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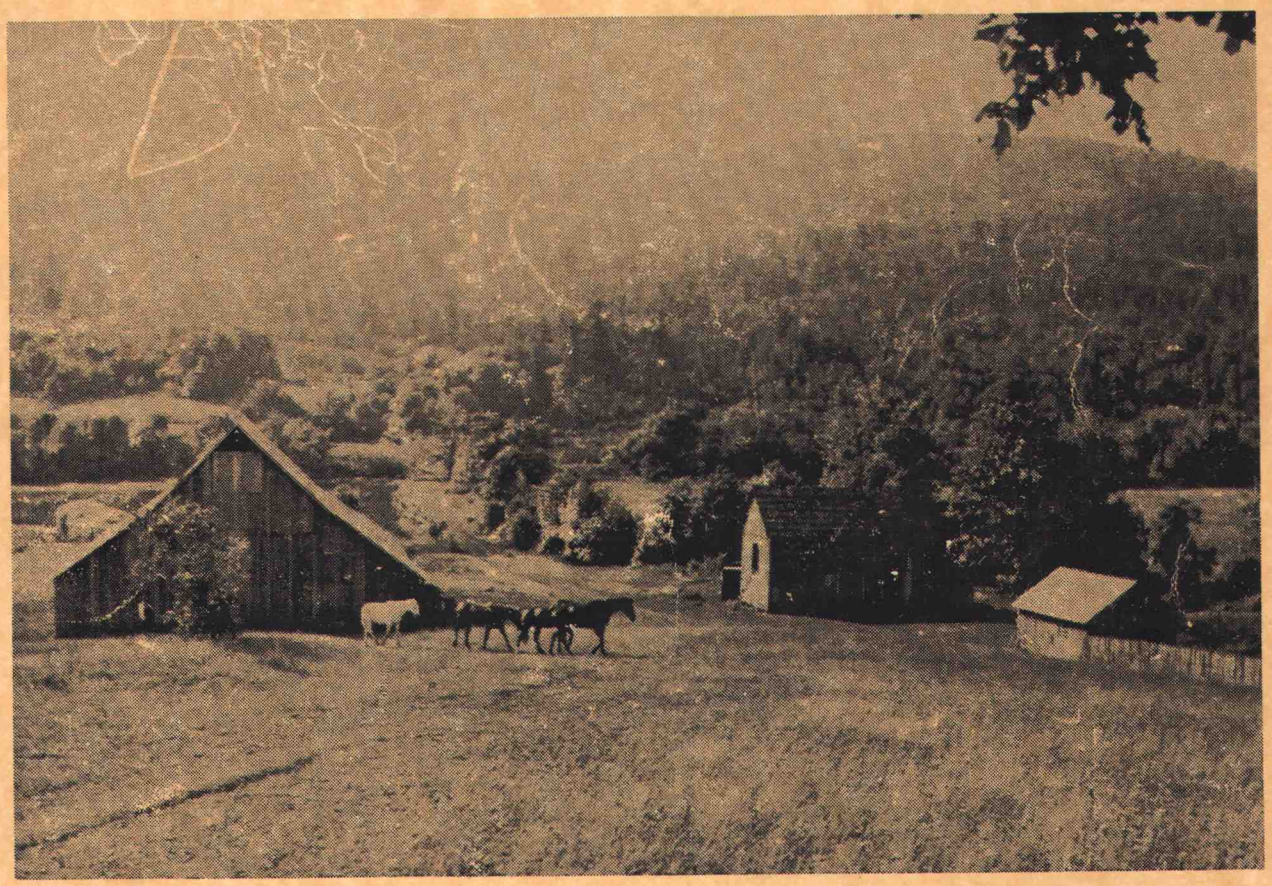
A History of the Carter Family and the Town of Wells

Benton County, Oregon: 1845 - 1941

Oral History Interviews by
Bob Zybach



Soap Creek Valley History Project
OSU Research Forests
Monograph # 10
1994

OSU RESEARCH FORESTS
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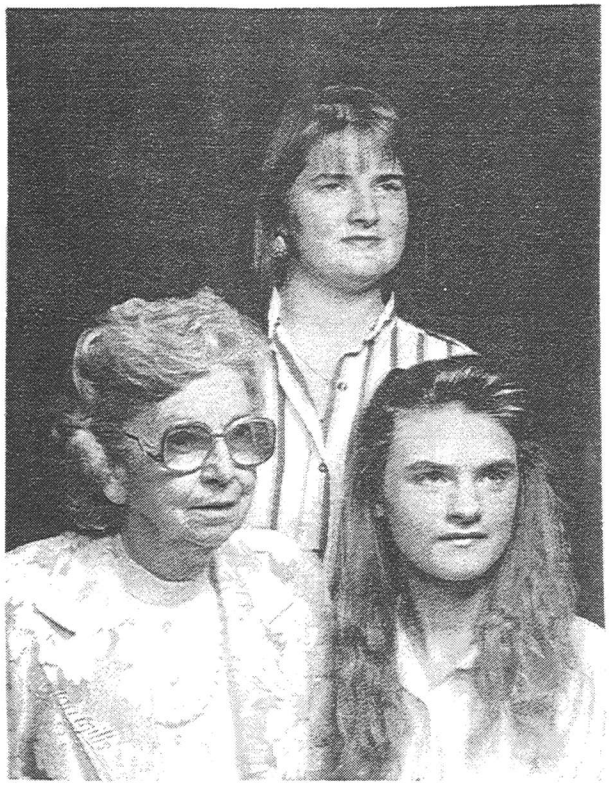

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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

Lisa Buschman, former OSU Research Forests secretary, transcribed recordings to computer files and assisted with draft editing, formatting, and indexing. Holly Behm Losli, 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. 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: Velma Carter Rawie and her two granddaughters, Tonya Rawie and Traci Rawie. Mrs. Rawie's oral history outlines the story of six generations of this Benton County pioneer family, between 1846 and 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 directly 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 a few 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 monographs has been undertaken in an effort to make them available to resource managers, researchers and educators. An additional use is accurate and available references for a planned written history of the area.

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

The Soap Creek history is being assembled from the written and spoken words of the people who made it and lived it. The use of 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 her great granddaughter, Velma Rawie, to be systematically searched and organized. The index of this monograph is an example of the applied use of the file.

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

SOAP CREEK VALLEY LOCATION MAP

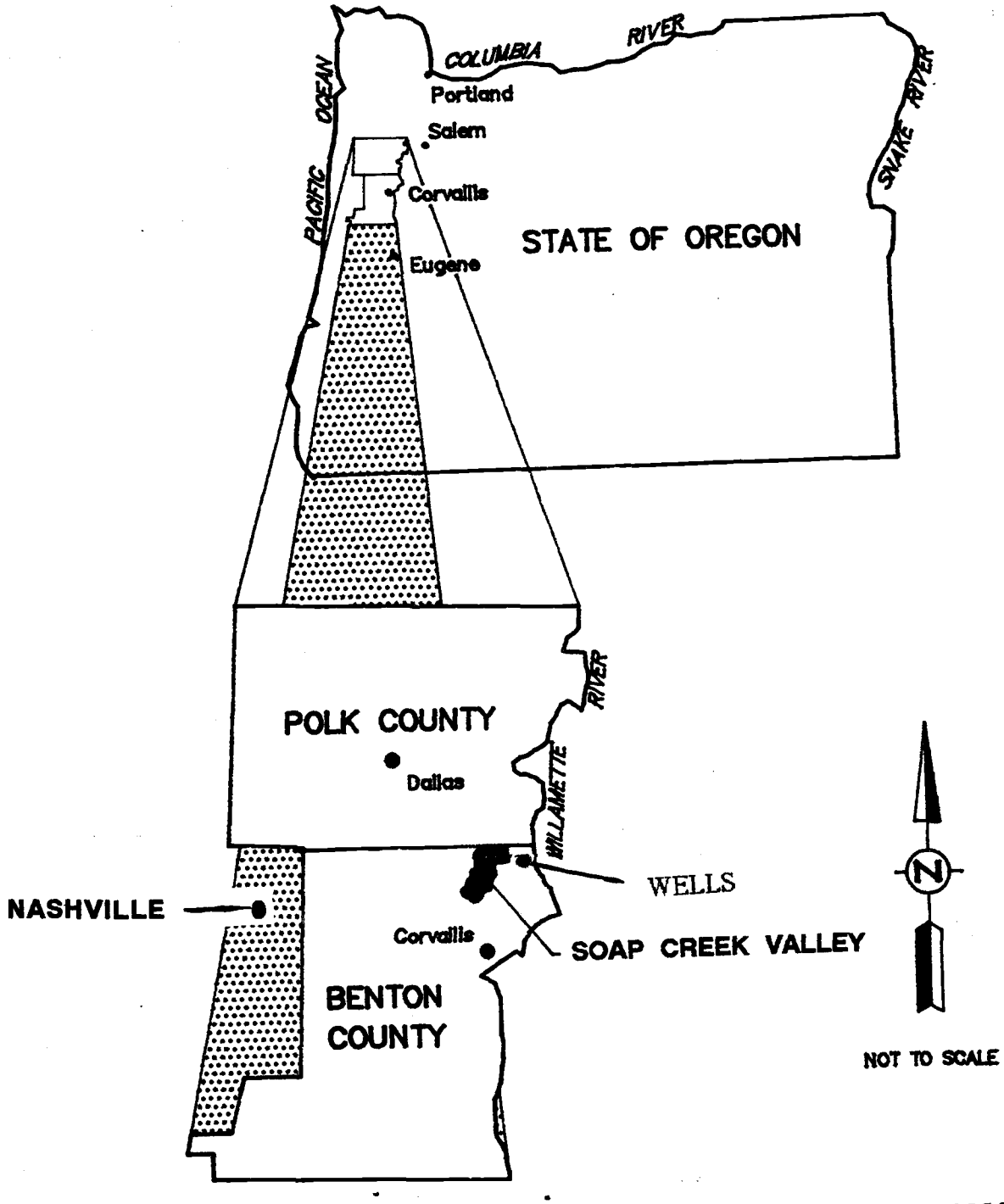
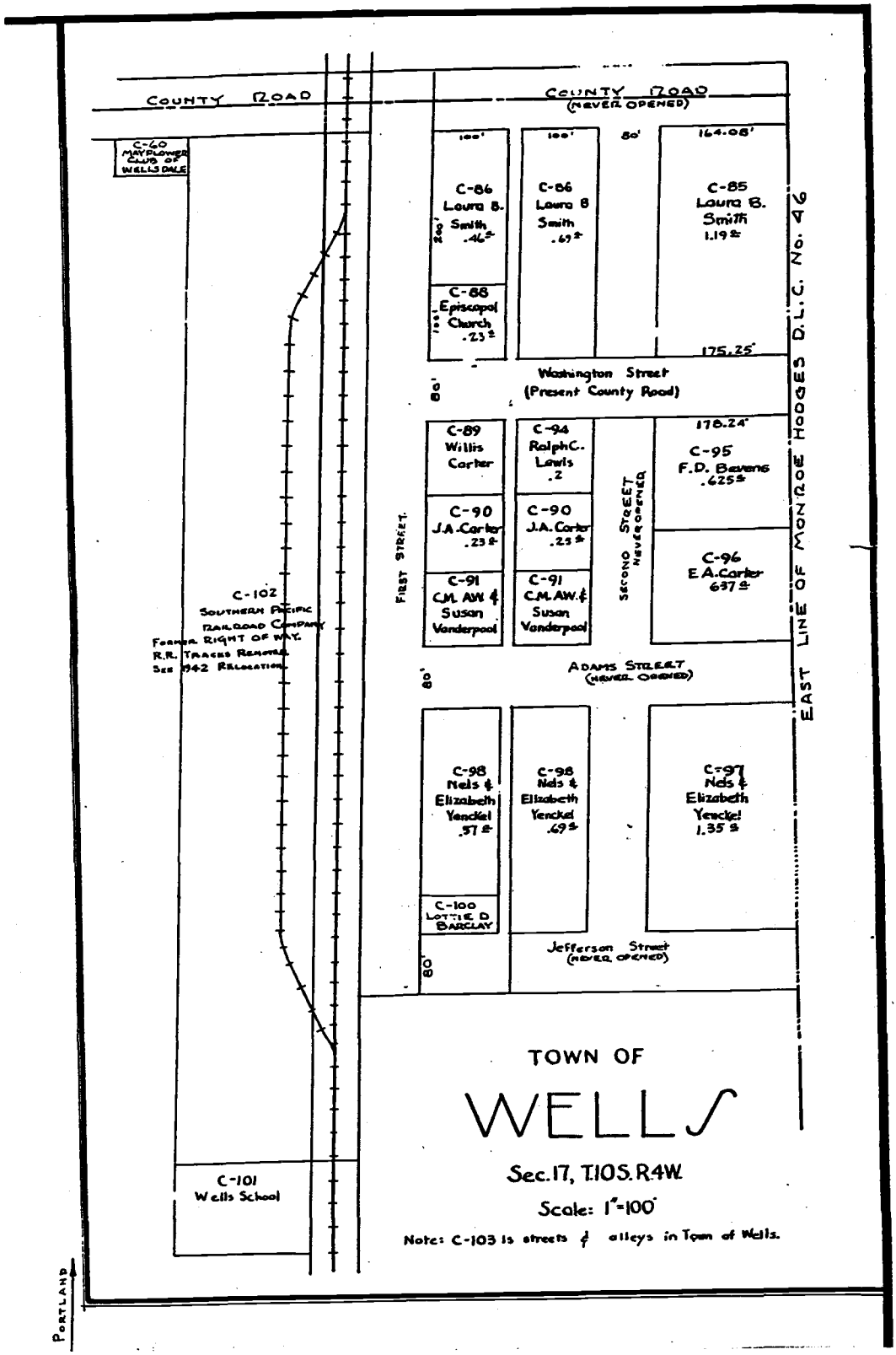


Fig. XIII. 1993 Western Oregon Location Map (Zybach 1993a: 4)



This map of Wells, Oregon was printed on February 1, 1942 by the U.S. Army Engineers War Department, shortly after the town had been occupied by the U.S. Army. The map shows the names of the town's landowners immediately prior to the federal government acquisition and subsequent civilian evacuation of the area.

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INTRODUCTION

Velma Rawie is a third-generation descendent of an interesting and influential Benton County pioneer family. She is also one of the few remaining former residents of Wells, Oregon. Wells was a Coffin Butte-area farming community in northern Benton County that became a ghost town almost overnight, in 1941. Mrs. Rawie's story--which details the circumstances surrounding the arrival and settlement of the Tolbert Carter family near the future site of Wells, beginning in 1846, and the demise of the town at the beginning of World War II--were recorded and partially indexed and edited in the comfort of her attractive Corvallis home. Her current house is just a short distance from where she and her husband, Ralph Rawie, operated a dairy farm and raised their two sons in the years that followed the war.

Mrs. Rawie is an extremely personable and cooperative person, and displayed an admirable amount of patience during the three and a half years it took to complete this project. As one of the few remaining members of the Carters and of Wells, she often expressed her interest in keeping the memories of these important facets of Benton County (and Oregon) history "alive" and making certain that the recorded details were "as accurate as possible." I believe that readers of this oral history will agree that she has accomplished both objectives very well. This document provides a solid foundation for others to build upon, whether five years from now, or 50 years. Her family's story is an important one, and spans the entire time of Benton County's existence, beginning with its creation in 1847.

Of particular interest to students of pioneer Oregon history is Tolbert Carter's tale of the hardships endured during the 1846 construction of the southern route of the Oregon Trail (also known as the "South Road" and as the "Applegate Trail"). Appendix B is a reprinting of his account as it first appeared over 90 years ago in the "Transactions of the Oregon Pioneer Association." Appendix C is the final portion of Carter's memoir which--so far as known--is printed here for the first time. Apparently this conclusion to Carter's original document was lost or misplaced after his death in 1899, and was subsequently left out of the Oregon Pioneer Association publication. Its printing here adds an important chapter to our understanding of local history.

Finally, no history of early 1900s Benton County should be considered complete without mention of Martha Angeline Bileui "Grandma" Carter, the Wells matriarch (and wife of Tolbert Carter) whose fame grew to a statewide level during the latter years of her life. A newspaper accounting of her 100th birthday party in 1934 is included as the last appendix to this document. This history is an accurate (at least as accurate as human memory and newspaper accountings will allow) attempt to keep the legacy of the pioneer Carter family and the story of Wells, Oregon "alive" and well. Whatever success is achieved in these endeavors can be credited to Mrs. Velma Carter Rawie. It has been a pleasure to work with her, and I think it will be almost as pleasant--and as informative--for future readers and researchers to listen to what she has to say.

Bob Zybach
Corvallis, Oregon
September 18, 1994

This photograph of the new family car was taken with mother Rose Carter behind the steering wheel. Father Pearl Carter is sitting on the running board to the far left (his hat appears just under his wife's hands). Other family members include Uncle Mox (E. A. Carter), his wife, Anna Carter, his son, Lyle Carter, a cousin, Nellie White, Seth White, Aunt Mattie Carter Tomlinson, and Grandma Williamson.

March 19, 1991 Interview

The following interview was conducted by Bob Zybach at the home of Velma Carter Rawie in Corvallis, Oregon.

1. Family Photographs

I'm Velma Rawie and my parents were Elmer Pearl Carter, and Rose Elizabeth Carter. I am the great granddaughter of Tolbert and Martha Angeline Carter, who were . . . came out in 1845 I believe it was and settled on a Donation Land Claim in the Palestine . . . The area that is called Palestine where the old Palestine cemetery and church is.

The first question I'd like to ask is did any stories of the Oregon Trail, crossing the Oregon Trail, come through your family?

The closest thing that I have to crossing the Oregon Trail was in a report made by my great grandfather at one of the conventions for the Oregon Pioneers Association and he gave a report of some of the trials and tribulations they had crossing the plains.

You have a copy there?

I have a copy of it.

Okay. Would you mind if we made of copy of that and maybe put it as an appendix to this interview? [See Appendix B]

I would be happy for you to do that, and as I say, I have two other copies of this so I would like to have this one back but, it's not quite as important that I get it back.

I guarantee that you will get it back.

But it tells a lot about the family and arriving in this part of the country. The Applegate Trail and whatnot; a lot of it. It's really interesting reading.

Okay. Do you know the history of your family before they came to the states?

I really don't.

This is the earliest that you know?

Yes. My mother especially, because my father died at fifty seven, he was very

young when he died, and my mother was . . . she didn't like the old fashioned stuff. Well she just didn't have any antique furniture or anything because when the modern waterfall furniture came out that was what she wanted. Even at ninety three she was a very modern person. By modern I don't mean wild and woolly, she liked new things.

Was it your grandma that lived to be 102?

My great grandmother.

Great grandmother.

Great grandmother that lived to be 102.

Would she be the wife of . . .

She was the wife of Tolbert Carter and her name was Martha Angeline.

Can you remember Tolbert ?

I don't remember Tolbert. He died . . . Oh, but the biggest thrill was to go to my great grandmother's on Sunday afternoon. Of course we didn't get to go to the parlor very often. But we always basically lived . . . in the kitchen

Why didn't you go in the parlor?

Well, you know in those days parlors weren't for the kids to play in. That was where the nice ladies were. Their home was out by Palestine church and cemetery.

What do you remember about her?

Well, the thing that always . . . that I am amused about is in those days we had rural telephones, you know, the crank telephones on the wall, and her easy chair was right by the telephone. It didn't make any difference whose ring came on the telephone, Grandma picked up the receiver and if she didn't get it she'd say, "What's that you say?"

[Laughter]

Everybody expected her. They knew Grandma Carter was on the line, on anybody's phone, but they just took it for granted. After all, at a 103 I guess you could listen if you wanted to.

So everybody was . . .

Everybody was . . . they might not have liked it but nobody objected to it.

[Laughter]

It's pretty hard to get mad at a 103 year old lady.

Yeah, uh huh. And she was really active up until her death you might say. She packed her water from the spring, she didn't have hot and cold water and one of her sons, Perry [Carter], lived right next door to her home. And uh . . . as I say, she was slightly built and she got more slightly built as time went on. People had the tendency to . . . they get a little more stooped although she wasn't really a stooped person.

Uh huh.

But she was . . . I wish I had some pictures but then you wouldn't be interested . .

Oh, I'm definitely interested in pictures!

I will have to get . . . I fixed up a scrap book of pictures for both of my sons . . . of the old pictures of my great grandma.

Uh huh. I'd be very interested . . .

Is that [recorder] on? I'm gonna go get it. [Retrieves scrapbook]

Would it be possible for me to make copies of these?

Yeah.

Okay. You can see that I am pretty slow about returning pictures, but I return them in good shape.

I do have extras, but I don't . . . I just got these not to long ago and I haven't put them in my kids scrapbooks yet, but you could take them.

[Looking at family photos] Now what was her maiden name?

Bileui. B-i-l-e-u-i. Let me check it to make sure. Martha Bileui.

Now did she come out in 1845 also?

Uh huh.

On the same train?

Mr. [Tolbert] Carter was born in Missouri, November 6, 1825, of English ancestry. In early life he moved to Illinois and started from Morgan county in that state to Oregon in March of 1846. He was married to Mrs. Martha Angeline Bileui on August 13, 1852. So they were married . . . apparently her family was coming across on the plains at the same time.

Uh huh.

I don't know that, but they weren't married until '52 which would be six years later. But then of course they didn't come out over night like we did too. They could have gotten married along the way someplace.

Now, her family, did they settle in this area also?

I have no recollection of ever knowing any of Grandma's family.

So would you suppose . . .

And if there were any . . . I don't remember any Bileuis. I'm sorry but I am just at a loss there. I just have no idea.

Would your kids ever talk with her? Would she tell you stories of the old days?

Um. Not more than what I heard from my own grandparents. I was more interested when I went to her house to see her pretty pieces of cut glass and that sort of things. I have the chair that crossed the plains. . . I have some of her cut glass from what I call "Horn of plenty" and it hung on the parlor wall with two blue satin ribbons and whatnot. And I have that glass.

Would it be like a cornucopia?

Like a cornucopia, but it was cut glass.

How many children did they have?

Tolbert . . . [inaudible] my grandpa, Johnny Carter . . . Perry, uncle Virgil.. [another son of Tolbert's, Elvin Carter, moved to Washington state & never lived around here. VCR]. Mary married a Hodges . . .Clara married a Taylor . . . I think that that would be it [inaudible].

Would that be the Locke Cemetery?

No, out at the Palestine Cemetery.

Oh, at the Palestine Cemetery.

Yeah, none of my family is buried out here at the Locke Cemetery. We were farther north. We were really out in the country.

Now that brings up the question was the main town other than Wells . . . if you went to town would it be like to Salem or to . . .

Albany. Albany or Corvallis, but Albany was more of a farmer's town. We very seldom came to Corvallis. We went to Albany every Saturday to buy our

groceries, but it was only . . . it was rare, I don't remember coming to Corvallis as a kid like I did going to Albany. And mother would go and do the grocery shopping and whatnot and my dad loved automobiles. Whenever a new car came out he had one and he spent time going to dealers in Albany, you know, I mean they weren't like dealers today, to look at the cars and to B.S., so to speak, to the car salesmen. They all knew him and things weren't like they are now when I was growing up. I mean everyone knew everybody pretty much. And then my grandfather, Johnny Carter, had just three children and that was . . . This is my grandfather, Johnny, and his wife Mary and this was my father and my uncle who's . . . His name is Eston Avery Carter but he was "Mox," uncle Mox. M-o-x.

He's the one who lived by Coffin Butte?

Uh huh.

Okay.

And this is my aunt who married a Tomlinson.

And that is your father?

That is my father.

What is his name?

Elmer Pearl.

Elmer Pearl. And where did he get the name Pearl?

I don't know, but I've got it to. I'm Velma Pearl.

Ah. Would that be from her family?

I don't know of any other Pearls that I've never heard in our family except for dad and me.

Uh huh.

He never went by Elmer. He always went by Pearl or E.P. Carter. He was E.P., all his signatures . . . he never signed any other . . . and he had beautiful handwriting.

I've heard people refer to Pearl Carter so . . . ?

He was Pearl Carter.

Now this is your . . . ?

This is my grandmother.

What was her name?

Her name was Mary Williamson.

So she was a Williamson?

She was a Williamson.

Do you recall who her parents were?

Yes. They were just Grandma and Grandpa Williamson.

Oh, so they were still alive when you were young.

Oh yeah. Uh huh, and she had lots of brothers and sisters. They lived more down in the Rickreall - Salem area.In fact, Grandma . . . in her family . . . she was married, my grandpa and her were married early, I mean while she was quite young.

How old was she then?

About 15 or 16 and she . . . when her family had a family portrait taken one time, my granddad was in that same family portrait.In fact, I have the picture of that if you want to turn that off for a minute.

Okay. [Turned off recorder]

. . . dresser in the bedroom back there that I have nothing but old family portraits. This is my grandma and grandpa.

Williamson?

Williamson. Great Grandma and Grandpa Williamson.

Now they crossed the Oregon Trail too?

Yes, apparently they did, but I don't know anything about the route they took or anything like that. But this is my grandmother and this is Grandpa [Carter].

So he got in on the Williamson family portrait?

But this is the Williamson family portrait.

Ah ha. [Laughter] He's like one of the family maybe?

Well I think so. As I say she was quite young, and I think they might have . . . I don't know for sure but I think that they might have lived with Grandma, Great Grandma and Grandpa, for awhile after they were married.

If they lived in Rickreall, do you recall any of the family names there? Like say Nathaniel Ford? Did they ever mention the Ford family?

No, I'm not sure that Grandma and Grandpa, Great Grandma and Grandpa . . . but I have an uncle Jesse. Let's see, this is Uncle Jesse Williamson. He lived in Rickreall. In fact, I think that their son still lives in Rickreall and his name is Arms, Roscoe Arms. This is Aunt Lizzy. They lived in Salem and her husband's name was Edgar. [Inaudible] This was grandmother's youngest brother and he was a handsome gentleman. Even as he got older he had lots of curly hair. Isn't that funny how I never thought about that but I can remember when Uncle Gussy come to visit. We kids all looked at him like he must be really someone special because he was always dressed nice and stuff. This is beside the point of interest, but that's my mother and myself.

Oh, this is a nice picture of . . .

This is me here.

You're the baby in the picture?

Yeah. And my parents were this girl's guardian and raised her. They had her four years before I was born. My mother's half-brother was a blind person and his wife died when she - I call her my sister because we were brought up as sisters - was born. And since Uncle George was blind he couldn't take care of her so my mother and dad were appointed her guardian and raised her and they had never had any children which happens many times. After they had had her for four years I came along.

Oh. Were you the only child?

And I'm the only child basically, but Bess and I were brought up as sisters.

You sure were a pretty baby.

Oh well, my mother did all the sewing of course. These are all mother's sewing made all these clothes for Bess and I. And my sister lives in Vancouver, Washington. We were brought up as sisters although she always went by her dad's name, Bessie Price, but my parents were her Mom and Dad. She called them mom and dad.

Was your mother then a Price?

My mother was a Price from out in the Kings Valley area. You've probably heard the Price name from out in that area.

Yeah. Price Perkin. Do you know her parents names? Your grandparents Price?

Now let me think a minute. You better turn that off a minute [inaudible]. I'm related to an awful lot of people in Benton county. Of course, both of my parents were from Benton county or Polk county, which joins. On mother's birth certificate it just says Polk county. It doesn't say Kings Valley or anything it just says Polk county.

So she was born in Kings Valley?

Yeah. Uh huh.

You mentioned her cousin Anson Price who lives on Maxfield Creek Road. If you went to visit him from Wells, how did you go there?

Oh, I don't remember ever going out to visit them when I was a kid. I go to see them now because they're about all the family that is left along that side of the family. The Prices . . . Earl Price died not too many years ago and his mother Rovia Price, . . . You see, there were Anson and Anson's parents (Fred Price) and George, which would be Bess's dad. Great Grandpa Price had those three children and then his wife died and then Grandpa married my grandmother. So my mother and her . . . She had three sisters, four brothers by the second . . . I mean Grandpa Price did by my grandmother. So that was another family. Then my grandmother, after Grandpa Price died, remarried again and moved over to the Lebanon area[1].

Was he still alive when you were young?

Grandpa Price?

Yeah.

No.

So that part of the family moved to Lebanon?

Yes. Uh huh. I never . . . I don't remember that part of the Price family until after I was grown basically.

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[1] My grandfather, Dillard Price married twice. By his first wife he had Fred, Laura and George. George was Bess' father. By his second wife, Rose, he had Portia, Rose (my mother), Harriet, Dillard, Willard, and Ruth. Another child by his second marriage, Lester "Slim" Price died during the Flu Epidemic of 1918. -- VCR.

So you were mostly growing up around Carters and Williamsons . . . ?

Williamsons and Hodges. See, those Donation Land Claims were all taken out together, Hodges and up in the Palestine area.

The Hodges that you were related to, was that Mary . . . ?

That was Mary Carter who married a Hodges. Yeah. H-o-d-g-e-s. And they lived down on what we called River Road, which would be Spring Hill Road. Like from Albany . . . the one out Spring Hill Road . . . out past the golf coarse and you come in Palestine out that way or by Camp Adair coming in from the east to Camp Adair . . . out where the incinerator used to be. That was Spring Hill Road or River Road . . . When we went to Albany, sometimes we'd go River Road just for something different when I was a kid.

So when you were little you always traveled by new car?

Well, we always had . . . We had quite a few new cars, but I remember the old Model T's. We had those too though and what we called Ryal's Hill . . . I can remember a lot of times when we had to get out because they were muddy, dirt roads . . . ruts you know. If it was raining really hard, we'd all have to get out and dad would get a running shot at the hill to make it and now it's no hill at all, but in those days it was a big hill.

What hill is Ryal's Hill?

Well, if you went out to Palestine, you know where the Palestine church and cemetery is . . . Do you from Camp Adair?

Yes.

If you go out here, like from here out to what we called the Granger road, you know where the . . . is it still there . . . where the Northwest Natural Gas have tanks out there. You know where that road is?

Yes.

And you go north. Ryal's Hill would be the first hill that you, basically the first big hill that you come to. [Laughter] But as I say, in those days it was a big hill.

Can you remember any of the landmark names? There's Ryal's Hill, then going towards Palestine Hill, and there's Coffin Butte . . . Can you remember names for say, the hill in back of Peavy Arboretum?

No, I don't remember anything about that at all. I know, of course, where Peavy Arboretum is. But you see, when I was a kid even and we went to town, it was a big deal and we just . . . and there was just the one road. The roads that we think about now, close to Peavy Arboretum, weren't even there.

How about the people that lived in that area? Were they too far away? Like Thomas Reed or Columbus Reed . . . ?

There was a Walter Reed that lived out north of town that built when my parents built a new house, finally, out on the farm. A man by the name of Walter Reed built it, who lives out toward what I call Lewisburg. I remember that. Basically I knew just the people that were close neighbors or relatives in the area.

Now, when you were growing up then, you were living in, we looked at the map . . . just to the east of Coffin Butte. To the east of Highway 99.

East of Highway 99. Between that and where the [Southern Pacific] railroad track run was were we had . . . Part of our farm was on both sides of the railroad track. The railroad run through our farm. But for me to go to grade school, well High school too, I walked to the east of our house and up the railroad tracks to school for eight years and then I walked for four years began to catch the school bus to come in to Corvallis to High school.

Uh huh. How did the school bus run then?

And the school bus then came out to . . . I'm trying to think how it came . . . Anyway, I had to walk up to the store, so to speak, to Grandpa's store, and that's where I met the school bus, and where all of us kids did, basically around there.

2. J. A. Carter's Dry Goods Store

[At] your grandpa . . . the Carter's store . . . ?

My Grandfather Carter's store.

How many people lived in Wells at that time? . . . when you were growing up?

Well let's see . . . Hamen Lewis[2] . . . and it's rather funny. He was an old

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2 Hamen Lewis (1847-?) was reputed to be "The first white child born in Benton County". His father, Hamen C. Lewis was one of the first white landowners in Benton County (See Tolbert Carter's mention of him in Appendix B.). The town of Lewisberg,

John A. Carter, his wife, Mary C. Carter, and their daughter, Martha Ann ("Aunt Mattie") Carter relax on the porch of Carter's Store, c. 1915.

Oregon is named for this family.

hermity-type bachelor. I guess he'd been married. Well I knew he'd been married because he had two sons. But he was kind of a weird old duffer. As a kid that is what I thought. We kids were always kind of warned not to let him get too close to us. But anyway, he had a long beard . . . he looked like a hermit and to us kids . . . But see, my Grandfather's store was the meeting place. We had eight mail trains a day at one time.

So there were eight mail trains just going through your farm every day?

Well . . . uh huh.

So that was a regular part of your . . . ?

And Grandpa went across the railroad tracks with the mail bag. It got down to where there was only one eventually and . . . But as I say, at one time . . . and they had the post office in the store, so he was the post master also. So everyone came to the store when it was time for the train and they had the old pot bellied stove in the back with the wooden floor. It was that kind of a store. It was a general merchandize store. We had fabrics, and shoes, and corsets, and pop and canned goods . . . It was a general merchandize store.

If somebody wanted a large item, say a piano, could they order it through your grandfather and have it come on the train?

No, no. Probably they could have. I have just recently received a letter from Donald Tomlinson, who was a kid that I went all through grade school with and whatnot and he sent me a receipt for a piano where somebody had sent cash back east.For a piano [See Appendix C. illustration].

Wow.

And that's right off hand, and I'll have to look to be sure where that piano went but I'll look. J.A. Carter's Dry Goods store, he sent that to me too[3].

Oh. So this is an ad from your grandfathers store.

Well yeah, uh huh.

But it's on a book of songs?

---

[3] Mrs. Rawie is reading from the cover of the 1891 "Merchant's Gargling Oil Songster," which is reproduced in another part of this monograph. A nearly complete copy of the Songster is on file with OSU Research Forests (Cultural Resources Manager) and with the Oregon State University archives.

No, it's kind of like an almanac, a calendar, an almanac type of thing, but it was apparently an advertising thing for Grandpa's store. "J.A. Carter; Wells, Oregon; dried goods and groceries, hardware . . ."

I've got an interest in black history. Do you remember any black people [in Wells]? Now here's a "Whistling Coon"[4]

No, I don't.

Were . . . Things like this would be considered really derogatory now. Was that common entertainment then or was this kind of unusual for that time to?

I don't know.

Was this maybe turn of the century? . . . January . . .

Does it have a date on it there anywhere?

1891.

1891.

So that would be just a hundred years ago this . . .

It would, wouldn't it? Oh, here is a receipt. Oh, it was for the church. Mr. James Gingles; Wells, Oregon; Dear sir, Your favor of the 11th including currency of $125 was received. And that was for a piano.

Oh, so they were a lot more trusting of the mail in those days.

I was just floored.

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[4] In addition to "Whistling Coon" (the song given for the Month of May on page 13, copyrighted and for sale by Wm. A Pond & Co.), a surprising number of songs were printed in the Songster that would be considered degrading to African Americans by today's standards. These included "Dar's A New Moon in de Sky!" (February's song), "Jericho" (page 11), and the selection for September, "Haul the Woodpile Down." Although the Songster may not have actually had the "millions of friends and patrons" claimed in its annual message to its readers, it undoubtably had a significant influence on the readers (and singers) of Wells and other rural Oregon communities. Many of these towns, including those along the railroad lines, never had black residents or visitors. The timing of this widespread advertising brochure was only 30 years after the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and over 50 years before the Hollywood stardom of Stepin Fetchit. The comical and paternalistic depiction of black people in the popular music of the time was probably viewed as positive and supportive, if at all. The fact that "black music" was nearly 1/3 of the total "new listings" put out by a major throat "gargling oil" manufacturer is of historical interest.

Now do you remember any of the Gingles family?

No, the only thing I remember about the Gingles is what I've heard Perry talk about the old Gingles school or the Gingles cemetery. Well the Gingles cemetery is still out there, but it is all overgrown. It isn't taken care of at all. Here's the letter from J.J. Gingles.

In 1894?

Uh huh.

Now who . . . Mr. Tomlinson sent this to you?

Yeah, this was my Aunt Mattie or Aunt Martha. The one with the picture of my dad. His sister was Martha or "Mattie" Tomlinson. Mattie married a Tomlinson.

So this would be your first cousin?

No, they are my aunt and uncle.

Oh, Okay.

But this would be to Clyde's parents. This would be . . . I would imagine that this was [inaudible]. But the Tomlinson's caught my uncle Clyde Tomlinson . . . It would be his parents. It would be in the same category at this age of the dates of these letters like 1894. It's my grandparents, my great grandparents. So it would be my uncle's parents. I'd put them in that same category.

Now, what happened to the Gingles family?

I don't know that even. I do know that the cemetery is still out there but it is all overgrown and it was . . . I don't really know if they were related to us . . . I don't think they were. They could have been related to the Tomlinsons.

Now, when you were growing up, I don't think you've got this on the recording but, you went to Sunday school. You went to church there?

We went to Sunday school at this little church in Wells. We had church services sometimes. I remember Reverend Driver, he was kind of a traveling minister or something, came through and he would stay with people in the community, very distinguished looking gentleman. And then we had a train car that would come in and hold revival meetings. It would pull in on the siding and might be here for awhile.

And would your family attend these revivals?

Oh yeah. My father didn't. He wasn't too much on that. He would see that we went to Sunday school. I don't mean that he was an atheist, but I mean he was a farmer and had more important things to do.

Ah.

Well, that's just about the way to put it.

Did most farmers have that attitude?

Not necessarily.

But some did?

Yeah, and my dad spoke his own mind. He was just a hard working person. He was, a lot of times, one of the few people who had money in his pocket and could loan some or give some to a fella that was hard up or needed something. He was well respected by the people. In fact, I have a two-and-a-half dollar gold piece that was his watch fob that I wear as a necklace now that was paid way back when they had box socials and basket socials for entertainment . . . When the ladies fixed up the boxes and baskets and whatnot and the men bid on them and my dad was always the cashier for these things. And this one fella wanted this particular girl's basket awfully bad, of course this was before my time, but this is the way the story goes, and he bid two dollars and a half. In those days, which was a lot of money, and he paid for it with a two-and-a-half dollar gold piece. My dad had the money, so he kept the two-and-a-half dollar gold piece and put the money in. So that was what he wore. Of course, I have his watch, but I took the fob off of it and put it on a necklace.

Well how big a farm did your dad have then?

We had 100 acres.

And what crops did you raise?

Oh, we raised wheat, and oats, and barley, and hay. We had . . . We milked . . .

(End of tape 1, side 1)

You know, right down here where Dixon Creek Dental Offices are. Down here on Kings road. That's where Bessie . . . the big old house . . . she was Bessie Fleischman when I knew her first and then she married a Murphy in later years. But she lived right down here and her old original house, not the original house

but the old one, is still down there.

So, that wasn't her maiden name was it? Fleischman?

No, but that was her married name and she didn't marry a Murphy for oh . . . I was married and lived out here before she married because I knew her first as Bessie Fleischman. I think she married Murphy after Ralph and I moved out. I couldn't tell you just when, but I knew her first as Bessie Fleischman.

Uh huh. Was she working at Oregon State [University] at that time?

Yeah. Uh huh.

When you were young and your dad was working on the farm, just you two girls, did you have to do any particular chores that were farm related.

Well, Bess and I, the house wasn't big enough for the both of us, like a lot of sisters, you know. So she was the one that stayed in the house and I was the one that followed Dad behind the plow outside. I mean, I was a tomboy. Let's face it. I still am to a certain extent. [Laughter]

Uh huh. So you preferred working out . . . ?

Oh yeah, and I still prefer working outside, in the yard and whatnot.

3. Camp Adair

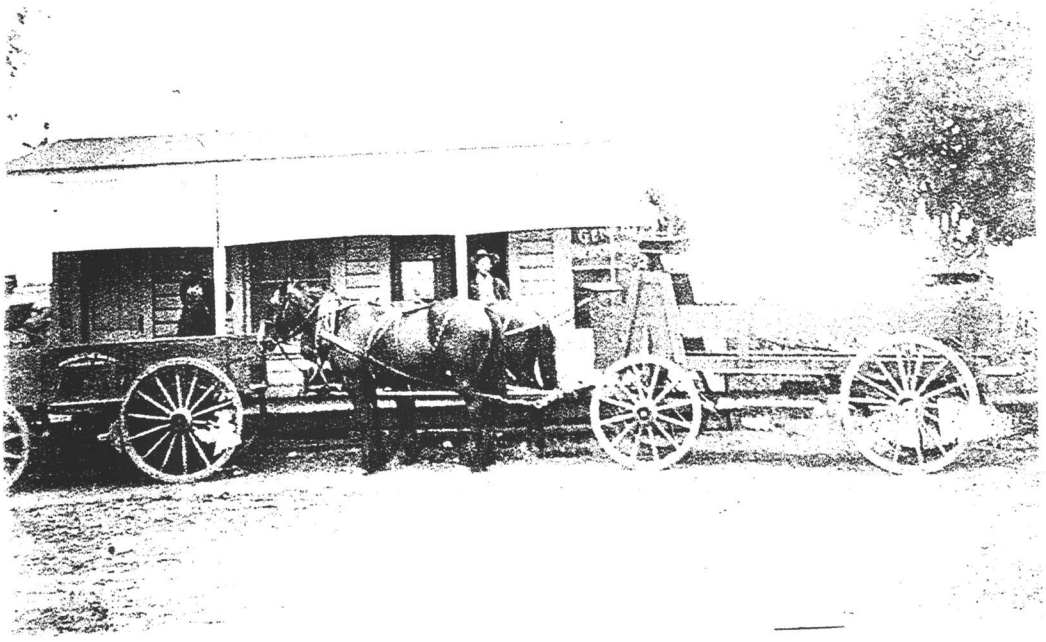
So all the domestic chores, Bessie was learning that.

Yeah, and as I say, to this day . . . well even after we . . . Then as I say, when Camp Adair took over mothers farm out there, we moved back to town and mother moved to town and we both bought new houses in town [Corvallis]. Mother bought one down on Western Avenue. It's where the campus police office is now right across from Parker Stadium. That was the house that she bought and lived in.

Oh, so your mother lived right in the house?

Yeah, and we bought a new one . . . We were the second house north of Harding school on 31st street when we came back into town in [19] '41.

This is kind of skipping ahead a little bit but, when Camp Adair got built, it looks like in the aerial photos that there is a large expansion of housing in Corvallis. Did a lot of the people from Camp Adair, working construction or living there, live in town here?



A Wells-area farmer stops by the Carter Store on his way to the Fisher's Warehouse with a load of grain, c.1900. Local farmers would often stop by the store for a soda or a drink of water and a chance to pick up their mail or "catch up on the gossip."

They begged for places for people to live, even after the troops moved out here. Lots of times their families would come out here and they just went from door to door asking for places to sleep . . . other families to sleep. And that's where my youngest son, who was just 50 on Saint Patrick's Day, we call him "Moe", his name is Melvin, but a little gal from Arkansas, who's husband was stationed out here, rented a room from us. We had a big new house and we had lots of room. They don't pronounce their L's or something and she tried to call him "Mel" and it came out "Moe." He's been "Moe" ever since.

Did most the families in town . . . were they cooperative in providing housing?

Oh yeah, an awful lot of people opened up their homes to them.

Was that for patriotism or for income?

Both. It was . . . The people were desperate. Their families would follow them out here and there was no . . . We weren't prepared. Corvallis or Albany, nobody was prepared for anything like that.

When the families had to move from Adair and the government came in and bought the . . .

Wait a minute, the government came in before they ever bought it. It was condemnation is what it was. But they came in and tore down fences on my mothers farm and started building a railroad spur and all mother knew was that the government was going to take her farm. So, she took her shotgun out and stopped them and she stopped them! She got her money.

Now, was your dad . . .

My father was deceased. She was all alone at that time.

So the government came out and were building a railroad and she attacked them with a shotgun?

Well, I wouldn't say that she attacked them, but she let them know that it was her property and they were trespassing.

Uh huh. And they stopped?

And they stopped.

When the government came out then, that was before Pearl Harbor wasn't it?

No, it was after Pearl Harbor. Well now wait, Pearl Harbor was December 7, 1941. Wasn't it?

I think so.

Well, it all happened all about the same time. Let's face it, they had to have a camp or a place on the west coast. Things grew real fast and mother got, we had a hundred acres, and mother got 100 dollars an acre.

Was she upset about that?

Well, yes! If you had lost your husband and then you lost your home, all within a very short period of time, wouldn't you be upset? You know, I mean that was the only life that my mother knew.

Uh huh. So how long had your father been dead at that time?

He died in '37.

And then the government bought [her farm] in '41.

It was '41 because Melvin was born in March of '41 and that was . . . He was just a tiny baby when we moved to town.

Uh huh. And so you were living on the farm with your mother at the time?

Uh huh. Both of my boys were born up there after my father had died.

What was the attitude of the neighbors about the government . . .

Terrible! But there was no "ifs", "ands", or "buts" . . . just when. An awful lot of the people died very shortly afterwards. When you displace somebody who's been a farmer all of their life basically, they are a little too old to start farming all over again. We didn't have time to go out and buy a farm.

Uh huh. And a lot of those families had been there for . . .

Always.

. . . their whole lives?

Yeah, that was their homes.

Was there settlement? Did anybody notice that these people started dying? . . .thinking that the displacement was causing that or is that just something that you are thinking back on?

I'm just think back on it now. The people who, within a couple of years . . . I can think of three of four of the men especially . . . I think it's a little easier for a woman maybe. But a man who doesn't know anything but farming, to move to town . . . and a lot of them, they weren't old people, but . . . and they didn't get enough for their farms to go out and live and buy another farm.

Did they remain bitter? They were upset about moving but did they think there was maybe something . . . they were helping out the war? . . . they had to do it, it was their duty?

I can't say how other people felt. My mother was bitter about it.

And she stayed bitter?

No, no. She wasn't one to carry a grudge but at the time she was. . . If somebody just came in and said, "We're going to take over your farm and build and army camp, and you've got to get out and you've got to get out now." She had her animals she had to get rid of. She had to find a place to live. It wasn't just her, it was everybody.

I've heard that they went into a lot of the pioneer cemeteries and actually moved them. Was that . . . ?

There's one cemetery that is called the Ridder's cemetery out on the road that they did fence a small area. It was a private cemetery on the Ridder's ranch. They put a chain link fence around that small area. I can't think of any . . . it seems like, no . . . I don't think they actually . . . I don't remember at the time. Of course as I think back, I think, "Why didn't I pay more attention to that?" But at the time when things are happening, you don't think so much about it really. I mean, in the sense of what happened to things because after all, I was fairly newly married and had a young family. . . . had problems of my own. Not problems, but responsibilities and stuff. You just don't think . . . but then as I get older and as my grandparents passed away and them my mother, who lived to be 93, now I'm the oldest Carter around. People start asking me questions and I have to really stop and think. I was like a lot of kids when I was growing up, I didn't pay a lot of attention.

It seemed like there were more important things at the time?

Uh huh.

Then when they came in, they started tearing down the houses and digging up the cemeteries. Did that cause additional problems?

I don't remember them digging up any cemeteries. I know that they did fence that one. It seems like . . . in the back of my mind there was something about disturbing graves. As I say, I don't for sure . . .

How about the destruction of the buildings and fences and . . . ?

Oh, they just bulldozed those down and tore them up.

4. Wells

Did that bother people?

Sure, because when you asked me the question about how many people lived in . . . There was an Artisan Hall, that was a Lodge, an Artisan Lodge Hall, that was basically a community meeting place. They had community dances on Saturday night, and they had pie socials and basket socials. That's were it was, on the downstairs part of it. The Christmas plays were always at the Hall because it could seat a lot of people. The whole community would come and it had a stage, you know. You see the train, the passenger train that used to run from Portland to Corvallis, was the Red Electric. It was like a trolley car. It had a overhead electric . . .

Electrical line over the . . . ?

Yeah, and there was a thing that went off of the Red Electric that went up and rode the hot wire, so to speak. It was like a street car . . . like used to be in Portland or someplace . . .

A trolley.

A trolley car. And it was the Red Electric. That was what brought the mail and if it was late, we always used to say that it had jumped the track at Whiteson, which is down around Yamhill someplace. That was the . . .

Would it actually do that or . . . ?

Well it didn't jump the . . . but the rod that went up onto the . . . the electric line that would keep it moving would jump off of the . . . It wasn't that the train actually jumped off of the railroad track, but the trolley [inaudible]. There was a rod that went up like on the old street cars. I don't know if you remember them.

Just one in Portland.

Yeah, well it was the same idea but there was a rod went up from the top. So as I say . . .

Now was that the only train that came through? The Red Electric? Or did other trains . ...?

Black and white copy of the 1881 cover of the "Merchant's Gargling Oil Songster." The original cover was printed in four colors.

The freight trains came through.

On the same track?

Yeah, there were sidings along the way and they'd have to move in to let the mail train go through if a freight train came.

Would the freight run every day?

As I recall it did. Yeah.

Did it have a steam engine?

Uh huh. There was a siding there of course because of the grain mill, the flour mill we call it but it was Fisher's mill. They actually didn't do any flour making there but they took the, it was called the elevator I guess . . .

A grain elevator?

Grain elevator. But that's where they took in the grain and then it was shipped by train again to the mill in Corvallis where it was processed.

So at the Fisher mill here? So you had a grain elevator, a church, your grandfather's store, the social hall. What was the name of that?

Artisan, that was the name of the Lodge, the Artisan Lodge.

Oh, I see.

And the Lodge . . . They had the Lodge meetings upstairs once a month or two weeks . . . In the bottom was the dance floor and that's where all the school . . . all the general elections were held at the Artisan Hall.

Where there any taverns?

No, no, no way!

No way, huh? Was it a dry community?

Well I guess it was. I never even heard about anything to drink as a kid growing up.

Was that common in the whole community or just in your family?

No, I think it was common . . . I'm not saying that nobody probably made any moonshine along the way. I don't know that. But no, no tavern. Just the store. Then there was one . . . I'm trying to think . . . where Mr. Hamen Lewis lived right on the corner and then my grandmother's and grandfather's house and then the store and then Mrs. Noise, who is Tomlinson's grandmother, lived next to that

and then there was another house where people by the name of Colemans lived and I don't know if you are familiar with Coleman's Jewelry store downtown. Alfred Coleman was the crippled man who walked on crutches for years. He's dead now. Johnny [Coleman] runs the store now. Alfred Coleman, Johnny's dad, was the son of the Colemans who lived out there. Alfred had polio as a kid, crippled . . . But anyway, they lived there. There was probably . . . And oh, then there was a sub station at Wells to generate electricity for this Red Electric train.

How did it generate electricity?

I don't know. I'm not an electrician. I don't know, but it was called a sub station. Some people by the name of Lacey; Lacys, run the sub station. There was a little yellow house there, you know like S.P. . . . S.P., I think about S.P., but their house, the house that the Lacys lived in was sort of a cream colored house and everybody knew that that was the house of the people who ran the sub station. To me it was anyway.

So they were kind of there on a . . . associated with the business, but other people where more associated with families and community?

Yeah, and farming. It was a farming community. But I imagine that there was probably 8 or 10 families who lived in there close. Then in later years, there was a mill that came in, a small sawmill came in, and they shipped lumber out of there.

Was that Valley Mills?

Valley Mills, yeah.

Now, Valley Mills had another mill up in Soap Creek. Where those two connected?

I think that that is where they got the logs from. There was a railroad spur, as I say, a siding or whatnot and that's where they loaded the lumber and stuff into the boxcars in Wells. I think the logs where sawed there at Wells. They brought the logs down there and sawed them.

Do you remember how they brought the logs in?

I'm trying to think.

Did the reason the mill locate there because of . . .

. . . because of the railroad.

Where would the lumber go from that point?

Well it was shipped all over. I don't know where exactly, but it left there in boxcars.

Do you remember what kind of lumber they sawed?

Oh, they sawed . . . It was big lumber when I was a kid. I would say, 4x8, I mean it was . . . and it was rough lumber of course. Of course, rough lumber . . . a 2x4 rough lumber is a lot bigger than a 2x4 . . .

It wasn't tie rails for the railroad tracks?

No, no it was lumber.

Do you remember the years that that mill was up? About how old you were at that time?

It was before I was married, I know that. I was married in '37.

So the mill would be maybe in the early 30s?

It would be the early 30s.

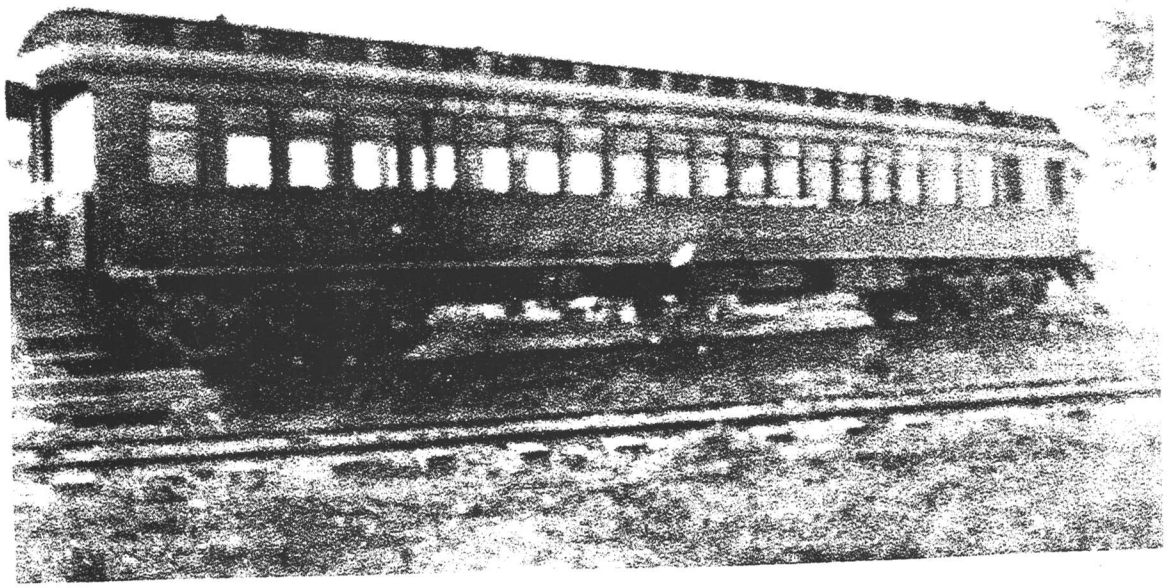
How about the grain elevator?

Oh, it closed. Well the farmers still took there grain there. I think my dad still took his grain there all the time he was farming. Yeah, it did. But he didn't work there anymore.

Would they have a separate operator for the grain elevator or did the farmers . . . ?

My dad at one time was the operator there. The farmers, of course, took their grain by horse and wagon and this was before the days of combines of course, it was when the threshing machines went throughout . . . you know. People by the name of Brodie's had the threshing machine and they thrashed for everybody in the community and they had their own cook wagon. The biggest thrill for me as a kid was when the cook shack came and I got to eat one meal . . . climb up the ladder and sit on the outside and eat with the harvest crew. We always got to sleep one night in the haystack to keep somebody from stealing the stacks of grain. That was our summer vacation was to get to go out and sleep . . . [laughter]

This railroad car, and others like it, was used as to bring "Revival Meetings" to Wells and to other communities with railroad service in the late 1800s and early 1900s.



5. Farm Life and City Jobs

Sleep on the haystack one night? What would you do the rest of the time during vacation.

We didn't have vacations in those days.

So what kinds of activities would you be doing?

Work. In the summer time we picked hops as kids. Mother and Dad always said that he was too heavy a man for such light work as picking hops. He was a very slight built person. He just plain didn't want to pick hops, but he pretty much had to be at home. He was a farmer and we had stock to take care of and cows to milk and that sort of stuff. Mother always took Bess and I to pick hops because it was always either too hot or too cold or too wet or too dry. I just hated to pick hops. I remember the first pair of shoes that I ever bought with my own money and I've had thousands of pairs of shoes since that I can't tell you about.

So that hop money was special?

. . . but I had enough money to buy my own pair of shoes. It's funny I've thought about that a lot because I've always been crazy about shoes as an adult. Out of all of the shoes I've had, I can still see that first pair of shoes that I bought with my own money.

Do you think that maybe that is why you grew up liking shoes?

[Laughter] I don't know. I don't know, but I always had big feet and I still have big feet. My dad used to say, "But just think how tall you would have been if all of that hadn't turned under for feet!" He always tried to make me feel good about it.

Most of the time it was not considered good if you were a tall women.

Well I was taller . . . a gangly kid. A tall, gangly kid.

Can you remember, in the hop yards, can you remember any of the Indian workers from the Siletz?

No, we never . . . No, I can't.

Can you remember any Indians in the community?

No, I don't remember any Indians in the community.

How about the stories of Indian graveyards or Indian camp sites?

No, I don't remember any of that at all.

Can you remember anybody finding arrowheads in the fields?

Oh, I have some arrowheads that I have found or that people have found around. In fact I have a couple that we've found since we moved out here to this place in the bottom of the ground.

Just in this house here?

Yeah, but no, I don't remember anything about Indians.

Any stories of that the old timers . . . so just . . . How about chinese?

No.

Was there a Chinese restaurant in Corvallis or Albany?

I don't know. I don't know. To be truthful I was a very naive . . . even when I went to Corvallis High school. Because I rode the school bus, I came into town, I got off of the bus, I went to school and when school was out, I got on the bus and went home. It was ten miles and in those days parents didn't run back in forth . . . Now don't misunderstand me, I wasn't abused. I had a lot more than most kids did but living in the country you didn't see anything. You didn't go to sports or anything like that.

How about movies?

Oh no. Once in awhile, on a Saturday afternoon, if we went to town we might get to go to a show.

Would you have a radio that you would listen to?

Yes, when the folks got their first radio, I can remember that the farmers from all around them would listen to the prize fights on the radio. That was a big deal for the men especially.

Would that be Jack Dempsey?

Oh, some of the old timers but I can't remember who any of them were. I can remember people coming to listen to the radio because, as I say, Dad always had money for the things. We were very self-sufficient as I say. We separated and sold the cream, we bought groceries and we sold eggs and bought groceries, but we had our own milk to use and we churned our own butter. We fed the skim milk to the pigs. We sold the pigs when they became fat. We cured our own ham and bacon and that sort of stuff.

Did you have an orchard?

Oh, we had an orchard. We had our own apples and pears and that sort of stuff and a walnut tree as I recall. Most people were just very self-sufficient.

Were people . . . Did they read newspapers much or was there discussion about books?

I can't remember . . . Yeah there was a paper, a daily paper. If there wasn't a newspaper how else would we start a fire. [Laughter] Really, papers were used for starting the fire and in our old farmhouse, we had an old house and then my parents did build a new house . . . We hadn't been in it too awful long when my father died . . . In the old house, we had a great big square kitchen with a wood stove in it and a dining table. It was a living kitchen. The only other heat in the house was a fireplace in the living room. So, we lived basically in the kitchen area.

And then the living room, was that for entertaining guests?

Yeah, often times in the evenings I can remember we sat in the kitchen because it was warmer and it had an upstairs and one bedroom downstairs.

What did you do with the house, the old house, after you built the new one?

Tore it down, we tore it down. In fact, we tore it down and built the new house where that old one was and lived in the garage, the old garage. In the old house that we lived in, I can remember the old round tub we took a bath in on Saturday night. We didn't like that idea so we bought a bath tub, an iron bathtub. You know, with the things on it, claw feet legs, and put it in the corner of this kitchen and dad built a board top for it and attached it to the wall and mother padded it with, we call it creton, a pretty print material and made a ruffle all that way around it, you know. Then when on Saturdays we wanted to take a bath, we had a bathtub. That's where . . . When the lid was down it was like a lounge or something. Dad would come in from work and while he was waiting for dinner to get on the table he would lay down on that. You know, down by the wood stove and as I always said if we got caught taking a bath, we could always put the lid down. [Laughter]

Was that kind of a ritual, a Saturday evening bath?

Yeah, of coarse Dad always cleaned up more. I mean being a farmer and

working outside, but basically . . . Then of course after we got into the new house, we had running water in the bathroom and that sort of stuff. By the time I started High School we had warm water and facilities and whatnot.

Now the old house, did that come down through your family?

No, my folks bought that farm . . . let's see, I was about a year old when Mom and Dad bought the farm, that particular one.

Now, you're descended from Tolbert Carter.

Right.

But there is also a Smiley Carter?

That would be . . . I think Smiley . . . I'm not sure whether Smiley or Smiley's dad and my Tolbert Carter were brothers or something. . . . were related or something, but I don't know. There was a Harry Carter too who lived in Wells there and he was a cousin of my grandpas. In fact, it's interesting that you should mention Smiley, just last week I had a letter, it was a letter addressed to my husband, Ralph Rawie, and the letter said, "Someone told me that a Rawie married a Carter, Rose Carter's daughter and I am writing to all of the Rawies that I . . . because I am a descendent of Johannan Carter and I understand that Rose Carter's daughter married a Rawie." But anyway, and I have contacted her since. She was someone from California. She is checking up on her genealogy and she was trying to find out something.

Was Johannan Carter one of the Carter family?

Yeah, he would be . . . she told me in the second letter that I got from her after I wrote to her . . . I said that, "I have no knowledge of Johannan Carter, but my great grandfather was Tolbert." And when she wrote back she said, "I think to get to Johannan you have to go one generation beyond . . . before Tolbert." I had no knowledge of anything before that. But then you're talking about Indians. One time I got a letter from somebody in California who wanted to know if I was related to Sitting Bull and it boiled down to, her daughter was trying to adopt an Indian baby and you can't . . . apparently unless you have some Indian blood in you, you can't adopt an Indian child.

There are rules like that.

Anyway, so this lady was a Carter and she was trying to find out if maybe there might be some Indian blood in her. [Laughter] My husband laughed and he said, "Well if you've got any Indian blood in you I want to know about it. I want some of this free money that the government is always giving out." [Laughter] It was kind of a standing joke, but that is beside the point.

When you were growing up, you said in the summer one of the things you did was pick hops.

Yeah.

How about the rest of the summer?

There was . . . On a farm we all had to work basically.

Would you churn butter or gather eggs?

Yeah, and feed the chickens and . . . I don't know, there was always something to do. I can't remember ever sitting down . . . we did read the funnies I guess when the paper come. But I can't remember . . . we read library books I guess. Bess loved, my older sister loved to read. There again I was a tomboy. Now, I was outside all of the time.

What did you do for fun?

Well, we never had a horse to ride. That was a non-profit, a non-producing animal, A riding horse. We had to just ride the old work horses. We had one that was named Clyde and so I'd get a bridle and get on him and he'd take it about so long and then there was a limb on an old apple tree and he'd go under that and knock me off when he had had enough of riding around in the pasture. He was smart.

Would you ever fish?

No, never fished until I was married. My husband was a fisherman. There was no place to fish I guess.

What was the nearest creek?

Soap Creek I guess.

So that would be up north by . . . ?

. . . Sulphur Springs. Luckiamute river, we went to pick hops down on the Luckiamute, down close to the Luckiamute river.

(End of tape 1, side 2)

We weren't abused, I'm not trying to say that. We had lots to eat and had a real good life. I'm not trying to say that I was deprived of anything. At times when I got into High school I wished that I could have participated more in things that kids in town did, like going to ball games and whatnot. But I couldn't because, I mean . . . now my son and daughter . . . they run all over the country taking their kids to things but in those days . . .

When you came into town, was there any problems with the city kids as opposed to the farm kids? Was there any differences or . . . ?

Well, I was never considered one of the "in" kids so I was a pretty good student and I had lots of friends in town. There were a couple of kids through High school that were town kids, but . . . Then when I finished High school, I went up to Portland to what was old Benke Walker Business College, at that time, in Portland. I went up there for six months, of course, to learn shorthand, typing and that sort of stuff. Then I came back and went to work as a bookkeeper. Well, in those days people weren't so specific on their things and a bookkeeper did a little shorthand, you know, you were sort of an all around office person, I think. At least where I worked. I worked one term at the Legislature for one of the Senators, as his secretary, when I first got out of Business College.

Which Senator was that?

Senator Walker [Oregon Senator]. He was Polk - Benton County Senator. He was from down around the Independence area. That was quite an experience for a country girl, to go and do that. Then as I say, I went to work for an attorney in town for awhile. Jim Lane, who was a blind man and that was the only job I ever got fired from because I . . . When he would get ready to go over to the [Benton County] Court House, he smoked chain cigarettes so he always had ashes all around him, and I kept always whisking him and when he was going to go, well you know, I didn't want him going over there looking like that. His wife said, "I don't need you to . . . "

Just because you were whisking . . . ?

Well, she was a very overbearing person and I think that she just liked for him to look a little sloppy.

Huh! What reason do you suppose that was?

Well, she just said that I wasn't hired to take care of his personal things. I was hired to do secretarial work.

How long did you work for him?

I think a couple of years. Then I went to work for Bedelin, old Medo-Land Creamery. I was a bookkeeper and that is where I was working up until the day that my oldest son was born. Then I never did go back to work permanently. I worked . . . I've worked in an awful lot of jobs. The only thing I have really never done is wait tables. [Laughter]

On purpose?

Well, I just . . . yeah, on purpose I guess. I just could never carry, I wasn't coordinated enough to pack two cups of coffee or line up a bunch of plates. I never tried it. Let's face it, I knew my limitations. I have clerked in different 2kinds of stores; dress shops, drug stores. I think I'm quite a capable person. I can do most anything if I make up my mind . . . except wait tables.

[Laughter] Uh huh.

I guess I really never wanted to wait tables or I probably would have.

6. Sulphur Springs Picnics

So it was a blessing. [Laughter] We were talking about going to the Luckiamute sometimes for swimming and one thing that I wanted to do is to look at these pictures of the people at Soap Creek, and I was wondering, how often would you go to Soap Creek or Sulphur Springs?

Oh, I would say a couple of times a summer we would have a picnic like this up there.

A couple of times a year.

But, maybe just on a . . . Have you ever tasted the water up there?

Oh, repeatedly. Everybody that takes me up there makes me drink it. [Laughter]

Not me.

You've never even tasted it?

Oh yes, I've tasted it. A lot of times we'd go up there on Sunday afternoons just

This photograph of a Wells community picnic took place at Sulphur Springs, probably on the 4th of July in 1920. Family and friends identified by Velma Rawie and her sister Bessie in 1994 include Velma (Bessie got in trouble for being away "craw-dadding" in Soap Creek while the photgraph was being taken), Alva Wise, Mrs. Wise, Arnold Barzee, Aunt Ella Williamson, Aunt Mattie Tomlinson, Beulah Douglas (Phelps), Harry Douglas, Clyde Tomlinson, Fern Barzee, Gene Beal, Glee Allen, Gus Dodele, Mabel Dodele, Hazel Lacey, Jesse Williamson, John A. Carter, Rose Carter, Leah Barzee, Uncle Lon Williamson, Mae Douglas, Mildred Douglas, Nina Torgeson, Pearl Carter, Roy Torgeson, Ruth Torgeson, Verle Dodele Ryals, Vida Holman, and Will Tomlinson.

to get a drink of water. Just for something to do, the family would go up there.

Can you remember any structures up there, picnic tables or a house?

We must have had some tables . . . No, there was never anything much up there.

This is me.

Okay, you're the . . .

I'm the tall one of these. And this is the little, the little Torgeson girl that lived . . .

Oh, that was a year younger than you?

A year younger than me.

I don't think that we got that on the tape, but they were your neighboring family and then Esten Carter was her aunt and uncle and yours also.

Yeah, that's right. This is . . . well now do you remember the Barzee family?

Okay.

. . . lived on the way up to Sulphur Springs.

Now there are two Barzee families; one by Ed Blakes and one by Tampico.

Alright, this would be one in the same, I would say. This is Arnold and this is Leah and this is Fern Barzee. He was the mail carrier here in Corvallis until he retired several years ago.

So that would be the two little girls?

Uh huh. And that is the boy. I don't know who this is and I haven't found anybody . . . Arnold doesn't know and neither do either one of the girls, who this kid was.

Uh huh. It looks almost like he is wearing kind of a Swiss costume.

Yeah.

Uh huh. Now can you remember . . . ?

Now this is my Grandfather Carter.

Now he is the one in the vest on the left . . .

Yeah, who has the store.

. . . facing the camera?

This is [inaudible] . . . uncle, Jesse, who lived at Rickreall. This is Grandma, my grandma's brother right here.

So that is a Williamson?

So that is a Williamson.

Okay, and who is the man between the two of them?

And that is a Dodele. That is Gus Dodele and Gus Dodele married a Williamson girl. Gus Dodele's wife was a cousin of my dads.

Uh huh.

And this . . . yeah, that's Gus . . . This is Paul, I think this is Paul Dodele here. Yeah, Paul Dodele is the one the paid the two-and-a-half dollar gold piece for the box lunch.

So the Dodeles are off to the left there?

Yeah, this one, this was a Williamson. This is Aunt Ella Williamson and Aunt Ella would be Gus' mother. This is Clyde Tomlinson and that was my Aunt Mattie . . . married this man, Clyde Tomlinson. This is Roy Torgeson he's the father of this little girl here and this is her mother right here.

And what was her name?

Nina. Nina Torgeson. This is Uncle Rob Williamson. He's Aunt Ella Williamson's husband. This is my mother and . . .

It is kind of hard to look at this shorter, smaller version here.

Yeah, uh huh. And the other girl took the bigger one. And now this was a Holman and the Holmans are related to the Williamsons and the Carters.

Where would the spring be in relation to this . . . ?

It was right about down in here someplace.

Okay, so this is a big opening right in front of the spring?

Yeah, and the [Soap] creek ran through here. There was a little creek that ran through here. I'll never forget . . . maybe I've told you this story before . . . one time when we were up there for a picnic, the Woodcocks, who were one of the Corvallis people who had the Woodcock Garage here in Corvallis. One of the Woodcock boys . . . Accidentally, while he was wearing a suit and his good shoes, I remember and he drove his car in the [Soap] creek. I don't know how he got the car, but he got the car stuck in the creek. Not to let on like it was his fault, he got out and started washing it.

Oh, so just like . . .

Just like it was a perfectly normal thing to do.

. . . like it was perfectly normal to be stuck in the creek there? Uh huh. How did he get out?

I can't remember that part of the story but I remember hearing my dad say . . .

Now the Woodcocks, they sold cars didn't they?

Yeah.

What would you do there at the picnics?

Oh, the fellas pitched horseshoes and the ladies stood around and visited. They didn't always pitch horseshoes but they always had some horseshoe pitching. The main thing was to eat. They had the most wonderful food that you ever saw in your life, a potluck type of thing but not everybody took just one thing. They just took food. [Laughter]

Then shared between . . . ?

Oh yeah. It was put out on the picnic table and everybody passed through and took what they wanted and would sit down on the grass or on blankets and whatnot.

Would they have wrestling matches or foot races?

No. Oh sometimes the kids would have a sack race or three-legged race or something like that. I remember horseshoe pitching more than anything else for the men to . . . [inaudible]. And then a lot of them there again, were happy just to have a day off where they could just sort of sit down, visit, and relax.

Did anybody swim in the creek or catch fish?

There wasn't enough water in the creek to swim in. We went wading. Everybody went wading. To swim, no. Now . . . oh, that man is a Douglas there, Harry Douglas. He lived in that house at the north end of Coffin Butte [inaudible] . . . This was one of his daughters, that was a Phelps.

Now the whole community would go out there. Would that be because you were all relatives or was that normal for communities to go picnicking?

It just seemed to be a normal thing.

Uh huh.

Maybe it was kind of a family reunion picnic. Basically as you sit and look at this, somebody in this picture is related to everybody in the picture.

Some of them are up from the Luckiamute?

Uh huh. And the Holmans were from Albany basically.

So it was like a local gathering place for families?

Yeah, uh huh.

Would there be other people . . .?

That is my dad right there, he's cut off, but that is my dad right there.

Would other families be out there? Would you encounter other people or was it pretty much secluded?

Everybody that was there was our group whether or not there was other people around . . . as I suppose somebody like that Woodcock that I remember. He came out. I think probably other people came to drink the water or something. We would basically go and spend the whole day, I mean this was a big deal.

Would this be for the Fourth of July or just everybody would just say, "Next Saturday we're gonna go up to Sulphur Springs?"

Yeah, I guess that is the way it was. It wasn't just on the Fourth of July. I never remember any fireworks as a kid.

Would you go out there for wedding receptions?

No, no.

Just for picnics?

We just went for a picnic. This was a big deal.

Did you know any of the families out in the Sulphur Springs area?

Well, the Goviers and you mentioned the Ed Blakes and the Barzees and . . .

Now the Barzees weren't related to you were they?

No, but they were part of the community. As I say, it wasn't all a . . . It wasn't a family reunion, it was a community picnic.

Did you know the Glenders?

Oh yeah.

Would you ever visit with any of those families; Glenders or Goviers?

Well, I saw one of the Glender girls just the other day because one of the

Glenders married my sister-in-law's brother. That would be on my husband's side. The Glenders had two girls. There were two families of Glenders, brothers married sisters and they lived in the same house and only one of them had children but you never would have known who was the parents to those two girls. I often wondered if the girls knew who, well you know, because they were brought up . . .

The mother and the aunt were both kind of the moms?

Yeah, that's right.

Did the community think that was odd that brothers and sisters were living in the same house and married like that?

No, it was two brothers married two sisters. They always farmed together and they just always lived in the same house. They did that until after the camp came in . . . They went over to Albany, you know where the Swept Wing Motel is in Albany out by the airport, like if you went from Albany heading toward Lebanon on Highway 20 and you cross over the freeway [I-5] there's a restaurant there called the Swept Wing Restaurant on the east side of the freeway. There is a farm out that sits right there and that is where the Glenders moved to when Camp Adair came in.

I talked to Eugene Glender and he said that they moved to Albany but he didn't say where.

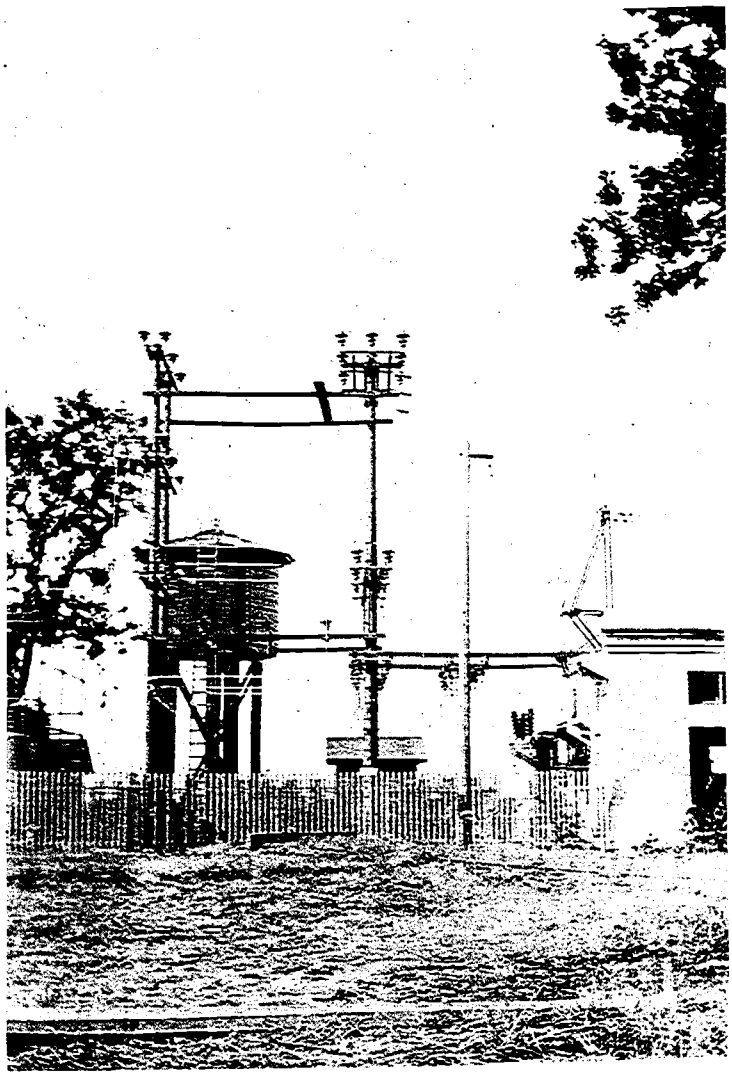
. . . and Art and Leon were still living there after Leon's . . . Elvera is Gene's mom. [Elvera is actually Gene's sister. See Monograph # 9]

Would sometimes the Goviers or Glenders go with you to Sulphur Springs?

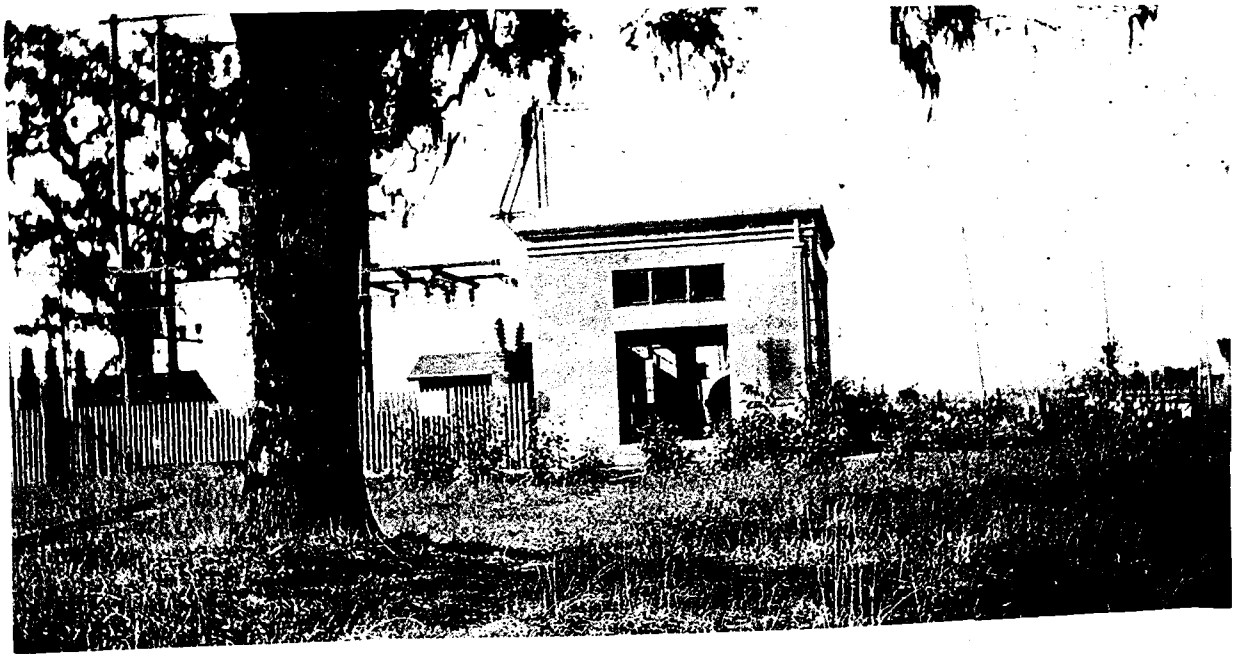
I can't remember them being out to Sulphur Springs but they probably did. The ladies had a quilting club, they met once a month and . . . quilting quilts . . . a sewing club I guess or something like that. I have a quilt that was made . . . everybody made a block and they embroidered their name on it. My mother had this quilt and I still have it . . . of all the ladies in the community who went to this quilting club.

Would there be . . . ?

And the Glenders, as I said . . . . . they would be there sometimes.



The Wells Oregon Electric Substation, c. 1930 (often called "Wells Station"). The substation was operated by the Lacey family, who lived in a home provided by the Southern Pacific Railroad (S.P.R.R.). S.P. freight trains were driven by steam engines at that time, and often obtained water in from the water tank that is pictured.



7. Local Families

One question I have is, how come Wells and Wellsdale . . . How come the station had a different name than the town?

I can't tell you why except that it was . . . The depot part of it was Wellsdale and the post office was Wells.

Do you know where the name Wells came from?

No.

Did you know the Calloways?

No, but I've heard my folks talk about the Calloways. I never knew them, but the name rings a bell.

Did you know a family named Cahoon?

Cahoon?

Cahoon.

[Inaudible]

Brown. How about Brown? Did you know any Browns up by . . . ?

They were farther down, closer to Suver. In [inaudible] there were some Browns down there anyway. [Inaudible]

Robert McClain?

Yeah.

Okay. That would by Yvonne?

Evonne. She was related to the Browns. See, the McClain's place joined my folk's place.

The McClains were your next door neighbors?

Yeah, to the north . . . and the Ackermans, both were north. Their properties joined. Robert, he had a sister, he had several sisters. Doris, his older sister, married George Dannen. The Dannens are not the only ones who still live in that area. They live in the brick house, like when you cut through Camp Adair on the gate and come out of the Independence Road over there. There is a brick house as you turn to your right and head towards Palestine cemetery. On the left of that street there is a very nice, new type brick house.

And that is the Dannens . . . ?

That is where George and Doris Dannen live.

You mentioned recalling the Sheppards. I don't have too much information on them.

Well, the . . . Johnny Sheppard drove school bus when I was a kid going to school. His sister married a Griffin and they lived up Soap Creek close to where one of the Glenders house used to be, you know, on the corner. You go on up that a road a little ways, before you'd get to the Goviers, the Griffins lived in that house. Goldy, Goldy, Goldy Griffin . . . she was John Sheppard's sister.

And John Sheppard was the one who had the house over at the base of Smith Hill. Or was it his father?

I would say that it would be his father. I don't remember Johnny's . . . I remember a bunch of the Griffins. I know that Goldy was a Sheppard, sister of a man named John Sheppard . . . John Sheppard was sheriff of Linn County. I don't think about those people. The name makes you start reminiscing about it.

Uh huh. That is one reason why I keep bringing them up. [Laughter]

The Sheppards . . . oh no, it's a Griffin, but it would still be the Sheppard family. There are still some of the Griffins that live out around Philomath. That would be Golden . . . John Golden. Some of those kids came out around Philomath [inaudible] . . . John Griffin was in High school when I was and I think that he still . . . He died just recently. I think that when we had our class reunion he was there.

So you still have reunions of the people in Wells? That would be High school reunions?

High school reunions, yeah. Now have you ever talked to the Ivers? Ed Ivers who lives out on that cross road that cuts through there like going on that . . . Do you want to turn that off for a minute?

Okay, we are looking at a 1936 aerial [photograph].

This is this road that went into . . .

There's the one to . . .

. . . my uncle's house. This is the road that went into the town of Wells.

Okay.

It would cut right on through and come on out on that Granger-Independence Road where I told you that the Dannens lived. There is still an old house in

there on the north side of this road cutting through here.

Uh huh.

. . . where a family lives. Their name is Ivers. The boy Ed Ivers and his wife still live there.

In the same home.

They bought the land back after Camp Adair.

8. Farm Life and Wildlife

How come, now your mother would have had the option of buying that back, wouldn't she?

That particular part where . . . if there was work . . . concentrated buildings where my folks were. There are all of those concrete slabs. It wasn't farm land anymore.

Oh, okay. It had just been too developed?

Yeah, they had put in roads and foundations for barracks and all that sort of stuff. They moved my folks house, and it was a new house in that area, moved the house the equivalent of a city block into a grove of trees and it was used as an officers club of some kind. It is gone now, but it was. If you go right north from the game farm from where the house is there is a road that crosses this road and heads north. You go right past where my folks house was. The old locust tree is still standing that was in our back yard.

Now, that is a question. I'm interested in some of these plants. Now, that locust tree, do you think trees like that or old orchards should be saved?

Well, I don't know.

Would it bother you if somebody went and cut that down and turned it into firewood?

No, it wouldn't bother me because there is no sentimental value left to that out there . . . It isn't the same country as it was before Camp Adair went in.

They changed it too much?

Yeah, it isn't, it just isn't the same.

Are there areas in that neighborhood that are the same, that kind of give you some sentimental attachment to Wells or to your family farm?

I have a sentimental value to it. I've taken both of my granddaughters out there

and shown them where we lived when their dad was born and whatnot. I've made up scrap books and albums showing pictures of the old house and of the school and all of that sort of stuff so that they know their heritage, so to speak, or where they are from. As far as being . . . There is a sentimental attachment to it only because it was where I was born I guess. The whole face of it is just so completely changed that it has really destroyed any personal attachment to it other than this is where I lived. I mean, that locust tree was in the back yard. In my own mind, I am attached to things that happened while I lived out there as a child. I can remember being very ill one time with strep throat or something and my dad . . . we didn't have a phone, but he went someplace and called the doctor, old Dr. Anderson, and he came out and my dad had to go out to the highway, this road here, with a team of horses and pick him up out here. Of course, it was a gravel road at that time. [Inaudible] I remember laying on this couch in what was the living room, I told you, with the fireplace in it. I was running a real high fever and he came in and those were the fanciest shoes for a city man . . .

[Laughter]

. . . well, they were fancy shoes!

All this talk about shoes are kind of making me self-conscious about my own . . .[Laughter]

Oh no, they are fine! I mean, I didn't see many of the kind of shoes that Dr. Anderson had on and I remember saying to him that, "You've got mud on those beautiful shoes." He said to my mother . . . she says . . . he said, "She's gonna be alright. Her fever is broken now and she's gonna be alright." He stayed with us for quite a long time that night.

Where was Doc Anderson from?

Here in Corvallis. He had delivered me as a baby.

Oh, so he was your family doctor?

He was the family doctor.

Did he take that as a sign that you were gonna be alright . . . ?

Well, that fact that I acknowledged the fact that he had dirt on his shoes . . .

Well, I had been delirious.

So he was taking that as a sign that you were paying attention . . . ?

I had been running this terrible high fever and when I kind of came to and saw that and made a remark about it he figured that I was gonna be alright.

Now, you said that your dad went out with a team of horses, what did he farm with?

Horses.

So he didn't have a tractor?

Heavens no! This was before that days of tractors. People just didn't have tractors.

But he was modern and had money so did he buy a tractor when tractors came in? Did he purchase a tractor. . . ?

He never did have a tractor. He farmed with horses until the day he died.

Till 1937? He had a new car when those came out?

Uh huh. But he had his horses and he had his horse drawn equipment and he plowed . . . and he could plow the straightest furrow you ever saw in your life.

Huh. As you grew up on the farm and you grew up outside and your dad is a real efficient farmer, what kinds of wildlife came into that environment?

China pheasants.

China pheasants?

Well, I can remember Dad having a shotgun and we'd have China pheasant once in awhile.

Would you ever see deer?

I don't remember ever seeing a deer.

Uh huh. Not the whole time?

Yeah, I don't remember. I'm not saying that there maybe wasn't deer there. I don't remember seeing deer.

Can you remember hearing coyotes?

No.

How about . . . Well, you didn't have any water so there were no beaver.

No, no beaver. There was no creek.

Now, that is part of the fly over though. How about ducks and geese coming over part of your community?

Oh, you'd hear the ducks, [Laughter] the geese, not the ducks, the geese go over,

but as I say we weren't close to any creeks or anything so we didn't have any ducks. We raised a few turkeys. We always had chickens and pigs.

Would there be hawks or owls?

Oh yes, and I was pretty good at shooting them because they'd chase the chickens.

If you saw a hawk or an owl, it was time to shoot them?

You'd get them because they would get the chickens.

Would you have a . . . ?

The first time I ever shot a shotgun, I saw a hawk up in a tree and I took the shotgun and pointed it up like that you know. The gun kicked me and knocked me flat on my back. I can remember that.

Uh huh.

Of course you don't shoot hawks anymore. I guess that they are an endangered species, aren't they?

Um, I don't think that they are endangered. There are sure a lot of them along I-5.

I bought this place, which is this house here that we lived in here four years before we built this house.

Dixon Creek ran through our property down here and we had racoons and stuff down there. They would come in and get our geese and our chickens. We had . . . a lot of times we had coon hunting. Of course, this doesn't pertain to this area up there when we'd have people come out with their coon dogs and we'd have quite a deal when we'd go out and hunt the coons.

Would you do it just for the sport?

It was a sport. Well, and to protect . . . and to try to get rid of the coons, save our chickens and ducks.

So what little wildlife you had out in the Wells area, pretty much you tried to get rid of?

That's right! Because they were, well they were predators.

How about things like moles or field mice?

We had moles that would bother the gardens and Dad would always shoot them with a shotgun and the concussion would kill them. You had to dig them out right away. We didn't have . . . We had a yard and it was fenced but the yard

wasn't the primary, well groomed place that yards are in town. It had a walnut tree and a cherry tree and the big locust tree.

Would you grow flowers?

Oh yeah, we always had lots of flowers.

Your dad didn't figure that that was . . . ?

That wasn't a farm project. That was mother's project.

Oh, I see.

Oh, he worked the garden. I'm not trying to leave the impression that my dad was anti . . . in a joking way he used to say that like, hop picking was too heavy a work for such a light man or too light a work for such a heavy man, whichever way. It was just the opposite of what it was but he always had . . . When we were picking hops, this is going back to the hop picking, he always had dinner ready for us when we got home at night. We had baked potatoes and sliced tomatoes and roasting ears. Now if you can think of a better meal than that . . . and to this day that is my favorite meal.

Is that right? It reminds you of your dad or just . . .

Corn on the cob and baked potatoes and sliced tomatoes . . . and we always had some meat. In those days, when we butchered . . . we had our own smoke house . . . When we butchered we cured our own ham and bacon and mother canned a lot of meat in those days and the same way with beef. If we killed an animal for beef, we canned a lot of it and she put down the steaks in a brine which were like marinated steaks then. . . . delicious beef when she took it out.

Would any of the men ever go on hunting or fishing trips?

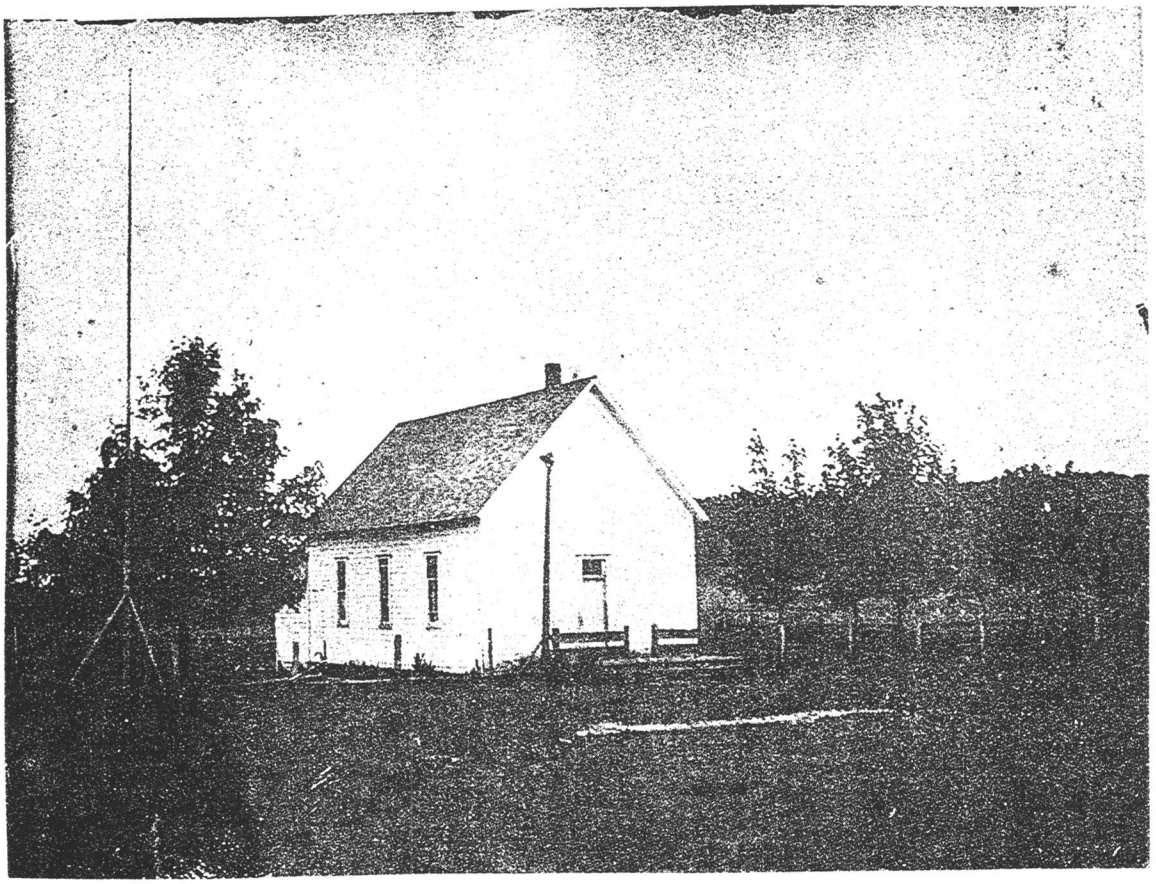
Dad never did. A lot of people did go hunting but Dad never did. He was just.

(End of tape 2, side 1)

9. The Rawies and the OSC School of Forestry

. . . moved to town when Camp Adair came in. I soon discovered that I wasn't cut out to raise two boys on a city lot in town because I was a farm girl and my husband had basically been a farm boy too.

Where did your husband grow up at?



North Palestine Church, Wells, Oregon (n.d.; probably 1900-1930). Located on the Tolbert Carter DLC. Funeral services for Carter were attended by "representative citizens from all over the county and this part of the state" at this church in October, 1899.

He was born up in the Palouse country of Washington; Garfield.

How did you meet?

His folks moved down here when his older brother came down here to Oregon State. He graduated from forestry at Oregon State.

Oh, he was a [College of] forestry graduate. Oh, well this is a forestry project.

Is it? Yeah, Carl [Rawie] lives out at Alsea now, Ralph's older brother. When he retired they moved out here. They had been in Montana, North Dakota, Minnesota, Michigan, I guess they were in Aberdeen, South Dakota. Well, for a long time he was with the Indian service in Window Rock, Arizona.

BIA [USDI Bureau of Indian Affairs]?

Yeah.

Now, what is his first name?

Carl.

Carl Rawie?

Carl Rawie.

You don't happen to know which year he graduated, do you? What year were you and your husband married?

We were married in '37. Carl and Vera [Rawie] were married, I mean Carl graduated in probably . . . The folks came down here in '23 so Carl probably graduated in '28 or '29.

Why did they move here? Just to be with there son?

Carl wanted to go here to Oregon State and they had a big family. There was seven in Ralph's family and they moved down here and Dad Rawie was a minister in the Church of God and they moved down here and he built a little church out south of town and he started in. Mother Rawie took in washing to send Carl to . . .

Now of the seven kids, was he the only one that went to college?

No, Ralph started but Ralph got sick. Ralph is the second. The oldest girl, Grace, was married quite young. Carl went to Oregon State. Ralph started and he got sick and then he dropped out of school and he just never went back. Then a younger brother, Orval, lives out at Jefferson now, he went to Oregon State and he graduated. What in? I can't tell you. He went with the immigration service. He was stationed down in El Paso for a long time. I guess that he took ROTC [US Army Reserve Officer Training Classes] maybe, anyway he was in the war [World War II]. . . stationed in a lot of places all over during the war. All of the kids came back to this area to retire except the youngest brother, he still lives up in Everett, Washington.

But the main reason that they moved here was because Carl wanted to go to Oregon State?

Carl wanted to come to Oregon State because of the forestry part of it.

That is interesting. Now, you said that you didn't remember the Dickey family?

No, I don't remember . . .

. . . on Berry Creek. They moved there to get their kid going to Oregon State.

Is that right?

Have you heard of other families that have done that?

No.

It is an interesting way for a family to move.

Yeah, and I think Dad Rawie's family was a very strict family and in that area they lived close to Mother Rawie's family. He didn't like that idea because they thought Dad Rawie was awful strict with the kids. I think it was an excuse to move. There wasn't really dissention between the families but you know, you can live too close.

A little bit of tension there?

Yeah, I think so.

Now, when you say strict with the kids, would that mean spankings or chores?

Well, he was a very religious person. As Ralph said, the worst thing about getting a whipping was that he always had to cut his own switch. He wasn't abused. It was with a switch. Ralph always had to go cut the switch and that was the worst part of it.

Was your husband religious then too?

No, just the opposite because it was church twice on Sundays and once on Wednesdays. I mean there was no dancing, no card playing, no social life. All of the kids left home as soon as they were old enough. Now, I'm not being disrespectful to Ralph's folks, they were lovely people, but that was just the way it was. I loved them dearly and they lived to be very old. I was just real close to them. They were very special people. That was just the way they were.

So when your husband got away from that, he started playing cards and dancing?

Well, yeah. It sounds like he was wild and woolly doesn't it? Not really, but I think that that often happens when it is forced on you as a kid. You aren't so interested in it. It was not that big a deal. I mean, was always saw that our kids went to Sunday school and they had the opportunity to make up their own mind as far as religion was concerned. I think that we all have our own beliefs. We have no church affiliation but, I certainly have my own thoughts and religion. As

I say, as a kid that was how I was brought up too. It was a very special part of my life, going to Sunday school.

Nobody has described a revival meeting to me. A lot of the families went to them but what happened?

There was a lot of singing. I can remember the singing more than anything else. It wasn't really . . . I guess I have heard about revival meetings or maybe I have seen it on television or something, or should I call it "holy roller" . . . I mean they are screaming and hollering you know. That wasn't the type of thing. We called them revival meetings. When this train would come in and this paster would speak and whatnot. Most of the people in the neighborhood came. Maybe we'd have prayer meeting every night for a week or something and then the train would move on.

Would it just kind a be a "revive your religious interests?"

Yeah, uh huh. As I say, it wasn't any particular religion. I have no idea what religion they were.

Would there be baptisms?

Yeah, I can remember going to one baptism where we went to the river.

Would that be the Luckiamute?

. . . Luckiamute river.

Would you ever go over to the Willamette?

No, I don't ever remember going to the Willamette river for a baptism. I can remember going down to the swimming hole basically.

What was the swimming hole?

Well, it was on the Luckiamute but it was down toward . . . It was on the old road towards Buena Vista, down in that area. Not on [Highway] 99, it was farther east on the Luckiamute.

On the old Independence Road?

Uh huh.

Was the swimming hole pretty much on the highway there?

No, we had to walk through a field to get to it.

And that is where the baptism was?

That was where, as I recall . . . it was in that area.

So if you wanted to go anyplace with water from Wells, you had to drive someplace?

We had to go quite a long . . . There wasn't any other creek or anything big enough to go swimming in.

Now, was Bowers Slough . . . ?

But that was a slough. It wasn't a creek and it dried up in the summer time when a fella wanted to go swimming.

10. The Rawie Family Dairy

Would there be things at the slough that kids would go through, like frogs or would ducks land there?

I don't remember. I never did. As I say, the kids . . . When school was out for instance, we had chores to do in the evenings and in the summer time the kids all worked. I mean . . . I don't remember ever lacking something to do. You hear kids now, "I don't have anything to do." There was always something to do.

Would you resent that or was that just the way that it was?

No, that was just the way it was. My kids were brought up the same was when we came out here to the farm.

Now, where you are living now, you used to farm in this area?

Oh yeah, we had a grade A dairy here and I milked cows here until 1962 I guess.

Now the Wieses, were they next door to you?

They lived up the road, up here on what is Walnut now. You've probably talked to Edna Wiese haven't you?

Yeah, a few times.

Yeah, uh huh.

So, you had a dairy farm.

Yeah.

. . . right here? So how many acres did you have?

We had a 175 acres here.

Huh. What do you think about all of these houses here now?

Well, it is different.

[Laughter]

It is different

So your boys were raised on a dairy farm?

Oh yeah, so when school was out at night, I never heard my kids at a lack of something to do. On Saturdays there were chores that had to be done. I always said that they would be good business people because they couldn't play until certain things were done so they would inveigle their city friends to come out and help them hall manure.

Kind of like Tom Sawyer.

. . . so that they could play then. They would bribe the city kids into letting them drive the tractor for a little while.

Would they play down here in Dixon Creek?

Oh, Dixon Creek ran right down here behind us. They'd go down here and catch fish. Ralph and I would drive a hundred miles on the opening of fishing season to go fishing and we wouldn't catch anything and the two boys would stay home with their grandmother and go down here and they'd have a batch of trout for us when we got home. We caught a lot of fish out of our creek.

Is there still fish there now?

No.

What happened?

I don't know. There is not much water in it anymore even.

What do you think happened to the water?

Well, I don't know. We had water rights off of the creek. There used to be a dam in it when we first came down here. We could have irrigated off of it but there wasn't too much water in it. Let's see, this street, Elmwood wasn't in here at that time. We had 40 acres on that side of Dixon Creek and the rest was on this side. We went clear through to 10th street which is Highland Way and then in an L shape up on the hill to where the Lutheran cemetery is.

Uh huh.

13th street would be where the L goes out. We sold this on this side first and then we started selling the other way down on Highland Way and we didn't sell it

all at one time until that got built up. We never developed it ourselves we'd sell it to a . . .

. . . to a developer?

. . . a developer. Then when that was used up we'd sell another piece of it.

Did you make more off of selling land or selling milk?

[Laughter] Much more off of selling the land but we made it pay as a dairy farm too. My husband worked in town all of these years. He was service manager at the Ford Garage, so I did the milking. The boys did the feeding and stuff in the evening and Ralph did the feeding stuff in the morning and we would always get up at 4:30 a.m. and get the milking done and we'd be in the house by 7:00 a.m. so he could get showered and shaved and dressed up to get to town to work. Before we went to the milking parlor and the stainless steel tank where they come and pick the milk up, he hauled the milk to town in the Wilson Motor's truck as he'd go to work. He'd take the ten gallon cans of milk to the . . .

Oh, uh huh. Would Wilson Motors get upset about that?

No.

He was the service manager he . . .

He could do most anything he wanted.

Uh huh.

As I say, it was quite an [inaudible]. It was a good life. It was a hard life. We'd change . . . the last time we changed . . . In the summer time we'd change the irrigation at 11:00 p.m. at night and we'd set a flashlight, lantern type flashlight, at the end where we wanted to take the pipe to. We had to change it all by hand. 600 feet of it. Sometimes in the morning it wasn't the straightest line in the world but we would get it across. In the mornings while I was milking, Ralph would go and change that pipe so it would run for another setting.

It sounds like he was lucky that he married a tomboy.

Oh yeah, it was a family project.

Do you think that that was good for a family?

Oh, it was wonderful! We worked together. We played together. When the kids were little I'd take them to the field with me and I'd drive the tractor to farm for

the day and I'd take the kids with me and take their little dump trucks and stuff and put them at the end of the furrow. I'd see them every time I came back. They'd just haul dirt and have a ball playing in the dirt all day with dump trucks and loaders . . . You know how kids play with toys. It was a good life.

11. The Wells School

We were talking about school before we started recording this. When you were growing up, your mother was involved with the school?

She was chairman of the school board.

For the Wells school?

. . . Wells school.

Was the Gingle's school still in existence then?

I don't think so. I never knew or saw a Gingle's school.

Everybody came into Wells school?

Everybody came into Wells school.

What was the school like?

It was a two room school and it had a big stove in the room and then it had sort of a big metal shield around it, a reflector type, so kids couldn't get to close to it, you know. It set out quite a ways around the outside of the stove so no kids would get burned.

Would all of the grades be in the same room?

No, there was two rooms. 1-4 and 4-8. . . . outside toilets, a play shed, and a shed where if any of the kids rode horses, they could tie their horses up and feed them.

Was the school right in town there?

Yeah, it was right . . . It would be the equivalent of probably two blocks from Grandpa's store. I always said that Grandpa gave away more stuff that he ever sold in the line of cookies or candy or else the kids just helped themselves. When school was out, the kids . . . and in the center of the floor he had a rack that had cookie jars in it with the metal lid that fit up, you know. They just automatically got themselves a cookie. I mean, they weren't stealing! That was just the way

This photograph of Wells School's students and teachers in the early 1920s was provided by Wilma Rohner. Coffin Butte and Gus and Mabel Dodele's house and barn can be seen in the background. In 1994, Velma Rawie and her sister, Bessie, were able to identify the following people: Teachers Gladys Groocock and Mr. Fish (Fish's son stands directly in front of his father, to the far right of the group and Mrs. Groocock is on his father's right), Art Ivers, Bessie Price (Velma was too young to attend school at the time), Camilla Ivers, Clive Cook, Jakie Rohner, Dean Allen, Delois Morss, Don Tomlinson, Doris McClain (Dannen), Ed Ivers, Edith Rohner, Eldon Dixon, Ila Mae Cook, Levita McClain, Lyle Carter, Margarite Allen, Owen Cook, Robert McClain, Russel Morss, Vernon Morss, Violet Haight, Walter Dixon, and Walter Vanderpool.

that it was done.

Would they take four or five or just . . . ?

Oh, I imagine that some of them did.

And your grandfather, that was fine with him?

Yeah, if they abused that fact, I can remember Grandpa saying, "We've had about enough," or something of the sort. But, one or two cookies was just alright. As I say, he gave away more stuff than he sold sometimes but, invariable, on Halloween they always put his buggy on top of the outhouse at the depot across the street. And he had to pay the same kids that put it up there to get it down the next day. [Laughter]

So it was almost like a tradition? Ah ha. Would that get him upset?

Oh no, he just took to for granted.

Here's Halloween and my buggy is going to be on top of the outhouse?

Because at the deport, you know they had an outhouse and his buggy . . . I wouldn't say that . . . Yeah, I can remember that every year . . . I don't know how long that went on but I know for quite awhile. Of course, he had one of the first Model T Fords. I wish that I still had it. That would be really an antique.

Yeah, the other schools in the district, say the kids that went to Tampico or Soap Creek or Mountain View or Berry Creek, was there any kind of competition? . . . baseball or . . . ?

No, there wasn't anything like that.

Scholastic competition?

There was a spelling bee I guess but that was just amongst our kids. I don't remember of any outside activity, of any competitiveness between schools.

Or even visiting? . . . school plays or . . . ?

No.

Uh huh. So it was all . . . Each one was kind of isolated? Each Community . . . ?

Yeah, Wells certainly was. We had one program a year and that was a Christmas program when the whole community came. It was a big deal. It had a big Christmas tree. When we were talking about Jakie Rohner [Jacob Rohner. See Monograph # 6]. . . I remember that one year the Rohners didn't make it to the Christmas program because one of the girls ran her finger, making sausage you

know, through the grinder. I can't think which one of the girls it was. But anyway, somebody at the Rohner family cut their finger off with a food grinder and they didn't make it to the Christmas program. I haven't thought about that for a long time either.

Now, the Rohners were Swiss . . .

. . . and they were Catholics.

Oh, Catholics. Was that something that they were know for?

Oh yeah, they went to Corvallis to church very religiously.

Did other people think that that was odd?

No, nobody . . . yes, not the religion, the Rohners were a little different. Now, don't misunderstand me, they didn't dress quite the same and they had home haircuts, well I had a home haircut too, but they were a little different. Wonderful people. Good as gold. Their dress or whatnot . . . They were just German or Swiss . . . and Mrs. Rohner, I don't think spoke much English.

Were there other members of the community that were from Europe or that had . . . ?

No, they were the only ones that I recall. They were a very strict family I think. Mr. Rohner, Big Jake, had a brother here in Corvallis that was a veterinarian for years, Doc Rohner. There were two girls, Selma and Nellie, that were about my age I think. Jake was a little older and then a lot of young ones, Elmer and Eddie . . . I can't think who all of them are.

Buddy?

[Inaudible] But as I say, they were quite strict. Even their dress sometimes was . . . I would call it old fashioned maybe. I'm not saying anything against them. They were lovely people but there was a difference in their family life I mean in their . . .

. . . kind of a cultural difference?

Yes, that is right!

They had a lot of heritage from Europe.

That's right.

The rest of the community, it sounds like, were pioneer stock.

. . .from pioneer stock.

. . . second and third generation.

Yeah, but the last couple of years . . . We have a picnic out at Helmick park for the people from the Camp Adair area and the Suver area.

Oh, so Wells does get back together?

Oh yeah, and this summer Jakie, he was Jakie because his dad was Jake, and all through school Jake was Jakie and he is still Jakie to me, he came out to the picnic last year and I was so happy to see him. He has the most beautiful brown eyes. I mean I still . . . I remember that. He was so happy. I see him quite often around town or I used to I don't go downtown as much anymore. But I saw Robert McClain and oh, there are just an awful lot of people. The Barzees were all there.

That is interesting that that community stayed together even though the war disrupted it.

Uh huh. It's our, Robert McClain's wife, what is her name?

Yvonne [(brown) McClain].

Evonne. She sends out notices every year. She is kind of the instigator of keeping it going. It is real fun to go back and we have a potluck dinner and there are a lot of people there.

How did you pick Helmick park? Why didn't you go to Sulphur Springs?

Well because Sulphur Springs . . . there isn't much out there. There are no tables or anything else. There hasn't been for a long time anyway. I haven't been to Sulphur Springs for a long time myself. Helmick park, primarily this was from . . . Evonne was from the Suver community which was just north of Wells about five miles on the railroad track to Suver, so as I say, she's the one that has kept it going but it is . . . the picnic is for the old timers from the Camp Adair area and the Suver area.

Now this year will be the fiftieth anniversary of Camp Adair. Are you planning anything special for that?

I hadn't . . . nothing has been said that I've heard about that.

Hospital Hill is near the Ed Blake place, the school [OSU] owns that now and there is some talk of developing some sort of an interpretive display . . .

What school?

Oregon State.

Oh yeah.

. . . some kind of an interpretive display about Camp Adair. Fifty years coming up and it was an important event in the community's life and of course the school . . . We've got Dunn Forest that was all inherited from that era. What kind of theme in an interpretive display could be used to represent the Wells community or Wellsdale? What kind of things would be good representations of that community?

Well, I would think the Carters were the mainstay of the Wells community. If I could get those pictures like of the store and of the postoffice, was all one, that I took out to the Benton County historical place. They could be used I would think.

And so the school would . . . because you're done with these other pictures . . . ?

. . . picture of the school and a picture of the store and I think that there was one of the depot. And they were pictures about [inaudible] . . . the same idea.

So you think that photographs of the old community would be good . . . ?

Well, that would be the type of thing. I have some old . . . see I've got an old . . . maybe you ought to turn that thing off.

12. Hamen Lewis

Let's see, we are back in town and talking about the postoffice. One person that I'd like to go back to was Hamen Lewis, a lot of people mentioned Hamen Lewis. When you were kids you were warned not to go near him. What was the reason for that?

Well, we should be . . . not let him entice us into his house of something of that sort. He was kind of a character but as I . . . a rather interesting thing, when we bought this place it was a part of the original Hamen C. Lewis Donation Land Claim.

Did you know that when you bought it?

No, not until after we bought it.

And so you can remember the man that had this Donation Land Claim?

Yeah.

What was the reason that you weren't supposed to go into his house, was he . . . ?

He had a tendency to want to handle little girls.

Oh, and so they warned you about that?

Yeah, and so we just weren't ever . . . He would sit on the porch and he'd always want you to come and sit on his lap or something of the sort. And I'm not saying that he ever did, but in those days we were warned, as people are today, to just don't do things like that.

A lot of people I talk to say that back in the old days people were nicer, better, but it sounds like really people were kind of the same in certain ways.

In some ways, yeah. He was a loner. I don't remember that he . . . I know that he had two grown sons Ralph and somebody else. They would be my aunt's age. I got . . . you know they used to send cards with pictures on them that were postcards, like you'd put a penny stamp on them, but they had pictures. . . . I got some in there from Lewis, Ralph Lewis, to my aunt because they were about the same age and grew up in the town of Wells. But as I say, it was always interesting, I thought, that when we bought this place that it was part of the Hamen Lewis DLC.

Now, other than being warned not to go too close, what would he do for a living?

Mr. Lewis? I don't know! He never did anything all the years that I knew him.

Just hung out at the store?

Uh huh, but he must have some money from someplace. It was a big old house that he lived in. Filthy dirty inside. When he would get sick, my grandmother would go down once in awhile and fix him something to eat. He was just kind of weirdly.

What would he talk about?

I don't remember he'd sit and cross his legs and this foot. Isn't this funny but I can remember that foot [inaudible] . . . dirty. His clothes got pretty dirty.

Everybody mentions him. They say it wasn't Herman it was Hamen and . . .

It was Hamen, Hamen C. Lewis.

And he made an impression on everybody?

Yeah, I'm sure he did. He did on me. I mean, I was always told . . . and when I

got a little older I worked behind the counter and that's where the till was and I was always told never, when Hamen was in the store, should I get cornered behind the counter. That was just something that we didn't do.

Now, do you know of any case of him actually doing something?

No, I don't. But apparently someplace along the line there must have been something done. That was why it was impressed on all of the younger girls especially and even the boys weren't supposed to go in his house. I can remember that too.

So he's done something . . . ?

Someplace along the line there was a reason for it because people didn't ordinarily pick up on that sort or thing. It wasn't a story that was told without some ground. It wasn't malicious gossip in those days. There was a reason for it.

And so the kids . . . Now, did people . . . Other than keeping their kids away from him, would people ostracize him or treat him different?

No, he wasn't social at all. He wasn't social. He wore an old hat. He was a big man, a real big man. And even Mother Rawie, I mean she didn't . . . Grandma Carter, that's who it was, I was thinking about Mother Rawie, Mother Rawie was on the other side of the story. I shouldn't get into that. She was "Mrs. 5x5," Ralph's mother was. She resembled my grandmother quite a bit, is why I said that. But Grandma Rawie never took any chances with him. It was just something that people didn't do.

They just gave him his space? Were they afraid of him or . . .?

Oh, I don't think that he was malicious. I mean, in that sort of a way, he had a thing for young girls. That was the warning that we had.

That is something though that when you were growing up you knew people that had actually crossed the Oregon Trail and had settled on Donation Land Claims. Did people have any of the sense of that? Did they give special credit to their ancestors or to local people that had crossed the Oregon Trail?

Well, I think that in older days everybody was brought up to respect their elders a lot more than they do now.

Was that seen as a special type of event though, that maybe set certain elders away from

other elders?

I don't know. I don't know.

Did you ever hear of the Applegate Trail when you were growing up?

No, and I didn't . . . I learned a lot more about history since I have gotten older but I . . .

(End of tape 2, side 2)

13. Grandma Carter

We were just talking about history. I was wondering, you say as you got older you got more interested in history, what do you think history is good for?

Well, I don't know quite how to answer that other than I think that the reason that I have become more interested in . . . When you are a kid you're not interested in it, there are other things. Then, as you get older and you have kids of your own and you start to tell them something and you have to stop and think all of a sudden; how did that happen or when did that happen? I think the older I get the more interested I am getting.

You've been real helpful with this project and with pictures and everything, what is the value you see in helping projects out like this?

Well, I think that other people are interested and I think that . . . I am proud of my heritage and I'm proud of the country that I live in and I'm proud of the state of Oregon and whatnot and I'd just like to pass it on to people.

So you know that people are interested and you'd like to share it?

Yeah, and as I say, I am proud of what my family did to help settle Oregon. I'm proud to be an Oregonian, part of the community, and I think it's just nice to pass it on for other people to know about.

So, part of it is providing entertainment for other people and part of it's preserving our heritage?

That's right. Uh huh.

Other than Hamen Lewis, where you aware of any other people who came across the Oregon Trail? . . . and Grandma Carter of course.

Well, of course. Well, basically not really. When I lived out there all of the

people up there were related basically. Not really but, Grandma Carter . . .

Everybody knew Grandma Carter she was the . . .

. . . was the focal point of the community?

Well yeah, because of her age. She lived so long. Now she really wasn't part of the Wells community because she lived farther away up closer to Palestine. She was known all over the state of Oregon because of her age.

And it was strictly because of her age?

Yeah.

So she was like one of the oldest people in the state?

Yeah, and the older she got the more people that came from all over the country to interview her and to talk. She loved every minute of it!

Oh, she liked the attention?

Oh yes!

Would people in the community see her about other things? Would they go visit her just to . . .

A lot of people went to visit her just because she was a novelty, I mean, because of her age she was different. She had seen a lot. People loved to talk to her and she loved to visit.

Was she kind of a character or more matronly or something?

She was a lady. She had a wonderful memory and she could tell . . . As I say, when I was a kid and went to see her, I took her for granted. She was just Grandma Carter!

Did you like having a famous grandmother?

I didn't realize that she was famous when I was a kid. The older I got . . . What's the old saying? . . . I said it about my mother . . . the older I got the smarter my mother got. I mean, it was me that got smarter but that was the same way with Grandma Carter, the older I got the more I realized what a remarkable person she was, but when you are around someone like that, you take them for granted. She was your grandma and . . .

What do you think when you see articles about her in the paper?

Oh, I was thrilled to death. That's what I was hunting for, a scrapbook that has

all of these articles about her, about a lot of things. It's in my dad's trunk in there but I just couldn't find it in a hurry. I think now why I'm getting more interested . . . my oldest granddaughter graduates from Crescent Valley High school this year and is going on to college . . . she's going on up to Missoula, Montana [University of Montana at Missoula] if fact, she and her dad are up there now . . . and she is going to major in history. She loves it! Half of her projects in High schools have been writing on family stuff.

. . . on her family history? And she is only in High school?

Uh huh, and she just loves it. Now she has a computer of her own and she is putting all of her stuff on her computer.

Good for her. Why is she not going to Oregon State?

Well, she wanted to go away to school and that is fine. I think that that is good for her and she's a student. Her folks don't have any problems about her going away to school. She's a good student. She could be a lot better student if she . . . she loves to read but she doesn't always read . . . she likes to read novels and stuff like that as well as other things. You could never punish Tonya[5] [Tonya Michelle Rawie] by sending her to her room because on her way she'd grab a book and she'd stay there all day!

[Laughter]

She was tickled to death.

It sounds like you have a family historian that you are raising.

Yeah, she's really interested. In fact, after I got this letter from this lady that I told you about, you know, the one that called and wanted to know if I was the one that . . . each one of my sons had gotten the same letter. She had gone through the phone directory apparently, and had written to all of the Rawies. But immediately, Tonya had gone out to the cemetery and had taken pictures of all of the tombstones with the Carter names on them and sent them to her.

Ah, good.

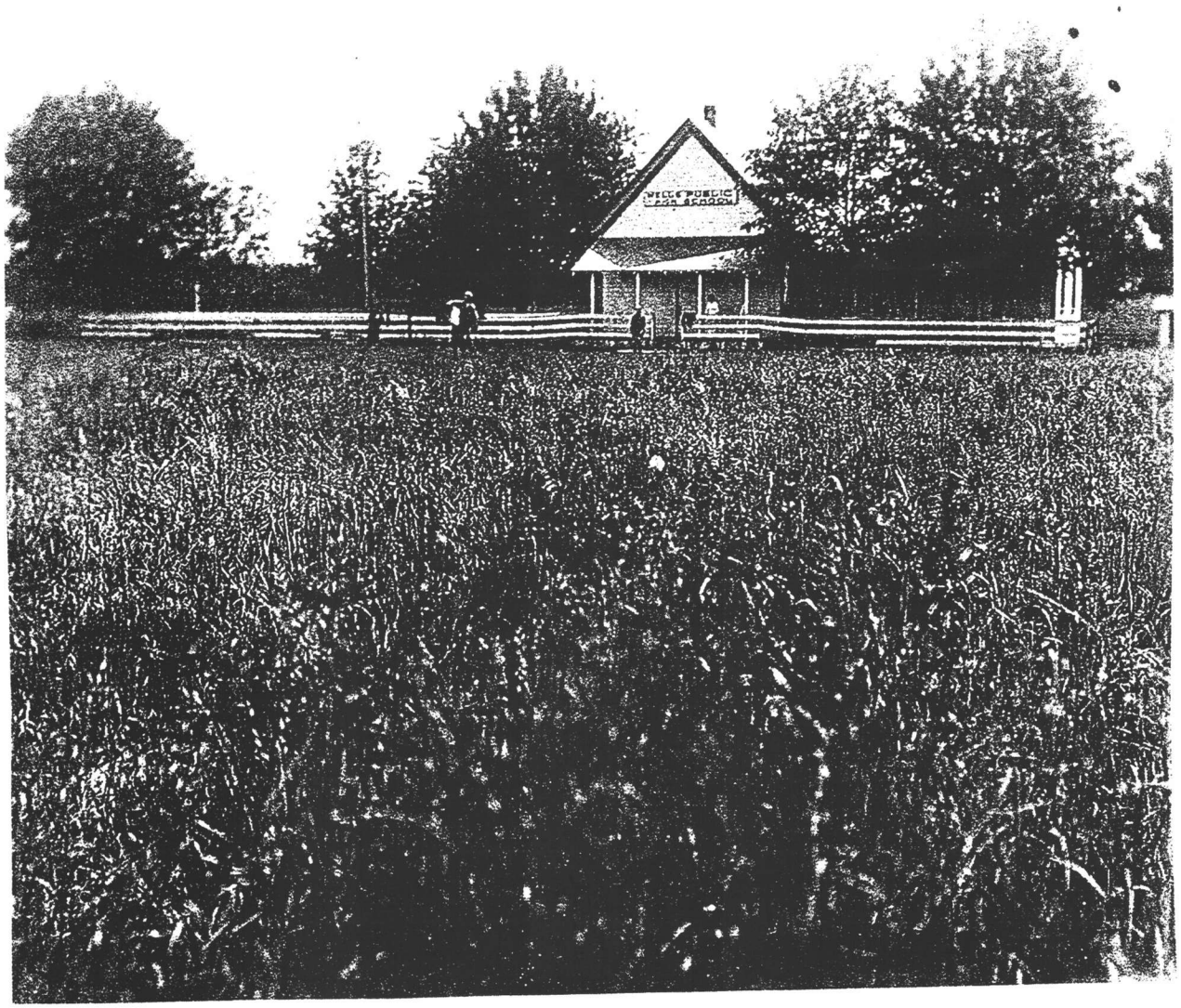
That's a picture of us [Pointing to a family photograph]. They wanted their picture taken with their grandmother so we had our picture taken.

---

5 Tonya's sister is Traci Melinda Rawie.

Is she the one to the left?

Yeah.



Wells Public School, c.1910.

14. Local Schools and Wildflowers

Uh huh, you talked about schools and then didn't relate to them much but you knew their names. Did you ever hear the Mountain View school called Drum school?

It has always been the Mountain View school as long as I can remember. But as I say, I never even . . . I guess you'd call me naive as a kid . . . I never even knew about Mountain View school when I lived out of . . . [Wells].

Is that right?

Yeah.

You'd never heard of it?

No, I mean . . .

How about Berry Creek school?

No, I didn't. I don't remember ever hearing anything about Berry Creek school or I didn't care anything about it if I did when I was going to school, when I lived out there.

. . . Suver or Tampico . . . well Tampico wouldn't have a school . . . Soap Creek? [School]

No, there was a school at Tampico.

Oh, that's right.

I don't remember the Soap Creek school up there until it was made into a museum type thing. It was kind of a funny little old building up there but I don't remember it being a school. Tampico, I remember it was there on the corner where about three roads come together there.

Do you remember any stories about Tampico?

No, but there seems to be . . . I don't even know what I heard . . . I won't even say it because . . . but it was kind of a ruff and tumble sort of place. I don't know. Was there a saloon there or something in the area?

There was the . . . Arcade Saloon (Tampico) was there. You always hear people remember it as a rowdy place but nobody can remember exactly why.

As I say, and this would just be heresay of what I've heard because I don't know anything about it . . . I remember the old school sitting there on the triangle and they used to have hay in it after it quit being used as a school. I don't remember anything about . . . What was the other one?

Berry Creek. [School]

No, I don't remember Berry Creek.

This is an odd question, do you remember any jackrabbits?

We had a few jackrabbits.

You did?

[Inaudible] bunny rabbits.

Were they bunny rabbits or jackrabbits?

Jackrabbits are those big, long eared ones aren't they?

Yeah.

No, I don't remember any of those. We had the little ones that came in and ate the garden but not a jackrabbit per se. . . . like they have over in eastern Oregon.

Now on Soap Creek, you mentioned going to Sulphur Springs, the Luckiamute, but Soap Creek went up through that area north of you, how come you never went there?

There was no Soap Creek up there close to Wells.

Didn't it go north up by Suver up there?

I can't think of it. There would be . . . Maybe there was a little creek that ran up through there but I don't remember that it was called Soap Creek.

Now, Calloway Creek, that came in the Bowers Slough doesn't it?

Yeah.

Okay, so that is why you wouldn't go to . . . ?

No, I don't . . . and I never . . . This was always the Soap Creek area out there were Sulphur Springs is, to me, that's Soap Creek. I don't remember it being any other place but up there. I lived out there for an awful lot of years.

So as it went east of Coffin Butte, you don't have any idea where it went?

I don't know what happened to it.

So, you think more of the valley then?

Yeah, uh huh.

On Hospital Hill, do you know where that is at?

No.

Okay, that's the hill in back of the Ed Blake place and it became Hospital Hill because of Camp Adair, so that wasn't the old name for it. It's where the reservoir for the town of

Adair Village.

I know where Ed Blake lives.

But you don't remember the hill there?

No, I don't remember. I know where they live out there. I got a picture down in the basement of their house. It was just a print.

An old picture of their place?

No, not of their place, but it was a picture out of their house when they moved to Corvallis. The Blakes where real good friends of my mothers and they all belonged to the Mountain View Grange. Ed and Lottie Blake were . . . She was a school teacher.

Where did she teach school at?

I don't know, but I think that my dad went to school to her. Not very long because he never went past the fifth grade. Of course he couldn't walk to suit the teacher and I guess his daughter kind of got a little bit of his . . . I went to school, I don't mean that, but I am pretty set in my ways. I don't do something just because it is being done. I mean, [Laughter] . . .

So, your dad didn't see eye to eye with the teacher in the fifth grade and called it quits?

And so he just walked out and he never went back.

Now, Jake Rohner didn't finish much beyond that but he said that in those days a farmer didn't need to know much except how to farm.

Yeah, that is what I remember. In fact, my oldest boy, David, who is 52 now, walked home from school when he was in second grade and when he left he told the teacher that there was just too much to do on the farm and he was going home. She called me up and said that, "David is on his way home and he says that there is just too much to do on the farm and that school is a waste of time." I said, "Don't worry, he'll be back tomorrow." She said, "Well I figured that." [Laughter] He walked from where Franklin school is down there by Fred Meyer's, the old Franklin school by Fred Meyer's, and he walked home packing all of his books. When he got home I said, "What are you doing home?" He said, "I came home because there is too much work to do out here to spend time in school." I said, "Okay, but you are going back to school tomorrow." "Yup." I

never made an issue of it. That was all that was said.

So he is pretty independent?

Oh yeah, and he is still independent.

Now you said that you were kind of the same way but you made it through High school.

Oh, I went through High school and I went to Business College. I'm not a social climber . . . you take me for what I am or you leave me alone. That was the way that my dad was and that's the way David is. He has lots of friends and has done very well but he is his own person.

Uh huh. This is backing up a little bit, but when we were talking about the wildlife, I forgot to ask about wildflowers on the farm.

Oh, buttercups and, well I called them flags, wild iris, and that sort of stuff, and then you went up on Coffin Butte . . . We always had to go up there in the spring time. We could find ladyslippers . . .

Oh, so you went up to Coffin Butte for the ladyslippers?

Oh yeah.

Would all the kids do it or would the adults do it?

No, I would go because my aunt and uncle lived up there on the side of the Butte so I could walk over there and cross old [Hwy] 99 and then I could walk the sheep trail over and come into my aunt and uncle's house from the back side of it. It would be on the east side of Coffins Butte where they've dug it all out now. I'll never forget one time when I was a little kid and I walked up there and when I came home I took home a little lamb. Mother said, "Where did you get that little lamb!" I said, "Well mother, it was lost. It was up there asleep all by itself!" Well, you know how a mother Eve will leave it's baby to sleep and it will go off to eat and I was sure that mother had gone off and left it and it was going to die and so I took it home. I marched right back with it. I had to go back all by myself and take it back up the side of the hill. [Laughter]

How old were you then?

I must have been seven or eight years old.

Are you . . . You said ladyslippers and you were going to say birds . . .

. . . birdsbills and, we called them cat's ears. Have you seen those little gray

flowers that are fuzzy on the inside? Looked like little ears. Lamb tongues. There was one spot up there around the spring where we could find trilliums, a lily type of thing.

Where was the spring at?

There was a spring up . . . Well, my aunt and uncle got their water from a spring on Coffins Butte.

Now you say Coffins Butte, but I've heard other people say Coffin Butte.

Well, it's C-o-f-f-i-n but I guess I did put it in the plural but it is just Coffin Butte. I'm sure of it.

Okay, because there is a family named Coffin that married into the Berry family and I am kind of curious if maybe they didn't name it after that family of something.

I don't know but it is Coffin Butte. If I slurred it into an "s" there, I didn't do it intentionally.

Okay. Now up there on top of Coffin Butte, I've heard stories of an Indian burial. Have you ever heard those stories?

It seems like as a kid, but I was never for sure whether it was or if it was just a tale that somebody tried to scare us kids with to try to keep us from . . . We always climbed the Butte in the spring. That was the thing to do. Like Ruth [Torgeson], this little gal that I told you lived over there, and some of us, we always climbed the Butte. That was a high . . .

Just for the view?

Yeah, we'd get up there and look all around.

15. The Dust Storm of 1931

Can you remember the snow storm of 1937?

I should because that was the year that I was married. No, I was married in '38. No, I don't remember a bad snow storm. We had a real bad dust storm. My aunt and uncle's [Eston and Anna (Torgeson) Carter] house burnt during the dust storm and we didn't even know it. That was . . .

What can you remember about that dust storm?

Well, it was just a dust storm. It was just terrible! It was just something that we

just don't have in this country, but really they lived . . . We could see their house from our house but their house burned and we didn't even know it until they came and told us after it was all over with.

How long did it last?

Oh, as a kid it just seems that it lasted for an awfully long time. It probably lasted two or three days.

Oh, a long time.

Yeah, it wasn't just something that went through and . . .

Did people have any idea? Was there any stories about where it was coming from?

No, I just remember that awful dust storm when Mox's house burnt. As a kid, that is what I remember. I associated their house burning with the dust storm.

And that was right on the base of the Butte there?

Yeah, well they were up kind of up . . . They weren't right down along the Highway. They were up the road that went to the Rohner's place and then you turned off of that through a gate and went up to their house.

Uh huh. Do you remember if the dust was any particular color or anything?

It was dust colored. [Laughter] And you couldn't breathe. I mean, it was . . . Well, it was the only time that I have seen anything like it. As I see things in movies and whatnot now, I always think about it because it was bad.

Uh huh, was there any stories about where the dust came from?

No, I don't remember anything about that. Everybody was glad when it was gone but there wasn't much discussion of why or where or . . . as far as I was concerned.

Did it leave any deposits around town?

No.

It just kind of blew through and blew clean?

Blew in and blew out. The houses were especially dusty inside, I mean . . . but there wasn't . . . I don't remember a lot of wind, a driving wind with it, but it had to come in on the wind but it wasn't a tornado type of a wind or something like that. The dust had to come in in the wind but it wasn't a violent wind storm as I recall.

It is an interesting event. Can you remember any snow storms or ice storms in particular?

I don't remember anything.

How about floods? Can you remember the flood in 1941?

Oh, I can remember floods that we had here in town before the dams went in.

Wells wouldn't be effected by those?

No, we never had any high water out there. Surface water over the roads but no . . . But see, there was no rivers out there to flood! We were too far away from the Luckiamute. The Luckiamute flooded, but that didn't effect us. There was a little creek that ran through, but it dried up in the summer time. I mean, there just wasn't any . . .

How did people get their water was it all . . . ?

They had wells, drilled wells. A lot of them had dug wells.

Would that be how the town got it's name? . . . Mill Creek, Fossil . . .

I don't know. I don't know where Wells got it's name.

Do you remember any wind storms at all? Anything like the Columbus Day storm?

Well, the Columbus Day storm I remember well, but we were living here at the time. But that is the only thing like that and that was really something.

16. Poison Oak

Of course, we've got a good history on that with newspapers and everything else. I've got two more questions here, actually I can think of a third one, and then before I get into them I'd like you to think of something that we haven't covered that you think . . . about your family or the Wells community or some of the events . . . We haven't talked to much about Holidays. . . . something that maybe you've done or your family has observed or something that occurred that we haven't touched on or brought up. Does anything come to mind immediately?

No.

Okay, the questions . . . One is do you remember any pine trees out there? Any trees at all?

Well, we had an oak grove on our farm which would probably be the equivalent of about an acre. It's still out there. I could never understand why the Camp didn't bulldoze it out but it didn't. There was maple trees around the school

house. Up on the Butte, that's what we called it, there used to be a few fir trees but no, there wasn't . . . As a forest goes, there wasn't anything like that. It was farm ground.

Do you remember any camas out there?

Any what?

Camas. A blue plant with bulbs that the Indians used to eat. . . . or wild onions or anything like that?

No.

It was all cultivated pretty much?

Uh huh.

When Camp Adair came out there there were . . . ?

. . . lots of poison oak when Camp Adair came.

Was there poison oak before that?

Oh yes! And that's what all the soldier boys got, poison oak. It was terrible. And they sprayed, and they sprayed, and they sprayed for poison oak but it is all coming back. It was up around Rohner's place and whatnot out there. [Inaudible] still getting pretty bad poison oak.

Would you kids get poison oak?

Not from that, but they would get poison oak.

Is there more poison oak now than there used to be?

No, I don't think that there is anymore but my kids are both woodcutters. I mean, they love to go out and cut their own wood so they usually come home with a good batch of poison oak. [Laughter]

Uh huh. The ridge where Peavy Arboretum was, that used to be called Tampico Ridge, Beals Hills was a part of it, do you recall those names?

Well of course I knew where the Beals lived. They lived right across the street from the Glenders. I don't know what's in there know. Does the college own it?

All the Glenders side and the other side is private.

Oh, okay.

Do you remember . . . Was that hill called Beals Hill?

No, the Beals were down on the low side. I don't remember it called Beals Hill.

Was it Glenders Hill?

Glenders. I would think of it as Glenders Hill. Whether that was what it was, but if I was referring to that hill I would call it Glenders Hill.

Did you do that when you were a kid? Would you say Glenders Hill or anything?

Well, when you would say Glenders Hill you would just say, "Over by Glenders." I don't remember it being called a hill, it was just [inaudible].

We were talking about poison oak and I was bringing that to mind and those hills in there, that Tampico Ridge is marked on maps as Poison Oak Hill.

Oh . . . Well where I was thinking about all of the poison oak, you know, where the Rohners lived and then coming south all along the Highway there where they have planted some new Christmas trees in there and there is an Arabian Horse place in there now along in there; that hill was just solid poison oak. That's where the boys went, the army boys went, out on bivouac and stuff, up in there. Oh, they got poison oak!

How did you hear about all of that?

Well, after all, we had an army boy staying with us in town and you heard it.

It is called Poison Oak Hill now on the maps, do you think that it might have come from that era?

I think that's where it got the name Poison Oak Hill. Boy, those soldier boys were in bad shape!

17. Local Black History

Now, when the army came in, you said that there were actually no minorities of any kind in the community; no chinese or blacks?

No, I don't remember anybody but we had everything after the Camp came in here to Corvallis.

Was there any resistance to that?

No there wasn't any, I wouldn't say. I have always felt that Corvallis handled the situation real good.

There was no racial problems?

I never heard of any.

Can you remember any black people that lived in Corvallis when you moved here?

I think that there has always been one family as long as I can remember . . . one black family in here. Of course, there are lots now. And there was one Filipino that lived here who was a . . . a little fella who was sort of a janitor or caretaker for a lot of the businesses in town. There was never any racial things but we hear a lot about it now in recent years, but I don't remember as a kid growing up or after I was married and living here in town. I don't remember anything about there being racial tensions here.

Do you remember the name of the black family that lived here?

No. Of course when my kids where in school, there was always the Reynolds family, of course, but they are not from long way back but you know the Reynolds family were very athletic here [inaudible] . . . And they were of course in school with my kids but as far as my family and my association, there was never any difference in the people. I mean, they were different but I mean we didn't . . . They weren't differentiated by status or anything. I mean, they weren't looked down on or anything within our own family.

Do you remember a man named Bud Smith?

Yeah, Bud Smith I remember. Yeah, I remember him.

Was that the black family you were referring to?

I think that was the family. Yeah, I couldn't think of that but when you said that, I can remember that now.

The Smith family was pretty well accepted?

Yeah, they were just accepted.

18. The Good Life

The other question that I have is a lot of the Camp Adair has become the Wilson Game Farm. Do you remember anything about E.E. Wilson?

I know that it's E.E. Wilson Game Ranch but I don't know who E.E. Wilson is. I presumed that he had something to do with forestry or wildlife or something but I never thought much about it.

So, that's just a name?

Velma Carter and Bessie Price, walking to Wells school along the Red Electric railroad tracks, c.1921.

That's just a name.

Now, there used to be a game bird ranch out there that the state operated. Was that . . .

There still is.

Was that there when you were a kid?

No, that only has come in there since the Camp was there. That land out there all belonged to Camp Adair and then the state took it over as a game reserve.

That's every question that I can think of. [Laughter] Can you think of anything else that we haven't touched on or that you'd be interested in getting recorded?

Well, I can't. I can't really think of anything. It was the only life I knew. I was a very . . . Well my husband always said that I had never been out of the state of Oregon until he married me, which was true. I just . . . We just worked and ate and slept I guess and enjoyed life.

It sounds like it was a good life.

I was a good life! I think that's why when Ralph and I were married and we finally came back to the farm, that's the way our life was. It was a family project. We all worked and we ate and we . . . The more we worked, the more we could have to eat and the more we could have to do everything. The more profitable the farm was why . . .

Now you have a granddaughter writing about it.

Yeah. [Laughter]

I would sure like to thank you for your time doing this.

Well I've enjoyed it. It may all sound a little silly and far fetched and whatnot but it's . . . And I'm real proud of my heritage and the Carter . . . That area out there was basically was Carter's.

This is the kind of thing that is going to keep it alive.

Yes, that is right. And I realize that.

A SILVER CAKE PLATE was awarded by the Corvallis Gazette-Times to Mrs. Ralph Rawie, "Benton's Best Cook of 1962" at the Benton County Fair program last night. The Gazette-Times pays tribute to Benton County cooks by honoring a "Best Cook" at the Fair each year. The winner must be an outstanding all-around cook who has won the most points in the canning and baking divisions at the fair. Five points are awarded for each blue ribbon or sweepstake ribbon; four points for red ribbons; three for white; two for pink and one for green. Mrs. Rawie won ribbons in various sections throughout both divisions. G-T Photo

This photograph of Velma Rawie was published in the Corvallis Gazette-Times in 1962.

APPENDIX A

The following summary of the history of Wells, Oregon was written in longhand by Velma Rawie for Lorna Grabe of the Soap Creek Schoolhouse Foundation, c. 1985. A copy of the original is on file with the Cultural Resources Manager for OSU Research Forests. A note on the manuscript states that "Wells was an early town located where the [E. E.] Wilson Game Farm is now."

Wells Station

Historical Notes by Velma Rawie

I am the great-granddaughter of Tolbert and Angelina Carter, the granddaughter of John A. and Mary C. Carter and the daughter of E.P. (Pearl) and Rose E. Carter. My name is Velma P. Rawie and I was born at Wells, Oregon.

I was asked to write about my recollections of that town. My grandfather J.A. Carter was store owner and post master for forty-eight years. The store was the center of the community. A wood stove at the back of the store was surrounded by chairs, nail kegs and benches and many stories and discussion were held as the men of the community met to wait the mail trains. These was a minimum of four mail trains a day. If there was no passengers or freight, the trains merely slowed for the exchange of mail bags. The first passenger and mail trains were electric, sort of like the trolley cars. They ran between Portland and Corvallis. There was a substation at Wells. Later the trains were steam with a mail car, passenger cars and freight all in one train.

The freight and passengers depot was across the street and tracks from the street and post office and was called Wellsdale to keep it from being confused with Wells, Nevada. My father E. P. (Pearl) Carter was freight and passenger agent before he and my mother bought a farm nearby. There was a switching track so trains could pass on load and it was always a treat when a refrigerated car was parked on the siding. We were able to climb on top and open the ice compartments and get ice. This meant we might be able to have homemade ice cream.

As I think back, I'm sure granddad gave away or had taken, all of his profit. The kids all stopped by after school and all seemed to get a hand in the cookie container and bulk candy jars.

Across the tracks at the depot there was outside toilets----one side for men, the other for women. Every Halloween, Granddad's buggy wound up on top of the outhouse. He had to pay (Irma Price, the same kids that put it up there) to have it taken down. This was almost a ritual every year and the kids weren't considered delinquent either.

There was also a community Church where Sunday school was held every Sunday and visiting preachers held church nearly every Sunday. The Artisan Hall was the social Center. Dances and parties, quilting bees, elections, the Christmas program and of

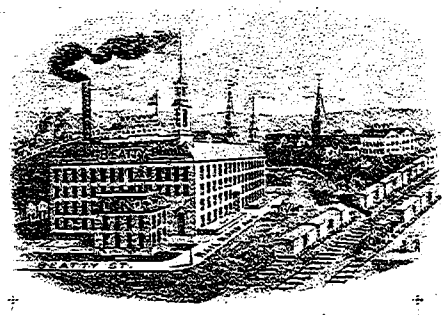
course lodge meeting were held here. There was a large grain elevator and warehouse where farmers brought their grain. My father worked at the warehouse during harvest after he moved to the farm.

The school house was a two room school. Four grades in each room. It was District #1 in Benton County. It was located about where the present game farm managers home is.

We closed the store and post office in January 1936 because of Grandpa's ill health. My great-grandmother died in February 1936, grandpa in July of 1936, Grandma in June of 1937 and my father December, 1937.

My husband Ralph and I moved from Corvallis to Wells to help mother with the farm after dad passed away and our two sons David and Melvin were born in 1939 and 1941 while we lived at Wells.

With the bombing of Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941 there was much confusion in the area about condemnation of land for a military base---soon and the old timers were removed from their land and homes. This we included my family and so came an end to Wells, Oregon. Early in 1942 the first flag was raised over Camp Adair.



VIEW OF WASHINGTON, N.J.
THE BEATTY PIANO & ORGAN MANUFACTORY
Cor.
Rail Road Ave & Beatty St
WASHINGTON, N.J. U.S.A.

Daniel F. Beatty's

CELEBRATED

PIANOS AND ORGANS

The Beatty Piano.

Grand Square & Upright,

AND Beatty's Celebrated Golden Tongue

Church, Hall, Chapel, Cabinet or Parlor

ORGANS.

THE Most Successful House in America

Washington N.J. U.S.A. June 2" 1881

In answer to yours of _____

Mr. James Gingles

Wells Organ

Dear Sir:

Your favor of the 11" Inst

enclosing Certificate for $125.00

is received and the amount placed to your credit.

I shall take pleasure in seeing your order receives proper attention and forward the Instrument according to your directions at my earliest opportunity, sending you notice when shipped.

Soliciting your further orders, I remain,

Yours Respectfully,

Daniel F. Beatty,

Where can I sell a Piano or Organ?
Let me hear from you. **B.**

Copy of an 1881 bill of sale to James Gingles for a piano to be delivered to the Wells Store. The piano was probably intended for use at the Gingles Church or the Gingles School. Daniel F. Beatty may have been a distant relation to the Beatty family that homesteaded in the Tampico area during the 1850s.

APPENDIX B

Pioneer Days

The following chapters on "Pioneer Days" were prepared by Mr. Tolbert Carter, an honored pioneer of 1846, and for a great many years a resident of Benton County, and were originally published in a local paper of that county. At my earnest request, one of his sons copied the letters, and they are here presented for permanent preservation in the Transactions of the Oregon Pioneer Association. Mr. Carter was born in Missouri, on November 6, 1825, of English ancestry. In early life he removed to Illinois, and started from Morgan County, in that state, to Oregon in March, 1846. He was married to Mrs. Martha Angeline Bileui on August 13, 1852, and made his permanent home a few miles north of the City of Corvallis. He was by occupation a farmer. He served a term in the state legislature with credit to himself and his constituents. He died on October 3, 1899, leaving an honored name as a heritage to a large family. --George H. Himes, Secretary [Oregon Pioneer Association].

CHAPTER I.

In response to your request I will give some sketches of my journey across the plains from Illinois to Oregon in 1846. I was in my twenty-first year, that being my first adventure from home with but little conception as to what was before me. Everything was new and unknown, having a very limited knowledge of both men and things in general. I will remark, however, that I have since in these long years learned a little of the world and something concerning mankind; I have become convinced that no experience was presented in the limit of an eight-months' journey across the plains to learn so much of the deep-seated and different shades of human nature as such a travel affords. And there is no trait in man's nature that is not thoroughly tested. First, his bravery; seconds, his manly impulses; third, his endurance. whilst all these qualities are thoroughly tested and fully exemplified, none perhaps is more required or none so requisite as his endurance and perseverance.

Now, imagine if you can, the condition of an inexperienced boy starting out on this terrible journey with all these necessary qualification to learn, and adapt himself to each new requirement. You may have something in your mind's eye of the disqualification of the one who is now going to give some noted and still remembered incidents that occurred on the latter part of that long and soul-trying journey. In doing this these incidents much be drawn from memory, having neither notes nor journal to write from. Fifty-two years is a long lapse of time to write from memory, yet these incidents are as fresh in my mind today as the events of the past year; strange, indeed, but true. My object in sketching these pioneer incidents is because there were no notes taken at the time, and I have seen no written account of any of them by any writer, consequently, with exception of what is written below, that long travel, with its attendant privations and misery, is entirely lost to history.

Another object in preparing a sketch of these long-past incidents is to some extend for the benefit of the young men (and some of the old ones) who seem to possess a chronic habit of complaining of hard times and blaming something or somebody for all the ills in life. It is for these persons in the present and the future that this narrative is given, and if any of the above-named class should happen to read this narrative through, my impression is they will readily confess "hard times" to then now and in the past have been a myth.

The incidents that will be narrated will commence at Lost River [Klamath County], now the southern boundary of Oregon. Lost River affords the water that forms the celebrated Tule Lake, the home of the savage Modoc Indians, who caused the war with that tribe in the lava beds. So far as I know I was one of the party who first had trouble with this savage tribe. That incident will be narrated. Then will follow the noted incidents that my memory still retains till I reached my present home, and if these sketches prove interesting, some incidents may follow concerning things that happened after arriving at our destination.

CHAPTER II

In my preliminary letter to you concerning a part of my journey to Oregon, I stated that I would commence at Lost River, near the southern boundary of the state; so here we are camped at the natural bridge on the stream. We have passed for a long distance through a harmless, inoffensive tribe called Digger Indians, perhaps the lowest in intelligence of all the American Indians. In consequence of this fact the sequel will show we had come in contact with a different kind of people. One morning when the teams were to be brought in, it was found that ten head of work oxen were missing. Our train consisted of fifty-two wagons. It was soon ascertained that the missing oxen had been driven across the rock bridge near camp, and, strange as it may seen, these ten oxen belonged to ten different teams, and the team that I had charge of, which belonged to a widow lady, was short one steer. So a council of war was held and it was decided that each one who had lost an animal should attempt to recover it. That decision enlisted your correspondent into the crowd thus delegated; so in less time than it takes to write it, these ten men were mounted and armed and equipped as camp laws directed We crossed the bridge, struck the trail and on we were in a treeless country-nothing to be seen but sage brush and desert. So here we go in high glee. As for myself I considered it a splendid piece of fun and recreation; but in this, as in many other things, ignorance was bliss, as the sequel will show. After following the river six of seven miles the stream is formed into what is known as Tule Lake. After following the trial fifteen miles we came to where seven head of the oxen had been slaughtered. With the facilities with which they had to butcher, judging from the signs, it was to them quite a task, as their means of slaughtering was the bow and arrow, and from the amount of broken arrows lying on the ground it would take a long time to replace them. But there lay the upper part of the head, which was all that remained. Not a vestige was left from hoof to horn--entrails and their contents all gone. Now, the question was where was the other three? It will be remembered that a belt of tules grows around most of these

desert lakes and it grows from the height of from five to seven feet. The water at this time had receded quite a distance from the tules, and we supposed the living cattle were in these tules. Attempts had been made to burn the tules off, so that only patches remained-perhaps half were burned. There was a trail into this hummock from where we were, and supposing the cattle were in some of the unburned patches, five men volunteered to follow the trail and five remain and hold the horses. Your scribe was one of the simple ones to go on this foolhardy and hazardous trip. On we went over the burned districts and through patches of tules, seeing or hearing no Indians, but occasionally a puff of smoke would arise from some patch of tules. We learned that that was their sign to each other of enemies in the country. Not knowing this we pressed forward. We now entered a large section of tules near the lake, still following the trail; about the center of this opening that contained five Indian houses with all their belongings. Of course we felt a little doubtful, being a half mile from our companions and hemmed in one very side by the rank tules, taller than our heads; but the neighborhood was to all human appearances deserted. We paused and listened, but no sound of voice nor tread could be heard. We, therefore, concluded the Indians had left their city and emigrated across the lake. considering ourselves safe from danger, the work of destruction began, and certainly no city ever met with a more complete destruction, not even Carthage by the Romans; the only difference being the inhabitants were not sold into slavery. Everything that we met with was destroyed-pots, kettles, mats, baskets and, in fact, everything that we supposed would be of any use whatever. Some baskets which we destroyed were full of some kind of seeds resembling that seed of the well-known lamb's quarter; we spilled the seed and destroyed the baskets. Another thing was a family of wolf pups; some bravo killed all of them, the mother dodging around to escape sight of the pale-faced destroyers. Some one suggested that the mother be shot, but others objected on the ground that the Indians might hear the report of the gun. We completed the destruction of the homes of these savages, and they no doubt considered it rough treatment from the first pale-faces that they had ever seen. It was thought by one pilot that we were the first whites ever in that part of the country; at any rate, ours were the first wagons that ever came from Humboldt River in Nevada to Oregon. We now retraced our steps to join our companions whom we left in charge of the horses. As soon as we emerged from this section of tules to the burned district twenty or thirty Indians ran from around the huts we had destroyed out towards the lake on the dry land afforded by the receded water of the lake at this season. They ran till out of gun shot and halted in full view of us. I suppose it was their chief. Captain Jack, who was afterwards hung, that motioned with his quiver of arrows, and in a loud, clear voice heard distinctly by us, intimated they wanted us to come back. Myself and another young man, equally ignorant, concluded we would have an interview with these strange, new acquaintances. So we started with guns on our shoulders. The Indians retreated as we advanced, so we saw we could accomplish nothing by this course. The Indians were all the time motioning and hallooing, so we laid our guns down to see what the result would be. They remains still; but we retraced our steps and rejoined our comrades at the desert. There was no signs of anything pertaining to the lost oxen int he lodges destroyed. They were no doubt in some other unburned section of tules not far distant. No doubt many will wonder why it was some or all the five who penetrated the tules, as the Indians would naturally suppose they would carry the news to what appeared to them an immense caravan. Our train consisted of fifty wagons, and they probably

thought about all the pale-faces in the world were in the crowd. So, in my judgment, if all ten men had gone in, not a living soul would have come out, as those Indians, concealed around those lodges, whilst we were destroying them, could have sent their arrows through the tules and killed every man, and we would not have seen them. So the fact that these five faint-hearted one who would not go in, in my judgment, saved the lives of the five brave ones (excuse the remark) who did go in. So, more by good luck than by good judgment, we ten adventurers mounted our horses and struck out for more fun, not realizing the danger; but we soon found it. As we started we again separated, five going to the right up the lake, with the understanding that we would meet three or four miles west at the foot of the mountain and report progress. We had proceeded but a short distance when the party who were going up the lake gave a warwhoop and formed in a circle, with revolvers in hand. We put spurs and charged on double quick and soon joined our excited comrades, ready for any emergency that required bravery to execute. In the center of these ten men lay an Indian, face down, in the sage brush, which was not more than a foot high, and another council of war was held to decide the fate of the prisoner.

CHAPTER III

I have no doubt, Mr. Editor that you would have been delighted to have heard the patriotic speeches made on the occasion. We had the prisoner at our mercy (that is, if mercy could have been thought of under the circumstances), lying flat on the ground, face downward, without moving a muscle, barefooted, no clothing but a mat made of cedar bark around his loins. Some were for shooting him on the spot; others, more lenient, proposed to take the prisoner to camp and hoist a wagon tongue and hang him, as no tree was in sight, so as to show these savages the civilized mode of disposing of prisoners. Your scribe said nothing on this occasion, being a youngster in the crowd. The latter proposition being agreed to, the next thing to be done was to get the prisoner to his feet so as to made the journey to camp, fifteen miles away. One of the party, more brave than the rest, dismounted to get our find to his feet. This task I had no desire to perform, as I supposed a bow and arrow might be concealed lengthwise under the body that could be brought into requisition and the arrow shot through a man quick as thought. In this, as in all other similar circumstances, there is fortunately some one fitted for the occasion, so one brave motioned the prisoner to arise instantly. A pitiful moan proceeded from the prisoner, and when raised sufficiently to see, tears were streaming down the face and the deathly moan still proceeded, and when erect it was discovered to be the oldest woman, I think, my eyes ever beheld. This being discovered, our brave who volunteered so bravely, slipped back, mounted his horse and put his revolver in the holster. In fact, all feeling in the entire crowd of adventurers for blood, either by shooting or hanging, or any savage disposition that any of us had previously entertained, soon became very much modified, so much that it was not long till all those deadly revolvers were quietly put away to rest for a time in the holsters. We sat on our horses and left alone this poor, old woman, we waiting developments and she expecting nothing but death. The moans and tears continued, and she now commenced making an inspection of her captors. In doing this she looked every man square in the face, until

she made the entire circle. I must say that when it came my turn to face this poor, ignorant savage (a human being nevertheless), with fear of sure death depicted in her countenance, together with the pitiful moan and teas, I confess I felt almost sorry that I had not remained in camp. She then became quiet and told us by signs all about the theft, making it as plain as if spoken in English. The story was that, while we were asleep, five Indians had stolen ten head of cattle and killed seven head, and took the meat, together with the three living oxen, and concealed them somewhere in the tule swamp, and lastly, she showed us by signs that could not be disputed, that she had not eaten of the meat. I suppose it would be too much to say that this decrepit old savage understood hypnotism or mind-reading; but I must say from the effect she produced on those men, seeking revenge for the loss of part of their teams, one would reasonably suppose she understood both.

We sat on our horses like so many pictures a considerable time before the silence was broken. Finally, some one broke the circle without uttering a word and started for camp, leaving this old squaw the opportunity of giving the lie to the sign she gave us of not eating any of the stolen cattle. So we struck out, single file, leaving our hypnotized alone on that bleak, lonely desert, disappointed in the experience she had passed through. She expected nothing but death would atone for the manner in which we had been treated by the tribe, and perhaps some of her sons were engaged in the theft.

We rode on, single file; not a word was spoken-hungry, thirsty and tired-until some one broke the silence by inquiring the supposed age of the squaw. The answer came, that, judging from her physical appearance, her birth would date back to the building of the Egyptian pyramids; others, more conservative, placed the date of her birth about the time of the invasion of Britain by Julius Caesar; but, still more conservative e, your scribe, as he is always conservative in all things, would place the date of her birth not later than the landing of the Puritan fathers in the Mayflower. Event his may seem a little extravagant, but all such doubts would be removed could the individual in question have been seen.

So, with a final farewell to Tule Lake, the Indians and grandmother squaw, we arrived at camp at 10 o'clock at night all safe and sound, more by good luck than management. All seemed rejoiced at our return. Owing to our long absence, and the lateness of our return, fears were entertained that the Indians had taken us all in, and treated us as they had the oxen-slaughtered all hands.

Next morning we got an early start in order to reach Klamath Lake, as there is no water between Lost River and the lake. Arriving late and preparing to place guard, and in calling the roll, it was found that there was a man missing. The lateness of the hour prevented any investigation that night; but next morning a party went back,and found the missing man, stripped and dead. He was a man 50 years of age, and had been walking and thriving cattle. He probably became weary and stopped to rest and perhaps fell asleep. The Indians stealthily approached him and shot him with arrows. We buried him along on the desert, to remain till the final summons for all to appear.

When the party returned we proceeded down the lake till it closes in and forms

Klamath River, a stream four or five rods wide, one of the worst crossings that wagons ever made -boulders from a foot through to the size of flour barrels-but no accidents occurred.

We then had the Siskiyou Mountains to cross; but fortunately we found no difficulty in a two days' up and down passage. We then entered Rogue River valley, inhabited by a new tribe of Indians on the coast. We then struck the trail leading from Oregon to California[6], and it was a comfort to know that civilized men had traveled this road before, as we had been months in a country where, to our knowledge; a white man had never been seen. The new tribe of Indians will be described in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV

Rogue River valley was an agreeable change to us, as we found plenty of timber; water and grass for the stock. There were no indications of Indians in sight; but as we moved on and struck the river on the opposite side we saw two Indians, one with a rifle and the other with a bow and quiver of arrows. The river was about ten rods wide. They talked to use and exhibited their weapons; but as we could to understand their language, we did not answer them, so parted friendly, and proceeded down the river to where the trail crossed the stream, and there we camped. At his place we had our first introduction to Rogue River Indians' honesty, or rather dishonesty, as the sequel will show.

A Mr. Vanderpool, a former mountaineer, had brought 25 head of sheep safely across the plains. These sheep were entrusted to the care of one of his sons, but the old gentleman arose early that morning and turned the sheep out to graze until breakfast. The herd being near camp, he thought it would be safe to let them graze till he could eat his breakfast. After breakfast he went to bring the sheep, but, to his surprise and disappointment, they had disappeared in a canyon near at hand, with moccasin tracks following. He hurried back to camp and quickly reported. Your scribe quickly volunteered to follow and bring back the herd. Several other simpletons also offered their services, but, fortunately for us, he was a man of sense and experience with Indians, and would not allow us to enter the canyon on any such foolhardy expedition. As a matter of course, he would have to lead the party. so the result was that our new acquaintances were left to have a feast on the 25 sheep that had cost the owner a vast amount of trouble, and could he have succeed in getting them through they would have been valuable property.

That morning we forded the river, a swift, ugly stream, with the water in the

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6 The "California Trail" of 1828 - 1845. A pack trail developed by the Hudson's Bay Company (HBC) to connect the Beaver colonies of the Sacramento Valley in Northern California to the Pacific Northwest headquarters of the HBC near present day Vancouver, Washington.

wagon beds in some places; but all got safely over and proceeded on our journey without interruption, until we came to what was afterwards called the Grave Creek Hills, which took us all day and well into the night to cross, it being dark and we not knowing where we were. As soon as we came to level ground, where it was possible to make a halt, we did so. We chained the oxen to trees to await what daylight would develop.

Soon a wagon appeared, with weeping and lamentation among its occupants. It was soon learned that an estimable young lady by the name of Crowley, who had been afflicted with typhoid fever, had died. It is hard to part with our loved ones in civil communities, where they may have all possible attention given them, as I know from experience; but imagine such loss in a wilderness inhabited by a savage tribe, and the impossibility of bestowing those tender cares; without physician or medicine to alleviate the suffering, and, worse still, after burial, the possibility of the body being exhumed, to be mutilated by savages or devoured by ravenous wolves, as there were many instances of such cases.

When morning came we found we were a few hundred yards from a small stream. We soon decamped and moved to the stream, laid over on that day and buried the deceased lady. All precautions were taken to hide the grave - it was dug in the center of the corral and a quantity of brush burned thereon. Two years afterward I passed that way, en route to the California gold mines, and, sorrowful to relate, the Indians had exhumed the body. Whether wolves had devoured the flesh or not could not be ascertained. At all events the bones lay bleaching in the sun, and her beautiful auburn hair lay in a mass, looking as bright and fair as it did on the head of the owner when in the vigor of youth. When I returned from California the mother of the lady came to where I was stopping, having heard of the circumstances, to inquire if the reports were true. That was one time in my life it seemed hard to tell the truth. I told it was true, and, characteristic of all mothers (God bless them all), she sept bitterly. It must be remembered that all those wold Indians watched the movements of our train till night, as wagons drawn by oxen were a sight to them both mysterious and wonderful, and they have a way of transmitting news so that our coming was made known ahead, so that all might be on the lookout. I have no doubt now but what there were Indians perhaps within a stone's thrown all day, watching everything that was done.

We will now leave this sorrowful scene and press forward to other troubles and privations, which, if we could have foreseen, would have made the bravest throw up their hands in utter despair. Winter was near at hand, and we were 200 miles from our destination-a land represented by some to flow with corn and wine and milk and honey, but the starved, hungry crowd, of which your scribe was a member, found none of the above-named delicacies, nor anything pertaining to either of them.

But to proceed on our journey. We encountered nothing of special note until we reached the entrance of the Umpqua Canyon. Before starting into that seemingly impassable barrier it was decided to lay over a day and give our lean, jaded oxen a rest, as it was said the canyon was nine miles through, and none of us had the slightest idea as to what kind of a road it would be. It was probably a good thing that we did not, for we all decided after passing over it that it was the worst road that wagons ever traveled

over. Bonaparte crossing the Alps with his army, so much lauded in history, in my judgment, was no comparison, as he had no wagons.

The first day we made the ascent, and camped with the oxen chained to trees. Remember they were all corralled the night before without food of any kind. Next day we crossed a plateau of some length, and from that we passed down the steepest hill, or rather bank, that wagons were ever known to pass. Bear in mind that we were in a jungle of trees and bushes, and could only see a short distance in front or behind, so that if you had to stop for hours you could have no knowledge as tot he cause of detention. My team was bout the middle of the train of 50 wagons, so when this bank was encountered it took a long time to bet down. As each wagon would pass down, those behind would move forward the length of a team and wagon. Finally I cam to the jump-down, and now will come one of those pioneer incidents that will seem hard to believe, especially to those who have been brought up in a level country, and have seen no bad roads, nor anything else very bad. The wagon in front of me had in it a man who had been sick 20 days with typhoid fever, without medicine to relieve his suffering; in fact, he seemed at death's door, as he could not raise his hand to his head, and could not speak above a whisper.

CHAPTER V.

Under such circumstances it looked frightful to send a helpless man, almost unconscious, down such a frightful precipice; but it had to be done; so we hurriedly prepared for the adventure. We rough-locked all the wagon wheels, and, to make sure, a man got on each hind wheel. Half way down this precipice a ledge of rock projected just perceivable to the first that passed down, but so many wagons and so much stock had passed, forcing the dirt below from the rock, there was at the time this wagon reach it a perpendicular fall almost two feel. With all precautions arranged, and the men on the hind wheels, we made the start, and got along all right until we encountered the rock, when, from some unaccountable cause, the front wheels rose up and went off the rock and the hind wheels rose up and went crashing down the bank. Of course, the men on the wheels let go. The wagon struck bottom side up, smashed the wagon bows with such a crash that no one could suppose anything could live underneath. When it landed some one yelled out: "There, he's killed." We all rushed down and removed the wagon box and bedding, and, strange to say, we found our fellow-traveler still alive. On examination it could not be discovered at the time whether he had sustained any bodily injury from his aerial flight or not. Much quicker than it takes to write it, the wagon was righted, the sick may placed in it, and it passed on out of the way for others. The man recovered and lived.

Whilst in this turmoil and excitement, a large ox came along packed with blankets and other things belonging to the traveling outfit. The old fellow seemed to take int he situation, and appeared to be very careful, being poor and weak. When he came to the projecting rock his limbs gave way and down he came, pack and all, and rolled over and landed in the creek below, unable to rise. We rushed to his assistance; all hands gave a

lift, and when we got him on his feet he moved on, if not a wiser ox a much wetter one.

No other mishap occurred here, to my knowledge, and a little before night the party were all down, and moving down Canyon Creek, strung out single file. Much of the route was in the creek. When night came on we bivouaced in this lonely dismal canyon, the poor oxen chained to trees, this making the third night without food of any kind. Our first rain fell that night, and from the manner it came down there was plenty where it came from. My recollection is that it was now the middle of October, and it may be truthfully said that the commencement of the rainy season in Oregon was the commencement of the tug-of-war for our weary, hungry party. After a long and almost sleepless night, morning came. We made an early start, as there was not much to cook. There was not a scrap of anything to eat in the wagon for the little family that was left in my charge. But on we go, pell mell down this creek, shut in on each side with precipitous mountains, the sides of which were covered with dense timber, with dense growth of underbrush along the creek, and a narrow, winding path cut out, following the tortuous meanderings of the stream. But fortunately about 3 o'clock the third day we emerged from this mountain prison. The rain had ceased falling and the sun gave additional enchantment to the scene, and there was plenty of grass for the almost famished stock. Canyonville, quite a flourishing town, is located on the same ground that our original camp was located. It would seem that all ought to be happy, and perhaps those fortunate enough to have something to satisfy the inner man could be so; but your scribe was not so fortunate, having eaten nothing since the day before with no prospect for anything in the future. I must say that the prospect for me and my dependents (a woman and two small children) looked gloomy, indeed. What made it more so, the party that had preceded us to open up the way and make it passable, had nothing at this same place, only what they killed in the shape of game, so there was nothing to be had in that line. But nest morning at the break of day i arose and took my gun and went forth to seek game, as out only chance was the rifle, and I had a good one. There was no chance of purchasing anything from those who still had a little, and I thought there was nothing in standing and starving without making an effort. So down the creek, i went, to where it emptied into the South Umpqua River, waded the stream full waist deep and up the side of a mountain I went. Soon I noticed fresh deer tracks. It has been 52 years since i saw those deer tracks, yet i remember the thrill of joy they sent through my weak and hungry body. A little further on I saw a deer, and if ever a man shot for meat, it was I. At the crack of the gun I saw I had the game. I prepared the carcass to carry to camp. Then I crouched down and got the deer on my back, but i found, owing to my exhausted condition, it was impossible for me to rise with it. Looking across the river, I saw a mon going toward camp on his pony. I yelled at the top of my voice, and he heard me, and came and carried my game to camp on his pony. When the news spread through camp men came from all directions for a share of the meat. I must confess i hardly knew what to say, consequently I said nothing. When the deer was dressed I threw down the knife and said: "Gentlemen, if any of you think that you need that meat more than I do, help yourselves." After I threw down the knife, I went to the tent, and after a short pause they walked away without touching the meat, all knowing that I had I had the widow and children in my care.

The last day's march out of the canyon was the worst for the destruction of

property. In fact, everything that could possibly be dispensed with was thrown away. The route was strewn with articles, all valuable to the owners, if they could have been preserved. Extra wagons, various kinds of tools, farm implements were abandoned, the owners being glad to escape with their lives. One Mr. Wood had brought a hive of bees safely this far, but the wagon conveying them upset in the creek, broke the hive to pieces, and the bees all drowned. His hive of bees cost him a great deal of trouble, as he had them to feed and water during the long journey. Had he got them through he had an offer of $500 for them.

Another company that came through the canyon, a day later than out company, fared worse, if possible, than we did, for the rain had swollen the stream to almost a swimming stage. One of their number, Judge J.Q. Thorton, wrote a journal of the trip. In the canyon he lost everything save what he and his wife had on their back. When crossing the stream for the last time he looked back at his wife. She was stemming the tide holding high above the wave a silver-tinseled bonnet which she had preserved from the wreck. The thought struck him, he said, of the ruling passion strong in death.

It must be remembered that we were considerably past the time for emigrants to make the journey to Oregon, consequently the stock of provisions for the trip in many cases had become exhausted, and from this time on to the closing of this narrative will be a struggle to get enough of the necessaries of life to keep soul and body together. But we now had the consolation of knowing we had passed the danger line of savage Indians - a blessing enjoyed by all.

I will here say that such a journey has a tendency to destroy in nature much of its benevolence and sympathy for distress of all kinds, until we are almost devoid of those essential humane characteristics. Those who have never been through such ordeals may conclude this is not true, but it is true nevertheless.

CHAPTER VI

In my previous letter giving an account of out last night in the canyon, I forgot to mention that a lady gave birth to a child, but the condition of the road was so terrible that in a few hours the infant died. The mother soon followed, owing to the treatment she necessarily had to undergo. I also overlooked stating that two years after passing through the canyon I met the sick man who had got the rough passage down the bank. I inquired of him if he had any recollection of the circumstance. He replied that he had not, but he had and indistinct recollection of feeling himself falling. I told him that it was true that he did so, for I witnessed the accident and saw him fall. My wife and I, on a visit last year, passed through Canyonville, and I looked at the entrance of that memorable canyon and down the creek to where I killed the deer, and I felt an anxiety to again go through the canyon, and also visit the spot where I killed the deer. I was told, however, that it would be impossible to pass on our original road, owing to the fact that in making the grade on the side of the mountain the road we used was literally filled up with trees and stumps taken from the grade. I could not help feeling astonished

at the vast change that had taken place within a half -century, and when I look in a mirror I find the change is nowhere more remarkable than in myself. Whilst improvements are going on in all other conditions, truth compels me to say that I am going on in the opposite direction; but your scribe tries to prepare for the inevitable.

After laying over two or three days preparations were made to resume our journey, and, being out of all danger of savage Indians, our large caravan broke into small caravans for the sake of convenience. The little party that I was in consisted of eight wagons, and as before stated, but little provisions remained in our party, and no prospective opportunity for procuring any. But being now out of danger of those pointed arrows in skillful hands, we were at liberty to hunt game art will, and deer were plentiful but in poor condition - nothing but does and fawns were in the valley. The bucks were in good condition, but they ranged back in the mountains, consequently were hard to procure. Occasionally, however, one was killed, but as previously intimated, there was no more division of anything in the shape of food with each other. Poor venison boiled or roasted without seasoning, not even salt, is about as poor a repast as I ever undertook to satisfy the cravings of a hungry stomach with, and I deem myself competent to judge, as I have tried almost all edibles that most men have eaten or attempted to eat. But going through what I have has proven to me that hunger is an appetizer far ahead of any modern discovery on that subject. But on we go, with nothing to eat but poor venison string, and we had rain almost every day until the sloughs had become muddy, which made it difficult fort the poor, jaded teams to proceed at all, so that the best that could be done was four or five miles a day. This being the condition of things with 150 miles to travel, and another almost impassable mountain to cross, imagine, if you can, out chances of ever reaching out destination. Without the full possession of the characteristics spoken of the introduction to this narrative, all would have thrown up their hands in despair The prospect of the undertaking, especially y to fathers of large families, with such vast responsibility resting on them, was dreadful. The people of this great State should feel that they owe something to these men who possessed the indomitable will to accomplish such undertakings. Your scribe would not be misunderstood to claim the honor above referred to, for he simply tailed on and followed those brave veterans spoken of and was simply there, and is now almost the only one left to eulogize those men for their bravery and perseverance as homebuilders of this great State. Those veteran pioneers who braved the dangers, privations and sufferings described above, in the occupation of this remote country far from civilization, have raised a progeny that for the bar, the bench, and the ministry, and, in fact, for all the duties and positions of real manhood and womanhood cannot be excelled by any state in the Union. Three of them are now in congress - one in the senate and two in the house, competing with the best talent of the nations. One of them recently caused even the renowned Jerry Simpson, of Kansas, to haul down his sign.

Our little company proceeded on the journey. The number of days required, also the distance from one point to another must be omitted, as the intervening years prevent my recollection of these two necessary items in writing a journal of this kind; but several rainy days and muddy roads brought us to the crossing of North Umpqua River. The Indians furnished canoes to cross the wagons in. By lifting the wagons in and out of the canoes and swimming the stock, we managed to cross. This was severe on the poor

oxen, the water being very cold. Our ferriage was very expensive, as the Indians saw they had us at their mercy, and, acting as some of our white brothers will act, made the best of it.

All safely across, we proceeded wearily ahead until we approached the Calapooia Mountains which had to be crossed - a task to be dreaded, but which had to be done. Some time previous to this out distress had become known to friends in the settlement, but unfortunately for out little party we had no such good luck. In the meantime a wagon load of provisions had been brought to the opposite side of the mountain. A man having a brother and sarge family in our party left our party at the river to cross the mountain for the purpose of bringing a packload of provisions. I loaned him my overcoat (I happened to have one with me), and he agreed to let me have a share of the load, provided I would pay the cost art the wagon across the mountain. I readily accepted the proposition, as we had nothing to eat but the poor venison previously described, or a poor animal that had been driven across the plains that some one would kill. This beef was no improvement over the venison. In the meantime our long and anxiously waited for man returned with out much - needed provisions. Our share consisted of a small portion of flour, nor exceeding 20 pounds, and about half that amount of peas. When the meal was being prepared from this precious package, I told the lady to give one mess of bread to us. As she placed the sough in the pan I could carcely refrain from eating the raw dough. But sometimes in our surest and sanguine hopes we are doomed to disappointment. This was my fate in this instance. When the bread and poor meat appeared at the festive broad, of course all eyes were turned and all stomachs craved the bread. The wheat from which the flour was made had been tramped by oxen in order to thresh it, and, or course, it was dark, and wild weed grew among the wheat called anise, that bore a seed fragrant but sickening to the taste. It being ground with the wheat, the bread had the peculiarities of both. I ate a small portion of one biscuit, the stomach revolted at the taste of the anise, so I had to retire and relieve the stomach to the long-covered bread, anise, dirt and all.

In relating this narrative I have aimed at the strict truth as I personally know it, but I will now report a circumstance given by another. About this time three men left us, all on foot, with blankets on their backs, to press on to the settlements, as they could travel on foot so much faster than the wagons could proceed through the soft, muddy road. These men left us without taking with them a scrap of provisions of any kind. One of the party had a shotgun, and they supposed they could kill enough game to subsist on till they could have a chance to procure food. But their hopes were painfully disappointed, as mo chance occurred to kill anything, and they met no provisions till the third day. On that day they met on the summit of the mountain a man named Durbin, with some provisions of pack horses. At the place of meeting there was an abundance of wild berries that grow in the mountains there, called by the Indians salal berries. They are pleasant, nutritious berry, but our hungry companions, not knowing but they might be poisonous, were afraid to eat them, so they made their distress known to Mr. Durbin.

CHAPTER VII

Mr. Durbin asked them why they did not eat of those berries, as the Indians live on them in their season. The hero of this little party was a man by the name of Toot, of Missouri, a large, portly young man and a very agreeable gentleman, and, by the way, a Methodist, Dan Tool devoured a quarter of an acre, vines, berries and all. I give this story as it was reported to me. I personally know it is true, with the exception of the quantity that Mr. Tool ate.

We then arrived at the base of the Calipooia Mountains, and laid over one day to recruit out exhausted teams before surmounting this dreaded mountain, the summit of which was covered with snow. Then up we started, creeping along until we reached the summit and passed the belt of snow; then we camped and chained out oxen to trees and bivouaced for the night. Of course, we got but little sleep, as our beds were arranged on the cold, wet ground. In this high altitude, so near the snow, not much comfort could be expected. We were glad when day appeared and all hands prepared to make the down grade. As for cooking, that was small task, owing to a limited quantity on hand to cook. In crossing the snow belt we met a few Indians going south. These aborigines were scantily dressed and barefooted, but appeared comfortable. On meeting them greeted us in the jargon dialect, "Cla-hi-um," which meant, "How do you do." We afterwards learned the dialect so that we could converse fluently with the natives of the country, and I still retain a knowledge of it.

It required most of the day to make the descent. We had no trouble in getting down as the ground was so soft and the wagon cut in so that no trouble occurred in preventing the wagon crowding the teams down the mountain.

We were then in the border of the Willamette Valley, our long-desired destination. There was nothing in sight to encourage us; the supplies we expected to find were all disposed of and the parties had gone home. So this much-lauded Willamette Valley presented nothing to us but broad, fertile prairies covered with a rich coat of luxuriant grass, very acceptable to teams, but the milk and honey that we were to find in this valley were not in sight; so we had to content ourselves with out poor beef or venison, with little dirty flour, strongly tinctured with both the smell and taste of the sickening anise seed. This was used to make a little soup and gruel for the children; as for myself I preferred the meat straight.

After resting a day or two we prepared to resume our journey. In starting we had to cross a swollen, narrow creek, the water being even with the top of the banks. A notch was dug on each side so the wagon could get in and out, and the father of Willard Linville, now of Corvallis, made the first attempt, having in his wagon his family and his mother. an aged lady. The driver, partly missed the notch, only two wheels entering it, and the wagon upset in the raging water. Before all could be gotten out, the aged grandmother had drowned. The whole family had a narrow escape. This accident caused a days's laying over, and is one among the many painful incidents that occurred during the long and eventful journey. This case was the more sorrowful on account of the great age of this father and mother, undergoing the fatigue and danger incident to the long journey, and now at the near approach of their longed destination to die by such a fearful accident, and to be buried without a casket or ceremony, was surely grievous to

the aged husband and son and to all concerned. There was in our party another man having a large family, by the name of Crowley. He was at the point of death with typhoid fever - the prevailing complaint of the journey. He was a son-in-law of the aged Linville.

In writing the history of this journey, so many years ago, I trust I will be pardoned for recapitulating some incidents that my memory recalls that i have failed to write in the previous articles. After we were through the canyon already described, in the exhausted condition of our party, coupled with the scarcity of provisions with some, and many entirely out, more complaining was heard for the want of tobacco than for the lack of provisions. After the company had divided into small parties, the one I was in, consisting of seven or eight wagons, and as I had three or four pounds of chewing tobacco, I concluded I would retrieve my lost generosity when I failed to divide the deer, by sharing my tobacco, as I never fancied the filthy habit. It was not much trouble to collect the hungry tobacco-chewers. The number was counted, and an equal division made, reserving for myself an equal share. For this act I was considered the greatest philanthropist in the entire outfit. After this, had circumstances been such that my services could have been offered for any official position, either county or state, and mu success depended on these men who shared in the tobacco division, I would have gained the position far easier than I did in later years. Another matter requires some change. While it is true that poor beef and venison was the principal diet, long-range marksmen, your scribe being one of them, had an occasional change. Wild geese were plentiful, and those large, white-breasted honkers were considered a delicacy, as they were invariably fat. I killed some geese and also a coon, which our dog cornered in a hollow log. He was a large, fat one. I put him in the wagon, hauled him till night, dressed him, and again divided. This gave the poor meat an additional relish that only those who have experienced such conditions can realize.

These incidents, called to mind since the former articles were written, beings us back to camp. We went travelling through this beautiful Willamette Valley. About the fourth day from our mountain camp, Thomas Crowley, the sick man above mentioned, died. He was a mon possessed of all the essential qualifications of an affectionate husband and father, and a thorough Christian gentleman, had a large family and was possessed of large amount of this world's goods. I visited him two days previous to his death, and he told me he was going to die. He said he would be better satisfied to have seen his family settled and made comfortable, but such could not be, and added that there was a better place beyond for him than Oregon. We buried him without coffin, and all turned sorrowfully from his grave. He was the fourth one of the Crowley family that died tin our train. It will be remembered the bones I assisted to bury on Grave Creek were the bones of his daughter.

The next place of note we came to was where the beautiful city of Eugene is located. A small plot cabin was built - the first sign of civilization we had seen in travelling 2,000 miles. The little cabin, without door or window, looked homelike, in deed. here several families, whose teams had become exhausted, were going to abandon their wagons and were making canoes to make the rest of the journey by water. Had I not been situated as I was, I would have joined that party. We went from this camp to

what is now known as Long Tom River - stream running crosswise of the valley, with much swampy land. It now being in December, of course all such sections were saturated with the continuous rains. To undertake this piece of road with exhausted teams proved to be terrible, as frequently each day oxen would mire and become helpless, and many had to be dragged out by main force, after which some were not able to strand, and were left to die. After several days of such helpless experience, Long Tom was reached. Long Tom is a stream about three rods wide. It had to be ferried, and a ferry boat was constructed by procuring two small Indian canoes, a little longer that the wagons, with a pine log made fast between. The contents of the wagons had to be taken out and placed on, not in, this frail boat and taken across; the wagons lifted in and lifted out on the other side, reloaded and taken out of the way for the nest and so on till all were over.

CHAPTER VIII

About this time, 3 o'clock in the afternoon, an event occurred which is painful to describe, and yet it is so full of the pathos of the whole terrible situation that it mist be done. It will be remembered I was a boy, and was driving the team of a widow lady, who had expected, as we all had, that we would reach destination months before. She was taken sick the night before the crossing, and a baby girl was born to her. After receiving what attention it was in their power to give her, they all crossed the river and left the sick woman and child in my charge. As night was approaching I timidly entered the tent where the sick lady lay. I got wood and renewed the fire, and, without speaking a work, I turned and looked at the lonely, distressed woman. She looked at me, and in most pathetic voice said: "What do you suppose will become of me?"At this pathetic expression all my timidity vanished, all the man in me was instantly aroused, and I asked her to tell me what to do, and if it was in my power I would do it. The sleepless night wore slowly away, and morning came at last. Preparations were then commenced to get the sick woman and child across the stream. The wagon and contents had been passed over the stream the night before, so I crossed the stream, built a large fire, got fir boughs and made a bed on the cold, hard ground. I then went back and covered the woman and child up. Then, with the help of three others, returned and took the bed on which they were lying by the four corners, crossed and placed them in the tent I had prepared for them. A woman and child had died the night before under the same circumstances. She was another member of the unfortunate Crowley family. But the woman and child I speak of both lived. She survived the trying ordeal, with our scant preparations and the service that willing hands and kind hearts could render. She lived single a year, and then married a well-to-do farmer, raised a large and respectable family, Mrs. John Simpson, of Corvallis, being one of her daughters. The baby born at that time also lived to raise a large family; but both mother and child are now dead, and this humble narrative is the only record of the unsurpassed hardships of this remarkable experience, and I take pleasure in stating the fact that I did something to save the life of this mother and child. We do little kindnesses while rushing through life, and we often do things that are not kind, but I find that it is only the thoughts of the kind acts that give comfort as I am slowly jogging down the declining years of life.

Snow fell during the night to the depth of four inches. I arranged the best I could for my sick charges, but the best was poor, indeed, and in the morning we were all ready to pursue our toilsome journey. Mary's River was our next objective point. The snow disappeared during the day, to the satisfaction of all concerned. Arriving at Mary's River as near as i can recollect, near where the grist mill now stands, it being at that place about 50 feet across. As it was now in December, of course the stream had to be ferried, but i must confess that i have entirely forgotten the kind of a craft improvised to cross in. Timber being near by, I presume we made a raft. I well remember the stock had to swim, and that one of our oxen became entangled in the brush below the place of landing. I jumped in the cold water, tied a rope around his horns, and all hands pulled him out, more dead than alive. This incident had the tendency to arouse me from my condition of lethargy caused by almost constant watching over the sick charge since leaving Long Tom.

After crossing we camped and spent our first night in what is now the flourishing, beautiful city of Corvallis, now the county seat of Benton County. The Agricultural College is now located here, and other adornments too numerous to mention. Corvallis mean "heart of the valley". Here was found another pole cabin, more attractive to us than a gorgeous palace would be now. It was the first inhabited dwelling or cabin it had been our pleasure to see in the State of Oregon. What made it more attractive to us, it was inhabited by a lonely civilized "white" man, whose name was J. C. Avery. He afterward became conspicuous in assisting to form a provisional government, arranging a county organization for the government of the present county, was United States postal agent for several years, and afterwards a member of the legislature. He raised quite a family, and some of them still live in Corvallis.

We then left Mary's River, our company from there consisting of only two wagons. One of these belonged to a cousin of mine, the other was the team I was driving. My brother, younger than myself, drove the loose stock all the way across. My cousin, being a man 35 years age, and all his life a pioneer, of course he became manager of our little caravan. At this time we had prospective points in vies, but the first night from Mary's River we camped at the foothills, a sparsely settled country, near the residence of H. C. Lewis. His dwelling was another of those soul-cheering cabins. Next we came to the residence of Thomas Reed, and after camp had been arranged, Mr. Reed visited us. This was the first visit we had received in almost eight months. On learning our condition, and that we had neither bread or flour, he returned to his house and brought some bread and divided it among the five children in camp. I was intimately acquired with him 45 years afterward, and in all those long years I never forgot that noble act of charity. In the interview with Mr. Reed he informed us of one of those lovely, unoccupied cabins a short distance from his place, what he thought we might get into for a time, but the man who had control of it lived two miles beyond. He gave us directions as how to find the cabin, and we struck out, without trail or road, and luckily found it. My cousin mounted a horse and started to ascertain if we could occupy the house, leaving us and the teams standing till his return. It was raining as though a second flood was approaching. I went and looked through a crack, and there I saw the first dry ground I had seen in two months. I had seen gorgeously furnished sitting-rooms, floors carpeted with finest Brussels, but nothing I had ever seen had such a charm for me as

did that dry ground, with the drenching rain overhead. The temptation was too strong for a youngster like me to endure, so without considering the penalty of breaking into a dwelling, I went to the wagon and got an ax, and in much less time than it takes to write it, I had a place cut for a door. Firewood being handy, I soon built a fire against the side of the chimney. I quickly improvised an Oregon bedstead (one-legged) and conveyed my invalid charge into the house, and placed her in a comfortable bed. I then turned the teams loose on the grass, which was very plentiful. All these charges were made before my cousin returned and reported that we could occupy the house. I knew I could when I cut a hole in the wall, and there were not men enough in Oregon to put me out till it quit raining. I am sure that a king in his palace never felt better or enjoyed himself better than we did the first night in our new habitation.

CHAPTER IX

In my last letter our party had arrived at our new home. In the surrounding vicinity we soon located permanent homes, not known to us at the time, but this became our final destination.

Our first night under shelter, with beds arranged on dry ground, and the rain pattering over our heads, was a joy and comfort that none but persons in our weary and exhausted condition can possibly imagine. Oh, how sound we slept! The rain pattering on the roof sounded sweeter than any music from the finest quartet of today.

Morning came, and we all arose refreshed from the effect of our night's rest, with knowledge that this was the first morning in almost eight months without hurry and discomfort incident on preparing to move camp. This morning there was nothing to do but to partake of our simple repast. If the average person was to be summoned to breakfast now with nothing in sight but what we had that morning, he would turn away in disgust, inwardly ejaculating: "No breakfast for me, if you please!" But not so with us; all fared sumptuously.

Attention was now turned toward making our new home as comfortable as circumstances would permit. The wagons were stripped of their covers, one was used to make a door shutter, the two tents were spread out and made protection on three side and served as ceiling inside; rough, uncouth seats were improvised, nails driven in walls to adjust clothing, and in a word our new home was made comfortable, compared with that of our long, tedious journey. It must be remembered that we were two days, and part of the third, making the journey from Mary's River to this place, which is about eight miles. This shows how fast our jaded teams could travel.

Our house being completed without, and furnished within, we now had the opportunity of looking around so as to ascertain where we were. Our party, or rather family, consisted of three men, two women and five small children.

In our reconnoitering we found game plentiful, consisting of deer, geese, ducks

and almost every kind of wild animals, also the rare mammoth white swan, with his beautiful flute-like voice. We three hunters, all "crack shots," procured enough meat in this first effort to last several days. It required quite an amount of supply the family, as not a particle of anything else could be procured, not even salt to season the meat.

In relating our condition and what we lived on in those pioneer days to the men brought up since, they have frequently remarked: "How could you live on such diet?" I know it appears impossible to them, but if they could have seen we ten people commence on a kettle full of this wild meat of different kinds and never cease until the bottom of it was reached, it would have been explained. The splendid sport of killing game continued for a time, and now another difficulty presented that appeared, under the circumstances, impossible to surmount.

For the last two months no washing had been dome, for the lack of material to wash with. The writer had a dozen shirts, and I overhauled them, picked out the cleanest until that would look as though it had been in close contact with terra firma, but in this case the old saying held true, "Where there is a will there is a way." I walked six miles to where G. B. Smith and his brother were "baching," (Afterwards he became known all over the state.) He butchered a beef occasionally, and I bought a small cake of tallow that cost 25 cents, half the money I possessed, and, to all business appearances, all I ever expected to have.

I returned to camp, burned a large pile of logs, improvised a leach, put the ashes therein and drained out the lye sufficient of wash the clothes of the family. This accomplished, my cousin concluded to make the effort to get flour so as to make bread for the children. The mill was twenty-five miles away, with two streams to swim. It was near the present city of Dallas, the county seat of Polk County. Blankets were arranged, out pockets filled with meat, and the writer and my cousin struck out. I went for the purpose of looking at the country, and to be company for the boy. He carried his gin, took a horse to carry the flour, and, to make a long story short, lest i become wearisome, the fourth day we arrived at camp with the flour, all rejoicing more to see the flour than the party. Many inquires were made as to who and what we had seen. The gun came in good play, as wild geese were plentiful, and they were our principal diet on the trip, except on our return, when we had bread mixed with goose meat. We brought back 100 pounds of flour, and that was all the ten persons used until the first of April. You may judge the amount the grown ones of the party ate. As to myself I never tasted the dark mixture of dirt and anise seed since my experience recorded in this journal.

We had nothing to do now but prepare wood for the fire. There was plenty of fuel handy, so the intention now was to spend the remaining part of the winter in the woods. Some might suppose that, situation as we were, with nothing in sight to better our condition, only privation and misery could present itself in the future; but I have never, in all my life, enjoyed myself better than during the remainder of that winter. Perhaps it was different with men and families, but I then, as now, try to make myself happy, whatever my environment may be; and strange to relate, I never was in a condition during the entire long and tedious journey that I would have changed and gone back from whence I came.

I was "Where rolls the Oregon," as the poet, Bryant, expresses it, where naught is heard but the dashing of the waters; no neighbors nor associations of any kind except the aborigines of the country. Our nearest neighbor was eight miles away, with the exception of Mr. Reed, the philanthropist above mentioned.

Each day was spent in the woods with the rifles, laying up food for the winter, which consisted of different species of game. Whatever kind we produced was dressed, cut in pieces and hung up to dry, without salt, and as our dwelling had no chimney, but with fire built near the wall, there was an abundance of smoke to prevent the meat from spoiling. And, strange to say, with this meat diet alone it was soon apparent that our entire family was gaining in flesh, and, still more strange to relate, I have never spent a winter since that I enjoyed more than the one here mentioned.

The excitement produced, the real fun in hearing the report of the deadly rifles of the three hunters and fleeing game of the fowls or beast as they came in range of each other's guns, caused the day to pass and compelled us to return to camp only half satisfied with the day's sport. And now, after these long intervening years, your scribe would gladly pass such another winter.

Not many days after we were located I wandered off some three miles from home. I came to the place that from then till now has been my home. A fine spring was gushing out at the edge of the valley, and about all I knew of selecting a home was that it should possess water, and I fancied that this place, when improved, would make a good one, so I resolved to locate it for that purpose.

On returning home and making known my discovery and intention of locating it for a home, the pertinent question was asked, "What are you going to do with it?" Of course, in my condition, I had no answer to that question, as at the time it appeared as though I could never aspire to own a pig, there being no pig to own.

With the dark future in view, my brother and I returned next day; laid a foundation for a house, near the spring, drove stakes at the corner, which filled the requirements of the organic law at the time. Good luck came my way, as this narrative will show, so that I retained my place, and it is my home today. Without giving occurring incidents, I will say that after a time my cousin purchased a claim a short distance from mine, built a house and all hands moved to his place. It was a beautiful location, and he made it afterwards a lovely home.

This brings us to the first of March, 1847. About the middle of the month arrangements were made to go to mill, at Salem, now the capital of the state, and thirty miles away. There being no road, the trip had to be made by water. Parties living ten miles up the river (our places were located near the Willamette River) had made a large canoe for the purpose of bringing supplies from Oregon City, seventy miles away.

This canoe was borrowed and brought opposite our place. Myself and brother and two other men boarded the boat, with camping outfit for the trip, and made it to Salem the first day. I had money to buy our supplies. The other parties had to go into

the French settlement and somehow trade for wheat, so this detained us two days. When we started from home the snow was six inches deep, but in the meantime a warm rain had melted it, and the river was booming. We loaded our canoes with the flour, twenty bushels of wheat, and a large amount of other supplies, and made the start for home.

CHAPTER X

Before starting for home we bought a shoulder of pork and a small cake of tallow. We now had salt to season the food with, and after being without that essential item for some five months, no one can conceive the difference in the taste of food except those who had the experience. We also brought coffee, but we had nothing with us in the shape of cooking utensils but a frying pan. So here we go up the booming Willamette although we made but little progress.

That night and the next morning our shoulder of pork disappeared. The bones were gnawed so clean that a dog would starve on what remained, so after this we had nothing but bread, with the addition of a mess prepared by putting water in the frying pan where the bread had been baked, let it reach the boiling point, and then thicken to the consistency of gravy. This mixture and bread was all that we had for six days. One of our party called this new prepared gravy "wallop," so if any one in the future might be forced to this scanty living, they will know how to make it.

After arriving home I only remained one night, leaving these hard-earned supplies for the benefit of others. And it was no light matter to leave companions with whom I had been for so long, sharing all the privations and sufferings incident thereto.

On arriving at Salem I met an intimate friend, with whom I had traveled a long way upon the plains. He intended to go to California, while I desired to remain with my relatives. We parted with the best feeling toward each other, but afterward he changed his mind and came back to Oregon.

My friend Robinson, was on the eve of starting to Puget Sound and insisted on my going with him. Perhaps it may appear strange that I would accept such a long and difficult journey, considering my past year's experience, but it must be remembered that I was in a strange land, with but few friends, and neither home nor money, and as my friend was well supplied with money, all these made an inducement that led me to accept the proposition.

My friend, his brother and family, and another man and family together with their household goods, wagons, and oxen-yokes started on our voyage in a large bateau. (This specie of boat was used by the Hudson's Bay Company in the transmission of their freight.) So here we are, with the mode of travelling entirely changed from desert, sagebrush, mountains and Indians, to the broad waters of the Willamette and Columbia Rivers. I found a vast difference in going down stream in a strong, swift current to that

of going up stream with a heavy-laden canoe.

It was now April, and the weather was fine. We would land and camp on shore of nights, and we had plenty of nourishing food, seasoned with salt to taste. All things considered, the mode of travel was agreeable to me, besides I had the promise of something in the future - a home and employment at the end of our voyage.

We went smoothly over the broad water of the great Columbia, and perhaps no stream in the world presents such picturesque scenery as it does, with its precipitous mountains and strangely shaped rocks. Each day brought strange and delightful views to this party of former land travellers. Our captain was an experienced sailor, and as the boat was provided with a sail it was spread to the breeze, when the wind was fair, and we glided swiftly and pleasantly through the water.

We now make camp within view of a strange sight, and, after supper the captain and I made an investigation and found it to be an Indian cemetery. A large table-shaped rock stood near the shore, perhaps twenty feet above the water. On this there were perhaps a hundred canoes, and in each was the remains of an Indian.

The mode of burial with these Indians was that when one died, if he had a canoe, to place the corpse with his belongings in it and then convey it to this or some elevated spot. The cemetery on this rock had become literally covered. A new place of burial was selected on shore, opposite Coffin Rock (as that was the name afterwards given it), where a point on the mountain sloped down to the river, and as many canoes as possible had been placed thereon, and a larger space occupied on the ground adjacent.

On this ground was an immense canoe, the largest in all the group. The edges and bowsprit of the craft were adorned with different species of sea shells, and it had remained in its present position until the bow and stern had given away and fallen apart. There in the center lay the remains of its former owner covered with a section of cedar bark. Our captain, being somewhat of a curio hunter, remarked: "That fellow has been a chief; he has something." So he put action to the words and removed the bark covering. Sure enough there lay the most perfect skeleton that I ever beheld - every bone belonging to the body from crown to foot, together with all the adornment pertaining to a knightly personage of his race. At the head lay his hair, looking as fresh as though it had just been shampooed. A number of brass rings were around the bones of his ankles, wrists and above the elbows. Around his neck were two or three strings of U. S. buttons and copper cents, and near the head were a number of ear ornaments.

Our relic hunter removed all these ornaments, appropriating everything to himself. I asked him what he intended to do with them, when he answered: "Trade them to the Indians." Your scribe stood amazed at the mortal remains of this once knightly chieftain, and disgusted at the sacrilege being made of his ornaments, the only history that remains of his life and former greatness. And what made the scene more impressive to me was that the time might come when our race would become extinct, and our own bones disinterred by the living race to find curios of the people that once existed.

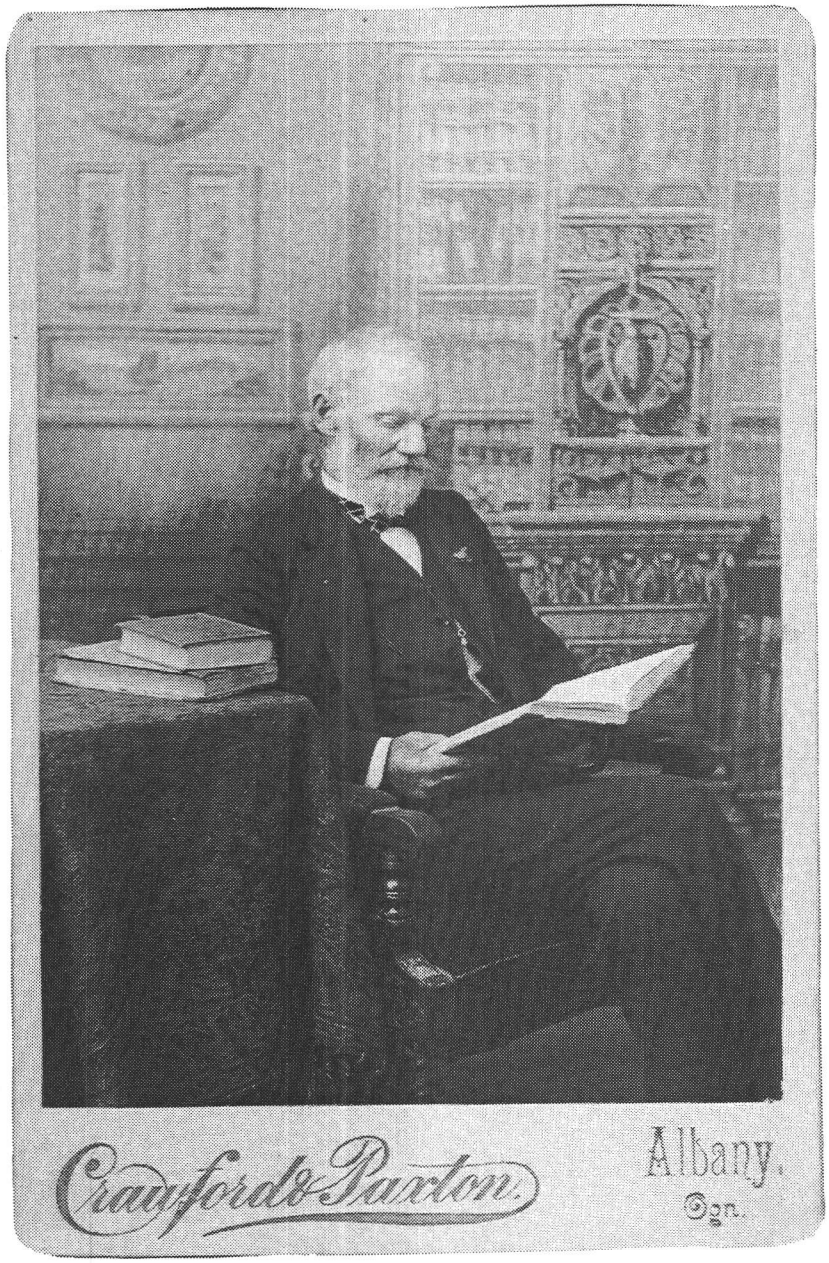
Here we leave this strange city of the dead. In a short time we came to the junction of the Cowlitz and Columbia Rivers, and we leave the latter, a swift, tortuous stream for our heavy-laden craft to navigate. Consequently a laborious change came to our party. We had to wade many times, waist deep; to haul our boat over rapids, it being impossible to propel it with oars.

After several days of arduous labor we reached the spot where the boat had to be abandoned, and the rest of the journey be made by land. Camp was formed, arrangements made to return to the place from where we started, and drive the teams belongings to the three families over some mountain trails unknown to any of the party. I will make remark, in view of what had to be dome before another start could be made, I had come to the conclusion that I had had all I wanted to Puget Sound, as it was at least one hundred and fifty miles to where the teams were.

The boat was unloaded of the household goods, wagons, oxen yokes and all. In the evening two men came walking up to the camp with blankets on their backs, and to my surprise, one of the men, by the name of Shaw, was an intimate friend of mine, having been raised near him in Illinois. Of course I was overjoyed to meet him. He came to this country the previous year and had been to the Sound. We went for a walk and he told me it was useless to go there, as there was nothing but heavy timber and rocks, no inhabitants but Indians, and nothing to eat but clams and fish. There was no agricultural land, and nothing to induce any one to go there.

After all had retired in the tent I told Mr. Robinson that I had concluded to return with the boat nest morning, without giving him my information concerning the Sound country. He quickly remarked, "If you go I will, too." I told him that I didn't want to influence him at all, but had done all the good I could until he got his team. Nothing more was said that night; but next morning I saw by the way things were moving that I would have company on the return voyage. Sure enough, orders were soon given to reload the plunder and all hands worked with a will, and to all appearances were glad to return.

My boss and his brother returned, leaving the third family aline in that desolate country. William Packwood was his name. He reached the Sound, and he and progeny have remained in that country ever since.



Tolbert Carter, probably taken about the time he served in the Oregon State legislature. This former portrait of Tolbert Carter may have been taken as early as 1872, when he was first elected to the Oregon State Legislature as the Benton County Representative, or as recent as 1895, when he was serving a 4-year term as the Joint Senator of both Lincoln and Benton Counties.

APPENDIX C

The Lost Letter

Tolbert Carter's granddaughter, Mattie Tomlinson, saved many of the photographs and moments that have been used to illustrate this oral history. At the time of Mrs. Tomlinson's death, her niece, Velma Rawie, inherited many of these items and has subsequently made them available to OSU Research Forests. Copies of "Aunt Mattie's" scrapbook and several of her family photographs have been filed with the Oregon State University Archives. One of the most valuable of these items is a copy of the following manuscript (probably as typed by Tolbert Carter), upon which Mattie had written "This is the last chapter, which was lost from the original--"

It must be remembered in making me last described journey that after we entered Columbia river, to where we made the stop on the Cowalitz river, no sign of civilization was apparent; nothing but Indian villages and numerous Indians.

The monotony of the trip was relieved by the sight of a canoe containing the body of an Indian. These canoes that made graves for their owners invariably had holes in the bottom in order to prevent them from being used. Many of them were to all appearances new, and were valuable property to their owners as Mr. Snow in his history of the northwest makes the statement, "Before the introduction of tools by the Hudson Bay Company it took one Indian six months to construct his canoe." The mode of construction was by burning. After the country commenced setting up many an Indian has been rolled out of his canoe, the hole in the bottom repaired and it appropriated to the man who committed the sacrilege, which would prove to the ignorant savage the high state of out civilization.

Another characteristic of all the northwest Indians is a practice they have of mutilating whatever articles the dead might have possessed, such as buckets, kettles, baskets, steel traps or utensils of any description so that they can never be used. I have many times inquired of them their object in this spoiling the articles belonging to the dead of their tribe, and their answer would always be that they were also dead, and consequently not fit to be used. Cases are known of these tribes who bury in canoes to confine the favorite slave alive in the canoe to perish by starvation. I have known tribes to vary their dead in the ground and then deposit food in the grave sufficiently to last a certain number of days. Yet all those ignorant savages with whom I have been acquainted have had a distinct knowledge of a "Swahili Tvie," the meaning of which is a grand chief over all, and who abides above the clouds.

To resume my narrative, we start down the river and find it much easier and faster traveling down stream than up, as we made the trip down in six hours that occupied six days going up. Nothing worthy of note occurred till where Portland now is was reached. Here my boss left us to proceed on foot to the Tualitan plains, which means a place of no timber, for the purpose of looking at the country. We went to

Oregon City to await the report of the boss. On his return he made known that he had purchased a ranch, with the intention of my assisting him in improving it.

We brought the team from Salem and returned to the ranch sixteen miles away. This was in the vicinity of the oldest settlement in Oregon, outside of the mission station. here were many old mountaineers and many discharged from the Hudson Bay Company, consisting of French, Scotch and English, who all had Indian women for wives. Prominent among these was the celebrated mountaineer joseph L. Meek, a man calculated for a leader of men - a man of fine appearance with herculean strength, but judging from his actions generally it would seem he was destitute of moral restraint. He had two sons, both respectable business men. One of them was supposed to have been murdered in Portland, and the other still resides on the old homestead.

We are now at what is to be our future home, for a time at least, a beautiful situation indeed. My boss was a lean, raw-boned Ohioan, raised in that timbered country in an early day, consequently knew but little about anything, except work, and I soon found that he knew all about that. As I had never studied that art but very little, he was just the teacher I needed. It may be truly said that the summer following was the first summer's work I had ever performed. He had a fine team of four pair of large oxen, the same that I drove on the plains for three months. He could not manage as to fence the farm; and it consequently fell to my lot to plow the prairie land for sowing in the fall. A large plow was rigged in wheels with a lever attachment so that one hand attended the plow and the other guided the team.

We had a very pleasant home on the main traveled to and to Oregon City, where all the trade was done to supply the entire community. The situation gave us the chance to learning all the news to be obtained at the time, but little news was to be had then. Nothing was obtainable from our homes and loved ones in the State, only as the emigrants arrived each year - there being no mail route established then.

I was now the 20th April, and, to show whether we had worked or not, by harvest there were one-hundred acres fenced and forty acres ready for the seed in the fall. My wages was one dollar a day, with board and washing to be paid with a forty-dollar horse which had been procured from The Snake Indians, a beautiful bay, pretty as a picture; in word I had the fancy horse of the community, a perfect pet and a race horse in those days, but that quality was no advantage to me as I never indulged in that sport further than riding ahead of all the boys, which in those days of fast riding was a valuable quality indeed. All stock in those times were fat and sleek, consequently Salem, (that was my horse's name) was ready for the saddle each Sunday.

Notwithstanding my pleasant home surroundings I was laboring under great disadvantages so far as social conditions were concerned, as I had brought no clothes suitable for high association. In the middle of June I made the journey to where my folks were living and I found them all pleasantly situated to what I expected. The widow and my brother were keeping house together; for the use of her team and wagon other parties were furnishing necessaries. The person I was most anxious to see was the little stranger who came to our camp at Long Tom. I was asleep but I roused it from its

slumber and treated it beyond the common courtesy that is due to strangers. I remained a short time and returned with clothing that proved superior to that belonging to anyone in the community, which in these pioneer times was a valuable recommendation for a stranger.

We are now supplied with all the paraphernalis necessary to appear in any which the appearance of the people, both in their health and the hearty social greetings extended from one to another. Having but few acquaintances, I was introduced to all the young men present, and introductions then were not the cold formal kind of today. Equality existed everywhere; no butting off the bridge; no big fish striving to devour the little fish. Strange as it may seem, it is my candid opinion that from the first settlement of this country till 1850, the time when gold commenced flooding the country from California, was the happiest days the country has ever seen. The unexpected acquisition of wealth caused the people to discard, to a large degree, the essential elements of true happiness. All thought and effort was now turned to the gaining of more wealth, paying little regard to the manner which it was acquired.

On the road to church there lived one of the prettiest girls on the plains, or anywhere for that matter. I soon made her acquaintance which budded and bloomed into affection, as much so that I sometimes thought arrangements could be made to travel with her in double harness through life, but a sad difficulty presented itself. I was not able purchase the necessary harness in which to travel, so all such notions had to be abandoned. When fall came I assisted in seeding the crop, with the understandings that I was to have a third when threshed. I than went in partnership with a brother of my boss who lived four miles above Oregon City, in the timber. I had to go in debt for part of the team, so we ran a logging camp during winter. The enterprise was eminently successful, as I paid for the team, had money to rattle, the first I had had in Oregon.

I came back in the spring to take care of my crop, harvested it and had five hundred bushels for my share which sold for fifty cents per bushel on the threshing floor. And to sum up the earnings of my first experience in making a living, I had a team, two horses and three hundred dollars in money. I doubt very much whether any young man in Washington county could have made a better showing.

Now, Mr. Editor, these letters will come to a close leaving my trip to California, as I went soon after harvest. I was in the first party from Oregon to the mines, remained there two years, and returned to occupy my former selected home. One year afterwards I married. I stated in commencement of these letters that, considering my limited knowledge, I had been successful, but now comes the cap sheaf of my success, which was in my marriage. On a limited acquaintance of two months the risk was made a will here remark that for all the essential characteristics of wife and mother, with all the necessary qualifications thereto, she is as near right as it has ever fell to the lot of manhood to be. We have been married forty-seven years, raised a family of eight children, all grown, and am proud to say there is not a stain on the character of any of them, but are all married and prosperous. Wife and I are alone on the old, old homestead, rearing the end of life's race.

If these letters prove interesting to any young man starting in the world under adverse circumstances, or to your many readers so as to assist in the circulation of your valuable paper. I will feel amply rewarded for writing "Pioneer Days", as it has been a labor of love instead of a burden. So, Mr. Editor, I bid you and your readers an affectionate farewell, still remaining as ever,

Yours truly
Tolbert Carter

Grandma Carter, taken about the same time as the photograph of her husband.

APPENDIX D

The following newspaper article is typical of the many that were written in local and regional newspapers during the last ten years of Grandma Carter's life.

100th Birthday to be Celebrated

Mrs. T. Carter of Wells, North Benton County Talks of Olden Days
Recalls Plains Trip
Celebration Sunday at Home, But Birthday is Not Until Tuesday
by Ianthe Smith

One of the most interesting women in the Willamette valley is Mrs. Tolbert Carter, who will celebrate her 100th birthday at her country home in Benton county near Wells Sunday with a family reunion and dinner featuring the early part of the day.

In the afternoon, from 2 until 4 o'clock, open house us to held. Many friends plan to call upon Mrs. Carter and extend greetings of the day.

Mrs. Carter's birthday is not until next Tuesday, but she chose Sunday as the day to celebrate when her five children, her 27 grandchildren, 29 great grandchildren and her three great great grandchildren will cluster about her hearthside in honor of the occasion.

Is Native of Missouri

Mrs. Carter, sitting in her low rocking chair before her fire in the large fireplace avers that life has been kind to her and full of many interesting experiences.

Interesting are the tales she weaves as she sits and rocks and reminiscences as she seems to draw color and fire for her stories from the glowing embers of her fireplace.

Mrs. Carter, who says she does not feel her age, is a native of Missouri, having been born in Ray county, December 18, 1834.

In 1845, Mrs. Carter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leander Belieu, and seven children started the long trek across the plains to what was known then as the Oregon country. The Belieus joined a wagon train, with most of the wagons being drawn by oxen.

The journey lasted six months. They started in May and in October came into Oregon. They first located near Dallas in Polk county.

Education Contrasted

Privations, hardships and stress of the trip across the plains were intermingled with pleasant events and exciting experiences, Mrs. Carter related.

In speaking of the educational system now enjoyed by children, Mrs. Carter contrasted this with schools of the years when she was struggling with learning to read. It was impossible in the trip across the continent to load many luxuries into the "prairie schooner'" and not many books were brought "west". What education she could obtain was under hardship. Law books, dimly and poorly printed classics were her primers. "My education from books doesn't amount to much," Mrs. Carter said, "but I've learned a lot from life."

Outlives Three Houses

Mrs. Carter was married to Mr. Carter in 1850 in Polk county and two years later they moved to Benton county, where they located on a farm near Palestine hill. Mr. Carter was prominent in early Oregon politics and server as a member of the state senate for two terms, having been first elected in 1878. Mr. Carter died in 1899.

Since her husband's death, Mrs. Carter has continued to live on their farm. She has outlived three houses, the present home having been built a good many years ago, in 1880.

For 80 years Mrs. Carter has carried water into house, for household purposes, from a spring situated 50 feet from her back porch in a fence corner.

Shops Here

She does her own housework and prepares her own meals. Her home is a veritable treasure house of antique furniture and dishes.

Mrs. Carter takes pride in her house and boasts that until three weeks ago she did her own laundering. Her son, Perry, and his wife, who live in a house adjacent to hers, look after the wood and heavy chores about the outside.

While Mrs. Carter enjoys riding in automobiles she says she had no desire to take an airplane ride. She prefers to do her traveling near the ground, she said. She makes frequent trips to Corvallis to do her shopping.

Mrs. Carter slyle winks at her interviewer when asked about bobbed hair, short skirts and styles in vogue now among women as compared with the modes of her younger days.

She says she has not had a strong inclination to bob her hair nor shorten her

skirts, for if she did people would think she had reverted surely to her second childhood.

Mrs. Carter has five living children

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