was a different setup. It was all his own in the first place.

Oh I see.

Anyway, the people here, the Senate here, began to find some wet spots on the floor that didn't come in from rain or any carried in water. It's run over the top of their boots. They didn't know what to do. Of course they went to William Randolph Hearst. And he said bring them home, and spread them out. Bring 'em home and disperse 'em immediately. So that's what happened.

When you first went to Portland, you were saying you were trying to avoid getting drafted?

I tried to be in some kind of work where I would be deferred. I didn't want to go over and try to shoot people and get shot. If I could get into something where I could be deferred in, when they drafted Frank Hale, when they drafted him and he was a riveter, and riveting was the top bracket. And this leader on my side of the ship promised me that I would be a riveter pretty soon. I said I was a bolter. And the

bolts were staggered, there was three rows between these panels, these steel panels, I think they were 3/4", they were pretty thick. That may not have been that thick, but they were pretty thick, and I had a 1000 feeler gauge, and I was on the outside and my helper was a foreigner, I never knew who he was, he'd stock the bolts through and I'd put the nuts on and then beat the sides of that until I couldn't stick that 1000 feeler gauge in between the panels any more. When they were that tight, they were tight enough. And then the riveters came along, but there was another group of workers first that would take every other bolt out of one row of bolts, and then the riveter would rivet them, and the rivets were not just red they were virtually white hot when they rivetted them, and then they would come back and take out every other in another row of bolts. And when they would get all of them, every other one, why of course then it was really drawn up tight. And they would work at that gradually until they had them all out and riveted.

Were you building ships?

Building ships.

For the war?

During the war.

Where was the business located at?

Northwest Steel in Portland.

What year did you start working on the ships?

I'm not too sure. When I first went down there, the only job that I could get was with Allen and Lewis on fruit, cans. They were situated right on the river. Then the boats would come in right on their docks, on their back porch. And they would unload stuff, and there was another boy there about my age, redheaded, Irish, and we carried these boxes, not in, they wheeled them in to the building, but we carried them were they were stacked and brought 'em to where there was two women labeling them. And we had nails, we'd strip the strip off of the cans and set them over, and these women would put new labels on them. And there would be salmon caught north of Sweden, and in that northern water, and we'd strip that label off and they would put labels on them "Caught in Alaska" "Caught especially for Allen and Lewis." And we were just kids of course, pranks was kind of a novelty, and we

would give them fish cans when they were putting on blackberry labels. And of course the girls didn't know it.

So people would be buying blackberries and opening fish.

Anyway, I worked there for quite a while and then when I got a chance to get into this Northwest Steel I went into that. But I don't know just for sure what . . . I hate to quote that year because I don't know for sure what it was.

But it was after World War I had started.

Oh yeah, it had started. It was raging at the time.

Were your parents, because they were from Sweden, were they worried about the war and relatives back home?

You mean from their country?

Yeah.

Not to a great extent. Sweden had been pushed north. Sweden owned a large area of what belongs to Russia now, they owned Finland, and Latvia and Lithuania and Estonia, and they owned in what is Russia now, Leningrad. Leningrad was built by the Tsars and priests when the Tsars and priests had it long before Russia got it.

3. Soap Creek Neighborhood

How about on Soap Creek itself. Do you recall what the neighbors, the Goviers, and the Cooks and your family thought about World War I? Were they in favor of the US?

They were citizens here, yes. My father came over about six years before I was born. And he didn't have the money, of course, to buy the tickets for his wife, my mother. He didn't have the money until he worked in the east and came westwardly, and everybody was working for land. They didn't hire people, they wouldn't pay any wages, really. Everybody was in here to try to get a home, and they moved west. And he did the same thing. And when he got to Portland was the first real job that he got, and of course there was not very much money, a dollar a day, and it wasn't in Portland, it was in a little town that is now part of Portland, on this side, they call it of course, Portland, I've forgotten what the name is. Tigardville. [Now called Tigard.]

Would it be Sellwood?

No.

Lents? Let's see I know there were two or three small communities that got assimilated all the way up to Milwaukie there.

It would be west.

West of Portland? Troutdale is to the east. I'm not thinking of any names right now.

Well, I'll go back and name that. I can't think of it now, but I could name it if I just try to think of it. Anyway, he worked there for quite a little while grubbing stumps and then he came as far as Corvallis, and he went to work for Fisher's Flour Mill in Corvallis. And there, he got pretty good wages, and when he got an amount so that he could he sent for my mother and my older brother. And that was shortly before he went out to Soap Creek and bought the rights from a fellow by the name of Sether. The homestead rights on the place that is pictured here.

So that was Sether's cabin that you were born in?

I was born in a cabin but that's not on the picture.

Did Sether build that cabin or did Sether live in the cabin?

Yeah, Sether lived in the cabin, and that's about all, but my father when he first came out there he started to build other farm buildings to put hay in and put stock in and he started to go into stock until we had pretty close to 20 head of stock. And they could range north, west, south, east. East was the shortest distance that they could go, about 4 miles east, but there was so much range, pasture, that that was really a profitable thing. And we milked quite a few of them and a store by the name of S.L. Kline in Corvallis was the only grocery store at the time. And they took our material and they handled everything, clothes and groceries, everything, hardware; anything that you'd want you could buy it on time and they marked it down. And they kept a record of it. And S.L. Kline died and it was taken over by his son, Walter Kline. And by that time more stores was in there and there was another store, and there was a couple of gun stores. And that was about it.

How would you get water to your house? Did you have running water to your house, or how would the family bathe living up like that?

They lived in the cabin until he got the house built and I don't know how old I was when we moved up to that house but while we were still living in the cabin my father

and brother came with a deer on a pole. I can remember it just as good as if it was yesterday. And my father had just shot it with a shotgun. That would have been probably about, maybe, 1890. I was about one year old when we moved in to the house and we were still in the cabin when they came with that deer.

When you moved in the house did the house have running water?

Not at that time, not when we moved in, but we got running water later, yes. And there was a little spring, and that spring was high enough so that the water would run to the house, but that was just about all. But straight down from the house, and also at an angle it would make a V straight down from the spring and down to a lane where that run from these sheds and over to that new building that is on that picture.

This would be the new building, the barn off in the background off in the left there.

Yeah, down to the right . . .

Down in maybe this area here?

Yeah, you'd have to go down behind the building. The visibility of the cabin is hidden by that building. Clear to the right of it. There was a water trough and the water would run down fast enough and a volume enough so that my father, he'd cut that out of a big tree, that trough, and he put a trough to it from a pole that was also dug out, and that was kept full constantly. But before very long, I shouldn't say very long, because it was probably twenty years, that spring began to lose a little bit and it gradually, from the lack of rain, it gradually got so it dried up. Completely dried up. There is not a sign of water there now.

Did you ever find any Indian artifacts around that spring?

Yeah, quite a few.

What would they be, what kind?

There would be different sizes, there was some that was big enough for a spear and then the smaller ones were arrows. And we found some of them here [Summit], after I moved out here. Yesterday Ted, my youngest boy, picked one up over here where we're cutting wood now.

An arrowhead just outside your house.

He picked it up and brought it over and it is a perfect arrowhead. I was scraping off quite a little bit of dirt with a cat, and in order to unearth this thing of course, he

found it in the loose dirt. It was pretty well buried, because it was down probably six inches where I dug it up.

Was it obsidian?

It was black. It was black and it was perfect. There was no deterioration, no defects.

When your family had water down by the spring, how would the family take baths? Would you haul it up to the house and heat the water up on the stove?

Well, in the winter time that was the way we would do it, yes, in a big wash tub. In the summer, we would just fill a tub up there by the spring and let the sun shine on it until it got warm and we'd go up there and take a bath. That would be too cold in the winter time.

What kind of meals would your mother prepare up there? She'd have wood heat and have to carry the water; what kinds of food would you eat?

There was an outfit by the name of Rice and Feeland, in Portland. And they had herring. Herring is a common food in Sweden. And my father would get that in barrels, and then later on in buckets, wooden. And they were pickled, or salted. But we would butcher pigs. And we had bacon constantly; bacon and eggs. We had quite a lot of chickens. Bacon and eggs and hotcakes and once in a while we'd butcher a beef and we had beef, but we actually had more meat than we should have had. People shouldn't eat as much meat as we did. Pork became my favorite and we had lots of it. In the morning, every morning, it was pert near always cereal and then hotcakes and bacon and eggs.

How about when you were going to school. Would you pack a lunch? What kind of food would you pack?

Well, there was another little default there. My mother used to think that we should eat the amount that a logger would have to eat if he worked. And she very, very often had pie. And we'd have two or three pretty good size sandwiches, homemade bread, and a piece of pie or a piece of cake. And then there would be a glass of fruit and quite often some form of meat. And I'll never forget after I had gotten a few years on . . . I wasn't too healthy when I was born. But after four miles to school and four miles home and then violence, exercise on the recesses at noon, and then

quite often, and quite a ways to get the cows home, that was the making of my health. And they were going to have a race, a bunch of schools, all the schools in Benton County. I was going to enter that. And Raymond Marcks, a brother to Wanda Marcks Cook, he was about nineteen, and the teacher that we had was teaching the ninth grade, and he saw me eating a piece of pie, and he asked me if I wasn't gonna run in that race and I said yes. And he says you better lay off of that pie then. That was the first hint that somebody knew that diet had something to do with a guy's health and ability. But of course I never told my folks that it ever happened. And of course when this race came up my folks didn't go, so I didn't go, I don't know even where it was held. But later on, not too far later, I found out, on two different Fourth of Julys, and I could have won that if I had gone. There was a big picnic at Sulphur Springs, and there wasn't many automobiles in those days, but that Mrs. Govier counted them when they went by her house, and she said there was 50 cars. And that was a tremendous amount of automobiles that day. They had a race at Sulphur Springs, and I entered it. I was probably 13, and there was grown men, I was the only kid in it. And I would run away from them so easily that it was just comedy. A year later, north of Corvallis was a picnic, and of course there was quite a group, Fourth of July. They had another race there. But before that started they played Last Couple Out. And I met a little kid that came from South of Corvallis, Augusta Hann. And she was athletic, so they couldn't catch us. So we made it fine until I got my ankle into a rut. They had hauled wood out of there with wagons. And the wagons had made deep ruts in the wintertime and then they had mowed the ground without taking the grass off, and the ruts wasn't visible. I sprained my ankle. We had button shoes at that time. So I wasn't in those games anymore. And I went over to one of these fences where it was shady and sat down, and put some strings in the buttonhole so I could keep the shoes on 'cause my foot was swelling up.

It was swelling up too much to button the shoes up.

Uh huh. My brother came over and said, "they're signing up here for a race, and you'd better get into that." And I said, "with a leg like that?" He says, "you can win it." I said, "with an ankle like that?" He says, "you can win it if you have to

run on one foot." Well, I had a lot of confidence in my brother, and I got up and hobbled over there and started to sign up with the boys, he said you don't sign up with the boys, oh no, you sign up with the men. So I went over and signed up with the men. And when the cap pistol went off I gritted my teeth and just ignored the pain and dug in. And pretty soon I realized there wasn't anybody very close, I slacked up a little bit. And when I got a little ways from the string I put on a little more in case somebody else did the same thing. There was no problem.

So you won the race easily with a bad ankle.

Yeah.

Did they report on those races in the newspapers in those days? Would there have been a newspaper article mentioning the race?

There was no newspaper correspondence to my knowledge at that time.

But it was a Fourth of July race. After that you were about . . . We kind of skipped from the one subject, but what would you eat for dinner and what did you drink; would your parents serve you coffee when you were young like that or did you drink milk?

I never did like coffee. Milk.

Just milk.

Yeah.

How about your folks. Would they drink milk too?

They drank milk all right, but coffee was their main drink. But they used the same thing that they used in Sweden quite a lot. They would take rye and brown it in the oven. And when it would get brown, not black but just brown, they would cook coffee on it. So the regular coffee, they didn't use very much but they had it in case somebody else wanted coffee.

4. Hop Yards

When you were a little bit older, just past these races, when you were about 15 you started working out, away from the home. Was that just hops?

We came home from the hop yards, and the thrashing machine would do its thrashing in September. And the hop picking was in September. And when we came home from the hop yards, they had only about a week left of thrashing. And we stopped

and talked to Goviers for a while, and they were short a pitcher. And they decided that I should come down there and become a pitcher. And my father didn't think I could do that; I was only 13. And they said "He can." And so in the morning I went down there, and I pitched for a week, and then the thrashing was over with. And the next year they wanted me right from the start so I went with them from the start. So I worked with them I think 6 different years.

So up until you went up to Portland to work in the shipyards. Now, one thing we didn't get on the tape is you mentioned the leader on the shipyards, and that you were working with a lot of foreigners. What countries were the people from?

Every country. I never knew any of them. I never could speak to any of them; I didn't understand. But they were over here from a good many different countries.

Were there any orientals or blacks?

No, they were all white.

All Europeans?

Yeah, I never saw a negro working there.

Were there any black people in Corvallis or the Soap Creek area that you can remember?

Not that I can remember before this S.A.T.C. There was two negroes in our company, there was two negroes in that.

On campus?

Umhmm.

Were they discriminated against, or did anybody pay attention to them?

They did seem to kind of resent them. And they called one of the "Snowball". And I thought that was his name, and when he was waiting on me one day I called him Snowball and he didn't like it, he went to the Sergeant, and the Sergeant came back and talked to me and told me that he resented being called that. I felt kind of a little bit ashamed of myself, but I explained it, I don't know if he . . .

Okay, you're at Oregon State Campus, and you just had an incident with Snowball, and I was asking if the two black people that were there, if they were just working in the mess, were they just serving food or were they soldiers also?

They were soldiers also.

So it was an integrated company, it wasn't all black or all white.

They were soldiers just the same as the rest of us there.

When you were working at the hop yards, were there Siletz Indians working there?

There was quite a lot of Indians in the hop yards. Very. They had a whole section of Indians in the hop yard. They had five sections, and one section was Indians.

Would the Indians work in their own area? And then the other four sections, were all just

...

They were all in one area; they put the Indians into an area by themselves, and the other four sections were white people.

Were the other four sections, were like all your neighborhood would maybe be one section, and another neighborhood from another area be another section?

No. No, they couldn't control that because they came from every direction, you know, and they only counted the number of rows that it would take, two people to a row, and they would take that many rows and they would have them divided into five different sections. I happened to get in as a wire tender in one section one year, and I didn't do like the rest of them. They'd always just wait 'til somebody hollered "wire down." They'd run, and by the time they'd get over there, somebody from where he'd come from would holler "wire down." They'd run back. And it was a chore. But everyone of those rows had a jack or a mule, call it anyway you want to, it was two sticks fastened together with a bolt. And I would start and go across and let the wires down whether they needed it or not. And put that thing underneath so it would be the right height. And when I got to the end of my section, I wouldn't have to go back for probably half an hour. And before that half an hour was up, I would go back through and do the same thing over again. It was an easy job. One day while I was tending wires in the hop yard the weather was very hot and the pickers started to go to camp early and about 4:00 there was only one or two left. I was down the rows a long ways and by myself so I started to whistle. Our campground was wide enough so it had two sets of tents and a road in between them and the yard boss came down that road and turned in to our tent and said "Boy, what are you doing out here letting down wires, don't you know anybody that can whistle like that belongs on the stage?" That made me a little more careful when people might hear me.

Would people camp out in the hop yards?

Yeah.

Would there be any socializing at night?

Quite a little bit. We had camp fires and we would have a quite a picnic lots of times, you know, play games, youngsters.

Would you socialize with the Indians, or would people pretty much keep their own . . .

The Indians were in a different place. They put them in a separate camp ground; they were not with us in the camp ground.

Was there a reason for that?

Well, I don't know for sure. Butler was the name of the guy that owned the yard, and he was pretty strict. But I don't know of any reason, really, because there was no conflicts among us.

Were those Indians from Siletz?

They were Siletz Indians.

Do you remember any of those families?

Never got acquainted with any of them.

There were no Indians around the Soap Creek area were there?

No.

So, when you went to the hop yards, that would be maybe the first contact you'd had in your life with the Indians.

That's the first time I'd met any amount of Indians, yes.

And maybe when you went to Portland, would that have been the first time you'd been around Black people at all?

There were no Black people in Portland, that is, in the shipyards. There were no Black people on that shipyards.

So it wasn't actually until you came back to Corvallis in the service that you had any contact with Black people?

There was only two in my company. There was only those two boys.

5. Student Army Training Corps [S.A.T.C.]

When World War I was starting, what was the feeling of the people, the Goviers, and your folks, what did they feel about World War I, did they think we should be in it?

I never talked to anybody that thought that we should be in it.

They pretty much thought we . . . were they in favor of you trying to stay out of the service?

Very much so. The draft was the only thing that would make anybody enlist. If he would enlist, he would be able to get into what he enlisted in. And sometimes they had choice, and if they would be drafted they'd stick them wherever they wanted to. The only thing that seemed to be way off on that was when this teenage group entered the student army training corps, and they put them in an infantry section and fixed that up so that we be nothing but cannon fodder. That's how they controlled us. It was nothing but a profiteering thing. And they could control it by different ways; they could control it by not letting them know how to use their weapons, and of course there would be a loss there. And they could control it in one other way; the captain would have the knowledge of what was going to happen, but he wouldn't have enough ammunition, and they'd soon run out. And about the time they would run out of ammunition they would realize that the captain was gone. And there would be quite a project there of butchering.

So the people . . . when you got drafted, is the reason you came into training at Oregon State?

I enlisted. I enlisted in a student army training corps.

But you could do that without even being a student then? You didn't have to be a student to enlist?

I did it, so that if in case I came back, I would have a project, I'd have a trade. And, like I explained before, I couldn't take that trade, and I was lucky that I didn't because the guy that taught that was a goof.

What was his name?

Manning. And after I started in I went to work for a guy that had been over and his company, he was probably one or two or three out of the whole group that survived. And he started a little garage. And they brought a car that they had drug for about an hour and a half. And they couldn't start it. It had gone completely through his shop.

And this Manning, and it wouldn't start. And they pulled it up in front of this house, this guy had started this garage in an old house. And there was the top man in the front part of it putting on tops and side curtains. And we had to go through that in order to go back to the back end where the shop was. And when they pulled that up there and then untied it and took off. So did my boss, he took off too. They pushed it in. First I began to look around for my little tool box, should I put my tools in it and take off? Then I figured no I'll try it, and I got all the levers set just right and then got ahold of the crank and the first pull it took off. Then I got in it and stepped on low gear, and was gonna drive it back quick because oil run out all over it. And this top man didn't want oil on his floor. And I started to go back to the back end and when I stepped on the low gear, it backed up. I knew what was up -- I shut it off. And we pushed it back. They had put the back end in wrong side to. And they had drug it turning it over backwards, trying to start it. So you might know what kind of a teacher they had there.

And he was teaching mechanics to the young army men?

I hadn't taken very much mechanics. What I did was my own experience, but you'd have to be a nut not to see the whole picture.

When you heard about armistice, was there a big celebration in Corvallis or on campus?

There certainly was. It happened at midnight, and the first thing that we heard was a cannon went off, then we heard some shotguns go off, then there was a lot of yelling and hollering, and the lights went on in the building that we were in. There was lots of those buildings and they were all barracks, everything was barracks. And somebody stuck his head in and said "Armistice, Boys!" And of course every bunk in the house was turned upside down.

Did you get to go home right then? Were you able to go back home?

I started to go to work in the garage right then.

Just within a matter of days?

It could have been a week or two. I, of course, went home and began to look for a job, but I wanted a job in a garage, and this was the first one that happened to come up. And from that one . . . you know, I kinda hate to go ahead on this because it happened in my favor, a lot. All the way through, it happened in my favor. There

was a fellow that had the Exide battery franchise. And I had worked in this one [garage] that I told you about where this guy had pulled his car up there that had been turned over backwards. Manning, the teacher Manning had overseen that whole thing

. . .

Did he teach at Oregon State, was that where he was teaching at, at Oregon State?

That's right, he was a professor, and he was right in the next room to the guy that I finally got as a teacher, and he was the shop teacher, on lathes, shapers, and the first thing he said, go through that door, and look on the opposite wall is a group of mandrals. Don't look at 'em, just grab one that you think is a 3/4 inch. And bring it to me. Don't look at 'em. I grabbed one, went over and give it to him. He looked at it and he says "you've got a pretty good eye." He said, "I'll take it back" and he took it back, but he had said to me, when I went in, he said, if somebody says something to you don't say anything. Don't answer him, just grab one of them and bring it to me.

What was his name?

Hill

Did you get a certificate from Oregon State, or something then saying that you . . .

No.

You just took the classes and learned, and . . .

No. We didn't, you see we got this as sort of a sideline while we were soldiering. The main project for that thing was so that we could make a good demonstration when Colonel White came out. And when Colonel White came out, he was the top man in the military the United States. And he came out to view us. And of course we marched and he gave us a green light. The only thing he could see was how we could march. I had a little incident that time I maybe shouldn't mention it but its comical. We had a different sergeant, a different lieutenant, we had a different captain, every week they'd switch it around. And that day when this Colonel White came, we had a captain that I had never seen, and in order to make sure that we would be just right when it was our turn to take off and go down to the end and then go left and then turn left again and come back past this grandstand, they had a drum, a big bass drum, and they had a snare drum and they had music. And that darn

drum, both those drums and that music would tell you how to step. And that captain that we had that morning didn't have sense enough to realize it I guess because when he started us out he said "Forward, March, one two three four, one two three four, left, left, left right left." I paid no attention to it. I stepped right along with the music and the drums.

He was keeping a different time than the music then?

Yes, they were all out of step. I was in the front rank, I was number four in the front rank, and number four in the rear of my squad, kept stepping on the calf of my leg and slipping off. And he kept doing that and I started timing, and it was every third step. I got a good grip on the stock of my Enfield which was on my right shoulder and down, and when he stepped I raised the butt and the barrel came down, and it was a pretty heavy whack, it hit him on the head, and he growled a little guttural growl, here, and it was about ten seconds, when the captain way back behind the rear platoon, we were in platoon formation. Behind the rear platoon yelled, get in step, and then he fell in with the rest of the group, you know, the one two three four. I didn't change. After a while he had run along the end of the rear platoon and came down to the front platoon and came in and pointed his finger at me and said, "You! get in step." I said "I'm in step with the band, sir." And he took a run, I figured he'd come over and clobber me, but he began to realize that he hadn't said "Halt" and if he'd come over we'd have pushed him over and walked over him. So he turned around and ran so that he could get away from us and then he happened to think, I guess, and he went around both platoons and got in the back. And then he yelled, "Change step. March." Everybody changed step except me. I didn't make my little hippoty hop and change. But I began to wonder what would happen that night, if he'd arrange for KP duty or if I'd get in the brig. And I never heard of it.

Did you ever get KP duty or get the brig for anything?

Nothing. There was nothing. It wouldn't have happened because actually he should have called me in and thanked me because he'd have went by that bandstand with the whole company out of step. But I never saw him again.

Where would you live on campus? Did they have tents that you lived in? Or you lived in the buildings, as barracks, that what you were saying.

We stayed in the barracks. We stayed in the barracks.

What would you eat? What kind of food would they serve?

That's another thing. I'm glad you brought it up. One day, two guys came in, each had a pretty good sized briefcase. They came in and sat down and ate dinner, in the armory. The armory was our feed camp. It was all in benches; everything was benches to sit down. They came in and sat down at one of those benches and ate, then they came back the next meal again, and then in the morning the next day they were there and ate breakfast. And then they got up, and called attention. And they said "This . . ." I don't remember if they called it company or what, camp, or whatever they called them "is receiving" I think they said 97 cents a head "to feed you a day. And you have actually been eating at the rate of 16 cents a day."

[A story regarding the cost of feeding 12,000 recruits a day has been omitted at the request of Charlie Olson.]

How long was the campus there training people for the army? Did that just start right before the end of the war or had that been going on all during the war?

No, they started during the war and they ended at the armistice.

So maybe for one or two years there wasn't any classes going on at Oregon State?

Well, we wasn't in there over a year. It . . . They got that organized as the world war was going on, and it ended about a year after they got going.

But there was no kids going to classes during that year? The entire campus just became a military base then?

It went right back to a regular college. The buildings went back, the women got their dormitories back, and a lot of the buildings . . . one big building that they had built on purpose to have enough barracks, that of course went into a school building. And they have built a lot more since.

Did the army give that a name? Did they call that Camp Oregon State, or give it some name, or was it just called the campus? Or what did they call it for the army people?

S.A.T.C., Student Army Training Corps.

So if you said you were at the S.A.T.C. they would know you were at the Oregon State Campus, Oregon College of Agriculture.

I didn't hear a thing about Oregon State Campus at that time, it was Student Army

Training Corps, it was a military center, just the same as this one that went in later out by Tampico.

Camp Adair.

That was Wellsdale originally. That was Wellsdale, but you never hear Wellsdale anymore, and if a fellow would speak of Wellsdale five or six years later nobody would know what you was talking about.

Did you ever hear that called Wells or Wells Station? It was always called Wellsdale?

No, no, they forgot that. Today there's only a few things not a lane. [Unintelligible] Lane, a road that is in there now, and Wiles Lane. And that's the only thing that really received the same name continuously. But Wellsdale, people wouldn't know. Nobody would know if you call that Wellsdale, they wouldn't know what you were talking about.

Where Tampico was, and then there's Coffin Butte, you said one of the peaks around there was called Writman's Hill or Peak?

Writsman's Butte. Well, there's Writsman's pasture, and uh . . .

Can you find those on these aerial photos I have here? Can you show me where Writsman's Butte or Writsman's Pasture was on the aerial photos?

Yeah, just to the left of Coffin Butte, and then up towards Soap Creek.

6. Tampico Neighborhood

Okay, here's . . . we're looking at the aerial photo. Here's Coffin Butte from 1936. And here's Tampico Road, and here's Smith Peak, and here's the road down Soap Creek. Sulphur Springs would be down here. So this would be the big prairie up around Sulphur Springs, and this would be Baker Mtn., and this would be a big prairie and meadow complex across from the schoolhouse, back where the Moore's used to live, up in here. And then this is a creek with a bunch of old growth on it, that we don't have a name on. We started calling Garrison Creek, that used to be an old homestead. And then this was a peak that you could see from Hwy 99 and from Berry Creek that they called Forest Peak. And then this is a ridge coming down towards Coffin Butte, and there's another peak or high point right in here. Now this was all open prairie in the early 1900's, but it's timber now. And this is Coffin Butte, here's the mouth of Soap Creek coming out of the valley here. And here's

where the road goes by. Can you figure from that where Writsman's Butte was?

Just to the left as you go this way, just to the left and a little bit west, no south.
Over this way. Okay, here's coming down the road, here's Glenders right here.

That's Glenders. Well, you'd have to start from that way to get to Coffin Butte, wouldn't you.

Yeah, here's Coffin Butte. And here's Wiles Lane right here in fact. Okay here's Wiles Dairy Farm right here.

On your forefinger.

Yes.

Well, if you start to go that way a little way you . . . right in there. Right in there you are in pretty close to that other mountain. I can't tell you the distance now, because on the map it shows up different.

Here's Glenders pasture through here. There's a couple older homes right around the marsh area in there, and then this here is where it goes up the hill over to Berry Creek. And so this is where that hill starts out there. And that face of that hill was all open prairie when you were a kid. Now, Writsman's homestead was over here and then it crossed the road over here. Here's where Francis Writsman was and Alfred Writsman was back in here. Can you figure out from this where Writsman's Butte was and Writsman's Pasture . . .

Writsman's Pasture and Writsman's Butte would be pretty close together.

Okay, so that would be what we call Smith's Hill now?

I don't know what they call it now.

Okay. And then the Butte was, was that pretty close to Soap Creek itself? Because there's a Butte right here just in back of his old homestead.

Writsman's pasture . . . there wasn't any of those roads in Writsman's pasture in the early days. There wasn't any of those roads.

Well, this road here from Airlie to Tampico was in there at that time.

Yeah, that road was there, but not through Writsmans. Writsman's Pasture, we went through that when we went to the hopyard. And we opened gates, we opened one gate after another. And went through. Let downs. And when we came back one time from the hop yards they were making a road; I don't know what road it was, I was just a kid. And they were building a road and my brother had his team on that

and was making that road.

Would that maybe have been Wiles Lane that went from Hwy 99 to . .

Wiles Lane was farther east.

Okay. Now, did you call that Smith Hill, or Smith Peak, or Folk Hill when you were a kid? Do you recall?

Never heard of it.

Okay. I found out that on the Berry Creek side they called this hill different than what they called it on the Soap Creek side. So if you were going towards Airlie on Tampico road, where would Writsman's Butte be, if you were heading north towards Airlie?

It would be on the right.

It would be over here then. [Points to Smith Peak.]

It would be on the right. It would have to be.

That'd be . . . It's got four names to that hill now.

Between your good memory and good recall on this we're getting a lot of good information. This name here on this Peak in the 1852 survey is called Smith Peak. In the 1930's it was called Folk Hill from these people, you are telling me it was Writsman's Butte and now it's called Smith Hill again.

Well, Writsman's Butte, again, I'll have to tell you, it is almost touching Coffin Butte.

So it would be right in here?

Yeah.

Okay. So Writsman's Butte and Coffin Butte were side by side.

They hardly . . . Writsman's would be a little farther southwest.

Okay, so here'd be, south and west. Okay, then this shows that as you were going towards Airlie, Writsman's Butte would be on the right or east side of Tampico Road.

There was a whole lot of Writsmans area in there at that time. The Writsmans had a big house, and then they had another small house, and it was a separate farm. My uncle lived in that house, the small house, for quite a while, and I don't know how far from one road or from another, because there wasn't any. There wasn't any roads.

It looks like there's a small farm here to the west of Tampico Road, and I know Writsmans

had all up here to the east. And that's what we're wondering, if this had been maybe a smaller farm that he let out.

There was a smaller farm and the house was right there and he lived in that, I don't know if it was one or two years he stayed there.

Were Writsmans still alive at that time? Were there still part of the family still living?

I never heard of them or saw them or talked to them. I don't know. All I know is what they call the place. And that we went through it without a road. We didn't cross a road and we didn't follow a road, we went through it with let downs, the gates, wire gates, and came out at Suver. And we took the ferry at Suver and went down to almost the river. Lot of hopyards. Hills was right at the river virtually. And then there was McLaughlins, and Murphys, and I don't know how many more hop yards that would intersect one another.

When you went through Writsman's Pasture, do you remember a family named Shepherd?

Never heard of 'em.

So after Glenders then you might . . . how about the Wiles, did they have a dairy farm there at that time?

Glenders?

The Wiles Family. Okay, so the Glenders were there, and after about that point you really didn't know any of those people around Coffin Butte or Wellsdale.

Glenders. There was a road that took off pretty close to where 99 comes by now. And the road took off at almost straight across from this military establishment there, and went towards Soap Creek. And that road is not there, it's probably there so you can go over it, but it's not open now. You go right by that and go down about a half a mile, and then you turn in to go up to Soap Creek now. And you hit that road, about a half a mile after you turn in, you hit that road and go over and go by Glenders. If you go right on, you'll get over to Suver.

On that road they blocked off, was that at Blake's Place where that road went through? At Blakes?

Blakes?

Yeah.

We turned right at Blakes, yes, we turned in. Ed Blake, he was the deputy sheriff,

we turned right in at Ed Blakes'.

I just can't help you. If we were on that road where we sat and looked across Soap Creek and could see Coffin Butte, I could show you Writsmans. It's right on the left and it shows up.

Okay. But now, if we were at Tampico, and we were looking at Coffin Butte, and we look over to the left, to the north, and that's where we we'd see Writsman's Hill at that point.

No, it would be to the left. Writsman's would be to the left of Coffin Butte, slightly to the left.

Okay, so we'd be looking at Coffin Butte and it would just be just off to the left.

Yeah, it would be to your left, and closer to you.

Okay, we were just coming up from Blake's place there, where you turned off to the left, and you told me that Ed Blake was the Sheriff. Was he sheriff of Benton County? Did you know him at all or ever have a chance to . . .

Gosh yes, his wife taught school.

So Ed Blake's wife was your teacher.

One of our teachers.

At Soap Creek.

Yeah.

Can you remember anything about her?

She was a pretty good teacher. There's nothing outstanding in any way, there was no problems in any way. She was pretty firm. They had no family. Ed Blake somehow . . . well, I was in the National Rifle Association, one of the branches of the National Rifle Association, we had a gun club. And he came in quite often and watched us when we were shooting at targets, just for fun you know. And he was a pretty good friend to me. I liked him, he liked me, and there was a little setup that some boys teamed up, one of 'em was a Brown, and I don't remember the name of one of them that was a pretty heavy set youngster. He was about 19, and he had a funny name, he was a foreigner. And his folks couldn't talk the English language very good. Anyway framed up on Jack Hiller and me, we would come out from town you know to Wellsdale to dances. And they had us framed up that they was going to start a ruckus and then clean up on me. And I didn't know anything about it until I was

dancing with a kid from Wellsdale, and this . . . Sorewide is the name that I was trying to think of

Sorewide? Do you know how to spell that?

No I don't know how to spell that. Anyway, he hit me from the right side, hard enough to almost knock us apart. And I assumed that it was just an accident, I didn't say anything we just went right on. And he almost knocked me away from my partner, we got ahold of one another again and went to dancing. And I noticed Ed Blake was watching us. He was sitting over there on the bench. I noticed he was watching us pretty close. And, oh maybe two or three days later, Wallace Marcks, Wanda's . . .

Younger brother.

Yeah. They had tried to get him in on it. And he told me about what their plan was. He was going to knock the heck out of me, you know, and then I was going to pull him down, and then he was going to start a ruckus, and there was going to be about five or six of them. And they wanted Wallace Marcks to be in on it, and he didn't have an opportunity to tell me in time, but he told me afterwards. And he had time to see Ed Blake. And Ed Blake was watching them.

Was Ed Blake the sheriff at that time?

He was the sheriff at that time. They wouldn't have gotten anywhere like that.

Now you told me before . . . I don't want to forget about them, but the Browns. Now one of the Browns lived in that house that burned down in 1938. You called it the Brown place, right across from Goviers there. Do you remember anything about that family, about the Browns?

Lee Brown owned that house and it was rented by some people by the name of Etteridge [Hildebrandt]. And the old man, the father to the family was away, and when he came home the house was ablaze. And the whole family was in there and he managed to somehow get in there and get one of the boys and get him out, but that was all that he could rescue, the rest of them burned up. And from the knowledge that the neighbors had, they analyzed it, and I don't know whether their analysis was correct or not, but this one that he happened to be able to get out was a drunkard, and he was probably in his teens and he would have been out of there, but he was too

drunk apparently to know enough to do it. But he got him out, but the others were in other rooms where he couldn't rescue any of them. [It was a two-story house and the upstairs was bedrooms.]

Do you remember any stories about the Brown family. Because they are an old family that I can't find any relatives or anything on.

Well, Lee Brown is the only one that I knew of them. And then one of the other Brown's son I met. But Lee Brown, I worked for him and he was the only one of a the original Brown boys that hadn't murdered somebody. And he was a little bit inclined to be thievish, he put a rock in a bale of wool.

Just to make a little extra money, huh?

And they shipped him back the rock, C.O.D., he had to pay to get it.

How old was he when he did that?

Oh, sixty.

Wow, so even at that late age. Were the Brown family, were his brothers, did they go to prison or anything for murdering people, or did they do that around the Tampico area?

The other brothers . . . Lee Brown owned the Brown territory the farthest southwest of Tampico, and the others lived out in that Tampico area, I don't know where either of them lived, except that one of them, later on, was a bookkeeper for the garage, Rickerts garage in Corvallis. He was a bookkeeper there, and I got acquainted with him a little. He was old. Then I had seen another one by the name of Clint, and he had one of those little two-wheeled race buggies, you know and a horse, a nice horse, and he would come up to Sulphur Springs by the schoolhouse about once every week. Come up and get some sulphur water. I was about 10 then.

But both those people, the rumor was that they had murdered somebody.

Everyone . . . This was heresay to me. I didn't know it, only from what the neighbors said. Every one of 'em had murdered a man. Except Lee. Lee Brown hadn't.

Did they get in trouble for it or was it just kinda normal in those days?

No, in those days they didn't, there wasn't anything to get trouble for it.

Did you ever hear of a man named Dave English? Or any member of the English family? They were a . . . were the Browns maybe some of the reasons that Tampico had kind of a

reputation for being rough?

Uh . . . to a certain extent.

Were there other people in that area other than the Browns that had kind of a reputation for being . . .

7. Berry Creek Neighborhood

I didn't know, I didn't know them. The Tampico group didn't come up the Soap Creek way, and I didn't go down that way. I didn't know them. Wanda Marcks was about as far as I was acquainted down there. There was a few kids over to the left and farther north, Liggetts. They went to Airlie, and somehow they got into a lot of racket down there and then Airlie kicked them out. And then they started to go to Soap Creek, and they kicked up quite a lot of ruckus up around Soap Creek. And they started to pick on me and my brother came home one time later on and talked awhile, found out just what was up, and he said I know what's wrong. And he was working at Black Rock. And the older boy, I don't remember his name, because I never met him except a little bit later on and I didn't ask him his name. But he was working in that same sawmill up there at Black Rock, and he started to make trouble with everybody and he took into my brother, and my brother didn't fool around with him he just took him down and held him a little while, and then told him "You don't belong up here trying to fight loggers. I got a 12-year old brother at home that could lick you." And he said "That's why he's up there picking on you when he can." So anyway, they caused quite a lot of trouble up there, and they caused me quite a lot of trouble. There's an Ernie, no, Vernie. There's a Vernie, and a . . . I can't think of the other two. Vernie was the youngest one. Clifford. Vernie, Clifford, and then there was an older one, and he, for some reason or other, was a Thompson. Everything got mixed up when you get over to the Liggetts, why there was a lot of things mixed. Then they had a cousin that came there. She hadn't been there, but she came there, and she went to school. And then there was another mix up.

What was her name, do you recall?

I don't. She was a Liggett, but I don't remember what her first name was. But they got into trouble with the County. She became pregnant, and they got the old man

Liggett for that. They was going to send him to the penitentiary, but they never did.

I don't know why. But I never heard much else.

That was in the early part of this century, so that was before World War I that this was happening.

Oh yeah.

Were the Liggetts known as a Tampico family?

No.

They were more Airlie.

They were farther west.

They were between Tampico and Sulphur Springs.

They were farther west. Northwest.

Oh northwest. More towards Berry Creek.

Berry Creek. You'd get down to Berry Creek and then follow that up into the brush toward Kings Valley.

Back in Staats Creek, that area? Were the Dickey family or Brinkley family?

Dickey hadn't come in to that area yet. Dickey was farther over to Kings Valley when he came in. He drove one of my rigs, and he bought one of my busses and put it on in Kings Valley.

How about the Berry family. Was the Berry family still in there, or the Savages?

The Berry family must have wilted and got out of there, because there wasn't any Berry's when I was big enough to get acquainted. But there was a Davis family, and George Davis was just about my age. And he didn't seem to have too much trouble with the kids, but his father, and Liggett, they had trouble with them. And they really had a scrap.

Do you know what Davis's father's name was?

No.

What was the nature of the scrap the had with the Davis's and the Liggetts.

Well, Davis of course was a better man than Liggett, and he [Liggett] started to yell for his wife to come with a club. Then Davis laid off of him.

So it was an actual fight. Do you remember what the fight was about?

Nothing, nothing.

Did you know any of the Staats family in there at that time?

No.

When Airlie was there, do you remember any businesses? We found an old business called Kozy Nook Egg Farm. Did you ever hear of any thing like that?

No.

So, back in that area before the . . . when the Liggetts lived there had they lived there for a long time?

They had been there quite a while before I realized it because they went to that Airlie school. And when they first started to come over there to Soap Creek they were not very old. I wasn't very old. But as we grew up, it seemed to happen every year they'd get into a ruckus over there and get kicked out and they'd come to Soap Creek. They'd walk over the hill. It was quite a ways, quite a walk.

Would they go to the Airlie School, or the Berry Creek School, or the Savage School?

I don't think there was any Savage Creek school, I never heard of it. There was Airlie. I don't think they had a Savage Creek or a Berry Creek school, it was Airlie.

8. Hilda Olson

Okay. What year did your mother die? We're kind of going back now, back to your stepmother. But when did your mother die?

Hm?

When did your mother die?

My mother lived quite a while. She was 92 years old. Do you remember the date?

[Mrs. Olson] I think it was '45, but I can't say for sure. But I think it was.

So did your folks become divorced then, and your father become remarried?

They were divorced. And she had bought a little place. I shouldn't say little, it was 444 acres, and it had been logged off. It was up above Wren. And it, I think it was valued at \$2.50 an acre. And my sister had married a fellow by the name Bill Winney.

I think you told me before. He was the turkey farmer?

No, she started to raise turkeys. Bill was a kind of a beast. Just a kind of a beast. And he started to try to go with Hilda when she was about 14, and my brother

stopped that and told him to just stay away from Hilda or he would fix him so his mother wouldn't know him. And he knew that he meant it. So he stayed away from Hilda. But later on, Hilda got a job. When she grew up she got a job as a stenographer with E.E. Wilson. And E.E. Wilson owned a whole lot of this Camp Adair west of there. Now, that is later, but he at that time was just one of the oldest lawyers in Corvallis. But Bill bought a little place next to his father's place out on Oak Creek. And he started to clear that with this surplus World War I powder. \$2.25 for a box. And it was good powder. I used it here. And he tied his little dog to a stump, set a charge of powder underneath it and lit the fuse and then took off. His father told that on him. And he didn't deny it.

Did he do that because he was just cruel?

I don't know. Just because he was a beast. And anyway, he painted for a living. His father was a painter, and he painted for a living but he wouldn't join the union. But he would charge union wages, and that way why he made money doing it. And he told me, he had his own secrets, you know, just sign up quite a lot of them and then you are just too busy to get on them until after it rains. And after it rains it won't take as much material. You take a contract, you know for so much, and you furnish the material. But it won't absorb much after it gets watersoaked. He thought that was smart, you know. But I didn't think so. But he disappeared, was gone for quite a while, and Hilda was working for E.E. Wilson, and suddenly, something happened so that she got word that he was in an apartment in Corvallis, and in pretty bad shape. And she went up to see him. And when she came up there she called Anderson, Doc Anderson. She went to the phone and called Doc Anderson. And he came up and he went to the phone right away and called an ambulance and said "Get him to my hospital as quick as you can." And he operated on him for a mastoid.

A what?

Mastoid. Mastoid, right back of the ear. And while he was in the hospital, Anderson told Hilda, "I don't know. If I got it all, he'll be all right. But it was so close to the brain if it goes on there'd be no hope." But he had gotten it. And he got all right, and he stayed in the area. And after a while, why, he started to come and see Hilda. She was working. My brother was dead. And he somehow induced her, and that

wasn't very hard, because she had it in her mind that she could repatriate him you know, so they got married. Then he moved in with us, 620 N. 14th Street. And he lived with us for about a year. And he had a little place south of -- that little town straight south of Corvallis.

Monroe?

Monroe. He had a little place there that he had started a house. He wanted her to quit Wilson and come out there. And she did. And she got a bunch of turkeys. And she'd pasture them on the neighbors pasture after they'd thrash, you know, and they would clean out the grasshoppers and all of the spilled grain, and she did pretty well with those turkeys, you know, she got quite a lot of them. And he induced her to pay the rest of the money that he owed on this little 40 acres up there, and also finish the house. And when that was all finished, paid for, he sold the whole works. And she had a bunch of turkeys. And he had an apartment. My mother saw the situation, you know, and she bought this place out there at Harris. And Hilda moved her turkeys out there. And then he came and was gonna move in. And my mother said "No, you don't move in, you moved in on me once and that's enough." So he went back to his apartment, then he came back and wanted her to stake him, he wanted to go up to Montana, prospect for gold. And she wouldn't do it. And so he left and Hilda raised turkeys, did real well on 'em . . .

We were just talking about your sister and raising turkeys, and her husband.

Well, we learned, I learned long before, from his brother, Bill Winney's brother, I learned long before what had happened. In Montana he had an illegitimate family. And that's where his money went when he sold that place. I never told Hilda because I figured if they could get along why it would be better if she didn't know it. So I never told her. But I think we have dwelled on this situation here long enough.

9. Bastard Fir and Douglas-Fir

Okay.

Before we left Soap Creek up there on that Sunday [January 20, 1990 interview], when there was that big showing, I told you up yonder is a farm. I pointed up there and told you that there was an incident there that I would try to bring out.

Okay.

And they had built a gate that would open, when they would drive a road it would open away from you. And then when they got by the gate, and pulled a rope, it would close, but it would be behind you. They had fastened that to an oak tree that was only about 4 inches through. And they had put a band around it, and put two holes in the band and made it real tight. And then they went on with that band to hold the one end of the gate post. And that tree started to grow above that tight band, and it didn't grow below it. And it continued to grow until it got big enough and heavy enough that it broke that little tree and it fell over. And I realized that what that oak tree was getting didn't come out of the ground, it come out of the air. It couldn't go by that tight spot. And that got me to looking and wondering. Now let's go to Corvallis. On the streets in Corvallis there would be big maple trees, and there still is some, and when they grew right beside the sidewalk the dirt would pooch up all around them. And where the sidewalk was, it would tip it. And it would get slick. And they would cut the roots off of that and dig down and then put in a cement sidewalk. And that cement sidewalk began to come up. And when that tree got big enough that it would make two cords of wood, there was still a lump. There was no hollow. A cord of wood is 128 cubic feet. And if that tree would make two, then it would be 226 cubic feet. Saw wood. And I realized when you burn that two cords of wood, everything except the smoke, everything could be put in a big dustpan. And you could spread that down there, and you'd still have a hump there. You could dig that stump out, you could burn it out, and you could realize that everything in that 226 cubic feet had come from the air. And people think that it comes out of the ground. There is a big mistake that people should look at and realize.

Well, if it's coming out of the air, what they teach us in class is, it's coming out of the sunlight. Mostly it's taking solar energy and through photosynthesis making the food that creates the bulk. So it's coming out of the air, but it's not . . .

Burning that, it would put nothing back in the air except what came out of the air, and it wouldn't pollute.

Do you think it maybe puts it back in a different form? Do you think maybe it's taking

carbon dioxide out of the air and putting carbon ash back into it?

It didn't put carbon monoxide in the air. That type of stump doesn't put carbon monoxide in the air. If you take stuff out of the ground, oil or coal, it will, it certainly will. But a tree or a field of grass, is a different substance altogether. And the people that are trying to sell you stoves today that will burn coal or oil they will try to tell you that the smoke is going to make you wake up dead some morning, if the stove is smoking. But the Indians with their tepee that was tight at the top would build a little fire right in that tepee and they would drop around it. And the little tent was tight. And they never woke up dead in the morning. These fields that they are burning today it doesn't put any smog . . . it does smoke up so that you can't see, and it burns your eyes of course a little, if you get into when it's really thick. But it doesn't put anything into the air that didn't come out of the air.

Did people burn fields or burn out slash in Sulphur Springs or Soap Creek area? Would they do it every year?

We made quite a lot of pasture by slashing down small trees and then burning them and then sewing it to rye grass and cheat . . .

You used cheatgrass on purpose?

Sure, sure. And we made brush fence by falling the trees so that they would pile up. The entire south side and all of the west end. 180 rods. Brush fence.

So brush fence was trees that you just dropped over on the property lines and then let the brush grow up and over?

We put the brush on them. We fell enough so that they were high enough as it was. And when it was brought down a little why we would fall one across it so that it would hold up the next one that would fall diagonally across it, and then some more, and we would pile it up. We kept it up that way. And that was the only fence that we had on those two sides of our home. On the north and east side was wire. But that was not on the line, and this wasn't either, because my father wasn't too sure and he didn't want to get over on the other. But inside of that is where we slashed. Just cut 'em down and as much as possible so that they would be piled and when they get good and dry we would catch them on fire.

Would those brush fences ever catch fire?

No.

You just kind of keep the fire away from them.

Yeah

Where you were slashing those smaller trees and brush, were there large stumps in there, or had those grown up from old prairies?

There wasn't any old growth, but we would . . . there was a lot of old growth but there wasn't any of that that we cut down. We wouldn't cut anything but what they called at that time bastard fir. And it later took on a little more pleasing sound, and they called Douglas-fir. But I have never yet found anybody that could tell me where it came from.

I think we started this conversation on the first recording, when we talked for about 15 minutes of it. The good thing is now we'll have a record of it so even though I can't give you an answer hopefully somebody will be able to read this at some point and maybe figure that out.

There is a quite a different group of this Douglas fir. I don't know how many different kinds there are, but one of the fellows that taught me knew quite a little bit about it, said there was 30 different varieties of this Douglas fir. And I know that there is a difference in them because I planted some down here on the bottom. When I cleared that I planted some of them for Christmas trees. And I bought them for that purpose. And then I planted some others that I pulled among the bigger trees. And they were altogether different. We had trimmed them, we trimmed them twice, and the ones I planted down there for Christmas trees, I don't think they had grown. In 20 years I don't think that they had grown taller more than maybe a foot. But all the big limbs that we cut off they had started new ones.

That's unusual for a Doug fir. They don't usually sprout . . .

And they were big. All those little limbs are bigger than the tree itself.

Where did those trees come from? The seeds?

I don't remember where I bought them. I bought them from somebody that was selling Christmas trees, small Christmas trees. These that I pulled, we pruned them too. But we didn't get time to prune them all. It made no difference, the ones we pruned, went up, the ones we didn't prune went up. The limbs at the bottom were

small, and when they get big enough, why, they'll die, those limbs will die and fall off. Altogether a different tree.

10. Fiddle Playing

This is kind of skipping around a little bit, but when I was recording before we got outside the vehicle and you told me a story about when you had a fiddle that you used to play at dances, right across from the school, at the peoples' homes across from the school there.

Can you recall that story? Can you tell me that story again, we didn't record it last time.

I pulled a bunch of pine. On the Fourth of July we went over on a trip, on the fourth of July, and I pulled 18. I put them in a trailer, brought them home, and planted them up here and every one grew.

When you were about 12 or 13, you used to play, I think fiddle, at dances?

I played for dances when I was 15 years old.

You were talking . . . who taught you how to play the fiddle? How did you learn how?

My brother brought me a fiddle when I was about 6 years old. And I just went in, you saw the house, well we had two rooms in there. What we called the "other" room, and then this was the kitchen. I went into the other room and shut the door. And then I started in to play that little scottish tune, Flow Gently Sweet After, and the first night I mastered the verse, and the next night I mastered the chorus, and I could put them both together. And a kid that age will gather stuff pretty quick. And when you get older it's lots more difficult. But I learned to play it and I got to where I could fool the people and make them think that I was pretty good, and the type of work that I was doing, pitchforks, axe handles, shovels, my fingers would get kind of stiff. And I realized that I never could reach the peak where I wanted to be. So I kind of let it drift. And when I got started then in the automobile business, they got limbered up, and then I kind of wished that I had continued it but I started again a little bit with it and it was simple. And I could do pretty good with it. We had a teacher, a music teacher moved in right next to the school house up there. It's just across the road to the left. The house is still there, a fellow by the name of Dorgan built it. And he was a catholic, and he was 45 years old. And he went to Portland and he met this woman from France. And she was a music teacher, and she came up

there and lived there. And she would teach the kids different songs, and teach them to sing and also teach me, the ones that she wanted me to play. And then she'd move her piano over to the school house when we'd have some kind of a meeting you know. So, I got accustomed to quite a lot of music and I did pretty well with it but I put it aside.

Did Mr. Dorgan then build that house that's there right now? He was the one that built that house?

Grabes don't live in that.

No, Dorgan.

Dorgan was dead years ago.

But did he build, was he the one that built the Dorgan house there?

Yes.

Now that red house, the Cook house, further down the road. You know where the Cook house is? Did that ever have another name? Was that ever called the Baker house or anything like that?

That was built quite a while after Bakers left that place. Ernest Cook, Wanda Cook's husband built that.

Oh he did build it. Her son thought that that house already was there and that they just moved into it. He didn't think that Ernest built it, he thought that it had already been there.

Wanda's . . .

Wanda's son, Roy.

Oh. Well he was mistaken.

Ernest did build the house.

Oh Ernest Cook built the house. And he built the barn right back of it.

Do you know where the Marcks' Place, at the other end of the valley, did you ever hear any story about either one of those places being haunted?

Being what?

Haunted. Anything to do with a ghost in either one of those houses.

No. There's quite a story about this Cook house up there. There was quite a bit of superstition and damned foolishness.

Do you know how it got started? I wasn't paying any attention and all of a sudden people

kept talking about it. Quite a few people have told me stories.

No, I don't know how it got started. There's one thing only that I know of that probably could start it, but I don't know how they could do it. The Goviers had hounds. And there was coyotes in the area, and they put those hounds on the coyotes and let them run for 2 or 3 days and then they would take them off and put some fresh hounds on. And one coyote got so fagged out that he came down there to that Cook house and went under the barn. And Ernest Cook went under there with a hatchet and killed him. But I have never heard any kind of a ghost story about that. Ernest Cook brought 20 cows up from Portland. He drove them up. They wasn't married yet. And when he came past Marcks, the Marcks went out and told him to turn them in, they'd stay all night. You know the cows would be fagged to walk from Portland and up there. He turned them in to the pasture and in the morning every one was dead. Larkspur. The cattle would get used to that Larkspur when they grew up with it; they wouldn't eat it. But these cattle were just famished, and they'd eat anything. They weren't used to it and it killed every one.

So, but then at the Marcks' place, and he ended up marrying their daughter. I see.

They were engaged at that time. Cook had money. And he was kind of a peculiar looking fellow, he had no muscles at all, it was just bone. Just bone and skin, and his chest was flat and he had a cousin, Miss Allen, that taught our school. And she was built the same way. But I think probably they were a whole lot alike, they looked alike, they had the same type of glasses, great big thick glasses. And this woman, calm, quiet, never bragged, but the Soap Creek people took the two high school grades under her if they stayed that long. The ninth grade, of course, she taught that right along. But anything that come up, any topic that could come up, people could discuss it back and forth, she wouldn't say anything, but if they'd get stuck somewhere on it and ask her a question, she usually could tell them. Anything.

Uh huh. So she was real smart. What did you think of her cousin, Ernest.

I never got to know him very well. I never got to know him. He didn't have any idea of farming. He didn't know how to use a hand saw. These long saws, you know, where you've got to give them a long swing and bring them back. He'd sit down this way with it. And the people would laugh at him. Heck, he had never seen

it, he never grew up in the country.

Couldn't he learn from his . . . Wanda says that her father was a real good farmer.

Wanda's Farmer?

Wanda's father, yeah, Marcks.

He had a pretty good dairy. He had quite a few pretty good cows, and he had pigs and he was a successful farmer I would say for the time. And that's what killed him, I'm pretty sure.

Too much work?

No, too much cream. I began to notice it with different people. And over west of Corvallis was several dairies, and there was an old family that owned almost all of the ground between Corvallis and about 3 miles southwest. And the older guy of that family, he was probably 70 years old. He had married a young woman that had a kid already. And the kid was about 14. And they went to dances, I played for almost all of the dances in that area at that time. And their breath was just awful. And I learned from what I saw, Witham's was the name, you know, and there was a lot of them, and I learned from the different ones that I could see, I learned what used mainly for their diet they use a lot of cream. There is a George Witham, he lived out there by that school house, out there on Oak Creek, the Oak Creek school house. And we worked together at the end of a sawmill, back end of a sawmill. And he and I happened to get trapped so that we were the two at the rear end of the mill, there should have been three. And we took care of it.

That was George Witham. Did you know any of the other people around the Oak Creek area, in there?

I knew them all at that time. Winneys, Rices, and Dohertys,

Were there any Mulkeys still living in that area?

Mulkey?

Uh-huh.

There was a Mulkey.

11. Sawmills

The mill you worked in, was that on Oak Creek, the mill.

The mill was on Oak Creek. Pettygrove and Doherty owned the mill.

Pettygrove?

Pettygrove and Doherty. And up above them was another sawmill, and he built a flume, what did they call that darn place? I never can remember that. It's pretty close to where Corvallis has its water pond, that pond in Corvallis.

Noon? Did he build a tramway to Noon?

Noon isn't . . . that isn't the Noon station, no. They flowed the lumber down to there, but this guy up on the hill that run out of timber, and then he teamed up with Lyle Winney, and built a sawmill out by Mountain View. Up the creek there a little ways from Mountain View. And when they did that, they wanted me to go with them. And I did, I went with them over there, and helped them build the mill and then I set ratchet for them and then I logged a little at night and early in the morning and Lyle Winney got pretty salmoned on the cook and he got so he couldn't take care of his mills at all, and his bank account got to where he couldn't pay his wages and I lost about \$1000 on him.

What was he doing with the money? You said he got salmoned up on the cook?

I didn't get your question.

I didn't understand. You said he was having a . . .

Oh, he wanted to marry the cook.

Oh, I see. But you said "salmoned up." I never heard that expression before.

Yeah. He sold his old briscoe car, and bought brand new Oakland and thought that would do it. And the first Saturday night after he had got that out there, she came and whispered to me before I got through eating my supper "will you stay till I get the dishes washed? I wouldn't ride back to town with that S.O.B., if it was the only way I could get there I'd walk." I told her I'd wait, and when she got the dishes washed up why I took her to town. Her family, that is her folks lived in town. But somehow, I don't know . . . she was a widow. But somehow he finally succeeded and he married her later on.

There was a mill in there called the Zeller mill. Were you familiar with that one?

It was electric. [C.O. Addendum: All mixed up. Zeller never had a mill in there. He was at Wren.]

Could that have been maybe the first electric mill in Benton County?

I think it was. [It was the Winney mill and I helped him build it.] It was supposed to turn out 10,000 board feet a day. And that electric set up, there was 75 horsepower on the saw husk, and there was a 25 horsepower motor on the, that name again . . . There is a side saw you know that will cut 2x4's out of 2x8's, anything the side lumber will make.

Was that a trim saw?

Well the trim saw was farther on out [unintelligible] got the crosscut. There was a 5 horse motor on that, but there was a 15 horse motor on this edger, and we put out 30,000 ft. a day.

So you worked in the Winney Mill then?

Yeah, I set ratchet. But when the electric motor starts something it will continue that same speed. And when that started it would go right on through. And with the steam, that's what this was rated with you know, with a steam you'd hit it pretty fairly and then it would slow down, like chug a chug a chug a chug a and you'd just sit there. It was a long time before it would go through. Then of course coming back, it would come back pretty good lick. But this electric motor wouldn't slow down. And when it hit there it just went through. And the sawyer was Olin Winney, and we were kids, and it was funny, you know a lot of fun, they just do funny things. And whenever he got to the end of that log, I had dogged there. And by the time he got it back I had this one undogged. And I had the ratchet back and one day, in the spring, the logs were kind of slick. He didn't stop just right, and when he got back a log kept going right on and it went clear on out of the mill.

The tractor that I used, I logged in the morning before the rest of them got up, and I logged in the evening after supper so that they would have timber in there. They logged with horses and the horses couldn't keep up after they got far enough away you know, it was a long haul. And we used that tractor and I would put in quite a few extra logs there to help make it so that it would keep going during the day. So it didn't take too long until he owed me quite a little bit. And I kept thinking "well, if I

haven't got it I won't spend it." But it got to the point where he went bankrupt and I decided I would buy the tractor and it belonged to Lyle supposedly. I went out south of town where he had a little place, and I drove it from there on out, and it was his as far as I knew, so I made a deal with him. And that would be \$500, was what I was to pay for the tractor. But it needed an overhaul, and that would cost about \$250 to overhaul it. And I figured, I had two checks they bounced. Those two checks amounted to around \$1000.00. So actually I could have gone to court, but I didn't do it. I took the tractor home and overhauled it so that it was in good shape. And I plowed quite a little bit of ground with it in different places. And a fellow by the name of Johnson that was the president of the bank in Corvallis had a prune orchard between Corvallis and Albany. And I disked that for him. And right at the end of Corvallis, as you come out west to go out towards Oak Creek, there is a school house. There was 4 acres right there that belonged to a guy, that later started a sawmill in Philomath. I plowed that 4 acres for him where that school house is now.

Was that Vincent? Vincent? Was that the guy that owned the 4 acres that started the mill? Or Brandes?

Well, Vincent seems to ring a bell. I believe it was.

Vincent had some land in Soap Creek, too, right across from the Cook's at one time. Maybe even bought the Cook's place. When Winney went bankrupt, was that maybe 1925, somewhere in there? [C.O. Addendum: 1920]

No, it was earlier than that. [1920]

So just a little after World War I. So the electric sawmill, Winney's mill, was in there right around World War I.

Well, we put that in . . . I don't want to quote a date on that because I haven't any way of telling you this for sure, and it could confuse with other dates. But I was working for Pettygrove and Doherty, and Olin, Lyle's brother, was setting ratchet for them, and they moved out, that is, when the Winney's, Olin, quit, and I was driving a team at that time. I quit them before. Because they did a dirty trick on me when I was shifted from this slab truck and in to this last deal, the rear end of that sawmill that just had George Witham to help, and we did it, and they didn't pay us a darn thing extra. And they didn't pay me full for that first month because I had been

working on the slab car half of that month, and that wasn't as high a pay. So I quit them and went to work for a fellow that had a small team. And he is, he had a bad leg, he couldn't follow them. And I worked for him, and when they quit, Olin Winney and Lyle Winney went out to Lewisburg and there was another Winney, Roy, he furnished some of the money, and they built that and I helped them when they built it. And right below us was a gravel crusher, it was electric. So they just extended that in and set up this mill. And when the timber got far enough away so that it was hard to keep the mill going, they moved the mill closer to the timber.

Did they have a name for the mill, did they call it the Winney Mill, or just the mill?

It was just the mill, just the sawmill.

When Pettygrove and Doherty were logging, was that the people that built the flume into Corvallis?

No, a fellow that had the mill above Pettygrove and Doherty built the flume. His son was a surveyor, and he surveyed for that flume and then he went to Kings Valley and surveyed for Christiansons. They put in a flume there that was about 3 miles long. I worked for them later on.

Do you remember the name of the surveyor?

If I wasn't trying to remember it would come to me. He had a mill that was about 2 miles above Pettygrove and Doherty. Rosenkranz.

Rosenkranz?

Rosenkranz.

And that was a surveyor, and that's who built the original lumber flume to Corvallis?

This old man, Rosenkranz, wasn't the surveyor, his son was the surveyor, and he surveyed for Christiansons over in Kings Valley. So they put in that flume.

Now, where that flume came down, do you know where the guard station is right at the mouth of Oak Creek, where the school property starts now? Where the CCC built a house in there where the Fish and Wildlife house is now? Are you familiar with that? Where you go up Oak Creek into the school forest now, there is a gate right there.

I haven't been in there for quite a while.

Okay, as you go into Oak Creek, and you go towards the west fork, up and over to Soap Creek, there is a homestead in there, kind of on a hill. Do you know who lived there?

[Yes. That was known as the Kline place. That house had six fireplaces in it . A man named Cockerham owned it and my uncle lived there and took care of his sheep.]

Okay, that might have been the 1920's even. Did the road that went past Sulphur Springs and came around the headwaters of Soap Creek and then down the west fork of Oak Creek, was that road in there?

That's not open. Just. . . that's a forestry road, but it's padlocked. And they had a fish hatchery up there, though, for a while. But for some reason, I don't know what it was, they had to take it out of there. I think it was lack of water. There wasn't enough water so that they could keep on going.

Do you know of anybody that lived in that area? Did anybody, was that area part of the area that was logged by Rosenkranz?

Rosenkranz logged up above it. He was the upper one. Pettygrove and Doherty logged the lower end of it. But up at the upper end, was Rosenkranz. But they ran out of timber.

And that was all yellow fir that they were logging?

They started in on the small stuff too.

You told me that there was a stand of hemlock up in there, of nice hemlock right along that one ridge.

There's two places where I know of hemlock, and one of those was between our old home and Airlie. And the other one that I knew of is right up here.

Okay, just close to Summit here.

Right up here. Starker's has got it now. It was a Hamer homestead. And they got in debt with the store, and just like everybody else in here that did the same thing, they left their home and gave it to Plunket, the home, for the store bill. Then Plunket sold it. And that's how I bought my first three 40's. Here \$600 for three 40 acre patches. And it still had some of the old growth. And that's how I could run the school buses for Philomath. They didn't pay me half enough to continue to run those buses, but I felt a kind of a responsibility; I felt like I owed it really. I felt that I should go on with it, our kids went to school too, you know, so I continued. Then I got three more 40's for at about the same price, that joined them, so all of it joined

this home that we had here. This was 63 acres, then I had this Chapman 40 here that joined this, and that joined the whole thing. I logged, and continued to run the school buses until the timber was gone on those 40's, and then I sold them to Starker. I sold because he had some back of it and he wanted a way out. I sold all of it except ten acres over here, and on that 10 acres I built a house for my sister. And that is still over there. But there is a Bee man by the name of Williams that has it now.

12. Olson Family History

I don't know if you want to answer this on the tape or not, but when you said you had a step mom I assumed that your mother had died. But then your folks got divorced while they were living on this place here. Can you say the reason that they got divorced and maybe how your father met your stepmother?

Well, there was a kind of a . . . there was quite a little bit of misunderstanding there. It was 7 years before he got enough money so he could bring them over here. And my brother grew up that first 7 years with nobody but my mother. And when he came over here, I already told you that he was a little bit inclined to walk around with a chip on his shoulder. That didn't start after he grew up; he grew up with it. And when he got here, of course, he just kind of wondered, what am I supposed to take orders from this guy for. That created quite a lot of friction. And he left home pretty early, and then of course my mother had a little tendency too, to kind of want to quarrel, and she would, she would keep pestering him until she'd get him mad. And he got pretty tired of that at times. I can remember my sister was a little bit older than I and she could see through it a little better than I. I remember when she was crying one time and said, "Why don't you leave him alone? You know that he'll get mad after a while when you keep nagging at him."

So then they just kind of didn't get along.

Well, that's about all that I can tell you on that. He and I always got along. And my sister and I always got along. And my mother and I as a rule got along, and she and her mother got along. But there was some times when it was funny, she'd get a stick about that long, she'd keep it in the wood box. And one night there was something funny, I don't know what it was, just some little thing in a newspaper or a funny

paper. And we started to laugh. And she wanted us to shut up. We tried to but, as hard as it was, and then I looked over at her and she happened to be looking and we couldn't hold it, we started to giggle again. And she went for that stick. We shut up. So, there's a quite a lot of little things. After I got older I began to realize a little bit more and a little bit more, and when a kid. . . I didn't side with him, I just didn't side. But if a kid will side with his parents when he's a kid, then he should side with his mother, really, naturally. There's no question.

How did your father meet your stepmother?

I don't know just how that happened. Probably in the paper. I think it was probably an add in the paper.

Because I was thinking he was pretty isolated and lived far away from everybody and then . . . Was she a pretty nice person, did you like your stepmother?

Yeah. Yeah, I think so. She had her characteristics, all right. And some of them was very, very odd. If there was any kind of a doings everything had to be just exactly so. She worked for Hoppy. She worked for them over in Europe. Mazur.

Mazur?

Mazur. You probably call it Mauser. She worked for Mazur.

What did she do? What was her job?

In his home, not in the factory. It was in the home.

So she was like a domestic or something?

I think his home was just a normal home but it was in the upper brackets, you know, and everything had to be just so. And if there was any special occasion, why every piece had to be different. And she was up on all of that. So very strictly up on that.

What did she think about living way off in the woods in Oregon after that then?

Well, I don't know.

How old was your father when he got remarried.

He was probably 60.

And how old was your stepmother, about the same age?

Oh no, she was probably 45.

You never told me what happened to your brother. He left home when he was pretty young, and where did he go live?

He started different projects, and most of them, and toward the latter part of it, it was just trying to farm, small farm. And he had 52 acres out of Albany, about 3-1/2 miles north of Albany, out there by Fir Grove. And he raised pigs and he had several cows and after a while he started in with red angus. He had twenty head of red angus. They were not registered, but they were capable of registration. And that's what he was doing when he died. I stayed with him and worked down there in that area quite a little while and at that time there wasn't any automobiles much, but he had a pretty nice little buggy. And before Camp Adair went in there was 2 lakes on this 52 acres, and to get to the house you had to go across one of them, and it would wash that buggy clean. It was always nice and red and clean. And that little mare he had on there was just about as broad as she was long, and pretty pokey, but you'd have to touch her up a little with the whip. When we'd get into Albany, we had to get into Albany once a week you know to buy grub, and when we went into Albany he figured we'd look more prosperous if we had a cigar. And he got some of these little Murials and he'd be smoking them. He wanted me to start but I wouldn't do it. And that got him started to smoking. And he hadn't smoked before. But he got started. And after I got away from there and went to work different places, I think he probably smoked quite a little bit all by himself you know, kind of pass time away.

He never got married or anything.

No. And he got pneumonia. And of course he went to Albany for a doctor there, and in those days there were no hospitals, so the doctor would come out. And he wouldn't cross that water, it was too deep you know. He'd walk across on the foot bridge. And he took care of my brother for a while. And then my brother called my mother, and she came down there and she got another doctor. And this other doctor gave this one hell that had been there. He wondered why he would leave a man in that condition. And he said, "It would get my car muddy every time I go out there." That was not a very good excuse but he used it. But this one that my mother got, had to take one lung out. He had pneumonia, and pleurisy, and that one lung was gone too far, so that he had to take it out, but he got all right. And he told him never try to smoke. And he went on for quite a while, and that just all went fine, you

know that one lung got as strong as two was before. And he was perfectly well. So he just got started again, started to smoke.

Just killed himself.

And the first thing he knew there was something wrong. He didn't want to go to the doctors in Albany anymore. So he drove his little car over to Corvallis and went to the County Physician. I don't remember his name. And that guy gave him a shot and things started to happen. And he called Doc Anderson, this doctor called Doc Anderson. And Doc Anderson came down there and he called a ambulance and said, "Get him to my hospital as quick as you can." He was the only one, he had the only hospital in Corvallis, Doc Anderson. And then he notified me and I went in and he said, "Is your brother married?" and I said no. "He hasn't got a family?" and I said no. He said "I don't know if I can help him. He's farther along than anybody except Noland's." Noland had a boy named Tom, Tom Noland, I think that was his given name. And he said he was in bad shape, and he said "I did bring him out of it." But my brother was a little bit too far along, he almost told me what was bound to happen. And it happened.

Did your sister have any children?

No.

So your children are the only descendants from your family? How many grandchildren do you have now?

I can't tell you. Grandchildren and great grandchildren. Ted married a woman, a widow. And that widow had 4 kids. 5 kids, she had 5 kids. And Ivar married a young woman, first, she was a catholic. And things didn't go to smoothly on account of that catholic religion. And they had one boy, and then they separated, and then he married another woman and they got along okay, but for some reason after a while why it got kind of tiresome I guess, and they separated. They had one kid. And he married another woman, he's married to her now, and I don't know how many she had, I think 3. I think she had 3 boys, and she may have had a girl too. I can't keep track of all of them. And of course they have grown up now, and a lot of them have had kids. And the people that was here yesterday, that was Melvin's, that was our first boy's kids. I don't know how many kids they had.

So you kind of made up for your brother and sister then.

My sister never had any.

I've asked you every question that . . . Oh, I have one more question here. Doc Shell. Did you ever know Doc Shell.

I didn't get that.

13. "Health Situations"

Okay, he was later on Soap Creek, in the 1950's and 60's. I didn't know if he was an old family. I think I've asked you about every family in that whole neighborhood and all the sawmills and what you had for breakfast, so can you think of anything that we haven't discussed or anything that you'd like to see in this record, that might not have anything to do with Soap Creek, but is something that you are interested in having put into this history?

Well, I'm a little interested in health situations, because I've had to on account of my own ability to try to stay alive. When my mother was carrying me there was an old lady by the name of Baker in there. And she pretended to be an old nurse. And she told my mother to eat a lot of sugar while she was carrying me and then the baby will be strong and you will give a lot of milk and he will grow up a strong kid. And when I was born I wasn't very strong, and I was pretty much a weakling. And my kidneys apparently wasn't very good and the doctors had something that they called "Viti-or" and they persuaded or instructed my folks to get this viti-or and I took that for probably three or four years. I don't know I couldn't keep track you know of that. But it tasted quite a bit like iron and whether it did me a bit of good or not I don't know. But when I was big enough to use a pot and there would be a droplet on the floor it would turn white and it would be upstairs you know and there would be a white spot as if it had been mixed with chalk and that continued in that way until I was probably 8 or 9 years old.

So even after you stopped taking that Viti-or it kept filtering out of your body through your urine or something.

I don't know if that did me any good or not, but I have to kind of wonder if that did it or . . .

Let's see, if I could give you the exact dates on it.

Well, I don't think the exact dates matter too much, because we know what Armistice day was, we know your birthday, we know about when you are in the second grade, so if you are going to work at a certain time or getting married or when your kids were born, those can be pieced together and that's what's good about these indexes is that it will allow us to put this in a real good chronological order at that time. But we are up to when you were about 8 or 9 and you were interested in the health issue, so. . .

I have to just kind of wonder which it was . . . if that did any good or not, but I think probably that my four miles to school and four miles back and really steep, and then probably more than that after the cows in the evenings to bring them home, and I think that did it. And the food that we'd eat, you know, out on the place like that, would be pretty fairly good, except that one thing, pork. I know the pork didn't do me any good.

How about the salt herring? Would you have that pretty often?

Every morning. Every morning it was bacon and eggs, you know. Every morning.

But how about salted herring that your father used to get?

Well, that would be any time. Any time during the day, noon or evening. I don't think that did any harm. It was pickled, vinegar and salt. The vinegar of course isn't fit to eat.

What would you have for dinner meals? You told me what you had for breakfast, big breakfasts and big lunches.

Well at home. I told you what we had for lunch usually.

What kind of sandwiches were those? You said you had two or three sandwiches.

Well, they would be different, they could be raisin, they could jam, they could be butter. They could be both, one of each. And homebaked bread, you know, it's pretty solid, and you shouldn't have to eat very much of that. We'd eat until we was full.

Would you have a small dinner, or a big dinner too?

The dinner would be awfully big when we went to school. Bigger than it should be. And we felt like we had to eat it. And we'd eat too darn much. At home, I didn't eat too much at noon, potatoes, and some type of meat, eggs, maybe, meat or eggs, and bread and jam and or bread and butter. And in the evening . . . well in the

morning there would be a cereal. Always a cereal. And that cereal was mostly rolled oats. Rolled oats and then many pancakes and bacon and eggs.

How about for supper at night? After all that eating during the day would you have just a light supper?

No supper at night would usually be about the same thing as dinner. Potatoes and some type of meat, or herring. That herring would be a pretty definite thing at night. And we had too many homemade cakes.

So your mom would like to bake?

No, they were not that elaborate, no, but on some occasion of course, why that would be the type. But normally, they would just be without frosting. But pie, there quite often would be pie, pumpkin pie, and cherry pie.

So it sounds like living on the farm you ate just about as good as anybody could eat.

We was speaking of this Witham family, and I didn't get through on that. That when I learned that cream was injurious to the extent that people use it. Now Wanda Marcks father, he was sick, and they didn't know what it was. The doctors couldn't find out what it was. And he was sitting in a chair and he ate a full meal, his wife would bring him a full meal and he would eat it. I was just a little kid and I didn't have sense enough to try to think about what maybe was wrong with him. But later on when I noticed others, I realized that the amount of cream that he was eating was probably what had finally killed him. But these Withams, it was very noticeable with them, all of them. And this older one and his wife, and then the wife's daughter, their breath was bad.

From too much cream?

It had to be. They had dairies. And their breath was so bad that I hated to be close to them. And when I had an opportunity to dance and it was a Germania or a Paul Jones and we had to change partners, why when I'd get one of them it was pretty hard because their breath was awful. But when this older guy died and she went to California, she sold quite a lot of that property between Philomath and Oak Creek. And she went to California, and I met her in Corvallis on the street about two years later. And she stopped to talk for quite a little while. And her breath was all right. And she was just as stinkin' as any of the other ones before.

When she lived there.

She had gotten over it. She had gotten away from that cream. That's just my analysis but I disked that piece of ground between Albany and Corvallis for Johnson. Johnson was the President of a bank and he owned, I think it was 20 acres of prunes between Corvallis and Albany. And I disked that with this tractor that I told you that I got, and he had a few cows and he ate quite a lot of cream. I ate with him when I worked there and about, oh maybe three months after I had disked that, he died at the table. And I was far enough along with my noticing of things at that time that I realized that he drank too much cream.

That's, I think, every question I had, near as I can tell. We've covered and I've read through the earlier transcript we did to make sure that things I was curious about at that time have been covered. And you were interested in putting something in on health and early health, and we've got that. Can you think of anything more that you would like to have on this history. Thinking that maybe your grandkids will be reading it just as much as somebody from Forestry or somebody doing early Benton County history. Those would be the types of readers, maybe.

Well, I could have a few comments on my health.

Okay, sure.

I began to have problems pretty early and my wife never had any sugar when she grew up and when we got married why she just went overboard with it. *[During a subsequent telephone conversation, Mrs. Olson took great exception to this one statement. She didn't know "Where Charlie got his idea," that, although her family was poor, her father bought 10 pound sacks of sugar, as needed, or 100 pound sacks, "when they could afford it."]* And she used it way above normal and I had used it all my life, you know. And it just got a little too much. I began to get something wrong. My solar plexus was just sore. And I finally went to Dallas, Texas. Before I went there the custodian in the high school in Philomath says "Charlie, what do you think of Doctor Hoxey?" Well, I don't know. I'd never heard of him. And he said, "Well, Mrs. So-and-so" he told me the name, "went there and she had had an operation for a goiter, and when they took that off it spread to her breast. They took her breast off. Then it went to the other breast, and they took that off, and then it

went internally, and then they took everything that they could and then they told her that she'd got just three months, or four months left to live. And she went to Dr. Hoxey and she's back, and she's well." It wasn't more than about a month or two later that I got a brochure from Tobey, Senator Tobey, and I don't know which state he was the senator of. And he had a great big picture of a starfish or a tarantula and it had a leg around the neck of every two or three or four or five people. And that was supposed to be the American Medical Association. And then he had some writing, he said "three of the best doctors that I could get came downstairs and told me my son had just four months left to live." And he had cancer, and he said "I just took him to Dr. Hoxey." And he said he's home today, and he's well and he is doing a days work and there is nothing wrong with him. Well I got to thinking about that and as time went on, things would come on to me so that if I would lean over and try to work under the dash of a bus or get under the bus and try to work underneath it, it would start to go around, and I'd have to grab it and hold it still until I could pull out and straighten up. And I wondered what the heck it could be. But finally I had to pick up a bus in Texas, I don't remember the name of the place now, but I had ordered the bus there and I figured why don't I just stop and see Dr. Hoxey, and then go from there and pick up my bus and come home. And I did, I stopped at Hoxey's. And there was about 25 people out on the lawn. It was a big three-story house, and old mansion just at the outer edge of Dallas. And when I went in and registered they told me the room, the number of the house, they arranged it for me, and that was where my bed would be, and then there was a place down here where I could eat. And the whole thing was charged to them. So when everything was over with, why I would pay them and make settlement. So I went through, they called me for every appointment, you know, and about 6 days why they called me into a room and there was a fellow about 60, rather stout, short, not fat, and he said "Don't you ever look in the glass when your clothes are off?" and I said no. "Well," he said, "you could see it." and he says "It is right there." and he leaned over and put his pencil on my stomach, right there. He says "It's about the size of a grapefruit. And you can see it without taking your clothes off, and you can feel it." and he said "I don't know if it's a cancer or a tumor. There is no difference. The

only thing is that one is malignant and the other one is benign. Either one can turn into the other. Don't let them operate." And then he went on, and after he told me well I could put my shirt back and I could see it you know and I could feel it. And he said "There's some medicine at the door, when you pay they'll give you the medicine and they'll give you some more prescriptions maybe, or tell you more maybe than I can tell you here how to use their medicine. But don't let them operate. And come back in a year. We want to see you a year from now. It will be free, but we want to check you a year from now. Don't eat anything that is made with vinegar. Don't eat anything that is made with pork grease. Don't eat pork. You can eat as much tomato juice as you want to if the seeds are out, but don't eat any tomatoes with the seeds in." And that is about all that he told me not to eat. Oh yeah, he said a little chicken or turkey once in a while, but don't eat it too often. Don't eat any pork. And you know, when I had a bump right there on the back of my knee, it was about the size of a large filbert. And it kept getting bigger and it bothered me a lot, walking around on a load of hay or tromping around on a hay mound. It'd bother me quite a lot. It went away in about two months, this lump went away, nothing wrong.

Have you just stuck with that advice ever since now? You still don't eat pork? Still don't eat

...

I laid off of everything that they told me I have laid off of that ever since. But there was something else that developed, and I started in to try to find out what that was. It was right back here, I thought it was a kidney and I went to a doctor. And they, none of them, seemed to be able to tell me anything. We went to the Mayo clinic and took a complete check-up. And when I got into the room, that was the last, I had only two more left after that. I came into the room and there was a guy in there probably 60, he was very dark, but the darkness seemed to be sunburn, and he just wandered around. When I came in I greeted him with "Hello Doc" and he didn't say a word. He went back and forth. I think he was in a trance. When he'd get over to the end of that bench he would stop like what the hell did I come up here for. Then he'd turn around and go back. Once in a while he'd pick something up and he'd carry it a little ways and just walked around like a darn fool. And after about 10

minutes when he passed me going that direction, he turned around on his heel and said "Take your clothes off and sit down on that stool!" It was a little round stool like some of the piano stools used to be. And I did. I couldn't find a place to put my clothes so I finally put them way over in the corner where nobody would step on them. And he went through the same thing for quite a while and then he turned again. "Now! This pain you complain about in the region of your left kidney. What do you eat when it comes on? What do you eat when it goes away?" I said, "Doc, it doesn't go away. And it doesn't seem to make any difference what I eat. When it comes on it's pretty vicious and I haven't any idea because it don't matter what I eat. It comes on." And he just threw a fit. He just threw a regular fit and went out and slammed the door. And I sat there. And the next appointment came up an hour later and I sat on that stool. And then the next one came up two hours later and I sat on that stool. And then I began to wonder. The lights flicked on and I began to wonder if they'd locked that door, and I'd be locked in. And the door opened and the guy came in that took all the preliminaries and marked them down you know that they went by. And he says, "Why Mr. Olson, are you still here?" And I said yes. "What happened?" And I started to tell him and he said "Oh, Oh yeah. That happens here quite often. You put your clothes on and I'll talk to the lady outdoors and she'll make arrangements so that they'll take you in to your next appointment, get up there as quick as you can." So I did, and they were calling me when I got up there. And there were six, about six others there, but they had been calling me for about 2 hours at times. So I went right in and when I came out I went from there to the next one, and the same thing, when I came there they were calling and I went right in. Little things, they didn't amount to anything. So, I made up my mind that they can just do a lot of damage when they act like that one did. And I wasn't gonna go back and tell him, I came here to have an examination, and I thought it was my kidney, you know because it was right in that area. And I wouldn't be able to go and just tell them to go ahead to do that, but it was my body, my health, my life. If it would have been a machine, I could have done it. So I paid my bill and we went home. And it wasn't very long after that that I went up to Doc Anderson's, our family doctor, and I said, "Doc, cut a whole right back there and take a look. I can t

my thumb within an inch of it." And he says "You never had an operation there so it can't be adhesions. I think we can find it." And he had a rig that he could insert, it had lights on it you know, and could put that up my intestines for quite a ways and see. But the electrical part of it was on the blink and it didn't work so he sent me down to have it x-rayed, and they x-rayed me, but at first they gave me an appointment and I came in for that appointment and they x-rayed me by inserting something in my blood. They x-rayed me for my kidneys, and then they contended that they was all right when they got the x-rays. So Anderson told me to go down again, he called them and told them to x-ray me for intestinal problems. And I went down there, but they made me an appointment then, and told me the date and everything, marked it down and gave it to me. And they had already started on two things that I should have already done. My breakfast that day and my dinner that day, it was about two o'clock when I went down there, that I had eaten them. But I didn't want to argue with it, I did it just as they said. And from there on, and went down there, and got an x-ray when the time came up. I had done the rest of it you know, castor oil, and enemas and lay off the food, but when they sent that to Doc Anderson and I came in, he said "There is something wrong with this. This isn't right, it is hazy." And I could have told him what it was, but I didn't want to do it because I didn't want to get into any trouble with the x-ray guys. They can burn you up and you don't know it.

Let's see, we're back to where you'd taken the stuff for your blood and they were x-raying you and you'd done everything you were supposed to do.

Well, he said there was something wrong with this one. And he called them up again, he said, "It's hazy." And he called them up again, and he sent me down there. But before he did that, if you know Doc Anderson, well you wouldn't be surprised. When he talked to them over the phone, what they said I don't know. But he said "That's a damn lie! I've known this man for years and if there wasn't something wrong with him he wouldn't be here!" And he put emphasis on it you know, and then he listened and pretty soon he just put the receiver down and he says "You can go down there now." And I went down and got another appointment. And when that came due, they gave me the whole works this time, too, so I started from the

beginning. And when I came down there, after, I had done that and it was my second date, they put me on the x-ray table, they spread my legs out and they buckled my ankles tight to that corner and tight to that corner, and they pulled my arms out spread eagle, and buckled my wrists tight, they put a lever across my solar plexis, they gave it a few pulls, you know, tighten it. I didn't say anything, it hurt but I didn't say anything. They gave it another couple. And then they elevated the x-ray table about 35 degrees with my feet in the air, maybe a little more. They went out in the hall and went on their afternoon coffee break. I could hear them go out.

Oh, they just left you there in that position?

Yeah. And I started to sweat. And the sweat would run up and down my hair and into my eyes, and after a while I began to feel a little bit hazy, and I figured maybe I should holler. Audrey was out in the room with the receptionist, you know. And I felt like I was gonna pass out. And then I stopped and figured, well if it gets real bad I'll holler. But something happened before I realized it, and after a while I began to hear cars outside and I realized, heck I've been out.

You'd passed out from being left in that . . .

I had no pain. But that started to come back again. And then for a few minutes, you know, why I was just right back to where I had been, and I figured this time I'd better holler, and somebody will know how to get this thing down so that it's level at least and I'm not standing on my head. And then I had a few more thoughts, and I didn't holler, I figured well with what I had put up with, and I tell you it is painful, maybe it would be all right if I don't holler and I won't know anything more about it. But I heard them come in about that time, and they let that thing down, you know, so I was level, and unbuckled, took an x-ray, and says, now you can get up and go put your clothes on.

But they didn't tell you ahead of time that they were just going to leave you strapped like that for that long?

I sat up and everything went around and around. I laid down quick, and one of them came over and turned the light up and took a look. The other one had left, gone out. He took a look and then he went out and I could hear him in the other room. And he came back in and the other guy, I could hear him on the phone. He had gotten on the

phone. And this guy came and said "Do you have these often?" and I said "Never." And "Do you have any idea what has caused it?" And I didn't want to antagonize him, because I told you, you know, what they can do to you with the x-rays. So I said "Maybe injecting something in the blood twice in succession for a kidney test could have something to do with it." "Oh, yeah, that could be." I didn't say "If you hang a guy up by the feet." But he put ice packs on my face and forehead and kept working for a while that way and I began to feel better. And after a while I sat up, and I could stay in a sitting position. And a little later I swung my feet around and let them hang over the edge of the x-ray table, and in a few minutes I slid off and went out over into the room where my clothes was. A little cubbyhole down the hall. I took that smock off that I had on, and threw it and it just plopped. Soaking wet. I put my clothes on and went out in the hall where Audrey was, and she kind of "What happened to you?"

I looked over at this receptionist, and she just stared. And I said "Why?" and she said "Why you're as white as a sheet." And then she says, "What happened?" And I told here I had an x-ray. That's all I said. And I went over and paid that woman and we went out. What did you find out was wrong with your kidney after all that.

Intestinal sclerosis. We came into Anderson's about three or four days later. And I said "Did you find anything Doc?" He didn't say anything for a few minutes and then he said "Yeah." Then he went on around, went into a little room, and he says "Come in here, you too, Mrs. Olson." And we went in there and he pointed it out. But still, a little white rose here and another little one here and another little one here and another one there and over here a big one. X-ray don't tell you much, you know that. But it told him and he knew what it was. So I said "What do you call it?" "Intestinal Sclerosis."

Was it easy to take care of at that point?

He started to doctor me and he doctored me for a month. And then he said "It's too chronic, I can't do anything for you. But, you can probably go for four years then it will turn to cancer." This was in 1962.

So he was a little bit off on his estimate. That's 28 years ago.

Well, I don't know. I've told you, you know, that I have learned what not to eat.

I've concentrated a little more on that and I have gone on with it right to this day but I do believe that I've got cancer now.

But you think that your good exercise when you were a kid and then having certain dietary habits your whole life is what kept you active and in good health this long?

I have lengthened that distance, that was supposed to be four years, I have lengthened that to from '62 to '90.

That's a 700% increase, so that's pretty good.

When you get to that point, you know, you're going beyond average. And there is no reason to get mournful and walk around and figure, and cry about it you know. I don't know if you saw Arthur Godfrey when he was on the TV.

Yeah, when I was a kid.

But he had that horse that he'd make dance. Anyway, he would sing that little theme song of his, you know, that he would try counting sheep to go to sleep but he couldn't make it. So he would start to count his blessings, then he would go right to sleep counting his blessings.

We've covered, I think everything I could think of. Is there anything else that you could think of that in this tape right now that you would like to put in here? I had one other question, too. The doctor that you saw down in Dallas, Texas, you mentioned his name and the Senator that wrote about him. But I couldn't quite get the pronunciation. How was that spelled? Dr. Hoxers?

Dr. Hoxey was the name of them, but you would have to get acquainted with your American Medical Association here. When I went down there for the second time, they wanted to check me the second time. And they did that with everybody. It's free, they said "We want you to come down, we want to check you. And from now on it's free." He had already had problems. The American Medical Association had tried to take his license away from him. But in court he proved the witnesses were flakes. So they were a little bit more careful and they got a little more what would you call it, not information, misinformation. They got a little more information [bribed witnesses], and they made it, they took his license away from.

But you think that in your case he was a real good doctor and added years to your life?

Well, when anything as strong as the American Medical Association, it would be

pretty hard to get a lawyer that would take it and if they did they would ride that lawyer.

What year did you go to see him?

The only way that I can close to that was I went there the same time that I went to Texas to pick up a school bus. I had ordered a school bus built in Texas. There's two names that are very similar, the capital of Texas, and then this other one, I don't remember either one of them. But one of them was where they built this bus that I picked up.

Was that before World War II, or . . .

I went to Dallas first, you know, and got this checkup. And of course everything was okay. And I wanted to get out of there as quick as possible because Sunday came along and I didn't want to be stuck in this other joint over Sunday because I couldn't pick that bus up on Sunday. They wouldn't be open. And he [Hoxey] promised me, he said, "I'll get you out so that you can make it. But we can't make any special appointments, we have to treat everybody alike." So I had to stay for my regular appointment. But I made it over there in time so that I could have got the bus but it wasn't ready.

Was that in the 1940's or 1950's when you went to see Dr. Hoxey?

The bus that I went to pick up. I can get this date pretty close. The bus that I went to pick up was a 1942 bus.

Okay. And it was brand new.

Just built.

So Dr. Hoxey, how was his name spelled?

I don't remember just exactly how. It would be spelt very simply. That started with a Dr. Lincoln.

That . . .

That method . . .

That method.

That method of treating you by having you avoid the things that you shouldn't eat plus some medicine. The medicine wasn't very much because, I, in fact, I didn't take much of it. But it left me so darn quick, that the diet was the whole thing.

So you think the secret to a long and healthy life is diet and exercise pretty much.

Dr. Lincoln started this same method. And Dr. Lincoln, of course, they put him out of business. But Hoxey worked with him. And Hoxey set up this one of his own, using the same method.

14. Current Activities and Comments

Can you think of anything else at this time? I guess one thing more I'd like to put on this is the fact that yesterday you were clearing land with a cat. I'm curious how many days a week you work now and what kinds of work you do? At this time.

Well, I have these 13 antiques [cars] that I'm going to try to get done. And that building is almost done. If I could get that done, it's mouse tight. And if could get, I had three of those antiques in that log cabin over there, and it is mouse tight.

What kind of antiques?

I've got three Hupmobiles. A '25, a '30, and a '33. And I have a '29 Model A. And I have a '26 Model T. Then I have a '25 Model T Roadster, and then I have a '26 Model T Coupe. And I have to try to remember these as they are in different buildings here. The three Hupmobiles, there's a '33 out here, and a '25 out here and a '30 over in that log cabin over there. In that log cabin is a '20 Model T Coupe and a '40 Mercury.

Ah. A new car.

I bought it new.

Oh you bought it new, too?

I bought it new, and I've run it a long time. And when I started to have it restored, I was gonna just have it restored for a work car. And I didn't think that, I didn't know this, these antiques, the club, I didn't know that there was one. They'd just started it. And when I had that thing re-upholstered, I just had it re-upholstered so it would be beautiful.

Are you more interested now in getting things restored back to their authentic . . . ?

No.

Just so it looks beautiful?

It's too nice to tear up and restore to make it authentic. Everything else except the

upholstery is authentic.

How close are these cars to being restored? Are you just kind of starting on them, or kind of finishing them up, or are they in various stages?

I'm going to try to finish them so they'll be authentic. Authenticity or nothing. This Hupmobile out here, this '33, I've tried JC Whitney to get running board material that was authentic. Running board material that's on it is brand new, but it isn't authentic. And I sent them an order, it's the longest running board made, and they had nothing that long so I ordered two, I ordered two and a step plate where I could put it over the splice right by the front door. And it is a pretty slick price, I don't remember what it was, \$700 or something for the two. And they didn't send it. And they didn't send it. And I wrote, and finally they sent me a big package, about so big you know, and insulated inside of this. The mail carrier lady happened to be out there just at the same time as I was when she brought it. And there was a letter at the same time from them. And when I opened the letter she opened the package, there was nothing in it. And the letter was a little bit sassy: "I hope you're pleased with the service we're giving you." or something like that you know. And she told me that she was in the same boat, they were doing her the same way. That's why she opened that to look. And after a while I wrote them a letter and told them that I'd have to turn it over to the Federal Trade Commission or the Better Business Bureau, something had to be done. And then they wrote back and said you're too late. We're in receivership, we're taking bankruptcy.

JC Whitney went bankrupt. I didn't know that.

And today I can't figure out how in the hell they're still in business. They're still in business, the same business.

Other than restoring these vehicles here, having that as a hobby, you still work around the house and on the land don't you?

My work here?

Yeah.

Well, I'm doing everything that I need to do and can do on account of the weather. I wish we had time, I'd like to take you over here and show you what we did yesterday. We've got a pile of wood over there. If the wall, this wall was here. It

would fill this part right here clear to the roof.

Is that firewood? Do you still operate a chainsaw? You operate a cat.

Well, I have a chainsaw, and a cat, and Ted, that's my youngest boy, he had two other fellows with him. But they were not very husky, they should be, but from lack of that type of work you know. And then, I had a splitter. You pull a lever.

Oh, it was one of the hydraulic splitters.

Yeah. And they put out quite a little bit of wood. And there are so many other things that it keeps you busy. In this barn up here is this Model T coupe. '26. It's almost finished. And I'm rewiring it, when it's the weather so that I can't work outdoors and I haven't got anything else that I can get at, I got the wiring, but it isn't for that car. So I have to do a little bit of extra splicing in different places. It's for a different year.

How many days do you work in a week? On an average week.

If I didn't work on Sunday, I could keep track of the days. But I have to ask what day this is. Cause Sunday is the same thing, when I work on Sunday.

I'm the same way.

If there's something that we have to go to, that will put a landmark on that, then I could keep track for a few days.

But you usually do something almost everyday then? Do you get more tired than you did maybe 10 or 20 years ago?

I can't go around as much as I could then. When I get into the brush . . . this last tree, I'll give you an example, this last tree that I felled over here I couldn't see where it would be apt to go. The road comes in and the tree was down here and we've got an open area in here and this tree will reach the road if it doesn't go just right. And my chainsaw is only an 18-inch bar, and it didn't go clear through far enough. It leaned pretty hard, and the limbs was all on that side too. And the wind come from that direction. I cut the undercut, I think I had that undercut about right, but when I cut in on this side of it, I had to cut in a quite a little ways so that the saw would reach through from the other side again when I started on that side. And when I got about that far from my undercut, the lefthand side it started to open up. And I figured I'm going to have to go pretty fast in order to get it over so it don't slip. So

I went around but it got in a hurry. So it broke about that much in the middle, and it didn't go quite where I had the undercut in it. But I started to limb it, I went around where I could get in with the power saw you know and just started to limb. And it was getting late. And Ted, I could see him off through the brush and he started to motion, you know, that it was time to go home. He looked at his watch. So I told him I'll saw a couple more of these limbs kind of out of the way and then I'll go around. And it was up a little over knee high, and I either had to walk on those and that's not very good because I can't keep my balance any more on anything like that so it took me quite a while to get out of there. I had the power saw. And I was about as far as from here to the wall, and he went in through the bush and got ahold of my power saw told me I had to get out. So I fought the brush a little more and got out. But I don't do what I used to. But I can keep going and I can do quite a little bit. My right eye is out and that is a little bad.

Well, I think we've covered everything as best we could. Can you think of anything at this point that you'd like to add.

You know, a fellow can't, when you try to think of something like that it don't come up. But all at once you remember something.

Why don't we finish this recording now, and I'll do the same thing as last time, I'll bring you a transcript, and you can go through, and then anything we add to this point we can just put it in writing?

I should have done that in the first place. I should have done that and had all of these things up here, just something you know to start with. And in doing that I could have given almost every exact date. And this way, to try to think back I have to associate it with something that will establish a date or like that bus that I picked up in Texas. That established the date. That was a 1942 bus. But it could have been '41 because, you know, that's just like an automobile, they always date quite a ways ahead.

Well, I think that's kind of an advantage. We've been kind of skipping around, but as we get it indexed and we get it in order I think it will be easy for somebody to put it and get the exact dates. And I don't think exact dates are so important as who was there and what occurred and your impressions of what was going on. I think those are the important kinds of things.

There's one thing I would like to emphasize. And I would like to have people go and take a look. I know that we had over 200 inches of rainfall up there at that time. Every year. And if people would only go and take a look where there was a creek. Now, they don't have to go clear up to my home. That Soap Creek school house, that creek would cross right below there and there was a bridge across it, right below the school house.

We stopped there and we talked about that on the first tour, so . . .

Yeah, I know. There's no creek there anymore.

Okay. And I know that's something I've discussed with people since then, so and I got the same information from Wanda Cook. She could remember that there was more fog and she thought more rain. And certainly the evidence is there like you were saying that there used to be creeks and the water used to be up further.

There's evidence that sometimes you don't think of in time. You know that house on the hill that we was trying to find the road that came down and go around the blacksmith shop?

Yep.

And across the little creek? There's something that I never thought of until later. In that little creek that doesn't exist today they had a ram.

Ah ha. So there had to be enough water pressure to operate the ram.

They had to have enough water pressure to operate that ram in order to push that water up to the top of that hill into that house. There's no creek there now.

APPENDIX: PERSONAL MEMORIES

Armistice. Went home and went to work in Kings Valley for Christianson about a year. Left Christianson when thrashing time came and went to work for Goviers in harvest and then for Alvie Govier in his little saw mill. I got a used 1917 Model T Ford in 1917 and I sold it in 1920 and ordered a new one in 1920. Adam Willham had the Ford agency and Ford couldn't put them out as fast as people wanted them so we had to make a deposit of \$50 and wait our turn. There were three ahead of me, but he kept the depositors waiting and sold the cars to others. Henry Ford caught him up on that and he lost the Ford agency, but he wouldn't give me back my \$50.

Getz and Grout got the agency and I got the first car that they sold and they gave me credit for my \$50 and Ford took that out of Adam Willham. That was about March 1920.

We learned the Swedish language first. My folks knew if we didn't we never would. I was six years old when I started to school; had 4 miles to walk and it was very steep. This has been covered in the book, but we got a little teacher when I was in third grade and she taught us a few things that was not in the books. "Love without respect is an angel but with one wing." "First of all to thine own self be true thou canst not then be false to any man." And a song, "There is danger in the flowing bowl, touch not, taste not, handle not." And a few more too many to bring up. What she taught was loyal to me and I lived it all my life. She gave me her picture when school was out and I still have it.

Most all important things are covered in the book, but not in the sequence and date so this will be in sequence and dated I hope here.

As the book has stated, I had my first work try out when we came home from the hopyard in 1912. I was 14 then and I was as big then as I ever got to be. And all the working out would be when there was no school until after I was 15 years old as I was 15 when I finished the 9th. I was 17 when I went to Portland, and I wasn't there very long. When I came back I enlisted in that Student Army Training Corps (S.A.T.C.) because I was 17 then and it was about 4 months in it. I'll have to go back and pick up some small events as they come along. There was a big family named Swanson and they had a big house they had come from the same part of Sweden my folks had, but they didn't know each other there. We always had Christmas dinner with them and everything had to be just like it was in Sweden. A small glass of whiskey by every plate about four tablespoons full and when we came to the table somebody said grace and then they would pick up these glasses and touch them to their neighbor's glass and say "Skoll!" They would take a sip and then start to pass the food. But one glass wasn't picked up and a 7-year old kid was sitting there. Everything stood still for a while and nothing was said. His father and mother were across the table from him and they seemed to be proud not embarrassed and that helped that kid as much as that little teacher had. They had a girl named Esther, she was four months younger than this kid and the parents on both sides had it all fixed up when they would be grown up. She wrote me a letter every week but I never answered any of them and another fellow from Portland named Johnson spotted her when she was about 17 and he grabbed her. I saw them about ten years later and she looked and sounded just like her mother.

The book mentioned Mrs. Dorgan and our school programs but there has never been anything said about my ability to whistle and chirp because I never did it when anybody could hear me. It was a pastime when I was alone and when I went after the cows. I worked for Benedicts later they had a hopyard and George Benedict was about my age. There was a girl named Lena Toby that went to high school in Albany when I went there and whenever there was a group of people she would get up and whistle. Once George said to me, "Why don't you get up and do the same thing you can whistle her under the table and nobody knows it." I told him I didn't like to show off. When I had my teeth pulled I lost it and can't even call my dog now.

I was going to high school in Albany when the war broke out and I stopped and went to Portland and that is covered in the book so let us take a little space here and straighten up a few things. Floyd Zeller never had an electric saw mill. He had a mill 2-1/2 miles north of Summit. He sawed 4-inch cants and built a tram road straight to the Summit store. There was no road then where it is now. He put his lumber on the train there and sold it to Alaska Bridge for \$10 a thousand feet. When he ran out of timber he moved up Norton Creek, put in a tram road to Blodgett and put his lumber on the train there. When he ran out of timber there he moved to Wren. At Wren he put up a high steel track with an electric plant on this track through a bunch of ropes hanging down and a walk not just under but to one side a little. My sister Hilda controlled this rig, which unloaded and loaded both lumber and logs. One morning when everybody came to work Zeller didn't show up and they found him dead in his office. He had no mill anywhere else. Hilda got acquainted with a man named Louie Marquet in the Wren mill and they got married. The doctors told him not to work so he stayed home and had the house warm and had supper ready when she came home. He kept her Model A in good condition all the time. All he wanted was a little alcohol but he never got drunk. One day when they were both home he went out in the kitchen to put some wood in the stove, he opened the door to the woodshed and she heard a "thud" and he didn't come in. She went out to look and he was dead.

Let us go over to when I was working with that tractor I got from Lyle Winney. A man came out with a truck and said I am here to get that tractor you got from old man Winney. I paid him for it and I have the title. So they had pulled another one on me. That was about 1921. This is not the Fordson I have now.

About this time a man named Alvin Eads had the Exide battery franchise for Benton County. He wanted me to take it over but I didn't have the money so he sold it to Willdig and Witzig. Willdig was a contractor and Witzig was a house wirer. They got me to do the automotive work. I had a Reeds manual that for \$17 a year they would bring it up to date and it pictured everything so I had no problems. The auto mechanics in those days didn't know as much as a grade school kid knows today so I got plenty of work. A man from California going to O.A.C. bought my bosses out, and he married a woman also going to O.A.C. We had a test bench and a lot of equipment and Frank Burnap put up a building -- No. 113 on 3rd and Monroe -- just for this. It goes full length from the sidewalk to the alley. It was the only floor long enough in Benton County to focus lights and I had the only license to do it. There were not very many cars then but I was pretty busy. I think the procedure is given in another part of the book. This man's name from California that bought my owners out was Marshall Dickensen but we called him Dick. I could soon see they were

not getting along too well. He was to stay in the shop while I went to lunch at 12 and I would be back in half an hour. His wife would come at 12 and insist he take her to lunch and she wouldn't listen to reason. One day he didn't show up and I didn't see him any more. I brought my lunch and stayed at noon. That went on for about a month and a half. He had given me two checks that totalled about \$900 but I had no chance to go the bank when it was open. Then three Portland stores and one in Corvallis went together and attached the equipment and the building would have to be padlocked for a month if the attachment would be legal. The sheriff couldn't put a padlock on it because Frank Burnap owned the building. And he told the sheriff "I'll saw the padlock off and throw it out in the street." These stores claimed that Dickensson owed them \$44. I went to a lawyer named Fred McHenry but he did nothing to help me. McFaden and Clark was the lawyers that could scare everybody so they made it work and these people took the equipment out. A harelip in Albany wanted me to come over and work for him and I told him I would help him till Frank Burnap got some more equipment. While this was going on I got a letter from Dick telling me he had stayed with Kerr for a while and he had told him to come down and tell me he was giving me the equipment for what he owned me; he knew the checks were no good. But Kerr didn't come and tell me. I went over to Albany and he gave me about 20 sheets of papers and told me give one of these to everybody at the sale. When Clark got one he said, "What is this?" I said, "Read it." He threw it down and said "Go ahead with the sale." The sheriff was a little reluctant and I said, "You think parts is ahead of labor?" and Clark said, "That is moral and this is legal -- go ahead with the sale." And the sheriff sold it. I went back over to Mark Weatherford and he said this opened another avenue. It was me who told Dick to do that now they sold it and that let me out with Dick. "I'll take this for you on this condition -- I'll get you that money or it won't cost you a cent." The hearing came up and the Corvallis lawyers tried to stop it by telling everybody go home there is no hearing. But we stayed and everything started. I had a letter from Dick stating that he had left the equipment to me but the Corvallis lawyers said that the letter was forged. Weatherford called for a mistrial and came over to me and said we can't risk it, the jury might go their way, I'll call for a retrial and I'll take the witness stand and my partners will plead the case. I can prove I told Dick to do that. The sheriff was a good friend of mine and he said if I would win it he would be the goat so I told Weatherford to drop it.

That harelip in Albany wanted me to come over and work for him and I think that is covered already in the book. Burnap got the Exide franchise and I came back and worked for him. The building was open at both ends all day so the cars could come in and go out the back door and in the winter it got pretty cold. My brother wanted me to go out but I hated to leave Burnap; he was paying me 35 dollars a week and wages was \$1.50 a day for a mechanic. My stepfather drowned and my mother wanted me to come out and take over the farm and that is where I am today.

In 1929 a young fellow started a school bus from Summit to Philomath for high school kids but he drove it into the garage where he got it and disappeared when there was 3 months left of school. The store keeper at Summit had gone his bond and he induced me to take over and that put me in the school bus business. This too I believe has been covered before. So I am still logging, restoring antiques, and putting up buildings to keep the mice out of them. I'll be 93 years next twenty-sixth of July.

All this has been in the past. Maybe we should look a little at the future. The spotted owl is a big topic in large old growth timber, but nothing is said about those big blue grouse that also live in that big timber. They live on the buds of that yellow old growth in the winter and that is why there is no seed. They are not fit to eat when they are eating those buds, but when they live on grasshoppers and grass seed they are very good and they are the biggest dry land bird we have.

Carbon monoxide in our big cities and putting millions more internal combustion cars every year when in 1966 a steam car would outperform them. They made steam cars with only twenty-seven moving parts and the wheels are the fastest moving part. In zero weather they could go out to the car have it going and drive it away in 30 seconds and they have made many improvements since then.

The United States is in the most difficult situation we have ever witnessed. If and when the oil co. and the steel co. that control us have to give it up and let us put representatives in the senate out of our own walks of life what will be done with all the internal combustion cars. We have lost our allies and we don't have the resources to fight a war on our own.

There is enough here to make another book so I'll have to leave it out. Maybe soon we will be forced to go to steam cars. The oil co. still try to tell us about the water troughs every five miles on the roads but in 1966 a steam car could go 1500 miles without stopping for water or oil.

I can't give you the details on this but the information is correct. When Jup and Letty Govier were small Neva Govier, Alvie's wife, took his car and left him with the kids. She left with another man. Alvie got another car and two years later he got a storage bill from Richard's garage -- so he had two cars and two kids. You can get the details from Jup and Letty.

Several years later we found out that Neva was in Falls City and the man was cutting wood for a living. His name was Polard or Poland or something like that. My sister saw them later and told me Neva was a little wreck would weigh about 80 pounds.

Alvie got married to a German girl that was working in the laundry and they had children too.

Charlie Olson
Summit, Oregon
December, 1990

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