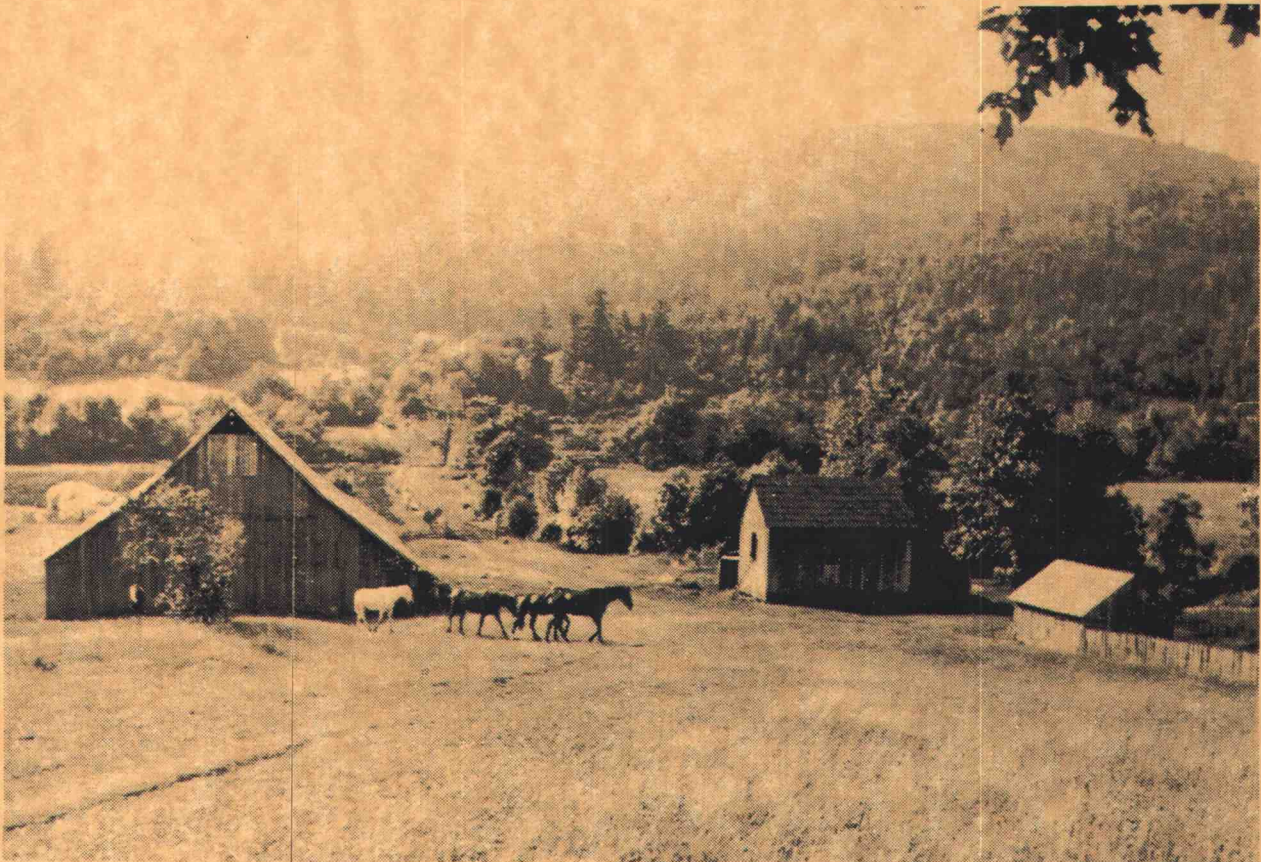


# NEIL VANDERBURG

**Family Farming and Saw Milling on Berry Creek  
Benton County, Oregon: 1935-1941**

**Oral History Interviews by  
Bob Zybach & George Wisner**



**Soap Creek Valley History Project  
OSU Research Forests  
Monograph #8  
1994**



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## **ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

The Soap Creek Valley History Project was authorized by, and was under the direction of, Dr. William Atkinson, former Director of the OSU Research Forests, from 1989 until 1993. Beginning in 1994, the oral history portion of this project has been under the direction of Jeffery Garver, OSU Research Forests Manager. Funding for the Soap Creek Valley History Project is provided by the OSU College of Forestry.

Lisa Buschman, former OSU Research Forests secretary, initially transcribed most of the recorded interviews to computer files and assisted with draft editing, formatting, and indexing. Holly Behm Losli, Tami Torres and Md. Shahidul Islam, OSU Research Forests text editors, completed final formatting and indexing under the direction of Pam Beebee, OSU Research Forests Office Manager.

Finally, both the Introduction and Appendix A of this history were written by Neil's daughter, Mary. 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. Pictured is the Moore family farm on Soap Creek, taken about 1899 or 1900 by Mrs. Lauridson's father, Samuel H. Moore.

Title Page Photo: Edith Vanderburg and her husband, Neil. Rockhounding in Wildhorse, Arizona, February, 1994.

## **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.

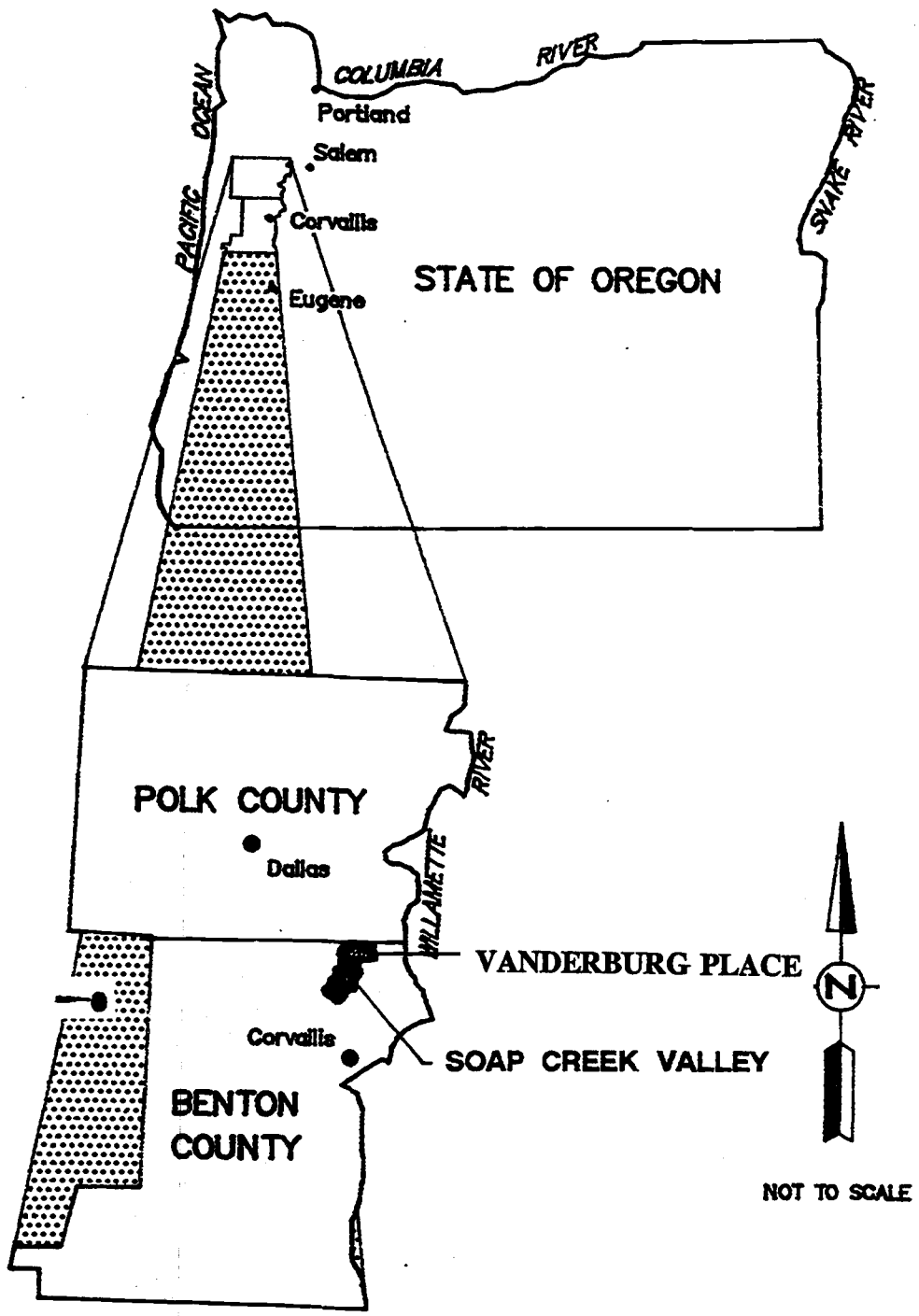
The publication of these interviews as a series of cross-referenced and indexed monographs has been undertaken in an effort to make them available to resource managers, researchers and educators. An additional use is accurate and available references for a planned written history of the area.

One of the primary accomplishments of the Soap Creek Valley History 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. In 1994, the concordance file was thoroughly tested and redesigned under the direction of Md. Shahidul Islam, currently the publications editor for this project. His refinement of the concordance file now allows for a more efficient and systematic indexing of the monographs in this series. In addition, the system will now be much easier for students, staff, and others to use, and will provide a better method for cross-referencing other research materials being used in the construction of the scholarly history portion of this project.

The Soap Creek Valley history is being assembled from the written and spoken words of the people who made it and lived it. The use of the 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 the Depression-era Berry Creek resident, Neil Vanderburg--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.

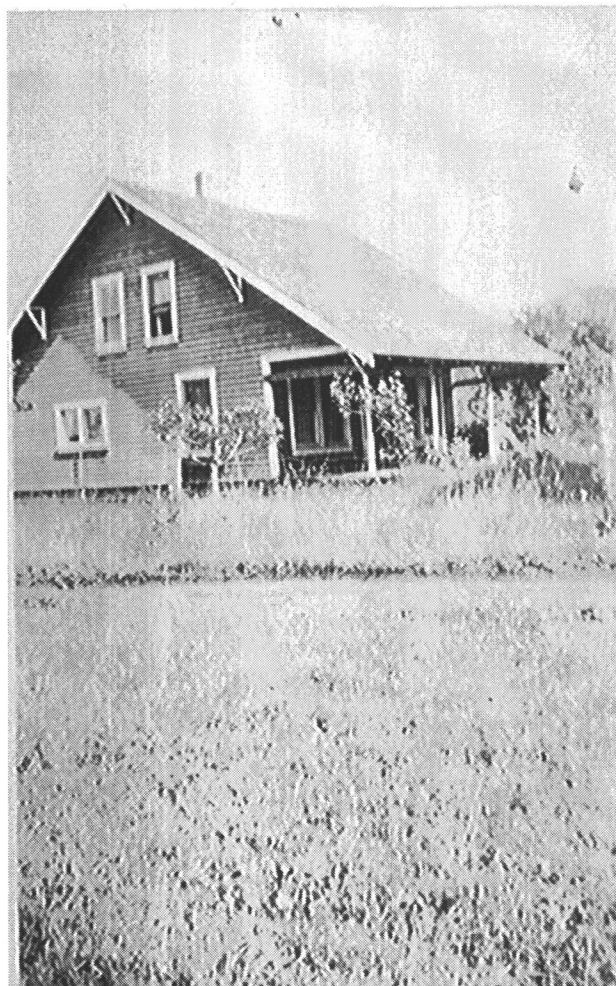
Citations should mention both the OSU College of Forestry and OSU Research Forests.

# SOAP CREEK VALLEY MAP





Two views of the Vanderburg home in 1937. Notice the maple limb in the upper photo, a portion of a row of bigleaf maples separating the home from Berry Creek Road. These maples were recorded in a 1990 inventory of OSU Research Forests' cultural resources as the "Vanderburg Maples."



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Shirley Mae Vanderburg and new husband, Fred W. Morris, at Vanderburg home following their marriage on October 17, 1936. Fred recently celebrated his 80th birthday and the couple is approaching their 60th wedding anniversary.





## INTRODUCTION

### Neil Elton Vanderburg A Perspective of Generations

Anna's pen captured us well, and I had to laugh. At thirteen years old, her school assignment to write her family history crystalized her memories and yielded some interesting insights. What did she say about her grandpa, the "character" of this volume?

"My grandpa fits the word unique perfectly. He is a man you have to love, and he is not at all reticent. I think my grandfather flatters the age of sixty-three because on the inside, I think he is about twelve. This man is not afraid to tell a corny joke, and as he retells his stories, you can watch them grow . . . Though my grandfather is very wise and smart, it's nice to still see the glimmer of a kid at heart in him."

This "kid" also has another side. My daughter might characterize her grandpa's childhood as hard. His life facts, some of which are contained in this book, might lead you to think so, but I don't think Daddy would ever see it that way. During the Great Depression, when meals were scant, and chewing on his small collars pacified the hunger, his heart was satisfied with the love of his family. When his bicycle was a Sears catalog dream, all of nature was his playground to which he added a wild imagination and an inquisitive mind. Never have I heard him recall the past with bitterness or regret. It made him what he is, and he is grateful.

I also am grateful, because his life flows in mine. Some of my favorite memories of Daddy are when as an early teen I chose often to accompany him to the fields to help move irrigation pipe or check on the cows. It was in these quiet moments, that I saw most clearly the gentle and loving heart of this big strong man. It was he who put me on a first name basis with the Columbine, Lambs Tongue, and Larkspur. He taught me to see the beauty of fox at play, a hawk in flight, and the changing colors of the sky. The work of farming was only an excuse to reap the harvest of hearts.

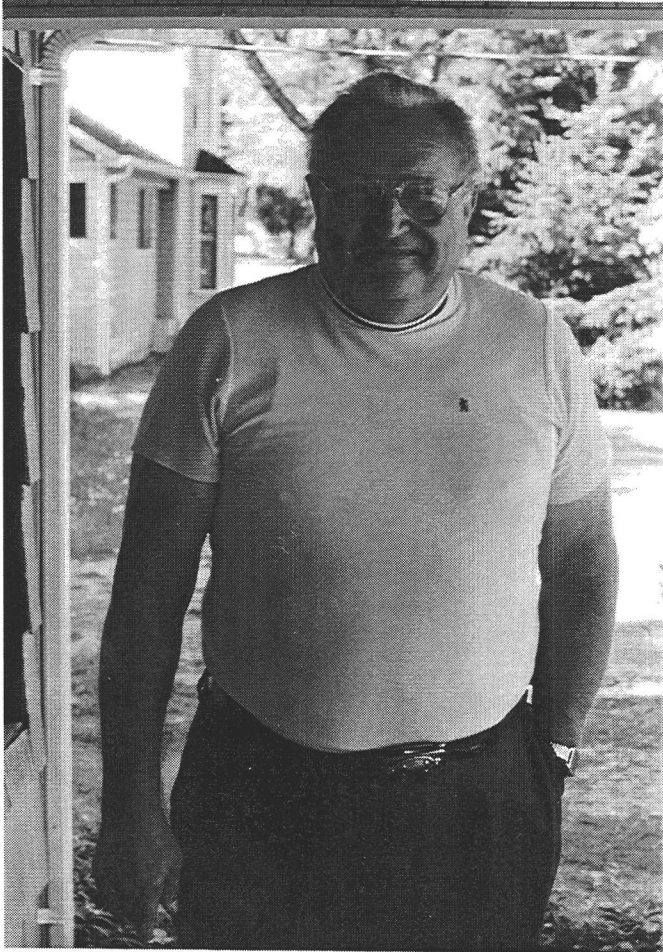
There is no work, there is no life, that is an end to itself. This book is a testament to that truth. For myself and generations to come, thank you Daddy for what you have given.

Mary Vanderburg Stone  
July 1994



Berry Creek School 8th grade graduating class, 1937. Betty White, Neil Vanderburg and Leslie Gardner.

## Part I. August 8, 1990 Interview



*Neil Vanderburg, after a grueling interview regarding his family's history and his memories of the Berry Creek area during the 1930s. Neil is pictured on August 8, 1990 at the home of Bob Zybach, Corvallis, Oregon.*

### 1. Family History

My, both sets of my grandparents, [Elton Dorr and Dorothy Louise Rose Vanderburg, and William de Ruchie and Nellie Wilson Rose] were quite well to do. My mother's family had servants. And she had never cooked or washed a dish until she got married, so . . .

*Okay. Let's see. This is Neil Vanderburg. We're at 530 NW 15th on August 8, and we're talking about his family history. So we start with your mother's family, and they are well to do. Do you know who your great grandparents were on your mother's side?*

No I don't and it can't be traced because my mother was born in Canada and you can't trace your family tree through Canada unless you are one of the people in there so my daughter [Mary Stone] has not been able to go back. My grandfather and grandmother were both French [Editorial Note: These are Neil's great grandparents. A few of Neils other memories regarding family history contain minor errors. Please refer to Appendix A for a detailed history and genealogy

over from France, into Canada, and my grandfather's name was William de Ruchie Rose, changed to Rose after the family came to the United States, and my mother's name was Dorothy Rose. But they, he did a lot of investing in real estate and they were financially capable so that they went down into the Buena Park area which is down by Knotts Berry Farm, they had a whole city block there for their home and their servant's quarters. I have seen it but it is now in part of a freeway. And anyway they would go down there in the winter time and in the summer time they went back to Canada each year. So my mother went back and forth and she never became a citizen of the United States actually, except through marriage. My mother had a brother who was about her age who was, we called him Bud Rose, his name was Clarence, and he was an artist and a painter. He and my mother were, oh, about 7 or eight years older than their three younger sisters. And I don't, I'm not positive whether they had the same mother or not [They did.]. My grandfather had three different wives through death, he never had a divorce, it was through death, but anyway there was a gap between the two older ones and the three younger ones. Strangely enough, the three younger ones are all still alive and they are up over 85 now, so . . .

*So your mother was one of the two older ones?*

Yeah, Bud and she were the oldest ones.

*Now your great grandfather and grandmother Rose both were French?*

Yeah, but they came from, one came from northern France and one came from southern France, and they could hardly understand each other in their French language.

*So they met in Canada?*

Yeah.

[Story deleted here: See Appendix A]

*So your sister is the one doing a family history.*

No that's my daughter [Mary (Vanderburg) Stone].

*Daughter is doing a family history.*

My sister [Ruth (Vanderburg) Monroe] lives up in Canada now. She loves it and lives up the Kamloops area.

*Is that where your grandparents are from? The Kamloops area?*

They were on north another 150 miles or so, and she went on up to where they had lived. I have pictures of the mine that my dad took. Whether I could find them after the move or not, it would be a little hard probably. Anyway, that about covers my mother's side.

*Now when they were in Canada, then they came down to the United States, do you know why they moved down to the Knotts Berry Farm area?*

I think probably for climate.

*So they had just gotten tired of Canada. . . Do you know what year they moved down to the United States?*

I understand my mother was born Christmas before the turn of the century. Seven days before the turn of the century. And I understand that her first trip to California she was two years old, supposedly. But they made that trip back and forth and I think probably they didn't like the winters in Canada. And they had the money so they didn't have to stay up there in that . . . cause that's pretty far north there and pretty cold, and inland far enough to make it colder yet.

*So she was born Christmas Day, 1899. She had an older brother?*

Yeah.

*And that would have been by your grandfather's first wife. Then about 1901 the family started going back and forth between Canada and the United States. So when did your grandfather's first wife, [See Appendix A] your grandmother, when did she die?*

I . . . let's see I would have to figure back by my . . . one of em died about, around 1920 [Feb. 28, 1918], right in there, because when she died, my aunt Esther came to live with us, and she was in the home when I was born. So I was always like her son, because she later had three daughters, so I was always really important to her, because I was her son, and am to this day, and that's another story, of course.

*That would have been one of her younger sisters?*

Yeah. That was her youngest sister.

*Now, if somebody wanted to get the genealogy from your daughter, what is her name and address?*

Her name is Mary Stone, and she lives right here in Corvallis, and the easiest way to get ahold of her is she operates the Bible book store [Christian Supply Store] here in Corvallis across from Fred Meyers there on Fillmore Street.

*And she's got the genealogy of your family?*

Yeah.

*So anybody that wanted to find out when your grandparents were born, when they got married, when you kids were born, where your parents . . . where they lived, she'd be the person to talk to.*

Yeah.

*Good, that'll save us some tape space here.*

She has traced my father's side to a Vanderburg that came across, and well at that time it was three words and "h" on the end of our name.

*Now when your great grandfather came back out to California, was your grandfather already born, or was he a native of California?*

I have no idea back in that history. You know, my grandfather had a brother. And I met him one time when I was probably 5 years old. And that's really all I know about my, on my grandmother's side, her mother was still alive, she broke her hip when I was probably 3 years old, and I remember her in bed, that's all I know about anybody further back than my grandfather and grandmother. My grandfather and grandmother [Lester and Jennie Hiserodt Vanderburgh], if you put them in a shower and got 'em soaking wet, and put them on the scales, the two of them together wouldn't weigh 200 pounds.

*Small people?*

Yeah, my grandfather was 5'11", my grandmother was . . . or I mean 4'11", my grandmother was 4'9".

*Wow.*

I think the most my grandmother ever weighed was 84 pounds.

*And those were the Vanderburgs.*

That was the Vanderburg side. And so they were all . . . everybody was quite surprised that none of us ended up that small. As you can see, I'm not small. But I do have 2 daughters that are only 5'2". But . . .

*Now Vanderburg, your grandfather, may have been brought over with his father to California,*

Very likely. [See Appendix A]

*Or he could have been born there in California.*

Well you see my dad . . . yeah, he was probably born in California because my dad was born in 1896, so 1876, it'd been probably . . . I think my granddad was at least 30 when my dad was born, so that wouldn't go back to 1949, so . . .

*Or 1849.*

I mean 1849. So there had to be a generation in there, so.

*So he'd be native Californian quite a ways back.*

Yeah.

*Now then, your grandmother, what was her maiden name?*

That was Heisert.

*Do you know how her family got to California?*

I have no idea [See Appendix A]. I know that the Heisert family was kind of more bullish than the Vanderburg side, because my dad had a cousin and he was always restless in church, and so his mother asked my grandmother how she kept my dad quiet in church, and she says "I just reach over and pinch him." So the next Sunday, well, while I'm talking here I'm thinking I'll come up with my dad's cousin's name, but I haven't anyway, right in the middle of service he just stood up and he says "Now you quit pinching me!"

*So it didn't work for that side of the family.*

No, not at all. But I knew him and he was that way. But anyway, then all of my dad's children, he had six, and five of them were born in California, and my youngest brother was born out there at Berry Creek.

*So there's six kids in your family.*

Yeah.

*Then your mom, from about 1901, she's going to California during the winters and going to school there. And your dad, when was he born?*

1896.

*So he was just a few years older than. . .*

Four years.

*How did they meet?*

I think they probably met at school. Because in these annuals I see both of them.

*But he's a few years older than her.*

He's a senior and she's a freshman.

*I see. So, when did they get married then?*

They got married in 1917. [May 1, 1918]

*So she was just about graduated from high school?*

Yeah. She was a year out of high school and of course this was, my dad went into the service in 1917. See he was, well he would have been 21 then, but he, I don't know, he was going to college I think or something and they apparently didn't draft him until, I believe it was 1917, and he was drafted. And they got married about the time that he got drafted. And he spent his World War I time up in Washington in a sawmill. And it was a sawmill because his eye sight was very poor. Actually, he was a wonderful accountant, and you could read his figures from clear across the room when he wrote 'em. But he had one eye that was blind and actually he worked for Union Oil Company when I was real small as an accountant and he had to give up because his eyes were really going down hill and they didn't have the doctors they do now. And I remember when I was about 4 years old, well one night he was working

graveyard and my mother was doing something so he took me to work with him, and his job then was storekeeper in Union Oil warehouse, ordering parts and all the valves and all the stuff they use in the well drilling down there. And that was his job. He put me to bed on a bench there but I had one eye open watching what was going on all the time 'cause I was always a mechanic from the time I was a little bitty person. I was interested. Now, I got lost, where am I?

*Let's see. Your mom and dad got married, and then he got drafted in the war and sent to the sawmill, but to back up just a little bit, what did his parents do for a living? Your grandmother's were wealthy real estate . . .*

My grandfather on his side was into real estate, too. And he bought homes, fixed them up and sold 'em. He was a good carpenter and painter and had a good eye for what he could make money at. And he really got creamed in the Depression because he had a bunch of houses sold on contract and people didn't make their payments, so they lost 'em back to him and he lost 'em to the bank, and so he went from a rich man to quite a poor man. However, he did have 160 acres of walnuts in downtown what is now Fullerton, just right off of Chatsworth, and when my grandmother died, before she died, I was up to see her one time, and Chatsworth was four-lane street, probably 50 mile an hour street, and she'd walk out her back door and just walk right over to Alpha Beta market right across that four-lane highway and never look either way because she was just walking the back place there. She never realized that the town had built up and she thought she was walking on the farm. And I was very surprised she lived to die of old age, but. . .

*On the Vanderburgs, how many kids were there?*

In my dad's family there was Clarence, his older brother, and his sister Velma, and him.

*Were the three of them as small as their folks?*

No. Velma was. Velma was very small. And she was almost totally blind before she died. They all had glaucoma and they didn't know what to do about it in those days, and so it took their sight, and, yes she was small. But my dad was about 5'7" and so was Uncle Clarence, and that was smaller than average but big enough so I couldn't wear my dad's pants when I was in the eighth grade.

*So, he married your mom, and then he got drafted. Do you know what town that sawmill was in that he served his time in?*

Well, he was in the Vancouver Barracks.

*In Vancouver, Washington.*

That's where he lived, and they transported him to the mill, so I suppose it was probably down along the Columbia River. Vancouver Barracks isn't in Vancouver, though, is it?

*Well yeah, basically, but they had the spruce mill, say in Toledo, Oregon was controlled out of Vancouver Barracks. So they had the whole spruce division going, I think, from that area.*

Well I can't say where he . . .

*But he was stationed at Vancouver Barracks and he worked in a sawmill out of there until the war ended?*

Yeah.

*And then, then what did your folks do for a living?*

Well, there was one other thing that might be of interest. My mother got the World War I flu . . .

*Oh, that influenza epidemic of 1918?*

Yeah. And she almost died, and she was pregnant with my oldest sister [See Appendix A]. So they decided they had to take the baby to save her life and so they did, and my oldest sister lived. And at that time she was the smallest baby that had ever lived on record.

*Is there any kind of clippings or newspapers in your family about that?*

No. My dad said she'd fit into the palm of his hand and her head would come up to about here. And he wasn't a very big man. And so she was pretty premature. But anyway, that was one of the highlights of their early marriage. My mother, when she came to, she didn't believe she had a daughter, and she didn't know it for a week or two for sure until they could finally bring her in to see her. But she did recover from the flu.

*How many children . . . was that the first child then?*

That was the first child.

*Then how many more children?*

There was three girls older than I am, and then me and then my sister that's in Canada [Ruth] and then my youngest brother who is an electrician out here at Leading Plywood in Philomath.

*Oh, so you have got quite a bit of your family in the Corvallis area now?*

I have a sister in Washington. My second sister [Wilma] died many years ago and that is the one whose husband married the daughter of the first forest ranger in Oregon.

*Oh, okay. It's a . . .*

Orval Cummings.

*Okay. He's the one that took the deer into the Smith area, the Greenberry Smith area.*

Yeah. He took them in there apparently about 1934. He got a couple fawns. He worked for Doc Howard in Corvallis. Doc Howard ran a bunch of sheep and my brother-in-law lived up in the Alsea area and herded sheep for Doc Howard, made fence and so forth, and he, when we moved to Oregon we were pretty hard up so he decided we needed some help eating and so he took my dad up there on the south fork of the Alsea River with a pitchfork and cork boots and he brought back about 30 salmon and smoked them and since they're not traceable, I can tell that story. But we had smoked salmon that year to winter us over because we were really hard up.

*Let's go back to 1918, World War I, and your dad came home. Was he there when your oldest sister was born?*

No, my oldest sister was born in Fullerton. My next oldest sister Wilma was born in that area some place. Then my dad bought a ranch out in the Mojave desert out there by Lancaster, and it had an artesian well on it. And my sister Audrey was born there, and the story on that was that no telephones, of course, and my dad got in the Model T and headed for town to get the doctor and he hit a chuckhole and the wheel went like this and the Model T tipped over and by the time he got it tipped back over on its wheels and got the doctor and got there my sister was already born. But anyway, and then they moved to Baldwin Park where I was born, and I don't know what he was doing at that time.

*What year were you born?*

I was born in 1923.

*So in just five years there he had . . . do you know what he was doing while he was still*



*living in town?*

Oh, he was tied in with Union Oil Company, I believe, from the time he got out of the service until we moved to Antelope Valley the second time, which was in 1929.

*And that's the area in the Mojave Desert?*

Yeah.

*How big a place did he buy there?*

The first time he had 40 acres right on, near on Dry Lake. But I think he worked in town for Union Oil, I don't think he farmed that. Then, when I was born in Baldwin Park, he was farming. That Baldwin Park of course is all city now. It's between Los Angeles and San Bernardino. Then he moved to Chino, when I was fairly, pretty young, and he left Chino when I was two. My mother one time realized that I had a fantastic memory and she asked me what I could remember furthest back. And I told her, well, I could remember my dad out plowing with a team of horses and they had these pushers that they pushed the laundry in when they boiled it. I was riding one of those for a horse and I had a black and white and brown dog and I was following my dad down the furrow. I said there was a big corral there, I think it was probably a bull pen and some cows, but that's all I can remember. And she says, well, she says "That was Chino and we left there quite a bit before you were three years old." So, anyway . . .

*What kind of crop was he raising?*

He had milk cows. He had a big dairy there. And he [his cows] got hoof and mouth disease and lost the whole thing. And so then, from there he went to Brea, California, and he was back working for Union Oil Company then, that was the time when I remember sleeping on the bench at Union Oil. And, by the way I can drive right up to the house we lived in Brea and we lived there when I was four.

*The house is still there then?*

Yeah.

*And you can remember where it's at?*

Yeah, my wife and I when we went on our honeymoon, we were driving through Brea and all at once I made a turn, and she says "Where in the world are you going?" and I said "I think this is the street I used to live on." Drove right up and I says there's the house. When I was four years old! So anyway, then in 1929 of course my grandfather lost about everything he had and my dad kind of took the tumble with him. And I do know that my dad before he got married bought 40 acres and planted it to an orange grove, and he made quite a bit of money off of that when he sold it, but he could have made more money off of it because it was right in the Disneyland parking lot now. I told him he should have kept it and he says "I couldn't have paid the taxes on it all those years."

*How about the . . . so your grandfather Vanderburg lost pretty much everything in the stock market crash in 1929?*

Well, actually, it wasn't the stock market, it was real estate loss.

*Was that kind of related?*

Yeah, it was all related, everything fell.

*How about your grandfather Rose?*

Uh, I don't really know. He died just about 1929 [February 11, 1930]. Cause I was . . . well he died just after we moved to Lancaster. And we moved to Lancaster in '28 I believe it was. And we just got moved up there and my folks took my sister and I

down so they could see my grandpa in the hospital and he died very shortly after that. That was before I was going to school. Because the kids that were old enough to go to school, they didn't go down with us. So he would have died just about the time that everything fell. But apparently there wasn't much left of his fortune, because I never heard much of anything about it.

*Probably would have had an impact on your mother and the rest of your family, or you would have known.*

Yeah.

*But his third wife. Was she still alive?*

## 2. California Homestead

Anyway, she lived up into the, I'd say about 1950. My mother had a great dislike for her, so I had no tie with her at all until, actually, probably, well about the time my mother died, I went to a family reunion down there and she was there, and got acquainted with her, but at that time her mind was going and she didn't even know who I was and so. . . . But anyway, the reason we moved from Brea of course was hard times hit and about the same time my dad got a chance to, what do you call it when you got 320 acres for nothing by proving up on it?

*Homestead?*

Homestead, yeah. He got a chance to homestead 320 acres up there 32 miles out of Lancaster at Wilsona. Out in the desert, and not too far from what is now called Los Angeles Lake, which was Lovejoy Lake when I was there, and this Lovejoy Lake was full of Indian artifacts. And we used to go there and swim and look for arrowheads and one time one guy found a perfect set of Indian beads. And he took them over and washed them in the Lake and all he had was the thong. They all dissolved. But anyway, that was in the area where we lived and we built a house there and by that time my dad had five children and he built a two-room house. But there . . .

*How did your mother handle that? Just having been raised by servants and all of a sudden having five kids and a poor family?*

She was very adaptable to any situation. My mother was always adaptable. I mean, she was, she was . . . when Hatfield was running for office she had her picture taken with him in his campaigns and so forth, she was into . . . she was Oregon Mother of the Year twice, she was . . . but she adapted to whatever the situation was. And in that case, well, we slept outside because, well, once in a while we'd get snow on the ground but most of the time by 8:00 it was warm anyway. Of course, there was a lot of rattlesnakes there, we'd get up and find tracks under our beds in the sand where the snakes crawled under our beds at night and so forth. And once in a while we'd find the snakes in the sheet under our bed!

*So the Depression to you kids was more kind of like a camping out adventure, in a way?*

Basically, we didn't really know it except that I can remember the first steak I ever saw when my dad got a new job and my mother went out and bought him a steak out of the first paycheck, and we got to smell it. [Laughs]

*Wow. What year was that, about?*

Oh, I suppose it was about '34, or something like that, he'd gotten back on at Union Oil Company.

*And you just got to smell the steak!*

Smell the steak! Anyway, but times were hard, I mean, there wasn't, in that country, there was nothing you could go out and shoot, a deer or anything like that, to get something to eat and so we ended up we were on welfare for a year or two there, and the thing I remember about welfare was that they, the story went that our government officials decided that they were going to put a big herd of cattle out there in the desert and pasture them, so they got all these cows and were gonna make meat for the starving people and turned out that they figured that you got a cow you gotta have a bull for the cow. So they had as many bulls as they did cows, then somebody told them that wasn't necessary, so they made these big old bolognas about that long and about that big around and all the welfare people, every time you went for welfare you got those bolognas! And that was all bull meat from the surplus bulls!

*Do you think that story was true?*

I kinda think it was 'cause I heard it from several different people. But it's very possible! And, anyway, but then my dad then got a chance to trade that place for a place on Berry Creek.

*So he was . . . that's kind of how the Hanishes came up. He was able to trade his real estate in California, that he was homesteading, for a place in Berry Creek?*

Yeah, except that he [Hanish] also had property back in the midwest. And that was at the time of the dust bowl. And he traded for some property about, probably two miles, I don't know if you ever got to the Chaffin place up there not, but I think probably the fireplace is still standing. They were way back off the county road. And he had 100, he traded 160 acres of farmland back there in, I thought it was Nebraska, but it could have been Kansas. And he traded it for some 160 acres of ground in Oregon. He says, boy he sure thought he'd pulled the wool over the guy's eyes. He says he got out here and he said he found out his farm was all covered with trees!

*Wow.*

And so that was what he was logging. And that was probably a mile and a half from where they lived. And I don't know if Jim even knew that, but his dad told me, you know, I told you that I worked for his dad on Saturdays helping him fall trees to keep him busy the rest of the week, and he told me that. And he was kinda mumbling and grumbling about trading his farm back there in the midwest for a bunch of trees, and they weren't worth anything.

*Did he ever change his mind after he started logging, or . . .*

I don't think so, because at that time, you see, he was selling stumpage for 50 cents a thousand, and Orval, my brother-in-law, cut wood on his place, and he paid 50 cents a cord stumpage for the wood and it, those trees were probably 30 inches across the stump and no limbs up there for 150 feet and you'd just haul them. And of course in those days you didn't have power saws so you cut it in four foot lengths and split it and then they came in with power saws and sawed it. Not power saws, but buzz saws. And it was . . . but anyway, it was 50 cents a cord or 50 cents a thousand for that timber and that was worthless as far as he was concerned because a good man could make a dollar and a quarter a day, you know.

*So a #1 peeler now was just firewood then.*

Yeah. We made a lot of firewood. Anyway, that's off on a different subject, but you did mention the Hanishes and I do know that he traded that farm back east.

*How about your dad? How did he feel on his trade?*

He felt real good about it. But he was too slow getting his feet under him to make payments on it. And he lost it in '40.

### 3. Land of Milk Nickel Trees

*But in '35, . . . why did you decide to come to Oregon? Nothing going on at home there, or . . . ?*

Well, there was, actually, his farm down there in Wilsona had water at 50 feet, all that you could use, and he pumped it with an old Hudson motor but that old sandy soil, it took a lot of water and he never got financially capable of planting enough alfalfa to make a living off of it, and, so, he was always watching newspapers and, you wouldn't know it, but I remember when I lived down there that when my dad worked on WPA, during lunch time, well all they talked about was Oregon. And everybody wanted to go to Oregon. And of course one reason for wanting to go to Oregon was there was berries, and there was wild fruit and there was wild animals and so forth that you could supplement your diet with, which was quite a difference when we moved to Oregon. The fact that we could eat berries and there was wild plums and, you know, we never did shoot a deer cause we never did see any deer in that country at that time. Maybe we'd see two deer a year.

*In the Berry Creek area?*

Yeah.

*But even down in Southern California, families were made poor by the Depression, there was a lot of talk of coming to Oregon, just because of the ability to live off the land, support yourself?*

More or less, yes. Uh huh.

*That's interesting.*

I remember, there was guy by the name of Andy Anderson worked on WPA and during his lunch breaks, he was quite an artist, and my dad used to take me with him sometimes cause we were real close, and Andy Anderson, every lunch hour, he was drawing a picture of Oregon and I remember, of course I was probably 5 years old, and right in the middle of the picture he had a big picture of a milk nickel tree. Well the milk nickel was an ice cream bar. And he thought that they had milk nickel trees in Oregon, just pick the milk nickels off the trees! But that's the way the gist of the thinking was running in that time frame there out in the desert where we were, was the fact that you could pick most anything off of the tree and, you know, life, and so my dad felt that we had an opportunity there and he got help from the FHA buying ten head of cows and to buy some farm machinery. But, he couldn't buy any tractors because tractors were not feasible. He had to buy a team of horses.

*They didn't use those in 1935.*

Yeah.

*So the help was on the farm up here, not down there.*

Yeah.

*Do you remember the name of the real estate dealer or the land owner that he traded with?*

Dollarheide was the realtor in Albany. He was right at the foot of the first bridge there on the left across First Street or Second Street there, whatever it is.

*Do you remember the name of the land owner that was engineering the trade?*

I didn't know because Dollarheide made the trades, our place for his place, and we never saw him. We dealt through the realtor. The guy that owned it didn't live on it. When we moved in the renter lived on it when we moved in. And so that, anyway, we moved up here . . .

#### 4. Migration to Oregon

*Did you remember anything about the move? Your dad . . .*

I was just gonna say, my dad was on WPA and you weren't allowed to save any of your wages, you were supposed to spend it all to help the economy. So when he made the trade the he bought a 1923 Dodge truck that had been a garbage truck, \$25.00. And we overhauled it. I say we did, because my dad wasn't much of a mechanic and even though I was only ten years old I did most of the work overhauling it. And we overhauled the truck there in the yard, and then we loaded the thing up with everything we owned, and we pulled out one morning and we got four miles down the road to where the pavement was and we couldn't get up onto the road because our load was so heavy the body'd come down on the tire and then it would stop us. So we had to back up and go to the people that had the post office and store there in Wilsona and we left a bunch of our furniture there and we never got anything for it, I'm sure they sold it but we never heard from them. We had to get some weight off that truck because the springs weren't strong enough to get us up onto the road. So then we took off and there was a bolt sticking down from the bed and it started rubbing on the tire and it started getting a hole in it and so we had to stop and with a chisel and a hacksaw cut that bolt off down underneath the bed, between the bed and tire. And it was ultimately, took us five days to drive that thousand miles from there up to our farm and when we came in to Berry Creek we had to come in from, that town between here and Monmouth, . . .

*Folks? Airlie?*

No, on the highway.

*Oh, between here and Monmouth?*

Yeah, the one where the service station store is.

*Well, it's Adair now, but it would have been . . .*

No, clear on past there.

*Suver?*

Suver, yeah. Suver. We had to go in to Airlie through Suver because the road didn't go across from Berry Creek to Soap Creek at that time. There was no road through there.

*From Berry Creek to Soap Creek, there was no road?*

No, there was no road. The road went to Berry Creek school, and to the turnoff to Bill Coote's old mill, which he had abandoned before we moved there. And then, when he built the mill up on top, they had to come in from the Soap Creek side with their trucks and stuff, and ultimately that was what made the road be pushed on through between Berry Creek and Soap Creek.

*Now, that road in there dates back to the 1850's. But when you were in there, it had been pretty much abandoned, and wasn't in use anymore?*

It didn't go through. The, right this side of where the school was, was a real steep

hill, and no possible way you could get up that hill in the wintertime. In the summertime, we could get through. But when we first moved there, Dorsey Bus Company had to come in through Suver and then back to our place, because we lived in Benton County. Most of our property was in Polk County, but we lived in Benton County. So the bus at driver lived at our house and the bus stayed at our house. We had a 1935 Diamond T bus which was practically brand new -- the pride of the Dorsey Bus Company. I mean, at that time he had six buses. And, but anyway, so we took off from our place and went toward Airlie, and then came up the Suver road until we got almost to Suver and then we started picking up people in that area and I don't know why we were picking them up in Polk County. Because we picked up, oh, Wesley Voss, he's still alive, and a bunch of the Kesters and one thing and another coming out to Suver. Then we went down Highway 99 until we got to what is now Camp Adair, and then we went across over to, I think they call it Independence Road now, and then we came down Independence Road to Highway 20 and then came in and picked all the people up on Highway 20 into Corvallis.

*Now this was when you were going to High School?*

Yeah. And then, while we lived there, then they came in and punched that road on through and graveled it. And then the bus started going the other way.

*So that was about, late 1930's.*

Yeah, probably 1938, '37 or '38 that they pushed that road on through and at the same time just north of our house that was a steep road and they had to do quite a bit of blasting and they made about a four foot cut then, but most of the work was done with teams and horses and that sort of thing, so it was quite an undertaking to put that road on through.

*When you are saying north, you are talking about Brinkley's Hill there?*

I don't know what you call it.

*That little hill, just to the north of. . .*

Right on the county line.

## **5. Berry Creek Farm**

*What did you think when you first got to Oregon? Was everybody happy to have the trip over, they liked the new place?*

Oregon was beautiful. And everything was green and if you remember where our house was, our house set right behind those maple trees, and we had a . . . let's see, five bedroom home there with a front porch that went clear across the whole front of the house.

*Was it one of the old farm homes?*

It was a farm home, but it was a well-built, nice home. And they actually moved it when the Camp Adair moved in, that was one of the few homes that they moved out of there.

*So is that home still in existence?*

Somewhere, but I don't know where it went. But I was told that they moved that out of there.

*Did the home have a name to it?*

Not that I know of. But then, to go on, it was a nice home and then we had, behind

the house we had a porch across the back where we hung our clothes to dry and we didn't have any electricity, no telephones, and then we'd, behind that we had our milk house and behind that we had our woodshed, all hooked to the house.

*So, those were connected to the house?*

Yeah, all connected to the house. So we didn't have to get out in the mud at all from the house to the woodshed to the milkhouse. So once we got done with our chores and took off our rubber boots we could separate the cream and all that sort of thing without having to go back out into the mud again.

*Was it a dairy farm?*

Yeah, it was a dairy farm. I told you we bought ten cows through the Farm Home Administration, and we had 120 acres there and we had about 27 acres in pasture down along the creek. And then we had oats and vetch down along the bottom land and we raised oats and some wheat and some barley up on the hill. But mostly we raised ferns, because we didn't have sprays, herbicides, to kill the fern and they . . . we tried clean cultivating, we tried everything in the world to try and kill those fern but the more you plowed them the thicker they got. And now its pretty good farm there because they can control the weeds and so forth. And we also had Canadian Thistle that was a big problem. Mostly up on the hill ground. But . . .

*Now, your land, was that to the east of Berry Creek Road there?*

Yeah.

*So it would sit down well away from the forest land.*

Yeah. Actually, our property was on both sides of Berry Creek. Once you went . . . when Berry Creek went about, oh, 500 feet past the road there, across over, it was in our property all the way down to the back except our property was kinda L shaped and Forest Tandy lived in this L back there. And Forest Tandy had water rights on Berry Creek and he was a good truck farmer and he raised a lot of fruits and vegetables and stuff back there. And he built a beautiful barn back there also. I don't know if that barn is still there or not but I didn't see it when I was there last time.

*There is a barn still standing right next to Berry Creek, pretty close, was that Tandy's?*

On the road?

Yeah.

Forest Tandy's father-in-law built that. Mr. White built that. And he built that while we lived there.

*Tandys lived right next to Berry Creek. Wasn't there another family on the other side of Berry Creek from Tandys?*

Well Tandy lived behind us. Tandy lived east of us. He lived just directly east from our house. See we went . . . our property came like this and Tandy set right in there.

*If . . . here's a little drawing of . . . if this is Berry Creek, and here is the Coote's house here, and Hanish is back here, and Dickeys are right there . . . [see map on page .. - ..]*

No, Dickeys are over here.

Okay.

And then, we were right straight across from that house.

*There's the Vanderburgs.*

Uh huh. And then, our property, this is Berry Creek, well Berry Creek goes like this and Tandys had a road went right along the creek here and then across the creek right here, and that's where the creek came into our property, and then Tandys lived back here.

*So Tandys were . . . now, wasn't there somebody living about right there on the creek?*

There was four people lived in there while we lived there.

*Okay. Was there two houses, one on either side of the creek, or just one on . . .*

No, just one over there.

*Okay.*

And there was two houses back here. Tandy built two houses there, one for himself and one for the Whites.

*And the Whites was his father-in-law.*

Was his father-in-law, yeah. And they both lived together back here and this was just strictly a summer road. And the school teacher lived back there and it was about a half mile walk out for her through the mud to get to school every day. I was talking to Mrs., or Miss Ramona (Moehnke) Dodson, here last week, and I said "Remember walking that mud?" and she says, "I sure do!" But anyway, that was about the location and then on, see our property came down here and then it made an L and . . .

*So it just excluded the Tandys there.*

Yeah, and Tandy came out this way, his farm did.

*So, Tandys had a fairly large place, too?*

Yeah, I'd say they probably had 150, 160 acres in there.

*Then somewhere over in here would be Joe Smith?*

Joe Smith is back on the next road back.

*Okay.*

And Joe Smith owned this property right here.

*So he owned all the way up to the road here?*

He owned on this side of the road. He owned the Coote's place.

*Okay.*

And he owned that whole hill that you said there was snakes on.

*Well, I'm quoting Jim Hanish on that, so . . . that hill, did you have a name for it?*

No, I didn't.

*Now, Jim calls it Folk's Hill. Does that ring any bells? He says there was a Folk family right at the base of it that farmed it. And an old house and orchard in there in the 1930's. And there was an old road that goes around the base of it.*

That's the one right next to the [Berry Creek] school house.

*Okay. The school house is over here, kinda against the base of the hill on that side of the road?*

Okay, well when I lived there, Mr. Folks [Bert] lived in this house.

*Okay, I saw that on the map and I was thinking maybe he was forgetting "Folks" for "Polk", so . . .*

Folk. Okay. And Folk had kinda the same job I did, he was on the Soil and Water Conservation Board of Directors, the same as what I was only back in 1936.

*Oh, so he was with the Soil Conservation Service back when you were living there?*

Yeah, clear back in '36.

*Are any of his relatives still alive? Any of the kids that he raised or anything?*

Ethan Folks was the only son that they had, and he went to Washington. And Mr. Folks sold the farm over there to Dick White and he moved over here on Highway 20. I don't know if you've been around here long enough to remember when there was a bull farm over there or not. Highway 20.

*I've been over in Lincoln County for 40 years, so . . .*



Okay, you go out Highway 20, and you go down past that golf course and then you go up a little hill on the left, and that's where Mr. Folk lived when he died. Anyway, so it was "Folk" rather than "Polk" that he was talking about. But anyway, he wasn't farming this when I was there. Not up by the school, because I know that Mr. Smith had a bunch of sheep in there.

*So Smith was running sheep in that area?*

Yeah, on that hill.

*There is an orchard right around the school house there. Do you remember anything about that orchard?*

No, I don't.

*Do you ever remember the name Berry Creek, or Berry Creek School -- I mean Savage Creek, or Savage Creek School?*

I just remember hearing it.

*Do you remember what about it?*

Not a thing. I didn't know it was in our area. I thought it was over on Soap Creek side.

*On Soap Creek side they called it the Savage Creek. On your side. Okay, up against . . . on the other side where you called the "Cootes" rather than "Coonte's", there is in old mill site in there and there is some houses where the people that worked in that mill lived. Was that mill closed down by the time you . . .*

Mill was closed down but us kids played in it all the time.

*Can you remember anything about that mill?*

Well, I can remember one thing about it. All these workers' cabins, their outhouses were built over the creek so they didn't have to dig holes for them.

*Wow. They weren't so worried about pollution in those days.*

Yeah. We would go from the school, and this was all clear fields over here, and there as a great big barn across from the school, it was put together with pegs. Wooden pegs.

*A real old barn, then?*

Yeah. And it withstood that 3 foot of snow we had in '36.

## **6. Snowstorm of 1937-1938**

*Oh, it was the '36 snow? I've heard '37, but it was a 1936 snow?*

Might have been '37 [According to Eugene Glender, the snowstorm began on January 1, 1937 and continued for 2 or 3 weeks], but it was while we lived there. And we had three feet of snow there and we'd like to have never have got that Diamond T bus started after that snow.

*How long did that snow stay on the ground?*

I don't know, but I know we didn't get that bus started for over a week. 'Cause it just had a 6 volt battery in it, and old Mr. Dorsey he carried a battery in on his shoulder from over there toward Airlie someplace as far as he could get with his car. Of course there wasn't any such thing as pickups in those days. And he carried that on his shoulder. And then he took all the spark plugs out and put them on the heater to try and warm them up. And he ended up, he carried two batteries in there before we finally got it started; course no electricity, no battery charger. And he couldn't get

a car in to put a jumper cable on it.

*Can you remember anything else . . . were the people surprised about that snow, or was there any . . .*

Yes. That came fast. I went to bed, and there was no snow. And when I got up the next morning there was 3 feet on the ground. And our machine shed had gone down, and all of our tools and stuff. And the machine shed was a lean-to on our granary, and it tore lose from the granary and it went down and as I remember in this house where the barn is still standing . . .

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*. . . make sure the thing's running, I don't like to redo my errors. Okay, we're on the '36 or '37 snow.*

Oh, uh huh. Yeah, anyway, when that snow came, well of course we were milking cows, and no place to put the milk anyway because the milk truck couldn't get through, but I always took a gallon of milk to Elmer Tandy on my way to school and so my mother insisted that I take a gallon of milk to him that morning through three feet of snow. And of course I was about, well, 14, and traveling through that three foot of snow was pretty tough going, I'll tell you! Cause it was clear up above my knees, you know. And you couldn't push the stuff and you couldn't get on top of it.

*Did they close the school because of that?*

Oh yeah. Yeah, the school teacher couldn't walk that. See, she walked over a mile and there was no snow plow or anything ever came in, cause of course this road didn't even go through at that time, so . . .

*When it melted did it create any flooding problems?*

No to my knowledge. Flooding in our area was flash floods pretty much on Berry Creek because it's such a short ways to the top of the coast range there and it, if we got heavy rain all night well a lot of times you could hear it roaring when you woke up in the morning, but we never had any floods, you know, that amounted to anything.

*Have you ever seen any snows worse than that snow since you lived in this country?*

Had the same thing south of town here, in 1969. Had three feet of snow there.

*Happened just as quick?*

Yeah. But I had four-wheeled drive then, an International, and I went out.

*How about the old timers that were in the Berry Creek area when that happened? Do they remember, did they talk about worse snows, or . . .?*

Never heard anything to that effect. Like I say, they did say that Pedee had 14 [four?] feet. I don't know what area in Pedee or what, whether it was drifting, or what it was, but it was pretty good snow and one thing about it, we had lots of milk so we had lots of ice cream and rice pudding to eat! Till the snow melted off. But my folks only went to town once a week anyway, because . . . you know, people nowadays if they've gotta have something they run to town and get it. But in those days a half a gallon of gas was too much to spend just to go to town, after all it cost 12 cents a gallon, you know.

## 7. Bennett's Mill

*Did you have the same vehicle, the old garbage truck was your main vehicle?*

No, we also had a '27 Dodge Sedan that we drove up at the same time. And that was

the car we drove for a limited amount of time, and then after it kinda tuckered out, then we got a '29 Nash, and went on up through the ranks. But I did take that . . . I mentioned this Bennett's Mill, there was a man by the name of Jack Green that lived over by, just over the hill from Suver, that was in the wood business. And anybody cutting wood over in the Berry Creek area he bought it, and so he made a deal with the Bennetts for their slab wood. So I had that old Dodge, or my dad did, and so they offered us, if we would buy the slab wood for 50 cents a cord from Bennetts Mill, cut into four foot lengths, and we would load it and bring it down to Berry Creek Road and stack it 8 feet high and Jack Green would pay us \$1.50 a cord for it. So we got 75 cents a cord for hauling that stuff out of the mountains. I mean, real steep mountains.

*Yeah.*

We got 75 cents a cord for it for stacking it down on the county road. And so we took the bed off the truck and we would stack that stuff on the frame and come down the hill, and of course in those days only rear wheel brakes to start out with and not much of that, and low gear and down the hill we'd come. And anyway, I did most of the work on it, cause like I say my dad wasn't much of a mechanic and he was farming, and so that was my job for one year. Anyway, I made enough money I bought a 1933 Chevrolet truck then, so I was in the trucking business then.

*So how old were you about that time?*

Fifteen. I didn't have a driver's license then.

*So you were in the trucking business anyhow!*

I got a learner's permit and every time I had to get out on the road my dad had to go with me. But Cooper's Mill . . .

*Now where was Bennett's Mill located?*

Bennett's Mill was in back of Hanish's house. On up the hill.

*And . . . okay. There was a road that went up . . . did you know where Forest Peak was?*

No.

*Okay. There was a road that . . . did you have a different name for the creek that came by the old Cootie Mill site? Did you call that any . . .*

We called that Berry Creek, too.

*Did you call it lefthand, or south, or anything like that?*

Really, we didn't. It was just Berry Creek, we went up this fork or this fork. I imagine we would probably call it the south fork or the left fork of Berry Creek, you know if we'd have been trying to identify it, but I never heard it identified, actually. For the most part we called the Berry Creek that went past the school, we called that Berry Creek, and we didn't have much reason to even call the other one by name because it wasn't all that big.

*There's a road that went back up along the base of that hill there. There's some apple trees in there. Do you know anything about that orchard in there?*

Now, that's going past the sawmill site?

*Just in the sawmill, getting ready to move up the hill, because I wanted to kind of tie that into Bennett Mill there, if that was the road.*

No, no . . .

*It's what they call the 100 road now.*

Yeah, you turn down here right there where that barn is that's standing by itself.

*Okay.*

About 100 feet this side of that there was a road went back. And that was the road that went back to Hanish's house. And we took that road and we just kept right on going past Hanish's and right on up to Bennett's Mill. And it was a steep road. I mean, it was . . . that's why Jack Green wasn't taking his truck up there, cause it was practically a cat road.

## 8. Coote's Sawmills

*Okay. So, then you said there was a pond in back of the Coote Mill. Is that the place that you were telling me that they had a flume?*

Yeah, where the Coote Mill, the one you were talking about, if you went on around the corner and probably I would guess probably, oh, maybe a half mile, right on Berry [Savage] Creek, just follow Berry Creek up, Bill Coote had a dam in the creek there, and his mill was on this side of the creek and he had this flume on a pretty steep hill over on this side. And he pulled the logs down the ridge of the mountain, or hill, and then shot them down this flume he had. There was water up there on top that he got in there someway. And they pulled those logs in with team of horses and got them up to where the top of the flume was and then they'd unhook the horses and take a peavy and roll the log into the flume -- shoop -- down it'd go.

*Straight into the pond.*

Yeah.

*But was his mill back by the pond then, or was it up here closer to the road?*

No, that one was back by the pond. He had three mills.

*Okay, so one of the mills he had was the one right by the road?*

Yeah.

*And then one was back by the pond.*

It was on around the curve of Berry Creek and back up there.

*Okay.*

And then he had the one up on top of the hill. And the one up on top of the hill is what made em put Berry Creek [Road] on through.

*So, when he had that one on the top of the hill, there's a couple of small homesteads up there. Do you remember the families who lived in those?*

Oh, I can tell you a story about the one that's, I think there's still a house on the lefthand side right up on top of the hill?

*I think the house isn't there, but there's a couple of apple trees and an old pond up in there.*

Yeah. Okay. Well, I don't know who owned that, but the Gardners lived there. And Mr. Gardner, he was on welfare, and he lived there long enough so that he claimed squatter's rights and he got that away from the owner for nothing. And even in the Depression, everybody looked down on Mr. Gardner for getting free right, or free living, for seven years and then taking it away from the owner.

*Wow. Who was the owner? You don't . . .*

I have no idea. He was, could have been in California or anyplace, you know.

*I was pretty curious why that got surveyed out. It's a real odd . . .*

Yeah, well . . . Gardner got the house site and quite a bit of land by squatter rights.

That would have been probably 1938.

*Like a little local scandal, or something.*

Yeah, yeah. Because he was, actually he was running a "turn a pull" road machine [He helped make the fill on Highway 99 over the rail road in Albany] and still drawing welfare so he was . . . there was a lot of scandal as far as he was concerned. He had a daughter, Charlotte, who had polio and she was older than I was and she just got where she could walk after we lived there, and she rode the bus when the bus started going past their place. But it was another interesting thing about that, when they first lived there the road didn't go past their place. So after they put the road in, well, every time you'd drive by there they'd hang out the window to see who was going by.

*The Gardners would?*

Yeah, they always . . . and of course, another scandal with them, they were never up till 8:00, and everybody was up by 5:30. So that was another scandal for them. They just laid around until 8:00 in the morning.

*All the way till then. [Laughs]*

Yeah. But anyway, there is one thing more now, we've already gone around the corner here in Berry Creek.

*Yep. Now let me ask one quick question here. When this mill was closed down was it still called the Coote's Mill?*

Yeah.

*Okay, and the old houses were there, but nobody was living in them?*

No, people were living there when we first . . .

*They were still living there?*

Yeah.

*Okay, were they working in this mill back here?*

No, this mill was the first one and this was the second one. And this was the . . .

*Oh, the one back by the pond was the first one? With the flume.*

Yeah.

*So was that flume still operating when you were there?*

It wasn't operating but it was there. I climbed the hill beside the flume one time and it was steep.

*And then this one here had even closed down by the time you lived there.*

Yeah, but he'd just barely moved out of that. He hadn't started up the other one up here yet.

*Okay. Okay, so but then we kind of backed off over there. The one that he started up on . . . this one here was the one you were telling me got repossessed?*

No, it was the one on the top of the hill.

*Okay, so these down here he still owned but they weren't operating any more.*

No, they weren't.

*Okay, and then he moved his operation up the hill.*

Up the hill, closer to the timber. He'd pretty much logged this out and moved up where there was . . . remember, when you're logging with horses you don't pull the logs very far.

*You pull the mill to the logs.*

Yeah, that's basically . . . I mean that's the same thing with Bennett's Mill. It was built up in the timber. Anyway, did you ever hear anything on the Chaffin place?

Nope.

## 9. The Chaffin Place

Okay, well if you went on up the creek here, probably a mile and a half, there was the Chaffin place.

*Now, would that be up this road here?*

No.

*Not towards Bennett's Mill, but up past . . .*

Up this . . . see, there's a knob goes between this and this.

*The one that . . . Okay. Between the two Berry Creek forks there?*

Yeah.

*Okay.*

You went up the south fork. And you went up there probably a mile and half, two miles. It was a pretty good walk. And the Chaffin place was built up there and I knew Ralph Chaffin, who was a child when they lived up there. And they never built a road up there, and all their stuff was done with horse and buggies. And when we moved there the Chaffins had moved out because Mr. Chaffin had had a heart attack riding back up in there. He rode horseback, in and out of the farm there, and one night he didn't come home and his wife went down and. . . I met his wife also. And she went down and found him dead. The horse came in and he didn't, and she found him dead. And so she and the boy moved out. But he had built a nice two-story house there with a two-story fireplace in there. And I had quite a bit to do with that because we were hard up and there was a meadow down below the house. And we moved our cows up there in the summer, and we pastured that meadow and milked up there at the Chaffin place. But one of the big memories I have was, here was all these buggies up there -- about five of them. And being the mechanic I was I took all the bodies off of them, and then I could ride on the wheels and reaches and ride down the hill full tilt. So I destroyed a lot of valuable wagons, buggies. And then one of them that I took down there we ultimately made a cart out of to move our milk cans on. My dad . . .

*How long had the Chaffins lived up there?*

I have no idea. That's all I know about it, they were gone when we moved there. And they moved into Airlie. And where I met them for a short period while, we went to the, there was an Evangelical Church in Airlie, and we went to that church, Mrs. Chaffin and Ralph went to that church. And that's where I met them. But they never talked much about the history of that place. Of course, Ralph, he was kind of interested in my sister, too, all the single guys were around that area. But, anyway, I thought I ought to bring that in because I hadn't heard you mention the Chaffin place.

*Well, I know where it is. And there is remnants and all this of an old homestead, we don't know . . .*

Is the old fireplace still there?

*That might be. They've got it marked from ten years ago. But to know the name of the family, and why they moved out, all that, the fact they had buggies there . . . Was the house still standing, when you were up there, pasturing up there?*

Yes.

*But no families moved in there or anything?*

I wasn't pastoring, I was pasturing. [Laughs]

*Okay, pasturing.*

Yeah, we would stay there overnight. We had brought our bedrolls up there and we stayed overnight. And at that time, in the summertime, we could get in there with our old '29 Nash. And we would haul the milk out in the '29 Nash every morning, and then my dad and I would do our farming and stuff during the day, and then we'd go back up there at night and go find the cows, and. . .

*But it was called the Chaffin place?*

Yeah, it was the Chaffin place.

*Okay. Was there any other families back in there, or anything back up on that road?*

No, I don't . . .

*So from that on, all the way back to the Chaffin place . . .*

That was a beautiful walk back there, because that was old growth and the moss was about that deep, and in the spring it was just covered with these lady slippers, I don't know if you know what they are or not, but anyway it was just purple with ladyslippers on that road up there because the timber hadn't ever been cut between where Bill Coote quit cutting and where their house was.

*Can you remember an orchard or anything associated with that house?*

Yeah, yeah, there was an orchard in back of the house. A year or two later a family that lived in Airlie, her son was pasturing sheep up there, where we pastured our cows and there was two of them, two guys up there pasturing them, and the one guy got appendicitis and it had to come out, and so his mother asked my mother if I could go up there and stay with him so that he wouldn't be up there by himself. And so I went up there and stayed with him [Jerald McKibben] probably ten days because it was a about a ten day recovery period for appendicitis at that time. And he had five dogs and he had built a holding pen for them at night and I hadn't ever seen dogs work much before that. And it was very interesting to punish a dog for not doing what it was supposed to. Hey, he had to stay with us all day. And that poor dog would just cry and fuss and whine and so forth all day long. The next day, it minded. But we would take those sheep out to a green patch, and then we'd find a shady tree to lay under and watch those sheep all day, and whichever dog saw a sheep getting out of place, well it was the one that got to bring it back in, so they were all sitting there watching the sheep, and we were sitting there playing mumbly peg and one thing and another. Just to kill the time. And anyway, at night, we had a vee that came in to the pen and the dogs would get all the sheep up in this vee. We had 443 of them . . . no, 543. And so those dogs would line those sheep up around the vee that went into the pen, then one of us stand on each side and count the sheep as they went in and if there wasn't the right number then we sent the dogs out looking for them. So, it was real interesting to me to see how those dogs worked those sheep. We never herded sheep the whole time we were there, we just told the dogs what to do.

*You were going through that old growth timber, but then you had all those sheep. So there must have been meadows or pasture . . .*

Yeah, there was some big meadows around the Chaffin house. And actually we could go from the Chaffin house and go on around and end up in Hanish's timber place.

And . . .

*Were there any other pastures or meadows up in that country there, or just around the Chaffin place?*

Just around the Chaffin place. And they were natural meadows.

*They weren't anything that Chaffin graded or anything?*

No, huh uh. There was no stumps, and in those days you'd see stumps because they didn't bulldoze them out in those days.

*Do you have any idea how big those meadows were?*

I would say there was probably 40 acres in one and about 7 in the other. And then there was a couple of little small ones, three or four acres that we could take the sheep out on for a couple of days, to pasture them.

*Then on those meadows, can you remember any of the types of grasses, or plants, any trees growing in there or around those meadows?*

There was a kind of a swampy area down in the middle of it, right down in the middle of it. Like there was a spring in it, probably more than anything. I think they had spring water piped into the house there. They had pipes running. And they had put a bunch of buildings up there, they had a milk house up there and so forth. I have an idea that he probably separated and sold his cream and, with the cream you only had to take it out twice a week, so probably he didn't have too much, could put it on a pack horse or whatever, and take it down to sell it. Anyway, that's all I can tell you about the Chaffin place. But I thought you might be interested in it.

*Oh, I'm real interested. That's absolutely all the information we have on it. And we know where ruins are around the forest, but we don't know who owned them or what they did, or don't know how they herded sheep, so all this is the type of information that we're exactly looking for.*

We were on horseback there herding those sheep.

*Doesn't sound like you needed them very much, sounds like the dogs did the work.*

No, we just went out and back! But Gerald McKibbon was the guy I was herding sheep with, and he . . .

*He's still alive, and I'm supposed to do an oral history with him.*

Yeah, he's back on the old McKibbon place now. He lived over in Lebanon for a number of years. And I knew his brother-in-law over in Lebanon. Today, but . . .

*I've been meaning to talk with him for some time. He's the person I'm supposed to interview. I've got two or three people I still haven't interviewed and he's one.*

Well, he could probably tell you some more about that Chaffin place.

*Good, and that's good to know, because I didn't even know to ask about that. I'm mostly concerned about Camp Adair with him, because he lived along there through Camp Adair. Okay, so we've covered the Chaffin, and Cooté's Mill up on top, and the Gardner family there, and the two earlier mills that closed, so as we come around back towards Hanish's wood patch, and move back towards the highway, would Hanish's be the first place you'd run into then?*

Yeah, Hanish's was the only habitable place in there.

*Now, he mentioned finding back in the hills -- he didn't know the Chaffins, but he knew that there had been people living back in there. He mentioned that he found skulls of sheep with curved horns. Do you know anything about that at all?*

They were probably Chaffin's sheep, but I couldn't tell you.

*And you never heard of any other family living back in that country or anything?*

That's the only one that I know of that was back there.



## 10. Old-Growth

*On that timber that you describe as old growth. Jim [Hanish] and I looked at some trees on Forest Peak, and he said this is about the size of old growth on the hill. And it was about 30 inches and we counted the rings and it was about 75 years old. Is that what you were calling old growth in those days?*

Yeah.

*Okay, so it could have been . . .*

I was calling it old growth right now. It's the first time I ever called it old growth.

*What did you call it then?*

Well, I didn't call it anything, but just the fact that the moss was so deep there made me think that it was probably old growth.

*Okay. But how big were the trees about?*

Oh, I would say they were 30, 36 inches. Same as Jim's dad, that's the way the timber on his place was. It would run 30 inches on the stump or so. But his was nice straight good stuff.

*But he said there was larger trees every so often, which they called the "grandfathers," and then he said they called them the "kids", the smaller trees. Do you remember anything about that?*

Well, we always figured that there had been a fire had gone through there many years ago and there was a few of them lived through it was kind of what we always assumed. And we called 'em grandfathers, just the same as what he . . .

*Okay, so the trees that had seeded in those younger trees, you called the grandfather trees?*

Yeah, and we figured it was a fire that had . . . we always kind of figured the Indians had burned it. I mean, that was just our assumption, but . . . I worked in the woods, and what we called an old growth tree, was one with thick bark. It didn't necessarily have to be old. But it was this growth of bark on the outside that made it an old growth. Now I had trees down here on my place in Smith Loop that were old growths that weren't very big. I had some that probably weren't over 18 inches across the stump. But they had that big, thick bark and us old timers called those old growth, regardless of the size.

*How about, did you call them anything like "bastard fir," or "yellow fir," or "red fir?"*

No, we'd call red fir, red fir and white fir, white fir, clear back then. But the old growth were always called red fir, but they had a real coarse bark on them.

*So you went by the thickness of the bark on them?*

Yeah.

*How about the ones you called the grandfather trees? Would you call them old growth too, or would you just call them grandfathers for a different reason?*

I don't believe they were. There was a lot of those that were white fir.

*So grandfather just had to do with the fact that they seeded in all the younger trees.*

Yeah, they were bigger trees was all. But I wouldn't say that they were necessarily old growth, because see white fir had, at that time, had a quite a smooth bark even though they were three feet across the stump. Now these trees that Mr. Hanish was having me help him fall, we would fall them, he would cut them into 16 foot lengths, and then he would peel the bark off them, with a spud. And then they would log, take those logs into paper mills, with no bark on them. And, of course, they had to get them when the sap was up. They were big trees, but the bark wasn't more than an inch and a quarter thick. They'd be big enough to call an old growth, probably, but they were white fir, and that's what they wanted was white fir for paper mills in that

day because it made nice white paper, I guess. Less pitch in them, and so forth.  
*And they were easier to peel than the Dougs anyhow.*

Yeah.

*Did you say Doug fir or did you just call them red fir?*

We called them red fir.

*So the white fir would be what we call grand fir now, and the red fir would be the Doug fir, and the old growth would be the Doug fir with the thick bark?*

You don't call white fir white fir anymore, huh?

*Well, yeah, different names.*

White fir, the way you could tell them was that the limbs came from the trunk and went down before they went up. The red fir, the limbs went up.

*Did you have any hemlock in there?*

Yeah, down lower.

*Not too much?*

No, huh uh.

*How about cedar?*

Yeah. Not very much, though, really. We didn't cut any cedar, except usually you'd find the cedar down on the creek or something to make fence posts out of, and that was about all the cedar we cut. There wasn't really, I don't know, there wasn't enough cedar there apparently to make it worth bothering with because I did work west of Valsetz, down on the coast side, we cut quite a bit of cedar in there when I was logging. And I don't know if you ever wore a pair of corks in a logging show or not and stepped on a cedar, but it's a fast trip to the bottom of the . . .

*Yes, that bark kind of peels off a little quick and easy.*

Yeah, the bark gets in your corks and then you don't have corks and the next step you've got slick bark and away you go, and . . .

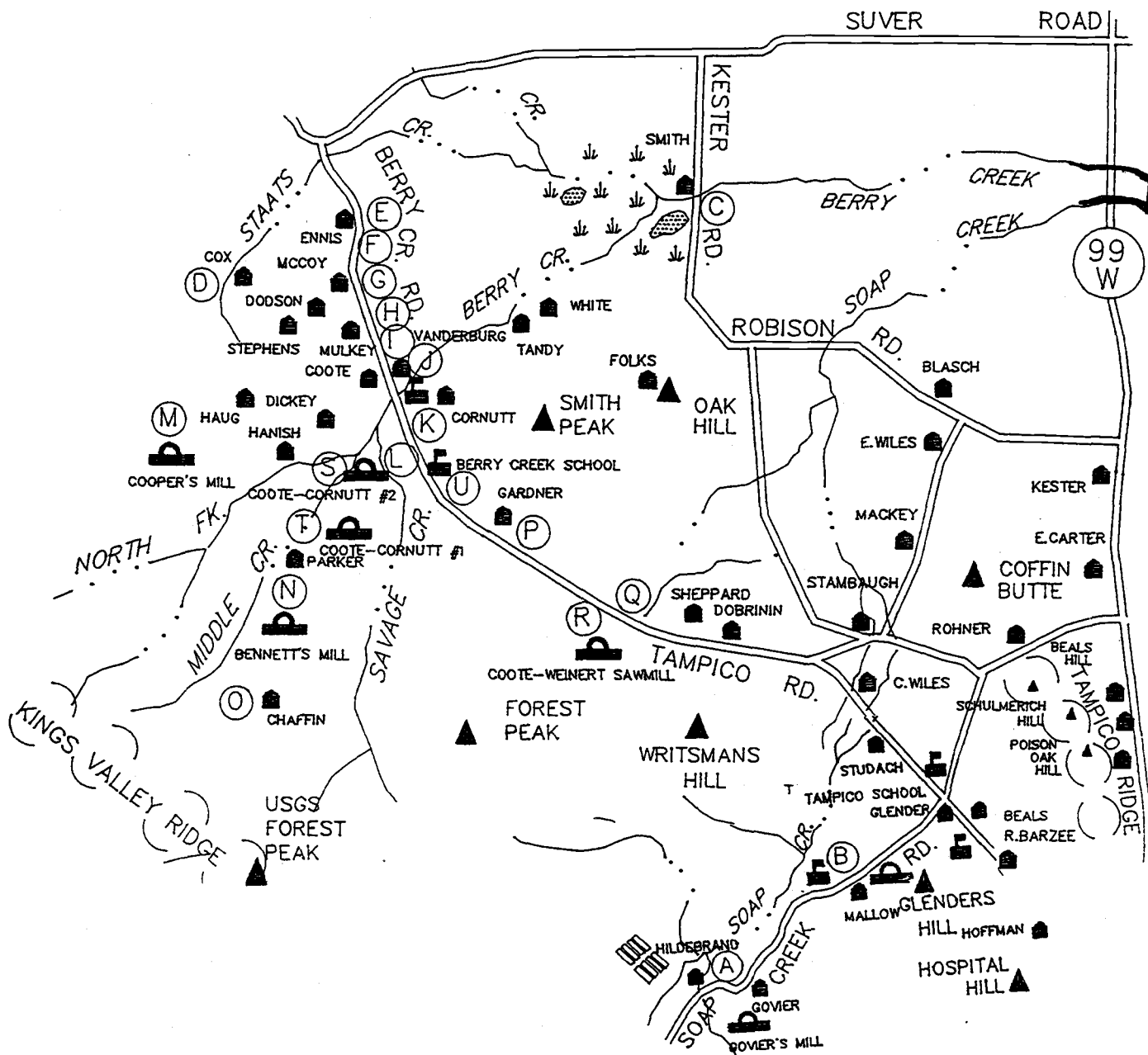
*I've worked a lot of that country west of Valsetz for twenty years.*

I worked for Werner Timber Co., we went up the Siletz River and then went on up in there and most all of us had a scar on our back where carrying our old hand tools so it's get you in the back when you went down, rode down a cedar tree! When a man first went to work in the woods, well they would warn him about it and then they'd stand back to watch him to see when he was gonna do it! Cause nobody learned until he did it. A man that's pretty good could stay on there for two steps.

*Did . . . do you remember much oak or alder?*

None in that area there at all.





Map of the tour of Soap Creek and Berry Creek with Neil Vanderburg on September 1, 1990. Notice the juncture of the creeks to the east of Highway 99. Modern U.S. Geological Survey (USGS) quadrangle maps have the juncture in error, to the west of the highway. Based upon a claim made by his father in the 1930s, Neil objected to the first draft of this map, which contained the USGS error. After visiting and surveying the creeks with Neil during the fall of 1994, it was determined that his memory of his father's claim was indeed more accurate than current government maps. OSU Research Forests maps and computer files were subsequently updated to reflect this new information.

## Part II.

### September 1, 1990 Interview

*[Interview conducted September 1, 1990 by Bob Zybach.]*

#### A. The Hildebrand Fire

*We're at the [Homer H.] Hildebrand place, this second recording session with Neil Vanderburg, and today is September 1, 1990. And Neil, you want to tell me again how you found out about the fire here?*

Well, I used to ride the school bus up here that came to pick up Bill Hildebrand, and one night when we brought him home we left him off here and the next morning we came to pick him up and all there was was some smoke coming out from little coals of the house that they lived in. And we later heard that Bill and his dad were the only ones that survived. Until I talked to Bob, I didn't know anything more about what happened to the Hildebrands or anything, so I wondered for this last 50 years or so what happened to them. So it was quite interesting to get back here and find out a little bit more about them.

*When you say when you talked to Bob, you mean me?*

Yeah.

*Oh, okay. Now you said when you picked up Gene Glender after leaving this spot was the first you found out exactly what happened.*

Yeah, that's when we found out that the two had survived.

*Did they have a basement here?*

No, I don't think so.

*So when it burned it was just down to bare ground.*

It was just down to bare ground and some of the bigger timbers were still smoking but the main house was completely demolished. Nothing there but ashes.

*Can you remember where the house was located?*

Not in this mess, it doesn't look the same as it did 50 years ago.

*There's an old road down the east side over there. Do you recall where that might have gone?*

Haven't any idea.

*Okay. The picture we looked at from 1936 showed a big barn down there where some pear trees are now.*

Yeah, that barn was there.

*Do you remember any old houses or anything down in there?*

No, I don't. I'm not sure, I had the impression that they weren't really farming here. Maybe had a few animals but that's about it. I don't know how they earned their living or what. But that would have been in about 1937 when that burned down, according to my calculations.

*Now, you said the school bus at that time couldn't come over the Tampico Road, they had to go all the way around?*

No, at this time we were coming over the hill there.

*And then going down to Goviers down here?*

Uh huh.

*Was there a mill going there at that time?*

A little later.

*So this mill wasn't quite going yet?*

No. Leslie Gardner's husband worked there. Rolf was his name. And he worked in that mill when they were building it, and that was after this fire had taken place.

*Do you remember anything about the Hildebrands, what kind of people they were?*

Only that he was just kind of a small, light, fair type person. Nice looking kid and very quiet. He got on the bus and sat down and didn't say much.

*Uh huh. Was this called the Hildebrand place?*

Far as I know. Of course, this was away from my old stomping ground, so all I knew was the kids that got on the bus. You know how kids are when they're on the bus, they're kinda flirting with the girls and all that stuff, they aren't much interested in scenery!

*Yep. Can you recall any other thing about this site here, in particular?*

No, only I remember the house sitting out there in the clearing. I mean, all by itself basically. And we're standing here in front of a couple of fir trees that are probably 50 years old and if they were there they weren't as big as Christmas trees. And now they're big enough to saw. People that fight the clearcutting can't realize in a man's lifetime how big trees can get.

*Yeah. Well, all these silver maples here have just gone to weed.*

Yeah.

## **B. The Marcks Place**

*Okay, we're going by the old site on Marcks place. The school building on the left. And we're talking about Reese Mallow.*

Reese Mallow, I believe lived down in here someplace around the Dobrinins. We ran out of hay one year and my dad bought a big truckload of hay from Reese Mallow and later on he lived out there 8 miles south of Corvallis by where I moved in the late 1950's, but I didn't have too much to do with him. But he was always a cattle dealer and hay dealer. And that's about all I can tell you about him.

*Okay.*

## **C. The Joe Smith Place**

Okay. I think this is probably part of Berry Creek. I can't get my bearings yet. But that marsh would be about where those trees right there are. Just the other side of that tractor, according to my memory. It might be over behind that barn. Probably more likely behind that barn over there.

*Okay, we're just south of the Joe Smith homestead.*

The Joe Smith home. I don't know whether it was a homestead or what, but that's where he lived when I lived here.

*And just north of Folks' place and we're looking due west.*

Just about due west.

*And so that grove of trees across the field there, maybe about a mile?*

Yeah.

*Is where you think the old marsh was?*

Well when we get up here on the Suver Road I can show it to you real plain.

*Okay.*

But from down here . . . I was only down in here once. The Whites that did, well Charlie White and so forth, they moved here for a short period of time while we lived over there. And I came over here to see the Whites one time. It was the only time in my life that I was ever on this road before today.

*Is that right?*

Yeah.

*Uh huh, it's the first time for me so . . .*

There was about four houses in here.

*Oh, in this area?*

In this area right here. Was just kind of a little. . . I don't know, Joe Smith was John's father. Joe was quite old when I left here in the late 30's. And John was farming it. I understand they both hit the bottle pretty heavy. But, like I say there was about four houses in here and there was a rental house apparently that old man White moved into, and this is, the slough area in here apparently that comes off of Berry Creek, I think that's probably Berry Creek in front of us, when we get onto Suver Road I can show you the back of our place from the road. I can show you our old fence line and from there we can tell where that was, because that marshy place started right at the end of our back field.

*Was this slough here when you were a kid?*

I think so.

*On Joe Smith, did he have any reputation locally as a writer or a historian or anything like that?*

Not that I knew. He was just a big landowner. Any time you talked about Joe Smith everything around here belonged to Joe Smith.

*Did anybody put him together with Greenberry Smith, talk about Greenberry Smith at all?*

No, I didn't know about Greenberry Smith 'til I moved out on Smith Loop south of Corvallis.

*Did you know anything about Joe Smith's politics or religion or anything?*

No, I didn't.

*Just that he owned a lot of land.*

Just that he was a big landowner and I heard rumors that he had a bottle hid in every corner.

*Did most people think he was pretty fair, the way he treated people?*

I think so. I never heard any complaints about him. I heard a lot of complaints that he didn't take care of his sheep very well. There was a lot of them died when we had snows and stuff like that. He just let them run and if they died, they died. And we saw a lot of dead after that three-foot snow we had, well there was snow all over Folks Hill over there, dead sheep and lambs and stuff. [Snowstorm in 1937-1938] It happened that snow hit in January and the lambs are always born about the middle of January, and so there was a lot of lambs that didn't survive.

*Now on the Folks, can you remember anything in particular about them?*

Well, Ethan Folks went to high school with my older sisters. He was older than I was. I met him a few times. Bert Folks had the position of the Director of the Soil and Water and Conservation when we left here, and that's what I had up until last December, and I hadn't thought about -- I thought he was a pretty big shot when he was the Director, but I didn't think too much about me being a Director! But anyway, that's basically all I knew about Bert Folks, was that he came to our farm and checked to see . . . well he didn't check too much about pollution but more about erosion and that sort of thing. We didn't have too much problem with erosion around here then because the fields were all so full of fern that the water couldn't get through them. And we had no sprays to get rid of them. And we tried all kinds of things to get rid of those fern, but the more you plowed them the more you spread them around. And we tried clean cultivating, we tried a lot of things, but we just were unable to get on top of them. And that was our biggest problem on our hill grounds here. Now, we had creek bottom ground that was Chehalis soil, it was very clayey, we were farming with horses, it was very hard to farm, very hard to work down. And my dad finally went down to California and got his brother's Fortson tractor, and we plowed with that and Mr. Hanish told us he wanted us to work in the woods for him so he told us that if we'd let that soil lay all summer in the fall we could work it down, it would just all mellow down. And so my dad took his word for it and so we plowed it in the spring and then in the fall when we tried to work it down our Fortson tractor would get high centered on a clod and we'd sit there and spin both wheels and then we had to either go get a team of horses or, of course in those days you had lugs on your wheels rather than tires so, we could take a fence post or a log and put across underneath the tractor and get it under the lugs and then the tractor would pick itself up and go to the next clot!

*So the advice didn't work too good!*

No, it didn't work good at all. But he got us to cut wood for him that spring.

*Do you remember . . . that's Jim Hanish's father.*

Yeah.

*Can you recall his first name?*

Not right now.

*Just called him Mr. Hanish?*

Yeah, that was who he was. He was an old man to me and he was hard to get along with, and kinda what you would picture a wife beater. I don't know if he did but that's kinda the picture you had of him. And he was a big man. But he was very dominating, and kind of a recluse. He, I don't think that we ever saw him away from his home. He never came down and got the mail, he never, you never saw him. I don't even know if they had a car. But he, his wife came and got the mail when the mail was picked up. And I don't know as I ever saw him where he wasn't either where he lived or up where his timber was.

*Did anybody come from Berry Creek down into this pond area here for swimming or fishing or picnics?*

It wasn't that much of a pond then. Then you can see that this has been built up by bulldozers or something. It was . . . I came down, came through our back fence and came down through it and it was just marshy, muddy, with swamp grass and stuff. And it was pretty hard going for the horses, kind of grey looking soil where the horses threw it up. And it was not a place that I particularly cared to go to, it was just a



place you went around.

*So this has been built up since the war then?*

I'm quite sure it has.

*Would this have been the furthest end of the swamp that we're talking about between here and Berry Creek?*

I would think so, I would think so, yeah.

*Okay. Can you recall anything else about this particular area or the people that lived right through here?*

Like I say, I was down in here once. And I know that there was just a little settlement in here. And I wouldn't be surprised if that white house over there wasn't here when I lived here.

*But the brick house was here then, and the green house, both.*

Yeah. I know that and there were some houses on this side. Of course, this here is evident that it wasn't here. It's too new. Of course, they put some metal siding on it so they may have made it look a lot newer than it is, too. But they . . . this was always kind of a prosperous looking area, when you drove by it up there on Suver Road.

*Now these houses are smaller than a lot of the older farm houses, and they're obviously newer, from the 1920's or 30's, did anybody think that was odd that they built these newer style homes or smaller homes?*

We always felt the Smith's had money, you know. And of course, Joe Smith, all there was his wife and him by the time he built this house down in here I imagine, so he probably didn't have use for a very big house. And I never heard that John had any kids, I don't know if he did or not. But it was always just Joe and John was all I ever heard.

*Now one more question. We're seeing birds everywhere. Can you recall if this, geese or ducks because of the marsh or swamp through here, if this was part of the flyway? Can you ever recall seeing any particular birds around here, or shag pope, anything like that?*

I don't think that it was part of the flyway. Geese once in a while would get up our direction, we'd hear geese. And when we would, it was enough of an oddity that we'd go out of the house to look at them. So, we wouldn't have been on the main flyway. And I don't think there was enough water in this . . . it was just too flat for it to be enough of a pond for anything like that, the land in here.

*Can you recall any eagles or hawks or cranes or egrets? Types of birds that might . . .*

No, I can't.

*Okay. We talked to Don Dickey the other day about it . . . can you recall any owls in the area?*

I can't, no. Yes, I can. I can remember I went to Hanishes one night, after dark, which was going around the Dickey place, and I was walking through some timber there, and an owl hooted pretty close, and I really took off! It scared me to death!

*So they weren't real common, then?*

I don't think so, but then, I was pretty young and there was a lot of things that I could have missed. But I do know that one owl was in that tree because it like to scared me to death!

*Can you recall seeing bats around?*

Yeah.

*Quite a few, or just now and again?*

Just now and again. We had one in the house one time. Got in some way, and we were pretty concerned about getting it out. Yeah, there were bats in the barn, too.  
*Well, might as well go for one more animal while we're here. How about beaver? Can you ever recall any beaver along Berry Creek?*

I never saw a beaver on Berry Creek. I never saw a beaver dam until I was over with Jeff Garver above Sulphur Springs, that's the first beaver dam that I saw in this area. I had beaver over on my place south of Corvallis. And I tried to keep them around but there was always hunters, deer hunters that would see the evidence and come back and trap and so they . . . We also had fox over there. And people, well the hunters think the fox is terrible because it's gonna kill the pheasants and so forth. And to me, I kind of enjoyed the fox.

*How about nutria and possum in this area?*

Nutria didn't come to this country, the United States, until after I left here. See the nutria were brought in right after World War II. They were brought in from South America.

*How about the possum?*

I never saw any. I never saw any possum or coon or anything like that. But I wasn't looking for it.

*I see. Would you see many deer?*

Very few. I think I put that in the recording before. I think I saw two deer in all the time I lived here.

*Wow. And that's what, four . . . ?*

Four years. Part of five years. But there wasn't that much browse for them. The fir trees were up there 75, 100 feet high and not very big around, but still there was nothing underneath them. There was an awful lot of ladyslippers up in around the [J. W.] Chaffin place, which is a form of orchid that is very beautiful. And my sister commented that she hated to see clearcuts cause she was afraid she'd never see any ladyslippers anymore and she always loved them so much.

*Can you recall other types of wildflowers in this area?*

Yes. There was a lot of wildflowers. Bachelor Buttons. We had Bachelor Buttons like you couldn't believe. I mean the fields would be full of, just clear blue with Bachelor Buttons before the wheat would come up through. The first year we moved here my mother ordered some flower seeds for her little planter in the window, it turned out they were Bachelor Buttons, and the neighbors really booed her! They thought that was really funny that she'd send off for seeds of a . . . we didn't call them wildflowers, we called them weeds, so that's why I had to think a minute. And there was, yeah, there was quite a few wildflowers. But like I say we tended to think of them more as weeds than we did wildflowers, but they, because they were detrimental to the amount of crop we got because they'd draw the moisture from what we were trying to grow. And I'm not thinking too much of anything else, but I might later.

*How about Camas in this area?*

I don't know what Camas is, I guess.

*Okay. And the type of fern, was that Bracken fern?*

I suppose. Just one fern that'd shoot up and spread out then the roots go underground and there's another and here's another.

*So it's just a single stem per fern.*

Single stem per fern.

*Did it grow up about five or six foot?*

Well, not on our ground. They were up there about 18 inches, probably.

*Okay. Can you think of anything else here? We kind of jumped ahead and got into fish and wildlife there a little bit, but . . .*

No, I can't right off hand. Old Joe Smith doesn't look as old as he used to, does he?

[Reference to younger man that has come into view]

*No, it looks like he's gotten a lot younger.* [Laughs]

#### **D. The Cox Dairy**

Is this College trees here?

*No, this is Dunn Forest Road, going to the west, and we've just entered Berry Creek . . . just crossed Staat's Creek. Can you tell me about the dairy farm here?*

Well, I'm not going to tell you what I told you about it a little while ago! But all I know about it was there was a pretty big dairy [Fred Cox] back there and we hauled some feed in to him one time and I think he probably lost the place and I think my brother-in-law's mother and father moved in there just before the war. And they got moved out just about as quick as they got moved in, I didn't know where they lived, but they lived north of Dickey some place, and I think this would put them right in there north of Dickey's.

*So, now that draw there connects up to the Dickey's. The one that's running north and south towards Forest Peak there. Can you recall any other families living back through that country?*

Not at this point. Right up on top of the hill there's a house, you can see a roof sticking up, Gilbert Ennis used to own that. He lived there with his son and wife and he sent his wife home on a vacation and she's still on vacation. She got the fare to get home and she went home.

*Where did she live?*

I don't know, back in the midwest some place. But Gilbert was raising that boy, oh the last time I saw Gilbert his boy was in high school. He moved over to the Lebanon area.

*But down this road here there was just the one dairy?*

Just the one dairy and it was a dead end road there.

*And this was a dead end road?*

Yeah. And Cooper's Mill would have been on back past the end of this road. And there wasn't any road that came here, you would have had to come in on that other draw there.

*Okay, so where Cooper's Mill was, then you came in, like you said from Airlie?*

From Airlie, yeah.

*Would you have gone past Maple Grove and come in on Maxfield Creek, maybe?*

I think so.

*Okay. And so the Cooper's Mill was actually on the Kings Valley side of this ridge?*

No, according to Donald, it was right over in back of his place.

*Okay. But you just had to drive in from the Kings Valley side.*

There wasn't any road that went through there. But we could hear . . . see, all these

mills were run with steam. And we could always hear three whistles, for 8:00, noon, and 5:00, because there was the Bennett Mill, the Coote's Mill and Cooper's Mill, and my dad always used to tell me, that's one thing about being a farmer, you don't have to quit when the whistle blows!

*Now, on the mills here, did they have wigwam burners?*

No.

*Did they keep slab fires going?*

They had some fires going, but at that time there was a lot of wood burned, and slab wood was good wood. And I think I told you that I had a contract with Bennett's Mill to haul their slab wood out. And they sawed their slab wood, cut it in four foot lengths, I hauled it out to the road, and a guy by the name of Jack Green had a buzz saw. And he cut it up in 16" lengths and hauled it in to Monmouth, Independence and Salem, out that way. He lived over in the next draw from Suver Road here. But he bought the wood from me, I bought the wood for 75 cents a cord and sold it for \$1.25, and I earned enough money that year we had a 1923 Dodge Graham truck. And I earned enough money that year to buy a 1933 Chevrolet truck that was only 4 or 5 years old, but it had been a logging truck and it was well used. And actually, I went into the . . . I would haul anything for anybody. I moved a lot of the people out of the Cooper's Mill area to Independence when they moved the mill to Independence.

*So, Cooper's Mill was like Coote's Mill in that they had a lot of people that worked there living right there at the mill site?*

Yeah, and there was a lot of people in Airlie worked there, and Kenneth Dodson lived right over, just up this draw here, he worked there. There was quite a number.

*Now, when you say Dodson lived up this draw, will we hit that on this road, or is that between . . .*

We'll hit them, well I can show you where they lived from this road.

*Okay. Why don't we just go on to the next site then?*

## **E. The Ennis Place**

*Let's see, we're at the first house on the right coming off of Berry Creek Road there.*

Yeah. And this is where Gilbert Ennis lived, he and his son lived here. He was a pretty good farmer and he was very industrious, he cut wood and he did a lot of things to make a living. However, this hill here was mostly all covered with scrub oak, and he cut a good share of them out of here and sold them for wood. But he was always working.

*Do you know anything about that house back there?*

That house was not there.

*Even that older one wasn't?*

No. This is where Gilbert lived and there was a couple of barns out here and that was all.

*So this house that's up here right now was the actual house he lived in?*

That was the house he lived in, yeah.

*Was his boy about your age?*

Oh no, his boy was probably 8 years younger than I am, or ten.

*Had they lived here for quite a while?*

Well Gilbert and his dad lived over at this next place, where the Mulkey's moved in, and there was also a Gene Ennis and they farmed this hillside here where the Christmas trees are on this side of our place. And he, they farmed over there, and after the old man died the family just kind of disintegrated, and went their separate ways and Gilbert ended up here. Gene Ennis was kind of interested in my sister Audrey who was just older than I am. And when we were thrashing one time, well my mother made some biscuits and she stacked them very neatly in a pyramid, and they used their knives instead of forks, and the only thing forks were good for was to stab the slice of bread with and Gene stabbed the biscuits and the biscuits scattered all over and we all had biscuits in our lap! And he was embarrassed!

*But they ate with knives?*

Yeah.

*And so they were kind of primitive, in . . .*

That's the way, I guess, people from Germany or some place, it was quite common that they ate with knives. The only thing they'd use, they'd put honey on their knives to eat peas and roll the peas on with their fork or spoon. But the knife was the utensil that they put in their mouth all the time.

## **F. The Dodson Place**

The Dodson place, I think you went up this road here. You couldn't see their house from the road. But there was a mailbox out at the road that said Dodson on it. And the only time I was at the Dodson place, there was a stray dog came in and my cousin and I trained it to be a pretty good cattle dog. But it would always run away at night and so one night we chased it and we ended up at the Dodson place. And the dog was the Dodson's dog, and when they found out we were training him for a cattle dog they tied him up so he couldn't come back! But Kenneth Dodson was out trying to get their cows in and he was kind of mad cause the dog wasn't there. And we'd been herding cows with his dog all afternoon.

*Now, their place is over the hill here, and then up on the left, going over these Christmas trees next to some younger fir, maybe 20-25 years old, to the east there, that's the old road through there?*

Yeah. And the house that was in front of the Dodson place was right up on this knob here.

*What was the name of this house, who lived here?*

I don't know. I think it belonged to the Dodson's.

*But were people living in it?*

Yeah. McCoys, the first people I knew that lived in there were the McCoys. And you're gonna see pictures of the McCoys, and the McCoys they had about . . . well they had a kid every year, I mean Mrs. McCoy was nursing one and carrying another one in her belly all the time we knew her and I think they had twelve kids.

\*\*\*

*Okay, we got to the point where the kids were in school.*

Okay. There was one thing about the McCoy kids. All their names started with M. So we had Myrtle, Marvin, Melvin, Mary Jane, Max, Mabel . . .

Wow.

That's about as many as I can remember just off the top of my head! They were getting down young enough then that I couldn't remember them.

*They must have been having a hard time finding names, too.*

Well, it was kind of interesting, I was talking to my sister telling her about this tape that was gonna be made, and she says "Be sure and tell about when I went over to the house when they were eating breakfast," that was when they lived in the Smith house over across the street from us, and their little girl about three years old was eating breakfast and the fried egg was a little rubbery and it slid off her plate and so she climbed down off her chair and chased the chickens off the egg and picked it up and put it back on her plate and ate it! My sister, when she came home, wasn't hungry.

### **G. The Mulkey Place**

. . . some cherry thicket in here, still they had a nice cherry tree in here.

*Okay, you can remember the cherry tree?*

Oh, yeah.

*It's still here, we marked it as a landmark. Can you remember anything about it in particular?*

Well, I picked cherries off of it one year. It sat right by the house, I don't know where the cherry tree is but it sat probably 25 feet towards the road and south of the house.

*It was a big tree back then?*

Yeah, it was a good sized tree back then.

*Can you remember any other trees, an old orchard or anything through this area?*

I think there's some pears and apples in there, but I'm not real sure. Do you have the tape on now?

*Yep.*

Well, I want to point out . . . this isn't much of a hill here. But when we moved here, it went down into the bottom of that draw and then went clear up to the top and that was one steep hill.

*This hill up ahead here?*

That hill right there was one steep hill to get over.

*Did you have a name for it?*

No, we didn't. It was always just the Mulkey-Vanderburg Hill, was what we called it. But you can see, if you look down where the field is down there, and dig the dirt out there where that field is down there, and then put the dirt up on the top, how steep that hill was. It was steep.

*So, the Ennis's lived here when you first moved in?*

Yeah, and then the Mulkeys moved in. Merl Mulkey.

*And then their son moved in next door.*

Yeah.

*Do you know who lived there before he lived there?*

No, I don't.

*Okay, and then Merl Mulkey moved into this house afterwards. So, can you remember anybody talking about where Brinkley lived?*

No, I don't recognize Brinkley at all.

*Okay. But you can remember this hill here. Trying to get up this hill.*

You bet. This is the way we moved in. And we were loaded.

*Oh, so, even this hill, the first trip across it you can remember.*

You bet. Because we had a 1923 Dodge with a four-cylinder engine in it and three-speed transmission and we didn't know whether we were going to get up it or not!

*Okay. Can you remember anything else about this place here, or the house that used to be here, anything in particular about the Mulkeys?*

Well, the house, I believe, was a two-story house, I don't think there was any basement in it. My sisters used to clean house for Mrs. Mulkey and the youngest boy, Guyland, was born here, and when my sisters would come to clean the house, that was Shirley and Wilma, they would have to change Guyland's pants and they didn't think he'd been changed for a week. They said she wasn't a very good housekeeper and she wasn't a very good mother. She was a school teacher.

*Oh, Mrs. Mulkey was a school teacher?*

Yeah. And, she didn't care much about doing anything else.

*Now, all these Christmas trees out here. Who's land was this?*

That was Mulkeys. This was the farm.

*So what would be out there when you were a kid? What kind of crops?*

Oats, wheat sometimes, oats and vetch, hay, they had a barn on this side.

*That's on the east side.*

Yeah, on the east side of the road they had a barn and they milked probably 20 head of cattle in here. And we used to trade bulls with them for breeding our cows and so forth. But it was more of a dairy than it was a farm. They had an old McCormick Deering, 110 McCormick Deering with lugs on it that they farmed with. And between the boys and the old man, well they kept that thing going 24 hours a day, so in farming time, well they, we could hear that old tractor running night and day. And there is one thing I can also tell you, when Merl got through thrashing he stepped off the tractor after he got through, we bound then, and thrashed with a thrashing machine. But when we got through, got out of the field he'd strike a match on the seat of his pants and set the field on fire and it'd go "WHOOSH" and didn't hardly make any smoke at all because anytime you leave straw lay on the ground even over night it's drawing moisture from the ground. I believe there was as much burning then as there is now, but not near as much smoke. Because they burned their wheat straw, they burned all their straw, whereas now they just burn grass straw. But it went up so fast it went clear up into the atmosphere, and it was dry. And I don't know if you ever sat on a tile and got your pants wet sitting on a tile, well that's just the same thing you're doing letting your grass lay on the ground. As far as I'm concerned.

*Just drawing the moisture out.*

You're drawing the moisture right up out of the ground. And so that's my thoughts on this field burning, is the DEQ is making it worse instead of better as far as telling people when they can burn. Because I know that when the combine pulls out of the field that's the driest that straw's ever gonna get. And I saw one year, it was like this year only worse, and they let people burn after the straw was so wet that it would take three days for a field to burn. You never saw so much smoke in this valley. So, anyway I'm an old timer but that's my observations.

## H. The 000 Road

Took off that direction.

*Okay, so we're right at the 000 Road now.*

Yeah.

*And this is where the road used to go to the Dickey's, from here.*

Yeah, but it went right straight back this way. See where the small trees are? That's where their road went, right through there.

*And this group of trees on the left.*

They were on our place.

*And those trees date back to when you were a kid?*

Yeah. They were smaller trees, of course. And there was a lot of brush in there. We used to pasture our cows in there. Good spot for the cows to scratch to their backs and so forth. Now, I want you to look at how this road went on up this way and dropped down into our place. And figure out how you'd stop a truck with two wheel brakes with all your life's possessions!

*Oh, so you can remember coming in when you were first moving?*

Yeah, when we lived here, most of the time we lived here this road hadn't been cut through.

*So you came all the way up from the desert in California and you can remember this hill from that whole trip.*

Oh, you bet. You bet. Because we had to come clear up to the top of this hill, and then "ZHOOMP", right down into our place.

*Kind of an exciting entry, then.*

Yeah. We were kind of wondering . . . we had an emergency brake on that truck that came clear up to the windshield. Daddy says, "Grab the emergency brake Neil!" and so I planted both feet, I was pulling on the emergency brake and he was pushing on the foot brake.

*Had he ever seen the place before?*

No.

*But you knew when you got here.*

Yeah, we bought the place from a realtor by the name of Dollarheide in Albany. And we stopped in Albany when we came up and he gave us directions in here. Well, daddy had directions before because he had a second cousin or something that lived over by Jefferson, and he came out and appraised the place for my dad, and he was an engineer and he drew maps and showed where all the fences were and all the buildings, and everything. So my dad had a pretty good picture of what he was buying.

*Now, one thing while we're sitting here, we've got a good view of what you call Folks Hill. Does that look like . . . what did it look like back then?*

I called it Smith's Hill.

*Oh, you called it Smith's Hill?*

Yeah, I called it Smith's Hill. I always thought it belonged to Smith, but Folk lived on the other side of it, but I don't know that Folk ever owned it.

*I see. Now, what did that hill look like then? Was it covered with young fir like it is now?*

Oh, quite a bit younger. You could see sheep in quite a few areas out there. There was quite a few bare spots.



*How about this off to the right where we're looking up above where Coote's Mill was? Can you recall what that looked like?*

Well, Coote logged it off. Or Wienert did. This right here was a grass hill.

*The hill we're on?*

Yeah, right here ahead of us. That's where that cemetery was I was talking about.

*Okay. And we can't see that right now because of the trees.*

Well, basically we need to go a little further ahead in order to be where we could see the cemetery because it was just over the break of the hill and you see we're not up to the top of the hill yet.

*Okay.*

## **I. Brinkley's Hill**

*We're on Tampico Road, coming down to Smith's place on the right, just past the crest of the hill.*

Yeah.

*Can you tell me where the cemetery was and what it looked like?*

The cemetery would have been about 50 feet off the road here. If the old telephone line was there, it was the old telephone line went right over the cemetery, and the cemetery had 1 by 8 fir markers on it painted white. And by the time I came here most of the markers had been rotted off. But the people were still coming and putting flowers on the cemetery on Memorial Day. But I never knew who they were and the names weren't legible on the headstones. They were too weathered. It didn't appear that they were really that old at that time, but as I say the headstones weren't something that was made to last. And it seems to me like there was one baby's grave that had a fence around it. But we're talking 55 years ago, but it just, I remember it that way. But I do remember that this was a grass hill here, no trees on it whatsoever. We used to pick wild strawberries on this hill. Around that cemetery and so forth. It was all grown up to wild strawberries, and of course wild strawberries are pretty small, but the interesting thing, as I look at this place is how big the trees have got that weren't even here. I had my daughter Mary and grandchildren Peter and Anna Stone, and I asked them as we drove through this area, I says, "What do you see here that would be different than what it was when I lived here?" We were over on the other side of the valley here, and they said, well I don't know. And I says, well, these were all grass hills here. Now they've got trees on them big enough to log.

*When you say across the valley, that's the Berry Creek Valley, on the south side.*

Yeah.

*That's gonna be, some of these things we've gotta put in here, otherwise it won't come across on the transcript.*

Would you like for me to give you the names of the people that I wrote down for you and show you from here where they approximately where they lived.

*Sure, yeah, this is a good vantage point.*

\*\*\*\*

*Okay, we're looking from what Jim Hanish called Brinkley's Hill, and we're looking due south down Berry Creek Road. With Berry Creek maybe a quarter of a mile in front of us here.*

Just this side of Berry Creek there was a road went back about a half a mile that went back to Forest Tandy's farm. His farm sat in an "L" in our place and he never did put any gravel on that road so it was always almost impossible for him to get out in the wintertime. But he was a good driver and he'd spin his way out and finally get out of there. He built a house for himself and one for his father-in-law, Mr. White, I don't know his first name. He had a son Charlie; we'll come back to him later. And, of course, his daughter was Mabel Tandy. And Forest Tandy was on the school board, as well as my dad. My dad always made me help Forest if there was anything to do with the school, so I got to be pretty good friends with Forest Tandy, as well as the fact that he had a daughter Edith Tandy and I was pretty sweet on her. But they lived right back, east of the road here, probably a half a mile. And then looking right down here to the bottom of the hill you can see the driveway going in to our house.

*Now was that road beyond your driveway or this side of the driveway?*

Our house . . . that driveway is right where our driveway was.

*Okay, but then, the road to the Tandys, is that . . .*

Oh, it was clear on down past our driveway. It was right down next to the creek. In fact he had a bridge across the creek over here.

*Uh huh.*

Anyway, if you look at the road again, or the bank, you'll see that there is a rise right there again, so the road went down, went up and then went down to Berry Creek. Where you see those maple trees that's where our house was behind those maple trees. The house now is over here way this side of where the maple trees are. Those maple trees were planted in front of our house.

*Did you plant those maples?*

No, they were there. They were big trees then. And that's where we lived.

*Do you recall who lived in the house before you?*

Rafiers.

*So, the Rafiers. And then the Vanderburgs.*

Yeah. But the Rafiers, I doubt if you'll find any records of them because they were renters.

*Do you know who they were renting from, who owned the house?*

I have no idea. I think you gave a name . . . Anyway, but at that time, you see, our house was on the level with the road. But now they've made a cut about four feet deep there, so we were up above the road when they made that cut. All the mail boxes were on the right hand side here. Right in front of our house. And . . .

*Would that be about where that mail box is now?*

A little this side of that, and up on that hill. See, the road went up over the hill. Well then when the County came through and redid this road, it made it a nice deal for us, because of course in those days you don't have any fork lift or anything. We bought our gasoline in 50-gallon barrels. And so we could just back right up to our bank in front of our house, roll the gasoline off, and get the truck out of the road and then roll the 50 gallon barrel onto a sled and take it onto the field.

*What year was that that they improved that road?*

I would say that was about 1938. And then of course the Coote's lived in the house that's still here on the right hand side.

*But you called that even the Smith house at that time.*

Yeah. He rented it from Smith. And Bill Coote lived there and his mother-in-law

lived there, and she was an invalid, she never got out of bed. I think she just wanted to be waited on. She had money, and that's where the money came for the Coote's Mills and the Cornutt Mills, because she was the mother and mother-in-law of those two boys. I know that they really catered to her. And I used to go in and see her with Clifford Cornutt, we'd go in there and we were ordered to go in and say "Hi" to her. But she never got out of bed and so I don't know what was supposed to be wrong with her, but she didn't appear to have anything wrong with her except she just liked to be waited on.

*Her name was Cornutt?*

Yeah, she was a Cornutt. Now do you want to go ahead from here or do you want to move on down to look at where other people lived?

*Well, from here is fine.*

Well, there is a lot of trees there now. From here I could have seen the school house when I lived here.

*Well, why don't we go down to where we can see things then.*

Okay.

## **J. The Vanderburg Place**

*Okay, we're right in front of your old homestead and we're looking at an apple tree due south behind the maples.*

That gravenstein apple was just on the south side of our house and east a little bit behind our wood shed. That had the best gravenstein apples you ever tasted on it, and I see they're ripe right now.

*You want to go get one and see if they still taste so good?*

I think we better go get one!

*Okay, let's go do it.*

\*\*\*

And the mail boxes were just about where they are now. Yeah, they were, beside Coote's driveway. And I don't think it'd be the same and this long back, but you see

...

*Now, all these maples were here, it wasn't just a couple, it was a whole row of them.*

No, this whole row was here. But you see the number of people lived in this valley.

That's how many mail boxes were there.

*Oh, so you've got two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve, fourteen . . . eighteen or twenty names. So you had 18 or 20 mailboxes.*

Those are last names.

*And each one of those represented a different house in this Berry Creek Valley here.*

Yeah. Doesn't seem possible when you look at it now, to think there was that many people there that long ago.

*No, supposed to be just be the urban fringe now, and it used to be an urban neighborhood.*

Yeah, only we had a school house, and we had Sunday school, and I mean, you didn't drive to town.

*This was a regular little community in itself.*

Yeah, it was a community itself. We didn't go to town to church. It was too far, too expensive. And the cars weren't that reliable that you wanted to take off on a Sunday.

*And you don't remember a name for that Peak up there?*

No, I don't.

*I'm looking at what Jim Hanish calls Forest Peak.*

Could be Forest Peak, I never even noticed it when I lived here, to be right honest with you.

*Kind of a dominant land mark.*

Yeah, it is. We went this way and we went that way. And Jim Hanish's dad logged back in there, the Chaffin place was back in there Bennett's was back behind Dickey's. So I never realized it stood that high. I mean, I knew there was a hill there, but I didn't realize it came to a peak like that 'til you pointed it out.

*But those trees out in the foreground, that was all logged off?*

Yeah.

*Do you recall any large trees, like I see a couple of old trees up there now. Can you recall any trees like that along the skyline or anything?*

I think that they left seed trees. They left all their slashing and stuff, you know, I mean, they didn't burn and they didn't clean up after themselves. And . . . but you see old Bill Coote, he horse logged and moved his mills to the logs. See, that's why he's got two mills down here only half a mile apart and another one up there only a mile and a half away. Because he could horse log and he would log down.

*It was easier to move the mill than it was to move all those logs?*

You bet. You didn't have all that automated equipment. You fall those logs and hook onto them with a horse and drag them out and you wanted to drag them down hill as much as you could, basically on the side hill so the logs didn't go over the top of your horses. And after they logged for a while, they'd get a groove wore in the dirt so the log wouldn't roll down the hill. You always drove your teams from the top side so if it did roll you weren't underneath it.

*Was there ever an orchard over on the right side? We're looking at, I can't tell, maybe that's a pear tree there off to the west?*

To my knowledge, there was never anybody interested in that type of thing here. They were renters and I don't remember any fruit off that place. The only thing I remember is there used to be a barn down below the house here by the creek, there was an old oak tree down there, and it had black bees in it, honey bees. My dad and I went down there and felled that bee tree and got about 10 gallons of honey out of it. And we got stung royal. Those old black bees were mean. We had a big old tree over here about where that maple tree is. And that was a big old tree and it was a honey tree. And we felled that and we pulled about 40 gallons of honey out of that tree.

*Was that the whole reason for falling the tree, was for honey?*

You bet.

*So now we do it for board foot, but back then you did it for honey.*

Well, we made wood out of it. But we felled it because it had bees in it. We wanted the honey. Back in the Depression it was pretty nice to have something sweet. Sugar was pretty expensive.

*Now, we're looking at a snag there to the southeast, and can you recall very many snags along the creeks or through this country?*

That wasn't a snag, that was a big old fir tree in there.

*Can you recall any snags in those days?*

No. I'm pretty sure that was a big old fir tree, and that was right on the right of the bridge that the forest built across the creek here.

*Can you recall blue birds?*

I can't recall blue jays either.

*Okay. What kind of birds do you recall around here?*

I don't really recall many birds. I mean, it was just about like it is today, you know.

*Not too many birds around here?*

No. Starlings haven't moved in and I don't think birds were that common.

*How about pheasants. Did you get pheasants in the fields?*

Very rarely. Very rarely. Once in a while we'd see a pheasant, but it was rare. Once in a while when you were out mowing or something you'd kick one out, but they were pretty well hid. You know, I forgot about those burls on the bottom of those maple trees. Those things had burls on them when we lived here.

*So those burls are fifty years old at least.*

Yeah.

*Or older than fifty years.*

But the strange thing is those maple trees are smaller now than they were when I lived here. You know how things are when you are a kid! Those were big maple trees!

*And fifty-five years of growing haven't added much.*

No, they really haven't. They're just kind of sitting there in place. You can see, that maple tree, or with that apple tree, you can see where our house laid and our . . . see that fence going along there, that fence is . . .

*Down along the creek there?*

our line there. And right down there where that . . . looks to me like they put a well down there. See where those electric wires are going right down to where our old pump was.

*So it looks they're using the same well.*

Looks like they may have dug that old well out. Maybe they had some problems and decided to go with the old well. Because that electric wire's going right down there to where we used to pump. But there used to be a row of blackberries, himalaya blackberries right here, just a ways below that apple tree. But it was still a straight row; it had been planted there. Now they took over the whole world.

*But that started off . . . when you were a kid those himalayas were just in a row.*

Yeah, they were planted in a row.

*Now we're seeing a hedge over here that looks like its been chopped down and grown up, and seeing a rose bush that's up around the edge of the house there that looks like it'd be pretty old. Do you remember anything about people growing old roses, or hedges through here?*

Yeah. Are we still being recorded?

Yep.

We. . . when the Coote's lived here Archie Cornutt was, had the mentality of a 12-year-old or so. And he kept this place looking pretty nice. And there was a hedge here in this honeysuckle or whatever it is?

*That's St. Johns Wort, the yellow flower there.*

Yeah, and this rose bush was here and the rose bush was growing up on the front porch and right on the corner of the house there was a tree that was about as high as

the house, and it was always a joke between Clifford Cornutt and I, I asked him what kind of a tree that was on the corner of the house and he says, "Don't ask me." So after that we always called it the Don't Ask Me tree. So there was a Don't Ask Me tree there. But it's gone now, so I can't point that out.

*But that rose on the corner there and the one in the front of yard was there?*

And the one by the oil tank. Bill Coote burned wood, however, he didn't have an oil tank there. And right there on that little lean-to there, just the other side of the oil tank, that's where Mrs. Cornutt laid in bed.

*That was her bedroom.*

That was her bedroom, yeah. We came in the back door and would just turn in there to her bedroom, and I went in there a lot of times because that was one of the things I had to do if I was gonna be a friend of Clifford, was see grandma every once in a while.

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*We're standing by, right back by the old shed that's probably from Camp Adair, and we're looking again towards Smith Hill.*

We're actually looking over the tree that we used to hang our beef from when we butchered our beef.

*That big leaf there? [Maple]*

Yeah. And right on, just about straight past that's the old community swimming pool. Everybody swam in that spot over there. And I'd like to see you get in there now.

*Haven't been swimming for a couple years. With those berries I think it might have been a couple of years more.*

The only way you can look at the old swimming hole now is by getting in a helicopter and looking down at it.

*But everybody, all these families out through here and from the school and everything, that was it, that's where they all swam?*

Yeah, that's where we all swam.

*And that was on your property?*

That was on our property. In fact, they had a baptismal service there when a group came in here with some preachers, preached at the little Berry Creek School, and they had some conversions here and they had a baptismal service down there. They didn't have to wade through blackberries to get to the baptismal services, even. That was all lawn out there. Are we ready?

*Yeah, we're facing down towards the old well site there now.*

When we lived here we had a hand-dug well, it was about 4 feet across, and it was 14 feet to water, and the well, they dug it down to 30 feet, and we had a old Fairbanks Morris one cylinder motor, ran a pump jack, and we had a big. . .

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. . . paid dearly for that.

*Hold on.*

Okay, this pump that we had, a what they called a pump jack, which was a thing with leathers on it, just went up and down and probably had a 3-inch leather on it, and we would start that up on Saturday morning, and we would fill up this 2,000 or 3,000 gallon tank, about 30 feet in the air, and then meanwhile we would irrigate our garden here which probably consisted of at least a half an acre. And in the summer time we would do both of those every Saturday, and then we'd have enough water to last us to

the next Saturday. But now they're drilling down 250 feet for water and still not getting enough to take a bath. So I think maybe they, all these people that say witching doesn't mean anything, I think maybe they ought to let me come in here and witch around a little and see if I could find some water for them.

*Now who witched your well here?*

Mr. White, who lived in back of us with the Tandys.

*Okay, so Tandy's father-in-law.*

He was an older man. Yeah, he was an older man, he had grandchildren that were in high school at the time. So, he was getting up close to a great grandfather.

*This whole area in here, you were mentioning how you couldn't get to the swimming hole now. It's all covered with blackberry and weeds; mostly blackberries. Can you describe how the creek looked in the 30's?*

Well, the way I remember it, the creek bed has washed down quite a bit, you know, this has got gravel base in it, but there's been quite a bit of erosion of dirt out from underneath that creek bed because that creek bed is down quite a bit lower than when I lived here. They put this bridge in right in front of us when we lived here, of course they put this road in also, and so they had to make a bridge that had a little more holding power and so forth. And there was a little lumber and stuff coming out through here. So they built this new bridge and I have a kind of interesting story to tell about that, that when they filled in at the end of the bridge they brought in some pretty big rocks because they had about a four-foot hole on each side of the bridge. And the dump truck was a three-yard dump truck and they were dumping these rocks, and one of the rocks was too big to go through the tail gate and so when that rock hit the end of the tail gate well it just picked the front end of the truck up and it was sitting there about straight up and down, and it took about four or five people to get the front end down. It was the first time I'd ever seen that, that was pretty exciting for a 14 year old boy!

*Was that bridge in the same place as the old bridge?*

Yes.

*Okay. I've got another question too about the big leaf back there where you used to hang your beef. Did you have a particular name for that tree?*

No, it was just where we hung our beef!

*Okay, so you'd just say, back on the maple or something.*

Yeah, that maple was in the barnyard.

*Can you describe how you got the beef up in the tree?*

Well, we had a ladder and we put the ladder up in the limb up there that was about, probably 12, 13 feet high. And we'd put a pulley up there and run a rope through it and then we'd hook one of the horses up to the rope and pull the beef up as far as we wanted it and tie it off and let the horse stand there and graze grass while we skinned out the rear quarters and so forth, then we pulled it on up to where we could gut it out and skinned the rest of it off, and then we pulled it on up high enough so that animals couldn't get to it and left it there for a few days. Of course, in those days with no refrigeration or anything, well my mother always liked to have fresh beef liver when we butchered, and it tasted just like the inside of that cow smelled and to this day I can't eat liver because of that, but anyway we always had fresh beef liver when we butchered, and then after it'd hung for about 3 days then my mother would can all the beef and we had a fruit cupboard, and she'd put the canned beef in the fruit cupboard

and that's some of the best eating beef you ever tasted is that canned beef because it's sure nice and tender. Made awful good beef pot pies and stews and stuff like that. Man, that was good!

*Did you ever smoke any of it?*

Some, yeah.

*Would you have fresh steaks after it aged?*

Yeah, we'd have a few fresh steaks, but most of it was canned. Yeah, we had the smokehouse but we usually used that for pork rather than beef. We had the pig pen right down there next to the creek and polluted poor Berry Creek something terrible, but anyway, we would smoke our pork, we did have the smokehouse on the other side of that apple tree that we were just at. And we smoked fish and pork in the smokehouse, mainly.

*Those trees you say are smaller than you remember when you were a kid. Were those apple trees about the same as you remember when you were a kid?*

Well the apple tree is up a lot higher than it was when I was a kid, because nobody ever pastured under it when we lived here, so . . .

*I was talking about the flavor, though . . .*

Oh yeah, they tasted good. My mother used to make fried apples and apple pie and applesauce and the first bite that I took out of that apple, I thought man I'd like some of those fried with a little bacon.

*One more thing on the creek there. All the weeds that are in next to it. What kind of vegetation was along the creek when you were a kid there?*

Well, on the left hand side here there was just trees and very little undergrowth in there. Mr. Archie Cornutt used to pasture his cows in there, or a cow. And she kept pretty much all the vegetation out from under the trees there. And I'll tell you a little story about Archie Cornutt. One day he went down there to milk his cow and his cow was in heat and she rode him. And boy I'll tell you, he wasn't very intelligent but his eyes sure got big and he sure ran. He got scared. He thought he was gonna get bred! But then there was sheep run on this side, so . . .

*Okay, on the side of, on the Smith house here.*

Yeah, clear back to the Dickey place. And they ran sheep clear on up across the creek on . . . they had a fence on up above there.

*Okay. You said after Coote moved out, is that when the Cornutts moved in?*

Moved in, yeah.

*And did they live here pretty much then until Adair?*

Yeah, I'm not sure but I think they lived here until Adair. I think they were still here when we left.

*Do you know who lived here before Coote?*

No, I don't. I thought Coote owned it when he left here. But they called it the Smith place, but I just thought they called it the Smith place because of some previous owner. But I found out later that Bill Coote didn't own it. But I know that Smith had his sheep; he ran his sheep up here clear up past the school.

*So these were all Smith's sheep in here. These were Coote's sheep?*

No, Coote just had the house.

*Do you have a rough idea how many sheep Smith used to have?*

Man, I would think up in the thousands. That was his income. As far as I know, he didn't do any farming. Never put a plow in the ground. And these old fields there



they'd get full of dry grass, but the sheep and the grasshoppers ate it. You asked me about the flowers and stuff, well there was lots of grasshoppers here. I used to catch them. I used to get 60 cents a dozen for catching them. And Donald Dickey showed me how to catch them. And you don't just try and sneak up behind them, always reach where they're gonna be, not where they are now. So you came in in front of them. And I could catch grasshoppers like that!

*And you'd sell them to people for bait?*

For fishing, yeah. But down below the Cootes' house here, there was a grass patch that was just alive with grasshoppers. And also up here around the cemetery. And I could just catch all the grasshoppers I wanted in that area.

*Can you remember anything else right this area? It's your old home here, so we're getting quite a . . .*

Well, except I don't know if I said on the tape that the mail boxes were here and so in the summertime all the girls came down here to get the mail because I was 15 and so were they so they got a big thrill with Neil.

*One thing we didn't put on the tape either, you said you kind of shy then, though.*

I was very shy, and I'll say right now that Leslie Gardner and Betty White, when I was in the 8th grade they got the teacher to set them across from each other and me up in front of them. And in those days pants had buttons not zippers. So everytime I'd go back to the teacher's desk, well, when I'd walk back they'd each have a hold of the side of my pants and pull my pants unbuttoned, and they got the biggest kick out of my embarrassment, having to button up my pants right in front of them. And I think the teacher was in on it too, because it seemed like she got me back to her desk more than necessary!

*Were those a couple of girls that would wait by the mail box here?*

Oh, yeah. Yeah. Fact one time shortly after we moved here the two girls got in a big fight because they were jealous of one another because they thought I liked one of them better than the other. And they tore clothes off of each other, including their bras. Teacher made them go home and get dressed again.

*Wow. And that was 8th grade?*

Yeah. I was thoroughly embarrassed!

*Can you think of anything else here? Was that kind of the community gathering place then, the mail boxes?*

Yeah, it was on weekday mornings, they would sit under our maple trees, course this fence wasn't in here, and the road actually was level there, and they'd sit under our maple trees on the lawn there and wait for the mail man. And I don't think it was really necessary for them to get there an hour before the mail man but they seemed to do it. And this was during the summer time. And then sometimes they'd bring their bathing suits with them and go down and go swimming after the mail came, and so it was. In the summertime it was the gathering place where everybody came and even the Gardners had to walk clear down here after their mail.

*You said you were the only boy in school above the 4th grade?*

3rd grade, above the 3rd grade.

*So is that one reason all the girls were paying attention to you?*

Yeah, yeah there was four girls and only me! So I was, and man I was handsome, too. You know, you can tell by looking at me now how handsome I am! [Laughs]

*Well, it doesn't sound like you had a whole lot of competition.*

No, I . . . how do I want to put this anyway. I was the most handsome boy above the 3rd grade.

*Best looking guy in town, anyhow.*

Yeah. You bet.

*Okay. Can you think of anything else through this area here?*

No, I think that pretty well covers it until we get across the creek and we can get up there and we can kind of point out some other things to you when we get up there.

## **K. White's Place**

There was a house right in here,

*Now we're going east towards the barn that's still there, just on the south side of Berry Creek.*

Yeah, and that was where the Cornutts lived when we first moved here. And then Forest Tandy's brother Elmer moved into the house. And then one of the Bennett Brothers that had the mill up here lived in it for a short while. And then old man White that did the witching moved in here and apparently he bought some acreage because he built that barn.

*So that barn was built by White.*

That barn was built by White. Probably in 1939 or so.

*Okay, so about every year there for a while, somebody else was moving into that house?*

Yeah. But anyway, he built that barn there and he had a horse. And I don't know what the situation was because this was Smith's property and Smith pastured sheep in here, but the year Mr. White moved in here he planted that and took hay off of it and we, I helped in baling the hay, of course, we didn't have balers that would feed themselves, we had to bring the hay to the balers and pitch it in, and we had buck rakes, and we would go along and pick up all the shocks and push up to the baler and then a couple of fellows would stand there and pitch it into the baler. But it was a couple weeks work to bale all the hay that he took off of there. He got a lot of hay off of that field. So I don't know if he rented that from Smith or just what was done but they baled that hay and sold it.

*Prior to that time there wasn't . . . this was just only pasturage. There wasn't any . . .*

It was pasture. And of course the school sat right there at the other end of that.

There's a base marker up here on the left hand side of the road. Survey marker. And if I remember right, that marker was on the west or the northwest corner of the school. It was there then, of course, they had those there for years. But that's, that's where the school sat, was right in there just this side of the hill there. But then, it was this side of the fill actually. This road here is a road that went back to Hanish's and went back to Bennett's Mill. And you went right along Hanish's fence line, and then up a real steep hill, like maybe that one there. With that old Dodge that I had when I first started hauling slab wood, it was in the low hole and give her all you had to get up that hill, empty. And when I came down the hill, put it in low gear and put on all the brakes you had and come down. And I stacked the wood right here, just inside where the fence is now, and I stacked over 100 cord of wood in there. And one morning I came down that hill and there was a bridge about half way down, had quite a bit of slope to it. And I had it in low gear, and that was after I got the '33 Chevrolet, and I

had it in low gear and putting on the brakes pretty good, and all at once my motor quit turning and away I went, and I got to the other end and then my motor started turning and I realized that bridge was frosty and I just slid across it. And I was scared!

*That's when you were about 15.*

Yeah.

*Now this road here, back to Hanish's and went up the hill, and then the other road went back up Savage Creek up there, did those connect back there anywhere?*

Oh . . .

*Or did this road here connect with the road that went over to Dickey's?*

No, there was no connection between Hanish's and Dickey's road. Can't think . . . I believe that you could get across there someplace, because Mr. Hanish went up on this side to his timber, and I went up Savage Creek to his timber. But I don't know if the roads joined or just how I got across there. I know that there was a pretty big canyon that we across, and my dad took the team up there one time. King and Prince, like Donald said, you never forget the horses names, you might forget your wife's name. But anyway.

*King and Prince was your family's horses?*

King and Prince were our horses, and they were a great big team of horses, and we took them across that bridge and Prince got pretty scared and he doggone near pushed King over the side and it was about 30 feet to the bottom. So we were pretty antsy. I don't remember why we went across that bridge, but I think we were trying to get up to the Chaffin place. I think we had some stuff at the Chaffin place. We were going to come in from the back side of the Chaffin place to get in. Going across that bridge.

*Was this the, on the left here, was this the driveway that went into the house here, or was that just a farm driveway there.*

Well, there wasn't any gutters beside the road then. And I'm sure the house set right in these trees. These trees were smaller, but you could just drive off the road and right in to the house, you know, I mean. I can't remember for sure, there might have been a garage there where that tile goes across.

*But then between here and the base of the hill, was only the school. And from the school all the way down to the hill there where the Folks lived there wasn't any houses or anything?*

No, no houses at all except for the White's and the Tandy's back this way.

*Now, back behind the school there, there are some fruit trees in through there. Were those there then?*

I don't remember.

*Okay, how about over on the mill side. Were there fruit trees there?*

I can't say as I remember that either. But I was gonna tell you, up there where it looks like there's a car or something up there, you may know what it is. That's where the old barn used to set that belonged on the Smith place that was all put together with wooden pegs. It didn't have a nail in it anyplace and that was the only protection that Smith's sheep had in this whole area whenever the weather got bad.

*So that main barn there?*

And it was a big barn.

*And now you said that weathered the '37 snow.*

It weathered the '37 snowstorm and then a windstorm came along later and blew it

over. I have an idea the snow storm weakened it and then when the wind came along it just tipped it over.

*So the wind was just within a year or two of that.*

Yeah.

*And the whole thing . . . was that an old barn?*

Well, I would think so. I thought the Indians built it.

*It was built without nails.*

There was no nails in it, and I didn't realize that until after it blew over and then I was over there looking at it, I saw all these broken pegs, and then I realized it.

*Where would the mill have been in relation to the barn?*

It would have been on around the corner, up the canyon there a little ways.

*Okay, how about the mill shacks?*

The mill shacks were right on the creek. I think I told you that the mill shacks they built the out houses right over the creek and that way they didn't have to dig a hole for the out houses. And I remember one time we had a kind of a field trip from the school to pick flowers for May baskets, and we were over there by Savage Creek and Leslie Gardner drank out of it and she said if water has flowed over 250 feet of gravel it's just as pure as if it'd been distilled. And she went ahead and drank it. And all these out houses right about where she'd been drinking. She never got sick, but I think a lot of the reasons for that was that we didn't know any better. I drank out the creek all of the time. Both Savage Creek, and . . . but I didn't drink water that close to the mill.

*Now, there wasn't any mill shacks where you could see along this side then, those were up around the corner there?*

Let's say this, the trees are growing out here quite a ways from where they were.

From the school, you could see the mill shacks. But I don't think that you could see them from here. You see, they were right on Savage Creek.

*Now, we should make it clear that you only started calling this Savage Creek since you heard that from Don the other day.*

Yeah, yeah. As far as I was concerned it was just Berry Creek, and I never thought about it having a Y in here, I . . . I knew they did, but I just never gave it that much thought.

*Okay. You want to maybe try to find the Chaffin place right now and then come back and finish off this last little segment here?*

Yeah, if you know pretty much where this Chaffin place is . . .

*I think so. Why don't we give that a shot.*

When I used to go to the Chaffin place I went up the other road.

*Well, we don't have that option any more.*

Okay.

## **L. The 100 Road**

*Okay, now, we're right at the first stop with the Road 100 intersection and we're looking just about due east towards John Smith's.*

It's just a little bit north of east.

*Okay.*

And then right back in here where these oak trees are is where Forest Tandy lived. Those oak trees were there when he lived there.

*That'd be about northeast about a mile? A half mile?*

Yeah, three-quarters of a mile, something like that. By the way, the school teachers lived with Forest Tandy, because they had to, because he was chairman of the school board, and they had to walk through that mud to get to school every morning. But this is approximately the same place that the road was when I was here, only I remember it going more of a right angle than it's going here.

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That's about it, that's about where a bridge would have been.

*Okay, so the 150 going up, you think that might have gone up to where Hanish's old place was?*

No, I'm saying that's the road I got the slab down from Bennett's mill.

*So you think this road over here goes up to Bennett's Mill?*

Well, that has the same contour. Maybe there's another one over here like that.

*Okay, let's try the 190 first. But we're right at the corner of the 150 here.*

I told you about that bridge there, you know, and I came down the hill and I hit that bridge, "YEEUMP" then I hit the dirt again. Now, I'm going this way.

*Yeah, that's the 170 there.*

## **M. Cooper's Sawmill**

*Okay, we're at the mill site on the 190 - 100 intersection shown by Rowley. And Neil and I are here next to a V that looks like a skid trail that's probably 8 or 9 feet high on the high bank and 3 to 5 feet on the left bank, but we're not finding any evidence of a mill pond or anything.*

One thing about this skid trail, it's a horse skid trail. A cat couldn't go down through there. So that's proof of logging back 50 years ago. I was up to Cooper's Mill one time, came in from Airlie, and this is about the proper location for Cooper's Mill as near as I can find. Donald Dickey said it was behind their house, and I know their whistle from our house was just about straight west, and this is not the Bennett Mill site I'm sure because the terrain is not right. So I would make a pretty educated guess that this is the old Cooper mill site. Like I say, it was a logging show. We haven't really located enough water to run a steam engine around here. And all of the mills except Bennett's mill were run with steam engines. And so that's the only thing that I'm not seeing that would make it the Cooper Mill site.

*I think another thing is we're seeing a lot of skid trails and road systems coming off the series of small benches here, and in this skid trail we're seeing trees that we're both estimating to be about 40 or 50 years of age, up to 24 or so inches in diameter are the largest ones.*

This skid trail looks like it's going right into a mill pond. I mean you see several skid trails coming into this skid trail, but this one here looks like it's dropping into a mill pond.

*Can you think of anything else in this particular area here? We've got the road system going into Airlie, we've got the location by the whistle, and we've got Don Dickey's word. When did Coopers move out of this area?*

About 1939.

*Do you know when they moved in?*

They were here when we came here in '35.

*Okay. And do you know if they had more than one location up in here?*

No, I didn't. I do know that Red Fir Lumber Co. in Independence is the old Cooper Mill if you . . . there might be a possibility of finding out something from their history. They may have some history on it.

*You mean like legal description or something?*

Yeah, something of that sort. Because it was the old Coopers Mill when it was here and they renamed it Red Fir Lumber Co. when they moved to Independence. And that mill is still operating and it's hard to say what they might have, but they might be able to help you.

*Okay, and then Don Dickey said there was no mills here when they moved here in '29.*

Yeah.

*And as far as the two of you could remember Coopers, Bennetts and the three Coote's mill sites were it for this drainage through here.*

Yeah. And like I say, I came into Coopers Mill one time. And I never got down into the mill site, I was up by the maintenance department when it was on the upper side of the road. But that doesn't have much meaning because I . . . maintenance section was apparently back a ways from the mill. And I was in there on Sunday afternoon.

*Well, if we're not at a mill site, we're definitely on a site where a lot of logging has taken place. There's a lot of logs come up this skid trail.*

Well, also if you look up we got quite a bit of sky showing through here, which would indicate possibly a mill pond and room for a mill in here.

*Or sawdust pile?*

Yeah, that's a possibility.

*Okay. Why don't . . . if you want to head up towards the road there, I'll head down this way and we'll see if we can find any more evidence here.*

Okay.

## **N. Bennett's Sawmill**

*I just took some photographs here we come up maybe a quarter mile up the 150 spur, and I took a picture of you walking up the ridge here. You want to kind of describe the way you remember this as compared to the way that you remember the Bennett's Mill?*

Well, as we came up that first road there off the main road, we had a real steep climb, then a level spot then another climb and then very shortly after we got up the second climb we, Bennett's Mill was on the right hand side, and this terrain is about what it was. They had their mill up above the road. They logged with a cat. They pulled in their logs with a cable and a drum into the mill. The mill sat above the area where I used to haul slabs out of, so that they had room for the sawdust and slabs without having to use a conveyor system or anything. And they only logged for a couple of years and I don't think that they ever got where the sawdust was too bad. If they did they'd taken their Allis Chalmers bulldozer and dozed it down. But it was my job to keep the slab wood away from the mill because it would build up much faster than the sawdust. And they didn't want the slab wood built up so they . . . I don't remember

whether they sold me that slab wood for 50 cents a cord or 75 cents, but I remember I sold it for \$1.25. And I was able to buy a '33 Chevrolet truck that was my pride and joy when I was only 15 years old. My dad always had to drive it down the county road because I wasn't licensed to drive it down the county road, or else he had to come with me. I had a learner's permit so I could drive on my learner's permit if he was with me. Some of the time we didn't even have the truck licensed, so . . .

\*\*\*

*Okay, we're at what Neil thinks is probably the Bennett site. I was told to look for a road to the right. We're standing on a road to the right, we don't know how old it is, it could go back to the Columbus day storm, but a little bit lower down the hill, in similar terrain, there's evidence of another road to the right. So, would you think on this 150 spur somewhere between that first road to the right and this road to the right would be the mill site?*

I would prefer to think that it was the other road to the right that we saw, because the way I remember it when I got to the top of the hill it was almost immediate that I made a righthand turn and went up the road up towards the mill and then back in below the mill to pick up the slab.

*Now, you mentioned that they used an Allis Chalmers cat, one of the first ones that you'd ever seen . . .*

Yeah

*And, can you tell me the problem they were having with that?*

Well, the Allis Chalmers cat they put a spring crossways across underneath the front of the frame to make it easier riding, but I think, I can't remember Bennett's name, but he seemed to think it was about like a slingshot sitting on the back of that seat with that spring, and they were constantly breaking that front spring, and when they'd break the front spring then they'd have to shut down the whole mill, because it was quite a chore to put that spring in because it was down in there between the tracks.

*Oh, where would the sawdust pile have been from here? Just to get oriented.*

It would have been right under the brink of the hill, like right here.

*So, it would have been along this road here but to the right?*

To the right, yeah.

*So it would be on the east side of the spur road to the mill and it would have been visible from the main road, right along the edge of the slabs.*

Yeah.

*Okay, I don't think we got it on the tape, but you said they put out about 4 cords of slabs a day?*

A day, yeah.

*And then you had over 100 . . .*

I had over 100 cords of slabs there by the time school started in the fall. I think I had 125 cords out.

*Right there at the intersection of the 100 road and Tampico Road?*

Yeah.

*Can you think of anything else in this area? Any hunting or any animals you saw up in here? Or any . . . how about these madrone? Were the madrone a common tree?*

Then, not real common, I always, for some reason I always thought a madrone was pretty. And whenever I saw a madrone I looked for it, and we had one on our farm, and I always enjoyed that madrone. And we had a small one on our farm and

somebody stole it, they dug it up and took it home. They thought it looked better on their place than ours!

*Did you call it anything other than madrone?*

I didn't know what to call them. I thought that it was a possibility that it was myrtle wood. That was my guess on it.

*Did you ever hear them called laurel?*

Yeah. But there wasn't that many of them around. The only one I knew was there on our farm. And I've seen quite a few of them on this trip.

*Okay. So you think there might be more of them now, or you think we're just going to places that . . .*

I think there's more of them. I mean, after all, I went up and down this road three times, or six times a day all summer long that one year, and maybe my memory isn't as good as it oughta be because I was more anxious to get up there and get loaded and get back down again than I was about the scenery, but I'm sure that's the road I came up to Bennett's Mill, I'm absolutely positive of that.

*How about oak? Do you remember more oak in the area?*

I don't remember any oak up in here.

*So, it looks pretty much the same then?*

Pretty much the same. Of course, these trees were a little smaller. And we found quite a number of rotted off stumps that were in the 20" range, and that was . . . I told you before, I don't know if I told you on the tape or not, but most of these little mills were cutting for railroad ties. The railroad during the Depression had enough money to buy ties, and ties had to have the heart in it and you got more money if you could put the heart in the center of the tie. So these little trees 20" in diameter or so they could peel off some 2 x 4's and one-inch stuff. In those days there was a lot of barns built with 1 x 12's in a vertical position. There was a pretty good demand for 1 x 12's and 1 x 6's. We built -- our fence on the farm was all built out of oak posts that we cut ourselves and 1 x 6 boards going lengthways with it, rather than wire fences. One of the reasons for that was that Bill Coote lived right across the road from us and my dad had 2 24-inch pipe wrenches. Bill Coote wanted them and he said "I'll give you 2,000 board feet of 1 x 6's for fencing material for those two pipe wrenches." So my dad says, "Okay, if you'll let me borrow them if I need them," and Bill Coote says "That's a deal!" And so the next day a truck came and dumped 2,000 board feet of 1 x 6's and that's what we built fences out of.

*Now we're looking at an old stump over there that's 35 or 40 inches, and we've seen a few of those scattered around. Would they have logged those for fuel for the boilers, maybe?*

Oh, they didn't use a boiler on this site. They used Allis Chalmers diesel motors to run this mill. My guess would be that they probably cut those off short as a tie, with a little bit of trim, and were able to log them in that short of a log. But they definitely didn't have the power to pull a long, big tree. But you'll find that most of these trees are in the 16-22 inch bracket that I'm talking about, and that's what Bennett and Bill Coote were both looking for when they were logging, was anything they could be sure to get a tie out of. You could almost get a tie out of that 10" tree there.

*Would the larger trees, were those the ones that were left pretty much as seed trees then?*



Yeah.

*So, when you come to an area that had been logged off like this it would be back to just a few scattered larger trees?*

That's right. And of course in those days they didn't clean up their mess so there was a lot of brush on the ground. And we see a little bit of evidence of tops and stuff as we walk around here, that are pretty well rotted down. And I wouldn't be surprised if they go back to that era.

*Can you think of anything else in this particular spot here?*

No, that's about all I can . . . Like I say if a guy took the time, I think a guy could run up and down this draw here and maybe find more evidence of the mill. Or it might have been right here. But you might find the evidence of the sawdust pile down here. We're standing within 300 feet of the mill.

*Well, I think we've found a new mill site on the forest here.*

Okay!

## O. The Chaffin Place

*Okay, we're at Rowley compartment 14 [compartments are a system of mapping and management developed by Marv Rowley for OSU Research Forests], we've been looking at Rowley compartment 6, and we just came from Rowley compartments 1 and 9 in South Berry, and we found an orchard up by 1 and 9, and blackberries, and no sign of the chimney. And we're looking now where we're showing a building site, we've found a bunch of moist moss and an old road on the upper side of the road, but it's not matching up to the Chaffin place. So, Neil can you tell me what between these two sites looks most like the Chaffin place and what we're missing most?*

Now, did you tell them this was the first site we looked at?

No.

Okay, well, that site, the terrain . . .

*Compartment 1 and 9 was the first site.*

Okay. Well, the terrain looks good there. This one, down here at the 14 is too flat and the Chaffin place was built on a sloping hill with a pasture down behind the house and then a large pasture out say 60 or 80 acres down in front of the house. Of course, that's all in trees now, and so for pasture that's pretty hard for cows to eat those trees, and it's a little hard for me to digest them, too, but I think we're pretty close. So, we want to look at some aerial photos of that back in the '30's and I think I can pick it out.

*Okay. Now, let's say the upper place is the Chaffin place. You don't remember anything here by compartment 14?*

I remember nothing there. It's a possibility that we came down right past there, because the terrain looks familiar as a road coming out of the Chaffin place, but if there was a cabin in there in 1936 and '37 I walked right by it and didn't see it.

*On the first place, can you remember any orchard in there at all?*

I'd have to get my bearings a little more. If there was an orchard, I don't think it would have been as far from the building sites as we're looking. We did see two building sites on that upper place there that I had already called the Chaffin place. We saw two building sites and there was a barn, a pretty good sized barn, and a house

there. And I think the barn was probably closest to the road and the house was down below, so I think probably the terrain is about right. But it's a little confusing with as much change has been there, so if we can look at an aerial map I think maybe it would help quite a bit.

*Okay. Can you think of anything else about these two sites here?*

Well, I'll say this. Like I said to Bob, when we got up to Bennett's Mill, I was positive where I am. Was. But right here, the road system, all the trees that are growing and stuff, leave me a little bit wondering. But I'm sure it can't be the lower place so I'm virtually positive it has to be the upper.

\*\*\*

Daryll and Wilfred Ray, their mother died and their dad was raising them, and my mother got in touch with them through the McKibbons. And Mrs. McKibbon was looking for somebody to take care of these two boys, so my mother took Daryll and the Tandys took Wilfred. Daryll was a big thorn in my brother Bill's side, because they were both the same age and my brother was jealous of Daryll because he was kind of getting some attention that Bill thought he should get. So there was quite a bit of conflict there. And even today you mention Daryll Ray to my brother and he's fightin' mad. Wilfred went into Tandys, and the Tandys really fell in love with him. They only had an only daughter, and she was at that time about 14 or 15. And so they adopted Wilfred. And Wilfred lives next door to Edith Tandy down at . . . I had it in my mind . . .

*Yoncalla?*

Yoncalla. They live side by side at Yoncalla and still are just like brother and sister. But that's the Ray story. Daryll Ray lives in . . . I don't know. No, Daryll Ray lives down by Toledo now, and Wilfred at Yoncalla.

*Does he have anything to do with Ray Realty there?*

No, maybe his kids do. Daryll was diesel truck mechanic, I understand. Their dad lived in Summit when he brought the kids to us. And that's all I know, but when I saw Edith and Wilfred here about 10 years ago they told me that Daryll was right there at the Siletz junction and worked in a diesel truck shop there.

*So, how did their dad happen to bring the kids over to Berry Creek?*

Well, he couldn't take care of them. Their mother died, and so . . .

*But I mean, how did he happen to know people in the Berry Creek area?*

He knew the McKibbons. And the McKibbons talked at Bible study or some place and found out that my mother and Mrs. Tandy would be willing to take care of them. The Tandys were fairly well fixed because Forest Tandy logged with a team of horses and so forth. All my dad was doing was farming, so we needed the money, but the Tandys took him just out of the kindness of their heart. But then when the old man got laid off, well he came and got Daryll but since the Tandys were willing to adopt Wilfred then he left Wilfred with the Tandys.

*Oh, so Daryll was only with you like for maybe a year or two?*

Yeah. Or less.

*Okay.*

**P. The Gardner Place**

Top of this hill here.

*Yeah, we're right by Gardner's right here.*

Yeah.

*Okay.*

They had to come in here after they made this cut, because when they made the cut they left Gardner's high and dry! Like I told the kids, there was no trees in here, this was all grass.

*There's that oak tree right there.*

Yeah. But you don't count oak trees on a farm. But there was none of this fir, and all of this fir was logged off.

*Looks like a lot of work.*

Yeah.

*So, all this up here was logged of, and then from . . .*

This was all grass here except for a few spots, you know an oak tree here and there. This was grass like that over there is.

*Now, the road from the second mill, you said they had to come in from down here?*

Well, there's a road went in just somewhere in here, right straight in. And then I think it's probably a little further here, but not very far from here. Of course, see all these cuts have been put in here since this was done so you can turn off anyplace. But I would guess that the road went off right about there. And went back in there and then might have been that one.

*Okay.*

I could tell more from coming the other way. I doubt if it was that far north. The road came off to Coote's Mill right at the top of the hill there by Sheppards, and came back paralleling this road, for half a mile or so, and then you went down.

*Okay. How far over from this road do you think it was parallel, the old road?*

The mill was probably less than half a mile off of this road. See, that was all just bare grass, there.

*So, was the whole area from Sheppard's to Coote's second mill bare grass pretty much?*

No, this on this side was trees and this was grass. We had trees starting in about here. Sheppards logged his place, or we cut wood off of his place, my dad and I cut wood off of his place. But the old Coote's Mill road would have gone in here. It would have gone back that way.

*Then all the way back to the mill there?*

Yeah.

*But then it would have been going through the timber then.*

Yeah. But you see might be right there. I bet that's the road right there. Because this road was graveled up to the top of the hill.

*This road here was?*

Yeah. And so Coote could go in that road, and get to his mill. Sheppard lived right here at the bottom of the hill, and he had a house fairly close to the road here. His house isn't there anymore. It was real funny, I was hunting in here, that time I found Donald. This gets pretty steep back up in there. Goes back up in here further. Dobrinins lived just about where this spot here is.

*Did they live right along the edge of the road here then?*

Yeah, they had a barn and they had some of prettiest Indian paint horses you ever

saw. Pintos. But they would have lived right in here somewhere.

*Okay. Do you recall anybody living on the other side of the road over there?*

No, you asked me that the other day. And I don't remember anything. Anyway, there was a logging road went up this way, when Don and I met each other.

*That'd be this road right here.*

I think so. Anyway, I had a four-wheeled drive and a guy got a deer right up on top there. Well there was a cat road, a landing up there and then a cat road went back up on top. This guy shot a deer right up there on top. He was going down to get some help get that deer down. And I said, "Well I've got a four-wheeled drive, I could probably go up and get it." And, "Oh, you couldn't possibly get up there with a four-wheeled drive." So anyway I went on up the road, got up the landing, went up the cat road, got up on top, parked right by his deer and went hunting. He came back to get his deer and my pickup was parked about 10 feet from it. He didn't know where four-wheeled drives would go!

*Did you have any name for that road going up in there, or for that ridge or anything back up there?*

No, far as I know that road was put in after the college owned it. We were hunting out there on permits from the college. But they weren't stopping four-wheeled drives from going in there then, now they do.

*Let's see, we're on 99 next to, what's the name of that . . .*

South, or north gate, Mary's River Lumber Company.

*Okay. And your question was, whether we're getting all disoriented today because of the same reason Jim Hanish did. All those field and meadows and marshes have all grown up into trees, and I was just wondering which is the more pleasing to you, which you think is the better environment?*

I thought it was a very pretty setting for those meadows up there, with the trees surrounding them, was a very beautiful setting. Also, the moss under the trees and ladyslippers and stuff were very beautiful. But I'm quite adaptable, I like down in the desert, I like, I think mostly my main interest is farms. I enjoy seeing what farmers are raising and what they're doing. So basically I can't necessarily say that I like one better than the other. But I like to go from one to the other.

*Do you see those trees up there? Is this kind of like tree farming, type of a farming?*

Well, I'm seeing quite a bit of moss growing under them, which is a good place for such things as ladyslippers and some of these other flowers that grow in that kind of environment. And that's all coming back in the area that was logged off when I was younger. And so I'm not seeing too much destruction by logging, myself. I mean, I realize that a person 18 years old thinks that 50 years down the road is forever, but when you get up there and look back you have a different view of it. And I'm seeing that it's pretty nice up there again where all that area has been logged off once in my lifetime, some of it twice in my lifetime.

*So you think the management with the mills and the old farms and everything else, overall it's been pretty reasonable?*

Yeah, I think so. I think it was kind of nice that farmers could homestead up in the timber like that. And clear out a spot. But I think most of that's probably in the past now, we have modern transportation, electricity, and that sort of thing, and I don't think there's very many people would be willing to do without. You know, I mean, back there when the pioneers were here well if they wanted to get away from

everybody they could and get back up there and make a living. But that's something I don't think we can ever see again. In the first place, like I say, it's not the high cost of living, it's the cost of high living in lots of things, and we're kind of used to the high living. We wouldn't be willing to go back to driving a buggy up a hill like that and doing all the work it takes to eek out your living out of it and go without a lot of things and so forth. So I think it's some of these old homesteads are not ever gonna be able to happen again, and I don't think anybody'd want to do it.

*Do you think it'd be worth it, or do you think it'd be worth it for the forest in particular, the Research Forest, to try to recreate one or two of those old homesteads to show people what it was like in those days? Keep some of those fields open? Or keep some of those houses built up?*

I don't think you'd find anybody to live in them.

*Well, how about as a demonstration, kind of like they do with some of these historical recreations on old forts or something. Do you think a farmer thing like that, or do you think that would be too expensive?*

I don't think he could make his living anymore because, let's face it, it was a pretty meager living when we were young. And we didn't have any electricity bill, no telephone bill, we bought a little gas we went to town once every two weeks. Our cost of living wasn't all that much. We had milk, we separated the milk and kept the skim milk for ourselves and sold the cream. And now there isn't any demand for cream because they found out now it's got cholesterol in it. So you wouldn't have anything to sell, really, and you can't sell milk to a creamery or anything, there's no demand for it, because you've gotta be grade A. So you get up there, what would you have to sell. I mean, basically, you might be able to get some beef out, but how would you get them out? Milk was the thing that most of us raised 50 years ago, on the farms, to get the milk check, and chickens, sell eggs, and that's where we got our money from. Well, our milk check is a thing of the past, the competition with eggs where they have these egg farms that produce thousands of eggs, your little dozen hens wouldn't make you much money. You couldn't pay for the feed. Mass production, that's what you have to have now.

*What do you think about, if the School Forest has a loss, or that type of situation to make money was to charge people admission, the type of thing where it was kept as a living museum. That type of concept. Do you think it would be educational for kids, or worth it for older people to go back to old fields and subsistence farms off in the hills, one or two like that, just for educational value?*

I think it would be interesting. If you had something like that and made them walk up there, like I had to. You know, rather than to have virtually a freeway going right past the front door.

*Hike into it like they do now at a wilderness area, but hike up to an old farm the way they used to have to?*

Yeah. A mile or two off the road and let them hike through the trees and enjoy the timber the way it is. You've got timber up there that you could do that with. You know. And, that would be a possibility, but it would be quite a chore to clear off and make something like that. Big as the trees are there now.

*So, you think that that might be a reasonable attraction, but not a . . .*

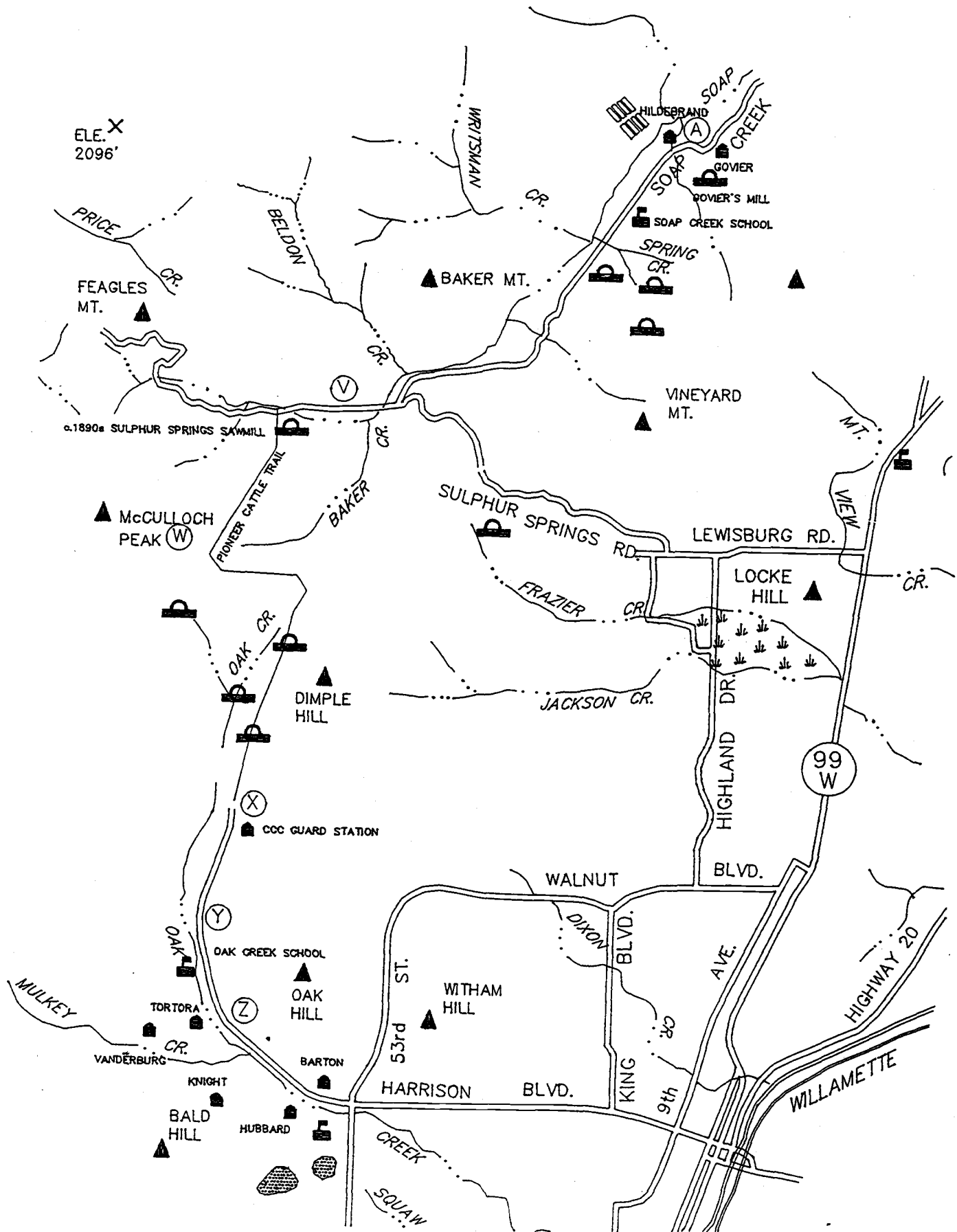
I don't know how many people you'd get to go up there. It would take quite a few people.

*How about people in the future, one or two generations from now. Maybe only five or ten people a year, but that want to report back to other people, or recreate that type of environment. Would it be worth it for that?*

Well economically it wouldn't. It might be for the benefit that the people would get out of it. But I don't think you could ever make it pay financially. Hey, your boy's up there. [Returning to NW 15th street in Corvallis. Notices Paul Gorow and Alistar Zybach working on roof] He's been waiting for you to come home for a long time, he didn't want to work that late. He's got two of them up there. One of the boys own a car?

*Yeah, one's got that [Ford] Mustang.*





Map of the tour of Berry Creek and Oak Creek with Neil Vanderburg on January 26, 1991. Notice that many of the stops on this tour are included on the previous tour map on page 26.



### Part III. January 26, 1991 Interview

*Neil Vanderburg on the road to the Coote and Weinert's sawmill, January 26, 1991.  
Interview conducted by Bob Zybach.*



**Q. The Mill Pond Creek**

*We've just come up and out of Sheppard's, and we're moving towards the Coote's and Cornutt Mill to the north of us on Tampico Road.*

I'm going to make a correction. Cornutt had dropped out of the Coote's/Cornutt deal when he built this mill.

*So this was strictly Coote's mill?*

This was strictly Coote's mill. But he did move the steam engine and a lot of the stuff from the Cornutt mill.

\*\*\*

When Bill Coote built this mill up here above Sheppard's, the road didn't go through from Berry Creek, however, he did live at Berry Creek, so he built a road from Sheppard's house, or from where the road ended at Sheppards. Came right up to the top of the hill, and then he took off at an angle and went back probably close to a . . . oh, between a quarter and half a mile to his mill site. Then they put this road

through, and then right where we're sitting there's a little rise in the road, and about in there was where he went right straight back in to his mill. So he didn't have to maintain as much tram road, is what we called it. It was a plank road, was what he was going in on, and actually when he built the road straight in, I think that he gravelled that. Right here at the top of the hill . . .

*You're talking about the top to the south of us?*

To the south of us, yeah, right above Sheppard's place, they hauled the slab wood out of Bill Coote's mill and stacked it right there, and at one time there was probably 200 cords of slab wood stacked right there at the brink of the hill there.

*So that was real visible as you were driving up the road.*

Yeah. Of course this road wasn't here.

*Okay, and when you said his road angled off, you mean to the west of this road here?*

Yeah, his road took off. And it was a fairly straight road. It went back a little ways and then made a curve and there was a small creek that came down there, that he ran his mill pond with, and I don't know how that came through here anymore. I can't recall where that creek crossed over or how it got down into Soap Creek. It must have ended up in Soap Creek. And I don't know whether we'll find that creek any more or not because I'm finding that a lot of this area doesn't have as much moisture in it as it used to when I was a kid. There was a lot of these small tributaries that just . . . all I find is a ditch there anymore.

*We're about halfway between Sheppard's and the top of the rise here towards Smith Peak. Can you describe, from where we're sitting now, to the west of us, about where Coote's tram road went through?*

I would say from here it probably wasn't more than oh, maybe 200, 250 feet from this road, but of course this road wasn't here, so it's kind of hard to get your bearings.

*If we go up to this next road here on the left, and walk in, can we maybe find the old track?*

That's where I would guess it is.

*Okay, why don't we do that then.*

\*\*\*

*Okay, we're just past . . . we've got a puddle of water on our right, flowing to the east toward Smith Peak, and a little ditch on our left. On school property.*

I would say that that is probably where the little creek came through that Bill Coote made his mill pond on. And maybe an easier way to find the old mill site would just be to try and follow that ditch up to there, or we can go on up here and hit that.

*Where did the plank road cross this creek here?*

I didn't think it did. I think this creek is going to veer off to the north, and his mill was on the west side of the creek.

*Feel like taking a short hike here?*

Sure!

\*\*\*

*Did this creek have a name here?*

I sure wouldn't know it if it did. But it does have running water here, it is in January, like Bob said, but it's about the size of the creek that I'm talking about. And also we've had freezing weather for quite a while so it wouldn't be flowing as hard as it might have been when it was raining hard. I think most of what we've got running here is probably coming out of the ground. Probably out of the trees. I'll have to come back here in the summertime and see if it's running.

*Did it run all through the summer before?*

As far as I know.

*Did you call it any name like Coote's Creek, or Steele Creek?*

No.

\*\*\*

We're standing on a road here, it's not quite where I pictured the old Coote's mill on, but I did say just a few minutes ago that I thought that Bill Coote had graveled the road, the second road he built in, and we're standing on a gravel road just within 500 feet of where I thought the road was. And I am quite sure that this is probably the old road that went up to Bill Coote's last mill. The one that John Weinert ultimately took over because Bill Coote had gotten so far in debt to him because when he first got this mill built, he'd hardly got into production and it burned up.

*The one up here?*

Yeah.

*It burned up?*

Yeah, it burned up. And so Bill Coote didn't have enough money to pay his employees, so John Weinert owned a grocery store in Airlie, and he made arrangements with John Weinert to furnish food for his employees until he could get back up and running again. And so that was what was done, and then just about the time Bill Coote got running again, maybe a year or so, well then John Weinert felt that Bill Coote was not the manager to ever pay him back apparently, so he foreclosed on him and then John Weinert ran the mill until pretty close to when the government took this over for Camp Adair.

*Was that Weinert's first mill?*

Yeah, Weinert was just . . . he owned a grocery store, service station, post office and anything else you wanted in Airlie.

*Was that the same Weinert that owned W.O.W. [Weinert, Oudeuiru & Wienert] in Eddyville?*

I don't know for sure. I know that his son is down there now. His son, I think they call Jack Weinert.

*Was he the one that owned Yaquina Head?*

I don't know what he owned after he left here. But I know they did move down into the coastal area someplace.

*The Weinert that had the store in Airlie, do you know where that family came from? Was that their first business in this area?*

I have no idea. He had two daughters and his son Jack.

*Do you remember what year it was that they took this mill over then?*

Oh, it would have been probably about 1939.

*How many years did they run it? Up until Adair?*

Up until '41 when Adair took it over. '42, whatever it was.

*Now, before we go any further here, we've got a bunch of windfall in front of us. Can you remember what this road looked like back in 1939 and 1940?*

Well, I thought it was quite a straight road, and we're standing here looking at a fairly straight road. Of course, at the time that they were running the mill here, they had cut all the trees down around here, so we were . . . I mean, it looks different now.

*Now, on the aerial photos from 1937 they show this being logged off. But they show a lot of standing.*

Yeah.

*Are those old snags, or just . . . what did they leave standing?*

Well, I can't honestly say.

*And it looked like maybe a fire had gone through here. Was that possible?*

No, not that I would have any recollection of. Now, the aerial photo that you are talking about. There was nothing on the other side of the road was there?

*No. Just a little patch of trees.*

Yeah. Because that was all farmed in the '30s.

*But this was logged, but there was quite a bit of material that was still standing.*

Yeah. And actually, these trees that we're in now, the bigger trees are the size that we were logging. I can't tell on the tape, but you see there's one, probably 20 inches on the stump. And that one there, that's . . .

*Now that one over there might be 30 or 32 inches.*

Yeah. And that's an old growth from my recollection, what we've always called old growth.

*It's got rippled bark . . .*

It's got rippled bark and broken off limbs and stuff, and that . . .

*That might have been an understory tree when they logged here before. It looks . . . they would have logged this 52 or 53 years ago, and that looks like it might be, what, 60 or 70 years old?*

Yeah, something like that. But that is, from what my memory is, the old growth was more of a grade of tree than it was the size of a tree.

*Jim Hanish pointed to that age group, and up on Forest Peak they'll get quite a bit larger than that. And he called them old growth, and they're about 70 years old.*

Yeah. But you see that tree there is possibly 70 years old, but it was probably a pretty small tree when I lived in this area, but that's interesting that we . . . now you see these little saplings here? Those are old growth.

*Just because the way the bark is forming?*

See the bark on it? Give those 30 years and they'll be old growth. See what I'm talking about, those two right there? Why don't you take a picture of those?

*Okay.* [Phtographs on file with OSU Research Forests]

## **R. Possible Mill Site**

*We're now at the old mill site, or what we think is the mill site.*

What we can look for to find the site for sure would be an area of possibly a flat area where there was a lot of bark chips and stuff off the logs that settled to the bottom of the pond, and in all likelihood there should be some evidence of that old mill pond here. My brother and I were up here in 1956 deer hunting and we found parts of the old dam. Of course, that's another 35 years ago, and that wood is probably completely demolished now.

*So the dam was made out of wood?*

The dam was made out of wood with dirt on the sides like we found up there at Cooper's mill.

*Were they logs or cants, or . . .*

No, they were lumber. Probably 3-inch lumber, 3 by 12's.

*So they were built into a framework or something?*

They were built into a framework and then they were slid, these boards were slid into the framework and then when the pond got full of bark and stuff they could slide these boards out and drain it and refill it.

*So the boards were put in vertically?*

Vertically, yes.

*Were they tongue and groove, or just regular boards?*

I think they were just regular boards. I think there was some leakage through the dam. Now this is a fairly big flat spot in here, and Bill had the sawmill and he also had a planer mill. And he had a resaw for taking his 2-inch or 3-inch or 4-inch lumber and making it into 4-inch, 6-inch, or 12-inch planks. And so it was a fairly big operation, and I think right here is just about the only place it could be, don't you?

*It looks like we're at the headwaters of the creek.*

Uh huh.

*We've got a hill coming down off the west there, and we're in a big flat, and we're in an area that's held pond water here just recently. This winter.*

They did drag logs in from the north with horses, so we may be able to find some skid marks from the logs over there where they skidded them up to the mill.

*Okay, why don't we try to do that.*

So we've got a couple of things here that we might be able to look for.

*Okay, I just took a couple pictures of you, Neil, with the sprouts in the background and the old mill site, and we're standing here along what looks like an old skid trail.*

They brought some of the logs around the head of the mill, the mill pond. We've got a skid road here and we've got a skid road right there. And I remember those skid roads.

*Okay, those are coming in from the northwest on a flat that's covered with hardwoods now.*

Yeah. Alder, or something.

*When this was a skid road through here, was this all muddy, or covered with bark? Or did they deck logs here?*

Well, of course all the logs that were brought in here were brought in by teams of horses and it got muddy in the winter. But not as bad as you would think, nothing like what cats do. But basically they were pulling the logs in from this area right in to the west and the north of us. And I never went up in the woods where they were getting them from, but I did work in the mill for a week or so when I was about 13. I got paid cash because even then I wasn't supposed to be working.

*But you were working in this mill right here then?*

I was working on the planer. I was grading off the planer down there.

*Is that when Coote owned it, or Weinert?*

That was when Coote owned it. My dad worked here when Weinert owned it. But I worked for Bill Coote. Bill Coote felt kind of sorry for us, we were farmers and so forth, and so he gave my dad a job and let me work once in a while when he could get away with it. But this is definitely the old mill site. I'll betcha that if you'd go down on the other side of the creek in there with a metal detector, you'd pick up some nails or something of that sort.

*Okay, now they logged with horses on this side. How about from the south there? That was all logged out by the time they set up the mills?*

Yeah, it was just a natural clearing in there pretty much. We actually . . . this whole

area down here was a plank dock. The planer sat on a plank dock.

*How big was that dock? About.*

Oh, gosh. Probably about 100 feet square. 100 on each side. Maybe not quite as wide as long. But it went down there just about to the trees.

*What kind of power did they have here?*

They had a steam tractor. Clifford Cornutt was telling me when they brought that steam tractor over from Berry Creek over here how by the time they got up to the top of the hill over here above Berry Creek it was getting dark, and he says, "Boy that old steam tractor sure did glow!" Because they were throwing 4-foot slab wood into the fire box, and the old smoke and sparks were just coming out of that thing coming up the hill!

*So they used a steam tractor from the old mill to yard itself up the hill?*

Yeah.

*How would they do that?*

Well, it had wheels on it. It was an old farm tractor, an old steam farm tractor.

*And that was the only power for the mill here?*

That's what ran the mill, yeah.

*So did this kind of look like kind of a "Smoky Stover" kind of operation, or did they put it together pretty nice?*

No, I thought it was a pretty good deal. And of course they had a steam whistle on this that you could hear all over the valleys here and so forth. And I think I mentioned before that my dad used to tell me when Bill Coote would blow his 5 o'clock whistle, he'd say, "Well, that's one thing about being a farmer. You don't have to quit when the whistle blows." I think I mentioned that before.

*This was one of those whistles he was talking about.*

This was one of the whistles.

*What dimension lumber were they turning out here?*

Well, most all of these mills were tie mills, railroad ties. And you had trees that were, oh, somewhere between 16 and 20 inches on the stump. So you could maybe get 2 by 12's, maybe even as much as 14 under the slabs, then you would get almost the heart, then you would turn your log and start cutting the other way. And of course, the ties I think were 6 by 6, so you ultimately ended up with 2 by 6's or 2 by 8's when you got down to the tie size.

*Do you know how many thousand board feet they'd turn out in a day?*

I haven't the vaguest idea because I didn't know that much about lumber. But I know they had two lumber trucks that were very modern. What they did, they had rollers on the back of them with a flatbed on them, and Bill Coote built some stands out of tie wood material that were just the right height, so when they would back under and roll that load on, well that tie stand would fall down and he could push against the mill and push that load of lumber clear onto his truck and then tie her down and away he went. And boy that was really modern!

*So they were vertical stands, were kind of just made to be knocked over?*

Yeah, just made to be knocked over so that he could back on under it. Sometimes he'd have to jump out of the truck and kick the stands out of the road, and he'd back on in and when he left, well then they'd stand the stands back up and stack their lumber on it.

*Did he own the trucks?*

No, no.

*How many people worked here in the mill?*

Well, it would take me a while to figure it. There was the pond monkey, and the sawyer, and the ratchet setter, and the off bearer, and the resaw man, and the cutoff saw man, and about 2 or 3 off bearers off the green chains.

*So with truck drivers there were about 10 or 15 people here keeping things going?*

Well, then we also had the engineer that kept the steam engine running, and he was a millwright, I suppose you'd call him now. Of course in those days you had babbitt bearings and he went around every two hours or so and oiled all the babbitt bearings and stoked the boiler, and then of course if a bearing went out well he'd pull it at night, so he was there too. And then of course we still had the planer over there -- that probably entailed at least four people involved in the planer.

*So they sent finished lumber out of here?*

Yeah.

*Was it air dried?*

Yeah.

*So they'd cut cants and air dry them. Would they have a drying area?*

Actually, they didn't air dry them. They just sanded them green! Because we didn't have room in here to air dry them. As you can see, there was just room for the mill pond, the sawmill and the planer mill in here.

*Then where would the lumber be trucked to?*

I have no idea. The truck drivers . . . he put that set up with the rollers on just before John Weinert took over, and the truck drivers lived at our place. Because they, well they were close to the road here. And when John Weinert took over, I don't know what he used for trucking or anything, but Bill Coote had the truck drivers board at our place. They were single guys and they owned their own trucks.

*What size of trucks were they driving?*

Oh, Chevrolets and Fords.

*Flatbeds?*

Yeah, 85 horsepower, whether you needed it all or not! With 30 speeds ahead or so.  
[Laughs]

*What was it, a big 6, maybe?*

V-8. Fords had the V-8's in those times, and Chevrolets had the 6.

*Would they just have a single dual axle?*

Yeah, just a single axle, duals. I doubt if they hauled more than about 2,000 feet per load.

*But you don't know where they hauled those loads?*

I have no idea.

*How many teams were logging up in here?*

Three.

*Three teams?*

Donald Dickey told you the Burbanks, and Forest Tandy, and who did he say the other one was? I can't remember.

*Burbanks, Tandy -- oh, McAlpine. Did McAlpine die by this point?*

I don't know. I didn't know McAlpine.

*Okay. But we can look at Dickey's transcript. He named . . . now was this a year round operation or seasonal?*

Oh, yeah, it went year round. And basically, I believe that they put that road through because of Bill Coote's mill there I think.

*Tampico Road, there.*

Yeah. That and the fact that we had a whole bunch of high school kids down there at Berry Creek all at once which we were having to transport almost to Airlie and up to Suver and around that way. So I think that was . . . I think about '38 that they went ahead and punched this road on through and made it a year round road.

*So at that time the kids in Berry Creek took the school bus . . .*

Soon as they built this road . . .

*. . . to Corvallis High School?*

We all went to Corvallis High School.

*Why don't you tell that story now about your family history in Corvallis High School?*

Well, I don't know exactly what you want to know, but I have 1936 annual from Corvallis High School showing that Corvallis High School was way out in the country when I was in high school. The Future Farmers farmed the 60 acres just north of the high school there, and there was no houses. I mean Corvallis High School was sitting out there all by itself. You could see it for miles when you come into town on 99. And anyway, I take it you want me to also tell at our 40th class reunion, I graduated in '41, and when the '41 class had their 40th reunion, well they asked who had the most kids. Well, I had six children and Keith Robison had six, and so they asked us what our kids had done that was noteworthy, and I said well all six of mine graduated from Corvallis High School. And so Keith gave up, so I got the prize, and now I've got a granddaughter going to Corvallis High School.

*When does she graduate?*

Four more years I believe. She just started this year.

*But this year you'll have your 50th reunion.*

Yeah, we'll have our 50th reunion. I got a letter from the people that are putting the reunion together, I got it from Aloha, Oregon, and of course the woman was married and so I didn't recognize the name and didn't know what it was all about. But I got it yesterday, inviting me to the 50th reunion, and we're going to have two-day reunion. We are going to have a dinner in the evening, we'll take pictures and make kind of an annual for those of us who are still alive. And then on Sunday they're gonna have a tour of the Corvallis area. I don't know whether it'll be a walking tour or what, and then those of them that want to play golf, they'll play golf across the [Willamette] river from Corvallis there, on that golf course. But anyway, when I make my reservations I'm going to tell them that I financed the rebuilding of Madison Square in Corvallis, and if you go in there -- we put in an elevator -- and if you go in there you will see a plaque above the elevator to Mr. Kleinschmidt and Carl Werner. Well Carl Werner was my wife's father, and we dedicated it to him because he had just died at that time. Anyway, I'm going to write, when I make my reservations, and tell them that, because when we were in high school that was Whiteside's Hardware Store. It took that whole corner there.

*Are there any other kids from Berry Creek or Soap Creek that you can remember that might be going to this reunion?*

Possibly Edith Tandy, maybe Betty White. They were the only two that graduated with me. You saw the pictures of our graduating class.

*And they're still alive?*



Yeah, all of them but Leslie Gardner. Leslie Gardner died of cancer ten years or so ago. But I talked to Edith Tandy, and Betty White is her aunt, but Edith Tandy is a year older than Betty is. And I wouldn't be surprised to see Edith Tandy there. She lives down at Yoncalla.

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*We just took a couple pictures next to this old stump here, and could you describe why this about five or six foot [tall] stump is here?*

This is what we used to call long butt. Donald spoke of it in his book, Donald Dickey, and we had a little trouble understanding what he was saying. But it sounded like he meant that they were 16 feet long. But my guess was always six to eight feet long. We've got one laying here that's about five feet long, and the contour of it shows that there was some, either some pitch or damage on the butt here. Maybe something had hit it, maybe another tree fell against it or something. So they long-butted it to where the good wood was, and that's what Don was talking about in his book.

*You can see where this injury is that caused the butt to flare, so somebody looking at the butt there might think they've got a 28 or 30 inch tree, but where they cut the log five feet up it's only about 18 or 20 inches.*

How would you like to know how big it is? [Laughs and pulls out measuring tape.]  
*Oh, well let's find out. Let's see how good my eye is here.*

How about 24 inches counting the bark.

*Well you can't count that.*

Okay, then we'll go for 22 inches. Twenty-one inches, whatever!

*The stumps we're looking at are mostly about a foot to 20 inches, and how much product could you get out of one of these trees here?*

Some of these, just slabs and ties. Some of them, of course, we got some lumber out of. But we can see evidence here of some of the old stumps that are still here that you'd just get maybe one tie and maybe a 2 by 4 off of one side of it, and they had to have, in those days they had to have the heart right in the middle of the tie, so these small trees made awful good ties. Because you take a tree like the one we just took pictures of here, the heart could be way off to one side from the injury and so forth and make it awful hard to get the heart in the middle of the tie.

*So would you just not cut a tie on that, or would you actually set up and still cut a tie?*

They'd still saw up to three inches of the heart on one side. Unless the heart was crooked. Of course, in this case here it was probably crooked in this area, but it might have centered once you got up past the long butt.

*Would the trees be yarded in tree length to the mill?*

No, they'd be around 16 feet.

*So that'd make two ties then, each log that would come into the mill would make two ties.*

Yeah. And actually they cut them an extra six or eight inches long for trim. Because the loggers with the old swede fiddle, they couldn't cut square and the ends of those ties had to be square so they gave them trim on it. And that's what you cut off.

*So, out here the trees would be . . . they were using chainsaws at that time, weren't they?*

Oh, no.

*They were still using hand saws and horses until 1941?*

Yeah. I hadn't heard of a chainsaw until 1946 or '47. And I tell you, my sister wrote to me and told me my brother-in-law, he worked in the woods for Werner Timber

Company down there on what do you call the name of that creek?

*Euchre Creek. Over in Lincoln County.*

Eucher Creek. And he was . . . when Werner Timber Company bought their first chainsaw -- they didn't really buy it, they just gave it to him to try out to see if they wanted one or not. And they were kind of skeptical about it being as good as what they said. And of course in those days the chainsaw was a two-man saw, and the motor unit probably weighed 80 or 90 pounds for the simple reason they didn't use aluminum in those days on a motor. So it was all cast-iron motor. And so you had to . . . they also hadn't learned the technique of being able to go around the tree with it. So the saw had to be as long as the tree was thick. But anyway, going back to my story, my sister wrote me a letter and told me that they had given Orval [Cummings] the first chainsaw to try out and they didn't know how it would work out. And being down in California, I didn't see how they could cut with a dog chain, or a logging chain, any kind, a bicycle chain, or any kind of a chain I ever saw, and so I couldn't hardly wait to get back to Oregon to see what a chainsaw looked like!

*Well, do you remember the brand name of the saw he was using?*

He used a Mahl and he used one made up in Canada.

*Was that a Timber Beast?*

Yeah, Timber Hog.

*Timber Hog.*

But anyway, that was at least in '46, '47, in there was the first time I ever heard of a chainsaw.

*My great uncle [Ben Robbins] used one on the Lewis River in 1936 or '37. They blew up two of them in the first two days. But, didn't they have handle bars, and one guy had the handle bars? You couldn't tip the motor even sideways, could you?*

No, you twist it . . . you had a round thing on the drive, and if you wanted to fall, then you just released it and turned it on edge, whichever way . . .

*That was 90 degrees.*

Yeah . . . to whichever way you wanted to turn, or if you . . . actually, if you wanted to undercut, you could turn it 160 degrees and come from underneath.

*And then the person operating at the other end, he operated what was called the stinger, wasn't it?*

Well, the stinger was the other end. It just has one handle, and that was called the stinger.

*But that was the second guy operated the stinger.*

That's the second guy.

*Did he have a name? Was he called the buckler, and the guy that operated the saw called the faller or anything like that?*

No, the guy on the one end was the stinger operator, and the other end was the power saw operator, is all I ever heard.

*That's what they called them, huh?*

Yeah. But you see in those days they had carburetors on, and if you tipped them too much, well you'd poor the gas out of the carburetor.

*Well they still had to limb with axes, didn't they?*

Oh, yeah.

*So they used axes to limb, and then they used the swede fiddle to buck.*

Yeah, back when I was working in the woods. I never worked in the woods with a

power saw. I've used a power saw a lot since then.

*How would they fall these smaller trees here? Would they use a saw for them?*

They didn't use power saws for them.

*But they used a cross-cut saw and then an ax to . . .*

Yeah. And contrary to what a lot of people would think, when we cut an undercut, we chopped the whole undercut. We didn't even saw on the bottom. Most of them saw it on the bottom. But of course the undercuts in those days were flat on the bottom and sloped on the top, now of course they . . .

*More like a beaver cut or something.*

Yeah. Well, actually it was flat on the bottom, V-shape. Like I told you this morning about my brother-in-law when he was falling those spruce down on the Alsea, they laid in the undercut, so it was flat on the bottom.

*Well, we cut like that even some in the 70's. But then they started putting in what they called Humboldt corner, where it's flat on the top and then you cut up to it.*

Reason for that was, you take on a 6-foot tree, your undercut was at least a foot of whole log lost. If you cut up from underneath, you didn't lose that much.

*Or you take 150 20-inch trees in an acre, there's all your largest diameter ends right there.*

*So, on the back cut, would the back cut come in level with the top?*

Sloped just a little bit.

*Sloped a little bit down?*

Yeah. That was to keep it from going over backwards.

*Were you aiming kind of to the base of your undercut, down to the flat part on your undercut?*

We usually tried to come in about two inches above the undercut.

*And then you'd still have your first buck then, you'd have to cut away your stump? So you'd have not only the waste on the stump but your first cut there.*

Well, I'm talking about hand tools. I don't know anything about power saws.

*But then your bucking was done with hand saws, and not with axes or anything.*

What they now call two-man saws, but we only had one man on 'em.

*Well, you only had 20-inch trees though, too.*

Well, when I worked down there on the coast we cut a lot of stuff there that ran . . . well, I bucked on tree that had 14,000 feet in it, so . . .

*With a two man saw by yourself?*

Yeah.

*On the ax, was that called a faller's ax?*

No.

*Called a logging ax?*

No, we just called it a double bit ax. And one side of it was sharp for cutting undercuts and the other side was sharpened more of an angle for knocking limbs off. If you ever took your side that you cut the undercuts with and hit a limb with it you just pulled it over because it tapered out so high on that end that you didn't cut anything but good wood.

*So when you knocked the limbs out of there you were able to get . . . you weren't actually cutting through the limbs, you were actually knocking them out of place and getting them flesh with the bark that way.*

We weren't chopping the limbs actually, we . . . I mean the ax was sharp enough you could chop them. But most of them that you're knocking off, a lot of them are dead

limbs anyhow. And they're hard.

*Would you kick those off?*

Beat them with an ax. We always get the right side.

*Would anybody ever cut into their foot or anything while they were limbing?*

I suppose.

*Wasn't real common though?*

No, we were pretty careful. There was a funny thing happened while I was working the woods down on the coast. We were eating lunch, and we always sharpened our axes after we finished lunch. And one time my brother-in-law, that's Orval, wanted to borrow another guy's file, and so the guy tossed it with the sharp point first, and it went into my brother-in-law's ankle. And the guy says, "Watch out!" And my brother-in-law says, "Why, you gonna throw another one?" By the time he said "Watch out!" my brother-in-law was pulling the file out! But as far as . . . I heard of a lot more of fingers and toes getting chopped splitting wood than I ever did in the woods.

*What kind of hats would you wear out here?*

None.

*No hats? Not even a felt hat to keep the sweat out of your eyes?*

Oh, we wore those old red hunters' hats. You remember those old felt? Okay, well by the time spring came the brim had shrunk down to about 3/4 of an inch and draped over your ears and it had enough sweat and oil off your hands and stuff so that it was pretty stiff and so every fall in hunting season we all bought a new hat, and then by the next fall it was pretty well used!

*Those were the "Red Hat Days"? When hunting season would come around.*

Yeah, it was red hats in the fall but by the next fall when you bought a new one they were getting pretty black.

*What . . . as long as we're on the topic, what kind of shirts would you wear, and pants, while you were logging?*

In the wintertime it was what they called tin pants. They were made out of canvas and I don't know if they were waxed a little bit or what, but when they got cold and wet they got so stiff you couldn't bend your knees, you just kinda walked along like this! I'm showing you, I can't tell it on the recording, but . . .

*Kind of like goosestepping or something?*

Yeah. It was . . . they became very stiff. But they didn't leak, and they didn't . . . you didn't sweat in them near as bad as you do in the plastic coats that they wear today because they did breathe. But they would be . . . the coat would, by the middle the back, it was six inches off your back. And so you had a lot of air circulation from underneath. They would just get stiff and they would just kind of fit you as you were going like this, well pretty soon the coat was way out in back of you.

*Would they get limber during the day while you were working?*

We took them off, when they were limber. We never had one on when they were limber.

*What would you wear in the summer?*

Just a regular shirt.

*Would it be like flannel or wool, or . . . ?*

Yeah, usually.

*Wasn't like now, where everybody wears the same kind of shirt?*

No.

*How about suspenders or belts?*

We all wore snagged off pants; our pants were all cut off almost halfway to the knees to keep the limbs and stuff from getting caught in the pants. And of course our boots came up higher than where they were cut off, and most everybody wore suspenders.

To let air circulate, and also the suspenders were good for hanging things on when we were moving from one tree to the other. It was just the way you did things.

*Now, you call them "snagged" trousers. And I've heard them . . .*

"Snagged off", yeah.

*I've heard them called "staged trousers", too.*

Yeah. But we always called them snagged off.

*What kind of caulk boots would you wear? What brands?*

Well, there were some Currins made up in Washington, up by Centralia. But I wore Wescos. And they were sold by Western Auto Supply. And they were . . . I could buy these Wescos for about \$13, which was like a week's pay at that time. But my brother-in-law Orval, he always had to have the Currins. They were more expensive, they were more pliable, and they were easier to . . . and they were also more waterproof. That was pretty important when you're wearing a pair of leather boots all day. Once or twice a week we would always hang our boots over the old wood cook stove that the wife worked on and get them good and warm, and then we'd take some deer tallow and mix it with linseed oil, one thing and another, and grease our boots so that we could keep our feet dry. And we greased them summer and winter because if you didn't grease them in the summer time they wouldn't hold water next winter. So it wasn't a case of just keeping your feet dry, but to keep them soft also.

*What kind of gloves would you wear?*

I never wore any gloves.

*Did very many people wear gloves?*

They did after they started using power saws, but I don't think . . . I think it would be dangerous with axes and stuff to use a glove. But I . . . one thing my brother-in-law was always jealous of me, when we'd work in the woods and both of us would be bucking, I was ambidextrous, and he says I got to rest half the time! He had to stand there and saw all day with his right arm, and I'd saw for a while this way and then I'd get over here and saw with my left arm and my right could rest! He was always jealous of me for that.

*Can you think of anything else in this particular area? I think we've covered . . .*

I think we've pretty well covered it. And I'm real tickled to find it so obvious because I haven't been out here in over 30 years, and we just walked right into it by walking up the creek here. I knew that's what we could do.

*But if you didn't know a mill was there, you'd think it was some natural meadow or anything else. You'd have a totally different idea.*

It very likely was a natural meadow when he cleared out and put his mill in there.

You know, I don't think we ever did go down there in that bottom.

*Fifty years later and there's hardly a trace.*

Yeah, except for some old skid roads, and the creek that he made the mill pond with and stuff.

*If you didn't know better, though, that could be a little bit of a sluff, and some seasonal drainage ditches there.*

Yeah, if you didn't know there was a mill, if you didn't know it when you came up here you'd never find it.

*That's right.*

But we found quite a bit of evidence of it. I wonder if these logs had been cut 50 years ago?

*I'd say that these shorter stumps and these ones hollowed out have to be. Because this area was all logged off then, and they didn't have any more logs until 10 or 15 years ago. And then we're seeing some newer stumps that look like they were thinned out of this area, probably letting this poison oak and grand fir understory start to sprout here. But I . . . it looks to me like this is logging that you took part in here. These old skid trails and these older stumps have to date from that time.*

Well I found those trees that we called old growths, you know, because people today, an old growth is a big old tree, and actually an old growth has never been to me necessarily an old tree!

*Well at least we can say for people in the Berry Creek and Soap Creek area, everybody I've talked to, it's the condition of the bark, and it's a rivuleted bark, and it seems to come on when an tree is 60, or 70 or 80 years old. And that's what they're calling old growth, rather than necessarily a larger tree that's younger with smoother bark.*

But also, any old growth they were a slow growing tree. The railroad used to, back in World War II times, require 18 grains to the inch. And that was old growth. I mean, there was no second growth that had grown that slow.

*Okay. So those smaller trees that we were looking at, took the photographs of, those definitely would have 18 rings to the inch. That would determine them as old growth. By railroad standards.*

I would think so. Except possibly when they are young they may grow faster. But as they, you know, I mean maybe along close to the bark . . .

*I think the reason those are so small, though, is that they were suppressed and probably the logging 50 years ago released them. So even when they were young, they were probably like these understory trees we're seeing here, which are 20 or 30 years old and three inches in diameter. That'd be my guess as to why they're so small.*

But you see that's an old growth right behind you there.

*Yeah, and it could have some larger rings in the middle.*

Yeah.

*Okay.*

\*\*\*

You can see looking at that tree right there . . . we had what we called a Spud that we peeled the white firs with, and then they took them out as buckskins, and took them down to the paper mill. Then they chopped them up and made paper out of them, and it was good, pure white paper because the white fir itself was fairly light wood inside. Plus the fact that there was no bark or anything on it. And boy after you got through peeling one of those, you didn't want to try and step on it, because it was slick! That old slimy sap in it!

*Now these were sent to a pulp mill, so the white fir would be separated out and sent to Salem, and then the Doug-fir would be hauled down to the local tie mill and cut into ties.*

Yeah.

*And then the slabs would be taken off the tie mill and sold for firewood.*

Slabs were sold for firewood.

*Were there any other products coming out of here? How about madrone or oak?*

Uh huh. No, basically there wasn't much . . . actually most of your white fir wasn't intermingled with your red fir or old growth. Because your white fir seemed to grow down pretty close to creek bottoms. See you probably won't see any back this way, but we're getting down towards the creek bottom. See there's one you can see down through there, just to the right of my pickup, quite a bit bigger than this one. And you can look at the bark, now that I've pointed it out to you, and see that that's different than the Doug-firs here.

*I got to tell you though, I already knew the difference! [Laughs]*

Well, I know, but I didn't think you called them white fir! I thought you had another name for them.

*Piss fir.*

Is that right!? Well, I don't think they made lumber out of white fir in those days. But most of it they could clearcut and not be bothered with white fir, because I suppose you know they grew on the creek bottoms. Pretty much.

*Well, we did a lot of falling of white fir and Doug-fir just on the other side of the hill. This was six or eight years ago, but yeah, and they come up in the shade here, and they grow, we can see they're growing faster if anything than the Doug-fir, they probably put in more volume in these wetter areas.*

Of course, you have less grains to the inch, too.

*Was Hanish . . . now he logged off a lot of white fir and sold it into pulp?*

Yeah.

*But did he sell any logs that came over to the mill here at all?*

No.

*Okay. So he was almost strictly a pulpwood logger.*

Yeah. Old Hanish was kind of a hermit. He . . . I mean if he could have made more money I don't think he'd have sold logs to the mill. He was just . . . of course, there is one thing. When they loaded the logs in those days, when they did put them on trucks, they had rollers, which was two or three logs running lengthways and built up on a stack of logs, and then they had to roll them onto the truck with a Peavy. So they didn't build high loads like they do now.

*What would the lengths be, would they be 4-foot, or 8-foot lengths?*

Oh no. No, 16.

*So they'd run them the same . . . and then they'd haul them on flatbeds with stakes?*

No, the log trucks had trailers. They didn't have any brakes on their trailers, they were single axle trailers and single axle . . .

*But Hanish would haul out of here by log truck?*

He didn't haul. There was a contractor that came in. He sold them on the ground. And then they came in and logged them out. And, I don't know, there used to be a paper mill in Salem and I think that's where they went. I don't know whether that mill is still there or not. I doubt it, because paper mills stink.

\*\*\*

*We're now about 150 feet west of the road.*

Right up to that knob of the hill I was talking about.

*Nearly on top of the Smith Peak crossing here. We're standing on what looks like a really old road bed, crossing over Smith Peak from Soap Creek to Berry Creek. Can you describe this here, Neil, or what you remember about this?*

Well, just that probably what we came in on was probably the old tram road, and they probably put some rock base in for the tram road. And then this is the road that he put in later after the county road was put in. I'm having a little trouble here seeing where this road could have gone from here, but I guess it went on down around those stumps and then right there. Yeah, that's about the way it would have come in.

*It looks to me like it curves down, and curves uphill around the creek, and maybe connects into the mill up there, and that would have been the crossing. That there was an old loop in the road here maybe.*

Yeah. This road would have to end up down below the mill. That's where they came out, down below the mill.

*So this road, even after the county road went in, this road here was being used to get to and from the mill?*

We put this in after the county road.

*So this road is actually younger than the county road?*

Yeah. Yeah, the county road of course was a summer road a number of years before this road was used. I have an idea that probably the old steam engine came in on this road.

*This road here?*

Yeah.

*So this is essentially just the logging, milling, millworkers road. And would they use this road to get to and from work, or was it. . .*

Oh yeah, after they put this other road through. But I think what we came in on, if you remember how I talked about that other road there, coming off of Sheppard's, that that was mostly plank road. But this one here was an all-year road without any planking on it.

*It was rocked?*

Apparently. It seemed to me like he rocked it. But of course we've got so much moss and leaves and stuff on it we couldn't see if it was rocked or not here.

*And the cutbank has washed down quite a ways in most spots. How wide were the planks that were put on those plank roads?*

Four by 12's. Two wide. You always, you had to be careful your front wheels that you didn't get in the crack, because they'd do the splits, and then you'd fall down through and then you had to jack yourself back up.

*So they were running out in the direction of the tires?*

Yeah.

*Oh, so there were just two tracks, basically?*

Yeah.

*And so each track was 12 and then the cross ties were underneath?*

Yeah.

*How often would they run the cross ties?*

Probably every four feet.

*And then the actual railings themselves were maybe 8 foot long?*

Oh, probably 16.

*Sixteen?*

The ones going lengthways.

*And those would be four foot thick and twelve inches wide, and so . . .*

No, four inches thick.



*Yeah, four inches thick, and twelve inches wide, and just the width of the tires.*

Well, you had 24 inches altogether. You had two side by side.

*Oh, I see. For each tire.*

For each tire. So you had 24 inches. Might have been 20 inches; might have been ten-inch planks.

*And you called that a tram road?*

We called that a tram road, yeah. And then, when you went around the curves, then they would put the lumber crossways of the road because your front wheels and your back wheels wouldn't all track together, so whenever you went around a curve then you would have a section there that was the boards were going crossways, solid.

*What would you call a corduroy road?*

Well, all the corduroy roads I knew were gravel roads that had gotten the bumps in them from use and hadn't been graded. I never heard of a corduroy road in the plank roads.

*Did you ever hear of anybody making a corduroy road on purpose? To get up and over a hill, say, or something like that?*

No.

*Okay. So that was just something that got into a road by wear.*

Yeah. Actually you start bumps and pretty soon the bumps get longer and deeper. See this is right up on top of that ridge. I told you right where it was. But this other road, I think probably when we came into that other road, probably is a different road where those feathers were. [At the starting point of this stop we had discovered a recent site with a large number of wild bird feathers and empty beer cans.] I think it went on down further before it came into this road. It's possible, where those feathers were is where the slab wood was stacked, though.

*And then all this across the road on the east side there, that was all field?*

Yeah.

*Okay.*

With some oak trees, scattered oak trees. Actually, it was sheep pasture.

*Who pastured up over there?*

I have no idea. The Gardner place came up almost this far. I understand you found evidence of a house up in there, and Donald [Dickey] remembered some woman living up there, but he didn't know who she was. And there was nobody living there when I lived here. And I don't know how she got up there, whether she came up through Sheppard's, or whether she came up the hill. But it would have had to have been a buggy road, it couldn't have been a car road. Of course, Donald thought they improved this road a long time before they actually did.

*Do you remember a pond over there at all?*

No.

## **S. The Coote—Cornutt Sawmill #2**

*We're just coming down the hill, 300 or 400 feet to the west of Tampico Road, and we're sitting at the site of the second Coote's mill here.*

You could not quite see Bill Coote's mill from the county road over there, so probably back of us a little bit, but his housing for his mill crew was over here on Savage

Creek. And there wasn't all these trees in here then. And the reason why he put the mill shacks on Savage Creek was so he didn't have to dig a hole for their outhouses. They just did it into the creek.

*Would they have platforms built up over the creek, or have to go out in the weather?*

They had outhouses, sitting over the creek, but they just had some legs down to the creek and washed on down the creek, and no problem at all.

*Did any of the neighbors mind?*

No. I remember one time we went looking for Mayflowers for Mayflower baskets when I was going to grade school here, and Leslie Gardner took a drink out of the creek, and she says, "Oh, it's all right, as long as water has flowed over 300 feet of gravel it's all purified." And we were standing there looking right at the outhouses over the creek.

*So there wasn't near the concern in that day?*

No, but of course at that time there was quite a number of mill shacks in here. Some of them were back on the side of the hill here, and actually . . . I mentioned Harvey Tandy. He lived over back next to the hill here. And there was, well, there was still probably four or five families lived right here in this mill shack area here. But the sawmill was, like I say, probably back another 100, 150 feet.

*Okay, now where . . . on this road that we're on, was this road here at that time?*

Well, the road came across the county road, just probably 400 or 500 feet before the road started the steep incline there. And came up at an angle.

*About where it does now, pretty much?*

Well, I'm not seeing any road over . . .

*Okay, about where those cows are is where the road cuts in.*

Yeah, right in there, and it came on up here, and it went on past the old mill and then went on past the first mill that Coote and Cornutt had, and ultimately ended up at the Chaffin house.

*So this road we came in on, is this the old road?*

Yeah.

*So if . . . where this road used to go, not where it goes now, but where it used to go, up to the Chaffin place, where we're now sitting.*

Yeah. See they. . . it wasn't a year round road, it was . . . Chaffins used horse and buggies to go up there, and they could get the horse and buggies up it.

*Okay. But that was this road?*

That was this road.

*I understand from talking with you and Jim Hanish earlier that the other road went up Savage Creek there and crossed over and went into Chaffins . . .*

From the other side.

*From the other side. So this is a big circular road system here then?*

Basically, yeah. But at the time I lived here, until I herded sheep with old McKibbon, Gerald McKibbon, I didn't know that that road went through over to where the Hanish place was. I always thought that the road pretty much ended right there at Chaffin place. And then when I was herding sheep up there, well we pastured sheep over there on the other side of the mountain there, and then we'd bring them around to Chaffins, count them, and pen them up for the night. So that was the first time I knew that it went on around. But this was the road that Chaffins came in on.

*The one to the mill here?*

Yeah.

*Oh, okay. Now this mill here had the same steam tractor as the . . .*

Yeah.

*And how about the first mill, did it have the same steam tractor?*

As far as I know.

*Did this mill site here have a pond to it?*

No.

*So this mill here, they yarded trees downhill by horse to this mill site?*

As far as I know. This mill was closed probably six months before we moved here. When I went to school, of course the school [Berry Creek] was right over there by that wagon. And when I went to school, well Clifford [Cornutt] and I used to come up here and play in the old mill site, and all the timbers and the floors and the roof and everything was still on it. And we'd play hide and seek and climb in the rafters and all things that 16 year old kids do. And this was a good place to play. And of course, I told you about the old big barn that sat right down there. That was all put together with wooden pegs.

*Okay now, where was that barn located from where we're sitting?*

Just about right straight ahead of us.

*Where that hay is?*

No, quite a bit further. These trees weren't all in here. You could see the barn from the mill site. And it was on down, oh probably 500 feet and back a little closer to the creek than what you can see here.

*Now that barn fell over during that snow?*

No, it withstood the snow and then I think we had a windstorm or something a couple of years later and it went down.

*So the windstorm would have been '39 or '40?*

Yeah.

*And that barn was built out of old wooden pegs?*

Yeah, there were no nails in it whatsoever.

*Did the people that lived in these mill shacks continue living here when they continued working at the Coote and Weinert mill site?*

Yeah.

*Do you remember an old cabin or anything right around where we're sitting here?*

Yeah. There was several of them.

*I don't mean mill cabins, I mean like a log cabin or an old homestead?*

No, there were just mill shacks up here. And this . . . when you look down there where that old barn is that's still standing that old Mr. White built.

*Now that's the barn that's still standing, next to Berry Creek there?*

Yeah. White was the last person on this road till you got clear up to Gardners. Except for these mill shacks. And the rest of them were all clustered around Berry Creek there.

*Were these mill shacks . . . did you get the idea they were built here at the same time as the mill?*

Um hmm.

*And they were just built out of mill lumber?*

Yeah. Rough lumber.

*About how many families lived in this area here?*

I would guess maybe six.

*Did people look at these people that lived here any different than those of you that lived on the farms there?*

Not really. Parkers were looked at a little bit. They were wood cutters. And wood cutters were looked down on, but loggers and mill workers were not looked down on. In fact, if anybody had a job working for a sawmill, had what was considered a good job. The best job you could have during the Depression was in the paper mill, and the next was in the sawmill.

*So even the little sawmills like this were . . . you were a mill worker whether you worked in a little sawmill or a big sawmill in the city?*

Well, if you worked for a farmer you got 15 cents an hour, and if you went to work in a sawmill you got 35. So that was quite a step up.

*Were some of the older families that had been here for a while, say like the Mulkeys and that, did they see a lot of you moving in during the Depression, working in the mills on the farms, as . . .*

Actually, we lived here before the Mulkeys did.

*Oh, I see. So this part of the Mulkey family moved in later.*

The Ennis's lived on the Mulkey place when we first came here. And the old man Ennis, he got ulcers and died of a bleeding ulcer.

*So really the only old time family around here may have been the Smiths? Everybody else kind of moved in in the '20s and '30s.*

Yeah. The Smiths and then the Dickeys.

*Well the Dickeys didn't move in until '27.*

Yeah, but they were old timers when we moved here. And the Hanishes were not very far ahead of us . . .

*Early '30s.*

And the Tandys, he moved in probably early '30s or late '20s.

*So these mill workers would have been pretty much like the local farmers. You all moved in here in the late '20s, early '30s, first part of the Depression pretty much.*

Yeah. I don't think that this ground was farmed all that much. As a big farm. More pasture type farm. This soil down here on the creek, that's Chehalis, and that is very good soil, but very hard to work with a team of horses. I mean it just really makes hard clods that you just can't hardly break down. And the hill ground was also covered with fern and Canadian thistle that . . . it wasn't a real good place to farm. I really believe that a guy could make money nowadays with the herbicides and the big tractors and stuff, I think I mentioned that before in our conversation. But this ground right straight ahead of us, I saw that farmed one year while I was here. Otherwise it was pastured by sheep. And this was all pastured by sheep on this side.

*Were these Folk's sheep through here? Or Smiths'?*

I think they were Smith's. I never knew that Folk had any sheep. I thought he was more of a cattle farmer than a sheep farmer.

*So people were living here in mill shacks, and there was an old tumble down mill and an old barn here and sheep wandering around through the area too.*

Basically that's about the size of it. However, I didn't see that many sheep on this side of the road. At that time they were pasturing on the other side of the road.

*Was this pretty pleasant in here? Playing with the kids through these houses through here?*

Yeah. It was nice in here.

*People keep lawns or grow flowers?*

No, no. No they were poor people.

*Did most of them have cars?*

Yeah. Old cars.

*Model T's, that type of thing?*

Well, really Model T's weren't that . . . there was Model A's, and there was old Nashes and Studebakers, and Chevrolets, and there was quite a few Chevrolets went back to 1923. The Model T's went out in '28 and we're looking at a Model T at that time was almost 8 years old, you see, when I moved in here. And they were a cheap car to buy and all that, but they weren't all that popular.

*Would they kind of look like a Yugo or something like that now?*

Well, one thing, they didn't have a transmission in them, as such. They had what you call a planetary transmission, is what hydromatic is now. Only the hydromatic shift, with those you had three pedals under your feet with a Model T Ford, and one of them was the brake and the other two were gear shifts. And you just pressed on them, and you pressed the middle one and partway down it went into low, and then if you pushed harder on it you engaged another band and that put you in reverse. And the one on the right was considered a clutch but it didn't completely release. And the Model T's had magnetos on them for ignition and they had to be turned, the motor had to be turned over probably 30 or 40 revolutions per minute before those mags would put out enough spark for it to run. So you had to really wind its tail to get it started, unless you had a battery stuck on there on the side to get it started with. A few of the later ones had starters on them, but they . . .

*Did they have a hand crank?*

Yeah.

*Most of the Model T's were hand cranked to start them?*

They all had a crank hanging on the front of them all the time. You didn't take the crank out, you just, when it started you just let it hang and it swung in the breeze while you went down the road. And so it . . . they were popular early on, but Ford was slow to change.

*It just seemed old fashioned or something?*

Yeah, there was other cars that were much better. They started putting in gearshifts in them. You take the Model T going up this hill here, if you didn't have a full tank of gas you had to back up it because the gas tank sat right up here in front of the windshield and if you didn't have enough gravity for it to flow into the carburetor well you had to back up the hill so you had gravity to put gas in the carburetor.

*Was it uncommon to see Model T's backing up hills?*

Not at all! Not at all!

*Sounds like a pretty common way to get up the hill.*

If you were low on gas you backed up the hill. You had to know before you started up the hill whether you had enough gas to get up the hill or not. And also the bands on a planetary transmission . . . I don't know if you know what a planetary transmission is or not, but . . .

*No, I'm just learning about it right now.*

But anyway, you have a drum and you have a bunch of little gears that run a gear underneath. And as long as there is no pressure applied to that drum the power goes right straight through on it. But if you want a reduction gear on it, you got a band on

the outside of it and you tighten that band and that makes those gears turn inside and then you get a lower gear. And you picked up the reverse the same way. Well, you start up a hill and it wasn't too uncommon at all that if your bands weren't tight enough, the bands would start slipping and they'd burn out and you didn't get up the hill and then it was a case of turning around and backing up -- use your reverse bands to get up. But Ford was very slow to . . . they wouldn't pay any patents. You see, Chrysler came out with hydraulic brakes in 1927. Ford waited until 1940 before they put hydraulic brakes on.

*Just to keep from paying the patent on it?*

And there was a lot of people killed because Ford was not willing to spend the patent money to put good brakes on.

*Was that any kind of national news at that time, that people were getting killed because of that?*

Well, people knew it, but they didn't have lawsuits like they do now, you know. But the thing is, clear up until 1937, when the Fords put brakes on all four wheels, you had brake rods going to each wheel. They were 3/8 steel rods, and if you made a real hard stop those rods would stretch, and they all stretched different, so the next time you stopped you didn't know which wheel was going to take hold and which one wasn't. So you had to have a pretty good hold on the steering wheel to keep yourself on the road until you adjusted the brakes again, and many people weren't mechanically minded enough to ever adjust the brakes. So they virtually drove without brakes. By the time they got up to '36 and had the V-8's, well those V-8's would go 85 miles an hour and you couldn't stop them! Till the next county!

*The same old kind of braking system with the steel rods and stuff?*

Yeah. And in '38 Ford came out with what they call a steel-draulic brake, which was cable brakes, with a self-energizing brake. Now a self-energizing brake is a brake that when the shoe comes out against the drum, the arms that the shoe is hooked to are made so that they feed into the drum at an angle, so when the shoe comes into the drum then these rods come out and give you much more braking power. And that's what Ford called their steel-draulic brake. And they ran that until '40 when the patents ran out on the hydraulics, and then they went to hydraulics.

*Oh, I see. They didn't change their policy, they just waited until the patent ran out.*

They waited until the patent ran out and then they put on hydraulic brakes. So that was one of the things against Ford. So you didn't see that many Model T's in the . . . Model A's weren't too bad, Model A had a top speed of about 55 and generally stopped all right. But, boy when they got into those V-8's, they were dangerous. They were light and they were dangerous.

*The Model A's were?*

No, the V-8's. Before they put the hydraulic brakes in. In the '40s and '41s Ford really made a complete change, streamlined them and all that stuff. And then he sold a lot of them.

*Got the American public's confidence.*

Yeah.

*But this area here then, we could guess that most of these guys might be driving older Chevrolets, and . . .*

An old Nash, or a Star, or that type of thing.

*But probably wouldn't be seeing Model T's.*

Not too many.

*Did any of the farmers use Model T's in their field or anything out here?*

Most of them used Dodges.

*Dodges?*

Dodges had a real slow speed motor with a big piston. They had a lot of power at low speeds and there was a lot of those that they made tractors out of. Oh, about 1940 or so, we're talking about a 1927, '28 model Dodge. There was a lot of those that were . . .

*Were there any farms around here still using steam?*

No.

*They were all using gas powered tractors and horses?*

Mostly horses. When we moved here my dad borrowed money from the FHA and they would not finance a tractor. They said tractors were not the way to farm. So they financed our horses and we farmed with horses. My dad's brother had a Fordson tractor in Fullerton, California, and my dad took the old '23 Dodge truck and brought that Fordson tractor back up and we used it. And they were very dangerous because they had a worm gear in the rear end that drove the thing, and so when you got on a hard pull the front end came up off the ground and it'd come right on over if you weren't on your toes. Especially if you were going up a hill and the front end was already light and you would hook a rock or a stump, you could get killed. But we did farm that place. And that old worm drive had a lot of friction in it. My brother-in-law Orval Cummings came into the family along about then, and my dad had gone to work for Bill Coote by then, and so my brother-in-law and I, we were plowing the place there, and we were driving it 24 hours a day, and at night you could see the rear end was red hot . . . I mean there was that much friction on the rear end!

*Was it just down a foot or two below you, then?*

You were sitting virtually on it! It was hot! I mean it could be a cold night but it was hot sitting up on that tractor! Yeah, at night the exhaust system would all glow and everything, everything was hot.

*Would anybody use International or John Deere?*

Oh yeah. Yeah. Same kind of a deal, they ran 24 hours a day around here. And the old Johnny poppers, they were of course noisy. You could hear them from 2 or 3 miles away all night long. And there was a lot of 1020 McCormick-Deerings around; that's what Mulkey farmed with, was 10-20 McCormick-Deering at that time. And they . . . the front ends on them stayed down a lot better than they did on the Fordson for some reason. I don't know why.

*You say "Fordson." Is that common name?*

It was a Ford tractor, yeah. It was made by Ford, but they called it "Ford Son."

*You said that when they were building this road through here, Tampico Road, coming down from Smith Peak on the Berry Creek side where they've got that cutbank, that they used dynamite there?*

Yeah, they used dynamite, and then they had a 60 Cat in here. And they called it a 60 Cat because it had 60 horsepower whether you needed it or not. And it was a diesel. They had a starting motor on it; they'd start the starting motor and get the Cat started. The blade was on the back so the guy running it was sitting with his feet one direction and his head the other one all day, and probably had a horrible kink in his neck, but that's the way they did it. And one interesting thing about this road going

up the hill here from the Berry Creek side, he ran into a spring about half way up, and it was always a pothole and they could never do anything about it, and they've still got that spring there; they've still got the pothole I've noticed since we've been working on this deal!

*Still now, huh?*

Yeah, it's still there.

*Did that spring have a name or anything?*

No, no. It just . . . it wasn't a spring until they dug it out with the bulldozer. Well they dug it out and it's been leaking ever since.

*Did they just have the one bulldozer?*

As far as I know. It think there was just one.

*And then the county built that road through there?*

The county, yeah, Benton County built the road.

*But then, this road that we're sitting on here, the one that goes to the Chaffin place, this was here from . . .*

Well, Bill Coote probably developed this road, and when it got past his other road then it was just a buggy trail.

*Where did they haul the logs down to this mill? Did they haul down to this road here?*

I have no idea. This mill, of course, was closed before I came here, and apparently there wasn't any log pond here. The reason why I know is I've talked to Clifford Cornutt on the phone since we've been working on this. I was curious and I asked him. He says no there was no pond here. And I didn't remember any.

## **T. Coote—Cornutt Sawmill #1**

*We've traveled south from the second Coote's mill site, and we've passed the first intersection, the one coming in from the gate on Tampico, and we're right at a little hill here on the east, maybe a quarter mile or half a mile from the second mill site, and we're looking west here.*

Yeah. That's where that mill was, was a quarter to a half a mile up the creek, the way I remember it. And then there should be a real steep mountain on the other side that we spoke about that Mr. Gardner's relation got killed trying to ride a log down the hill.

*So that hill there to our west, somewhere down there they just . . . they had a log slide . . .*

Log slide from up on top of the hill, because the hill was too steep to bring the logs down with horses on because the logs catch up to the horses, so they just turned them loose up there and slid them down into the bottom here. Now I thought I remembered that there was a mill pond that they slid into, but Clifford Cornutt can't remember it. But Clifford Cornutt, you have to realize, was only in 3rd grade when he left this country. So he may not remember as good as he might.

*Can you remember a mill pond for sure, or is it just one of those things you're not sure?*

Just one of those things that I think I remember and he doesn't.

*On the log slide, then that would have been just right over mud, or right over dirt?*

They actually laid some logs down and the logs slid in the logs. The logs guided them down, kept them lengthways so they didn't turn crossways.



*So it was just log guided, and then it was dirt. They didn't float in water or anything?*

Well, I remembered that they slid into a mill pond here at the bottom. Otherwise, I don't know how in the world you could get them into the mill, because you sure wouldn't want to be down there with a team of horses. You sure wouldn't want to get in there with a team of horses and pull those logs into a mill when they were sliding logs down at you! And to me a mill pond would be the only way to float the logs away from the stuff that was coming down the hill.

*Could they have just yarded to a spot on top of the hill and then moved them down, ran them down the trough there for a while, and then stopped, and then yarded them out of there by horse?*

Well, that's kind of what Clifford Cornutt said, but I just, seems like I remember a pond slide there.

*That would have been right where . . . the hill had to be steep, and then Savage Creek was down along the base of it, and that would be the site of the first Coote's mill.*

That's the site of the first Coote/Cornutt mill.

*Can you recall any old buildings or anything from that mill when you were a kid?*

There was nothing there except that log slide when I was there.

*And maybe a pond.*

Yeah. The remains of a pond. But that mill had probably been closed five, or six, seven years by the time I got here, and all the timbers and everything . . . if Bill Coote didn't take all the timbers, well probably the farmers did. So there was virtually nothing there except kind of what we're finding, an old mill site, you know.

*Vine maple.*

Yeah.

*Did this area in through here, had this all been logged off by that time, then?*

Yeah. I'm sure it had. We didn't go up very far before we were in virgin timber above that mill. I think they logged more off over here, to what I'm thinking is north, when they had that mill in here.

*Did it go up and their logging kind of butt into Bennett Brothers logging?*

Well of course Bennett Brothers was a lot later and in my mind the Bennett Brothers was quite a bit west of where we are here. You know, when you're talking about logging with horses, a half a mile is a long ways!

*And Bennetts is maybe two or three miles west of here, so their logging could have been totally separate.*

Yeah, I'm sure it was.

*Okay, and then this road here, the Chaffin Road, that came in off of where we were just sitting, it kind of goes up the ridge of that hill there? We're not on it anymore.*

No, it went up the creek for quite a ways and then it veered off and went up on top of the ridge right there just below Chaffin's house.

*Okay. So it came from his house fairly quickly and came down to this creek. In pretty close order then.*

Yeah.

*So where we were walking back there in that old road bed may have been the old Chaffin road.*

It could have very well been. But like I say, the Chaffin road was not a developed road, it was a buggy road.

*Okay. And then . . . so where we've been driving the truck along we haven't actually*

*probably been on it?*

No, no, I'm sure it wasn't this far from the creek.

*Okay. Can you remember anything else about that first mill site? Well, we haven't got it on tape, the story of how Gardner died.*

Well, all I know is what the Cornutts told me, was that at quitting time one night, well I didn't know until I talked to Clifford who it was, but I'd heard that somebody got killed on that slide where they slid the logs down. What Clifford tells me is that they cut a log loose up there at quitting time and this Gardner he decided, "Well, I'm not going to climb down that hill," and he stepped up on the log with his caulk boots on and the log rolled and killed him.

*Now, was that Gardner, was it his brother or his son that had the place up here?*

Clifford didn't know. I asked him and he said it was a relative that was living with the Gardners up there. But probably, maybe living in the other house. There were two houses up there.

*Did the Gardners have both houses?*

No, the Gardners ended up with both of them. Actually, there was some preachers. We always called them Two by Twos, I don't know what their religion was, but they believed that they were sent out, like Jesus sent out the disciples, two by two, and they were supposed to go out and knock on a door and ask if they could stay there. And they were supposed to be supported by the people and they were . . . if the people turned them down they were supposed to shake dirt off their feet and leave, and in the scriptures they were more or less condemned if they didn't welcome the disciples, and that's where this group started. Anyway, they lived in the Gardner's second house when I was here. For two or three months.

*Do you remember the name of the Two by Twos?*

That's all we ever called them, was Two by Twos. But they . . .

*And there was two of them?*

There was two guys. There was a Mr. Plum and a Mr. Larson.

*Okay, Mr. Plum and Mr. Larson were the Two by Twos.*

Yeah.

*And they only lived here for three or four months?*

Three or four months. And they had a baptismal service down here and Mabel Tandy was one of them that was baptized. And also Edith Tandy was baptized at that time by these Two by Twos, and then after we moved over to Oak Creek, well one day somebody knocked on the door and here was Mr. Plum and Mr. Larson. They were starting to have meetings in the school house up there on Oak Creek. We didn't go the second time.

*Did you have them come in and stay?*

No, no, they shook the dust off their feet at our house, because we felt that they were not scriptural. We . . . all of our family has pretty well studied the Bible and they were, as far as we were concerned, a cult. There's quite a bunch of those Two by Twos, I think that's the name they go by, up in Kings Valley today.

*Still?*

Yeah. The Burbanks. That's their religion.

*Were they the ones that invited Mr. Plum and Mr. Larson here, or did they get baptized at that time?*

No, the Burbanks, I don't know whether they were later or earlier or what. But I met

a couple of Burbank boys at the Brand-S Plywood mill, they worked at the plywood mill for a number of years, and they lived over in Kings Valley, and of course that's quite a ways from here. So I didn't know the Burbanks at that time. However, one of the Burbanks was doing the logging for Bill Coote, I found from Donald Dickey, but there's a whole raft of them over there in Kings Valley. And I hunted with the Burbanks.

*Did you say a Burbank owned Bamm Hardware over there in Philomath?*

That's what I was told. No, a Bennett.

*Oh, from the Bennett Brothers.*

No, I don't know whether it was from Bennett Brothers or not, but that's what I wanted to find out.

*I see, just a Bennett owned it, and you wanted to find out if he was related.*

Yeah. Somebody, I don't know whether it was Donald Dickey, or somebody told me that they thought that it was the same tribe. But apparently they moved to eastern Oregon, now.

*So those Two by Twos only lived here for just a few months.*

Yeah, they were just missionaries. They would preach in an area and then they'd go on. It's quite interesting, just a little side line, when we moved up here my sister was going with a guy by the name of Harold Jones, down in Los Angeles. And when we moved up here the school bus driver lived at our house, Al Fennell, and he was going to OSU. He lived at our place and drove the school bus. So anyway, one day a guy came and knocked on the door and it turned out that his name was Harold Jones and he was a friend of Al Fennell's. And what had happened was that my sister wrote a letter to her friend Harold Jones in Los Angeles, and she put our address on it, Monmouth Route 2, and the mailman knew this Harold Jones and so they sent it him. So he thought he was invited over to our house because my sister had written and told him that he was foolish for coming up here because she wasn't interested and all that sort of thing. But at the end he said she was a glutton for punishment, if he came up. And then she says, "P.S. I got a haircut." Well, this Jones that didn't even know her got the letter. So he went upstairs with Al Fennell and showed him the letter and Al got a big kick out of it and came down on the landing and read the letter to my sister. She about died. Anyway, so we invited this Harold Jones to stay awhile, as long as he slept with Al, and so anyway this Harold Jones from California came so we had two Harold Joneses with us for a while! But anyway, what brought the subject up was later when I was hunting with the Burbanks, I found out that this Harold Jones had married one of the Burbank girls. And so I met him again after about 40 years.

*Had he become a Two by Two?*

Well, his wife was. I don't know whether he was or not.

*We talked about the Mennonites before. And the Two by Twos. But wasn't there a local man that went out preaching at times, too?*

Not that I know of. The American Sunday School Union, most of the time I was here, had a Sunday School in Berry Creek School. But it was, for the most part, it was a case . . . now Donald Dickey's mother was my Sunday School teacher. And it was just a local deal, my mother taught, and my dad taught, you know. And it was mostly kids with adults teaching, was basically what it was. And every quarter or so we would have a missionary from American Sunday School Union, would preach a sermon and see how we were doing, and so forth. That was all the religion actually

that I know of in this area. We went to Airlie once in a while, there was an Evangelical church in Airlie. The Phelps preached there. And I got quite a bit of my Christian foundation from Mrs. Phelps. She led a class on Acts that was very informative to me, which of course is how the church started after Jesus died and so forth. And Saul meeting the Lord on the Jericho Road, and so forth, and so I got quite a bit of foundation from her. She was a one-legged woman. She was diabetic and they had cut her leg off clear to the hip.

*When you say "Evangelical," what do you mean by that?*

That was the name of the church, the denomination.

*Did they have anything unusual? They were like Presbyterian, or Baptist or just . . .*

Yeah, probably closer to Presbyterian than what we have normally been. They believed in sprinkling, which we don't, and that sort of thing.

*Sprinkling as opposed to full submersion [Baptism]?*

Yeah.

*How about the Two by Twos?*

They immersed.

*Did they use Berry Creek?*

They gave their baptism right there in our old swimming hole on our place in Berry Creek.

*And that's what, 100 feet down from the bridge or so, somewhere in that area?*

Oh, more like 300 feet.

*Back of those blackberries.*

Yeah, yeah. You see the creek turns and then goes, went under Tandy's bridge and then came out into our place.

*Did anybody from your family get baptized there?*

No. Not at that place.

*Just let them use the swimming hole.*

Yeah. And actually we let them use our house for a dressing room, changing room and so forth. I remember my mother saying that there was a woman that came to the baptismal service, and she was from the head office or something, and she must have drank 10 cups of coffee in an hour and my mother says, you know a lot of Christians talk about people that smoke, and she says, "All that coffee that woman drinks would be much worse for her than a little smoke!" You know, once in a while there's something when you're small or younger that just sticks with you and that always stuck with me. That woman drinking so much coffee, and my mother thought, "Boy that's terrible!"

*And the woman from the Two by Two office and Mr. Plum and Mr. Larson, they'd lead the baptism?*

Yeah.

*Was there anything unusual about the preachings they gave or anything?*

I think most of it was fairly fundamental except for their . . . I don't find anyplace in the scriptures that says we're supposed to carry on what the disciples did, you know.

*I see. So they took it pretty literally that they had to go out and do like the disciples did.*

Yeah. There's a lot of religions that carry on. Like foot washing is fine, but we don't feel that it's necessary. Jesus washed the disciples' feet. But basically I think that's probably as much as I know about them. I sat and listened to their sermon, but there was nothing that was that . . . basically, in our religion, for the most part, unless it's in

the scriptures twice we don't feel that it's something that we have to carry on.

*But if it's in there a couple of times then you do.*

Yeah, then quite often. See, it only mentions that Jesus washed the disciples' feet once, and basically what it's saying is that humility, it's a lesson in humility, not in washing feet.

*But the Two by Twos, they took all that . . .*

They took all that stuff.

*Did they have families?*

No.

*Did you ever know what happened to them after you moved to Oak Creek?*

I have no idea. No, see, they were just like the disciples, no wives or anything. They were just two men traveling around.

*Can you remember anything about them personally, what they looked, or . . .*

Mr. Plum was short and fat and, who did I say the other one was?

*Mr. Larson?*

No, Mr. Larson was the short fat one and Mr. Plum was the tall skinny one.

*Did they dress all in black or anything, or just dress normal?*

No, but I think they did wear stovepipe hats, if I'm not mistaken. But that may have just been their own choice, not necessarily a uniform of the religion.

\*\*\*

*Okay, we're looking . . .*

It's possible we've got a pretty good hill right back this way.

*I think we do, I think there's a steep hill right through there. And it looks like these berms that are in here just don't look natural, do they?*

Not really. There is one thing you have to realize, this Savage Creek gets pretty savage. When we had a lot of rain right up . . . it's a short creek, and when it rains, it drains fast. And so these creeks get, Berry Creek and this can get pretty wild. And so you may be looking at, like that wash across there, you couldn't have crossed that in the high water. So that could be causing some of our unnatural landscapes here. Did you want to walk over and see if you can find that steep hill? I can probably get across the creek.

*Okay.*

\*\*\*

*Okay, I just took a couple pictures of the berms down there. We're just upstream along Savage Creek from the berm, and right at the base of a steep hill here.*

And that's probably the hill that they slid the logs down. I called it a flume. I thought they actually had water running down between the logs and kind of halfway floated them down. And I had a picture of them landing in the pond when they got to the bottom. And where we're standing here now, they could come off that hill and actually slow down before they hit the pond, and it's possible maybe we can find some evidence of where the logs might have slid on in, but more than likely that log chute would have kept them from making a trail.

*We've got a trail right where we're sitting here. And a high point up above us here. And this would be the headwaters of the pond. We can see some settling right there. It looks to me that there's some possibility we're right in the chute.*

And we've got a nice level spot over on the other side for a sawmill. I have an idea that if we would climb this hill that we could find evidence of logging that they did

up on top. I know when I climbed this . . . I just climbed this hill once. And I was about, oh, 13 and I know I got out of breath going up that hill. So it was a pretty steep hill, but I think possibly we've got a hill here that would qualify for that.

*So this might be the first site here?*

Yeah. This is about the distance I remembered it. From the second mill site. Or from the school.

*And you say you came up a road on the east side . . .*

Came up a road on the east side, or I may be turned a little bit, I want to call it the south side. Southeast, I guess. But the road hung fairly close to the creek but not on the creek. And that was the road that went on up to Chaffins. From this point on it was just the Chaffin road.

*Okay, but we can say it's on the Smith Peak side. And then the Chaffin road went up the Smith Peak side and hadn't crossed over this creek yet.*

I don't remember that it ever did. I guess it must have, huh?

*Maybe it went up above the headwaters and followed the ridge. It might not have.*

Might be. See we went on . . . I think the creek stayed on the righthand side of us. And then we went up on the ridge and I think we went on the ridge maybe a half a mile, something like that. To get to the Chaffin place.

*Okay. Now, over there on that side where you said would be a good place for a mill, it looks like there's some evidence of a depression right through there, like maybe . . .*

Yeah, possibly where a log slip was going back up this way.

*Would they have hauled them out of the pond by horse?*

No, they would have a winch run by the steam engine.

*If that berm were there, we're on a flat here, if that berm had been built out where we thought, then this would be about the extent of the pond right through here.*

Yeah. Yeah. The mills quite often sat beside the pond, but more likely below the pond. You dumped your logs up at the head end of the pond and then you had . . . what they tried to do was turn the mill so that the back end of the mill was like this and the pond was in here. And then they just pull them off the side of the pond.

\*\*\*

I think we can jump across there pretty easy. [Crossing creek]

*Well, let's walk up on the head end of there and see if we can spot anything else here.*

\*\*\*

*We're about 100 feet up the ridge in that one little grove. We can see some stumps off to the right here where there . . .*

Yeah, this is all old logging in here. I'm trying to get a look . . . where I can see . . . it's possible they put that chute down this ridge here.

*Well, that lines up with what we were seeing below.*

So darn much viney maple here that you can't really get a picture. Those trees are getting higher and higher across here. That's the bank right there. And that's darn steep. He might have slid those logs down to this point, and hooked on to the trees down here.

*Well, we've got plenty of slope here, they could still be going down hill, if they're pointing the right direction, right down that groove we've been walking up.*

I think he shot them right down through here. Right down in through here. See that would have been pretty . . .

*Would come right here, and see where we've got the cut right down there? And line right up*

*with the pond site.*

Because you see this is pretty steep to horse log, because those logs would come over the top of them. They were pretty touchy about logging down hill. 'Cause when that old ground gets wet in the wintertime it gets slick. We've gained quite a bit of altitude from the creek here already.

*Now you spell viney maple with a "y" or an "e"?*

I don't know, but I just say viney maple. I never did have to spell it. I would have called it "ie" if you hadn't asked me. Just to be different. Well, I'm pretty sure we're pretty well in to the . . . this is a pretty steep walk down through here.

*Well, I think if we haven't located all three Coote's mill sites, we've come as close as anybody has. At least 50 years later.*

Yeah, I think so. I think we're . . . we can't actually pinpoint it, but I think we're awful close.

*Can you remember anything else about this site? I think we got the names of all the mill families, and . . .*

No. I just came up to this mill once, actually. And all there was was a log chute there then. And we went by it when we went up to Chaffin's place. But Clifford Cornutt and I, one day after school, climbed up to the top of that log chute.

*Is that when he told you somebody had died on the chute?*

Yeah.

*Now see right where we're coming through here, it would be the type of thing where logs could have been getting skewered, or thrashing back and forth, and it lines right up with where it looks like there might be a pond.*

Not only a pond, but also a level spot for a mill.

*Yeah, and a mill spot, both.*

Of course you can see on that number three mill how Bill Coote was trying to find a fairly level spot for his mill, so he didn't have to do the leveling himself.

*Now from up here, too, you can see that little basin in there.*

Yeah, and that's just the way we're coming down here.

*Would that be the right size for a mill pond?*

Oh, I think so.

*Because these logs were only 16 foot long or so.*

Yeah. And that basin went on around the corner, didn't it, from here?

*Yeah. See that depression over there on the Smith Peak side there, could that be the type of place they'd yard logs out of?*

Well, they didn't actually yard them out. They just put three logs together, two on the sides and one on the bottom, and then cabled them. And of course the wet logs would lubricate the log chute and they'd pull them right into the mill, directly into the mill from the pond. By the way, Clifford Cornutt is going to be up here probably within the next year or so. And when he does he's going to look me up. Might be interesting to see what he remembers. Like I say, he left here when he was in 3rd grade. He was pretty young.

*Will you be coming up to these mill areas here with Clifford?*

Very likely.

*Okay, that might be good to get either me or Jeff Garver or somebody involved at that time from the school.*

## **U. Berry Creek Schoolhouse**

*Okay, we're driving past the spring that's between the 200 Road turnoff, where we've been looking at the first two Coote sites, and the bottom of the hill here. But this is a spring that they opened up.*

They dug this up when they built this road. They tried everything they could to make the spring drain into the gutter or do something with it, and it always came up right in the middle of the road. And that's close to 50 years ago and it's still here!

*Did you call that the Coote's Mill Road at that time?*

Yeah.

*That connects up with this road here. Did this road go through at that time?*

This road wasn't here. You see the school house [Berry Creek] was right here.

*Right next to where this gate is.*

See the survey marker there?

Yeah.

The school house sat on the section line, on the south side of the section line. So it sat right here.

*Okay. And it took up about an acre?*

Yeah.

*Now there's a couple little fruit trees around through here. Were those here at that time?*

The fruit trees were, but there was no sign of a house here.

*Okay. Were they raised like an orchard or were they just kind of scattered?*

Just scattered like they are now.

*Could they have been put there by sheep, or do you think they were planted trees?*

It was possible. You've got an apple tree over here. Could have been scattered by sheep. But they seem to be mostly apple trees. But there had to be an apple tree here, maybe Johnny Appleseed planted it.

*Do you recall any road or farm grade or anything along the base of the hill over there?*

No, there was nothing. I walked all over here and saw all the rattlesnakes on that hill. Which was none. But after the big snow . . .

*That's the '37-'38 snow?*

Yeah. After that we came up here and pulled some wool off the sheep that had died in that snow. So I was pretty much all over that hill. And there was no roads or anything, just sheep trails.

*Okay, no roads at all.*

No, huh uh. And what we did, my mother . . .

*Now, we're looking at Smith Peak from the north side. And on that, at that time, did you call that Folk's Hill?*

Really, I think we probably called it Smith's Hill. We didn't really name these hills like you do. I mean we all knew where they were, and you know, basically it was over here or over there you know.

*Do you think . . . something that we talked about, with all the families that moved in here in the late '20s and '30s, do you think maybe they lost some of those pioneer names like Savage Creek and Smith Peak?*

I'm sure they did. Of course, like I said, this whole creek system was Berry Creek to me until I talked to you and Donald and so forth. But we always called this Berry Creek. That went past the school house here.

*So we can't blame this on Camp Adair. This is probably just the immigration of people*



*coming in in the '20s and '30s and working with the mill and stuff.*

Yeah. We used to go over to Berry Creek, or Savage Creek as you call it, to come to school a lot of times during lunch hour, on a nice day like today and eat our lunch over there and stuff. And we all called it Berry Creek. Everybody in school did. But apparently Donald knew it by Savage Creek [See Glender].

*Do you know if there's any pictures from this angle here -- we're looking from the road towards the bales of hay that's in the second Coote mill site -- are there any pictures when that mill was there of any of the shacks standing that you know of?*

No. No I don't. I think Coote really stayed on top of that ridge there.

## V. Sulphur Springs and Charlie White

*Okay, we're right at the horse trail just beyond the county road oak, there. That oak is the end of the county road. And the new crossing here on Sulphur Springs.*

I guess what Bob wants me to tell you, is how he got acquainted with me was that when I was a kid we used to come up to Sulphur Springs and play baseball here on, apparently what was the lot of the old lodge that used to be up here. And we, when we moved from Berry Creek over to Oak Creek, a guy by the name of Charlie White and I herded our cows around from Berry Creek up here to Sulphur Springs and then we went across in back of, that was Peavy Arboretum at that time, the CCC camp, now it's part of the Oregon State Forestry Department buildings. And on the trip across, I don't know if I recorded it or not, but the CCC boys were from back east some place and they were falling trees like a beaver, just going around and around them, and then when they'd get down to where it was pretty small they'd holler "last round!" and everybody would clear out except the last guy chopping, and he'd chop until he saw which way it was going to go down, and then he'd run the other way. So we got quite a kick out of that, and that's a story I've told quite a few times.

*Now where were the CCC boys working?*

Right up on top of the second ridge up here.

*Now we're right at the mouth of Baker Creek, so it was up towards Oak Creek from here?*

Yeah.

*They were coming all the way out from Peavy Arboretum to work?*

Yeah.

*Do you know how they came out here?*

I think they probably had trucks that they rode in.

*Did they come along Lewisburg Saddle or come out the way we took?*

I think they had their own road through there.

*Okay. So they wouldn't have come up Soap Creek.*

No. No, they . . . I'm quite sure that they were cutting roads and stuff through there, and so forth. Anyway, three or four years ago my daughter wanted to know something about my history, and so I said well let's just take off one of these days and I'll show you things that I did when I was younger. And so we got in the car and we went up to Oak Creek, to the house that we used to live in, and then I took her up to where our pasture used to be, and now it's all planted to houses. And then we went on up as far as we could toward the McDonald Forest here, and then we turned around and we came back around and came to Sulphur Springs and we sat down and

ate our lunch at Sulphur Springs. And I was kind of disappointed at the mess that Sulphur Springs had become and the fact that there was no signs so that nobody in the Corvallis area knew where Sulphur Springs was. They all knew about Sulphur Springs Road, but they didn't know there was such a thing as a Sulphur Spring out there. And so I thought that it at least ought to be marked on the road so people could go down and stick their hand in it and make their hand smell rotten for the rest of the day!

*Did you ever drink that spring water?*

No, but I stuck my hand in it and it sure is hard to get the smell off your hand. But anyway, I was pretty upset that it was in such disrepair, and so I took it upon myself to try and figure out some way to at least get a sign up here. So I went to the county and the county said, well, we can't do anything that belongs to the college and the college just can't cooperate a bit. So I kept looking and nosing around and one thing and another, and I knew this Jeff Garver that I knew worked in the Forestry Department of the College, and he went to the same church as I did. So one day I asked him before Sunday school, I said "Jeff, who would I see to do some work on Sulphur Springs? I'm in the Soil and Water Conservation Board [Benton County] and the Governor has given us \$1,000 to do work on streambanks and so forth, and that's to help high school kids out financially and stuff. I'd like to do some cleanup work on it, and I just wondered who I'd see." And he said, "Me." So then we started talking about it, and so then a group of fellows came in to the Soil and Water Conservation Board and wanted a project of surveying and so forth for some work, and so we sucked them into the Sulphur Springs area here, and they drew up maps and the situation as far as trails are concerned, how much they were likely to erode if there were traffic and so forth. And they came up with the idea of coming down a few hundred feet below Sulphur Springs and putting a bridge across for horses and bicycles. And we're sitting right beside that bridge right now. Apparently Jeff Garver has carried it on that far. But while I was here I got some Boy Scouts in here and we

...  
*Who drew up the plans on the bridge?*

They were college kids, I don't know who they were.

*Somebody from Oregon State?*

Yeah.

*And they were funded by the Benton County Soil & Conservation Board?*

No, they weren't funded by us but they were just looking for a project. It was so they could graduate. It was a project for graduating in forestry.

*Oh, I see. So it was like a senior project, or . . .*

Yeah, they were all seniors, that was their last year. There were three of them in there.

*Do you recall their names?*

No, I don't but I'm sure that . . . I turned in the literature that I had on it back to the Benton County Soil & Conservation Board and they have it on file, I'm sure, and I think that probably Jeff Garver does. Anyway, it turned out that we did . . . Jeff said, I can get all the chips I want for making trails for nothing. So then a Boy Scout Master, he's a lawyer in the old GT building, he came and wanted a job for his scouts. So I got Jeff to dump a load of chips in there and mark out where he wanted the trails and the boys came in here and did the trails and then Jeff came and told me, maybe I

shouldn't say this on the tape, he told me we're going to log on the back side of that hill, but because of the fact that you have got it started as a park, we are not going to log on the Sulphur Springs side of the hill. So these trees that you see standing here now, are standing here because of what I had started. Anyway, but Jeff said we'd have to stop the project for a couple of years, because if we try and log and after we did the project there would be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth! So it stopped and before it got started again, I moved to Independence. And this is the first time I've been back since and I see that they're doing pretty much what I had planned. And if you would take this trail over this bridge you would find some beaver dams up there and quite a bit of interesting stuff on that trail that you would miss by going across Sulphur Springs.

*Our Cultural Resource Inventory [1990 OSU Research Forests "Human Use" Cultural Resource Inventory] recommended that those beaver ponds be opened for interpretation and also Sulphur Springs Trail be developed, so we're behind you on that time wise, but the thinking was in the same place.*

Yeah, but anyway, that's how this all got started with, because I didn't like the way the place looked. But Jeff had also told me that when we got the work done that they had tractors and rototillers and stuff, and they would go ahead and work this ground up and level it out and reseed the lawn, and so the idea of the bridge is to keep horses and trail bikes and bicycles and stuff out of their new lawn. So that's why it comes around here. Plus the fact that it does go through the beaver pond area and so forth.

*Was that part of the original planning, that this trail go up to the beaver ponds at that time?*  
It was going around them, yeah.

*So that was part of the plan.*

That was part of the original plan, yeah.

*And you say that that plan either Jeff's got a copy of, or the Water Conservation people?*

One or the other. Jeff and the head of the . . . let's see, I'm not sure whether the head of the water resource went with us or not, but there was three of us that walked through here and kind of laid out that trail. But I didn't know about the beaver dams and stuff in there until Jeff told me about them, so Jeff sort of led the way around through here and it was kind of an interesting thing. Apparently those beavers have been in there for a lot of years but I didn't know about them.

*There was literature that the beavers were stocked in Oak Creek in the late 1940s by Oregon State researchers, but I'm not sure that they still know that. And there's no record of any beavers in here before the '40s.*

Oh, is that right? Well, that's probably why I never saw any beaver dams up here then.

*Now you mentioned that you'd come up here to play baseball. How many times did you do that?*

Probably three or four.

*Would it be like teams, organized baseball?*

No, just come up here and play. After church. Went to Sunday School, you know.

*Would you drive a car all the way back in here?*

Um hmm.

*So it was like for picnics and stuff.*

Yeah, that type of thing. Actually, it was more a boy/girl deal, maybe two carloads of us just come up here for the afternoon and oh just get acquainted more and stuff, you

know.

*Did this park have any reputation or anything?*

No.

*It was just a place to go for picnics?*

Yeah, it was a nice level, grassy, area. Apparently was lawn for the lodge when it was here. I didn't know that there was a lodge here until I got involved the second time here, but they tell me that there used to be a lodge there that burned down, and probably that was lawn. But after they had trail bikes and their horses coming over from Corvallis and stuff, they really cut that lawn up and so it's a mess.

*Did they have any picnic tables here at that time?*

I don't think so.

*How about on the fountain, did they have any spout at the fountain or anything?*

No.

*It was just a little pool?*

It was cleaned out and of course that concrete took care of that.

*It was new in the '30s. Where it said Sulphur Springs.*

Yeah. And not spelled right if I remember right.

*Do you recall who built that?*

I have no idea. Like I say, this area to me was a long ways away. The automobiles we drove then was 40 miles an hour or so, and so I don't know how far it is, but six or eight miles, so it was a half hour drive over here. My dad told me when I was learning to drive for my driver's license he told me that no man should ever drive over 35 miles an hour, that's as fast as a man can think. So, now you know.

*So Sulphur Springs was just kind of a special place to come to?*

Yeah, just something for a change. Kids, you know how kids will be, they've got to go someplace.

*Did you do any fishing through here?*

No. We had plenty of fishing over there on Berry Creek.

*Can you remember what this looked like off to our right here, towards the east?*

No, I can't. I have no memory of that at all. I was looking at girls, what do you think?!

*Well, that's where [Roy] Cook said that they guys from the college brought girls out here for the same thing. I think it was kind of a socializing spot maybe.*

Well, over there on Oak Creek they did a lot of that. I'll show you where we lived on Oak Creek and we had to cross the creek to go home, cross a little bridge, and there was a lot of trees there. And most every time we wanted to go out on Saturday night or Sunday night we had to wait for the kids to get all dressed back up and start their cars and back them out of our road!

*Well, let's see. We'll be talking about Charlie White and stuff as we go up and over. Can you think of anything else by this part here? I want to get a picture of the horse bridge and everything before we go.*

Yeah. I think that Charlie White was a big part of my life in Berry Creek, and maybe, right now, since I mentioned that he went over the hill with me here, and he knew the route, I didn't. He led us over. And I first met Charlie White the first day we moved into Berry Creek. He came over and helped us a little bit and did a lot watching and talking, because like I mentioned before, I had four sisters. And that first day he really painted a beautiful picture of Edith Tandy, who was his niece. And

all the time I lived here that stayed with me. Boy, if I saw Edith I'd come all apart. Cause I was just a young fellow and he told me how pretty she was, and what a nice personality she had, and all that stuff. So, anyway, that was my first meeting with Charlie White.

*Did Edith Tandy live up to her billing?*

Well, I thought so.

*So if nothing else, Charlie White was a convincing talker.*

Well, after all, I married an Edith! But anyway, as I look at the pictures of her she isn't near as beautiful as I thought she was. But anyway, to carry Charlie on a little further he was not very anxious to work. Money didn't mean too much to him. Bob mentioned that he was probably a hippy before his time.

*I think you put those words in my mouth.*

Well, maybe so, but anyway, he and I did a lot of things together. And for the most part they weren't things that my mother would have been too happy about. But Charlie, he always kind of figured, you know, that if he needed some gas, well he had a Kentucky credit card, which probably people don't know what is now, but it was a siphon hose. And he helped himself to somebody that had some. And one time he came up to our house and told me that he had to have some gas, because his dad . . . his dad was about 80 at that time, and was real sick and he had to get him to the doctor. So he got me to go out to the garage with him and he siphoned some gas out of Bill Coote's Essex! And of course his dad wasn't sick at all but that was just a story he made up. And ultimately he stole some gas from my dad and my dad put him in the penitentiary for a year along with some other people. So we didn't see Charlie for quite a while, and after he got out, well easy money was made like a lot of people that are over in the near east right now thought, it's easy money, so he joined the National Guard. And got that money every month and thought he was really smart, and then World War II came along. So they drafted Charlie into the service and after he'd been in the service for a while, well they discharged him because he had flat feet. But really they discharged him because he spent more than a year in penitentiary and lost his citizenship!

*Oh, from stealing the gas?*

From the stealing the gas and stuff.

*Was he sorry to get out?*

Oh, no, he was real happy to get out! That money didn't look nearly so good then. Charlie got into a lot of trouble. He didn't do anything real bad, but he was always just bordering on getting into trouble and so forth. And Halloween night, I think I told you about moving the outhouse and him falling in the hole, didn't I?

*I think we saved all the Charlie White stories for going over Sulphur Springs here.*

Well, anyway, the last year that they had Berry Creek in operation, well, we had a Halloween party at the school. Forest Tandy was on the Board of Trustees and so was my dad. And Forest says, "I don't believe those outhouses will stand to be tipped over again, maybe we'd better stay here and watch them." And my dad says, "Well, I've got a busy day tomorrow, why don't you and Neil stay here?" So we stayed there, and Charlie White, and about eight or nine kids were running up and down the road waiting for us to go home; they could see we were there on account of we had a fire in the stove there. So Forest says, "What do you say we move the outhouse off the hole and let the fire go out?" So we did, and they were riding a touring car,

which was a car with a rag top that you could fold down, but it had two seats in it. And they were all stacked all over that car and sticking out and so forth. And so they came back after we let the fire go out and they stopped in front of the school and Charlie White says, "Last one out is a nigger baby!" and he took off running and jumped right in the hole. They made him walk home.

*How far did he live from there?*

Oh, about a half a mile. But anyway, I always kind of laughed about that, because that last one in was a nigger baby and he was it! Then Charlie . . . I was at Gilbert Ennis's one day and we were cutting some wood and Charlie was there. And there was a couple of deaf/mutes working there, and they were going through all kinds of signs and one thing and another, trying to tell us what was going on, and finally a couple of [Oregon] State Police walked up and arrested Charlie!

*They'd been trying to warn you but you couldn't figure it out!*

We couldn't figure it out. They were putting their hands on the sides of their head like they were sleeping and all sorts of things. And like they were grabbing bars and shaking them, but we just couldn't get it through our heads what they were trying to tell us and so Charlie went to the hoosegow again.

*Do you know what it was for that time?*

No, I don't have any idea.

*He kind of made it a regular habit though.*

Oh yeah. We talked about the Chaffin place. Charlie hid out in the Chaffin place from the police. He had several little places that he hid out here and there and that was the way he knew this trail, this back trail through from Sulphur Springs, was trying to get away from police.

*Did he ever do any bootlegging or anything like that?*

He would have if he could have! I don't know that he did.

*How would he stay alive. By poaching, or old orchards, or . . . ?*

Well, I told you . . . there's another story I told you about that I don't think we got on tape was he worked for the Coote's mill, and Bill Coote owned it. And one day the sawyer was sick, and Charlie was setting ratchets, which was setting the carriage for the thickness of the lumber. And Bill Coote had had his forefinger cut off, so he'd hold up two fingers and Charlie set the ratchets for an inch and a half until noon . . .

*Cause he was holding up one and a half fingers?*

Yeah, he was holding one and a half fingers up, because he had that cut off finger! So Charlie he was cutting one and a half inch boards all morning until somebody caught on to what was going on. Charlie went down the road talking to himself! He got quite a few jobs.

*Was he doing that just to be funny?*

Just to be funny, yeah.

*Wasn't dense or anything.*

Oh, no, it just tickled him that Bill Coote was just holding up a finger and a half, so he sawed it a finger and a half. That was Charlie, he did love a joke. And he was a nice guy to be around, but like I say, I could have got into trouble chumming around with him because he was in trouble all the time.

*Now you told a story where he came up to that one place where he had stolen some beer bottles or something?*

Yeah, that was the Parker's house. He came over and got me and says, "I want you to

go for a ride with me today. I'm going to go up in the hills." So, okay, I climbed in with him and we went up to Parker's place, and I was just sitting in the car. He got out and he had a whole bunch of beer bottles stashed away. We were only probably 75 feet from Parker's house. And Charlie started throwing them into the back of the car, and Mr. Parker came out, and he was a good sized wood cutter, and he came out and he laid a log across the road and stood on top of the log with his arms folded, and he says, "Now unload all those." So Charlie unloaded them, but he broke a few of them. And when Charlie got them all unloaded, well, Mr. Parker got off the log and moved it out of the road, and he says, "Don't ever come back." I don't think Charlie ever did. Because he figured I was kind of a big kid, and I think he probably figured I'd be helpful to him. But I was a little bit nervous about that deal, I didn't like that at all.

*How did he die?*

Oh, yeah, during World War II after he came back from the service, they moved over to . . . he had a sister who married a guy by the name of Pyburn over on Highway 20. And they built a house for Charlie's mother and father and him to live in. Which is about three or four miles this side of Albany. And Charlie got the measles and he thought it was funny, and he wouldn't go to bed or anything, and so finally he got real sick and got in bad shape with them, and he still thought it was kind of funny. And then his folks tried to get the doctor to come see him when he lost consciousness. And in those times nobody was going to waste their ration of gas to come out and see about a guy that was unconscious, and so he ultimately died right on their front porch. And the undertaker came out and got him. I think he was about 28 when he died.

*Just a young man.*

Yeah.

*Did he ever get married or have a girlfriend or anything?*

No, as far as I know, he never had any inclinations toward a girlfriend. I think he was too lazy, he didn't want to support one. But I will say this for Charlie, when Charlie came back after he got out of the penitentiary, he came up to my dad, and my dad was quite nervous when he saw him walking up. Charlie came up and he says, "I want to tell you that I'm sorry for what I did and I'd like to work for you to pay for the gas I stole." So he had some good parts to him and so forth.

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I'm wondering, I see tractor tracks here, I'm wondering if Jeff's [Garver] been in here doing some work up and around the spring itself here. I also see two or three cars up there.

\*\*\*

*We're just coming back from Sulphur Springs there, and you were telling me about these rocks here.*

Well, I was told that at one time the Sheriff of Benton County lived on past Sulphur Springs, and there was two things he didn't like about this set up. And one of them was cars driving all over it, and the other thing was vandalism and so forth. So apparently, he got some county dump trucks to pick up this rock, it looks like probably from the rock quarry over there by Wren, and dump some big rocks in here so that you couldn't get in with a car, to try to protect what was left of it. There has been a lot of motorcycle damage and since they built that new bridge on down the creek here a ways, well, they're asking everybody on horseback and motorcycle to go

around the beaver dam and come out on the road over that bridge, and stay out of this area and it sure looks like an improvement just from what I can see here.

*You mean, in the last two years?*

Yeah, the last two years. I think it was two years ago that I finally found that Jeff Garver had something to do with this, and in that two-year period I've seen he's done some cleaning up around Sulphur Springs itself, and put up signs and stuff. I'm feeling real good about it, I wish I could have followed this through to completion, but it looks like somebody's picked up the ball for me!

*Yeah, it's looking a lot nicer in the two years I've been coming here. Vandalism and horses.*  
Yeah, well, the horses and motorcycles and the bicycles were all coming through here. Apparently they got that stopped. And I have not seen any vandalism. When I came here a couple of years ago somebody had been living over there on the other side of the creek here, Soap Creek, and had some plastic tarps laying down there and one thing and another, and they just walked off and left. It was just looking awful trashy, and somebody's picked things up around here and so forth. So I'm real happy about it.

*Now we talked a little bit about some of the recommendations that they plant exotic grasses in here. Do you think that that's . . .*

I wasn't in on the exotic grasses. Actually, I was too. Our office of the Soil and Water Conservation has been in with OSU on developing some grasses to use in the forests to help stop erosion, and we were talking about, I can't remember the name of that grass right now . . .

*Brachopodium?*

No, that wasn't one of them.

*That's the one that they've got growing all through the forest now on the other side.*

Well this is newer grass. And it's not supposed to grow very high, to help the possibility of fire danger. This is a low, slow growing grass that just kind of grows along the ground, and . . . boy I can't think of the name of it. We planted some of it between 3rd and 4th Street there, where they come together on the north end of town as an experiment to see how it would work in this kind of a situation. And we just had it coming up well when I moved out of town, so I don't know how it worked.

*That's kind of a marsh area there, between 3rd and 4th. That was built up, so that would be a similar environment to here.*

Very similar, yeah. And that was the grass that I had suggested we plant here.

*What do you think if this had been used, maybe if they did start burning it and bring back wild strawberries and stuff, do you think that would be a good thing?*

It might be a good thing, but I was thinking in terms of . . . nobody wants to mow it, that's why I was thinking of the short grass.

*How about if they just came in like the Indians did and burned it every so often?*

You'd have weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth with the environmentalists!

*You think it would be a political issue.*

Yeah, I think you'd run into, "Oh, we're blowing smoke in the air, and it's causing the greenhouse effect."

*But what if it's bringing back the native wildflowers?*

Oh, well, they're not interested in that. Everybody has got their own hobby horse, you know.

*Okay, so you think the smoke people and the wildflower people are two different camps?*



Yeah, I think so!

## W. The Oak Creek—Sulphur Springs Trail

*We just got up to the top of the peak there, and I just took those panoramas, so we're coming downhill on the 700 road on the Oak Creek side; just left the Soap Creek side. And so when you and Charlie came through, you left at Sulphur Springs and crossed at Sulphur Springs and then you started up a ridgeline?*

Um hmm.

*And how far did you go before you ran into the CCC boys? Oh, one question, did you ever call them the "3-C boys"?*

Oh, yeah, that's all they were ever called.

*"Three-C Boys".*

Yeah.

*And not "CCC".*

Oh, sometimes, but I think more usually "3-C's". We're going to go left, huh?

*Yeah, I think so. 740 goes to the right. We'll try to the left. How many cows did you take over?*

27.

*Those were all your father's herd?*

Yeah. And two horses and no saddles.

*Did you and Charlie ride the horses?*

We rode the horses bareback across.

*So you left Berry Creek in the morning? Then how did you get from Berry Creek to Sulphur Springs?*

Right down the gravel road. We left just at daybreak. Of course it was I think in probably January, and we got over to Oak Creek after dark with the cows. And we were pretty fortunate they moved right along, and we kept moving and I've often wondered how far it was across, between Sulphur Springs and Oak Creek. I think the road goes quite a bit further up Oak Creek than it did when we came across and Charlie thought we might run into a locked gate on the Oak Creek side, but we didn't. We were kind of afraid we might have to break the gate down because we sure weren't going to go back that night! And Charlie knew how to break gates down.

*Do you know who owned the gate?*

I have no idea.

*Did you see anybody on your trip over?*

No, nothing but the CCC boys.

*When you saw them, how far from Sulphur Springs were they?*

Probably a third of the way across.

*A third of the way towards Oak Creek?*

Yeah.

*Up on the ridge?*

Yeah. But they were on the . . . actually not on the ridge, they were on the east side of the ridge, where they were working.

*Did you have any other contact with the 3-C's?*

My dad worked for them for a short while. There was . . . when they signed up I

think they signed up for a couple years. And my dad worked for the CCC's down in California some place and actually he was a boss. He kind of got to missing my mother after a couple weeks, and managed to get out. I never did know how he did that.

*He'd actually signed up as a 3-C member then?*

Yeah.

*And that's when you lived on Berry Creek?*

No, that was when we lived in California. Where he was in the CCC's was I think up around the Los Angeles County park, up at San Bernardino. So I knew about them before we ever moved up here. And this camp was fairly new when we moved up here. I don't know when they started them, but of course Roosevelt started them and he went in in 1932, then I imagine it took him a couple years to get some of these programs going. Social Security went into effect in 1936. That's where things were coming from. What are we looking at over there?

*If I'm not too lost, we should be looking across Alder Creek towards Philomath. If I'm too lost we're looking at Kings Valley or Albany.*

Or Portland!

*So you drove 27 head of cows and . . . do you call them cows or cattle?*

Cattle.

*How many of them were milk cows?*

All of them were either milk cows or heifers. We didn't take any bulls across.

*Then you moved them to where your family was moving in 1939?*

I believe it was '40.

*Just the year before Adair, then.*

Yeah.

*Can you recall any incidents along the trail, other than seeing the 3-C's?*

No, we just followed the cows and the cows followed the trail and we just kept pushing them about as fast as we could keep them walking. When we got there and got the cows in the barn and went in the house to eat supper, my mother had supper ready and my dad was still over at the other farm, and we were sitting there eating and all at once the dining room window started going up. And it went clear up to the top and everybody was holding their breath, but it stopped there and there was nobody around. It just happened that in those days they had sash weights to open the window and the weights were heavier than the window was, so with us vibrating the house well it just started going up! Scared the daylights out of us!

*Oh, so that's when you and Charlie had first gotten into the house there?*

Yeah, we'd just got in the house and my mother was there. And she'd cooked supper and we all sat down at the dining room table and just as we started to serve that window goes up very slowly. Now we're looking at some country we ought to know!

*Yeah, let's see, we're on the Patterson Road, on the 600 Road, and we've moved west from Lewisburg Saddle, and we're overlooking Corvallis through this clearcut here.*

I don't know what those big houses are down there. I saw them from up on top of that high peak.

*That's gotta be Oregon State, doesn't it? Or is it?*

I don't think so. That's north of Oregon State quite a ways.

*Could that be the hospital?*

Well, might be the horse barns or something like that.

*You were talking about knowing Bill Wheeler.*

Okay. I met Bill Wheeler at Northwest Hills Church where Jeff also goes, and Bill Wheeler's a real likeable guy. And we just hit it off real good together. He's not quite as big as I am, but he's pretty chunky and always got a smile and a laugh and so forth, and he was of course a professor up there in the Forestry Department. Apparently my son took a class under him. But he came out from Minnesota on a kind of a sabbatical for a year or two, and he decided he didn't want to go back to Minnesota. So he got a permanent teaching job here. And I've got a boat and he's got a boat just exactly like mine, and we've gone out fishing a few times together. Unfortunately he's had boat motor problems and he was quite amazed at how fast I could fix his boat for him. And anyway, we went up to his house one time for a visit and coffee, his wife makes real good apple pie, and he invited us up for apple pie and coffee, and a visit. And so when he told me where he lived, well I told him you've got to live awfully close to where I used to live on Oak Creek. So when we got there, I looked out his front window, and I says, "See that barn right down there straight below us?" He says, "Yeah." I says, "That used to be our barn!" So if we get over on Oak Creek early enough, before it gets pretty dark, I'll show you where we lived and where Tortora's live and where old Bill Wheeler lives.

*Does Bill Wheeler still live there?*

Yes. Now where do we go?

*Says 600 road to the right there.*

*Did Bill Wheeler ever talk about his work with the College of Forestry?*

A little bit. Really he's not a bragger or anything, and every once in a while we'll run into people that we know, mutual friends and stuff, he'll say, "Oh, yeah, I had him in my class" or something like that. But really he didn't . . . I think mainly he was just a teacher not a guy that was out looking around and writing books.

However, from his house he walks clear up here past the Oak Creek gate every day. He and his wife walk about four miles a day and they walk up here. And try to keep healthy and so forth. But he's been retired now for seven or eight years.

*When you say you've got the same kind of boats, would you go fishing?*

Yeah. Yeah, we've got Bayliners with 50 horse Evinrudes on them. His is a Johnson and mine's an Evinrude, but they're identical.

*Where do you go fishing at?*

We used to go fishing up on Foster. I fished Foster quite a few years and I fished there long enough my dad and I developed a . . . changed a lure that you can buy in the store and I can normally go up there and take two guys with me and limit out in two hours or less. And anyway, so, we went up there several times and we'd get up there about 8:00 or so, he and another guy and I. I was always the pilot because the guy that brought the boat and the motor, the other two guys were supposed to buy him dinner in that restaurant there. If we didn't limit out by noon. So when I started to see we were getting to close to limit, well I'd try to knock them off those guys so we wouldn't get limited out until afternoon so I'd get my free dinner! Because if we

limited out at 9:30 or so, we just loaded up the boat and went home. But anyway, that was . . . I fish with a triple teaser and I found that I could bend them to make them dart instead of just spin. And they're really effective. It was kind of interesting one time I was up there fishing, and came in at 10:00 and there was a guy camped next to us so I asked him how he was doing, he had three boys there, and he says, "Oh, just like everybody else, not catching a thing. I don't even fish, just the boys fish." So I says, well, let me give you a lure for the boys to fish. So I gave him one that I'd fixed up you know, and towards noon I came in and he was there, he was waiting for me and he says, "I can't figure it out. We no more than dropped that hook in the water, and we had a fish on. We were just catching one after another."

*This the road you were coming in on?*

Well, this is right about where we were coming through. Right in here.

*Yeah, this should have been it. You should have been coming down the ridge and then they'd be tapering down right about through here.*

So anyway, he says, "Man, we just caught fish to beat the band on that setup of yours! I went back to Sweet Home and went into the tackle shop and said 'I want four riggings, just like this.' And they made up four riggings identical to this, but we can't catch anything except on yours!" He says, "We can't see what's different." I says, "Well, you just watch and I'll show you." So I bent those four of his and took mine back. When I came in that evening . . . now mind you, they only have three boys, but he was standing there on the dock bragging about how all four of them limited out. And he told me he wasn't fishing. All at once he got into it.

*So Bill Wheeler, was he like a fishing buddy of yours pretty much?*

Yeah. Yeah, I've got a picture of Bill Wheeler and Dean Webb was a dentist, and I with a limit of fish. Dean Webb took the picture, he just got a new camera that he could set and get the picture of himself too. I was up to Bill Wheeler's house about a month ago. By the time we got this far with that herd of cows, we still had three or four miles to go and we were getting pretty antsy to get home. Cause it was probably about this dark when we were here, and we still had a ways to go.

*Did your folks drive around the other side to meet you?*

Oh yeah. My mother did. My mother drove around to meet us and she also . . . see this is where the horses are really tearing things up.

*See the beaver ponds through here? This is all pretty new. That grass growing up through those trees there, that's that Brachopodium. I don't know what the deal is there, I've never seen grass grow so much underneath fir trees before. Here's the road we're going to come into right here, one goes up toward the old homestead and one . . . that would have been the 680 coming down to the 600 here.*

Getting roads all over here, huh.

*Yeah. There used to be a mill down through this area. In fact the school owned it.*

What's all this?

*I'm not sure. It's some kind of testing on grass or something. They've got sediment tests through here, and they've got quite a bit of research through this area here.*

I don't think we have to worry about seeing Bill Wheeler walking on this road, because they do their walking about 8:30 in the morning.  
*Seen plenty of other people, though. Seen four or five hikers and ten or twelve bikers. Looks to me like somebody's walking their dogs, too.*

## X. The Oak Greek Gate

*Quite a few people out here for having locked gates.*

That's what Garver was telling me, that he just can't believe the people that come up in here . . .

*There's an old orchard right through here and the beaver have been knocking the trees down left and right.*

The beaver, you say?

*Yep. You can see it down through there, you can see some of the trees we've flagged there. But some of the others down there . . . you can see the pond right there.*

Yeah. Of course there wasn't any beavers when I came here.

\*\*\*

This is probably the gate right here.

*A metal gate? And you think that was there?*

I think that was probably the gate we were worried about but it was open.

*Right at the end of the . . .*

I think that was a private gate, I don't know for sure.

*You don't recall any houses or anything?*

There was no houses up here. We drove the cattle down this way for quite a ways before we got into any sign of any habitation at all.

*Do you recognize anything through here at all?*

No, we didn't see any sign of habitation for . . . I can't figure those buildings being CCC buildings . . .

*And not having been here when you came through?*

Yeah.

*That's something I'm kind of curious about too. That's why I was asking.*

We didn't see any habitation until we got down here into the farming area.

*Well, Royal Jackson asked Edward Sekermestrovich about that very thing, and he said that he couldn't remember them building any buildings, and he was in the CCC's until the '40s.*

Well, now, maybe I was a little bit turned around here. Is this the road here that goes on up to the old post road?

*No. This one might be a development. That one I think is a little further down here.*

Yeah, that's right.

## Y. Skunk Creek Road and Oak Creek School

*We were just at Tanager, and I think it's called Skunk Creek Road.*

But it was down in about here before we saw any signs of habitation. Where it started to widen out here.

*There's Skillings Road, I think that's a fairly old road.*

Yeah, Skillings used to keep you from going up into the forest there with his rifle. I met him one time with a rifle.

*There's an old orchard here.*

Yeah. Yeah, Skillings was a little bit on the mean side. I came out from up there on Oak Creek, I went in this way and I burned out a coil, so I walked out Skillings Road. Now the old [Oak Creek] school house set right in there.

*Okay, now we're right on the corner of Cardwell Hill Road. And the school house set on this corner right here?*

Yeah, right here.

*Okay, about where the old cyclone fence is?*

Where all these old trees are and stuff.

*Where that holly is there. Is that associated with the school somehow?*

I don't know.

*So the school was right in there.*

Right in there, yeah. Just real close to the creek there.

*And you called that Oak Creek school?*

Yeah. Of course, this was all gravel road then.

*And from the school up that way, only Skillings lived up that way?*

No, there were several. I'm talking about 15 years ago, I'm not talking about when I lived here.

*Oh, I see, so Skillings was there only 15 years ago.*

Yeah, that's the first I ever heard of him.

*Okay, so when you lived here, did anybody live up that way at all?*

I don't really know. I didn't come up this way very much. I herded cows down and I went to Corvallis. So I couldn't tell you.

*So when Skillings accosted you, you were an adult. You weren't a kid then anymore.*

No. Now Tortoras lived in that house right there.

*Okay, that's the white house here.*

Yeah.

## **Z. The Tortora House and Raising Kids**

*Okay, we're right next to an electrical substation.*

Yeah, that wasn't there.

*And it's got red trim on it. How about that big old red barn up on the hill there?*

That's our barn.

*Oh, I've been wanting to know the story on this for some time.*

Well, that's all I know about it. It's a three-story barn. And we only lived there for six or eight months. But that was our barn. And Bill Wheeler lives in the next house that sits up on the bank like that one.

*I stopped and talked to the people here that have this barn one day. I was tracing the Applegate Trail right through this area.*

Yeah. When we lived here, there was no electricity here. This is where you turn to go up to Bill Wheeler's.

*His is the brown house there?*

Yeah, this is his house right here. Now this was all our pasture.

*Up on the hill there.*

This whole hill. Clear down to the valley. But I chased those cotton-pickin' cows all over this hillside. But our pasture went . . . see that was our fields down there. And our pasture went over two rises and valleys and you can imagine climbing these cotton-pickin' hills. See there's one of the low spots, then this is the next ridge here. But you see how steep that is?

*Were any . . . we're on Ridgewood Drive here. Was there a road through here?*

No, this was just strictly our pasture. We had a fence around it and that was it. Our place and Tortora's place had adjoining fences, but there was absolutely no . . . I mean this was just pasture.

*Who did you get your house from?*

Guy by the name of Crane. We rented it from him and . . . see our pasture went clear down into the bottom of this canyon here.

*So the reason you didn't know any of the neighbors around here is there wasn't any.*

There wasn't any! This was all native grass and rose bushes.

*Do they call it sweet briar? Or just call it rose bushes?*

It was always wild roses.

*Then on the blackberries, I'm kind of curious, you call them wild mountain blackberries, for those trailing blackberries, the natives. And then the himalayas, were those considered natives, or . . .*

No way. They were brought in by the settlers. And actually when I moved to Oregon they were still in rows. You didn't see them just growing all over like now.

*How about the evergreen blackberries?*

Well, I'm pretty sure they were brought in too. Because they were pretty much under a cultivated status.

*Now we're looking at Bald Hill right there, right?*

Bald Hill, right.

*That's interesting. Right where your old place was and that barn was one trail that the Applegate Trail I was tracking out. I was real curious who owned that barn, I went and talked to the people there but they didn't know much about it.*

Were they renters?

*I think so.*

Okay, I talked to the renters that were in that house a couple of years ago, and they told me that the owners were going to move in that fall.

*Okay, it was a couple years ago when I was doing it.*

And they were telling me that they were sure that the owner would just be tickled to death to talk to me and hear some history on the old place.

*This is where the Applegate Trail went to the north side of Bald Hill here.*

See how Wheeler's looking right down on our barn?

*And you lived in the old . . . was that house yellow at that time?*

No, I think it was white.

*Okay. And then that little house wasn't even in there, right?*

The little house wasn't in there, but there was a lot of buildings in there. There was a row of three big chicken houses in here, and I raised chickens. And this little building that sticks out behind the house there, we had a koller light plant in there, and we couldn't afford batteries for it, so we never ran it. We used our kerosine lamps and stuff. But on Thanksgiving and Christmas when all my brothers and sisters and

brother-in-laws would come -- it took 32 volts to start it, 36 volts I guess -- and we all had six volt batteries in our cars, so we had to get six batteries together to get enough to start it. And when we'd hook up all the batteries to it, all we had to do was turn on a light switch any place in the house and that power plant would start up. The way it was set up the batteries completed the circuit through the light and made the power plant start up.

*So you'd just start the power plant for special occasions then?*

We had to have at least six cars around before we had enough batteries to use it. It was just kind of a fun deal for the men to do while they were sitting around waiting for dinner or something.

*So your place was right here, and how about out in that direction there, looking east?*

Well, this road coming up here, right there where it corners that was as far east as we went. Then we went over that way quite a ways.

*Who owned the land south of you, on Bald Hill there?*

Knights.

*It wasn't Knightson, it was Knights?*

No, just Knights.

*Then down at the base were the Tortoras. Did their land go out that way, then?*

Yeah.

*Out toward Oak Creek.*

See our . . . we turned just about on the property line between Tortoras and us. And their property went back as far as ours did. And we had adjoining fences there, and one time I tried to ride down this hill on a bicycle and I sure got scratched up by the rosebushes. That wheel just slid all the way till I fell down.

*Now on Tortoras, from then towards town then, what was the next family out this way?*

Well, Knights came clear to the road here, and went clear back up on Bald Hill. And there was nothing at all on the other side of the road until you cross the creek. Then on one side of the road was . . .

*The old homesteads there are Withams and Mulkeys. This is Johnson Mulkey's homestead is what you called Knight's place. In fact, Mulkeys formed a solid string here all the way out to Walnut Avenue.*

Is that right. Well there were some Bartons lived on the north side of the road just over the creek there, and he ultimately ended up having some mental problems, and he got pretty violent. He had 12 kids. And they just mostly raised horses and just kind of liked horses and I don't know how in the world they made a living. But Bartons lived over where Gilbert Ennis later lived. And they moved over here before we did. And Hubbards lived on the right hand side, just after you cross the bridge, in that big house there. And I believe they raised turkeys. Yeah, I know they raised turkeys, because we could hear them gobbling clear up here. And that's the only job I ever just flat out quit. He asked me to work for him one time and they were thrashing his wheat and he wanted me to get in the barn and mow the straw back. They were blowing the straw in off the old-time thrashing machine. And I got in there and I worked for about five hours and his straw was practically all . . . never thought I'd forget the darn stuff . . . dog fennel. And my eyes were about to fall out of my head and the pollen had got in my cheeks and stuff, and man I was just swelled up like a pup. And I climbed out of there and I says, "It's time you put somebody else in there and let me do something else." And he says, "If you can't do the job I give you, you



don't have a job." So I says, "Okay, I don't have a job. Pay me off, I'm going home."

*It was dog fennel?*

Do you know what dog fennel is?

*Nope.*

Oh boy. It's a little short plant about this high usually. It's . . .

*About six or eight inches high.*

Yeah, and it's got yellow flowers on it. And it's got . . . well, the plant is very much like a russian thistle, if you were ever in the country that has russian thistle, when they're green and small, they're similar to that. They're kind of almost like a fern, really, but they've got these yellow flowers, or white flowers with the yellow center in them.

*Do they look kind of like daisies?*

Yeah.

*And they've got kind of a stinking smell to them.*

Oh yeah.

*Why was he thrashing that up?*

Well, he was getting the wheat out of it, and then of course the dog fennel was blowing in the barn, he was going to feed it or use it for bedding or whatever in the winter time.

*I see. That was just like a weed.*

But all this country had dog fennel in it before we had herbicides. In the spring you'd see acres and acres of the stuff.

*Oh, so that was just getting in there, it wasn't supposed to be there.*

But I was sure hurting when I got through! Anyway, I'll tell you another little story about this barn if you've got a little bit of time. My dad didn't go for any foul language or anything. And he broke his leg, he was on crutches, and I climbed these cotton-pickin' hills and brought the cows down. And just as I got them down to the barn, it was in the spring, and the grass was good and they didn't want to go into the barn. They turned on me and ran up this cotton-pickin' hill. And I was working for another dairy, I got up at 2:00 in the morning, and went and milked cows for another dairy over there by Philomath, and I came home and I climbed the hill and got these cows. And it was probably close to 8:00 and when they turned on me I said, "You SOB's!" Only I said the words, with emphasis. And my dad says, "All right. You go on to the house, I'll take care of things." That was the only way he'd punish me was like this. And so he climbed that hill on his crutches, got the cows in, milked them by himself, and I sat in the house. And I felt just an inch high. I mean there was no way he could have punished me more. I never said that again. But that's the way my dad dealt with me. And I had a lot of respect for him and everything, but he never . . . his punishment was what, some people would say, "Oh boy, I don't have to milk the cows!" but that wasn't the way that it affected me at all.

*Did that upset you towards him, or did you kind of admire him for going at it that way?*

Oh, I admired him for it. It upset me to me, not to him. It was good punishment. For me to have to sit there and watch him climb this hill on crutches and get those cows back down and put them in the barn and milk them all by himself.

*So how did you punish your children when you raised them, then?*

I tried it but I wasn't as good at it as he was! No, I raised all my children, and I'm

very proud of them, my wife and I. And my method of raising my children was consistency. And my children, if I told them to do something and they didn't do it, I told them again, the third time I says, OK, come here and pull your pants down. They knew that third time was . . . that was it. And they learned real quick and they never . . . after the first two or three of them got whipped the rest of them got told by the older ones and I never had to do it anymore. My youngest daughter, I never spanked her. Because the older ones told them. But if I was raising kids now they'd probably throw me in jail for it, because when I whipped the kids, I had a friend, who was a girl, who had her spine injured by her dad spanking her. And I weigh 250 pounds, and I was afraid I would do that. So I always spanked my kids with my belt. I doubled my belt and when it would hit them it would really pop. And it would raise welts, but it couldn't hurt them. But it worked. And it didn't hurt anybody. I mean, there was no chance of me hurting any spines or anything else with that belt doubled. But it did raise welts. Today, they'd throw me in jail for that.

*I think you're probably right. Times have changed.*

And my kids, I'm proud of every one of them. All but one of them went through Bible School, two of them graduated from Bible School, and I'm proud of every one of them.

*How do they raise their kids, more like your dad raised you?*

No, they're sliding down the hill a little bit more. And their kids bother me to be around because I want to discipline their kids and I have to bite my tongue. But it's just one of those things, I think, that people get more lenient each generation and so forth. No, it's kind of interesting that with me . . . I did pretty well financially as I lived, and my kids never knew I had any money. I raised them . . . I didn't want them spoiled and I didn't buy all this stuff for them and all that. And they bought their own stuff, they bought their own cars and the whole works. I furnished cars for them when they went to college, but it was still my car. They could take it to college and stuff, but most everybody was quite astounded when I retired at age 56. Even my plant manager out there at the plywood mill, when I quit the plant manager said, "Well, what are you gonna do?" I said, "Travel." He says, "Well, how are you gonna do that?" I says, "Oh, I'll get by." And he says, "What, did somebody die and leave you some money or something?" I says, "No, I've been saving it for the last 35 years." But I didn't want my kids having the idea that dad's rich or anything and so what they got was pretty slim pickin's. The only thing was they got a lot of steaks and that sort of thing, because I always had them on the farm and butchered my own meat. And my son he didn't care all that much for steaks until he went to Western Baptist Bible School up here in Salem and got all the spaghetti and all that stuff, and rice and so forth, and so he told the kids, "Well, I'll go home and have some steaks for a change." They said, "You get steaks at home?!" We always had steaks! That's about the story of me raising my kids, I guess. Of course you know my daughter Mary, and they're all about the same caliber.

*Okay what about the rifle range?*

Okay, when we get on down here darn near the . . . first I'll tell you this is our driveway and there were these trees here. That's where I was telling you the college kids made out all the time. Underneath the trees.

*Did that have any name to it or anything, like Lovers Lane, or . . .*

Well, I think it did to the college kids. We didn't call it anything. It was also, the

old road went over the top of this hill, and this road was clear out here. They used to get up on top of that hill there and make love.

*Over here?*

Well, that little knob where the cut is. This was Knight's driveway here.

*Did he have a bridge there?*

Yeah. So anyway, I'd figure that pistol range goes right up here.

*Right across from Knight's drive.*

Yeah. And that's the old Barton barn there.

*Which one? The one to the right?*

The old barn there. The other barn wasn't there. And then that big house was big enough for their twelve kids.

*How long did the Barton's live there?*

I have no idea. They lived there . . . I believe that the Bartons owned that up until about 10 years or so ago.

*And then this white house here, that was the Hubbards?*

That was the Hubbards, yeah. And that's where I got all the dog fennel in my face.

*So there was just very few farms up in this area at all?*

That was all. Then the college dairy barn.

*Was the county fairgrounds still here at that time?*

I don't think so. The fairgrounds was closer to town, I believe. I entered cows and chickens and stuff in the fair and I don't think it was this far out of town. I don't know where it was.

*And you don't recall anything else being built up around in here?*

This is the road I used to go milk those cows. I went out 54th and over on the old Philomath Road about a mile or so. South of what is now the Philomath Road. And milked cows. It was a grade A dairy. And we had to be through milking by about 6:00 so he could get his milk into town to go on the milk truck to be delivered all over town. In the morning. You see in those days milk would last two days and that was about it because you didn't have refrigeration, you didn't have the bacteria killing abilities and all that stuff. And I imagine our bacteria counts were probably up in the millions, you know. And so they delivered the milk the same day they milked it. And we would milk, and we would put the milk cans in water, and we would strain the milk into the 10 gallon milk cans and cool it with water, and we would do the night's milking and the morning's milking and then they would take it to town and bottle it and get it to the customer before evening. Milk trucks all had ice, they iced the milk down in the milk trucks.

*Where did . . . after you moved from this house here, where did you move to?*

Then we moved to LaComb.

*Now who moved into this place after you left, do you have any idea?*

What did I tell you was the name of the people that we rented it from?

*I'm not recalling their name right now.*

I'm not either.

*But they moved back into it?*

Yeah.

*Where did they move while you were living there?*

I have no idea. In order for us to rent that place we had to buy all their cows and some farm machinery and a whole bunch of stuff, and the Farm Home Administration,

that he had the loan with, they were the ones that found the place for us to rent. And so I think it was about February. So we moved in there and we bought their old cows and they were so skinny they'd have to stand twice to make a shadow. That's another one of my dad's sayings. And we just paid a whole bunch of stuff for nothing, you might say, my dad took their cattle and stuff to the auction and so forth. And we didn't have an airtight lease on it, so when we went to work and plowed the whole thing in the spring, and finally got it ready to plant it was too late, so we figured we got the ground all ready to plant this fall. Cranes was their name. And so in the fall they came in and said we had to be out of there by the middle of October. So we paid a whole bunch of money for absolutely nothing.

*And did a lot of work.*

Yeah. My dad really got shafted on that. But it was . . . the administrator of the Farm Home Administration that . . . they were the ones that got us into it and responsible for it, but still we had to pay for it.

*So Cranes, did you ever see them again?*

No. There was only one thing that we got for nothing there. They had two high school girls and the mother and they were all redheads. And they had a whole big closet all full of, well what you'd call pornographic magazines.

*You mean the mom and the daughters did?*

Yeah. And they left them there and I got to read them for a while till my mother realized what was going on. She got rid of them then. I still remember one of the jokes, something about a . . .

*I got the tape recorder going here.*

Oh, you do! I won't tell you then!

*Just tell me what kind of pornography they had in those days.*

Well actually it was more jokes and stuff than it was actually pornography. You know, I mean, like my brother says, the biggest thrill he could get was to look in Sears and Roebuck Catalog as far as pornography was concerned. And see the models with the bras on.

*More than any kind of material they were writing for people then.*

Yeah, they weren't writing. They were making jokes that were . . . had two answers to them, you know, and one of them would be dirty and the other one wouldn't be.

*I was kind of curious, I was thinking what's happened in my lifetime with pornography in the last 20 years, I couldn't imagine what they had in the '30s!*

But they had, I don't even remember, but I know my mother didn't want me reading it.

*I don't know if want to end this actually talking about pornography or not. If that's the last thing we want in there.*

I've told you everything I know!

## Part IV.

### October 11, 1991 Interview

*[Interview with Neil Vanderburg, conducted at his home in Independence, Oregon, on October 11, 1991 by George Wisner.]*

#### 1. Coote and Weinert's Sawmill

*Neil when did you first go to work for them [Bill Coote and Clifford Cornutt]?*

Well, let's put it this way, I went to work for them when I was about 14 which would have been 1937.

*What mill did you go to work for?*

That was up at the last mill [Coote and Weinert. Stop # ..].

*That would be on the east [south] side of the [Smith] hill there as opposed to Berry Creek-Savage Creek, whatever.*

Yeah. The first mill was actually on Savage Creek, the first two were.

*The first two were there and you worked on the other.*

I worked up on top of the hill there.

*That is the one I am in reference to. Now you went to work there in 1932?*

No, 1937 or '38, right in there.

*Ok, what did you do for them?*

Actually I fed the planer. I don't even know if they had a planer when Weinert took it over.

*The mill was still owned by who at that time?*

I worked for Bill Coote.

*Bill Coote. What was Bill Coote like?*

Well, Bill Coote lived right across the street from us.

*When you say he lived across the street from us, what do you mean?*

You mean where did we live?

*Yeah.*

Ok, we lived coming down into Berry Creek from the north right at the bottom of the hill there. There is still a house there. Across the street, is the old Joe Smith house and he rented the Joe Smith house.

*Ok, he lived out across the street from you?*

Yeah. The Joe Smith house is still there. Our house was moved by the government when Camp Adair came in.

*Ok, what was your house like, was it a single story?*

It was a wood frame, it was a five-bedroom home, 2-story, we had a full width front porch and back porch. Bob Zybach has got a picture of it.

*He does, ok. Was the color white?*

I am not sure what color it was. You know that was about fifty years ago.

*I can believe that. How did you come to go to work for Bill Coote?*

Because he was my neighbor across the street. Actually I was way below legal age to go to work. But one day somebody didn't show up for work, so he came down and asked me if I would go to work for him. I didn't ever have a real permanent job. He

would come and get me when he needed extra help cuz I was a pretty husky boy then, I probably weighed about 170 pounds then.

*What was Bill like, can you kind of tell me a little bit about him?*

Bill was a machinist really, and a mechanic. For my part, I think he was a pretty smart man along those lines.

*Did he operate the mill by himself?*

Well he started out, now we are starting out in the middle of the story actually. But he started out with his brother-in-law, his last name was Cornutt, and the first two mills were Coote-Cornutt mills. They were brother-in-laws and his mother-in-law apparently had the money that set them up.

*Did he have any brothers or anything?*

Not as far as I know. He was always pretty poor. I remember one time ... the policeman came out there to their house to pick him up because he wrote a rubber check for a license for his car. [He had a brother, Alfred; sister, Gertrude.]

*Okay.*

So many a time I knew him he wasn't all that wealthy. When he paid you he told you to hold it 'til Tuesday or whatever and that is kind of the way it went.

*Okay, so cash flow wasn't all that great then?*

No. But he was always happy. My dad had a couple of 24 inch pipe wrenches and he traded him 2,000 board feet of 1 x 6's for fence for those two pipe wrenches. My dad traded him on the basis of he could you use them any time he wanted to.

*Did Bill Coote own that land that he was logging on?*

I would doubt it, but I wouldn't know. You have to realize that I was just a young teenager then and basically I did more playing around than anything than I did working around the mill. See when I first came into the country I was still in grade school.

*How long did you work for him?*

Basically over a period of a couple of years but probably not over fifteen days.

*What did they cut at that mill?*

Railroad ties. We call all those mills in there tie mills. They would peel a fairly thick slab off of each side.

*Was this strictly railroad ties?*

No. I'm just starting to say they were peeler, fairly heavy slab off. They sold the slab for slab wood and most of them were hauled into Salem for furnace wood and stuff like that.

*Slab wood was used for furnace wood?*

It was used for heat, yes. Banks used it and homes used it and so forth. Then after they took the slabs off of it then they would get one or two inch boards off the sides. At that time the railroad required a heart in a tie so this was ideal for what they call the tie mill because you take small log and you take a few 2 inch cuts off it and then you have your tie.

*How did they log it?*

Teams of horses.

*How many teams of horses did they have?*

I think there was three teams. They only used two teams, or two horses to pull a log.

*There was three teams of two horses roughly?*

Yeah

*Where did those horses come from?*

Farmers.

*All over the area or one particular farmer?*

Pretty much all over as far as I know. I know Forrest Tandy had a team up there. I think the Dickeys had a team up there.

*Mr. [Tom] Stephenson said something about a guy who had horses at the mill who would go to a farm up on the hill.*

I never worked in the logging.

*How did they cut the timber?*

With a Swede fiddle [crosscut saw].

*Two-man buck saw?*

Yeah. You were falling with a two-man buck saw but you didn't cut them up with a two-man buck saw. It was the same saw, it was a quicker saw, the same length, but only one man ran it.

*How many men worked at that site out there as you recall?*

In the mill where I worked there would be. There was a pond monkey, and he pulled the logs up into the mill. You had your sawyer who was the guy that decided how the log was going to cut. Then you had your ratchet setter that set the depth of the cuts.

The 2 inch stuff dropped into an edger, which made 2x4's, 2x6's or whatever out of it.

*The edger operator, was he a special person, a separate edger operator?*

Yeah.

*Did you have anybody there to fire the boiler?*

Yeah.

*Okay, that's what Stephenson said he did. He was a boiler firer he said.*

He would know more about that than I would. But when they built that mill up there at first we had an old steam tractor that they ran it with.

*Are we talking the same site or are you over on the Savage Creek sites?*

The same site.

*Same site. Can you tell me a little bit about how that operated, type of machinery they had there like that?*

Well, now I wasn't there when they moved that steam tractor from down on the bottom of the hill up. But Clifford Cornutt was my best friend, and he told me about them guiding that tractor up there, up the hill. They did it just in the late evening and that was before that road went through that you can now drive on. There was no road up there at that time. He said that when they ran that tractor up there at it was dark. He says you could see fire from that thing all over, fire and steam, going up that hill

....

*What time of year did they move it?*

I don't know, they moved it before I moved in there.

*Okay.*

I played in two old mill sites as a kid. I was in grammar school when I moved there and we used to go and play in the old mill sites. But that mill was there just before we moved there.

*So the mill was there before you moved there. Was there one to move the tractor to, in otherwords the one you worked at?*

The one they moved the tractor to was the last mill.

*Okay. They used that steam tractor at the other mills as well?*

Yeah. Now you spoke of some concrete deal there.

*There was a couple of arched fire boxes. There were two fire boxes in the mill and the old arch and brick and sitting on top of that sat the boiler.*

Shortly after that mill was put up there, it burned down. And that was how Weinert got involved with it. It sounds to me like you had a different fire box then what the mill had before it burned down.

*So this would have been a fire box that came later?*

Yeah. Because the old steam engine, I mean it was a boiler and so forth on four wheels. You just drove it up there and actually they used the steam engine with a great big pulley on it and that's what run the mill. I mean the whole thing was all that tractor. Line it up with the pulley and put blocks under the wheels and fire her up and start pouring the steam to it. That's the way they ran the mill.

*That ran what?*

That ran the whole thing.

*And what was the whole thing, you had the edger, the planer and . . .*

What we call the head rig. I don't know how much you know about saw mills.

*I know a little bit but not a whole lot.*

After the edger was the trim saw. They cut the length on the trim saw. That was my dad's job. It sounds to me like they put in a different boiler after it burned.

*That may well be it, when did it burn, do you remember?*

I would guess about 1938. Bill hadn't got it.

*It burned shortly after you started working for them?*

Yeah.

*Do you remember anything about that fire?*

No, I didn't know anything about it 'til the next morning.

*What was there to burn?*

The whole mill was on a wood frame.

*Okay. What did the wood frame look like?*

6 x 6's, you could walk underneath it. The conveyor went underneath the whole unit, and after the sawdust burner and so forth, but I can't remember for sure. But I imagine down at the head rig, probably there was 10 foot of clearance up to the head rig, and the conveyor went uphill a little ways.

*The platform, was it an enclosed platform or did it just have pole sides and a shingle roof or something?*

No, it was enclosed the way I remember it.

*Did it have a shingle roof?*

I think it had a tin roof. I know that Bill Coote told me that if he would have had one more bucket of water he could have got the fire out.

*Where did they get water from up in there?*

You see they dammed that and made a mill pond and all the logs were dumped into the mill pond. Then they were floated over to the mill and pulled into the mill. So you had a mill pond, so even though the creek was pretty small, over a period of time.

*You had plenty of water backed up there to use?*

Yeah. But I don't think Bill Coote had a pump or anything for pumping water for a fire.

*It was a bucket brigade?*



Yeah, he was the only one there.

*He was there when the fire started.*

Yeah, he was doing some welding or something of that sort.

*Was there anything in the papers at the time on the mill fire out there?*

We couldn't afford papers in the Depression, we didn't know what a newspaper looked like hardly.

*Oh, okay you don't [know] of any newspapers at all? What was wages like out there for you guys?*

I think probably around 35 cents.

*An hour?*

Yeah.

*Boy, Tom Stephenson gave me a figure of \$2.50 a hour for his job. [That was actually his daily pay. J. W.] He said he was real well paid.*

I'd say he was.

*That was a lot of money for the Depression.*

I think he ... well if he was there when Weinert was running it and maybe they got up that high. I don't remember him and he may have come quite a while after I did. In 1940 I was working for a shingle mill and I was getting 97 cents an hour and that was big pay. So I would say that he was in there at the start of the war if he got those kind of wages because that was big wages.

*That's a lot of money.*

I didn't know anybody that made that much money at that time to be quite honest with you.

*Anybody live out at that mill site?*

No

*Was there a building there? Stephenson said something about a caretaker's shack was there, and the caretaker lived there off and on.*

There may have been after the fire.

*Okay, but before the fire there wasn't?*

No.

*Do they know how the fire got started?*

Yeah I think that Bill Coote was pouring a bearing or something like that and a spark got in some sawdust.

*You say pouring a bearing, what do you mean?*

Well in those days we used babbit bearings. You took those hand molders, something of that sort, and you had your cast iron bearing then you poured the hot metal inside of it, you filed it down to fit the shaft and put the top on it. I never did pour a babbit bearing, I was a millwright all my life.

*So basically it was a result of a fire?*

That would be my guess, I don't think Bill ever did any welding. He did a lot of forge work.

*Did you have a forge out there?*

I am sure he did, but I can't remember where it was.

*Okay, we found what I think is the top of the old forge, I think. You haven't been out to the site, have you?*

We didn't find it. We were down the creek a little ways from it, probably 200 feet from it.

*That's why I want to take you out and have you walk the ground.*

That might bring some memories back.

*Take me through a day out at that mill when you were out there. What time did you go to work and what did you do?*

Well, the whistle blew at 8 o'clock in the morning. All the mills had steam, and we had steam whistles going all over that country. 8 o'clock in the morning, one would be a little ahead of the rest. In those days they had what we call the strattle bug that they moved your lumber with and you have probably seen them.

*Big straddle carriers. Well, actually they were used for carrying amunitions in the war.*

They were used before the war. What you had was a block about this long with some steps in it. You stacked your lumber on that and then you drove a scrattle bug. He [driver] had some levers up there that he swung an arm in underneath the loads to pick them [lumber] up. The later ones had the shoes on the side and they picked up the lumber.

*Up from the side?*

Yeah, but the original ones he also had, they stacked their ties and stuff. They came out with rollers on the flatbed trucks and they could back these flatbed trucks under the loads and not have to man handle them. There was no fork lifts or anything like that so they had to. The road came in underneath the loads. Then he just had a roller on the back of his truck, rolled the load onto his truck and bound it down.

*What was the road like to get in there? Was it a dirt gravel roads, plank or what?*

Of course when we first moved there we were on the Berry Creek side but the road didn't go through over to Tampico and . . .

*Where did the road go at that time?*

The road came in from the Tampico side to the mill. That road when you are coming up the hill from the Tampico side...just before you got to the top, the road took off from the present road and went kind of west and stayed in the bottom of that draw. You can still see remains of that old road in there.

*Was it a plank road?*

Yeah.

*Okay, what did they use for planks?*

3 x 12's.

*What kind of trucks came in to haul this stuff off?*

They were all Chevrolets and Fords and of course in '37 the new one was a '37 and there was even Model A Fords came in there, 4 cylinder.

*What kinds of a dam, can you tell me a little bit about the dam structure they had there, is it an earthen dam?*

This was a lumber dam. It was built out of lumber and it did leak a little bit.

*How do you build a lumber dam? Is that just kind like tongue and groove?*

They just threw logs across the creek there and put boards vertical in it. When they swelled up, they were tight.

*Okay, about how much water did that hold?*

I haven't the vaguest idea. It seemed like a big mill pond to me but I doubt if it was any where near as big as I remember it.

*You were around when the mill burned, in terms of being in the area that is?*

Yeah.

*You went up there afterwards, what did you see?*

I didn't go up there afterwards not until they were rebuilding it.

*When they rebuilt it do you remember what they rebuilt up there?*

Not at all. My dad worked up there after they rebuilt it, but I never went up there after it was rebuilt.

*How did this thing come about with Weinert?*

Okay, Weinert owned the Airlie store. Bill had just got his first mill going good and it burned. So Bill kept some of the crew on that was good help and built the new mill. He got credit from old John Weinert at the store to feed these people. So what it amounted to was it was loaned to the individual men, but Bill Coote signed the voucher. So that went on for about three days and old John Weinert came up and said this is my mill.

*He just took it over for payment on the bill and that was it?*

Well he had gone through legal channels and everything. What he did, he forced Bill Coote into bankruptcy, and then he was assigned, anyway, given the job to supposedly get Bill out of it. Where it ultimately ended up with was he said that Bill never paid, so Bill Coote was out.

*Okay, what happened to Bill?*

Well now Donald Dickey who was up there, did you see the book on Donald Dickey that Bob's [Zybach] got?

*Yeah I've seen that one.*

I've got a copy of that, my name is on that book also. But anyway we went and interviewed Donald Dickey and Donald Dickey stayed in touch with Bill Coote clear up until he died I guess. But to me he just disappeared. But he had a machine shop on the north side of Dallas and farm work and stuff you know, sharpening ground shears. He was good at it.

*How long did Weinert operate the mill? Did he go into the logging business then?*

Oh yes, his son is still a big logger over in the Eddyville country.

*That is John Weinert. John Weinert took the mill over and was it John Jr. that worked there?*

John Jr. now has a helicopter and logs with a helicopter over somewhere around Eddyville [Weinert was part owner of a mill that operated in Eddyville after WW II known as the W.O.W.—Weinert Oudekirk, and Weinert—mill. It had ceased operations by the early 1970s].

*The old man has retired.*

The old man would be dead by now.

*I know he is, but John Jr. is now retired.*

Yeah I suppose.

*He is living over in Hawaii, I talked to him a few weeks ago, he says he can't remember anything about the mill.*

Is that right!

*Either he is not talking or not remembering.*

He was going to college during all that stuff.

*Weinert was?*

Yeah, John Jr.

*Okay, so he came up and helped around the mill?*

Junior, I never saw him around there.

*So strictly John, Sr.*

John Sr. ran the mill and of course John Sr. was still around the grocery store there at Airlie for a number of years, and the mill both.

*Do you remember how long that mill continued to operate?*

I can't tell you that, we left and moved over to LaComb in '42 and we actually left before the war took it over. There was some sort of a deal. We had a loan with the Federal Land Bank and Federal Land Bank knew the government was taking over so they kicked us out before the government took it over so they could get the whole thing. Otherwise it would have had to divide what the government allowed for the farm. There were several of us in there put arrears on our payment and all. They just kicked us out so they got title.

*Did you work with Weinert at all?*

No, my dad did but I didn't.

*Back to the mill site itself, when you were working there can you describe for me how that edger worked and what kind of machinery you had there with that?*

The edger was nothing but a machine about this wide with blowers in it.

*That is about 2 1/2 feet wide.*

Yeah. And these rolls feed the wood. Then there was, I would say, probably 6 saws in there.

*So rolls feed the wood. You mean just flat rolls like regular rollers?*

Yeah, then the edgerman just fed the wood into rolls and then it just took the wood through.

*And the saws were they set up?*

They were set up side by side. Then they would slide on the shaft. The edgerman had numbers on a plate in front of him. For what he wanted to saw he would just slide these saws back and forth for whatever he wanted, 2 x 4's, 2 x 6's, 2 x 8's, 2 x 10's.

*Oh, okay.*

Then if he wasn't using all the saws he could shove them clear over to the left. If he just wanted to make 2 x 12's, he just used two saws. But if he wanted to split, make a whole bunch, maybe he wants to make 3-2 x 4's, well he is using four saws.

*Was this a brand name edger of any kind or just a home built kind of thing?*

It was a brand name but I can't give you the name of it. My dad worked off-bearing the edger and trimming. So he worked with the edgerman quite a bit. If the edgerman had any problems, well my dad came around the edger and got these..

*Do you remember any of the names of the fellows that worked there?*

I can picture them, but I can't come up with ...

*Take me for a walk through the other machinery then, describe that tractor for me, was it a John Deere tractor or what was it?*

You never saw a steam tractor?

*Yeah, I have seen them. But I can't remember what kinds they had or anything?*

There is a whole bunch of them out there by Woodburn, you know. They were just the same as those were.

*Did they have a name to them, regular name?*

I am sure they did. There was a Waterloo or something like that.

*They had large steel wheels on them?*

Yeah. They were used, the old tractors. After the gasoline tractors came in and so forth, they were used in prune dryers and any place that you might want steam. This

was the situation. I worked in a shingle mill in the early 40's and we ran our shingle mill with an old steam tractor.

*How did they get water into that steam tractor, did they put it in by hand or did they pipe it?*

I worked with steam quite a bit myself in my millwright work. You have to have a pump to pump into a steam engine because you were putting water with virtually no pressure into a boiler with 120 pounds in it. So you have the steam pump. What it amounts to is a cylinder run by steam. It pushes a smaller cylinder, it pushes the water into the little series of valves so that it just goes one way.

*And then the water was then piped to that steam engine and it came from the creek?*

Yeah, gravity.

*About the head rig, what did that consist of?*

Well you had a saw on the top and a saw on the bottom that didn't quite match up.

*Circular saws?*

Circular saws, yeah. For the most part those logs there didn't ever reach the top saw because they weren't big enough, just on the butt. Where you did, you had a step in your lumber because the saws couldn't match up.

*In other words, if a log was too big the top saw kicked in?*

The top saw kicked in and cut it off, usually it was just on the butt, swell butts.

*You had the planer, what did that consist of?*

You know I don't know much about the planer even though I ran it. Of course, they had planer knives in them. Basically it was a deal where it was a bit like the old lawnmowers only the blades came around.

*Can you describe one of those blades for me.....can you tell me a little bit about those?*

I might be able to find you a planer blade.

*Is it just a piece of steel that's cut blade shape, how long are they, about a foot and a half long?*

Yeah, they were about 16 inches long something like that. They were considered real good metal for making butcher knives out of when they were wore out. Everybody wanted them for butcher knives.

*Is there any other machinery on the site there?*

Not that I can think of.

*Anybody doing any drinking out on the site?*

That part I wouldn't know. I was too young to drink at all.

*I found some old Acme beer cans.*

Well I have an idea there was some beer drank one thing or another. In fact I think I know one guy that probably threw those there.

*Okay, what was his job out there?*

I think he pulled the green chains.

*That's sort of what Stephenson said too. [Laughter]*

That whole mill had to be up in the air quite a ways. Like the guy that took lumber from my dad, he flipped the lumber down just a sliding deal onto the green chains, he had a 6 foot drop from where my dad was down to the green chains. They had to pull the green chains. They stacked that lumber so the truck could get underneath it. So you are getting up fairly high there.

*Were there other men that weren't loggers and fallers that cut the timber up on the hill around there, hook it to your teams, drive one log at a time down put them in the ponds?*

*Did you have a cable system or any series of dogs to bring the lumber up from the ponds?*

It was a cable system that brought the logs in. They would roll the logs into the pond with a peavy because they couldn't get the horses too close to the edge of the pond in the first place and they couldn't take a chance on the log pulling the horses in.

*Peavy, is that one with a hook?*

Yeah. They would roll them into the pond and then the pond monkey would line them up with the head rig and he would probably have four or five of them lined up ahead all the

*The sawyer? He operated the head rig entirely? Is that all he did?*

Yeah, he was the brains of the outfit, more so than the other man.

*The guys, did they have to maintain their own machinery? Did you have a millwright out there?*

Bill Coote was the millwright pretty much when I was there, he did all the saw filing. See in those days you didn't have carbide tips so you filed the saws every two hours. What they did on the head rig, the teeth were removable. So at coffee break, we took a coffee break not because we needed the coffee but we needed the down time. They had a deal and they just roll these teeth out and roll new ones in and away we went again.

*What did they do with the teeth, just leave them lay?*

Resharpen them. He would sharpen them while the mill was running.

*And you did that how many times a day?*

Four times a day.

*How did the men get to work in that site? Did they come from long distances or did most of them live in the area?*

They were all local farmers, most of them.

*Stephenson said he lived in an old boarding house, there was a farm right down the road there a ways.*

That would have been on the other side of the hill, that must have been on the Tampico side. My mother boarded two men for awhile but that was way before he was there.

*I don't know if he's talking day or hour but he's saying hour, that just sounds like a lot of money to me for that period of time.*

See, 15 cents an hour was pretty common. That is what farm hands got. Getting \$2.00 a day for 10 hour day. Its clear out of line, I don't think that mill ran long enough for him to get that kind of money is what I am sayin'. I think Camp Adair took it over before he got anywhere near what he said.

*I guess the government took it over not long after that and shut everything down.*

It got Weinert started in the timber industry, the government paid him enough. Of course, the government may have let him run it for awhile because they needed lots of money to build Camp Adair so I don't know when they shut it down.

*Where would that lumber go after you folks milled it?*

I am trying to remember just what the deal was but I worked for, I think I did work for Weinert for a little while, and he hauled the lumber to Suver and had a planer at Suver. I think he planed it over at Suver.

*Was there any kind of planer set down at Adair?*

I never was in at Adair, you know.

*Okay that is where it was at that time, so you are talking the same planer probably. Stephenson mentioned one at Adair.*

That would have been at Suver.

*Suver was Adair?*

Suver was part of Camp Adair. Suver was a railroad siding for years and years and years. There was the church there. There was the Town Hall there, and they held dances in the top.

*That was a pretty big town then?*

Oh yeah. They had a grocery store and they also had a couple service stations there but not where the ones are there now. Al Flickinger had one on the southwest corner of that intersection and he became the big gas dealer in this area and then Camp Adair made him move kittycorner across the street.

*Okay. Do you recall how much wood a day they were planing there?*

I don't have the vaguest idea.

*Five days a week?*

Whenever Bill Coote had orders and whenever the mill wasn't broke down.

*Did you have any particular problems in the years, time you worked at that mill?*

In that mill also we were also shut down for dry weather because it was up in the timbers.

*Okay, now lets go to the other side of the hill over on the Savage Creek side over there. Bob [Zybach] and I went back in that mill yesterday, we found what appears to be part of the old platform and there is a whole lot of timbers and stuff over there. Did that mill have a platform?*

Well it was up above the ground like the other one for sawdust removal. All that stuff and was probably 2" planking that the men worked on.

*So it was a similar type of set up?*

Yeah. You had the catwalk, or the walk where the guy worked from the head rig over to the edger, and then out past the edger and rolls out to the end. So you would probably have a 60' catwalk there of varying widths.

*Did you have substantially the same equipment down there as up on the hill?*

All the equipment that was there was up on the hill when I moved there. That was just a place for us kids to play when I moved there.

*It still pulled all the timber would have been pulled from right there in that immediate area?*

No. That's why they moved the mills. You see in those days you built a mill and sawed the timber out around it that you would pull in with horses, and then you moved the mill.

*And that is substantially what they did on all those mill sites?*

Yeah.

## **2. Bennett's, Cooper's, and Ford's Sawmills**

*Did you work at any other mills out there?*

Bennett's mill. When I was fourteen, my dad had an old farm truck and I took a contract from them since I wasn't old enough to work. He sold me the slab wood for 50 cents a cord and I loaded it at their mill, brought it down to the county road and stacked it, and Jack Green paid me a \$1.25 a cord for it down at the county road. So I made 75 cents a cord. You were asking how much lumber Weinert put out. They put out 4 cord a day at Bennett's mill in slab wood.

*Oh wow. Was Bennett's mill primarily a slab wood mill or what did it..?*

It was a tie mill.

*Do you remember how many railroad ties either Coote or the Bennett's cut?*

I haven't the vaguest idea.

*How much dimensional lumber did they put out?*

Well actually they put out more dimensional 2" lumber.

*Did you know where those ties were going?*

Just the railroad.

*And they took them wherever they took them?*

Yeah. But they called it a tie mill

*I've got that one [Zybach's earlier interviews with Vanderburg] and I am going to incorporate some of that plus some of what we are talking about here. Because I think I am getting into a little more detail on the mills than he did. When we go over the actual site and look at the mills, look at the site out there, I am probably going to go into a lot more detail with you and see the whole picture.*

Will you have a key available to get in with a vehicle?

*Yeah. I'll have a key to get in to two mill sites down on Savage Creek, I can get into there.*

Of course you can walk in there.

*Yeah, once you get down there and then you can walk into the other one. The other one is not far off the road.*

Yeah I know but Bennett's is a couple of miles from there.

*Yeah that's a ways in.*

And Cooper's mill is quite close to Bennett's mill.

*Okay we went up to those, I was up to those this week.*

Oh were you, Bob take you up?

*Yeah. There isn't a whole lot there. That upper mill at Coote has a lot of stuff, and I'd really like you to see that one.*

Yeah I want to see that. I am sorry I didn't keep walking. But we came to that flat spot, the ground there, and it was just about where I figured it was. We stopped and I shouldn't have. I told Bob right at the start, we were coming up from the Tampico side, and I told Bob that road took off to Coote's mill right at the top of the hill and went back. We went in the old road, the old slab road, tram road, and I found that spot. It had some characteristics of where the old mill was. So we looked around there and we found a little bit of evidence but not much. Then we came out. When we came out, we were still south of the top of that hill, where we came out so I was scratching my head. But we seemed to be coming out an old road there, but we didn't come out where I thought we should have.

*Did you work at any other mills up there on the OSU Research Forests?*

No.

*Those were the two you worked at?*

Yeah.

*And the only thing you did for Bennett was haul the slab wood?*

Yeah.

*What years did you do that?*

Gosh I don't know, I don't think that Bennett Mill was in there more than about six months. But that would have been close to '40 because they were logging with an Allis Chalmers cat and they didn't have a mill pond. They were pulling three logs at



a time with the cat and then they were pushing them up pretty close to the head rig and then pulling them in with a cable, they weren't floating them.

*How many people worked up at the Bennett Mill?*

Three brothers.

*Three Bennett brothers. Do you remember their names?*

No I don't.

*Did they own that land there or were they just millwrights?*

No I think they just bought the timber. I think they probably went broke, I don't know because they didn't stay long.

*It was a pretty risky business in those days.*

Oh yeah.

*Why was that? Just because of the Depression?*

Well yeah. How would you like to sell lumber for \$10.00 a thousand. That's what it sold for then \$10.00 a thousand for 1 x 6's for \$10.00 a thousand.

*Couldn't make a whole lot of money that way.*

No, even though you weren't paying much for help, that's another reason why I don't see any possible way that they could have paid that.

*It seems way out of line to me but I wanted to come and check.*

I would guess it was more like 35 cents an hour. After we moved from there and went up, my dad worked for Ford's mill which is the Ford in Roseburg now. He started up at LaComb. And he was just as poor as old Bill Coote was. He had Ford logging trucks because Ford gave him credit for them. But anyway, my dad got 35 cents an hour when he was working at the Ford mill in 1942. That was pretty darn good pay by 1942, the war was already going by then.

*Then they were paying a little better?*

Yeah.

*Because they had them? Do you remember any more about that Coote mill?*

....they put that..one thing that might be of interest, there was two reasons why they put the road through from Berry Creek over to Tampico. One of them was we moved in there and we had two high school kids all the time. The bus had to come around by Suver and come through Polk county and back into Benton county because we just barely lived in Benton county. So it was making a lot of extra busing to pick up my two sisters to take them to high school. By the time I went to high school they had that new road through. That and Bill Coote's mill were the two things that made the county put that road on through there.

*How far away is Suver, about five miles?*

Six miles.

*That pretty much ought to do it for this.*

I can't find the little piece of that first Coote mill but they had a, they logged their logs down a ridge and then they ran them down a shoot with water in it and that shoot was real steep and I did quite a bit of calling on this deal I did for Bob. I got ahold of one of the Cornutt boys and I asked him I says I heard that somebody got killed trying to ride a log down that shoot one time. He says, "yeah" he says that was. Mr. Gardner's brother.

*Okay, I think I remember that in his report. In Bob's story, I think I remember you talking about that.*

But I have not found the hill steep enough. I climbed that log shoot when I was in

grammar school with old Clifford Cornutt.

*Was there still a log shoot there then?*

Yeah there was still a log shoot there then, we climbed up it and it was steep.

*That is the one now at the early mill?*

That was the first mill. And I tried to find that in the pickup. I wasn't satisfied with the location Bob and I came to, and so I rented a plane and I flew over it and I couldn't find it flying.

*Still couldn't find it?*

No, but I am not satisfied with the terrain that I am finding there. I walked up to the old Chaffin homestead and Bob was completely amazed because I told him about how they had this big 60 acre meadow and all that stuff, and he knew about where it was. I was just going by the seat of my pants by the terrain, and we got up in the area there where I thought it was and there was all these trees this big around in that meadow, that grass meadow. Shoot, they are just about 3 feet in diameter and that was a grass meadow when I was there and naturally seeded with kind of adverse conditions.

*That is kind of a big growth then?*

Yeah, people think that we are cutting these big trees and are gone forever. In my lifetime up there, there is a lot of stuff that we logged that has been logged again.

*Grown back over. There is a lot of big trees, lot of windfall on that upper Coote site and just a lot of big trees.*

Bob asked me one time, he says he wanted to know what we did with the old growth. And I told him that an old growth as far as us oldtimers are concerned is a breed of tree. I showed him some there that weren't that big around, but they got real deep bark on them and that's where it gets the old growth is the growth of the bark. And I showed him some on that Bill Coote site there, some old growths that were like this. But see I have made lumber for the railroad for the inside of the box car and they required 18 grains to the inch. So you see these little trees with this heavy bark took them 18 years to grow an inch. So that's an old growth.

*Yes, that would be.*

But now anything that's 3 feet is an old growth but that is not true.

*Ain't necessarily so?*

So anyway that might be of interest to you.

### 3. Suver

*Specifically where are we at right now.*

Well this is the town of Suver. This is where the city was.

*This is the center railroad tracks just east of Highway 99 and Richards Store, about a quarter of a mile.*

This is Suver and there used to be a, right here on this corner, there used to be a kind of a City Hall, they had dances and stuff. It was two story, and where you see your siding right there, Willamette Seed and Grain has taken that over. Right in here was where the planer was on this side of that siding.

*The planer was on the west side of the rail siting here?*

Yeah.

*What did the planer consist of?*

Bill Coote just hauled his lumber out here, ran it through the planer and into the box cars and trains took it off wherever it was going, 2" dimensional lumber.

*What about the railroad ties?*

Well they went from here too from this siding.

*When did you work here?*

Oh probably '38 or '39 right in there. I just worked here a couple of days. They transported me over here from the mill. I knew about the siding because I came down here. They had church meetings and stuff like that.

*What all was here at this particular siding, there was the planer mill and what was around it?*

That was all that was here that I remember. There was a loading dock there and the planer. As far as the siding was concerned, they also shipped grain. Farmers used it. It was actually originally a farmers siding.

*Okay we are now about a quarter of a mile north of the pre-existing road, the initial road into the Coote mill site. Neil, tell me about this road and what it was at one time?*

Well, I am pretty sure that this was a gravel road going in here, I think there is actually about enough gravel in the soil that we just graded it and there was gravel they got to alright.

*And this road was put in when roughly?*

Well, let's see, we moved here in '35, I would say '38, 1938.

*Okay, it was put in when, when the Berry Creek road was put in?*

When the Berry Creek road was put here.

*This leads directly to the mill site, right?*

Yeah. I'm pretty sure it was not a tram road.

#### 4. The Coote and Weinert Mill Site

*We are now on the Coote Mill site and we are standing in front of a large cylindrical steel framed object. Neil, what is this as best as you can determine?*

I would call it the shell around the boiler that had the fire in to heat the boiler.

*This is not part of an old steam tractor then?*

No.

*Is it part of a steam donkey of some kind?*

I don't know. It could be. But that is the fire box there.

*This is the fire box.*

Yeah. Here's the door where you stoke the wood in.

*Okay he's pointing at a square opening on the top side of this metal object. How would you describe the plate? Is it boiler plate, steel or what is it?*

No that's just a burner. It is about as thick as it ever was. I would say that this has rolled over. That door would have been on the side probably not on top. If you had a good hot fire in your boiler, you'd open that door. It would singe your eyebrows with it on top.

*This goes back to a point then, like a wigwam burner?*

No. It just collapsed, it would have been the same all the way back, a cylinder.

*Describe for me this platform here again, what do you think it is?*

Well I'm sure that's where the old steam engine sat. Whether it was the old steam

tractor or whether it was a steam engine. But those stakes is what they could run over to the mill with it.

*Three pipes in the ground at the end.*

Of course they are all kind of loose now. This is all decomposed in here, but certainly it was very possible if you pull one of those stakes up. It has rusted off down there.

*Okay, you would believe a steam tractor engine was on top of there.*

Yeah. Originally Bill Coote ran this with a steam tractor. My dad worked here after the mill was rebuilt, but I didn't. It is possible that that steam tractor was ruined in the fire, or they still could have used it. But they do have a burner here for heat. It could be they ran some steam pipes in here to help the steam tractor along, I don't know. When I was here, the old steam tractor sat in here.

*How large a platform would that have been?*

The steam tractor would probably have been pointed to the south rather than what you are thinking of with the north. It would have been backed in here. Then those pipes would have been behind it. This would have been the platform where they fired the boiler. Then they would have had their wood stacked back in here.

*Describe this babbitt bearing for me, would you? How it would have been used?*

Well what they did, I never did pour a babbitt bearing. I worked around them quite a bit. But what they did, they had a ladle and they would put, well it was basically kind of a lead. They would put it in the forge and they would heat it until it was liquid. This thing here, they would put ends on it and put a shaft in it and then they would pour the babbitt around it. But they would put something on the shaft so it wouldn't stick to the shaft. Then when they got it poured then they pulled the shaft. They had a tool, I can't remember what it was called, but it was kind of round a little bit like a round wood chisel. It was sharp on the sides, and they would fit that with that tool. It was no small job to pour a bearing. I mean by the time you poured it and then you cooled it and then you ... it was not a small job.

*This is kind of the mold for the babbitt bearing then, this is half of the mold?*

No, because the babbitt stayed in that, you put that on the, you held the babbitt bearing with that.

*Okay, how was this attached to the shaft?*

There was a deal that fit over the top of it with four bolts. It came through it from the bottom and the half was pulled down.

*You mean they were just bolted down with nuts?*

Yeah, and long bolts. Probably the bolts went through the wood frame of the mill, those bolts were probably 10-15" long that held that bearing down and went through...The thing that they did, another thing they did when they poured these, they put shims in them, on the sides. When it started to wear, they could start taking these shims out and tighten it back up again. They could make that bearing run quite a little longer by taking shims out. Cars up until about 1930 had babbitt connecting rods, and they were poured the same way. Then they came with the inserts and they had babbitt on them, on the surface of them. Later, they came to the stainless bearings that we have today.

*The babbitt was what kind of metal, just poured iron?*

No it was lead, it was soft. That was the reason why they could work it. Also, if that bearing went out. Most of these shafts around these mills were at least 60' long. If

you had a steel bearing on there and that went. You would gaul [score] the heck out of that shaft. You would be replacing 60' shaft and taking all the bearings and everything off of it, and all the spools and everything. So they would rather have the babbitt go out than the shaft.

*The babbitt bearing was then expendable?*

Yeah.

*Compared to the shaft?*

Yeah, by far.

*Let's move over to some other pieces of equipment over here, we are moving to the east. We ran across a wood supported piece of tin in a semicircle, what would you describe this as?*

My guess, it is purely a guess, but I've used them and that would be the mold for fitting new bricks in the boiler. Now the ones I have always used, you worked from the inside and you had a convex. But this looks like the angle of the boiler. You take and lay your brick mortar and lay your bricks in here as far as it goes then move it and glob it up and put in another batch of them until on both sides you get to the top and you put in the key brick or the key stone. That's my guess.

*Now looking a conical topped metal piece to the north of the boiler, Neil how would you describe this, what's its purpose?*

I would say it was a suction cone to pull the sawdust off the head rig. It is way out of place from where it belongs. It should be down there by the creek, because it should have been on the main mill. But the mill has been down for a long time and things have been moved around. I am sure that's what it is. I can show you a bunch of them in mills today almost identical to that.

*Why do you describe it as that, you mentioned the dogs on the side?*

Well those, actually there's some baling wire sticking out of this one and they hung that above the saw to, either the saw or the sander, or more likely probably the edger. You see that is just about as wide as that edger I explained to you. So I bet you that was the hood off the old edger.

*And that would take and funnel the sawdust away and then fuel the burner?*

Yeah.

*And the shafts adjacent to it? There is two shafts there about 4' long, one is about 4' long and the other is about 3' long.*

This shaft here is driven by something that was pinned. So it would probably pull a pretty good load for its size. The shorter shaft is a bigger shaft, and I believe that that bigger shaft would fit that babbitt bearing that we found down below there if the babbitt bearing had the babbitt in it. If you had to turn it off, it had a belt going down in below the mill where the main drive shaft was. This belt had some slack in it, then there was an idler with a weight on it. It held that belt tight. So if you wanted to shut your machine off, you would grab that belt, pull the idler off the belt and then the thing goes to a stop and the rest of the mill would continue running.

*What are you describing here, how does that fit into that picture?*

I kind of think maybe that this might have been some part of that metal that the rope hooked on to to pull the idler up. But you see it was very important that you had all these machines driven by idlers because even pulling the idler they were slow to stop. If somebody got caught in a machine, it took a long time for the whole mill to just stop.

*What you are describing then is a piece of flat iron with two pieces of flat iron welded in a*

*"V" shape at the end of it?*

Let's use the word forge welded. That is a forge weld on there.

*How can you tell that is a forge weld?*

You don't see any bead on there and what they did they twisted this piece, then they heated the whole thing quite hot and hammered them together. That's what they call a forge weld.

*The holes in both ends would have been for what?*

Bolts. That is a forge weld and I haven't seen one of them in a long time. Probably the first one you ever saw.

*Probably it is the first one I ever saw. We have moved over the east of the large boiler, we are now looking at one or two metal cylindrical objects, sort of wrapped in log cable with all kinds of metal pieces hanging off them, what do you think they might be?*

I know what it is. It is a running board. It is an old truck body. These are the fenders.

*Oh, what kind of truck?*

I have no idea but that's the clutch pedal sticking up there.

*What do you suppose that would have been used for? Why is there a piece of log chain wrapped around it?*

Log cable. I don't know. But they did use old truck motors and stuff like that, leaving the clutches on them to pull logs out of the mill ponds. It may have been cut down. On the back end of the motor a pulley was put on it to run something like that, leaving the clutch in it. Didn't you recognize that?

*[Laughter]*

You were standing on the running board.

*We have moved about another 20 yards to the east of the old truck body, we are finding a large brick double enclosure with trees growing out of it and trees falling over it. How would you describe this?*

Well as I stood here and looked at it, there is another one beside it. I imagine after I left here and after Weinert took it over, that they put in a kiln drier and this is where they got the steam for their kiln drier, that would be my guess. That is not any part of any boiler that I ever saw.

*How would those work? What would be the purpose of this stuff here?*

They used steam and built a building. They run steam pipes back and forth in the building and bring the heat up to 150 or so degrees and then when the steam is reheated, it could have even been for hot water.

*Would this be the firebox to something?*

This would be a firebox here.

*The fireboxes, what would have been on top of it or around it?*

Well I don't imagine you'd want to stand on top of it, probably pretty hot.

*There wouldn't have been anything on top of it then?*

I don't think so.

*This just would have been straight fire inside here?*

Fire inside with some pipes in there to carry it.

*Okay, you've got pipes coming out here on both sides.*

Yeah, well I have an idea now. Back when I was a kid the old wood stoves had pipes coming out of the burner to heat the hot water tank and they were embedded in the bricks. The bricks get red hot and the pipes are embedded in the bricks to keep them

from burning up. I have an idea that is what they did here.

*Where would those pipes have gone?*

They would have gone to the dryer.

*Where would the dryer have been possibly in relation to all this?*

Oh any flat spot. But that is not a boiler per se.

*Why would there have been log cables attached to this?*

That held the cement together. That was like your building.

*Why would there have been two fire boxes?*

Well they probably built one, they didn't have enough heat, they got one to get bigger, so they put another one right beside it.

*The pipes that you see in there would have been how the water was heated as it went through there?*

I would think so. There was probably more pipes than you see, I think there was one up here.

*And they would have gone to the dryer, what would they have done at the dryer?*

Heated it. Now you would have seen something else that you don't see anymore and that is thermal circulation. Your hot water goes in the top as it cools it goes down and the hot water keeps pushing the cold water back. So that's where you get your circulation from.

*So inside the dryer, what would the dryer have looked like?*

Just a wide open building that you could stack lumber in.

*It just would have been hotter than normal inside?*

It would have been like maybe 150 degrees.

*Because of the hot water flowing through the pipes?*

Yeah. I am not absolutely positive but you asked me for a guess and I'd say that is a guess. But I think it is an educated guess, because I have been around lumber dryers and veneer dryers, I could show you a lumber dryer if you want.

*Well tell me a little bit about this dam again, as you see it, it is diagonally across the creek and how would it have been built?*

Well they put the boards sloping probably 30 degrees so that the pressure was pushing down on the bottom of the boards. I think they had cables across the back of it, strung across between some trees to hold it from going on down, and the boards were vertical. I believe they were 2 x 8's in a vertical position. Then they had the timber across the top they leaned against. I think most of them were nailed in but right down there at the creek there were some of them they could pull out so they could clean out the pond because the pond would get full.

*Okay what we are looking at is a diagonal slice of bermed-type land running across the creek and sloping downhill, at the moment it is rounded and humped and covered with ferns. There is an anchor bolt about midway down the bank. Does that bring anything to mind as to what that might be for?*

I would say that that anchor bolt was below water level. The water level would have been clear up to this bank up here. Another proof that this is a old mill pond you look at the height of the ground here and over there. I mean there is still a lot of bark and stuff in this thing. That was a problem with these old mill ponds especially in these small mills. Debris that would build up in the bottom as the logs would slide down the hill and stuff.

*Where would he have brought the logs in from and how would he have gotten down to the*

*mill pond?*

They came brought in by horses right over on that bank over there, rolled them into the pond, pulled them across the pond.

*Looking at the bank on the south side, northeast of the creek, they would have been brought down by horses?*

Yeah. They didn't have any tractors, they brought them down by horses.

*They would have dumped them here and from here how would they have been moved up to the platforms?*

They just had pike poles and pushed them across.

*They pushed them across over to what over here, what have been on the south side?*

There was a wood ramp right up here on the bank. They had a cable come down through it, and that's what I thought possibly the truck engine was hooked on to. If you look up there, probably that truck engine is right straight above us here and you see.

*Before we go any farther, there is something else I want you to look at, just shortly a little ways away from here. Looking up stream from the dam about 25 yards we find an old barrel welded together with another barrel and two semi circular metal objects. Describe the metal barrel for me. What do you think that ought to be used for?*

In my lifetime as a millwright we've done this to a lot of barrels. We even threw a 4 foot pieces of wood in them and keep warm. And we are not too far from the head rig here. You take the ramp that I was talking about that they pull the logs up is right here.

*You are pointing directly to the east?*

Well I would say we are pointing south.

*You are pointing south that way directly to the south of the metal barrels, there would have been this ramp?*

I have an idea, you take the sawyer, he didn't do any work basically except run the carriage through, but he did some paper work so in the winter time he probably needed some heat and these barrels were a heater.

*It was just a barrel stove.*

Just a barrel stove, yeah.

*What about these two other pieces of metal right directly to*

This is half the pulley that drove the head rig. The head rig ran with a 12" belt. This would have been the pulley that probably that ran the edger or cutoff saw or something like that.

*There were two halves so they could be dismantled?*

Yeah. You have a shaft that is 60' long. You had to take the pully apart to put them on. You had deals similar to that bearing that you saw that fit in here and rocked on the shaft.

*They were belt driven?*

Yeah.

*Large rubber belts or leather belts?*

They were rubber belts. They weren't endless like they are now, we had to lace them.

*Are these in approximately the position they would have been in had everything been here?*

Well basically I am saying this heater would have come from the head rig and I think the whole works was brought down from up there about 35 feet.

*That is about 35 feet to the ...*



Where the head rig was.

*to the northeast they would have been hauled.*

You see we would have still been standing in the water in the pond right here. Somebody has moved these things, scavaging I think. What we should do is go over on the other side and find where they dumped the logs in then we could tell more how high the mill pond was. I think the mill pond would have been up about the height we are right here. They brought the logs in on the other side and I don't know how this creek runs but apparently it works its way that way so there was a lot of timber on that side of the creek.

*We are standing by at this round, heavy metal cylinder back on the main mill complex. First Neil thought it might be a barrel arrangement of some kind. You have looked at it again and what do you think now?*

I think this is a storage tank for these steam engines. They didn't recapture any steam, it all blew into the air. And they need lots of water for those things. I think this was a thousand gallon tank that was evidently pulled out of the creek here to supply water to the steam engine. It is right close to the steam engine here.

*Okay by right close you mean it is right close to that platform that you think the steam engine could have been on?*

Where the stakes were driven. We have made a trip around the pond. Definitely we found the dam site and so forth and come back up. Found where the head rig was and everything, so I am quite sure that the boiler was taken out of here and this was just an old tank of 1,000-1,500 gallons and they used a lot of steam in those days. They didn't even waste much water out of a boiler in town to blow the whistle as what they ran here just starting it up. I think it blew steam. You could see the mill for 1/2 mile away from the steam. And you would hear the 8:00 and the noon and the 1:00 and the 5:00 whistles clear down where I live from this mill which is probably a good 2 miles, maybe 3, you could hear them all over. We could hear 5 miles just from our house every noon and start up time and quitting time.

*Some time it used to be around 1,000 gallon tank, right now its an old dead fall of windthrown doug[las]-fir laying on top of it.*

I didn't think about them having had storage for that boiler. If we would have followed that road straight in we would have come in just about right on this mill wouldn't we?

*I would suspect so.*

If we hadn't cut off and gone down the stream. The road came in just below the mill. I would say down here, maybe somewhere between 50-100 feet from where we are standing, is where the road came in. The lumber was taken out of here.

*They got it out by truck?*

Yeah. A lot of it was rough lumber, most of the ties were rough.

*From here it was taken down to Suver?*

Yes.



Photo of the Rose children, c. 1910. Dorothy Louise Rose Vanderburg, born on Christmas Day 1899, is in the back row with her brother, Clarence. Sisters Helen Lillian, Esther Myra, and Margery Mae, are seated.

## Appendix A. Vanderburg Genealogy

### Maternal Ancestry

*The following genealogy of Neil Vanderburg's maternal ancestry, compiled by his daughter, Mary Stone, traces the family's migration from Massachusetts to Oregon over a 200-year period. Neil's direct ancestors are given in italics in order to better clarify the family's history.*

### THE WILSON FAMILY

1. Thomas Wilson

Thomas Wilson came to this country from Scotland in June, 1633 with his wife, Ann and three sons; Humphrey, Samuel and Joshua. He also had children born here: Deborah in August 1634 and Lydia in November 1636. His home was in Roxbury, Massachusetts, and he had the misfortune to lose his house and goods by fire. He left the Boston area on account of the Armenian controversy, and began a plantation at Squamset Falls in New Hampshire, which they later called Exeter. He occupied the island at the foot of the falls and some land on the eastern side of the Piscataqua River. There he built his house and the first mill in town for grinding grain. That part of the stream which runs in the channel on the eastern side of the island was known as Wilson's Creek. He died in the summer of 1643.

2. Humphrey Wilson

Thomas Wilson's son, Humphrey, continued to operate the grist mill and was probably an inhabitant of Exeter the rest of his life. Humphrey married Judith Hersey 21 December 1663 in Exeter. They had children: Judith, Elizabeth, John, Hannah, Thomas, James, Ann, Martha, and Mary.

3. Thomas Wilson

Thomas Wilson, son of Humphrey was born 30 May 1672 and married Mary Light on 16 October 1698. They had 14 children: Humphrey, Rebecca, Anna, twins John (probably died soon) and Thomas, a second John, Sarah (probably died soon), a second Sarah, Joshua, Mary, Jabez, Jonathan, Moses and Judith.

4. Humphrey Wilson

Humphrey, son of Thomas, was born 9 December 1699. He married Mary Leavitt in 1727 in Brentwood, NH and had Captain Nathaniel and others. Humphrey was a first settler

of Gilmanton, New Hampshire.

5. Captain Nathaniel Wilson

Captain Nathaniel, son of Humphrey, was born 24 June 1739 in Exeter. He married Elizabeth Barber on 15 March 1762 in Exeter, NH. She was born 24 March, 1739, a daughter of Robert Barber who was killed by the Indians. Captain Nathaniel moved to Gilmanton, New Hampshire the first week of March, 1769. Their children were eight sons: Warren, Robert, John, Nathaniel, John, Job, Levi, and Jeremiah. Captain Nathaniel was active and useful in promoting the settlement of the town, and did much to promote its civil and religious interest. He was also a spirited officer in the Revolutionary service, and was one of the five members organized into a Congregational church November 30, 1774. He was a "good farmer and mechanic, an energetic and industrious man, a very worthy citizen and an exemplary Christian." He was a merchant in Lower Gilmanton from 1795 to 1800. He died 16 February 1819, aged 80. Mrs. Elizabeth Wilson died 12 March 1824, aged 85. In Gilmanton there is a small cemetery located on what used to be called Wilson Hill. In that place are stones for Captain Nathaniel and Elizabeth upon which is written "The death that cuts the sevard that binds man in his earth, but Christ has said, I go before him to heaven a mansion to prepare."

6. Elder Nathaniel Wilson

Elder Nathaniel Wilson, son of Captain Nathaniel, was born in Gilmanton, New Hampshire on 8 August 1769. He was an early settler of Barnstead, New Hampshire and lived on the "Sinkler Place" on Route 107 in 1800. He was a free will Baptist and preached in his barn for over 30 years. He was a farmer. He married (1) Elizabeth True, a schoolteacher in Gilmanton, New Hampshire. Their children were: Betsy (married John Page), and Nathaniel Jr. He married (2) Fanny Proctor September 1801 in Barnstead, NH and they had children: Fanny (Married William Demerett), Samuel T., and Abigail P. (married James Woods). Panthea, wife of James Woodhouse, is also listed as daughter of Elder Nathaniel in some reference works and among her children were Betsy, Fanny and Nathaniel, suggesting they were named for this family. She is not, however, mentioned in Elder Nathaniel's will. Elder Nathaniel died in Barnsted 17 December 1844 and his wife Fanny died in 1857.

7. Nathaniel Wilson, Jr.

Nathaniel Wilson, son of Elder Nathaniel, was born June 1797 in Gilmanton, New Hampshire. He married Mary J. Roberts on 15 November 1816. Mary was born 28 February 1795 in Strafford, New Hampshire. Their known children are Thomas, Jonathan and Elizabeth. The famijly moved to Meramera, Illinois in 1835. Nathaniel Wilson died 26 June 1845, just several months after his father's death. Apparently Nathaniel had been sick for some time as Elder Nathaniel Wilson's will, dated 17 May 1844, provides for him to receive ten dollars and the property that Elder Nathaniel owned in Illinois to be held in trust for

Nathaniel Jr.'s children. None of his other grandchildren were mentioned in the will. Mary died 2 March 1885.

8. Thomas Wilson

Thomas Wilson, son of Nathaniel Wilson, was born 4 March 1825 in Gilmanton, New Hampshire. He was married to Josephine Sager on 8 September 1849. A family Bible records that they had children David A., Charles Milo, Alonzo (Lonnie) and Lorenzo (Lennie) who were twins, Mary, John T., Thomas Goodwin, Gertrude, Ben Sager, and Eliza Ellen (Nellie). Thomas was a farmer in Illinois and all children were born either in Meramera, Wayne, or Mackinara counties. While in Illinois he became a good friend of Abraham Lincoln. Together, they made a table which was kept in the family for many years and was known as "the Lincoln table." Wife, Josephine died 20 December 1879. Thomas later married Malvina. Thomas died 18 February 1903.

9. Nellie (Eliza E.) Wilson Rose

Nellie Wilson was born 5 March 1870 in Mackinaw, Illinois. Her mother died when she was 9 years old. She tried to maintain the household for a time, then moved to Olympia, Washington to live with her sister and brother-in-law, May (Mary) and Henry Hannah. Her brother Milo also moved west to British Columbia and worked in coal mines. There he met William de Ruchie Rose. de Ruchie, as he was known, was born 1 August 1864 in Portland, Maine. When he was in his early teens, his parents, James and Myra, died. His mother was a devout Catholic. After her death he moved to Quebec to live with "Aunt Francine." de Ruchie finished his schooling there and his Aunt offered him a small fortune to marry Daisy." He declined because of her reportedly tarnished reputation and then was disinherited by his Aunt. He then moved from her home. At least ten years later we find evidence of him in British Columbia. Milo brought de Ruchie to the church where his sister Nellie was practicing the organ for church services. He had a lovely tenor voice and he came down the aisle and sang with her. After this meeting and a period of courting, they were married 13 July 1897. They had five children:

10. Clarence de Ruchie

Clarence de Ruchie, born 8 April 1898, Ontario, CA; married Gertrude Swenson 1931; died 23 August 1864, Whittier, CA.

Dorothy Louise, born 25 December 1899, New Denver, British Columbia; married Elton Dorr Vanderburg 1 May 1918, Fullerton CA; died 28 February 1966, Lebanon, OR.

Margery Mae, born 4 July 1903, Tumwater, WA; married 1-J.B. Eastland, 2-Herb Curtis.

Esther Myra, born 14 June 1906, Seattle, WA; married Douglass Grandy, 1 September 1927.

Helen Lillian, born 28 October 1908, Santa Ana, CA; married Burnell Obernolte, 25 December 1929.

Nellie was ill for many years and died 28 February 1917. de Ruchie subsequently married second Leila Lockwood who died 20 November 1917 and third Mae Pierce. He died 11 February 1930 in Compton, CA.

## Paternal Ancestry

*The following genealogy of Neil Vanderburg's paternal ancestry, compiled by his daughter, Mary Stone, traces the family's migration from New Amsterdam, (New York) to Oregon over a 240-year period.*

### The Vanderburg Family

1. LUCAS DIRCKSEN VANDERBURGH (also known as Luycas Diricksen or Dircksen)

Lucas Dirchson Vanderburgh was the first American ancestor of the Vanderburgh family. Some records find him referred to as "Luycas Dircksen, known also as Vanderburgh". He was born about 1620 and married to Annete Cornelise, date unknown. Their children were:

- i. Cornelis baptized May 11, 1653
- ii. Hendrick baptized April 18, 1655
- iii. Arent baptized March 26, 1656
- iv. Johannes baptized February 28, 1657
- v. Margarite baptized May 26, 1658
- vi. Dirck baptized March 13, 1661
- vii. Elsie baptized November 22, 1662

The earliest records of Lucas (from 1658) identify him as a sergeant in the service of the Dutch West Indies Company. This may have been the motivation and the means of his immigration to the Dutch colony of New Amsterdam. Through the next years he acquired several pieces of land along the North, or Hudson River as well as along the South, or Delaware River.

On February 16, 1654 he petitioned for and received a license as tavern keeper, and two years later Sergeant Dircksen asked for and was granted his discharge from the Dutch West Indies Company and given leave to settle at the South River (documents show that Lucas owned extensive property in what is now the state of Delaware).

There are ten documents preserved in the J. Pierpont Morgan Library in NY, NY regarding Lucas Dircksen. One of these is his naturalization paper, dated in 1659, written in Dutch. This may lend credence to the recorded tradition that the VanDerBurgh family lived in England for several generations prior to immigrating the New Amsterdam. Another document lists him as one of the residents of New Amsterdam entitled to the burgher right,

that is the right to hold office and the privilege of full citizenship. Other documents record agreements and various transference of deeds.

Dissatisfaction with Dutch rule increased and the power of the Company decreased in the next few years. When the British demanded the surrender of New Amsterdam, Lucas was one of those who swore allegiance to the Duke of York October 21-26, 1664.

In 1666 Lucas was operating an inn, or tavern, named, "Sign of the Fort Orange". Fort Orange was one of the first Dutch settlements on the Hudson River named for Holland's unselfish hero, William of Orange. Fort Orange was renamed "Albany" after English acquisition. The tavern was at the present site of 16 Stone Street and his home was at the present site of 21 Broadway in New York City. This property remained in the family until 1715.

Lucas died prior to April 13, 1670, as we find at that time his widow Annetje was remarried to Jacob Fabritius.

## 2. DIRCK VANDERBURGH (also known as Dircksen VanDerBurgh)

Dirck was baptised at the Dutch Church in New Amsterdam, New Netherland (now New York City, New York) on 13 March 1661.

He married Reymerig VanNostrand. (The VanNostrands were a founding family of Brooklyn.) His will, dated 1709, mentions two children:

- i. Henry born about 1685, married Magdalena Knight
- ii. Anna Marie born about 1690, married Thomas Lewis, October 24, 1714

Dirck added much to the properties inherited from his father, purchasing additional land on and near Broadway. Numerous references are made to Dirck in Colonial manuscripts regarding land acquisitions; work as tax collector (1692); obtaining a pardon for his negro slave Jack, who was convicted of burglary and sentenced to death (1698); as an alderman (1704-6), surveyor of city (1705), Justice of the Peace (1704).

Dirck was listed as a merchant during the time he was an alderman, but there are many records of his petitions for payment for building projects. Of note are his employment in building "His Majesty Chapel with several other buildings in and about His Majesty Fort William Henry" ca. 1695 and work on Trinity Church for which he is credited with the exterior design ca. 1699. In addition to monetary payment for his work on Trinity Church in Manhattan, Dirck received a silver tankard, "of ye value of 12 pounds".

Shortly after 1700 Dirck purchased several tracts of land in Dutchess County; One tract was just south of Poughkeepsie, another bought in partnership with Samuel Statts along the Hudson River between Hyde Park and Rhinebeck. The town of Staatsburgh is named for Dirck's partner and the cove along the river between Staatsburgh and Rhinebeck is known as VanDerBurghs' Cove. Dirck never came to Dutchess County to live, but died in New York

City in 1710 leaving his Poughkeepsie land to his son Henry.

### 3. HENRY VANDERBURGH

Henry was born about 1685 and married Magdalena Knight (b. ca. 1694, d. ca. 1752). (Knight is the English translation of Ritter - the original family name.) Magdalena at one time was a lady-in-waiting at Queen Anne's Court. Their children are as follows:

- i. Hester bap. March 8, 1711, French Church, NY
- ii. Anna Maria bap. April 12, 1713 Dutch Church
- iii. Richard bap. May 18, 1715, Dutch Church, NY
- iv. Henry bap. April 3, 1717, Poughkeepsie, NY
- v. John bap. February 11, 1721, Poughkeepsie, NY
- vi. Pieter bap. September 11, 1723, Poughkeepsie, NY
- vii. Susanna bap. June 11, 1725, Poughkeepsie, NY
- viii. James bap. September 4, 1729
- ix. William bap. October 3, 1731
- x. Stephen
- xi. Magdalen

After inheriting his father's land, Henry settled in Poughkeepsie in 1712 and in a few years became a prominent and influential citizen. He was one of the assessors for 1717-1718, a supervisor 1719-1721, and then County Clerk. He served in the Colonial Militia. He was a warden in Christ Church. Two known documents also ascribe to him the title "Gentleman".

Henry's will is dated 12 January 1737/8. At that time he describes himself as being "weak in body", though he did not die until 1750.

### 4. COL. JAMES VANDERBURGH

James VanDerBurgh was born September 4, 1729. He married, September 29, 1753, Margaret, daughter of Bartholomew Noxon of Beekman, where he had recently moved from Poughkeepsie. Their children were:

- i. Henry (Capt.) b. 28 February 1756
- ii. Bartholomew (Ensign) b. 8 November 1757
- iii. *James* b. 16 October 1759
- iv. Magdalenna b. 5 July 1761
- v. Peter b. 5 March 1763
- vi. Elizabeth, b. 16 May 1764
- vii. Stephan b. 4 January 1765

Margaret Noxon died August 8, 1766. October 6, 1767 Col. James married Helena Clark who bore him eleven more children:



- i. William b. 18 August 1768
- ii. Margaret b. 26 April 1770
- iii. Richard b. 26 May 1772
- iv. Gabriel Ludlow b. 20 August 1774
- v. Egbert Benson b. 8 December 1776
- vi. Clarissa b. 25 March 1779
- vii. George Washington b. 24 May 1781
- viii. Paulina b. 5 December 1783
- ix. Almira b. 20 December 1785
- x. Federal b. 11 May 1788
- xi. Caroline b. 21 February 1793

Col. James purchased a tract of land on the road leading from Poughquag to Gardiner Hollow and built the first substantial dwelling house in that vicinity. It was built of stone and wood with a broad, covered verandah across the front. The basement contained quarters for slaves. This house remained standing over a century, having been torn down in 1860.

He engaged in farming and also kept a general store. He was active in the civil and military life of the county, serving several terms as assessor and supervisor of Beekman. When in 1775 the War of the Revolution was fast becoming inevitable he ardently espoused the cause of the Colony and was commissioned Lieut-Colonel of Col. William Humphrey's Fifth Regiment, Dutchess County Militia on 17 October 1775 and became a colonel on March 10, 1778. He was a deputy to the third Provincial Congress, 1776, which ratified the Declaration of Independence. He, with his regiment, took an active part in the building of fortifications and forts in the Highlands and in their defense. He was Justice of Peace for many years.

He held the friendship of Governor George Clinton and General George Washington.

In his diary for May 1781, General Washington mentions the fact that he was the guest at the house of Col. VanDerBurgh May 18 while on a trip to New England and again on his return May 25 making note of the pleasure these visits gave him and of the fine hospitality of his host. Helena had given birth to a son the night before, and Washington named him, (George Washington VanDerBurgh) and gave him his silver knee buckles for his name. When Washington stayed there, at night they kept his horse in the basement in the slaves' quarters so that it would not be stolen by the Tories (This report from Old Deyon, a slave who refused to take her freedom when they were set free).

Also entertained in his home were Rochambeau and LaFayette. On one of LaFayette's visits, while out riding, LaFayette remarked that the country looked much like his farm in France (LaGrange), due to this the area became known as LaGrangeville, later shortened to LaGrange.

Once during the war when the Colonel was ill, the Tories attempted to capture him but Helena barricaded the door with a heavy bedstead and with the help of the slaves defended him so well that they gave up the fight. The Colonel furnished much of the equipment for the regiment. The muskets were stored in the attic of the old house for years and the younger children often played with them.

One interesting note, Col. James' brother Henry held important offices in Dutchess County under the Colonial Government and at the beginning of the Revolution was Justice of the Inferior court. His sympathies were strongly Loyalist and remained so. He used his "best endeavors to suppress the rebels in their evil designs." He was arrested, placed on board a prison ship lying in the Hudson River, from which he escaped after three months. He lived in the woods for some time but was forced to surrender due to "age and infirmities".

Colonel VanDerBurgh, like his father and brother, was a strong adherent to the Church of England.

Col. James died 4 April 1794. his gravestone bears a Masonic emblem which shows that he was a member of that order. His wife, Helena Clark, who survived him twenty-six years is buried beside him in the family burying ground at Poughquag.

#### 5. JAMES VANDERBURGH, JR.

James Vanderburg, Jr. was born 26 Oct. 1759 in Beckman (now Beacon), Dutchess County, NY. He married first Jane Rosecrans. Their children were:

- i. Polly (never married)
- ii. Phoebe married Dr. House
- iii. James III
- iv. Henry born in Poukeepsie, Dutchess Co. NY

James married second Margaret (Polly) Jessup. Their children were:

- i. Jane m. Sylvanus Caulkiins
- ii. *Lewis J.* b. 18 Aug 1806, d. 15 Sept 1863 Webbs Mills, Chemung Co., NY, m. (1) Salome Smith 10 Dec 1831, d. 25 June 1842, and (2) Desire Cady 7 Oct 1844.
- iii. Caroline m. Jesse Maxfield
- iv. Clarence Federal b. Nov 1813, m. Sarah Maxfield

James Jr. appeared in Columbia County court on 4 Feb 1834 (age 75 yrs) to make application for pension provided for by congress in 1832 for those who served in the Revolutionary War. At that time he was a resident of the town of Austerlitz, Columbia County, NY. He states that he enlisted for a period of nine months in the army at Beekman, Dutchess Co., NY, on April 1776, as a private in the company commanded by Capt.; John Durling. Shortly after he joined Col. Cornelius Humphrey's Regiment and George Clinton's Brigade at Fort Montgomery. His primary work there was in construction of the fort. He recollects returning home in January 1777, crossing the Hudson on ice.

On 15 Sept 1778 he enlisted for three months under Capt. Israel Vail. They were organized at his father's inn and marched to White Plains joining with either Col. Livingstone's or Col. VanRenselaer's regiment, camping 8 or 9 miles from Fort Independence, then in possession of the enemy. On the offensive,, while climbing a steep

hill, a party of British arose in front of them from behind a stone wall where they had lain concealed. They engaged in battle and when the British fled, James discovered he had taken a musket ball in his leg. He recovered and served the remainder of his term.

After the war he lived in the town of Fishkill NY about 15 years, in Beekman NY 2 years, City of Hudson NY about 7 years, Hillsdale NY about 5 years, Schaghticoke 1 year, Milton 4 years and the remainder of the time in Austerlitz.

James Vanderburgh, Jr. died 21 Aug 1841, having lived his last years with his son Clarence.

#### 6. LEWIS J. VANDERBURGH

Lewis Vanderburgh was born 18 Aug 1806 and married (1) Salome Smith b. 3 Feb 1812, d. 25 June 1842. Their children were:

- i. Celia b. 7 Nov 1832, m. James M. Cady
- ii. Mary Jane b. 9 Oct 1840, m. Uriah Ferguson  
Salome died 25 June 1842.  
On 7 Oct. 1844 he married (2) Desire Cady dau. of Abijah and Sabra Knapp Cady, b. 7 Sept 1818 in NY. They had four children:

- i. Alma b. 8 Jan 1847, m. \_\_\_\_ Thompson, d. 1 June 1922
- ii. George D. b. 9 Sept 1851
- iii. *Lester Clarence* b. 18 Jan 1855, Chemung Co., NY, m. Jennie E. Hiserodt 30 Dec 1886
- iv. Alida Helen b. 30 Aug 1857, m. Wm. O. Price, d. Nov 1942  
Lewis was a Shoemaker by trade. In April of 1879 he enlisted into Capt. Benjamin Noxon's Co. to secure and guard the military command of his father. He served in this manner for about three years. He died in Webbs Mill, town of Southport, Chemung Co., NY on 15 Sept 1863. Desire died 4 Dec 1912 in Richburg, Allegany Co. NY. Both are buried in Webbs Mills Cemetery, NY.

#### 7. LESTER C. VANDERBURG

Lester was born 18 Jan 1855 in Elmira, Chemung Co, NY. He married 30 Dec 1886 Jennie Mariette (Etta) Hiserodt b 5 Nov 1857, Milledgeville, Carroll Co., IL, dau of Edward Dorr and Elizabeth Chatfield Hiserodt. Their children were:

- i. Velma J. b. 18 Oct 1891, Cushing Nebraska, m. Jessie R. Ozias May 1917
- ii. Clarence Raymond b. 6 Sept 1893, m. Hilda A. Richards 11 May 1916
- iii. *Elton Dorr* b. 1 Jan 1896, Fullerton CA, m. (1) Dorothy Rose 1 May 1918 (2) Ruby Crill 23 Oct 1973 d. 12 February 1979, Lebanon, OR  
The following information from the "Historical and Biographical Record of Southern

California, 1902", reveal much about the life and character of Lester Vanderburg. "When but eight years of age he was deprived of the care and counsel of his father, and from the time that he was nine, he has earned his own living. When 13 years of age Lester went to Potter Co, PA . . . and for nearly 4 years he was employed by David Raymond, one of the prominent farmers and large land owners of that county. He then returned to NY and spent two years in farming and working in a saw mill in Broome, Chenlango, and Courtland counties, and then returned to Potter County PA, and resumed work with his former employer. . . In 1877, he started for Nebraska, and for many years following lived in Greeley and Howard Counties. There he carried on large general farming and stock-raising enterprises... In 1894 [he] came to California. For a time he lived in Fullerton, and in 1897 settled on the ranch near that town which it has since been his pleasure to profit and cultivate. He has been very successful with his fifteen-acre ranch, and raises a large crop of walnuts annually. He is prominent in many of the affairs of his locality. . ."

Presently the property on which he farmed is crossed by Chatsworth Blvd in Anaheim. His son Elton purchased 40 acres of land in Anaheim and there planted an Orange grove. That property is now the parking lot of Disneyland.

#### 8. ELTON DORR VANDERBURG

*Elton Vanderburg* was born 1 Jan 1896 in Fullerton, Orange Co., CA. He married *Dorothy Louise Rose*, b. 25 Dec 1899 in New Denver, B.C. Canada, dau of William de Ruchie and *Nellie Wilson Rose*, on 1 May 1918 in Fullerton. Their children were:

- i. Shirley Mae b. 18 Jan 1919, Fullerton Ca, m. Fred W. Morris 17 October 1936, Benton Co., OR
- ii. Wilma Jeanne b. 26 June 1920, Fullerton Ca, m. Orval Cummings 26 June 1936, Corvallis OR, d. 16 August 1965 Kensington, MD (buried Salem OR)
- iii. Audrey Lee b. 19 February 1922 Lancaster, CA m. Millard Orey 2 March 1942, Seattle WA
- iv. *Neil Elton* b. 9 July 1923 Baldwin Park, CA m. Edith Werner 10 June 1945 San Diego, CA
- v. Ruth Evelyn b. 1 January 1925 Ontario, CA m. Lewis Arnold 7 Dec 1947 Lacomb, OR
- vi. Wilson (Bill) Earl b. 6 Oct 1929 Los Angeles, CA (family residing in Antelope Valley at the time of his birth) m. Donna Dallas 1 Sept 1950 Corvallis OR

Shortly after their marriage, Elton served in World War I, Spruce Squadron-130th. His period of enlistment was 29 July 1918 - 12 Dec 1918. After the war he worked for Union Oil Co. as a stock clerk. When the government opened up land for homesteading east of Lancaster he took possession of 320 acres in Antelope Valley while continuing his employment with Union Oil driving a tank truck delivering diesel oil to farmers. During the depression he was told to discontinue deliveries to any farmer who was unable to pay, but in the middle of the growing season and knowing that without the oil they could not harvest their crops, he did deliver oil to some unable to pay and it cost him his job.

Meanwhile, the family worked hard to develop a farm in the desert. Concrete blocks were made by hand and dried in the sun to build their home in 1928-29. They raised cows, chickens and turkeys. Farming was accomplished only after the arduous tasks of clearing the land and grading it to an angle so that flood irrigation was possible. Water was pumped from a well of about 60 feet by a Hudson motor and flat belt. In addition, the land had to be secured from jackrabbits. The cost of fenceposts and chickenwire and the work of preparing the land limited the area that they were able to farm to 5 or 6 acres. When son Neil was nine years old he was given a 22 rifle and the task of keeping the jackrabbits out of the field. Even with the chickenwire he would kill 15-20 jackrabbit inside of the fence each morning before breakfast. With very limited resources, the younger of these jackrabbits also became a source of food. The younger ones would be soaked in vinegar 12 hours to remove their strong flavor, older ones were discarded due to possibility of disease.

Many of the farmers of the area went bankrupt during the depression and left their homes in the desert. The abandoned orchards also provided for the Vanderburgs. They would remove the back seat from their car and fill the car with fruit. They dried the fruit on window screens placed on the roof of their houses.

In 1933-34, Elton worked as a foreman of the WPA (Roosevelt's Work Project Administration) and then in the CCC's (Conservation Corps).

In February of 1935 Elton traded his farm in Antelope Valley for a 128 acre farm on Berry Creek in Arlie, OR. Those people working in government programs such as WPA and CCC were not allowed to save money, as the object of these programs was to stimulate the economy, but Dorothy had put away a little money, stuffed into a cloves can, and that was all they had when they left for Oregon in their 1923 Dodge truck.

An FHA loan provided funds to buy cows, horses and equipment for farming in Oregon. The whole family worked hard to get through the depression. While at Berry Creek they all picked beans and hops. A basket of hops netted 25 cents and if one of them picked 4 baskets in a day, they received 5 cents for candy on the way home, the rest went into family funds. The milk from their ten head of cattle brought in \$10-20/month and they boarded the school bus driver for \$30/month. The farm on Berry Creek, along with many other farms, was taken over by the government for military training maneuvers early in the war effort. The Vanderburgs moved their livestock across Soap Creek and McDonald forest onto a farm on Oak Creek, west of Corvallis. After a short time they moved to Lacombe where Elton went to work at a sawmill and Neil began to do much of the farming.

In 1950 Elton and Dorothy moved to Lebanon where Elton was employed.

Elton was an avid fisherman and he and Dorothy along with the extended families all enjoyed camping and fishing in Elton's retirement years.

Dorothy, along with Elton, were very active members in the Lebanon First Baptist Church. Dorothy was gifted with creative talent which she used in oil painting (oils are signed "Lois"), ceramics, knitting and other handcrafts. Known as "Muzzy" or "Muz" to her children and grandchildren, she was once honored as Oregon's "Mother of the Year". Dorothy

died on 28 Feb 1966 in Lebanon and was buried in Willamette National Cemetery in Portland, Or.

On 23 Oct 1973 Elton married Ruby Crill. He died from cancer on 12 Feb 1979.

9. Neil Vanderburg

He was born 9 July 1923 in Baldwin Park, Ca. On 10 June 1945, In San Diego CA, he married Edith Charlotte Werner, dau of Carl and Helen Christina Olson Werner. She was born 9 April 1925 in Norfolk, VA. They had six children:

- i. Joyce Ellen b. 1 Aug 1946 San Diego CA, m. Thomas W. Commons 28 June 1969. They had one adopted daughter, Laurilee Ann b. 21 May 1973 d. 1 May 1986 Died of injuries resulting from early childhood kidnapping and beating.
- ii. Carol Ann b. 6 November 1947 La Mesa CA, m. Duane Bolster 17 July 1976, Portland, OR. Their children are Brian Alan b. 30 Sept 1977, Lisa Marie 15 July 1980 and Julie Ann b. 28 July 1983.
- iii. David Neil b. 22 May 1951 Chula Vista Ca, m. (1) Marta Carnegie 14 July 1979 Corvallis OR, one child Nathan David b. 20 March 1983 (2) Tina Giddens 6 April 1991, Independence OR.
- iv. Mary Alice b. 16 Aug 1953 National City Ca, m. Jack Ray Stone 10 Aug 1974. Their children are: Anna Christine b. 5 Nov 1976 and Peter John b. 9 Aug. 1979.
- v. Pauline Helen b. 9 Feb 1958 Corvallis OR, m. Douglas Houck 18 March 1979, Corvallis OR Their children are: Jessica Grace 28 Oct 1983 d. 16 Nov 1983, Micah Stephen b. 17 Dec 1986, and Rachel Elizabeth b. 7 Feb 1990.
- vi. Dawn Marie b. 8 Dec 1959 Corvallis OR, m. Kenneth Winokur 28 Aug 1982 Corvallis OR. Their children are Benjamin James b. 21 June 1985 and Josiah David b. 27 April 1987.

Neil began farming as a teenager, renting a farm with a two bedroom house in which his family lived. From the proceeds of this farm he bought a Ferguson tractor and plow and in addition to his own farm he used his equipment working on neighboring farms earning enough to eventually purchase his own farm at which time his family moved there with him. He quit high school in order to keep up with his farming which included milking 27 head of cows morning and night.

In 1941 he went back to school and obtained his diploma. Always interested in mechanics, when the government began training people for the war effort, he joined an auto mechanics night school and upon completion was recommended to the Marine Air Force. In 1944 he deeded his farm over to his father and joined the Marines.

While in the Marine corps he met Edith and was married. He was stationed at El Toro, CA and was occupied in overhauling F4U fighter planes, the fastest planes in the world at the time. They were torn down completely and everything was overhauled including the machine guns. Another part of the job was "Parker luberizing" a bluing process to cut down

on sun reflection.

After the war, Neil opened "Van's Auto Body Shop" in San Diego. Wishing to return to Oregon, in 1955 they moved to Corvallis. He purchased 40 acres located 10 miles south of Corvallis bordering the Willamette River. Over the next 30 years his farm was his hobby, where he raised alfalfa, cattle, and his family. His full-time job was as a millwright at Brand-S plywood mill though he was usually involved in additional ventures such as an insulation business, house painting, and auto body repair. Edith worked many years as a computer key punch operator for Oregon State University.

Edith retired in 1978 and Neil in 1980. They began travelling, spending winters in Arizona where they enjoy warmth, friendship, and rockhounding. In 1989 they sold their farm in Corvallis and moved to Independence, OR.

- Mary Vanderburg Stone  
Corvallis, Oregon  
April, 1994



Neil Vanderburg and sister, Shirley Morris, on Appleton Street in Gleneden (now Glendale), California, 1944. When Neil first joined the Marines, he "had a 46-inch chest and a 30-inch waist and weighed 205 pounds. The Marines sure liked to get the loggers from the northwest."



## Appendix B. Bucking Timber On The Siletz In 1943

*Neil Vanderburg wrote the following recollection of his timber falling career along the Siletz River in Lincoln County, Oregon.*

The reason that our saw was called a "swede fiddle" was because the work was very hard and a lot of Swedes came out to the northwest to work in the woods. The men came from Minnesota and other states that were logged out. In the early days of logging they wanted to get the trees off of the ground so they could farm it. I have been back in Minnesota and seen where the logging barons have logged and not reseeded, or left the ground with seed trees to replant it. When you see the way they did it back east you can see why people from back there are so concerned with the clear cutting out here. They don't realize that we are replanting with hybrid trees that are going to make lumber much faster than the trees that were native to this country. Even so, with seed trees there is a lot of timber that has regrown that I helped cut that is a lot bigger than it was when we cut it originally.

Well, I got off in another direction than I originally intended to go. Back to the big Swedes. I worked in the woods in 1943 before I went into the Marines. I worked for Werner Timber Co. out of Cutler City, which is part of Lincoln City now. We had to leave the office at 4:00 in the morning to go up the Siletz River until we got on the west side of Valsetz. We would get up to the landing, which was as far as the crummie (an old six-cylinder Dodge bus) went. We would get to the landing at about 8 o'clock in the morning.

We figured that we carried about 120 pounds of tools on our backs. We carried our lunches and a one-gallon canteen on long straps that would go over our shoulder and hang at or a little above the waist. We carried a seven-foot bucking saw with a handle on it. We carried two bucking wedges. Everything was steel then, they hadn't invented plastic yet. They were carried on a rope with a six-pound maul on the other side to balance them. We carried a double bit ax. One side of the ax was sharp enough to shave with. If you were doing any falling, all of the under cuts were cut with the ax. You asked Donald how we cut the limbs off. We used the duller side of the ax for that as well as for cutting brush around the cut to make a place to stand. After we ate lunch each day we would talk and sharpen our ax.

We carried an oil bottle with us to lubricate our saw, and if we got into a pitchy tree, to wash the pitch off; it had diesel in it. It was made out of an old ketchup or wine bottle. It had a hook wired to it with fine wire wrapped around it several times to hold the hook solid. The hook was used to hook the bottle on the tree close to the cut. We had to be careful that we didn't run out of oil before quitting time or it really slowed you down.

Then we carried an under cutter. That was a piece of flat metal with a roller with grooves in it so we could put the saw on it upside down so we could cut up from under the bottom of the log. We used the under cutter if a log was laying with one end up in the air to keep from splitting it. We also had to build a stand for it to come down on to keep from splitting the log.

This was beautiful old growth timber about three foot in diameter on the stump. I cut one tree up there that had 14,000 feet in it. I almost got fired one time when my legging slipped out and I split a log that was about 30 inches across and 16 feet long. The boss said that log was worth almost \$200.

A man ran the saw all by himself. For several reasons: one being that as often as not one side of the cut would roll down the hill and the log would roll over you, if you were on the bottom side. On the bigger trees the end of the saw would go into the tree so you couldn't have a handle out there. Also, when we got down close to the bottom of the cut we would saw with the end of the saw, so if we got into the dirt we just dulled the end few teeth. You can't do that with a chain saw. We only got two sharp saws a week, so when the time was about half up you put the handle on the other end and had a sharp saw again.

We got paid by the thousand so this job separated the men from the boys. When I went into the Marines I had a 46-inch chest and a 30-inch waist and weighed 205 pounds. The Marines sure liked to get the loggers from the northwest.

As to where the big Swedes went, that is three generations back and they are all mixed up with other nationalities.

- Neil Vanderburg  
Independence, Oregon  
December, 1990

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