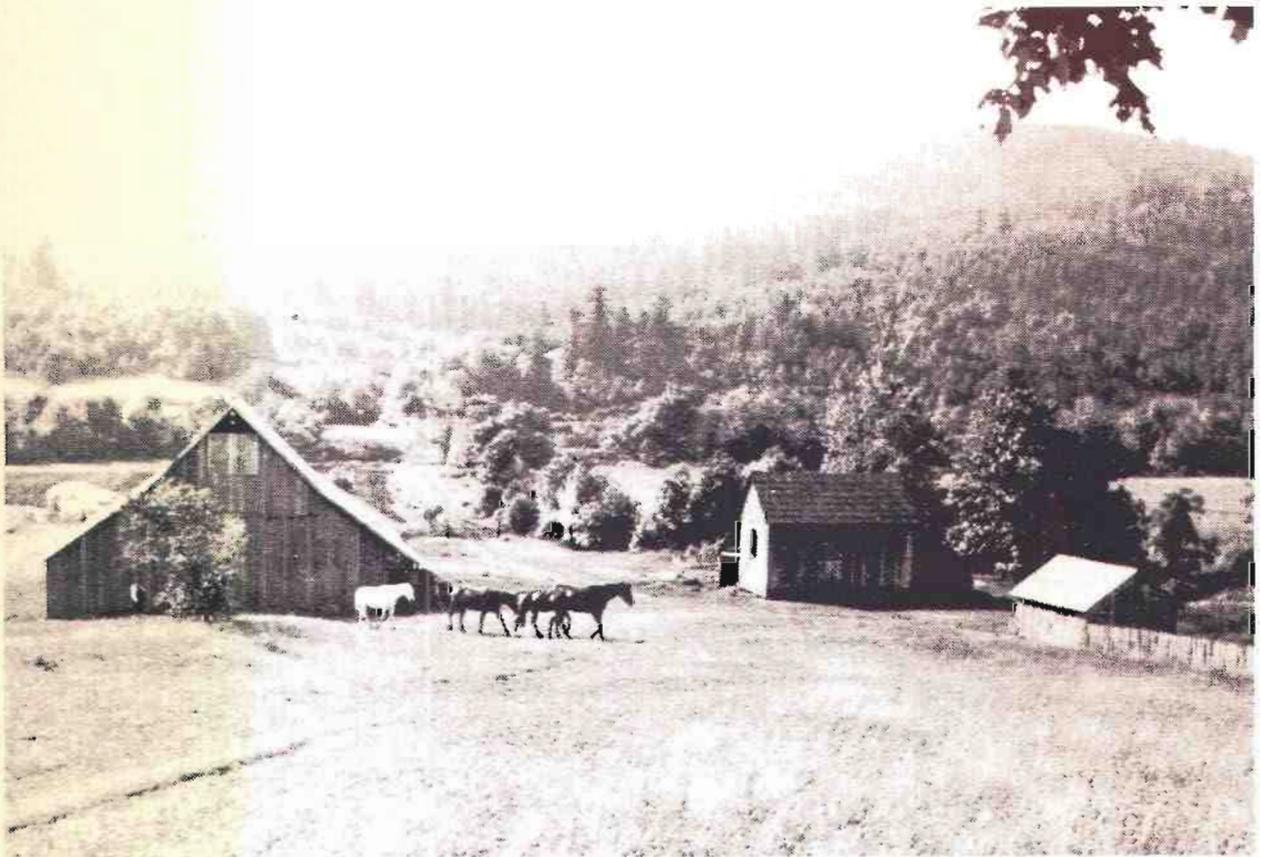


WANDA MARCKS COOK

The Story of the Sulphur Springs
Stock Ranch

Benton County, Oregon: 1904-1939

Oral History Interviews by
Bob Zybach and Kevin Sherer



Soap Creek Valley History Project
OSU Research Forests
Monograph #12
1995



Soap Creek Valley, Oregon, Oral History series

- Monograph # 01: Lorna Grabe. Family history and story of the Soap Creek Schoolhouse Foundation, Benton County, Oregon.
- Monograph # 02: Paul M. Dunn. Biographical sketch and story of the Adair Tract, Benton County, Oregon.
- Monograph # 03: Donald Dickey. Family history and life on Berry Creek, Benton County, Oregon: 1928-1942.
- Monograph # 04: Edward Sekermestrovich. Life at CCC Camp Arboretum, Benton County, Oregon: 1935-1940.
- Monograph # 05: John Jacob and Wilma Rohner. Family farming on Coffin Butte between World Wars, Benton County, Oregon: 1919-1941.
- Monograph # 06: James Hanish. Biographical sketch and a tour of Berry Creek, Benton County, Oregon: 1930-1938.
- Monograph # 07: Charlie Olson. Biographical sketch and early history of Sulphur Springs, Benton County, Oregon: 1900-1920.
- Monograph # 08: Neil Vanderburg. Family farming and saw milling on Berry Creek, Benton County, Oregon: 1935-1941.
- Monograph # 09: Eugene Glender. Growing up on a Tampico family farm, Benton County, Oregon: 1910-1941.
- Monograph #10: Velma Carter Rawie. A history of the Carter family and the town of Wells, Benton County, Oregon: 1845-1941.
- Monograph #11: Bessie Murphy. Botanizing in Benton County, 1900-1991.
- Monograph #12: Wanda Marcks Cook. The Story of the Sulphur Springs Stock Ranch, Benton County, Oregon: 1904-1939.

Remaining to be printed

- Monograph #13: William Davies
- Monograph #14: Charles Hinds
- Monograph #15: Marvin Rowley
- Monograph #16: Index to Monographs #1-#15. Soap Creek Valley, Oregon, Oral History Series.
- Monograph #17: Documenting Natural and Cultural Resources Research. Soap Creek Valley, Oregon, Oral History Series.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Soap Creek Valley History Project was initially authorized in 1989 by Dr. William Atkinson, former Director of OSU Research Forests. The oral history portion of this project remained under Dr. Atkinson's direction until January 1994, when it was assigned to Jeffery Garver, OSU Research Forests Manager. In December of that year responsibility for the oral histories was given to Ann Rogers, Cultural Resources Manager for OSU Research Forests. Funding for the Soap Creek Valley History Project is provided by the OSU College of Forestry.

Wanda Cook's interview was first transcribed by Bonnie Humphrey, formerly of the OSU Horner Museum staff. Subsequent transcriptions and tape auditing were performed by Lisa Buschman, former OSU Research Forests secretary, who also assisted with draft editing, formatting, and indexing. Holly Behm Losli, Tami Torres and Md. Shahidul Islam, OSU Research Forests text editors, completed draft 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. The picture is taken toward the south and includes the northern-most portion of the Sulphur Springs Stock Ranch and the central portion of OSU's McDonald Forest in the background.

Title Page Photo: This photograph was taken from the western side of Lewisburg Saddle looking east, by Ernest Cook, c. 1914. It shows the Sulphur Springs Stock Ranch, with Soap Creek and Writsman's Butte in the background. The photo was first published in October, 1993 on page 81 of Chapter B to "Comments on the Draft Supplemental Environmental Impact Statement on Management of Habitat for Late-Successional and Old-Growth Forest Related Species within the Range of the Northern Spotted Owl." This document was prepared by the Northwest Forest Resources Council, Portland, Oregon, and the American Forest and Paper Association, Washington, D.C., as the principal forest industry response to the Clinton Plan for Northwest Forests.

THE SOAP CREEK VALLEY HISTORY PROJECT

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

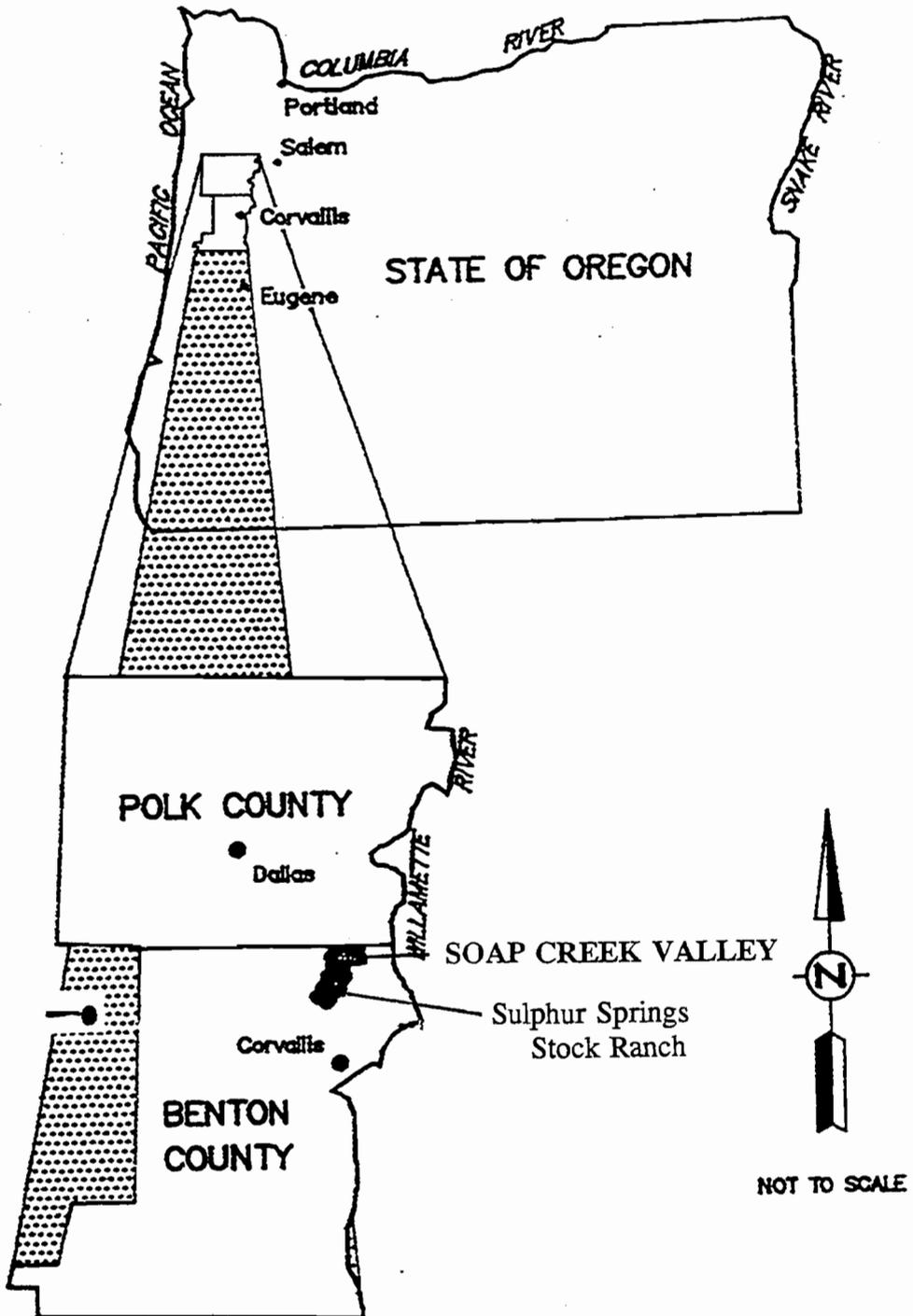
The publication of these interviews as a series of cross-referenced and indexed monographs has been undertaken in an effort to make them available to resource managers, researchers and educators. An additional use is accurate and available references for a planned written history of the area.

One of the primary accomplishments of the Soap Creek Valley History Project has been the creation of a computerized concordance file, currently on IBM Word Perfect 5.1. This was made possible through the assistance and expertise of Bonnie Humphrey, of the former Horner Museum staff, Lisa Buschman, former secretary for the OSU Research Forests, and Holly Behm Losli and Tami Torres, text editors for OSU Research Forests. In 1994, the concordance file was thoroughly tested and redesigned under the direction of Md. Shahidul Islam, currently the publications editor for this project. His refinement of the concordance file now allows for a more efficient and systematic indexing of the monographs in this series. In addition, the system will now be much easier for students, staff, and others to use, and will providing a method for cross-referencing other research materials being used in the construction of the scholarly history portion of the project.

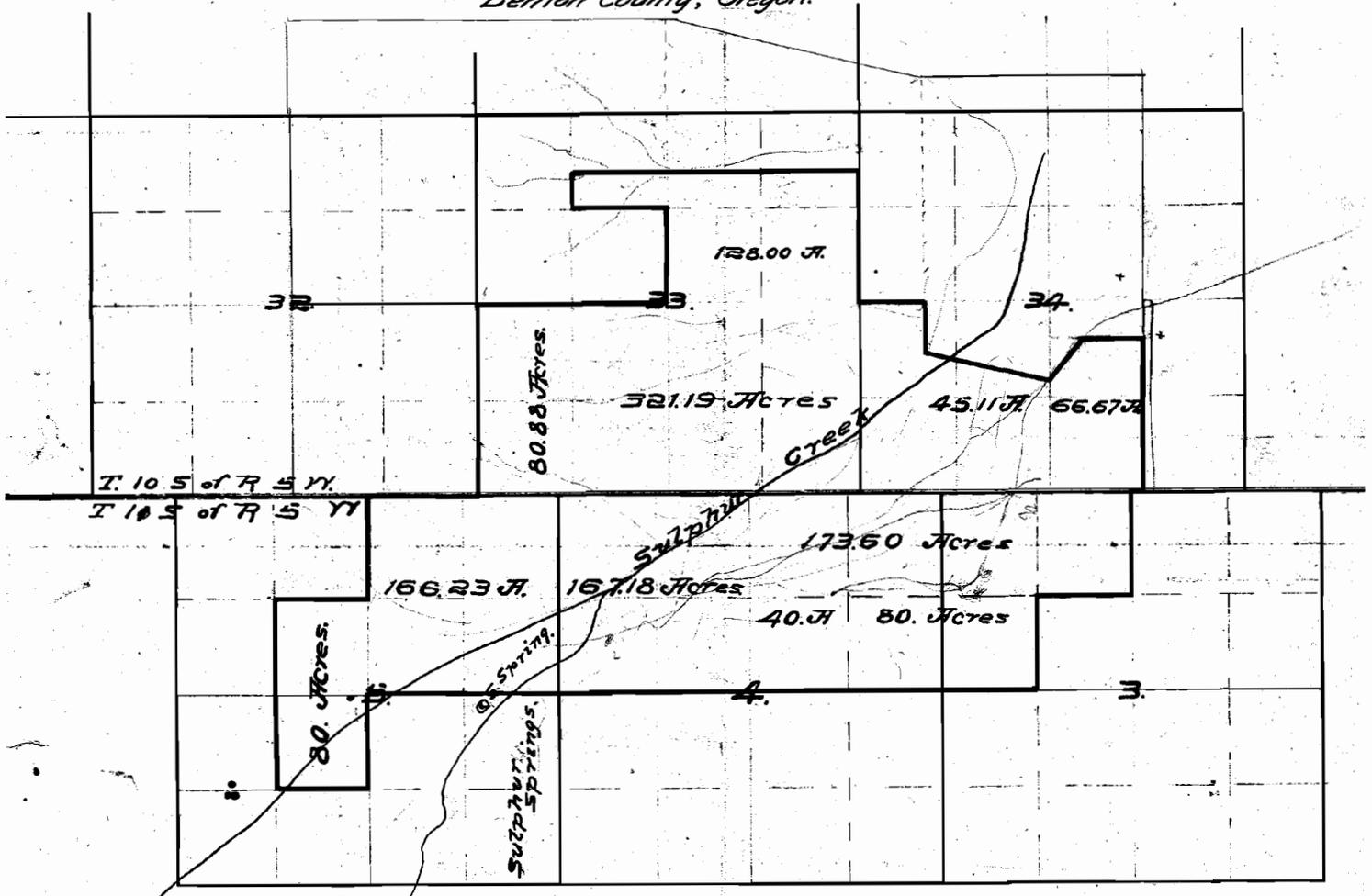
The Soap Creek history is being assembled from the written and spoken words of the people who made it and lived it. The use of the concordance file allows information from the journal entries of botanist David Douglas, the transcribed words of Kalapuyan William Hartless, the memories of pioneer "Grandma"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

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

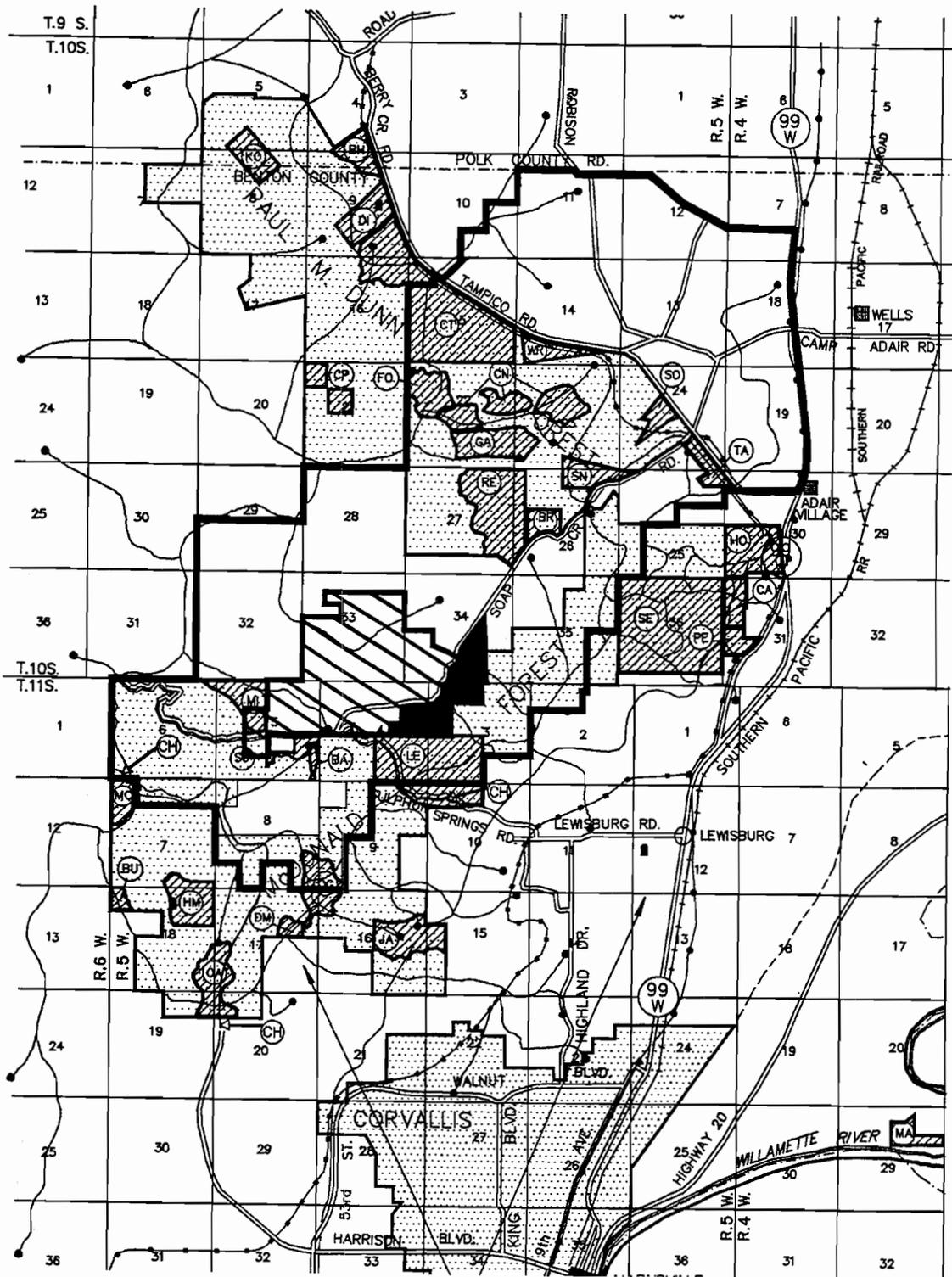
SOAP CREEK VALLEY MAP



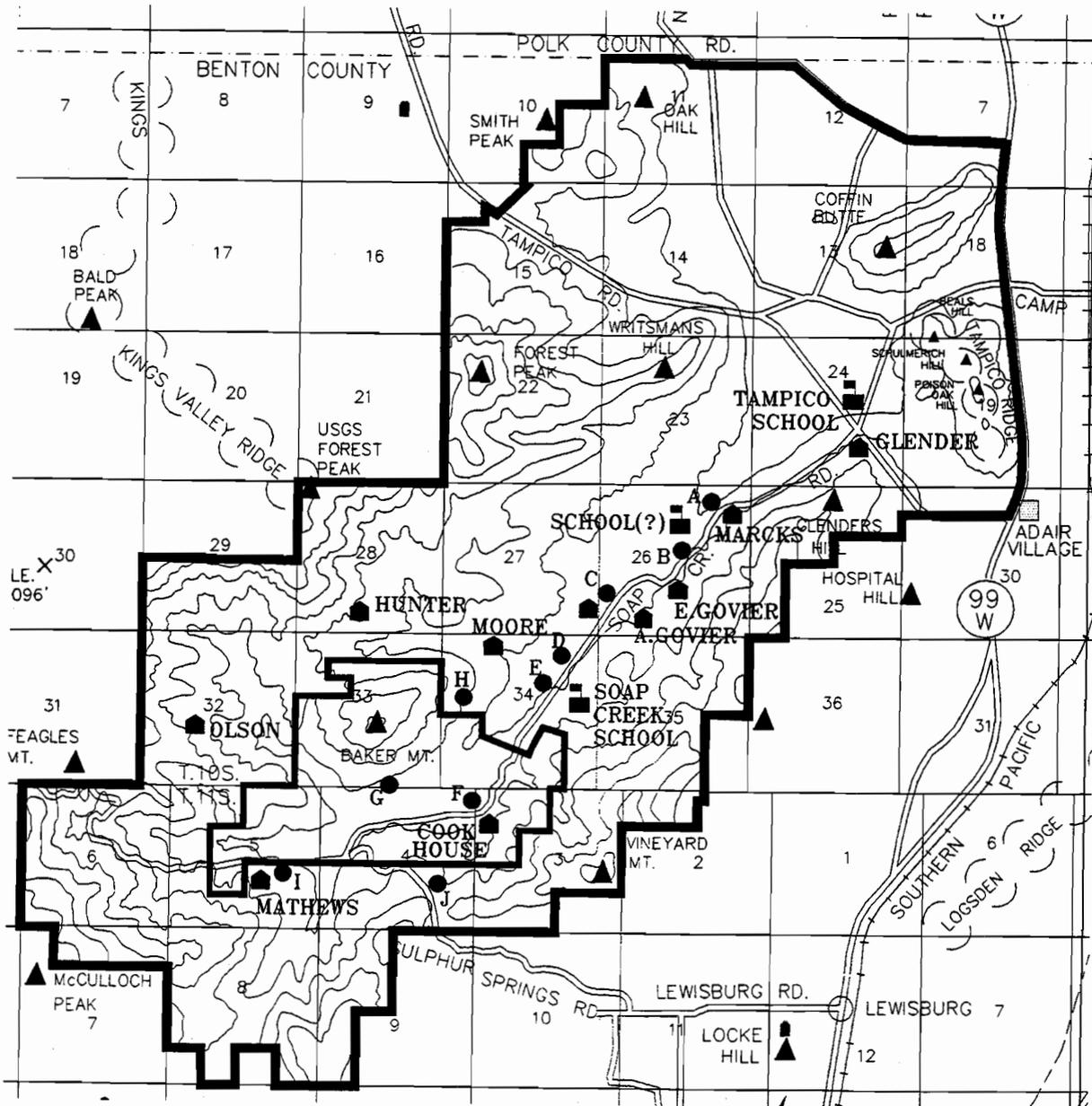
T.P. COOK RANCHE
 OF 1348 ACRES
 Benton County, Oregon.



1910 T. P. Cook Ranch Map. This reduced copy of the boundaries to the Sulphur Springs Stock Ranch was made from an 11"X17" map in the possession of Roy Cook. The original map is probably the one made for Ernest Cook by his uncle John Cook; it is apparently the map referred to in the April 21, 1910 letter from John to his brother (and Ernest's father), Tyrone Cook (see Appendix A for a complete transcript of the letter).



Sulphur Springs Stock Ranch location map. This map shows the 1348-acre Sulphur Springs Stock Ranch as it was located in relation to present-day Corvallis and to OSU Research Forests. It is an annotated version of the map of the Forests' Cultural Resource areas as shown on page 19 of the February 19, 1993 Draft of the McDonald-Dunn Forest Plan (OSU College of Forestry Forest Planning Team, Co-chaired by John Sessions and K. Norm Johnson). The solid colored area depicts a portion of the former ranch that was recently given to OSU Research Forests. It is known as the "Cameron Tract" named for its donor, Elizabeth Bond Starker Cameron (Corvallis Gazette Times, July 6, 1995).



May 15, 1990 Soap Creek Valley Tour Map. This map shows the location of tour stops taken during the May 15, 1990 tour with Roy Cook. Letters written on the circled stops correspond with the letters written on the table of contents. For example, the circled "E" on the map shows the location of chapter "E. Soap Creek Schoolhouse." Names shown with house locations are for families that lived in the Soap Creek area between 1899 and 1930.

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INTRODUCTION

The following interview was recorded on October 28, 1989 at Wanda Cook's apartment in Portland, Oregon. At that time I wrote: "She is an attractive, articulate, and intelligent woman with an inquisitive mind and an ever-present sense of humor. Due to the nature of this project, the interview was principally concerned with her childhood and young adult years in the Soap Creek Valley. A love of reading, an enjoyment of plants, and a concern for appearances, are all reflected in Mrs. Cook's current surrounding." Wanda had made such a lively and youthful impression on me that I had failed to note that she was over 90 years of age! During the course of our discussion she had often seemed and sounded like a person half (or even a fourth) of her actual years.

Wanda Marcks was a 9 years old when her family moved to the Tampico area of the Soap Creek Valley in 1904. The Marcks family farm encompassed much of the 1846 David Carson Donation Land Claim and subsequently became part of Camp Adair during World War II. It is now part of the "Beef Barns" development of the OSU College of Agriculture. As a child she attended public schools, rode horses, observed the wild plants and animals around her home, and performed the chores and duties typically required of "the oldest girl" in a family for that time.

At the age of eighteen Wanda married a neighbor, Ernest Cook, that had recently graduated with a degree in agriculture from the Oregon Agricultural College (as Oregon State University was known in those days). The young couple moved to the groom's home on a horse and cattle ranch near Sulphur Springs, at the southwestern end of the valley, where they lived until 1922. The principal focus of this interview concerns those year's of Wanda's life; as a young farm wife, raising a family in Benton County during the time of World War I. A secondary focus is the land itself; how Wanda and the Cook family came to be associated with it; how they changed it; and how it came to pass into the hands of others.

A planned trip to Soap Creek Valley to record Wanda a second time was cancelled when she broke her ankle and was forced to move into a retirement home with a caretaker. Instead, her son Roy accompanied Kevin Sherer and I on a tour of the valley on May 15, 1990. As evidenced by the second transcript in this monograph, Roy was great fun to talk with. He also provided Kevin and I with a number of pre-World War I photographs of Soap Creek Valley and some 1910-1939 legal documents regarding the Sulphur Springs Stock Ranch that he had inherited from his father. Appendix A provides a comprehensive selection of these materials. A number of additional photos had been previously donated to the Horner museum and can possibly be located through that source.

Earlier this month, Shahid Islam and I visited Roy at his home near Yachats, overlooking a beautiful view of the Pacific Ocean. At that time we made some final corrections to the transcripts and indexes, obtained a few additional photographs, and made a final, clarifying, recording that was used to detail many of the captions and footnotes in this monograph. As usual, our visit was both entertaining and productive; the interesting lives, lively good humor, and consistent attention to detail that have characterized Roy's and his mother's involvement in this project have contributed greatly to the more positive qualities of these

final results. It has been both great fun and a good education to work with the Cook family on this manuscript.

Of additional interest to these interviews is the current attention being given to the eastern portion of the old Sulphur Springs Stock Ranch. At the time of this writing it is being partially logged to meet the conditions of a bequeath from Elizabeth Bond Starker Cameron to the OSU Kerr Library and to OSU Research Forests (See the Corvallis Gazette Times of May 23 and July 6, 1995 for additional details on this issue). The printing of these interviews and of Ernest Cook's photographs further "attests to the importance of programs that include oral histories as part of the survey process," as stated by Kevin Sherer in the introduction to Monograph #6 in this series.

Bob Zybach
Corvallis, Oregon
September 1, 1995



Marcks Family photo, c. 1912. This picture of Wanda Marcks and her family was probably taken by Ernest Cook and shows Wanda as a teenager, a few year before her wedding to Ernest. To Wanda's left are her brothers, Raymond and Wallace, her sister, Florence, her mother, Helen, and her father, Louis.

Part I. October 28, 1989 Interview

The following interview was conducted by Bob Zybach with Wanda Marcks Cook at her home in Portland, Oregon on October 28, 1989.

1. German Russians

Why don't we start about the [water] spring and go back to your parents and what brought them to there [Soap Creek Valley].

Well, I can tell you about the spring after we get there.

Okay, I've got a note on it. Let's start with your mother's family: Where they came from, when they came to the United States and what took them to the Soap Creek Valley.

Well, I can't tell you what part of Germany my mother's people came from, but they moved to Wisconsin. And she was born at Sheboygan, Wisconsin, and then as a young woman she moved to South Dakota with her two brothers and they had a dairy farm about three miles from Aberdeen.

Do you know your mother's maiden name?

Maurer, M-a-u-r-e-r.

And when they went to Wisconsin, do you remember about?

No, I couldn't tell you, my mother and father [Louis Guido Marcks] were married in 1889, I think.

So did they get there by the railroad? That would be about railroad . . .

No.

Then you told me earlier about when they were in Wisconsin, the Germans moved into the hills and they had trouble clearing timber.

Well, it must . . . if . . . They had to work so much harder to clear and to be able to cultivate their farms. Cultivate the land.

So there was a whole colony of Germans there?

I think so. There must have been quite a few.

Do you know how they cleared the farms that they dealt with?

No, I know nothing about that.

Okay, so they went to South Dakota. Your mother's family . . .

Yeah. And my mother didn't know any of my father's people until after they were married. They had been married about a year and they went back to Wisconsin on a visit. And I think that's the only time that she ever met them.

Oh.

And the old man was . . . she said he had a terrible temper. And . . . you know, father was the ruler in the house. And he was unreasonable.

Her father-in-law was unreasonable?

Her father-in-law, yes.

Not her husband?

No.

Okay, then . . . her husband's family was also a colony of Germans that had gone to

Wisconsin?

Yes.

Okay, so . . . both of your parents were . . .

Yes, my father came from Berlin, however. My father, when he was six years old, came over in the steerage and as I understand it, they moved to Wisconsin too. And then it was the younger ones as they grew up that were the ones that scattered and moved farther west.

Was that Sheboygan, also?

I don't know.

Do you know your maternal grandmother's maiden name or your paternal grandmother's maiden name?

My mother's name was Gingerich.

Oh. Do you know how to spell that?

Nice German name.

Can you spell it?

No. G-i-n-g-e-r-i-c-h, I would imagine.

That sounds right.

Let me look when you get it down on paper.

Like my name, [anglicized] . . . "Gangrich" or something?

I have a picture of my father and mother when they were married¹.

That's right on my . . . Last on my list is photos. I was hoping you would have some photos, but we can do that maybe at the very last because what I like to do is to develop any kind of series of photos that you have that we can put with the tape so that the people know what you look like and what your parents look like, the people look like in Soap Creek Valley.

When my father was six years old, he was whittling and the knife slipped and cut his eye so he was blind in one eye. It changed the color. He had brown eyes naturally but the one eye that was injured was blue. They always called him the "cross eyed Dutchman." He wasn't exactly cross eyed but that one eye was slanted just a little bit.

Oh. You said he was trained to make wagons and carriages?

Well, he was only six years old when this happened.

Oh. So . . .

But he was trained as a wagon maker, not cabinet, just a wagon maker. The wagon beds. [Perfectionist - beautiful carpentry tools, took care with them - WMC]

So then when your parents got married in 1889, that was in South Dakota?

Yes.

Then when did they . . . When they first lived together in South Dakota did they farm?

No. My father was a collector for the Deere Farm Equipment . . . machines, Deere machines. And he drove ponies all around the country collecting from the . . . what they called the "German Russians". Most of them were German or Russian, but they called them "German Russians." And that would be the generation before my dad. They would be older than my dad. Not necessarily a generation, but they would be older. They would be established on their farms, [Sod shanty - dirt floors - WMC]. Of course in South Dakota everything is a straight line [property lines - WMC], they

¹ This photograph is currently in the possession of Wanda's granddaughter.

don't meander all over like in Soap Creek.

Yeah. I think in Soap Creek they followed the hill sides but in South Dakota they just followed the lines. There are no hills or streams to worry about.

Speaking of that, my dad was so disgusted with the farming that had gone on at that place [Soap Creek] because if there was a hollow place where they . . . roses would grow up, sweet briar, roses, they just plow around it. And of course, that area as big as this room and more would be wasted. Well, dad would fill that in and he would clear it out and clean up the fields a lot. And he improved the soil and built the fences. Fenced the whole thing. Split the oak, cut the oaks on the place and split it into fence posts. Of course they would be rotted away now [About 1906 survey - plan to sell lots, rail fences broken down - WMC].

Now you're talking about on Soap Creek Valley, not South Dakota?

I'm talking about the Valley, not . . . yes.

2. Eureka, South Dakota

Okay, then . . .

In South Dakota, he collected and then it was there where they saved their money and then moved west. And I was born the year that they extended the railroad west.

Which was . . . 18 . . .

Ninety-five.

. . . 95. But that meant he came west to Eureka. In Eureka, did he work on the railroad across the United States?

No, he didn't work on the railroad. It was in Eureka when I was a child, that he was collector for the Deere machinery.

I see, so he started in South Dakota collecting for Deere Machinery?

Yes.

And then he moved out west and kept his job?

And farmed, he bought the farm and moved us onto the farm.

In Soap Creek. Okay, so he . . . in South Dakota, . . .

He was working for a company and when he came west he worked for himself.

I see, so in Eureka, when he came out to Eureka, California, was he . . .

(laughter) Not Eureka, California; Eureka . . . that's what's confusing. . .

Oh, that's where we're getting confused.

Eureka, South Dakota.

Oh, okay. You kept saying Eureka and I thought . . . I'm a western boy.

I'm sorry. They were married in Aberdeen and they moved to Eureka and that's where he got . . .

Well, we're back to South Dakota, I thought we were off to California. (laughter)

I never was in California, I never lived in California.

3. The Marcks' Farm

Okay, he came out to Oregon.

He came out the year ahead and scouted around looking for a place. And he found

this farm. Three hundred and forty-eight acres for sale.

Do you know the name of the farm, what they called it?

It didn't have a name. I don't even know the name of the man they bought from. I was just a kid. Life was just a bowl of cherries.

He came out a year ahead of time and found the farm, three hundred and forty-eight acres.

Bought it and the next year moved the family out.

What year was that?

1904.

And the Glender brothers were already established?

Yes.

And I think Goviers . . .

What's happened to the Goviers?

I think there's still some around. I haven't had a chance to talk to them yet.

Well, is that so. Well, I haven't heard the name mentioned at any time in any of this talk, you know, through the years when Hilda phoned me.

Now that would be Hilda . . . Olson?

Hilda Olson.

Okay.

It was Alva Govier and Elmer [Govier].

Elva and Elmer Govier?

Alva. Govier, I think, is a French name. But their mother [Sadie R. Govier²] was born on an Indian Reservation, but she was not an Indian.

She may have been a Metis; a half breed French Canadian?

I don't think so.

Oh.

She was . . . She never went to school very much. I've heard her say, "I was married when I was sixteen and I knew as much then as I know now." That gives you an idea.

Was that a point of pride? Was she proud of that or was she complaining?

Bragging. My people always kind of took the attitude, "Well, it's too bad to live that long and not learn anything."

That's why I was asking. I'm forty-one and still learning, so if I knew everything by the time I was sixteen I would have had to get married too [at 16] maybe.

I'm ninety-four and I'm still learning.

Good, I'm trying to figure out what I'm going to be when I grow up so . . . If you know everything by the time you're sixteen, that's kind of tough.

(laughter) Let's get back to business.

Okay, . . .

Where are we now. Are we still in South Dakota?

No, we're out to the Soap Creek Valley on a three hundred and forty-eight acre ranch.

No fences, a tumble down house. He never even went into the house. He was interested in the land. He could see the possibilities. He put all his energies into revitalizing the soil.

² See monograph #09 of this series, Eugene Glender, p:122. Her family name was slightly misspelled in the Benton County Census of 1910.

Now what was his name? We haven't gotten your maiden name.

Louis.

L-e-w or L-o-u?

L-o-u-i-s, which is a French name and then he had G-u-i-d-e-o. You pronounce it as you please. That's Italian.

Guido.

And the Marcks, M-a-r-c-k-s. That's the German spelling.

Oh, okay. Is that the same Marcks family that lives up by Summit? Marcks road?

No.

Same spelling, huh?

No, I don't know of any Marcks there. My family is all gone. My mother, father, and my two brothers and my sister all gone.

So do you have nieces and nephews from your brothers and sisters?

My sister [Florence Marcks McKay] had two sons [Louis and Philip]. She was brown eyed and a very beautiful woman. Brown eyed, very dark skinned and she lived . . . She married a sailor [Philip McKay Sr.], and lived in San Diego all her married life.

Okay.

She tanned until you would have sworn she was a Mexican.

How about your . . .

And her children were blue eyed. I'm blue eyed and I had two brown eyed sons. Rather interesting. My father had brown eyes and my mother had blue eyes.

Yeah, the way it's gone through the generations. How about your two brothers [Raymond and Wallace] did they have children?

No, one of them didn't have children. The older . . . my older brother . . . He was five years older than I . . . had one son and I don't know what happened to him. He was in the service and I really don't know, there was a split up but he kept in touch with my mother for quite a while, but . . . I really don't know what happened to him.

So, in 1904, most of the original pioneers . . . just one or two, they would have been your age, but most of them had died by that point and then the land had consolidated quite often into larger farms.

No, I was speaking about revitalizing the soil, how he plowed just a little deeper . . . he never wasted a thing. All the manure went out on the land. The straw when they harvest . . . when they threshed in the fall, he would have it put where it would be available to the cattle, so they could munch and protect themselves against the rain and what have you. And then after it rotted down, that was hauled out into the fields. And the Glenders had much more land and when the threshing was over, they just burned the straw and my dad would just stand there and just shake his head [in bewildered manner].

Well, you were asking why we want to do this history, there's a good point. Right now there's a big debate on burning straw and I've talked with . . .

But they burned it just to get it out of the way. They burned the straw stack!

That's why . . .

My dad let it rot down and made mulch out of it, hauled it out and put it on the land.

Did your dad do any burning at all, say to clear out the forest?

Not one single bit of burning! Everything was . . . you talk about your compost piles. That was what this straw was.

Composting, huh?

Composting, natural.

But when he opened up new fields or if he had an oak stand that he wanted to convert to pasturage, did he cut and burn those areas?

Well, our farm was not large enough to. The fields to cultivate here and then there was the hill with small [Douglas] fir trees that had matured since. I don't know if they've been cut now but they're ready for cutting. [Brush was burned. Logs used for fuel in fire place and kitchen range. - WMC]

How did the small fir trees come in? I've been studying that pretty close. The Indians kept the hills burnt clean and then the pioneers came in and at first they grazed sheep and goats and pigs and other animals on the hill sides but when they started putting in the fences . . . is that when the fir trees started growing?

The fir trees were there. There was some fairly large but most of them were about oh, I would say, ten feet. I'm just guessing now. Remember I was a child.

Yeah.

I took everything for granted. A lot of oaks there, and my dad cut the oaks, made his own posts, split them with wedges, made his own fence posts and fenced the place.

Out of the oak?

Yes. That's the first thing. And we kept . . . This was a small operation you know, but it was versatile. We kept the goats. They had a certain run. They kept the brush down on the hill. They were only kept on the hill there. They came around for salt once a week. You could tell the day that the goats would be down and then dad would go out and look them over and check them for foot trouble.

Were they angora?

Angoras. And the Mohair. When they sheared, it was the Mohair that paid the taxes.

Oh, so what little taxes you had . . .

Well, they had to. We raised everything that we ate, except the sugar and flour.

So you didn't need very much money. What little money you needed was essentially for taxes.

We lived high on the hog but we didn't need money.

Can you tell me the kind of food you ate?

I'll tell you one that might interest you. My mother was a marvelous cook, and the Germans cooked with yeast more than they did with baking powder. And she could bake bread like nobody's business in South Dakota. When she came out here, she couldn't bake a decent loaf of bread. She worried and she stewed and she fretted. Soft wheat, you see. It didn't have the gluten in it. [Saved yeast "starter", water from boiled potatoes, "pressed" potatoes - WMC]

Oh, the difference in the wheat. So did she learn how to . . .

So it wasn't until she got onto that. . . She had to learn all over again to handle that soft wheat.

What . . . were there any crops that you raised that were sold?

Kept a few sheep, and there was an old . . . You'll be interested in this. There was an old orchard on the place. Great big trees, over grown, mossy. And the apples were wormy. Dad kept the hogs in the orchard. When the apples fell they would run and eat it. Well, that did away with the worms. See the first apples would fall. Some very, very beautiful apples.

Is that orchard still there?

An old timer, they called it a 20 ounce. It was about that big. There was a tree of 20 ounce out on this farm on Sauvies Island where they've collected cuttings.

They've got a little orchard out there of all the old apple, varieties of apples. The yellow newton, the blue permaid, . .

Were those apples that you had in the orchard?

In ours, yes.

And the blue . . What was the last name?

Blue permaid. M-a-i-d I think.

What was your favorite apple?

Apples were just apples. We made cider by the barrel. We made our own vinegar.

You blended all the varieties. It was just more of the time that they were ripe than the variety.

There was a little room about that wide and long and shelves about that deep, the whole thing was [Begins gesturing with hands. See approximate measurements below] . . . and that's where they put the apples. We put newspaper down and then put the apples in there and kept them.

So it was a long narrow room with shelves with fruit on it?

It was the fruit room. The shelves were about that deep.

So about . .

And that far apart and we just put the apples . . After we picked the apples we put them in there and kept them through the winter.

So the shelves would be . .

And the walls were insulated with saw dust. [Canned fruit, no electricity, no ice, no refrigerator - WMC]

So the walls were maybe . . because this [recording] won't pick up measurements, but the walls were about 8 or 10 inches thick and the shelves were maybe twenty or twenty-four inches long and maybe ten or twelve inches deep and eight or ten inches high, something like that?

Yes.

Okay, and then the whole fruit room would process other fruits and vegetables other than apples?

Yes. Mom . . then when we got a [cream] separator - why the separator was put in there, because we could keep it clean.

How many milk cows did you keep?

Why . . I was the milk maid, seven or eight that I milked every morning and evening. [Turned the separator and sold cream - WMC]

And then you had goats?

That wasn't in the beginning, that was when . . that was by the time I was about twelve, thirteen, fourteen.

After you've been there for four or five years?

No, see, I was nine . . that's right, that's right.

4. The Second School

So about 1909 or 1910? How many families were living in the Valley then?

Well, we'll start with Glenders, then Marcks, then Goviers . . . Have you heard about the little house on the Marcks farm that they called "the cottage."

No. I'd like to hear about it.

About a mile from our house toward Goviers; Goviers is about three miles. No. About a half a mile from our house but it was on our place. Now, how that happened to be built I don't know. But there was no water in it. They had to carry the water from the creek. It was known as the cottage.

Did anybody live in it?

No. The school teachers lived there for a little bit rent free, you know. Dad, as I told you, dad was great for education; he would do anything to educate, you know. To improve the educational system in the Valley.

Was he a member of the school board?

He made himself . . . I was a kid then, I don't know about. He was a member of the school board.

Oh.

Right quick. And he extended the time that school was in session. [school was held four months in the fall, three months in the spring. Dad was instrumental in getting longer terms. - WMC]

So he . . .

And insisted on better teachers, better trained teachers and we walked the two and half miles in the mud. As I say, it never got cold enough to even freeze.

You were saying the weather was different and Charlie Olson was saying the same thing. He thinks it's because they logged off the trees towards the top of the coast range that allowed the wind and rains to come through where there used to be forests.

Well, a lot of difference . . . We used to have a lot of fog here in Portland. Fog so thick that you'd . . . Are you familiar with the city?

Yeah, I lived here up until twenty years ago.

Well, you know this Thirty-ninth and Glisan where the statue of Joan of Arc is. You could just drive around that thing and go back where you started the fog was so thick.

Oh.

That was a daily thing.

So you think the weather now is a little bit colder but clearer.

It's colder and far more wind, far more wind.

Why do you think that happened? Do you think it's just one of those natural cycles where . . .

Well, I don't know. We get a lot more wind from the Columbia Gorge than we used to.

Oh.

And of course, now when I first came to Portland, Powell Boulevard, they were cutting the first growth firs along Powell. Out here between here and Gresham, Boring, Troutdale, and Estacada.

So, that was still being logged off at that time? I've got maps of Portland from 1851 where there was forest fires within our city limits now. This area here had forest fires. On Soap Creek, were they doing any logging there at all?

No, they had been logging earlier. There was a skid road right close to the school house (Soap Creek).

And the school house . . .

Do you know about that?

There's . . . I know it became a tram road in the 1930's where the school house is now. Is that the same location?

Yeah.

Okay, so you went to the older school. The one they call the Second School.

The old school. The one that's still there and they've painted it red now. It was painted white.

The one that's there now wasn't built until 1932, it replaced an older school.

Well, I thought when they built the . . . When they no longer used the one that I went to, that's still standing there, but they weren't using it. When they enlarged the district or built a new building they built nearer the mouth of the valley. Down near Glenders. Isn't the school down near Glenders?

Yeah, they built . . .

There was no school there. There was just that old Tampico Tavern ["Arcade Saloon" in Glender] falling apart.

Was that the only building left from Tampico that you can remember, the old Tavern?

That and Glender's house, and another house . . . Beales, I think their name was Beales.

B-e-a-l-e-s?

I haven't thought about it.

Now at that time the old tavern, was that . . .

That little brat that I had to pick up and look after . . .

She was a Beales, huh?

Edna.

Now we didn't get that recorded [story about having to take Edna Beales to school each day].

You were talking about walking two and a half miles to school, but then after . . .

That was up the valley until I passed state eighth grade exams.

And then you went to high school in Wells.

Yes, I went to high school in Wells.

And then you got there by horseback?

Horseback, yes. Well, I was going to say, then when dad got so that we had . . . really had school in this old building up the valley, they built a shed to shelter the horses and we rode and the teacher rode horseback.

Do you remember the teacher's name?

The teacher's name was Blake, Mrs. [Lottie] Blake. I don't remember her given name. They didn't use given names in those days. It was Mrs. Blake.

Now the Olsons would have been going to school and also the Moores. The Sam Moore family. Did you know the Moores? They were there right about the turn of the century.

They were up near Sulphur Springs, near the Olsons and then . . .

Well, the Cooks were the nearest and then we called our the place the Sulphur Springs Stock Farm. [The Browns, Smiths, Dorgans, Moore on the hill. - WMC]

Now that's after you got married?

After I got married.

Was there a name for your folks' place?

No.

Just the Marcks Farm?

No, just the Marcks.

Okay, now on the . . . I want to get the names of the hills, but when your folks had it there,

how long did they stay?

Who?

Your parents, how long did they keep that?

My father died. He had cancer of the liver and he died a year or two after . . . let's see. . . My son's . . . my son wasn't even a year old, Roy wasn't even a year old when my father died. Then mother carried on the best she could and then she sold the place.

Who did she sell it to?

I don't know. Is your machine on?

Do you want me to turn it off?

Turn it off.

Okay. [Tells story that she doesn't want recorded].

That's why I don't know what happened.

5. Wildlife

Now your mother then where did she move after she sold the place?

She moved to Portland.

And lived here for quite awhile?

Yes, she lived here from then on.

Did she remarry?

She lived with me for awhile after I was on my own.

Did she remarry?

No.

So, why did she come to Portland?

Where were we?

Well, you were saying you were the last of your family's line, but your mother sold the place and moved . . .

My mother moved to Portland and she got work here and there, as long as she could work and then when she couldn't work any more, why then we took over. We helped out.

Now, your children, you still have your children and a couple nieces and nephews so there are . . .

You're talking too fast.

Okay, I'll slow down.

I'm sorry.

When . . . let's go back to the farm, when your father was farming, did you ever do any fishing or did he do any hunting or did the neighbors fish and hunt there?

My father was a great hunter on the prairie. Prairie chickens, ducks, geese, and I can remember them driving [no cars, ponies - WMC] out in the fields, you know, and there'd be a picnic lunch and they'd [one party of five or six hunters - WMC] go hunting and the women would stay around the hay stack or wherever they managed, you know. And I used to have pictures of . . . we'd . . . pictures of the geese and chickens and so on. But anyway when he came west and he bought a very beautiful rifle, he was going to . . . do some hunting, you know, get a deer. Well, then the farm took so much of his time he never did get to go hunting, but one morning he got

up early and saw a deer meandering right down by the creek and he went to the house and got the gun and stopped this thing and he got such a dose of fever that he couldn't hold his gun steady and he laughed at himself after he told it. He wouldn't . . probably. . . It was such a beautiful animal he just wound up . . he just didn't have the heart to kill it. I think that's what happened, but he said he had buck fever.

That's what they called it.

Yeah, they still do. So did . .

(end of side 1)

[Explaining history project details to Mrs. Cook: "I'm trying to determine ecological changes associated with] domestic animals and how we went from wolves and bears and deer and elk in the Willamette Valley to cows and horses, and . . did you raise hogs?

Is this on?

Yes, it's just now starting.

Well, I remember the coyotes. You see I was a lonely child. There was nobody to play with. People named Smith lived next to Goviers. You were asking me what . . there's a beautiful cherry orchard there.

Is that still there? Do you know if the cherry orchard is still there?

I don't know.

Okay. Did you raise, on your farm where there was an orchard and you put the hogs in there, they had hogs, goats, some sheep, milk cows, did you raise any steers for beef?

No. All milk cows, all milk cows, yes. But my dad was very fond of horses and he bought mares and bred them to very fine stallions and he raised really, very fine work horses. [He sold some, but kept a buggy horse - WMC]

Do you have riding horses or trade horses?

Oh, we had one Indian pony. He was a dear. He was a sweetheart.

When you say Indian pony is . .

He wasn't a true pinto. He's what they call a strawberry roan.

Oh. So . .

And I don't have a picture of it and I wish I did, because . . I gave that to my sister and they are with my nephew now.

Okay, on Soap Creek, did that have fish in it or beaver in it?

No beaver.

Okay.

Trout. Not very large, but the stream is very cold, but even as far down, we were three or four miles . . We were at least four miles from the Sulphur Springs but you could still taste the Sulphur in the creek water. And we found arrowheads on our farm.

That was going to be my next question. Where your farm is, is now a registered Kalapuyan site, part of it. Now you found . . did you find any grinding bowls or . . just arrowheads.

No, just arrowheads.

Were they the little kind of finely shaped . .

Well, the biggest one we found was about like that and was white. (all well shaped)

About an inch and a half and was white. So it was agate and not obsidian.

And in perfect condition.

What happened to those?

I don't know.

That could have been a fairly old one, that large and it wasn't obsidian.

Yeah. Yes, it would have been. I don't know what happened to those things, I suppose my brother got them.

Oh. When you moved out west, you said the first Japanese person you ever saw was as you first moved here they were working in a cherry orchard in Portland. The farm you were living on was settled by a Black lady [Letitia Carson] and there was also near Wells, a Black man [Lew Southworth] that lived there in the 1870's a couple of the very few Blacks in the Pacific Northwest. Were there any Blacks that you can recall in the community or travelled through.

None whatsoever.

6. Lewis and Clark Exposition

Do you remember the first person you saw that was Black?

No, I don't. It might have been when we came to the fair, Lewis and Clark Fair in 1905.

You came to that?

Yes.

We're working on the bicentennial . . .

Well, other people that we saw . . . We had relatives there in Portland so we came up a few days.

Oh. Can you remember the fair?

Oh, yes. That was the first time I tasted a Coca Cola.

That was . . .

At the fair.

They still had cocaine in it in those days.

My uncle bought it. Mine was a real cocaine, you betcha. I didn't like it. Stupid me. [Laughter]

Just ahead of your time.

My mother's brother was not married at that time. And he was awfully good to us kids, you know. He was . . . we hung around him and he was conductor on the street car.

Here in Portland?

Here in Portland, and his favorite run was to the Heights. Portland Heights.

What do you remember most about the fair? Buying your first coke must have been part of it . . . one of your strong memories.

Well, Uncle bought me that coke, and I remember the Forestry Building. One reason I remember the Forestry Building because after I moved to Portland until it burned down, I bet you there wasn't a year that I didn't go up there two or three times because those huge trees just, you know, those huge logs they were . . . I like wood.

So the Forestry Building was important to you?

The Forestry Building was important to me. This came from New Zealand, [shows a piece of woodwork]. Look at the workmanship on that. Roy brought me that last year when he came home from New Zealand.

My partner [Michael Grice], who's Black [African American], is announced a project to rebuild the Forestry Building for the Bicentennial of Lewis and Clark. He's going to find this fascinating for that reason. That's a beautiful . . . I guess it wouldn't be an ashtray, you

wouldn't . . .

Isn't that a beautiful piece of work?

Yes it is.

Well, I like wood, I just like the feel of it. It has life. Plastic has no life. *I've worked with trees and wood all my life and that's kind of my prejudice too. So . . .*

Where are we? We're still on the farm.

We took a visit from the farm to the Lewis and Clark Exposition.

Well, that was just a visit, a few days visit.

But it's interesting to me that the Forestry Building made such an impression on you that you went back year after year. Do you remember a slice in the Forestry Building [exhibit of tree rings] taken from Table Mountain [Lincoln County, Oregon] that showed different dates and it had a metal cut . . . I've been trying to track that down for awhile. It was taken from Table Mountain where maybe there'd been metal there in the 1700's. Do you remember any particular exhibit?

No. I just felt like a big piece of me went up in flames when that building burned.

[Old logging equipment, wheels, steam engine, narrow gauge - WMC]

Do you remember any particular exhibit or was it actually the construction of the building itself?

Construction of the building and the fact that they had the imagination to put a building like that together. The pillars, you know, were just tree trunks, huge tree trunks with the bark on them, interesting. Now, when I could still scramble around, it's very difficult for me to walk now, but when I go up to OMSI (Oregon Museum of Science and Industry) I go up to the . . . [long pause]

Forestry Center?

Forestry Center.

I was just there two weeks ago for their cultural resources [exhibit] so . . . sounds like . . .

I'll be going again, I think maybe.

I'm looking forward to . . . when I get a little bit further on this project of maybe going with you on a trip to Soap Creek Valley and that might be a stop. It's . . . a lot of these places you're talking about are the names of the hills and it would be a lot easier if you're there.

7. Back on the Farm

Okay, back on the farm then.

So, we're back on the farm.

Now we've got trout in the creek.

There's a wonderful spring on that farm. Cold, cold, cold. And there was an old shack, we called it the spring house and the spring would overflow and under a wooden platform and that's where we kept our milk. Great big tin pans of milk about that deep, you know. And kept it cool and it would sour, naturally sour, you know. It's better than any ice cream, that sour . . . that sour milk.

So that was like a treat to you?

It's clambered, you know. [Because it was raw milk - WMC]

Chilled clambered milk was kind of a dessert?

Yes, or you know, snacks with sugar and cinnamon.

Did you make your own cheese?

We made all our own butter. (cottage cheese, trick is working butter in wooden bowl with wooden paddles) Well, anyway there was a tin dipper hanging on that spring house and people would go by. Everybody in the neighborhood knew about that spring and they would stop the team, run up there and get a drink of water on the run. Nothing (unintelligible), right across . . . Some of them were strangers.

Is that spring still there?

I think so. I tried to find out and I couldn't find out too much about it. [Subsequent trip with son, Roy, failed to locate the spring.]

Was it called the Marcks Spring?

They didn't have any name. It was right close to the building, right close to the house and my dad built a . . . There was a stream running through and he built a bridge across that so we could go from the house straight across and dip our water out of the spring. That's how we got our water.

Now the house is still there?

The house is still there, but . . .

Did your dad build that . . . that house, did your dad build that?

No. I was going to tell you about when he saw the farm he bought the farm. He never even went into the house and when we came west and of course, there were no autos then. He took mother out to see the farm. She had never seen it and I remember seeing tears in her eyes because that house was such a tumble down thing and there was no heat. No heat in it except from the kitchen stove and this huge fireplace. It would take a back log of that big of oak, that long.

So that would be . . .

That was the back log so it was built like this, see, and the back log would be in there, and we built it, and that was what heated the living room, and the house and the kitchen stove. [The fireplace was huge and so the back log was huge, the fire was built in front of the back log. The fire would be banked with ashes at bedtime. The back log would be one great live coal in the morning. Coals were then taken in shovel to kitchen range to start fire there. Wonderful draft, brick hearth, broken. - WMC]

And that would be . . . The back log would be about two foot by a diameter of, maybe, a foot in diameter.

Oh, more than that. That big around.

Eighteen or twenty inches in diameter.

Yeah. And about four feet long. So the front of the fireplace, you see, was a lot like that. And nothing but just plain ordinary brick and they were pretty well broken for the hearth. And mother was very disappointed in the house. But she got busy with paint and what have you and cleaned it up [Mother was a very good seamstress, we made almost all our dresses and underwear, flour sacks. Mother kept geese down and strippet feathers, sold pillows - WMC] . . . but dad never even looked at the house, he looked at the farm, see? And he built it up, fenced it, put up two big barns, built up his horses and cattle, what have you, the whole thing, and then he got sick and died. So we never got . . . The house was the next thing in his plans.

Oh.

And my dad had very progressive ideas. He would have put in a house that really was a house and had planned to utilize this spring either with a pump or something, I don't know how . . . I don't know what the idea was, but anyway, that would be our

source of water. He was always very careful not to cut any of the trees around there, you see that little mound covered with tiny trees.

So the small trees were growing . . .

And was the source of . . . held the water, you see, the spring . . . for the spring. That spring welled up until the water was about that deep (5 feet). We had to dip it out, carry it to the house, heat it in a reservoir on the back of the stove.

So, you had fencing, different kinds of stock, trout in the creek, very few deer, but you had coyotes.

I used to carry on conversations with the coyotes. You know, a kid alone. They get so they can mimic the wild animals and birds. The same way with the crows, china pheasants, and jays. (My younger brother and sister were 15 months apart. Boy, when I was 8, my charges as mother was very busy. They roamed the farm like gypsies)

Were there a lot of crows?

Yeah. We had pet crows, but strangely enough every once in a while one would disappear. I know now what happened to . . . You know, crows are a nuisance. Steal! They're lots of fun, but they're as smart as whips. My dad would do away with one at a time, you see, while we were at school. We were too stupid to know it. We'd mourn them. Another crow gone.

He would be surreptitious about it, just . . .

No, never dawned on us.

Oh. Were there other types of birds? Were there migrations of geese or ducks that you can recall?

No, they'd fly over but they . . . No, there was no flatland, nothing for them to feed in.

How about raccoons and possums or bobcats?

Yes, raccoons galore.

How about . . . would you have . . .

No possums.

Those were imported . . .

But beautiful, these beautiful silver-grey squirrels. And . . . [pauses as if she is not sure what she says next should be recorded].

That's all right, even after we print this up, if you see something that you don't want to say then we'll just . . . strike that out. We don't want . . .

Well, I'm just on a little sideline, you know, the lonely kid. I got to be a pretty good marksman. We had lots of greydiggers, we called them greydiggers.

Still do.

I got to be a pretty good marksman with the twenty-two special, but I never went hunting for deer. They were too beautiful.

How about pheasant. They were introducing pheasant in Oregon then.

Yes, there were quite a few pheasants around, and I got so I talked to them, too, and they'd answer me.

Were there problems . . . did you raise chickens?

Yes.

Were there problems with bobcats ever, or . . . ?

Not bobcats, the skunks. Just the skunks, and the little civet cats, they'd come right around our feet and we'd stand on the porch and with a lamp in our hands, you

know, and they'd come sniff around, you know. Of course, you stand real still until they leave. But they're beautiful, they're far more interesting than the big skunks, but then we had both.

You . . . I think I'm getting a pretty clear picture . . . you can see what I'm trying to do is put the animals and the plants . . . Now, what kind of crops did you raise?

Oats. (wheat, vetch, horse feed, no barley or rye)

How many acres?

I couldn't tell you.

Now . . .

That whole lower valley was all in . . . was all cultivated.

So there would be oats . . .

And my dad enlarged. Every year he'd enlarge the fields.

And you had a large garden of different vegetables for your family use?

We had just a garden. It was fertilized from the barnyard fertilizer and we never had any irrigation whatsoever. We kept it moist by a dust mulch, hoe it every so often to keep the dust, there'd be moisture underneath. Wonderful vegetables, flavor beyond compares . . . because it wasn't watered down, see, it was . . .

Did you grow any vegetables that would be unusual by today's standards or were they just the standard potatoes and carrots?

Just the standards (cauliflower, turnip, beets, onions, pie cherries), just the standard.

Then mother had a little herb garden, we had raspberries . . . strawberries.

What kind of herbs would she grow?

I beg your pardon.

What kind of herbs would she grow?

Herbs?

Yeah.

I was just a kid, I can't tell you. There was dill, catnip, she always had shallots, and what are these onions . . . the Chinese, these great big . . .

Yeah . . . not leeks . . .

Leeks!

She raised leeks then.

Yes, but these were smaller than we see in the market now, she called them winter or bunch onions.

Oh. Then you had raspberries for your own use or for commercial?

Oh, no. No, we didn't sell anything of that sort. That was just for the family and the house was surrounded by blue Damson plum trees, and the blue jay would come in there and . . . Blue jays are interesting birds.

I used to have one of those as a pet rather than crows.

They're such mimics you know. They quack like the ducks and talk like the turkeys and . . . They're very interesting. And when the Damson plums were ripe, why the trees were just covered with these blue jays, these beautiful stellar jays. But we didn't have the Western jays there, like we have here in town.

Just the stellar jays?

Yes. Just the dark blue.

Did you ever notice owls or hawks or eagles?

Yes, owls and hawks. No eagles. But I can remember walking through the woods and hearing a "whissssss" . . . the owl flying by, you know.

Can you remember anything about cougars or bears?

No.

So, it sounds like things were pretty well being farmed but the soils were depleted. You were saying, I don't know if we got that on the recording. But the early farmers from the South had not plowed very deep and so the top layers of the soils had been depleted through cultivation.

And that was true of that grey clay farm off towards Albany where Adair . . . Camp Adair was. It was the same proposition there. I don't know if anybody ever built that up.

8. Married Life

There's records from the 1880's saying the soil was depleted then, so by 1904 that certainly had to be the case. Then you got married. Was your husband [Ernest Cook] from a family from the Valley?

No, he was . . . I think originally from Missouri. I think he was born in Missouri.

And his father had an accident and so he wasn't able to do the hard work so he went into the feed business and he was really quite wealthy.

His father?

His father, yes. And then they moved west because his father [grandfather] had a breathing problem and they wanted to get away from the severe winters, they moved west and they lived here in Portland. They tried California, but it was too dusty and dry. So they lived here in Portland and then the son went to Oregon State [College].

Oh, so he went to Oregon State College?

Yes. But he was not cut out to be a farmer. Not the proper temperament.

Did he graduate from school?

Yes.

How did you meet him?

When he bought the farm . . . they bought . . . His uncle [John W. Cook] bought this farm and he moved out there. [Hired man and wife in new house - WMC]

Oh, I see.

But his father [Tyrone P. Cook] and sister [Mary L. Cook] never did move out there. Then they brought his grandmother³ from Missouri so she could live with them.

They brought her out and she lived in the home here in Portland, right down here on 21st and Weidler.

Now on your husband's end . . . had he already graduated from college when you met him?

Yes. [His father gave him the farm - WMC]

So, he was out working on his uncle's farm?

He was living on the place, that's when I met him. [His father's farm which had been purchased for him - WMC]

Oh, I see. So how old were you at that time?

You would bring that up. Eighteen. [Laughs]

³ According to Roy Cook, she was Tyrone P. Cook's mother-in-law, Elizabeth Schultz (1836-1935).

And he was maybe twenty-five?

Twenty-two.

Twenty-two, huh. So, then when you married him, you moved on, essentially, to the Sulphur Springs Stock Farm?

Yes.

Okay, then was that . . . that would have been right next to the Olson's?

The Olsons lived way back in the hills. Two and a half miles, way up in the hills.

Oh, I see. Do you know who the Cooks bought their farm from? Could they have bought that from the Moores?

I don't know. [Possibly - WMC]

Oh. How big was it . . . that farm (the Olson's)?

I don't know. It was mostly like this . . . they had one horse, "Yim," Jim, "Yim," and the old man worked it. The whole family, Mr. and Mrs. Olson, Charlie, and Hilda would load up the wagon with one horse and drive all these miles out (to the hop fields near Independence for weeks) and then they camped down there and on the way home they couldn't make in one day, so as they went through they'd spend the night with us.

Oh, that would be the Olsons?

The Olsons.

So the Olsons would go to Suver to get their tax money for their place instead of Angoras and they'd pick hops there?

Yes.

Now the hops had to be used for brewing, so this is before prohibition?

Yes.

And . . .

Independence was the really . . . in fact, we still raise a lot of hops in Oregon, but Independence was the huge, huge field of hops and then the dryers. [At that time Independence was said to be the hop center in the state - WMC]

Did any Indians used to work in those hop fields? Would any Indians come through the Soap Creek Valley that you can recall? Did you ever see Indians?

No. You see that road, the road over the hill was not developed. It was just more of a wagon track.

The road from Kings Valley . . . ?

No, the road over the hill from Sulphur Springs to Corvallis [Mountain View - WMC]. There never was a road directly from Kings Valley into the Soap Creek Valley, and from Sulphur Springs up over the hill to Corvallis . . .

To Lewisburg . . .

. . . was nothing more than a wagon track.

I see, so there was no road between . . .

. . . unimproved, unimproved.

So there was no road to Kings Valley when you were little?

No! [A little exasperated at persistence of questioning or density of questioner.]

And the road [over the hill] to Lewisburg hadn't been . . . it wasn't suitable for carriages?

Well, we used to ride over it, but you couldn't . . . no, you couldn't take a . . .

Not wheeled vehicles?

No. [With difficulty]

Was that area there was that pretty open or was it densely forested?

Forested.

Large trees or small trees.

Mostly alders along in there. [Along the creek, evergreens on the hills - WMC]

Alder, huh?

Then the goat weed took over the pasture land.

Goat weed?

Goat weed.

What was the reason it took over the pasture land, why weren't the pastures maintained?

Well, because they're hills. How are you going to maintain a pasture on a hill like that?

I see.

And it spreads from the root, if you cultivate that just once you could kill it out, but you had to keep it cultivated, not only propagates from the root but from the seed, both.

So the goat weed started taking over the hills and I'm assuming the trees came in, alder you say, came in. [scrub oak]

The alders were along the creek, I'm talking about right around the springs, Sulphur Springs.

Okay, do you remember any building around Sulphur Springs?

No, but I remember that they had a . . . it was . . . They had a cement wall, like a little well, you know, where it bubbled up. And people used to go up there to camp. And I'm trying to think of what the names of people that had it. That owned that. I can't remember the name. [Baker]

Charlie Olson said that there was used be a concrete fountain there at the springs and people used to come there by . . . first by bicycles and then horses and then cars, that it was always a popular recreation spot.

Yes.

But he also said there used to be a hotel there for . . . but he said there was a hotel there and people just lived in it like a house.

No hotel, no building there whatever. [Not in my time - WMC]

Anywhere around Sulphur Springs?

No building whatever, they came in tents, lived in tents.

Would they go hunting from their camping spots?

No, it was just recreation, just vacation.

Just to hang out with the family in a tent?

Yes.

But they . . .

They'd probably fish the creek some and play around that way, hike around, but no, there was no organized play, golf or tennis, or anything. Not a thing.

No ball fields?

Nothing.

Okay.

Not even a place cleared big enough for a ball field. It was right in among the alder trees.

And a lot of people came though?

Oh, I wouldn't say lots but they'd come and go, come and go. Maybe two families that'd get together and go up and camp for a week.

Would they go hunting maybe back in the woods?

I don't think so, nothing to hunt.

When you moved then to . . . let's see you called it the Sulphur Springs . . .

Stock Farm.

Stock Farm . . . Do you recall how big that was . . . your stock farm . . . how many acres?

Eleven hundred and thirty-eight⁴.

Okay, eleven hundred thirty-eight acres, that's large.

Yes, but a lot of it was waste, pasture, goat weed, brush.

Now was that the way . . .

He didn't have as much cultivated land as my father's small farm.

Oh. On the eleven hundred acres was that the total amount purchased by the uncle then, originally?

My husband's uncle [John W. Cook]. Yes.

Then your husband bought it from him?

No, the uncle bought it. He was looking for a farm, John Cook was . . . Ty (for Tyrone) Cook's brother and that was my husband's Uncle John and Uncle John was looking for a farm and instead of looking around and then giving them a chance to look it over, he just bought the thing. Which he was not authorized to do, but my husband's father went along with it and stocked it and . . . put my husband on the farm. But he was not cut out to be a farmer.

How long did you live there then?

Six years I think.

From the time you were eighteen until you were about twenty-four you lived on . . . ?

Yes.

What kinds of livestock did you have?

Beef . . . but not beef as you see it now.

What was the difference?

Well, it wasn't the high grade that . . . It was common stock.

Do you remember how many head you had?

No.

And you planted an orchard at that time?

Yes.

And was that all apples?

Mostly apples.

And you think that orchard is still there?

They cleared it by dynamiting the trees so as to get the roots out.

Did you burn the roots up then? Did you have clearing fires?

I don't know what they did with them. I suppose we burned them. What else would you do with them?

Trying to find out.

We cleared the land. We probably used the trees for firewood.

And the trees you cleared would those have been scattered large oak? (not very large)

Just this little knoll, just the three acres little knoll that we planted to orchard. [We

⁴ Wanda's son, Roy Cook, later said that the size of the stock farm was 1348 acres. The historical documents in Appendix A substantiate Roy's number.

had Percheron horses, silo for corn, planted buck wheat for my bees in the orchard - WMC]

Okay.

I was there ten years ago, there's a lot of little houses have been built in there, now whether they are renters or whether they bought small tracts and built those houses, people that were living there or not, I don't know. But the road . . . the Soap Creek Road was just barely graded when we moved there and they kept improving it, of course, as they went along. If they were going to telephone.

Do you remember when cars first came into that area?

Yes.

Was that about maybe 1915 or something like that?

I wouldn't know the year.

Right before World War I?

But this, I just remember that a man named Smith came out and rented this place that had the nice cherry orchard.

Then he would have rented from Goviers or . . . ?

No, I don't know who owned it. (Browns?)

And then the house you lived in on the Sulphur Springs Stock Farm, did you build that house?

That was built before I was married, I didn't have anything to do with that.

So, . . .

There was no house on the place when they bought it. (end of tape.)

We are going to have to repeat one part of it about when you . . . you moved in with your husband when you were eighteen on Sulphur Springs Stock Farm. Tell me what your jobs were out at the farm and . . . Do you . . . mind going through that a third time?

You want me to go through that again?

Yeah. Then hopefully that will be all.

Let's see. The home is kind of the hub, and the wife is busy in the garden, child to be taken care of. Wife always takes care of the chickens, and cooks for the hands. [clean lanterns and lamps, kerosene -WMC]

Were those [hired hands] year round or seasonal?

What?

Were they year round?

We had one the year round and during the busy season they had another one, so that made three. All those places on Soap Creek were too small, they . . . harvesting was done with a binder and then doing the shock (shocking bundles). I put up a darn good shock myself. And we were speaking of the weather, on a hot afternoon you would be shocking grain and you'd look out and leaves on the trees would begin to rustle. You could depend on the sea breeze at 3:30. You could practically set your clock.

Every afternoon about 3:30?

Every afternoon that cool breeze would come through, which is rather interesting, right in the foothills where . . .

So it came from the west? If it was what we called the sea breeze it would be coming over the hills.

It was a sea breeze that it came from the west. You could always depend on it you know, you'd be tired and think "oh, boy, time for the sea breeze." You know what

that would be.

How old were you then when your first child was born?

Twenty. I was twenty the 26th of March and he was born the 6th of April.

My wife's birthday is April 6th.

Oh, is that so. That's Roy's birthday, and my second son [Richard E. Cook (1920-1987)] was born four years later. I was twenty-five when my second child was born, he was born the 21st of April.

Now the second was born in Portland?

Yes.

The house that you kept house in, is that still there now?

Yes, it's still there and I have a picture of it [See Appendix A photograph #25 and 26, pp:79]. My granddaughter took a picture of it and I have it around somewhere else, I'll look it up and have it when you come again.

Now that's the . . .

But it doesn't look a bit like it did when we had it. We had it fenced in which is . . . most of them didn't take care of their yards. And we had water, I could water it and I had a green lawn, and it was really quite a pretty place. Small white house and you came around the curve and there was a white house and a flag and a green lawn and flowers and that's about it. (unusual -- green lawn that I mowed)

Did you raise flowers?

Yes.

Daffodils or lilacs?

Daffodils, lilacs, camellias, and roses.

Raised roses, too?

Beautiful roses.

Do you remember any of the varieties?

I remember a beautiful red rose at the back gate. My hair was long at that time and kind of a red brown.

Auburn? (no)

And I'd often pick a rose and put it in my hair, and when I took my hair down at night it would be scented by the rose, rose fragrance. My husband's grandmother [Elizabeth Schultz (1836-1935)], was fifteen years old during the Civil War and she used to tell me stories about that. She liked to come out to the farm. She was a farmer's wife and when she could come out here to visit us on the farm she was in a glory, you know, when she came out to stay.

Did anybody write down in of those stories, or do you remember any of the stories?

Well, she told about hiding under a bridge and the soldiers came and drove away a lot of the horses and she was hiding under the bridge and she could heard the clatter of the horses, that was one thing she told me. And then, of course, the men were gone to war, and the women had to do the work in the farm. I don't know how large a farm they had, but . . . she said, "Oh, it was terrible in those days for them to be tanned" and she would cover her face with a paste made out of flour and water, so that she wouldn't tan and burn.

Like they use sun screen now, at that time tan wasn't a good thing so they had to work on the farm and still keep their complexion.

Yes. Tried to. She was a very little woman and she was known as Aunt Bet [Elizabeth] in their county. She went around nursing, you know, more or less the

new born, I think.

Who did the midwifing in . . . who was your midwife?

Well, my son was born . . . the doctor came out to the house, doctor and his wife came out for the delivery and after that we managed there was a phone.

The doctor came out from Corvallis?

Came out from Corvallis. He was young in Corvallis, his name was ["Doc"] Anderson. He's probably retired now, but he built up a good practice there. He was modern, naturally.

So when you were first getting married, they were just putting in roads, they were just putting in telephones [when I was 11 or 12 - WMC], so really the lifestyle was kind of changing.

Well, the road was there but it wasn't improved. But the telephone came and it brought a lot of . . .

That was . . .

That would be when I was about eleven, I would say.

Was that pretty big news at that time . . . was that a major event . . . getting the telephone in?

Well, yes. It was a link, link with your neighbors. Party line, everybody was on the line. And if you were smart, you wanted to be careful what you said, because you knew your neighbors were listening in.

So when you got a phone out at Soap Creek it was pretty early, one of the first phone lines to it. Was the railroad that went through Wells was that a major link in transportation or communication at that time?

Well, yes, with Portland and you know, that was when they had the big electric cars.

They ran electric cars all the way down into Corvallis?

Portland to Eugene.

Oh, were those real regular and dependable?

Oh, yes. We'd drive down [horse and buggy - WMC] to the railroad and pick up our people and go back home and when they left we'd take them down . . .

So when you went to the Lewis and Clark Exposition, then you went to railroad car?

Yes.

How long did that take, do you remember?

I don't know, but they didn't have the red cars then.

Oh, the red cars came later.

The red cars came later.

So that was kind of a special tourist type thing, the red cars?

Yes. [No, they carried passengers, mail, freight express - WMC]

Okay, then on the hill side up on the Stock Farm, you weren't using those because the stock was there and there were trees growing there, alder along the creek, do you remember what was growing up along the hill?

Scrub oak, and fir, no pine, and no spruce.

How come you know your trees so well?

I've always been interested in trees and woods.

There were native stands of pine in that area [Kings Valley: White pine; Corvallis: Ponderosa pine] in the 1850's, do you ever remember seeing any pine?

I don't think there was a single pine tree on our place, and I've covered it . . . pretty well.

And there's no hemlock or no spruce?

No spruce, no pine . . .

Red cedar or maple?

Maple, galore. Maple and what we called a white oak, but I don't know the . . . big leaf. And we were talking about the roads, right in the middle of the road, there was a great big witness tree, a great big oak. And at that time they were surveying and improving and changing the lines. We surveyed and they would cut out a great gash like this in the oak tree and here you could see the surveyors marks in the sapwood, very interesting.

There's still some of those standing. Some of those old witness oak, but they were large oak.

The road went around this darn tree, but they took that tree out in time.

On the Stock Farm did you also raise any sheep?

Yes, we did.

Any goats? (no)

It wasn't too successful (sheep), I don't know whether their feed were not balanced right, we planted kale. And that was another thing a house wife did, she went out into the fields and helped with new born lambs. Do you know anything about lambing sheep?

Just enough to know I'll never do it.

Well, they came early in spring, you know, and lots of times there would be hail, very cold rain and hail mixed with it, and the little lambs get good feed, their belly full, and dried off, they can stand any amount of cold, but when they are newborn why many of time, I've slugged through the mud in rubber boots with a lamb under each arm, coaxing the ewe along to get her in the barn and bed them over night.

Then I'd have to see that the lamb nursed and after that they were on their own. The next morning, turn them out and the lamb would do all right. But that was a small operation, that wasn't a big sheep ranch, you know.

Did you have angora goats?

No, not on our place.

Now, your father died right after you left home, two or three years ..

Yes.

And then . . . when your mother moved to Portland after that you were pretty much the only member of your family . . .

Well, I moved to Portland before my mother did . . . mother sold the farm.

I see, so she stayed there for several years?

She stayed there for quite a while, she tried . . . I told you . . . she tried to run it.

What happened to your place, the Cooks then sell all your place?

I don't know, I can't say, I don't know just when the Cooks . . . (yes)

Now World War I, that would have been . . .

We were still on the farm, raised navy beans that year.

Did that have any impact on your economy or your neighbors, was there anything about World War I or that was occurring that had any impact on the Soap Creek Valley?

It changed some of the crops . . . as I said, we raised beans, trying to get something that was . . . would go along with the . . . get a cash crop. (field corn for silage)

And the beans then you were raising for military use?

White beans, yes.

Did that work?

Yes, for a few years.

So, on the beans, do you remember about how many acres you put in of that?

No.

Were you still raising oats that far back in the Valley?

Yes. Oats for hay. Oats and vetch.

Okay. I'd like to get a clear idea . . . what I'm trying to do is make sure I get a clear idea of this.

Yes, well, and then on the Cook farm, they would plow down by the creek and raise field corn.

For the stock?

For the stock to eat in the wintertime. That's another job I had, to tramp down the sows.

Wow. What jobs didn't you have?

Well . . . [motion with hands to turn off machine]

Do you want me to turn it off [turn off machine to give details]? I'll ask you questions and I'll get somebody to . . .

9. Life in Portland

Sound's to me like you're pretty much an early day feminist. You really wanted to take your life in your own hands and . . .

You're talking too fast.

It sounds to me like your were . . . for that day and age and for a woman you were . . .

I wanted to make a go of it. I had the energy and the knowledge. I had the will, but it takes . . .

Two to tango?

I was going to say that.

Just trying to interpret your hand signal for the recording.

Yeah. It just wouldn't work out. It wasn't in the cards. Everybody isn't a farmer, you know, they may think they are, but they aren't.

Were you sorry to give up your . . .

It takes . . .

. . . farm life?

I was, but it wouldn't go so the thing to do is do the best you can with what you have to work with.

So then . . .

That sounds a little callous but I don't . . . I was too young to understand.

It sounds pretty practical.

Well, after all you don't live another forty years without learning something.

Yeah. I'm learning a lot here, right now. Did you . . . was it harder for a woman when you came to Portland, you went to school, you went into business on your own, was it harder in those days or was it easier for a woman?

No, it wasn't difficult. I think a great deal of it was the attitude I had. I wasn't a dreamer but I could work out a thing and work toward it and was willing to put my shoulders to the wheel and work hard. And finally had my own [beauty] shop and four operators.

How long did you keep the shop?

Long past retirement age, and then I worked a little while after that, but I worked for

others all my life, I've been a volunteer. I can't help it, I was brought up that way. On the farm you helped each other out. With illness, the farmer next door would even help with the crops. His wife went in a helped with the housework. That's the way we were brought up.

What kind of . . . you say you still volunteer?

I work as a volunteer at the Salvation Army, Senior Citizens, and I can't stand any more, I am a cancer victim. I can't stand, but I can sit and stuff that my hands can do whatever needs. Pulled a ligament here in my shoulder that's why I sit with my elbow on this and work with my hands.

Determined to work.

Well, you go stir crazy sitting in a place like this.

During the time you were at the Soap Creek, what do you think the most pleasant thing that you did for recreation?

Riding a horse.

Riding a horse, huh?

And none of this going around a ring or jumping a fence, in fact, when we sold some stock my husband got sick and my younger brother and I drove the stock down seven miles to the railroad and sold them all and I was thinking the other day, wondering what we did about the saddles, then we had one horse to get home on and we did what the they call rides and tie. Do you know what that is?

No.

The fellow on the horse rides a mile and then he ties the horse to a fence post somewhere and starts walking and the other fellow walks up until he gets to the horse and he gets on the horse and he rides and ties. That's how my brother and I got home, we had one horse.

Oh. [motions to turn off tape, then resumes]

And I want that clear that there was no . . .

Animosity.

No, and it wasn't any meanness or any . . . not deliberate, just the nature. Lack of character.

I'm kind of feeling that . . . one point I'm trying to get to; you ride horses and you did a lot work down in Soap Creek.

Yes, there wasn't much time for recreation.

Seems like you're still pretty nostalgic for that period, that that was a good period of your life.

But really reading was my outlet. And at that time the State of Oregon had boxed books at the Library came from Salem and they sent them out into the rural areas and they were assigned to some farmer and then the whole neighborhood could borrow the books, a traveling library. And those books were always at our house, my dad, we had all the magazines that were going. Every child had a magazine come, you know, in his own name. You were taught to read and to think. And Mrs. Blake taught me a lot about reading. And if I couldn't read now, I'd be sunk. I tell you a person who reads is never alone though. You know, you'd be alone and there'd be times when you feel kind of lonesome but there's always the books.

What kind of reading do you do now?

I like historical novels, and I like . . . are you familiar with Dayton Hyde?

No.

He's a rancher in Eastern Oregon, you've heard the story of "Sandy" the Sandhill Crane?

Yeah.

Well, he's the one that writes those books, he's the one that raised little Sandy.

Oh, okay.

. . . books. That type of thing.

What kind of reading did you do when you were a child?

When what?

When you were at Soap Creek?

Well, we had kind of . . . read every thing that came in the box. And there were chores to do when you got home from school, gather the eggs, feed the chickens, what else . . . and always keep the hen house door closed. Took me out in the dark many a times when I had forgotten those. No danger, but scared kid you know. And then we had homework that had to be done, we had a gramophone and each child was allowed to pick two records and that was played and then we went to our school work. And then we could read, recreational reading. And many a time I slipped a book up under my skirt and took it up the stairs and read at night, well, mother got onto that on account that the light was still on. Kerosene lamps. I still do that, I still find myself reading when I could sit down and be perfectly comfortable and snitching time to read. Isn't that strange. I laugh at myself.

I can relate.

And I had a customer who was the same way, I think they were Quakers, and they said "Thee" and "Thou". The father and mother. But they let the children go to any church they wanted to. But anyway, this gal when she was married, moved to Spokane and her mother said . . . "now Edna, do Thy work first before thee sits down to read." And we laughed over that. And she told me, she was much older than I.

One of your customers?

Customer of mine. She told me a lot about the area around here.

I'm just now starting to study the Portland area, but this here depend upon building a potential.

Laurelhurst Park was a just a swale, she picked flowers, what they call spring beauties.

On Soap Creek did you ever pick any of the wild flowers around there?

No. [yes - WMC]

Were you familiar with the different varieties?

No, not really, I mean, I couldn't give you the names of them, what we called the lamb tongues, a lot of them, that's what they call the Alpine Gold up here.

But it's called lamb's tongue or Alpine Gold?

Yes. And then there's the cat's ears, it's a furry little bell. It grows up here on the mountain. I've walked all over the Mount Hood Meadows, and I am very upset when I think of what they are going to do with it. Those hills were covered with phlox. I even found the real deer moss, a little patch of real deer moss, and I had it in a little dish on the desk and the gardener, a professional gardener came along and he saw that, and he came in the shop and said, "Do you know what this is?" and I said, "I don't know. It's moss and it looked good to me, and it's different." He said, "That is the real deer moss." And he said, "I'll bet I could tell you where you got it too," and he did. Now they're destroying all of that. The Mount Hood lilies, too.

Is that development . . . is that what it is?

What they're talking about developing the Mount Hood . . . of course they've wrecked a lot of it already, now they're going to finish it. We used to walk all over that area, we went up about every two weeks and "side walk supervise" Timberline Lodge, young son and I. And they kept pushing and then they after they opened they had . . .

It sounds to me like, even though I'm only here because of Soap Creek Valley, a long but a real interesting and enjoyable life.

Oh, yes. I love the outdoors.

Do you have any regrets about anything?

We used to . . . no.

It doesn't sound like it.

When they first opened up the [Columbia] Gorge, we used to go up there on the bus because we didn't have a car. Go up on the bus and then we'd climb the mountain and many, many a time hiked up Larch Mountain before they put a road up there. I resented that when they put that road in, isn't that terrible. But they didn't spoil things, it's beautiful and a lot people get to go up now that never could make the hike. Six and half miles up; every step of the way. Beautiful. Do it by moonlight and watch the sun rise.

Is that right? That's . . . my friend . . .

Pick huckleberries.

Wow. Too bad I didn't know you about seventy or eighty years ago. I go hiking in moonlight all the time. My girlfriend think's I'm crazy, because she's never done that. I go and get my kids to go. I can't find . . .

If my legs hadn't given out, I'd go with you. I'd go with you right now.

That's my favorite time to hike and I've never talked to anybody that likes to hike at that time.

All the rustling things along the trail.

Did very many people hike by moonlight at that time? I can't find anybody.

Yes. They did.

Another thing that you said you didn't want to go into, but it's rather comical is the spotted owl. Didn't get recorded on that.

I don't know any thing about spotted owls. [Refuses to retell story]

Were you a member of any group like Mazamas or . . .

No. By the time that came along, I . . . I've been to the top of Mount Hood. About sixty-five years ago, but no, I never joined, by that time I was alone and . . . besides I didn't have time I had a living to earn. I did my share of taking care of the kids and putting them through college.

You put both your kids through college?

Their father helped, but . . .

So both your sons are Oregon State graduates?

Yes.

That would be great for the . . .

Roy will be interested, Dick wouldn't have known so much about it because he was born here in Portland. And when Dick graduated he was Second Lieutenant and went into the Service.

Does Roy have kids? I guess I can talk to him later.

Yes. He has four girls.

What I think . . .

The oldest daughter is the one that lives in Siletz.

What's her name?

Sue . . . Susan . . . Sally's a teacher, she's married, she's not going to have any children, but she's a born teacher. And she's in California, now. She works very hard.

Susan is she a Cook also?

Yeah, they're all Cooks.

Married name?

Yes. She's married now. Gudenow. Her husband is in the commercial fishing. But I think he'll probably give that up, it's not as lucrative, and then he's getting older too.

One thing I'd like to do and I think probably today isn't a good day, is to . . . get this printed up and kind of tell where we're going and think as far as animals, lifestyle and how people lived and what was important to them, but then I'd like to on the next time, go through some specific people that were your neighbors, like the Wiles, . . . before we start the recording.

And maybe this would kind of let your memory go a little bit back . . . that was quite awhile ago . . . seventy or eighty years ago.

10. Wanda's Ghost Story

[Pause in tape. Mrs. Cook remembers a story she wants to tell and tape resumes after she starts.]

Woke up one night and I felt kind of queer, I wasn't afraid but I just felt as if someone or something in the room. And . . . eventually I was started awake, somehow . . . it wasn't a sound but it was kind of like . . . swoosh . . . right in the room and out the door . . . the bedroom.

Did it scare you?

No.

Made you feel like somebody else there?

When I woke up I felt that there was someone there, but there wasn't anyone there. And I wasn't frightened, I didn't take it that seriously. Life's just a bowl of cherries you know.

So when you didn't hear the ghost stories . . .

And it was years later that I told my mother about it. I said, "Mother, did I ever tell you about the experience I had when Roy was a baby?" My mother had been hearing a very good friend in . . . when we lived in South Dakota that moved to Idaho and when our people . . . my people moved to Oregon, they kept up correspondence and then she came down to visit two or three times on the farm, stayed a week or so. And when I told my mother, she said, "Now that's strange," she said, "Mrs". . . I can't remember her name now (Tiffany), it'll come to me eventually . . . but "Mrs. So and So slept in that same room and she said that she felt that the place was haunted."

Oh. Well, that's eighty years ago and then even now they're still talking about it.

When I was there . . . it was about ten years ago since I drove up the valley and I took all afternoon; I had myself a ball just played along . . . I have those often . . . through all the dog gone Oregon deserts and Washington . . . Walla Walla . . . alone . . . I loved it. When you're alone you can stop and stay as long as you want to . . . in those days

I could take a nap along side the road . . it was perfectly safe. Well, anyway. Mrs. So and So (Tiffany) said something about . . but I didn't pay any attention to it . . she said, that's strange, this is after we were here in Portland that I mentioned that. All right when I drove up there, I went . . asked them if I could see the house and I told them I said well, where's the fireplace? I thought maybe you'd have modernized the fireplace. Oh, is there a fireplace here. I showed them right where it should be. And they evidently just built around just when they remodeled. And they said something about the place being haunted. And these people are renting the house, I don't even know their names. But they were very nice to me and they said, "Come back anytime you want to." They were interested in what I could tell them, you know.

That's . . a lot of interest in this project was from local people there now are . . [camp] Adair came in and kind of stopped the history and now it's started. People are very curious about who used to live there and what they did and how they raised their crops.

At that time a building had been built where the spring house used to be, spring house is what we called it. And there were a couple horse . . fresh horses in the pasture, so I had to go over and pet the horses and so on. I really don't know if the spring is still there or not. It must be because they must . . they'd have to have a source of water somewhere, it was a beautifully cold spring.

Would you be willing maybe with your son sometime oh, later this fall or early in the spring to take a trip back to Soap Creek Valley?

Yes. I would.

(end of tape)

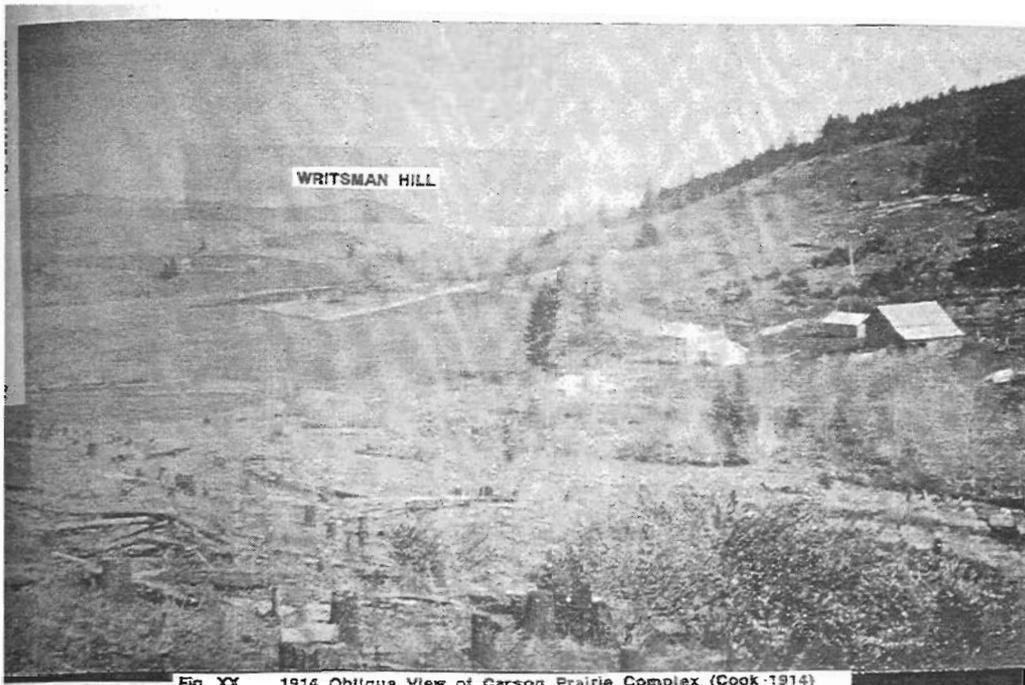


Fig. XX. 1914 Oblique View of Carson Prairie Complex (Cook 1914)

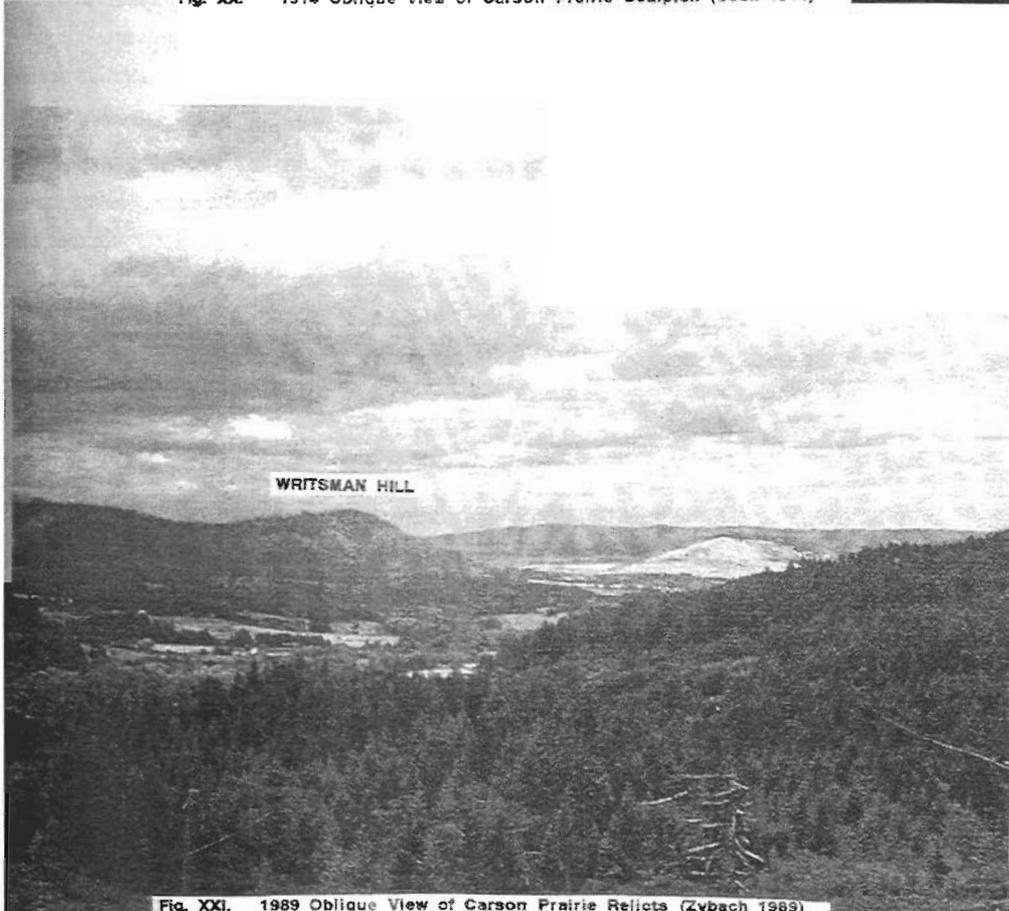


Fig. XXI. 1989 Oblique View of Carson Prairie Relicts (Zybach 1989)

Soap Creek Valley: 1914 and 1989 views east from Lewisburg Saddle. These photographs were taken 75 years apart; about the time of Roy Cook's birth, and then again shortly before the May, 1990 tour detailed on the following pages. Note the Cook house in both photos-Coffin Butte appears in the center background on the second photo. These photos first appeared together in print in October, 1993, and were reprinted in color on March, 1994. (Forest History and FEMAT Assumptions: A Critical Review of President Clinton's 1994 Northwest Forest Plan, by Bob Zybach, p:83).

Part II.

May 15, 1990: Roy Cook Interview

[Interview conducted by Bob Zybach and Kevin Sherer at the Marcks' house, May 15, 1990.]

A. The Marcks' Place

And we're standing facing some new construction on the southwest corner of the house, looking at some shingles. Okay.

Right. Now, we're facing north, and on the west side . . . Well, there was a porch on this end, on the west end, and we used to have the wash basins out there and got the water out of the spring house, and the spring house set right in, right in here somewhere.

Where this driveway is? Would that be . . .

Right in there, yeah.

Would that little, uh, . . .

And we used to set all the milk cans and all that and then keep all the vegetables in the spring house. It was dug out and I think it was stoned up. I can't remember if it was concreted or not. That might be part of it, there, yeah.

This . . . but there used to be a spring right here?

Yeah. That's probably where it was. It was directly west of the house. And there was a boardwalk, and right to the south was a wood deck in here and there was an old cream separator there, because I remember turning that god damned thing till I . . . making butter.

What kind of tree is this?

Looks like an apple. I don't remember it. This is all grown up to beat hell. It was more or less open, like this. There were very . . . Oak trees were small and there were very few firs.

How come you'd come here on the Marcks' place? Didn't you grow up on the Cook place?

Well, I didn't grow up up there. I left there when I was five years old. But we'd come back, you see. And my grandmother still owned this place. My grandfather died. I never remembered him. He died before I was born.

What do you remember about your grandfather? Anything?

I never saw him!

Nobody ever talked about him?

Very little. Her family were, I don't know, they were just not family oriented.

How about your grandmother. What do you remember about her?

Oh, she was a hell of a good cook. And her maiden name was Maurer, M-A-U-R-E-R, I think.

And so, when you'd come here you'd be visiting your grandmother then?

Yeah. For a while.

Do you remember . . . Do you know anything about those pine trees up there?

I don't recall. There were just a few trees. No, no pines that I recall at all. Just a few firs, and they were small. This has been pretty well logged off, or it was open anyhow, there was scrub oak and lotta grass, no blackberries like that at all.

Did anybody run any stock up in those hills?

I don't recall. Vaguely, seems like it, but most of the stock was down below in the flats down there.

And do you remember any orchard or anything around in here?

Um, no. Seems like there was an orchard, but I don't recall.

You remember this house as being the house that was haunted?

Yeah, that's the way I recall it. But that's all come out since we left, and my mother brought it up. All of a sudden she remembered and she told me about it. As I recall, it was this house. It might have been the other one.

Okay. I was hearing all these ghost stories down the road, and I wasn't paying any attention until I heard your mom saying it, then I thought well, wait, this is an old story.

Yeah.

Is there any . . . Now, you said the road coming in here didn't have the cut banks so it was all up and down.

Yeah, all up and down, just humpty-hump, there was no cuts in the road at all. It just followed the ground line. It wasn't contoured at all.

But it was about the same basic location where it is now?

Pretty much, yeah.

And then, when it hit the house here, which way did it go?

It went on west for a ways, and then it swung down and made a turn down, there is a big house down in the flats down there. The road's changed now up there.

Okay.

But we'll look at that when we get up there.

Okay. Now, on the back side, we've got the creamery, the spring house. . .

There was something on the other side, whether it was the creamery and so on, we'd take the milk cans out of here and churn that goddamned butter, and then there was something on the other side, and I can't remember whether it was more like warehousy type stuff.

So, just storage or something.

Storage or something of that nature as I recall.

I take it you don't like churning butter?

I don't like washing the crank. 9 million parts . . .

This part of the house here, was it painted the same color?

That was white. White or gray. It was light colored.

Looks like they're gonna keep it in shape.

Yeah. Quite a rig in here. Quite a bit of hardwoods _____ Looks like back east.

Yeah.

Once they get a foundation on there she'll really be in good shape.

On this end here, did the driveway come in like this, or was this . . .

I think it came in a little bit more down here. It wasn't level, it seems to me we went uphill to go to the house.

Okay, can we stop here for a second? Now, we're looking out. I think that might be Writsmans Hill, unless it's Writsman's knob which is Baker Mountain. Do you recall anything about the . . .

[KEVIN] *No, that's Carson Prairie right there. Baker and Writsman knob is further up.*

Yeah.

But that's what we've got marked as Writsman's Hill, because Writsman's homestead went off that way. That's what we've got on maps.

[KEVIN] *That's what we've got, but all the other maps show Baker and Writsman's knob further up . . .*

Being the same thing, though . . .

[KEVIN] *out there.*

Yeah, I know. On . . .

Maybe that's it over there. I don't know.

[KEVIN] *That's Forest Peak.*

Did you have any name for any of these peaks here? Do you remember what the . . .

Well, it seems to me they said that up in that gap up there, somewhere in that gap, there was a fortification⁵ or there was some old structures up there.

Oh, so that's on that . . .

But I never went up there.

Okay, but that's on that gap right up through there.

That was my understanding. And my memory is . . . I'd have no reason to retain it, you know.

How about the prairie? Do you remember any . . .

It looks pretty much the same. A few more trees, over in here. It was more like Coffin Butte over there.

How about . . . now, in this pasture here, were cattle being run, or sheep, or . . .

It was cultivated a lot in there and there was a garden over in here, as I recall.

Were there any houses or old structures?

No, there were no structures that I recall.

[KEVIN] *Okay, that Indian village by any chance wouldn't happen to have been . . .*

It was right down in here.

[KEVIN] *Okay, that's the same site.*

Down in this area here?

Yeah, right. Theoretically, just out there less than 1,000 feet.

Now, your mom, she said. . .

Well, whether it was a village or not, but they were always picking up arrowheads every time they worked in the garden and so on.

[KEVIN] *That's 35 BD 34.*

Yeah.

[KEVIN] *Or 30.*

That's one of the two registered sites on the forest when we came here. So. But your mom, when she was a little girl, had picked stuff?

Yeah, she had to work in the garden, you know, kids do.

⁵ For other local references regarding prehistoric Indian fortifications in Soap Creek Valley, see Monograph #6 and #7 in this series. Jim Hanish visits and discusses a specific site on Forest Peak (p:47) and Charlie Olson discusses a similar feature on Coffin Butte (p:21). Roy Cook's location is about half-way between these two other points.

How about these fences here? Were those those split rail fences? Do you recall?

I think they were. They weren't metal posts, that's for damned sure.

How about Soap Creek there Now, you said you fished . . .

Pretty much. Yeah I fished down there, but I fished more up above. Because I came, you know, I'd come back periodically. That was in, oh, 1920, 29, long in there.

How many fish could you catch in a day?

All you wanted.

Twenty or 30 or 50?

Well, you never caught that many, because you just caught what you wanted for the house and that's it. You weren't fishing to be fishing, just digging around.

Do you remember what kind of trout they were?

Cutthroat, or something I guess. I don't know. I never paid much attention.

Did you ever do any hunting around in this area?

No. I was too small.

Did you ever hear any stories about cougars or wolves or bears, or any kind of wildlife like that? Do you recall anything about the birds?

No.

Okay. Let's see. Can you think of any other questions at this site here Kevin?

[KEVIN] *No, we need to follow up on the structures he was talking about up on Writsman's*

. . .
Oh, yeah.

That was just, it's hearsay, but I can remember my dad talking about it. And I can remember my grandfather talking about it. Now, maybe it's because they went and ran fences down or something, I don't know. What the occasion was I don't know, but it was up, it was right on top, you see. I was a kid. I was curious. I wanted to go up there, and they'd never let me go, you know.

Was it wooden or stone structures?

Log structures.

Okay.

Whether it was a, just logs with no roof or what I don't know. But I sort of gathered it was just a barricade type deal similar to some of those in eastern Oregon, you know, a place where they can get behind or whatever. Now that's assumptive.

All these fields out here, those were your grandmother's?

Yeah. Now how far her property ran, I don't know.

Okay. But it bordered onto the Glenders was the next . . .

Yeah.

So the Glenders then your grandmother's here?

Yeah, and how far it went down that way I don't know. But it wasn't a big place. I don't think it was, like the other places. Like the Cook place.

Could it have been 300 acres? Don't know, huh?

I don't know.

Do you remember anything else around this one area here that you'd want to get recorded, or that you can remember?

No, nothing.

B. Stage Stop Lane

It was a fairly new school, you know what I mean.

This is Stage Stop Lane, and this is the first time we've heard that there was a school up in this area here.

There was a structure that looked like a school, it was right in here.

Okay.

[KEVIN] *Just off the road there about 100 feet you think?*

Yeah. Yeah, ballpark.

Maybe where that house is now? To the south of us?

Yeah, right about there.

Do you remember a structure over there by those large fir and that maple over there, on that little flat over in there to the right?

I don't. I can't say there was or there wasn't.

[KEVIN] *Okay, well here's a draw. Is this the draw that you were referring to?*

Where the school . . . ?

[KEVIN] *Yeah.*

Yeah, I'm sure. Because it looks reasonably close to the same.

Okay.

C. Browns' Place

Close to those trees there.

Okay, so we've just come down around the corner next to Goviers here, and you remember a house being out in here to the right?

Yeah, right in here somewhere. It was a pretty good sized house and it seems like there's another little lane went up to an old house in here. Now that may have been Govier's, but I . . .

Okay, right where those silver maple are there was a house that burned down [Hildebrand House Fire] in '37 or '38, that was the Brown place.

That could have been the one. Yeah, it could have been there instead of there.

Do you remember anything about this house or anybody that lived in it?

It was a great big two story house and painted yellow, and that's about the size of it.

I can't remember names worth a toot. Names aren't my long suit.

Up here on the left we're coming up to where the old Govier mill used to be. Do you remember anything about that?

Yeah. Uh, it sat over, right over here. It was a little gyppo mom and pop operation. It wasn't a big mill. It was right in here somewhere. Well, we're on a straight stretch, things have changed so much. Whether it was here or a quarter of a mile . . . seems like it was right in here somewhere.

D. South Boundary Road

Okay, next to the Govier's house, before you'd get there, there was a little road here, could it have been on that road on the left there? Okay, we're on South Boundary road, do you

know anything about . . . ?

Nope, I don't recall a road there.

Or how about this side of the Govier family, do you recall anything about them?

Nope.

Okay.

It was narrow. There were bushes along side of it. I remember you had to, you damned near rubbed into the bushes, particularly on up the line up there.

E. Soap Creek Schoolhouse

Can we stop here next to the school house a little bit? Okay, there's an old tram road that used to go up to a mill right up on the turn here. Do you know anything about that?

No.

Do you remember anything about the school at all?

Nope.

Okay. Now there's another road turning down here to the right. There's a German guy [Dorgan] that lived where that blue house is.

[KEVIN] What about this structure.

I don't remember. It was probably there, but I . . . This road didn't exist to my knowledge. I don't remember it.

Okay. Writsman's Creek?

I don't recall it. It could have been there.

Okay.

It may have been just a little road that went off to a little horse logging operation, you know. Used to be houses over there again, that's . . . And there were some Dorgans lived up here.

Dorgans were in the blue house there.

Where?

Back there at the blue house. That was Dorgan's, yeah.

Is that where they were?

Yeah.

Yeah, they were quite a family, I guess.

Do you remember anything about them?

No, the only thing I can remember is that he worked helping with the logging and he took his lunch and she'd always wrap his sandwiches in toilet paper. It was sort of a standing joke. I guess she was, the hillbilly type. I guess she was a pretty good egg, though, from what my mom says.

She was supposed to be a good musician. Did you ever hear anything about that?

I don't recall anything.

Okay.

Somewhere over in there he . . . I think Mr. Dorgan got killed in a logging accident. Team of horses ran away, and they. . . He was dragging a log and he was standing on the log or something and the horses team. . . One horse went on each side and he baled into the trees, over in there 'cause mom used to point out where this guy got killed and it seemed like it was Dorgan I don't remember now. It was on the other side. He ran into a little grove of maple trees and he baled head first into a tree.

Wow.

[KEVIN] *That would hurt.*

[BREAK]

I can remember the name. Somebody was always talking about "Junk."
Junk Matthews?

Junk, as if, just something about junk.

Uh huh.

Doesn't tie in, but I can remember them talking about the name.
I think your dad or your uncle found his body, according to the stories.

Well, maybe he's the guy that got tied up in the tree.

That'd be up here a little bit further.

By gum, I think by golly that was right. I think it was Junk that got killed where they peeled into a tree.

That'd be right.

Things are . . . don't look the same now. I'm sort of halfway lost now.
Here's an old orchard on our left here. And I asked . . .

We're getting up here further than you used to be able to. Oh hell, it was down lower than . . .

[KEVIN] *Out there then, huh?*

No, I mean just below us.

[KEVIN] *Oh, just below us.*

F. The Cook Place

It came up and had a real square corner here.

Okay, here's the Cook place.

Are these people anti-social?

No, I think they're real social. But I've never met them. No, I met one of them at a . . .

Now, I don't know whether I was born in this house or the other house. One of these two. Here, you want to get out?

Yep.

Right straight in. Down here a little further, I think.

Okay.

We came right in through there. And the house sat there, yeah. And there was a couple of little trees in there, and then that was pretty open in there. That hillside was all open.

That hillside to the west there?

Yeah, those pictures that I gave you. Some of them are taken right up there on that hill looking down.

Okay.

And the old orchard was around the corner there. Yeah, I used to have to take water and slop down to the damn pigs in the orchard there.

[KEVIN] *That was a close orchard there.*

Yeah, it seemed like it was a long way when you were pushing a wheelbarrow full of milk cans full of slop. And that barn sat on the other side of the creek down there. The road went down just about where that row of trees is down there, over a little

bridge, and then you came back this way about 400 or 500 feet and that was the barn and there was a garden right down on this side of the creek right down next to the creek.

Was that the Cook's garden? Somebody's garden.

I think it was Vincent's [Frank Vincent] then.

Oh, okay. You talked about . . .

But that barn was in use. It was a pretty fair barn. As I remember I beat the hell out of a sheep over there. There was some guy by the name of Porter clear over by Kings Valley. He ran sheep and they had a "P" brand on the sheep, and they'd come over and they'd get through the fence. My job was running the damn sheep back and I got so sick and tired of it. They could find the hole to get into this property but they could never find the hole to get back out. So I grabbed a big piece of board off the side of the barn there and the sheep went past me and I nailed him right on the snoot and knocked him down. I thought I'd killed the damn thing and I was so damned little I couldn't carry him and throw him over the fence and I didn't know what to do and I didn't want to tell anybody so I just walked off and left him. Next day he was gone.

Do you remember what . . . now that hillside there. . . We got photos of that too. That was pretty bare, too, wasn't it?

Pretty bare.

Did you run sheep up in there?

Uh, no, dad [Ernest Cook] didn't have many sheep. He had mostly perch [percherons] and horses.

When your mom and dad split up, did your dad stay here?

No, they split up after they left this country. They split up about 1927.

Do you know what year they got married and moved here?

They got married in 1914, I think. '14 or '15.

So you were born in 19--?

'16.

1916. So your dad had just finished up college then.

Yeah.

And, was this house built new at that time?

No.

So this house was already here when your. . .

That's my understanding.

Okay.

Now, for your edification, on that blacksmith's shop.

Maybe I should go up and introduce us here before we talk too much further.

All right.

[BREAK. Evelyn Weigel, noticing activity, leaves her home and begins approaching us. See Appendix B.]

Let's see, there was a fence. This structure wasn't here. This was here. The wood shed was here, and there was a lawn in here. And then it went back and right, just to the right of that shed there was a barn.

Was that shed there then?

I don't know. But that's where the barn sat. Seems like there was a little structure there along side of it. And God, I mowed hay in that damn barn until I was blue in

the face, fighting the yellowjackets when you get up in the loft. And then right in here . . .

[KEVIN] Looks like an old ..[unintelligible] ..right in through here.

Yeah.

Right, right there, there was a long implement shed. Just one story, and just open, you know. And then on this end, right here . . .

South of the house right above the old road cut . . .

Yeah, was the old blacksmith's shop. It was . . . we're not more than 20 feet away from it. And the old forge sat out more or less in front of it. It was walled in. And good God, there were 9 million horseshoes and miscellaneous scrap iron and everything else, old wagon wheels and everything else.

Let's see, so the blacksmith's shop, the implement shop, the old barn . . .

Yeah. It was more or less storage though. They put wagons and buggies and crap in it.

[KEVIN] You don't recall this old ..[unintelligible].. back in there though?

Oh, this could have been the one up in the barn.

Looked about right.

Yeah. There was a fence across here. And you had. . . If you go back in the woodshed you'll find a big bullet hole in the top of it where we shot a rat. We couldn't trap this sucker, we put a regular trap out he'd keep jumping over it. Wood rat. We unloaded on him.

Let's see now, these oak would have been here and these fir would have been smaller. Do you remember anything about the timber or the trees or anything through this area?

Very little. It was a little wooded, but nothing of any size. Not of merchantable size.

What kind of a . . .

No pine trees. They weren't there. I don't recall any pine. And the dump for all the bottles and everything was on that side over there by the creek.

Well, that would be interesting. So that where the creek comes down then there would be a bottle dump there.

Yeah, yeah. Just right straight out from the house here. And then the old outer house I think it sat, no, it sat right over in there I think.

What are your memories of this house as a kid? Do you remember much?

Not much. The guy my dad leased it to, when he left in, I can't remember. There was a guy in between Vincent and my dad.

Oh, Vincent lived here?

Yeah.

Do you remember Vincent's first name?

No. I was gonna say Frank, but I don't know.

Okay, so. . .

But anyhow, there's, the guy, somewhere in the episode in there. He made moonshine in here and they raided the damn thing and he had his still and so on built in, alongside in the walls, along side the fireplace.

Right in here?

Yeah.

So that would have been -- Let's see, prohibition was '18? '19?

No, it was after that. It would be in the '20's.

Was it in the '20's? Oh, that's right.

Along in there they had prohibition. And anyhow, why they knocked him over and my dad kicked his ass out.

Just because he was making moonshine, huh?

Well, my dad, I never heard him sing. I never saw him take a drink, and he never smoked.

Why did your mom leave him?

[LAUGHTER]

So your dad was pretty much a straight arrow then?

Yeah. But he wasn't probi [prohibitionist], either.

What did he do after he left the farm here?

He worked for Pacific Power and Light, only it was Northwestern Electric initially in 1922, or 1923 I think it was started up.

[KEVIN] *It was about the same time Mountain States Power was making a move through.*

Well, Mountain States Power was over in Albany and Corvallis.

[KEVIN] *Yeah, we had that down there as far as Coos County.*

Oh yeah, yeah. Bullis [Lee Bullis from Medford. Managed Mt. States Power in Medford in mid-1930s - RC], and so on down there.

When did you come back here and log? What year was that?

Oh, about the time I was in grade school and high school.

So that would be 1930, '31?

Yeah.

Would the logs go down to Goviers?

No, they took them clear down and dumped 'em in the river at Suver. I never did go down there, but we'd drag them down to the landing with the horses. Right over in there somewhere.

So you were logging on that side of the hills over there?

Yeah.

Not back over here at all?

No.

Okay, because this is where the Vincent property was.

Yeah, could be. But I was working for Vincent. And we were logging over in there, on that hill over in there.

Was it horse logging?

Yeah. Oh, hell, yes.

Uh huh. What kind of trees would you take out? What size?

Firs.

Do you remember the diameters or anything?

Oh, nowadays they'd be good sized logs. I suppose they were 24 to 30 at the butt.

Okay. So they'd be like second growth?

Yeah, oh yeah.

Was there any old growth in that country that you can remember?

I don't recall any.

So it would be second growth fir for the most part that was being logged. Okay.

Although I don't remember any stumps when I was swamping. I don't remember swamping around old stumps, you know.

So as far as you know that was young trees that had seeded in on a prairie or something?

I don't recall any stumps that we had to work around. But I remember some up on the side of the hill up there, and the logs would bounce around.

You've got to be careful on me on that topic [evidence of old growth].

[KEVIN] Okay, so, in reference to the blacksmith shop, the road kind of came in perpendicular from here just off of where the road is now on the ...?

This may have been it, right here. But it seems like it was little closer to the house but maybe not. And there was a couple of fruit trees, there was one there, and there was another one sitting over here. There was a tree there because I stayed in a tent underneath the tree there when I was working for him.

So, Vincent was living here and you were staying in a tent?

Yeah, I was working for them. Just, summers. You know, just summers hire.

Were they renting from your dad or did they buy from him?

I don't know. It may have been a rent/buy type deal. I really I don't know.

Do you know where the road crossed the creek down there from the house here? Do you remember how you got down over in that area?

Oh, up here a little ways there's a little bridge off the side creek coming in from the left. The road stayed pretty much all on this side until you got almost to Sulphur Springs.

Okay. Let's see, can you think of anything around here, Kevin? I think we've got the lay of the land, we've got the photographs. Do you remember anything else about this house, or perhaps about your dad that this brings back any memories of?

Not really.

Did your dad and your mom just run this by themselves, or was your uncle. . . Was he involved in the operation?

They had some, I mean, my dad, I don't think he had any hired help, or if he did it was just seasonal. But Vincent, had a whole mess of people.

[Evelyn Weigel returns to group. - BZ]

How many acres do you have here?

[EVELYN] It's now two acres. And I hear that it was many many at one time. In fact that building over there went to it, just past those bushes. It's in the red barn, just like this, it looks like this, and that was . . . went to this I'm sure too, that's a cow barn.

Yeah, used to be a big barn.

[EVELYN] Oh, bigger than that, huh?

Used to be a blacksmith shop and stuff in here, . . .

[KEVIN] About 1852 are we looking at, that blacksmith shop from your list?

Yeah, it was either. . . it was between here and South Boundary Road. This part . . . the Applegate Trail came up and around through here somewhere and that's one thing we're looking at. This was, what 1,348 acres?

1,348, it went clear to the top of the hill there.

Over to Sulphur Springs and . . . When Roy was born here it was a little bit bigger.

[EVELYN] And they picked this spot to put their house out of all those acres?

Well, the house was here when we bought it. To my knowledge.

[EVELYN] So, uh, tell me . . .

And there was another barn across the creek down there.

[EVELYN] You had lots of cows here, huh?

No. I don't know. My dad wasn't a farmer. He tried farming and it wasn't his cup of tea.

[EVELYN] I did that too!

He was a graduate from Oregon College of Agriculture, though, as a farmer. He was a college graduate farmer.

[EVELYN] Oh, and then found out he didn't like it, huh?

Yeah. Well he had hay fever, and so wasn't happy.

Hay didn't work too good for him, then?

[EVELYN] So he bought this place.

Yeah. Well, his father bought it from, what's the name, Barnett, or . . .

Yeah, I can't remember, we just looked at it.

We've got the old trust deed.

[EVELYN] Was that the original owner, then?

No.

No.

[KEVIN] *It was a Donation Land Claim, wasn't it?*

I'm not sure the Donation Land Claim was? It might have been Alfred Writsman.

[KEVIN] *Well, [Jacob] Moody?*

Moody, its . . . you've gotta look at the maps. This is one of the first areas settled in Benton County, about 1840, before Applegate Trail, before the California Gold Rush, before Oregon Territory. Before anything, real early. Earlier than Corvallis.

[EVELYN] Wow.

Wasn't even there then. Wasn't anything. Let's see. Well, we've got the ghost story and we've got you being born . . .

The blacksmith shop.

The blacksmith shop. . . We were looking for that. And we've got some photos, I'll get some copies if you want.

[EVELYN] So what year was this house built in? Do you know?

I don't know. Prior to 1915. It's my understanding. I'm sure my dad didn't have it built, and that my granddad only had it a year before he sold it to my dad.

I'd guess from the structure that's the late 1800's. But it could be older. The Marcks place, the one down on the left down there, might go back all the way to the 1850's.

[EVELYN] Where's that?

The old house on the left that they're working on now, just down by Tampico.

[KEVIN] *Putting a foundation in it. Have you encountered any Indian lore or artifacts in this area?*

[EVELYN] None.

[KEVIN] *See, part of my responsibility in this [1990 OSU Research Forests] Cultural Resource Inventory is to...*

[EVELYN] No, I haven't. But I haven't done a whole lot of digging. Uh, that side of the house to the creek is just massive berry bush, and . . .

Oh, that's good.

That's also where all the bottles were.

[EVELYN] Oh, really?

That's the old dump and if it's all blackberries up that's a good sign . . .

If you're a can kicker that's a good place to look.

[EVELYN] Because I've started, and you won't like to hear this, but poisoning.

[End of Tape]

Say, I turned this back on here, Roy. Do you know where the name Fernhoppers came from? Everybody at the College of Forestry . . . they called them Fernhoppers when you went there too, didn't they?

Oh yeah. Fernhopper's Ball.

Do you remember Peavy?

Oh yeah, Starkey, and Schroeder, and . . . Starkey, he was one of my professors.

How about Starker? T.J. Starker?

That's what I mean.

[KEVIN] *Your bottle dump Roy, was up here?*

[EVELYN] Right behind those trees?

Or maybe, between the house and the trees. Seems to me it was right in there.

[KEVIN] *That big old oak would have been there.*

Yeah.

[EVELYN] Well then the chicken house, was that there when you were here? Past the . . .

I don't remember.

[EVELYN] Yeah, that's right, you were only 5 or something when you left.

Yes, but his grandmother lived down the road so he'd always be back, then he logged out of here when Vincent was here.

I logged. Hell, I was in high school for God's sakes!

[KEVIN] *Where was the outhouse in here? Back over here more?*

Right close to where the chicken house is there as I recall. It may have been, I don't know it was just by the house.

[KEVIN] *Did uh . . . in your memory, what we're finding is that outhouses were commonly used as dumps.*

Yeah, I know.

[KEVIN] *And is that a common practice?*

My dad didn't drink, so there damn few booze bottles, pumpkin seeds in there.

So this would be kind of slim pickins in the bottle department?

Well, except for when the guy was making booze here, why. . .

Oh, the bottle dump was later than that!

[EVELYN] Oh, tell me about that. What year was that?

It was in the '20's. And the feds knocked him over, the state knocked him over.

And he had booze all ditched round the fire place somewhere in the walls or something. And he had a still and the whole smear. But my dad was all bent out of shape because my dad didn't drink. He wasn't a probi -- in fact, hell, I'd sit there and visit with him and I'd have a drink and it didn't bother him. He died four years ago, and he was 99 and six months.

[KEVIN] *That reminds me of this story this fellow that's 86, looked 60, and he goes I'm not 60, I'm 80, and he goes, well your father must have lived to a grand old age, and he goes my father's still alive, and he goes well really, well how old is he, he goes oh, about 96, 98, somewhere in there, he started early in life, he goes well your grandfather must have lived to a ripe old age, and he goes well he's still alive in fact he's getting married tomorrow. And*

he goes, well why would a man his age want to get married, and he goes, I didn't say he wanted to!

[LAUGHTER]

Does this creek have a name down here? Do you remember it?

Not to my knowledge.

Do you call it any name?

[EVELYN] Huh uh.

Just part of Soap Creek, huh?

[EVELYN] Uh huh. And did you guys, you probably don't remember this either. Did you hear they used water from the creek to water all the outside things, didn't they?

Yeah.

[EVELYN] There is still some pipe. I need to . . .

[KEVIN] *Wooden pipe?*

[EVELYN] No, its uh, I think it's newer than that, yeah. But up until . . . I need someone to help me do that, I'm a widow, so I'm kind of thinkin' well maybe by next year, I'll have someone that will help me do this.

[BREAK]

. . . it was a lease option, I think, option to buy, I don't know for sure.

[EVELYN] Uh huh.

He just gave us some of the records on the place from 1913, or 1915?

[KEVIN] 1915.

'14 and '15, yeah.

And it's got descriptions of the property and map and the whole bit, so there's plenty of information to go on.

[EVELYN] So, what, you're writing an article now about this?

I'm writing a book.

[BREAK]

G. Moss Rock Drive

Can I get that on here? There's been some debate on why it's called Soap Creek? And that name goes back to 1850.

Well, I didn't even think of that. But it wasn't clear. And it had a soapy feel to it, particularly up in here.

Do you know what caused that?

I have no idea.

Okay, can we take this next little, I think it's the next right turn here, yeah.

[KEVIN] Moss Rock.

Yeah.

And then the one right beyond it. Just, just a short hop over there.

Right here.

Yeah.

Now, there's a bunch a houses up here aren't there?

Yeah. *I just want to . . .*

This is where Pullman lives, up in here somewhere.
Oh, Pullman lived up here were Moss Rock is?
 Uh huh, at the end.
Wow, look at that tree just came over that house. That's why I'd never have these next to the house. Roberta Hall lives up here.
 No, I don't, I've never been up this road, so . . .
[KEVIN] I haven't either.
Okay, well, there's a place up here we can see down in the valley, I thought you might be able to get a perspective.
 Now I don't know which place is Pullmans. That must be it there, because one guy, a neighbor came up here. I was invited up here but he didn't tell me about it. He sent the invitation to both of us, the guy that got the invitation didn't tell me about it.
Are you married Roy?
 Yeah.
And you've got what, four daughters?
 Yeah. They're scattered out ..[unintelligible].
Are they interested in family history or anything at all?
 One daughter is, but she lives and teaches in China Lake, California.
Will she get the papers on the Cook family history?
 Yeah.
And what's her name?
 Sally.
Is she a Cook?
 Yeah. Well, her name is [Sally Cook] Valiton, she's married. Boy, this road goes forever.
There's a picture in that tour guide of a guy sitting on a horse called Billy Bowlegs and it's taken from up here.
 Straight ahead?
 Yeah.
 Now it was up in here somewhere where we were logging.
Okay, so you logged with Vincent up in . . .
 Wait a minute, now where's that red house from here? Back that way?
Red house? Should be almost due south of us.
 Well hell, that barn should have been right down in there somewhere then. The creek's right here.
So there's a bridge to a barn that was at the red house?
 Yeah. You know, that other barn where I pointed out where I said the garden was down there.
What was kept in that barn?
 Just hay. Hay and stock, I suppose, but there was none in there when . . . God, this is all new country to me.
Well you haven't been here for 60 years.
 Well, there weren't any roads over here. That big old barn was damn near as big as that thing. Yeah, just about the same size. But it was all beat up. For cripes sakes . . . Yeah, that was just about the same size of that old barn but it was, it's probably long since fallen down.

H. Sheep Hill

[KEVIN] This must have been the hill where he was on Billy Bowl Legs. Because these trees weren't there, I remember that photo.

Does this road go back out into the other road?

[KEVIN] No, I think it just dead ends up here a little ways.

Well, I thought it was Sheep Hill is what they called it, up here and to the left a little bit more Kevin.

[KEVIN] Well, if nothing else, we're getting close to the Nazi village.

Well see my mother's folks were all German. But she's never . . . of course that was way before.

How about your dad's folks? I never got any genealogy on them. It's up here to the left.

Basically, English.

So the Cooks were . . .

Well, there's Irish, and . . . which one?

Up here to the right.

Is that Writsman?

[KEVIN] No, it's Blue Heron.

Now which way.

Okay. Up to the right here. Zeolite hills here.

Zeolite? My God, is there Zeolite around here?

Oh, lots of it.

Is there?

Yep. What do you know about zeolyte?

Which type is it?

[KEVIN] That white, fibrous . . .

Fibrous? Naturelite, huh?

[KEVIN] Huh? Yeah.

Naturelite?

[KEVIN] Yeah.

Yeah, well that'd be up near basaltic rock.

[KEVIN] Yep.

Yeah, there's a lot of that up around Ritter.

Okay, right up here on the corner is where we wanted to stop here.

Right here?

Yeah.

Okay.

Now we're up here looking down the valley, and I think we're . . . it doesn't look pretty much the same then?

Well, no, I mean, look at there?

Yeah.

Sheep. Dang you sucker.

They had a lot of those here when your mom was growing up.

(Whistles) Come on.

You don't remember anything particular about this area. . .

They were just fields down in there.

Okay, was this fence up in here, or did people live up in here?

Now, where is the Marcks' place from here?

That'd be down, right down there.

Well, it was somewhere up in this area where, that Junk or that guy was killed.

Okay, then that'd be a little bit different from . . .

It was somewhere up in this area.

Okay. You don't . . .

Well come on, come on (whistles to barking dog) . . .

I just wanted to come to this one area because of the perspective. We can see down the valley and up that way, and if you'd worked on this side of the creek or been up in this area at all, I thought maybe you could . . .

No, I couldn't. Just like I said, I can't even orient myself up here.

Okay, okay, let's . . .

Because when we were logging you couldn't see out, you know. Oh, you could see out, but no perspectives.

Okay. Let's . . .

I. Sulphur Springs

[PAUSE IN TAPE]

Coming here into Sulphur Springs, I turned this thing back on here.

Now, the spring's right down here isn't it?

Yeah, do you remember anything about Sulphur Springs at all? Ever come here for any reason?

[KEVIN] *Any structures, or . . .*

No structures.

Would people camp here?

The kids from [OSU] college, and so on, when I was working up here. You know, the kids would come out here and have beer parties out here.

The forestry students?

Sure, whatever. You've got the tape on.

Yeah, I warned you.

No, they come out here and play hide the weeny, I think.

Okay. [laughter]

And then the road used to go straight through and it went up a little hill, now, I don't remember whether this . . .

You want to take it up here?

It was just a track but there was a gate right up here. And it seemed like there was a house just beyond it, or . . .

That was one of Junk Matthews' houses, and then his other house was back there where we first turned up Moss Rock. [Drive]

[KEVIN] *Do you remember anything about an old trail that went up from Sulphur Springs here up across the hill?*

No. It may have been there.

Here's about, I think somewhere through here is where the gate was. Do you remember where the house was here at all?

Doesn't quite look right. Seems like it went up a hill there, and there as a gate, there

was a hill on this side, flats.

[KEVIN] *Well, this is a hill, there's a flat down there?*

That's nice. Didn't go this far, I think, it was right close.

I'm kinda cheating a little bit, because I've been back here with a little 90 year old man that could remember where everything was. There's a school gate there, we could probably turn around here.

All right.

Where that cyclone fence is over there was an old [saw] mill from the 1890's.

Is that right?

And maybe earlier.

What's inside that fence? Anything?

Well, school property. This is about where the Cook place ended, right up in here somewhere.

Yeah, it jogged around. The Springs wasn't on the place.

Yep. The Springs were owned by Bakers.

Yeah.

Do you remember the Bakers?

No, but now that you mention the name I remember hearing about the name. But there was just an old abandoned house, and it seems to me it sat on that side.

About where that red house is there?

It seems right.

Okay. Did you ever go to Sulphur Springs for anything? To drink the water, or fish?

Yeah. No, I never fished up here, but I've fished in the damned stuff, and they should run it back through the horse again.

Charlie Olson was there and he said the early families used to gather [the spring water] and they'd drink it for their health.

Yeah, I've heard that too, but . . .

I've talked to four people in their 90's with excellent memories, so it might be something to it.

My dad and mother [both lived well into their 90s] weren't too thrilled with it.

Uh huh.

Let's look at that Springs. I haven't seen it since year one. But I remember that it was sort of a mud hole sitting right in here somewhere, wasn't it?

Well, we can go down there and check it out.

There's no water out here but there must have been . . . you can see the old alluvial plain out there.

[KEVIN] *Well, there [untelligible] back there.*

Well, this is up inside [untelligible]. Wherever the canyons came down where there had been a water source where it narrowed down just before you get into the canyon, is always where you'd find the pulp wood. It got [untelligible] everywhere down here. Mold. Black soil.

Yeah.

Well, this was all . . . it was all open where the spring was. There was no brush.

Well, there's an old apple tree right here.

But the road came right close to the spring, it wasn't up there it was down in here somewhere. The road came through right along in here somewhere.

Do you know anything about this apple tree here, or . . .

Nope.

Okay.

[KEVIN] *See, this little crossing here . . .*

Is that it?

[KEVIN] *This is it, right here.*

Do you remember that stone there?

Nope.

I think that might have been put in by the CCC's. Do you remember, does that spring look about the same as you remember it?

Nope.

Do you remember what it looked like?

There was a bank around. The bank was up about this high.

Okay. *About three foot.*

Then the spring set down like that, and then there was little channel went off to the creek. But there was the high bank on three sides of it.

Okay. *Was there any kind of a construction or anything in the spring? It was just the pool like it is now but with the bank around it?*

Yeah.

Did it have . . . do you remember any wooden structure or . . .

No, huh uh.

[KEVIN] *No cistern or anything?*

Nothing. No.

No walkway on the bank?

No, huh uh. It was just, you'd walk out through the grass and there the damn thing was only it was down lower. How do they account for the presence of sulphur in here?

[KEVIN] *Well, that's easy. With all the volcanic activity that took place in this area, all the basalts, and . . .*

Well, hell, that's true of Kings Valley or anywhere else. So why here?

Well, we get salt water over there [towards Arlie] and there's salt water on the other side of the hill [coast range], and salt water in Eddyville. Yeah, you go down a little bit.

I'll be damned.

This was locally recognized as a landmark pretty much, wasn't it?

Yeah.

At the other end of the valley would the landmark be Coffin Butte?

Yeah, yeah, Coffin Butte. I can remember . . . now that's one hill that I can remember a name on. But the others were just hills.

So, but this was a well-known location and Coffin Butte would be a well-known location?

Yeah.

And how about the valley itself? Was there anything within the valley that . . .

Soap Creek Valley, is all.

Okay. *Well, let's see . . .*

And when they logged, they took the logs, when I was up here they took the logs to Suver and dumped them in the river and I guess they pulled them out in Salem or God knows where down the line.

How did they haul the logs down from here to Suver?

Old beat up trucks. And I mean beat up!

How long were the logs that they'd haul?

God, I can remember bucking and . . . I don't know, 12, 14 feet.

Did you buck with the misery whip or did you have chainsaws by then?

Hell, there wasn't any chainsaw! (laughs) Half the logs you pulled out you just drove the dogs in them, you know, and dragged them out with that and . . .

[KEVIN] Now, you've got this road identified as a CCC or earlier? The trail that went out from there?

I'd have to check my notes. I've got so much on this map that I can't keep some of it straight. This end of the valley is getting clearer and clearer as I talk to more people, but...

The creek seems smaller.

That's . . . Charlie Olson says the same thing. Now, is this, that's not so soapy looking up in here.

No, not as much down below there. I don't know. But it still has that semi opaque.

Did you ever come up . . .

I never fished up here.

Okay. Do you know if there was any fish up in here? How about beavers, do you remember any beaver ponds?

Huh uh. There could have been up here but I don't remember any down below where I fished. There's a lot of wind falls and so on, but no beaver dams or . . .

Did you ever go hunting at all for . . .

No.

Not even for . . .

I was too young.

Kind of a nice spot.

In fact, my dad never went hunting, never went fishing, so I wasn't exposed to it.

Who would you go fishing with?

Me?

Yeah.

By myself.

Oh, so there wasn't anybody . . .

I just cut a stick, for gosh sake. I didn't have a fishing pole.

[PAUSE IN TAPE]

J. Lewisburg Saddle Viewpoint

I'm gonna turn this on. Do you remember this field up here to the east of us? Is that north?

It was open, but . . .

All these trees have pretty much come in then.

Yeah.

Okay.

Quite a view.

Yeah. There's Coffin Butte, and there's that new quarry we could see, and then that's the area, out through there, the Cook's place through there, and it came up in the draw through here. In fact I think the red house is right below the hill here. Can you . . . does anything out through here, do you remember any landmarks or does anything kind of ring any bells to you?

Never saw it from this perspective.

Okay.

Well, there was no houses out in through there, obviously. And we logged right along about where those little houses are down in there I think, because we weren't very far up the hill.

Oh, so you were on the toe of that hill there.

Right.

Now, did that hill have any name to it that you can remember?

No.

Baker's Mountain?

No.

Writsman's Knob? Nothing like that. Okay.

I'm a total failure on names.

Oh, that's fine. If you can't remember them, none of the rest of us even know, so, I mean, we can just put it down to your mom or somebody who's an authority.

Well things just didn't have names.

There's so few families, you didn't need landmarks. Maybe the houses were the landmarks, you'd just say "The Cook's Place," or the . . .

Yeah, such and such a place.

Okay. Do you remember the names of the places along the creek? Was it called "The Marcks' Place?"

Yeah, and the Cook place, and the Dorgan place, and the Glenders, and Goviers.

But, and then you mentioned some names that, hell, I'd forgotten about, like Baker, I hadn't heard that, and "Junk" I hadn't heard that for, oh God, I didn't even know what his last name was. I'd undoubtedly heard it.

[KEVIN] Where did these [planted] trees come from?

Um, that was planted by Starker's or somebody. That's the hill [Baker Mountain], Kevin, where the old line goes up to where Miller's house and Olsons were. And you don't remember the Olson's at all though?

No, for some reason or other it draws a blank.

I think they were before your time. They're in their 90's, they're your mom's age.

I draw a blank on that.

Well, this is about the last stop I had here, is there, can you think . . . you've got a few minutes left on the tape.

I don't know what it'd be.

[PAUSE IN TAPE - Tells a story]

[LAUGHTER]

So, when you were going to Oregon State, as a summer job, was that through the College that you ran those 3C kids? So that would be in the 30's, right?

Yeah. 1936.

Did you do any work out at Camp Arboretum?

No, no, I was down at Reedsport. Elliott State Forest.

Okay, were there very many College people from Oregon State that worked on Elliott State Forest at that time?

No, there were just two of us. They'd pitch in two to that one and two to some other one, and you know.

END OF TAPE



Cook Family Photo, c. 1890. This photograph of the Cook family shows William Hunt Cook, his daughters, Doris, Lucine (called Lina), and Mary; sons John W. (left background) and Tyrone P. (on the right), and wife. Tyrone married the only child of Elizabeth Murphy and Judge Sylvester Schultz, but she died in 1899, leaving him with a son, Ernest, and a daughter, Mary. Judge Schultz died in Missouri in 1903 and his widow came to Oregon to be with her son. Wanda spoke fondly of "Aunt Bet's" visits to Soap Creek Valley and her stories of the Civil War (see page 22).

Appendix A

Family Documents

November 5th

Dear Mr Zyback -

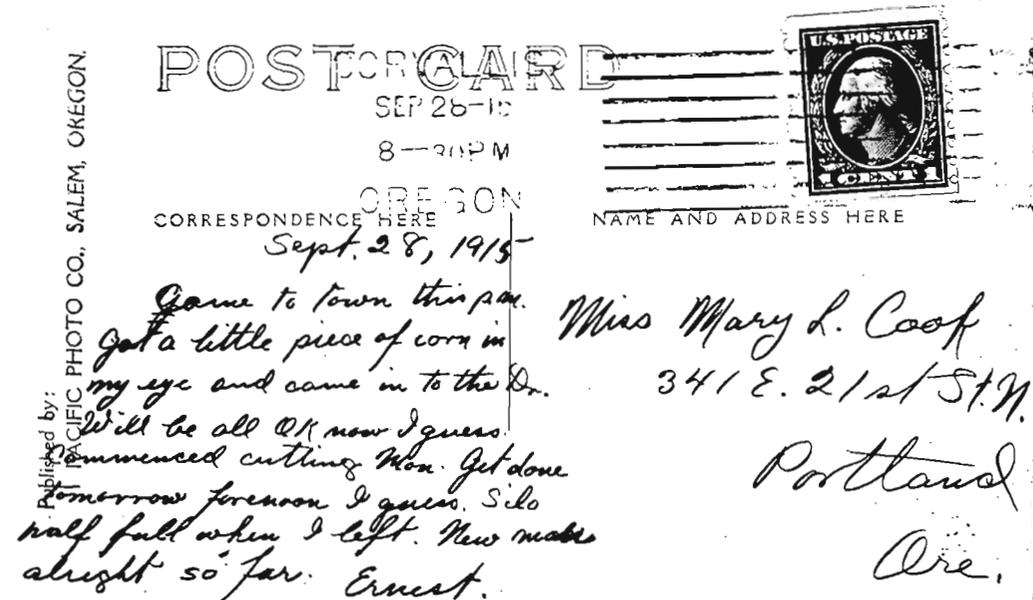
I tried to leave a message on your answering service - no luck.

My son, Roy, was much interested in the folder you left with me. He was disappointed that you haven't returned his call. I think he has some material of interest to you which he found in clearing up his father's house some time ago. Since they will be leaving for Arizona early in December I suggest you call him soon. He could bring it to me as I shall be seeing him again before they leave. His phone number 1-547-388

They are not in on Tuesday nights -
Lions Club Meeting -

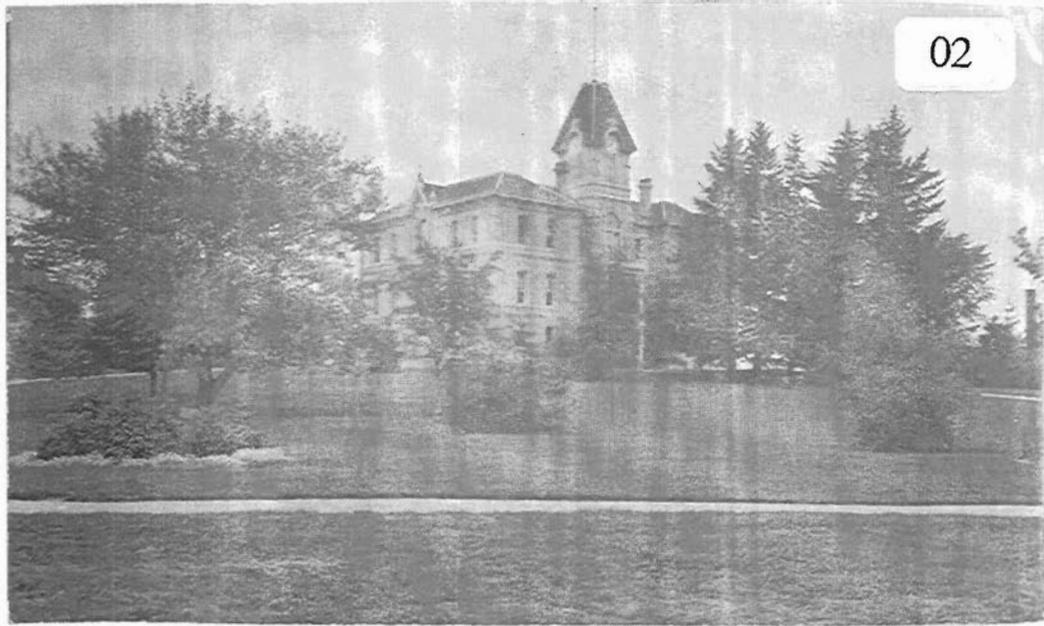
Wanda Cook

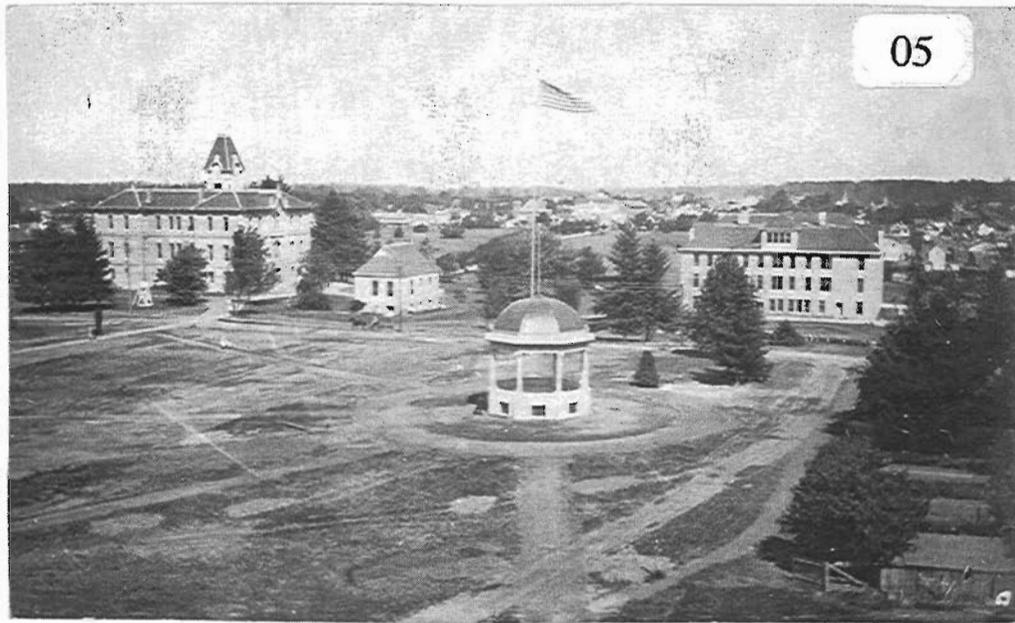
Wanda Cook Note, November 5, 1989. This note led directly to the duplication of the materials on the following page and to the tour of Soap Creek Valley with Roy in May, 1990. Unfortunately, she had become too ill to travel by that time, but the quality of the records and photographs in this Appendix attest to her interest in completing this project in a comprehensive fashion.



01. No. 47 Scene on O.A.C. Campus, Corvallis, Ore. This postcard may have been made from a photo by Ernest Cook. It shows Benton Hall from the northeast, sometime between 1905 and 1915. The note from Ernest to his sister, Mary, appears on the back of the photo.

02-04. Oregon Agricultural College (O.A.C.) views of Benton Hall. Roy Cook believes his father, Ernest, took the photographs of O.A.C. that appear on the following pages as a student, sometime around 1910. That year also saw the first class of graduating foresters at OSU: Harold D. Gill; Thurman J. Starker; Jack F. Pernot; and Sinclair A. Wilson. These pictures give an idea as to what campus was like for those men at that time.

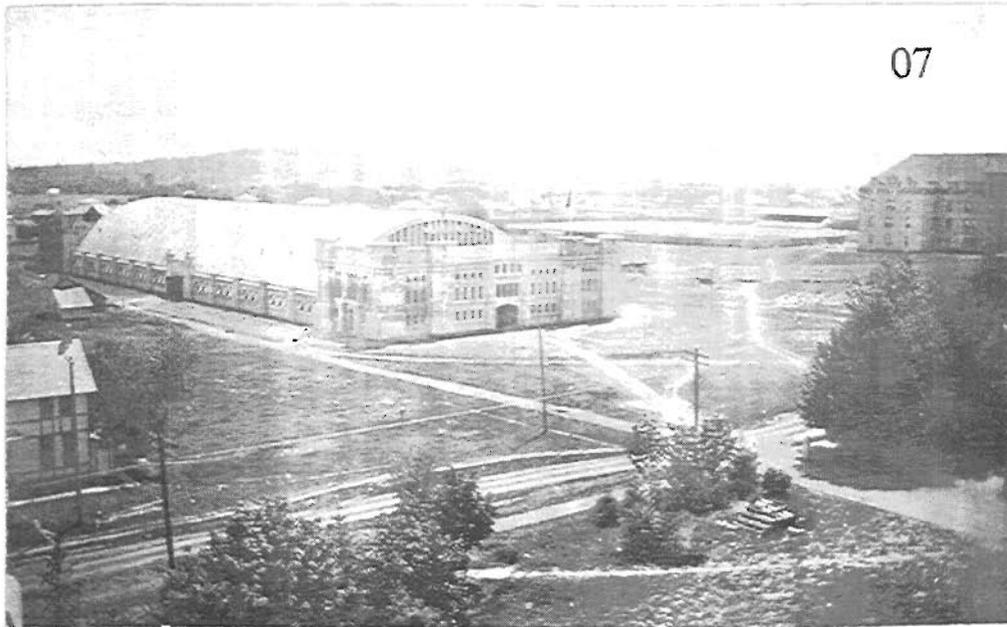




05. O.A.C. Gazebo, c. 1910. Photograph by Ernest Cook



06. O.A.C. Gazebo, c. 1910. Photograph by Ernest Cook



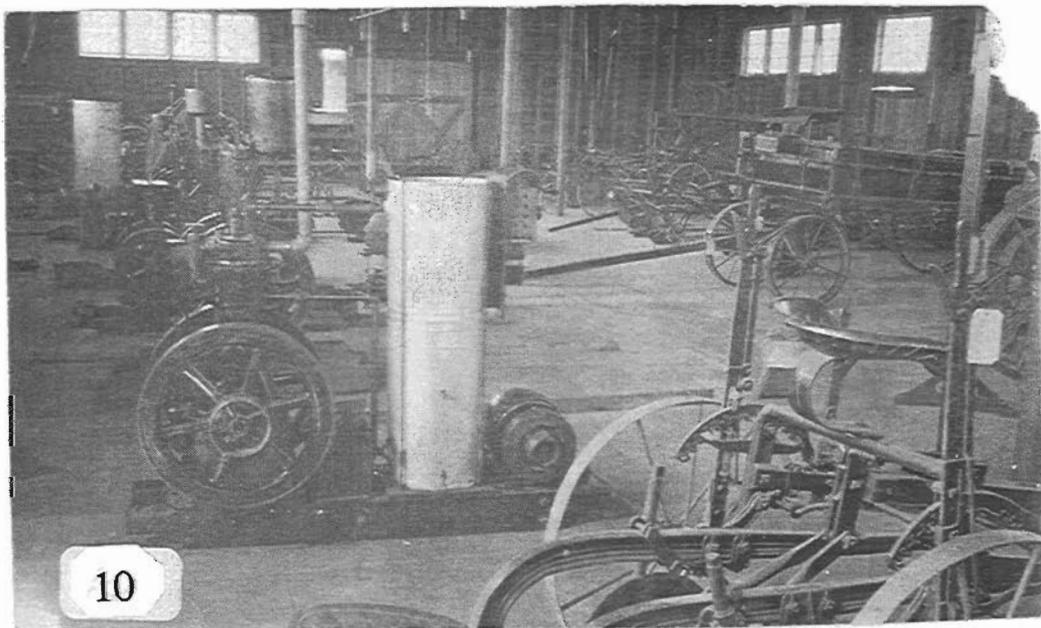
07. O.A.C. McAlexander Field Hall, c. 1910. This building was said to have been used to train S.A.T.C. (Student Army Training Corps) enlistees during World War I. See Monograph #7 (Olson, 1994:pp.118-123) for more information on this topic. Photograph by Ernest cook.



08. O.A.C. Apperson Hall (Civil Engineering), c. 1910. Photograph by Ernest Cook.



09. O.A.C. greenhouse, c. 1910. Photograph by Ernest Cook.



10. O.A.C. machine shop, c. 1910. Photograph by Ernest Cook.

April 9, 1910 Deposit Receipt

This is a transcription of the receipt issued to John W. Cook in exchange for his deposit on the "Baker Farm." Within a short time the land would become known as the Sulphur Springs Stock Ranch.

Wells Fargo & Company Express

April 9th, 1910

Received of John W. Cook for account of Tyrone P. Cook. Five Hundred Dols act purchased price of 1348, acres of land know as the Baker Farm near Corvallis, Ore, now owned by the 1st Nat. Bank of Albany, Oregon for the sum of Twenty Thousand Dols. Six thousand dols on delivery of satisfactory Abstract of Title. Balance (\$5000,) five thousand dols on or before Aug 1, 1910, and eight thousand five hundred (\$8500) dols on or before one yr from date with 6% inst from date. If satisfactory title is not furnished in reasonable time above deposit to be returned.

Signature
(C. G. Burkhart)

April 21, 1910 John W. Cook Letter

This is a transcription of the letter sent by John W. Cook to his brother, Tyrone P. Cook, regarding the purchase of the Sulphur Springs Stock Ranch by the Cook Family in 1910.

GEO. KNIGHT CLARK. RES PHONE. TABOR 107

JNO. W. COOK RES PHONE, MAIN 6556
MADISON APARTMENTS

(Logo)

CLARK-COOK CO. REAL ESTATE, INVESTMENTS MORTGAGE LOANS

ROOM 6, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING
PHONES: MAIN 5407, HOME A3252
PORTLAND, OREGON

SOLE AGENTS
ROSSMERE AND
SUNNYSIDE

April 21, 1910

Mr. T. P. Cook,
Glendora, Los Angeles Co., Cal.

Dear Brother:-

Yours of 19th inst. to hand and noted. Inclosed am handing you a map of the land, as it lays along the creek, the road running along the bottom back from the creek clear through to Sulphur Springs from the east. The north part of the land in section 33 is the least desirable of all it being the highest and is the poor hill [Bakers Mountain] I wrote you of. The land north of Sulphur Creek [Soap Creek] is nearly all low hills or bench land. The 45.11 acres and the 66.67 acres in section 34 is part valley and the most of the rest has been slashed. A portion of the 173 acres south of Sulphur Creek is valley and some of it has been slashed, the balance of the land south of the road is timber. The west 80 acres I did not see at all but it is represented to be timber. A portion of the 166 acres just north of the spring is valley land, the balance of it is low bench land. A portion of the land above the valley north of Sulphur Creek in section 33 and for 1/2 mile north is bench land covered with scrub oak.

Was not around the fences but on a portion of the land north of Sulphur Creek the fence is good enough to hold the stock. South of Sulphur Creek the fence is poor and land is open to the general public. There is some splendid timber on the 167 acres south of Sulphur Creek.

Am writing Ernest today and sending him a map also, so that he can go there on Saturday and Sunday and go over the ranch pretty thoroughly and have deferred writing him until could get the map made as it was useless for him to go without it unless some neighbor could show him the lines.

The girls were just in and are getting along fine. Ernest will be home a week from

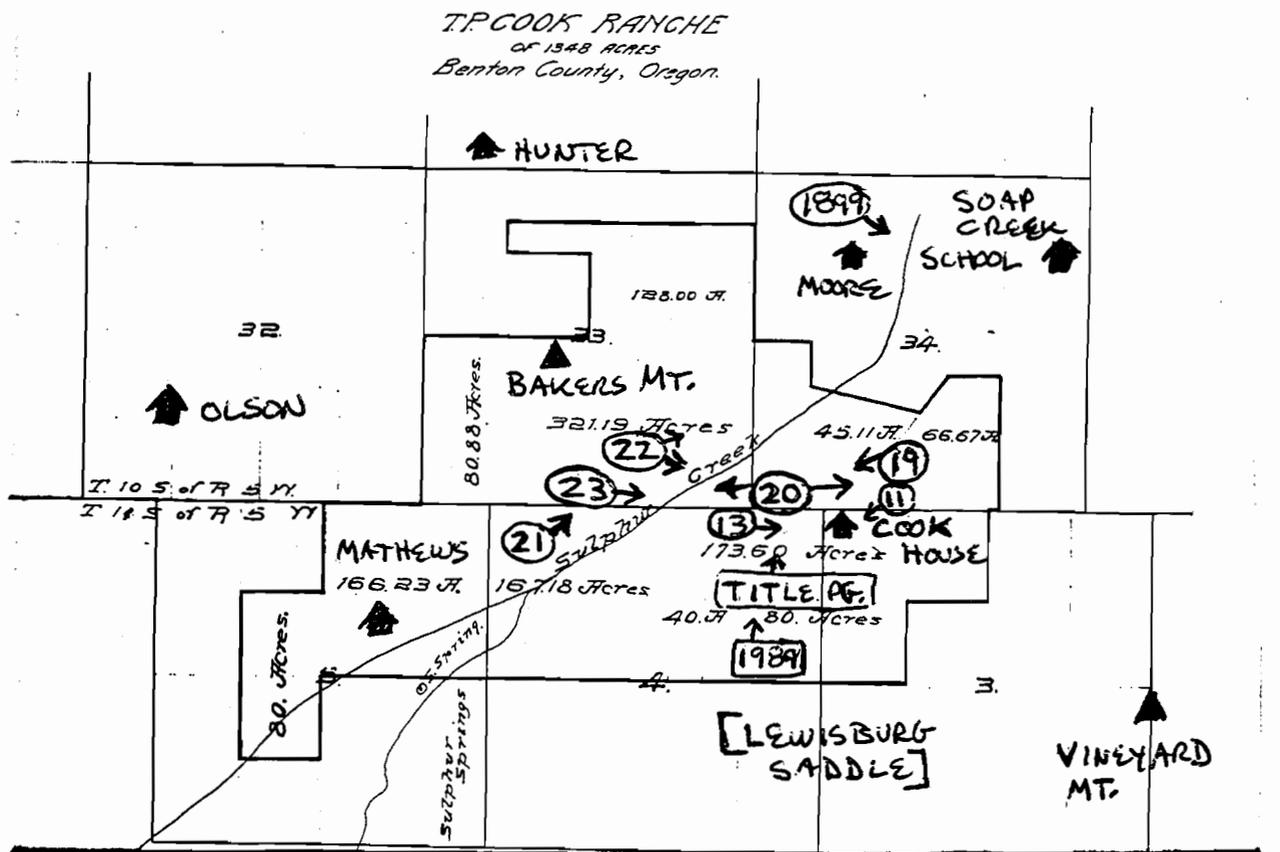
Sunday when will go over the ranch matter with him and if necessary will take a trip up there and spend a day or two on the ranch.

I have the abstract here but Mr. Dabney has not returned from the East and the title requires going over very carefully and it may be necessary to reject it but I hope not for think the deal a good one and doubt if it could be duplicated.

Mr. George Whitcomb has written me of 960 acres up north of Sweet Home at \$16.50 per acre that sounds good but of course can not tell without an examination.

Hope you will have a nice journey to Missouri and hope to hear from you on your arrival there.

Yours truly,
Signature
(John W. Cook)



This reduced copy of the map provided to Ernest Cook has been annotated to show the location of the Sulphur Springs Stock Farm photos used to illustrate this Appendix. Note the references to "timber", "slashing" and "fencing" in the 1910 text descriptions of the property.

June 2, 1910 Property Deed

W. A. Barrett, Trustee
to
Tyrone P. Cook

STATE OF OREGON
County of Benton

I hereby certify that the within instrument received for record on the 2nd day of June 1910 at 11:12 o'clock A.M., and recorded in book 51 on page 606 Record of Deeds of said County.

Witness my hand and seal of County attached.

Signature
(Emery J. Newton)
Register of Conveyances

(County Seal)

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That we, W. A. Barrett, Trustee, and Edith Ruth Barrett, his wife, of Linn County, State of Oregon, in consideration of ----- Ten Dollars ----- to us paid by Tyrone P. Cook of Multnomah County, State of Oregon, have bargained and sold, and by these presents do grant, bargain, sell and convey unto said Tyrone P. Cook, his heirs and assigns, all the following bounded and described real property, situated in the County of Benton, and State of Oregon:

The north East quarter; the North East quarter of the South West quarter; and the South East quarter of the north West quarter of Section 5; the North West quarter; the North half of the North East quarter; the South East quarter of the North East quarter; and the South West quarter of the North East quarter of Section 4; the North half of the North West quarter and the South West quarter of the North West quarter of Section 3; all the Township 11 South of Range 5 West of the Willamette Meridian, Oregon;

The South half of Section 33 in Township 10 South of Range 5 West of the Willamette Meridian, Oregon; also, 128 acres off of the South side of the following described premises; Beginning at the North West corner of that certain Donation Land Claim situated in Section 27 and 34, and known and designated in the Government survey as the Donation Land Claim of Alfred Writsman, and running thence North 79 deg. West 56 chains, thence South 21.44 chains, thence West 20.00 chains, thence South 20.00 chains, thence North 40.00 chains, thence East 14.21 chains, and thence North to the place of beginning, containing 288 acres, more or less, said 128 acres, being all of that portion of the above described tract of land situated South of the Branch known as the Alfred Writsman branch, and South of the land conveyed by A. S. Perham and Susan E. Perham, his wife, and Francis Writsman and Lucinda Writsman, his wife, to Joseph C. Hunter and Martha Hunter by deed recorded in the Public Records of Benton County, Oregon, in Book "H" of Deeds, on page 376; also the South West quarter of the South East quarter, and Lots 3, 4, and 5, and 6, (except 3 acres described as follows: Commencing at the North West corner of Lot 6 in Section 34, Township 10 South, Range 5 West of the Willamette Meridian, Oregon, it being the interior corner of the Donation Land Claim of Alfred Writsman,

thence East from said point to the County road running through said Lot 6, thence along said County road to a yew stake set for a corner, thence North to the place of beginning) in Section 34, Township 10 South of Range 5 West of the Willamette Meridian, Oregon.

Also the following described premises: Beginning at the Southwest corner of the original Donation Land Claim of Alfred Writsman, in Township 10 South of Range 5 West of the Willamette Meridian, running thence East 25.89 chains to the Southeast corner of said claim, thence North along east line of said claim 56½ rods to a yew post, thence North of West to a point on the West boundary of said claim, thence South 80 rods to the place of beginning, all of the above described land lying and be in Benton County, State of Oregon, containing 1348 acres, more or less.

Together with all and singular the renements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining, and also all our estate, right, title and interest in and to the same, including dower and claim of dower.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD, the above described and granted premises unto the said Tyrone P. Cook, his heirs and assigns forever. And the grantors above named do covenant to and with the above named grantee, his heirs and assigns, that the above granted premises are free from all incumbrances made, executed or suffered by said grantors, and that they will and their heirs, executors and administrators, shall warrant and forever defend the above granted premises, and every part and parcel thereof, against the lawful claims and demands of all persons whomsoever, claiming or to claim the same by, from, through or under said grantors.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF We the grantors above named, hereunto set our hands and seals this 26th day of May A.D.1910.

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of us as witnesses:

Signatures

(Cecil Knox)

(B. E. Sax)

(W. A. Barrett Trustee)

(Edith Ruth Barrett)

State of Oregon,
County of Linn

THIS CERTIFIES, That on this 26th day of May, A.D. 1910, before me the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for said County and State, personally appeared the within named W. A. Barrett and Edith Ruth Barrett, his wife, to me know to be the identical persons described in and who executed the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same freely and voluntarily for the uses and purposes therein mentioned.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and notarial seal, the day and year last above written.

Signature
(B. E. Sax)
Notary Public of Oregon

April 12, 1911 Surveyor's Statement

This copy of a 1911 statement by Benton County Deputy Surveyor, Joseph Ganong, contains a rare reference to John C. Hunter, a pioneer land owner in Soap Creek Valley. Hunter's claim (Cash certificate 1956) included the south half of the southwest quarter of Section 28, Township 10S. range 5 W.W.M. It has been owned by Starkers Forests since the 1950s.

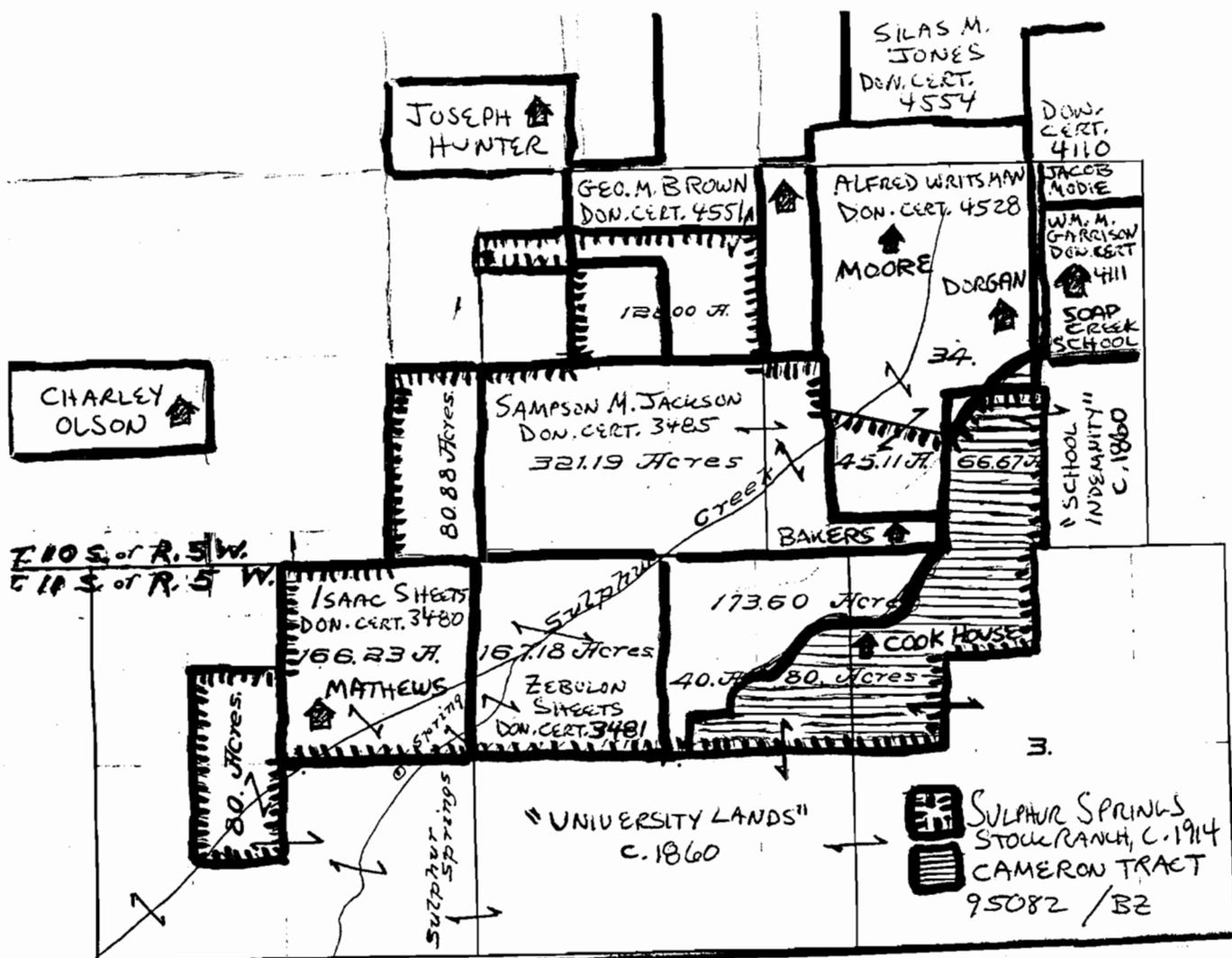
State of Oregon County of Benton

I, Jos. A. Ganong, Dep. C.S. do hereby make the following statement appertaining to the Survey known as County Survey #91.; in Tp 10 & 11 South, Range 5 W. of Will. Mer. in Benton County: Survey began at the original N.W. corner of the A. Writsman D.L.C.#47 Ran thence South on said line to the S.W. corner thereof. Reestablished said corner; thence N.89°-58'E to the original corner of said Claim, thence North to Interior corner of said Claim, At this time appeared Joseph C. Hunter, a former owner who gave testimony and pointed out to me the position of the original stakes made reference to in a certain deed from J. C. Hunter, Irene, Ira, and Martha A. Hunter to A. H. Perham⁶ on March 9, 1872, recorded on Book I, page 612, also in Book N, page 384, same Grantor and Grantee, Record of Deeds, Benton County, further verifying the above statement by uncovering a stone set by the Yew stake on the East end of the line and positively identified a yew post on east end of said line as the original post recited in the call of above deed, and in conformance with the testimony thereof, I set stakes on the D.L.C. lines at the intersection with said line between above mentioned points. The area was calculated by Latitude and departures of lands inclosed within the green lines shown on accompanying plat, the areas outside being taken as per deed. Mr. Cook, not wishing to inclose the isolated tracts, consisting of approx. 80 acres in Sec. 5-Tp.11, S-R5 W. and 128 acres in Sec. 33, Tp. 10S.A-5, W. excepting however that the lines on this tract were run as shown on plat, the creek not having been run.

Signature
(Joseph A. Ganong)
Deputy Co. Surveyor

April, 12th 1911.

⁶ The name is possibly A. S. Perham as spelled in the 1910 Deed and in the 1911 Warranty Deed. A. H. Perham instead of A. S. Perham could be a typo.



This map has been included to show the locations of Pioneer Landowners and neighbors in relation to the Sulphur Springs Stock Ranch. Note the preponderance of "University" and "School indemnity" lands during the time of the Civil War. Ironically, many of those lands are now (once again) in the hands of the OSU Research Forests and the OSU College of Agriculture. The Cook lands of 1910-1925 includes portions of the 1846-1858 pioneer claims of George M. "Mountain" Brown, Sampson M. Jackson, Alfred Writsman, Isaac Sheets and Zebulon Sheets.

November 18, 1911 Warranty Deed

Tyrone P. Cook
to
Ernest S. Cook

STATE OF OREGON
County of Benton

I hereby certify that the within instrument received for record on the 18th day of November 1911 at 9:20 o'clock A.M., and recorded in book 55 on page 233 Record of Deeds of said County.

Witness my hand and seal of County attached.

Signature
(S. N. Warfield)
Recorder of Conveyances

(County Seal)

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That Tyrone P. Cook, Single, of Portland, State of Oregon, in consideration of Twenty Thousand (\$20,000) Dollars, to him paid by Ernest S. Cook, of Corvallis, Benton County, State of Oregon, has bargained and sold, and by these presents does grant, bargain, sell and convey unto said Ernest S. Cook. all the following bounded and described real property, situated in the County of Benton, and State of Oregon:

The north East quarter; the North East quarter of the South West quarter; and the South East quarter of the north West quarter of Section 5; the North West quarter; the North half of the North East quarter; the South East quarter of the North East quarter; and the South West quarter of the North East quarter of Section 4; the North half of the North West quarter and the South West quarter of the North West quarter of Section 3; all the Township 11 South of Range 5 West of the Willamette Meridian, Oregon;

The South half of Section 33 in Township 10 South of Range 5 West of the Willamette Meridian, Oregon; also, 128 acres off of the South side of the following described premises; Beginning at the North West corner of that certain Donation Land Claim situated in Section 27 and 34, and known and designated in the Government survey as the Donation Land Claim of Alfred Writsman, and running thence North 79 deg. West 56 chains, thence South 21.44 chains, thence West 20.00 chains, thence South 20.00 chains, thence North 40.00 chains, thence East 14.21 chains, and thence North to the place of beginning, containing 288 acres, more or less, said 128 acres, being all of that portion of the above described tract of land situated South of the Branch known as the Alfred Writsman branch, and South of the land conveyed by A. S. Perham and Susan E. Perham, his wife, and Francis Writsman and Lucinda Writsman, his wife, to Joseph C. Hunter and Martha Hunter by deed recorded in the Public Records of Benton County, Oregon, in Book "H" of Deeds, on page 376; also the South West quarter of the South East quarter, and Lots 3, 4, and 5, and 6, (except 3 acres described as follows: Commencing at the North West corner of Lot 6 in Section 34, Township 10 South, Range 5 West of the

Willamette Meridian, Oregon, it being the interior corner of the Donation Land Claim of Alfred Writsman, thence East from said point to the County road running through said Lot 6, thence along said County road to a yew stake set for a corner, thence North to the place of beginning) in Section 34, Township 10 South of Range 5 West of the Willamette Meridian, Oregon.

Also the following described premises: Beginning at the Southwest corner of the original Donation Land Claim of Alfred Writsman, in Township 10 South of Range 5 West of the Willamette Meridian, running thence East 25.89 chains to the Southeast corner of said claim, thence North along east line of said claim 56½ rods to a yew post, thence North of West to a point on the West boundary of said claim, thence South 80 rods to the place of beginning, all of the above described land lying and be in Benton County, State of Oregon, containing 1348 acres, more or less.

Together with all and singular the renements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining, and also all our estate, right, title and interest in and to the same, including dower and claim of dower.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD, the above described and granted premises unto the said Ernest S. Cook, his heirs and assigns forever. And Tyrone P. Cook grantor above named does covenant to and with the above named grantee, his heirs and assigns, that he is lawfully seized in fee simple of the above granted premises, that the above granted premises are free from all incumbrances, and that he will and his heirs, executors and administrators, shall warrant and forever defend the above granted premises, and every part and parcel thereof, against the lawful claims and demands of all persons whomsoever.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I the grantor above named, have hereunto set my hand and seals this 24th day of October, 1911.

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of us as witnesses:

Signatures

(John W. Cook)

(Mary Lucile Cook)

(Tyrone P. Cook)

()

State of Oregon,
County of Multnomah

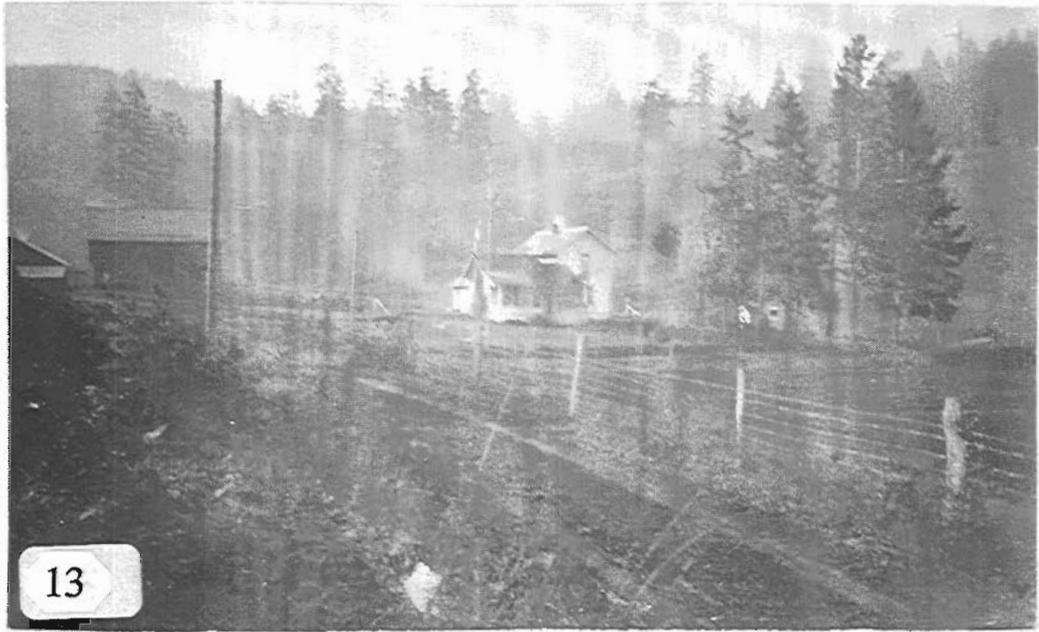
BE IT REMEMBERED, That on this 24th day of October, A.D. 1911, before me the undersigned, a Notary Public, in and for said County and State, personally appeared the within named Tyrone P. Cook, who is known to me to be the identical person described in and who executed the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that he executed the same freely and voluntarily.

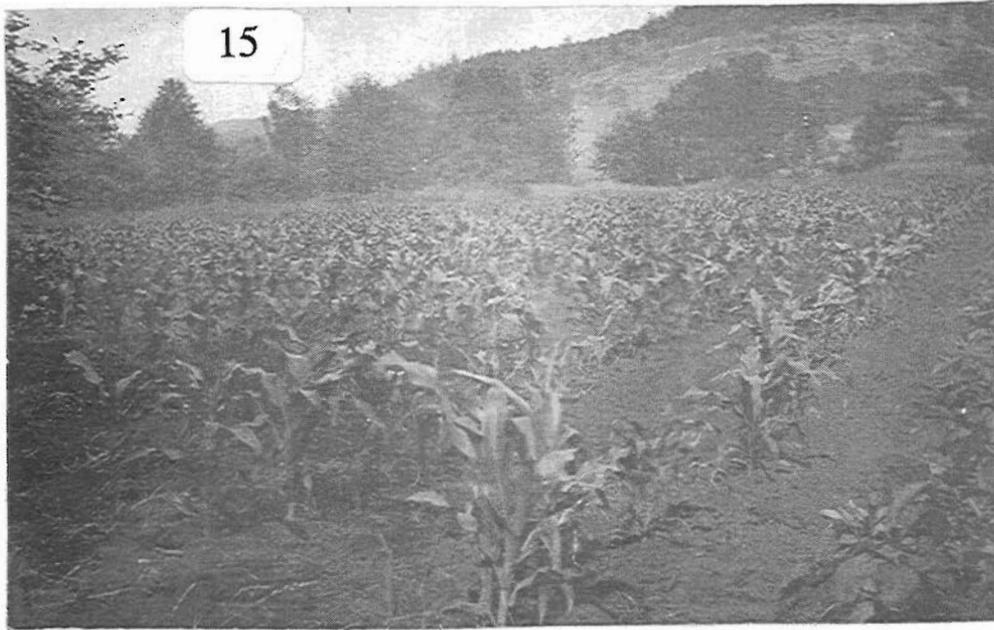
IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and Notarial seal the day and year last above written.

Signature
(John W. Cook)
Notary Public for Oregon

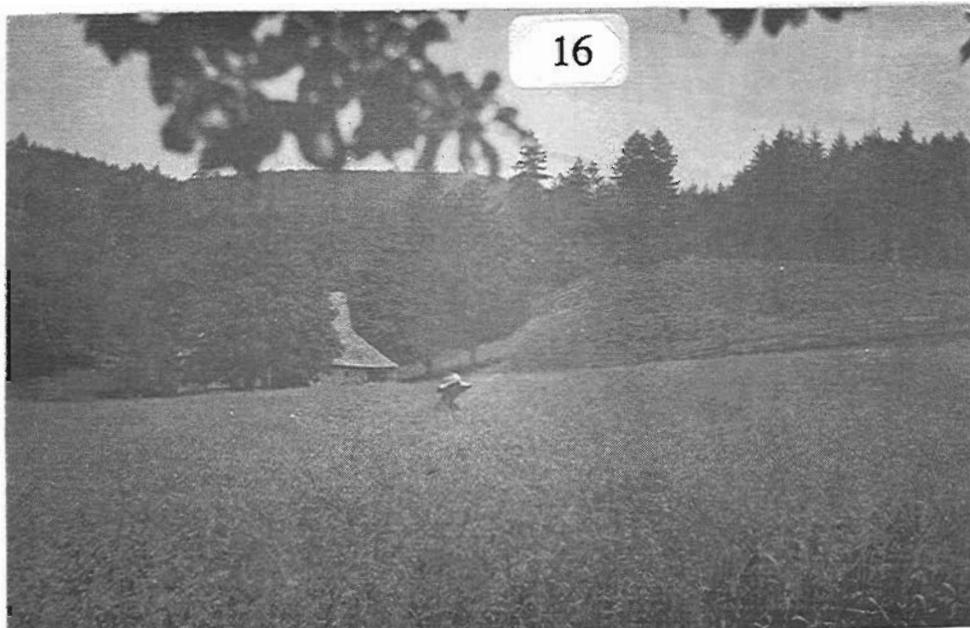


11-14. These views of the new family home for the Cook's were probably taken by Ernest Cook around 1914. Note the size and spacing of trees surrounding the home at that time.

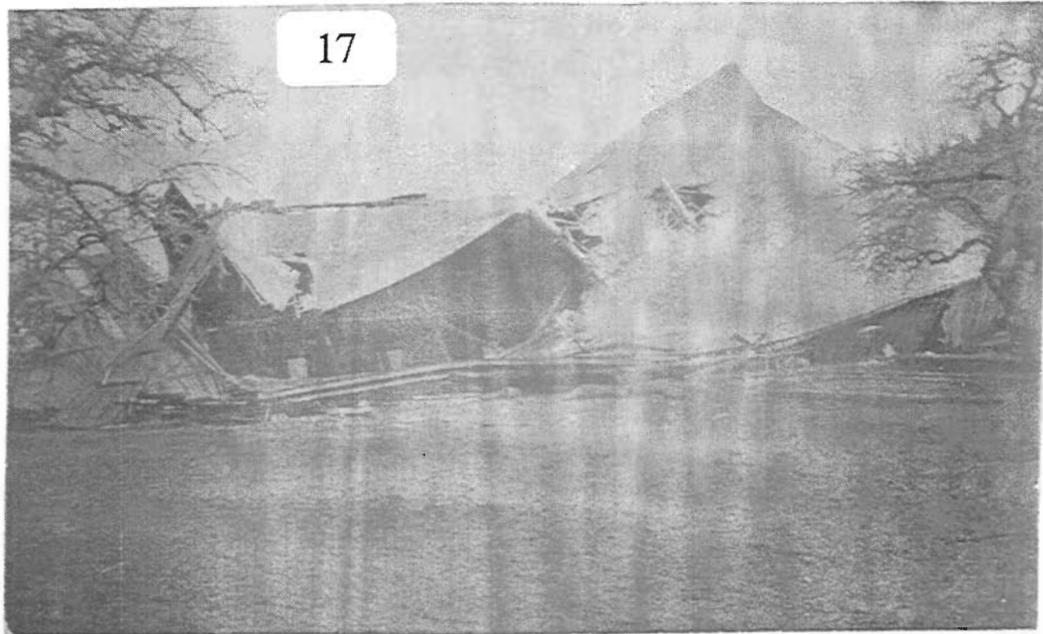




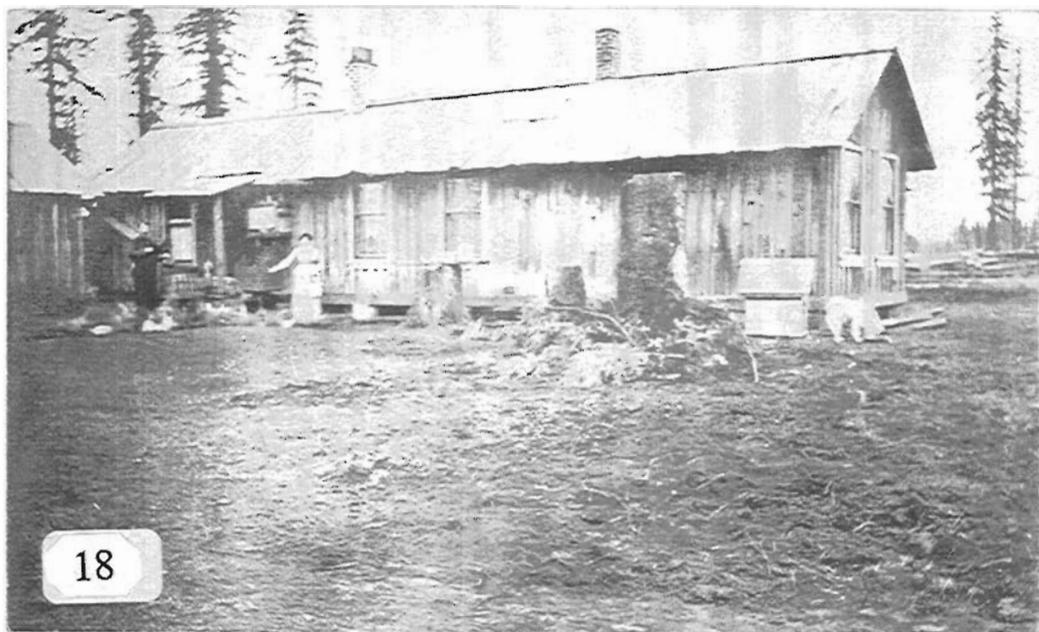
15. Growing corn, c. 1914. Note the foot of Bakers Mountain in the background of this photo. This may be the crop discussed by Ernest Cook in his 1915 postcard to his sister.



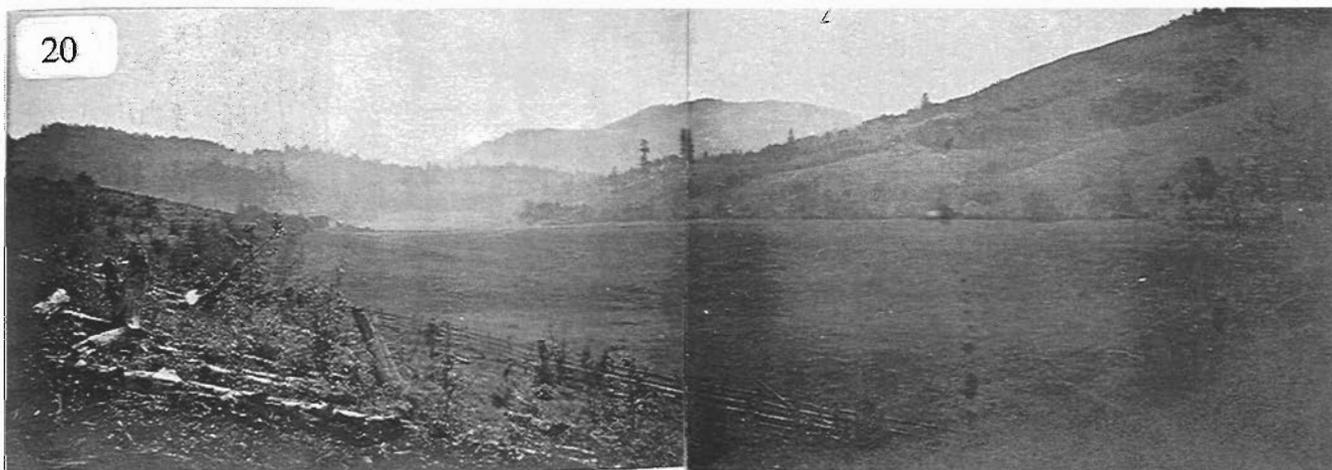
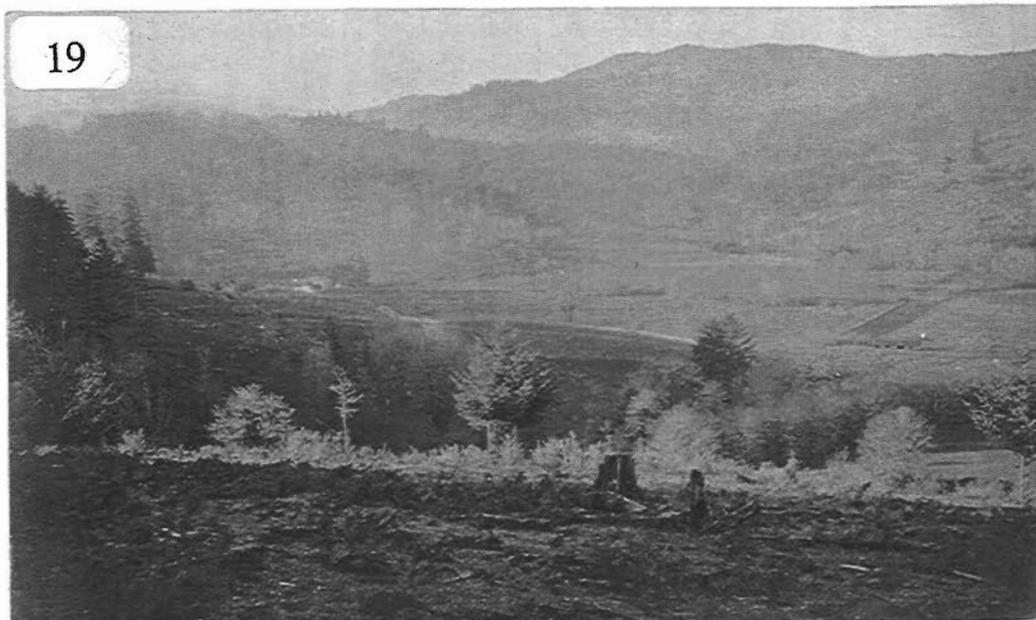
16. Grain, man, and barn, c. 1914. A view of a Sulphur Springs Stock Ranch crop that could trigger respiratory problems in Ernest Cook—a serious medical condition that ultimately caused him and his family to abandon the farm in the early 1920s and move to Portland. Photographer unknown (Ernest may be the subject of the photo; if so, his wife, Wanda, may have taken the photograph.).



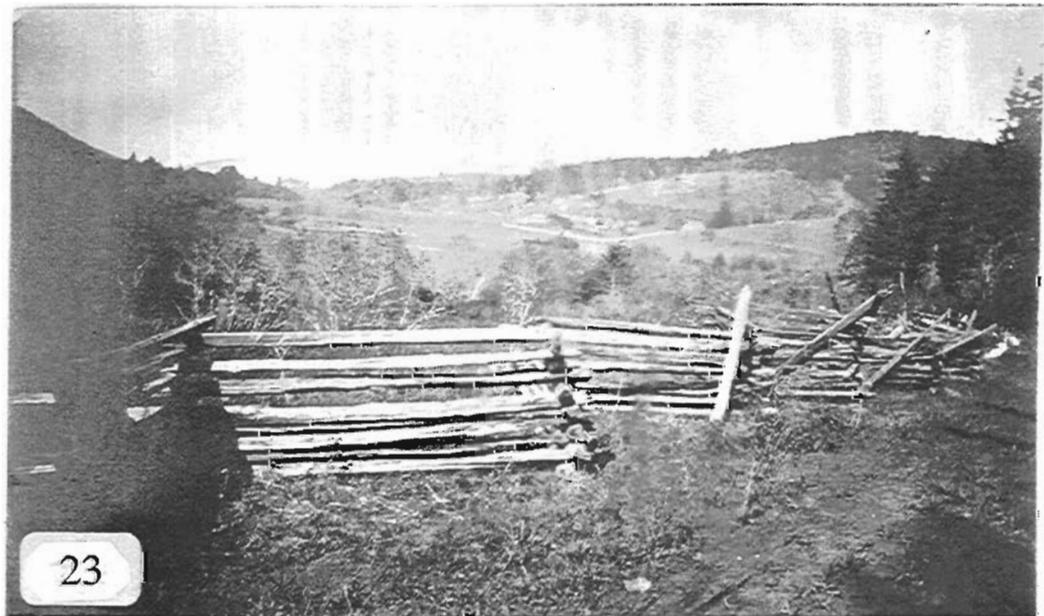
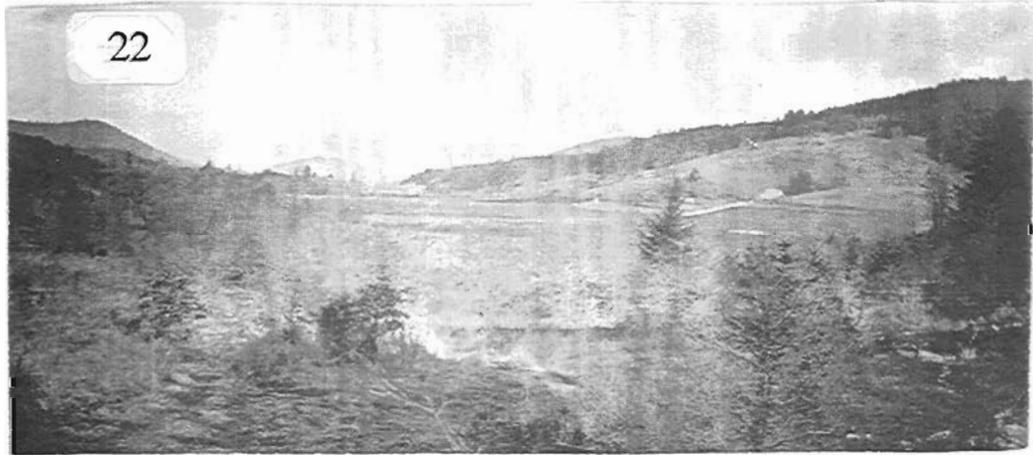
17. Old barn, c. 1915. Roy Cook believes that this barn was probably located in Soap Creek Valley before the turn of the century. Photograph by Ernest Cook.



18. Unidentified Soap Creek Valley cabin, c. 1914. Is this the "school" building discussed by Roy Cook (pp:36-37) and/or "teacher's cottage" referred to by Charlie Olson (pp:91-92)? Photograph by Ernest Cook.



19-23. Views of the Sulphur Springs Stock Ranch, c. 1914. Photographs by Ernest Cook. The Cook house is visible in all photos, as a point of reference. 19 looks southwest, toward Sulphur Springs, with Kings Valley Ridge in the background. 20 is a panorama of the southern portion of Soap Creek Valley, with Bakers Mountain to the right. 21 is an easterly view, with Writsmans Peak in the left background, and Coffin Butte in the center. 22 is a southeasterly view, with Coffin Butte barely visible to the left, and the northern slopes of Lewisburg Saddle on the right. Compare this view with 1899 cover photo on this monograph.





24

24. John W. Cook Portland home, c. 1910. The Cook house is second from the left. Note the pre-World War I Halsey Street trolley tracks in this photo. Photograph by Ernest Cook.

25-26. Wanda Cook Portland home, c. 1925. Photographs by Ernest Cook. Wanda raised her two sons in this Portland home, as a single mother during the Depression. The house is located on 43rd and Knight Streets and is believed to be still in use.



October 13, 1939 Court Order

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR BENTON COUNTY

In the matter of the Estate
of
ABBIE A. BAKER, Deceased.

ORDER APPROVING FINAL ACCOUNT
Jay L. Lewis, Attorney for Executor

This matter coming on to be heard this 14th day of October, 1939, upon motion of First National Bank of Corvallis, Executor herein,

AND IT SATISFACTORILY APPEARING TO THE COURT:

That immediately after appointment as Executor herein said First National Bank of Corvallis published notice thereof in the Corvallis Gazette-Times, a daily newspaper of general circulation published in Benton County, Oregon, once a week for four successive weeks, which said notice required all persons having claims against said estate to present them with proper vouchers within six months from date of said notice, to-wit: December 20, 1938, to Executor at Corvallis, Oregon; that proof of publication of said notice, together with a copy thereof, has been heretofore filed herein; that more than six months has elapsed since the date of and first publication of said notice:

That said Executor, together with the duly appointed appraisers herein, duly made and returned to this Court an inventory and appraisal of all of the estate of said deceased which had come to the knowledge or possession of Executor;

That thereafter said Executor filed its final account herein; that as shown by proof of publication heretofore duly filed herein said Executor duly caused to be published for four successive weeks prior hereto notice that it had filed its final account herein and that the above entitled Court had fixed and appointed Saturday, October 14, 1939, at ten o'clock A.M., in its Court Room in Corvallis, Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing of objections to and the settlement of said final account;

That no objection has been made or filed to said final account;

That the names, ages and places of residence of the heirs at law of said deceased, and the devisees and legatees of said deceased, are as follows, to-wit:

Edward D. Baker, a son of said deceased, aged 61 years, residence Seattle, Washington.

Mabel B. Youngblood, a daughter of said deceased, aged 48 years, residence Seattle, Washington.

Verna Baker Smith, a daughter of said deceased, aged 45 years, residence Seattle, Washington.

That Thomas C. Baker, the husband of said Abbie A. Baker, deceased, died in

February, 1938, prior to the death of said Abbie A. Baker; that said Abbie A. Baker was a widow and unmarried at the time of her death; that said Abbie A. Baker left no lineal descendant of any prior deceased child of hers surviving her;

That all claims against said estate have been paid; that said Executor has filed herein receipts showing disbursements made in the administration of said estate as shown in the final account herein;

That all taxes of every nature against or upon the property of said estate have been paid and that there is no tax or assessment of any nature due the State of Oregon or any political subdivision thereof from said estate or from said Executor;

That the gross income of the Executor herein in the administration of said estate was \$75.00 and no more;

That the balance of cash on hand herein is \$28.77, which should be distributed to Edward D. Baker, Mabel B. Youngblood and Verna Baker Smith, one-third thereof to each of them;

That the administration of said estate is complete except the distribution of said balance of cash on hand as aforesaid and the recording in the Deed Records of Linn County, Oregon, certified copy of a portion of the proceedings herein as required by law.

NOW, THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY FOUND, ORDERED AND DECREED:

That all expenses of administration herein, all taxes and all other known lawful claims against the estate of Abbie A. Baker, deceased, have been fully satisfied and discharged and that the administration herein, so far as it relates to the presentation and allowance of claims, has been completed;

That the final account of First National Bank of Corvallis, Executor of the estate of Abbie A. Baker, deceased, heretofore filed herein, be, and the same hereby is, approved;

That the next of kin, heirs at law, devisees and legatees of said Abbie A. Baker, deceased, are hereby determined to be the said next of kin, heirs at law, devisees and legatees as hereinbefore recited;

That First National Bank of Corvallis, Executor herein, be, and it hereby is, authorized, empowered and directed to distribute said balance of cash herein in the sum of \$28.77 to Edward D. Baker, Mabel B. Youngblood and Verna Baker Smith one-third thereof to each of them;

That the Executor herein shall cause to be recorded in the Deed Records of Linn County, Oregon, certified copy of the Will herein, petition for appointment of Executor herein, and order appointing Executor herein, and also a certified copy of this order; that upon the filing of receipts herein showing the distribution of said cash as aforesaid and showing that certified copy of the proceedings herein has been recorded in the Deed Records of Linn County, Oregon, as above required, order shall be made and entered herein discharging said Executor and closing this estate.

Signature
(H. C. Herron)
Judge.

Senior in Review

The following article appeared in the Rose Center for Seniors newsletter, probably in early 1990. Wanda often helped as a volunteer at the nursing home during her later years.

How many of you who are reading this newsletter can boast of being born in an "itty-bitty" town at the end of the railroad in South Dakota, or of climbing to the summit of Mt. Hood, or better yet of being almost 94 years young? I know of only one - WANDA COOK. Our Wanda has lived a very colorful life filled with fists and has created beauty and happiness wherever she went.

By the time Wanda was nine, the family settled on a farm in the Corvallis area where she spent the rest of her youth. Because S. Dakota had such sparse vegetation and Wanda had such a love for the land, she remembers with fondness the first blades of grass in the spring, the first violets, and of finding the Meadow Lark's nests in the tall grass. Her new home, Oregon, was always green. Another childhood memory - gathering grain under the grainery and chewing it for gum!

Married at a young age, Wanda had two boys born in Corvallis but raised in Portland. When she and her young boys moved to the big city, many things in her life changed. Wanda went to beauty school, became a cosmetologist and soon owned her own business on 37th and Yamhill. Her shop reflected her love for nature, boasting of many lovely plants. Reminiscing just a bit, she recalled the time when it was safe to walk anywhere in the city. She and her boys took long walks, often to a mountain to watch the sunrise.

Loving the outdoors, there were many trips to the Mt. Hood area by bus, and then an additional three mile walk to the Timberline area, watching Timberline being built, climbing Mt. Hood to the summit, finding dry moss and bringing it down (a NO_NO) - but it was worth it since it was real Deer Moss like found in Alaska. During those years, Wanda and her boys also enjoyed horseback riding, would rent horses on the mountain, and spend the day riding.

An avid volunteer, volunteering before it was called volunteering, Wanda worked very hard with organizations and on committees dedicated to bettering the circumstances in the local nursing homes.

Coming to Rose Center is therapy for Wanda. The center provides companionship and lots of work caring for plants and working on the various projects.

When asked what she would most want people to know about her, Wanda's reply was, "My concern and interest in the fair treatment of the elderly in nursing homes."

Regrets? That she didn't write down all of the grandmother stories she heard in her beauty salon.

Wanda, we want to thank you for the gift of yourself. YOU ARE LOVED AND APPRECIATED.

Wanda Cook Obituary

Wanda Marcks Cook died on August 21, 1991. This obituary was published in The Oregonian on August 22, 1991.

A memorial service for Wanda Marcks Cook, a Northeast Portland resident, will be at 3 p.m. Friday in the Salvation Army's Rose Center. Interment will be in Riverview Abbey Mausoleum.

Mrs. Cook died of causes related to age Wednesday in a Portland foster care home. She was 96.

Mrs. Cook was born March 26, 1895, in Eureka, S.D. A resident of the Portland area since 1922, she owned and operated the Cameo Beauty Shop for a number of years. She had done volunteer work for the Salvation Army and helped out at the Rose Center for Seniors until about three years ago.

Mrs. Cook is survived by her son, Roy of Yachats; five grandchildren; and nine great-grandchildren.

The family suggests remembrances be contributions to the Salvation Army.



Mrs. Marcks and Mrs Tiffany, October 1920. Wanda Cook often brought her two sons back to Soap Creek Valley to visit their grandmother in the 1920s and 1930s. Wanda's ghost story (pp:29-30) features these two women. Photograph by Ernest Cook.

Appendix B

Evelyn Weigel's Ghost Story

In addition to Wanda Cook's story of the Soap Creek "haunted house," Monograph #1 of this series (Lorna Grabe: Family history and story of the Soap Creek Schoolhouse Foundation, Benton County, Oregon) also included a reference to this legend. Evelyn Weigel's version (perhaps) brings the story to a final conclusion. This recording was made on May 15, 1990 at stop "F" on the tour map (p:vi).

[KEVIN] *We really didn't mean to intrude.*

[EVELYN] Oh, no, it's wonderful for me. Good morning.

Your name is Evelyn?

[EVELYN] Yeah.

My name is Bob Zybach. Nice meeting you. Let's see, Evelyn, do you want to tell me your last name first, and how long you've lived here?

[EVELYN] Weigel. Evelyn Weigel. And I've lived here, this August it'll be three years. I came from Washington, and I'd given myself five days to come down here and find a place. And I picked Corvallis out of the hat because I have two children, it has a college, so I thought this would give them opportunities. So I drove into Corvallis, opened the paper, and I found this house. I came here that day and the next day I bought it. And nothing comes that easily for me. Besides that, there's no foundation on the house, so it couldn't go through the bank it had to go right through the owner. Otherwise I couldn't have got it anyway, because, you know, I'd never bought anything on credit. So anyway, that . . .

Who was the owner at that time?

[EVELYN] The owner was Richard Daniels. Him and another family had gone in on it and bought it. But they were renting it, they had been renting it out. So the first night that I got here I knew something was strange because I have a dog and the two things she does is eat and sleep. This is her job. And that night she sat up in my room. In this room right here with the fireplace. I've got the two kids upstairs and I'm down here. And she sat there looking around the room. And about 1:00 in the morning I woke up and she was still sitting there looking around the room. So I knew that something that she had never dealt with before was definitely there, but it wasn't bothering her, but she was gonna keep an eye on it. So the next day I had this . . . I have two little vases that I had up on the table. The kids were gone to school and it was real quiet in the house, and one of these vases was turned over when I came out of the bathroom. So I thought, well maybe the dog got up and was trying to look out the window. So I took the table, and I had to really go like this before it fell. And then when it did it was very noisy. And I didn't hear a thing. So I put it up and went back in the bathroom and when I came out it was laying over again. Well, about once a week this would be laid over. And, so then, the neighbor here told me that the house was haunted and everybody that had either lived here or women that just drove by. . . One woman said she saw someone upstairs looking out

when the house was vacant. But he said. . . What is your story? Now, I had heard that a couple was living here, I believe the couple that originally lived here, and he went up the street to a whorehouse¹. And he got drunk and on the way home he fell off his horse and died. Another drinking and riding related accident.

[LAUGHTER]

[EVELYN] So she was waiting, waiting, waiting for him to come home. And then she lived here I don't know how long after he had died. But evidently when she died she either thought he would come and greet her here or whatever, but she never did leave. And she was constantly looking out the window, people saw her supposedly looking for him. And the woman that Richard had bought the house from, her and her son saw this woman.

Now the Richards owned the place before Daniels?

[EVELYN] Richard Daniels.

END OF SIDE ONE

How long did the Daniels live here?

[EVELYN] They had the place for five years.

Okay, so they just owned it for a short period. Do you know who they bought it from?

[EVELYN] This lady, Lenore. I have her number. And I'm not sure how. . . Her and her two sons were here, they said they saw the woman. Everyone that saw her described her in a long, white flowing gown.

[Roy] Same thing mom said.

Yep.

[EVELYN] That what your mom said?

Yep.

[EVELYN] So, then . . .

Did they say there was anything evil or scary or . . .

[EVELYN] No one had been bothered, from what I heard. Everyone was aware of her presence but it didn't bother anyone. Which was the same way I felt. And the kids . . . We all knew that we weren't alone there but none of us were really bothered by it. So I told my mother about this and she's into the inner teachings of Christ, and they do believe in life after death and what not. I told her I wasn't alone here and she said well let's see what we can do about that. I said, Mom, she's not bothering anyone. She said, but she's been there for 60 years. He's not coming back. You know, she needs to move on. She doesn't need to, you know.

But it would be longer than 60 years. The fellow put in a lot of time at the other place down below!

[EVELYN] Really, uh huh. So for a long time, anyway. You know. So she talked to her minister and they sent me a little thing that I read off, and. . . Actually, before that happened, I met a woman right away when we got here and she had given me this book, how to get in touch with your higher consciousness or your guardian angel or whatever, that everyone is supposed to have. And I had been reading this book and it was telling me all sorts of things, you know. That they don't want to scare you, and if they're scaring you then you can ask them to leave. And I'd been reading this book and then I stopped reading it, and I came home one night and it was sitting on the floor. In the middle of the room. And I had not left it there. It was the first thing I saw when I came in. So I got the book and I laid down on the floor

with it, I was going to start reading it but I started watching TV. And I laid there and I felt [pokes listener in the arm]. I turned around expecting to see my daughter, and no one was there, And I went OOOH.

Somebody poked you in the arm? Again.

[EVELYN] Uh huh. And then [pokes listener in the arm]. Twice, this time. And I said I'm not comfortable with this. I want you to go away. I don't want to . . . Because the book had told me, if you feel uncomfortable, they don't want to make you feel that way. So, she wanted me to read that book because she knew it would give me the knowledge to, then, when I got this paragraph that I was supposed to read from this minister, which really what it did it asked me and my guardian angel stood together and asked Jesus Christ to come and take this woman to her rightful place and told her that she was surrounded by God's light and was no longer bound to this earth. And in my mind I could see Christ coming down and taking her by the hand and they walked away.

This wasn't like the movie The Exorcist, at all then? Ok.

[EVELYN] No, I sat in the bedroom, upstairs, alone, by myself, and I could see this happening and my guide stood next to me. And when I opened my eyes I felt like I was in shock, you know, like all . . . I felt pale. And I said, boy this, you know, I really felt this. And my guide laughed and said, "well, No shit you did!" He talks the way I do you know!

That's how Roy talks. We're having problems with this tape here! [Laughter]

[EVELYN] And he says just sit down for a few minutes. You'll be fine and then I was. And then we all noticed that definitely she was gone. And so then I was laying in my room one night and the fireplace was going and I felt comfortable and cozy and I realized that she had willed me here. That she knew that I was going to get this, that I had the know how. That I could get this piece of paper from my mother, and in my mind I said "Thank you for the gift of living in my house." "Well, thank you for the gift for the deceased." And I said "I wonder how long you knew that it would be me that would do this?" And she said, "well, you know, time is really different once you've gone on." And as she walked by me to leave she stroked my forehead, from here to here, and it brought me back to when I was 8 years old and I woke up in the middle of the night, I thought I heard my mother coming down the hall, and in walked this woman in a white flowing gown. And I, this person was coming towards me, and I was a child and I was afraid and I put the sheet over my head and I screamed three times and I felt my head be stroked from here to here. And that was her message to me. That "yes, this is how long I knew, and you were willed here."

So you kind of believe in predestination?

[EVELYN] Definitely. [LAUGHTER]

Endnote:

1. This facet of Evelyn's story has a curious corollary. Writing about a location a few miles north of her house in 1980, Jackson (1980:322-25, 382) wrote:

"Much of the recreation in the School of Forests in informal day use and as such, has not been systematically recorded. In recent years students enrolled in recreation management classes at Oregon State University have made periodic studies of recreation use patterns, but this information has not been made available. Common sights on weekends and during the week, particularly with favorable weather, are joggers, horse-riders, day hikers, bird-watchers, dog-walkers, photo-graphers, and other recreationists. Not as common, but unfortunately also present on occasions, are those who are illegally using the Forests for recreation. Some of these have been mentioned--trail bike enthusiasts, four-wheel drive vehicle operators, and illegal hunters. Rowley (1979) noted that some "shady" types of recreation occur:

.... a locked gate is a challenge to some people. "By golly, I'm going to get in there and find out what's in there." And when they get in there and find out that the challenge is getting through the gate, and I think another part is for drinking parties they get in there and know ... the sheriff or nobody else is going to catch them. They can throw a wild party, they can go park on lover's lane ... and they don't have to worry about anybody catching them. So there are the shady types of recreation..... Illegal hunting. They know this is a refuge, and there's likely to be more deer there and easier to spotlight... (Rowley, 1979:13).

Vernon McDaniel (1979) mentioned another "shady" recreation activity about which he heard many stories. About one-eighth of a mile from the sawmill that had been located on Calloway Creek, and near the present fence that demarcates the Nursery, a complex of several structures was erected. These served to house people who were associated with the sawmill. McDaniel was unclear about the date, but thought it was around the turn of the century. One of these dwellings operated for a time as a house of prostitution, according to the stories of long-time residents related to McDaniel. The house was located on part of the original tract purchased for the Arboretum by Peaby in 1925. McDaniel was told that the structure mysteriously burned, putting an end to the nefarious activities:

All the ladies used to come out from Albany, and Corvallis and around. So I guess the married women got tired of it and burned the house down.... They blamed the married women for it, but they kept their mouths shut. They didn't say anything (McDaniel, 1979:17).

McDaniel did not personally see any of the structures. Rowley has also heard similar stories about these activities at this location, and at several other sites in McDonald Forest. McDaniel remembered the location of another house of prostitution that was located on the fringe of the Forest. It was a short distance east of the Arboretum entrance (near Rt. 1, Box 327B); it probably operated during the 1890's. This one also burned after only a short time of serving local loggers, farmers, and other clientele, according to McDaniel. For several reasons, no first-hand informants could be found who could corroborate these claims." (Jackson, 1980:322-325).

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"According to Vernon McDaniel and other sources, there was a brothel that operated at this site during the late 1800's and early 1900's. No first-hand informant could be located to corroborate this. McDaniel thought that the "ladies of the night" sought their clientele from the sawmill that was operating nearby. He was told that the structure mysteriously burned, and that it was generally believed that certain structures remains today. The site is located just

outside the Nursery boundary fence in the extreme southern part of the compartment.
Remnants of an early road leading to the site can be seen." (Jackson, 1980:382).

Bibliographic References of the above citations:

1. Jackson, R. G. McDonald-Dunn Forests: Human Use and Occupation, A Report Submitted to the School of Forestry, Oregon State University, June 1980.
2. McDaniel, Vernon. Personal interview with Royal Jackson, Corvallis, Oregon, July 27, 1979.
3. Rowley, Marvin. ? (There are five citations for 1979 in page 357 of Jackson. It is not possible to identify the exact citation the quote was from).

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