"It used to be . . . but now . . ."

AN ORAL HISTORY OF LEBANON, OREGON AND SURROUNDING AREAS

"It used to be . . .

I remember when . . .
but people haven't really changed;
they still smile and care
and remember then . . .

Traces of days gone by remain in their looks,
but especially in their eyes;
they still hold the memories
unrecorded in any books.

We've been bringing their past alive,
but it still belongs to them;
they share those beautiful moments with us
saying silently —
experience is the only life!

The good ole days — we agree,
but also a happy now;
they're still here making it happen
another era of history.

But now . . . "

— Toni Redmond

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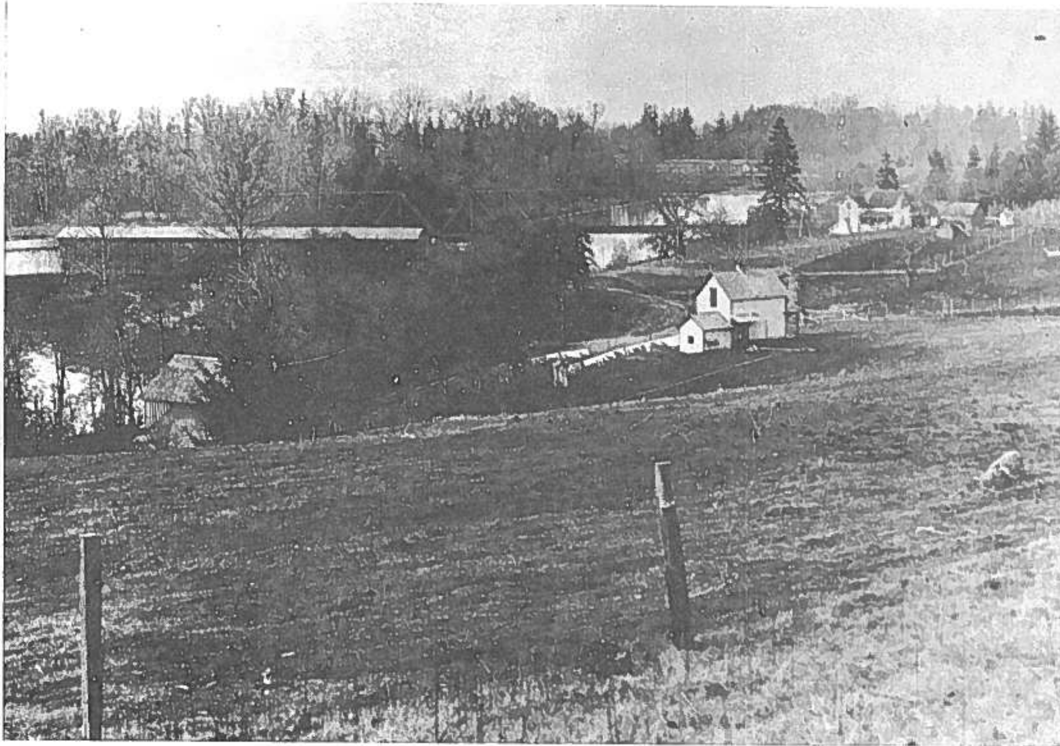

Old Lebanon

Grant Street, Lebanon, Oregon
about 1905

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We dedicate this book to the Lebanon area residents whose stories are included here and to those whose stories are yet to be told . . .

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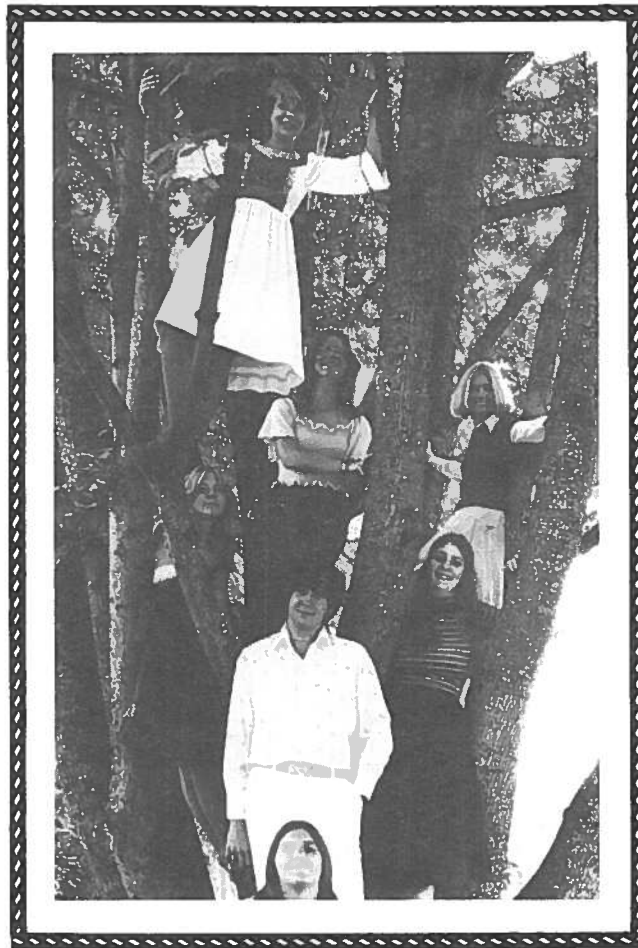

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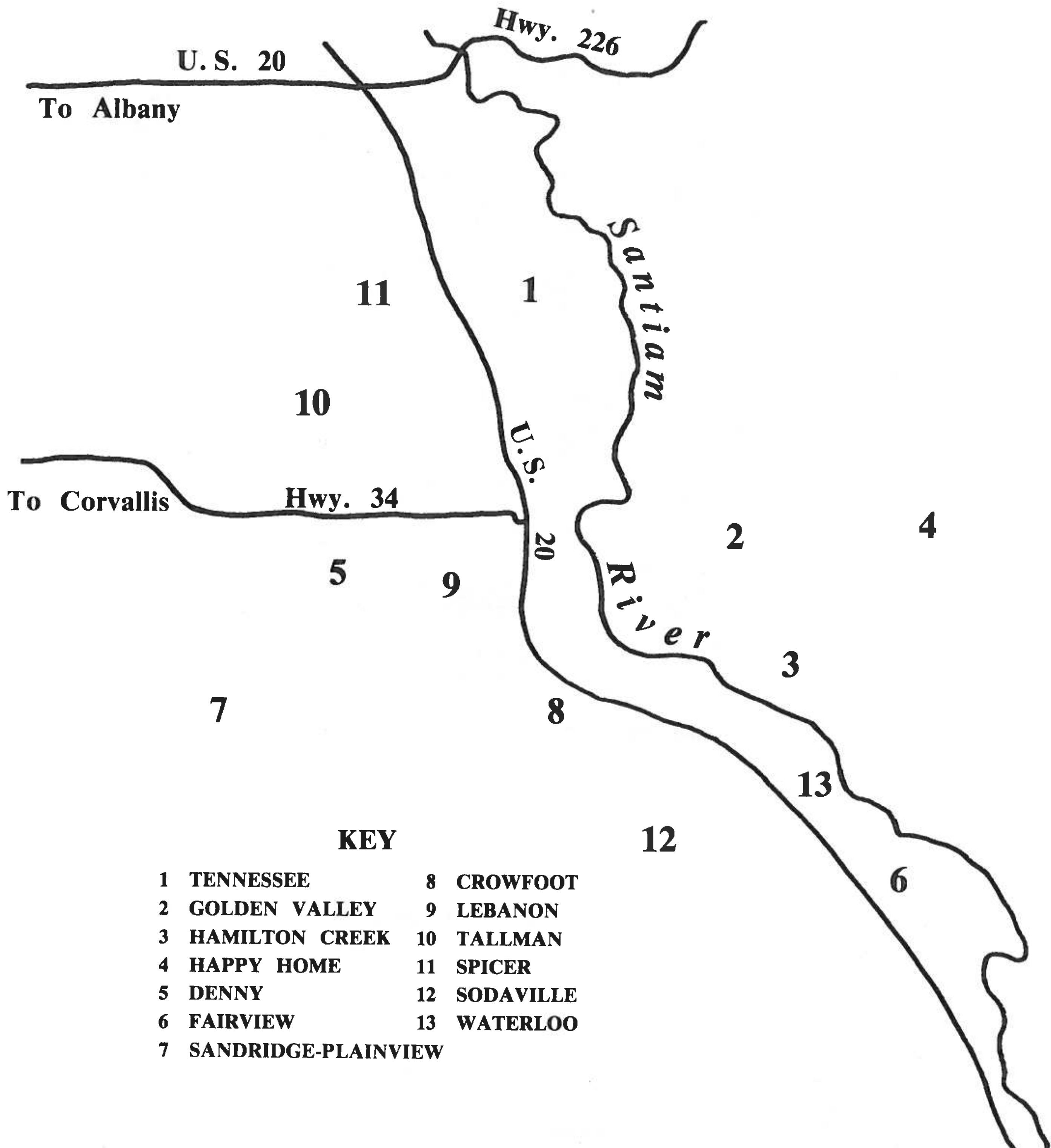
AN ORAL HISTORY OF LEBANON, OREGON, AND SURROUNDING AREAS

"I'm just telling you as I see it. Maybe some others may see it different."
—Mrs. Etta Robertson



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Prologue

Sponsored by the Comprehensive Youth Program, we began work on our book by reading available local history, learning research and interviewing techniques, and contacting area owners of Century Farms [farms which have remained in the same family for at least one hundred years]. This core of contacts led us to broaden our scope to include at least one individual from most of the small communities surrounding Lebanon and several people from the town itself. We found each community rich with its own history and each inextricably connected to Lebanon.

On one particularly harried afternoon, Tammie said, "These stories are like stained glass. You've got the colored glass—all you have to do is put the lead, the framework, around it." This has become our book's major metaphor. Our contacts' experiences are like beautiful shards of glass in a myriad of shapes and colors. And we have merely leaded the pieces together into a whole.

Our contacts shared many things with us: tea and cookies, wit, burgeoning begonia blossoms, wisdom, old newspaper and houseplant clippings, family secrets, comfrey and spearmint, genealogical charts, apples, successes and disappointments, Canterbury bells, hopes and fears, coffee and laughter, and themselves.

In turn, they led us into this area's past and to ourselves.

A Special Note

Walt Strandt, Linn County Deputy Surveyor, has contributed his beautiful pictures of our county's ten remaining covered bridges. If you read his description and study each picture, then turn the book upside-down, you will discover the bridge's name.

Five of these bridges span Thomas Creek, three cross Crabtree Creek and one graces the South Santiam River. All of the bridges are Howe truss type construction, which appears as a series of half "A" timbers sloping toward the center where they form "X's" with vertical tie rods.

The bootleggers used them to hide their moonshine, the thugs used them to hide in while waiting for a victim to rob, the travelers used them to escape a passing storm, the enterprising businessman put a gate at each end and charged a toll to pass over it, the swallows and other birds used tham as a sanctuary and a nesting place and last but not least, sweethearts used them as a rendezvous, buggy or no buggy. These bridges are truly a part of our American Heritage, and every effort possible should be expended in trying to preserve some or all of the remaining ones for future generations to enjoy.

— Walt Strandt

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

2 Russell and Nellie Rose, well-known for their background in Lebanon history, own a Century Farm in Hamilton Creek.

9 Cecyl Savage and Reta Meeker study genealogy and maintain a Century Farm in Happy Home.

13 Jerry and Grace Coyle live in Sodaville; here his grandfather discovered the Soda Springs and Sodaville became a boom town.

17 Albert Grobe remembers observing many changes in Lebanon from his home in Golden Valley.

21 Brownie Mitchell, a man of strong opinions, owns a Century Farm in the Gore District.

23 Sylvia Carter, a long-time berry farm owner, lives in the Tennessee Area.

27 Mertice Buchner owns a Century Farm in Spicer and values good relatives.

30 Velma Bohlken and her husband Henry are a sweet and authentic couple living in Tallman.

33 Bert Bellinger, farmer, logger, outdoorsman, and lover of Earth, grew up in the Berlin District.

39 Albert Smith is the oldest volunteer fireman in Oregon.

41 Dan Wilkerson is a captain of the Lebanon Fire Department.

46 Casper Bilyeu has worked hard in both urban and rural life.

53 Irma Bilyeu, who worked in a plywood mill for 21 years, has retired with Casper in Lebanon.

57 Hiram Groves, former owner of Groves' Hardware Store, remembers old Lebanon.

61 Ernie and Bonnie Caldwell are concerned and involved citizens of Lebanon.

65 Ruth Lee, a beautiful woman who respects work and people, works at the Senior Citizen Nutrition Program instead of retiring.

71 Ione Nelson, Fairview's down-to-earth teacher, worked and played just as much as her pupils.

79 Etta Robertson, a Fairview great-grandmother, still quilts, makes lace, and reflects.

83 Bill and Mildred West watched their children and themselves grow in Waterloo.

87 Betty Curtis attended school in the Crowfoot District and remembers some of her tomboyish antics.

91 Rose Roadarmel, who owns a Century Farm in the Sandridge-Plainview Area, remembers "them days."

95 Leslie Swanson, a wise man, lives and writes in Denny.

99 Mollie Polley, a 104-year-old native of Denny, has seen many changes but remains young at heart.

103 Epilogue

104 Resource List

As you read through our book, you will find a collection of *"L4's"* surrounding our main stories. These are hearsay stories, or secondhand knowledge that we have called "Lebanon Legends, Lore, and Lies."

This bridge displays the continuous slit window on both sides as a different architectural design. Since the highway bypassed this bridge it has been turned over to the Linn County Parks Department. They take care of it and keep it painted, and the local garden club is in charge of the landscape adjacent to the bridge.

Location: on Hwy. No. 228, Sec. 18 T. 14 S. R. 1 W.
Built: 1932
Dimension: 20' x 105'
Spans: Calapooya River

[Crawfordsville]

Ode To Peace

The Prince of Peace yields His consent,
That we help small and innocent
By overcoming lust for greed,
And never judging other's creed.
This neighborly way, will it expand,
And nations say, "We'll lend a hand?"

Let not a cruel tyrant reign,
With war, destruction and with pain;
And should he, on the weak aggress,
The world unites and him suppress;
Know war as hell, cast it away,
When laws compel him to obey.

Let civil teachings take the place
Of methods of the heathen race;
Abandon ye the border fort,
And take the old disputes to court.
If warring countries cannot agree,
Form a court of nations to set them free.

And only act in self defense.
Nations having this high ideal
Will show world safety to be real.
Round every heart let's hear again,
"It's peace on earth, good will to men."

— Russell C. Rose, Lebanon, Oregon

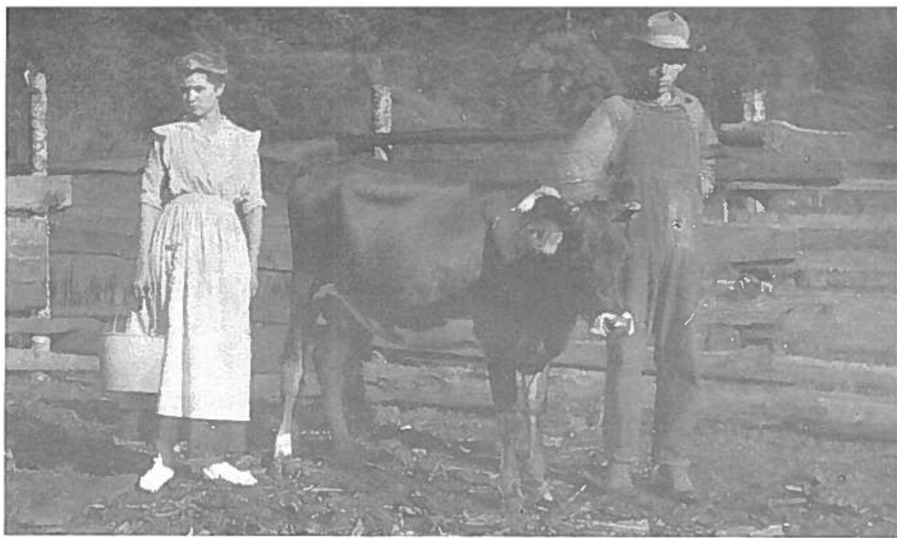
Hamilton Creek

"Sixty years is a lot of happenings!"

As we sat at the dining room table during one of several pleasant visits to Nellie and Russell Rose's Century Farm, we noticed a little brochure entitled "An Antidote for War" written by Russell C. Rose. We asked Mr. Rose when he wrote the pamphlet and why, and he replied, "Yes, yes I wrote that for the Second World War and of course I kind of figured maybe that I'd wrote something a little worthwhile. And I presented it to the **Journal** for publishing, and it appeared just about the time the war started in Europe. And it came out on the editorial page, and they even got quite a little comment on it from the public around at that time. And as time went on I tried to get it published . . . in a few other places, but I never had too much luck. And then as the war developed, why it put quite a pressure on the United States. I read in the paper where our President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, had knelt in the new church across the way from the White House and had in his prayers asked for divine guidance. Well, I felt as though I had something that maybe God had gave to me; why, I sent it back to the White House. I never received an answer. But by never receiving an answer from it, why I figured that it must have reached its destination."

Mrs. Rose then interjected, "We had two boys in the war -- two. It made us feel like anything that was done was helping them out too."

Pointing to an old tinted photograph of a stately home, Mr. Rose said, "That was in the early 1870's that they, my grandparents, built that house here. They built the barn the same year. Why, and that there was quite an event, building two major buildings on the place in one year. It wasn't expensive in the way of money, so much as it was because it was all hand labor, all except the siding on the house. The sawmill was up the road where the school house is now. And they, my grandfather and grandmother, they had an exceptional garden, and they traded garden produce for lumber. And the barn, why it was mostly of huge timbers that was hewed out, and then the roof was split boards and, consequently, it didn't take much money. Probably they'd spend a good share of the winter by hewing the timbers, squaring the timbers, and they'd frame it in the spring; that is cut it out. Then they'd have a barn raising and all the neighbors from miles around would come and then they would put this together, this frame, and it wouldn't take more than a day to put that barn up."



The Roses with their first cow

Born in that house, Mr. Rose lived there on and off for 60 years and remembers dairying when he was a boy. "If you had a good milk cow, why that there was it. Why and she could be any kind -- just a red cow. But then in later years my father got more into the dairy business. He got Jerseys and Guernseys too. We developed a pretty fair dairy herd around here -- very good as far as that goes. Fact of the matter is, we didn't have irrigation in those days to keep our pastures nice and fresh like we do nowadays. And if we could've had the irrigation in the same conditions we had our dairy, then we'd been right up in business."

"Originally my mother churned the butter herself, churned the cream and made it into butter. There was a time we didn't even have a separator; why, she set the pans in the cooling room or the milkhouse as we called it. Why, they would just be all over the shelves -- the milk in these shallow pans. And then the cream would raise on it, and she got to be very dexterous at skimming that milk to get the cream off of the top. Then she'd churn it. Then we would take the butter to town and sell it. Butter and eggs. She had regular customers. Mother was known to put out an exceptionally quality butter. She had the facilities to keep it cool and then she really knew how to work the butter. And she never let it get too sour or tried to keep it too long. And consequently her butter was nice and sweet....Once a week she would probably have at least a dozen rolls of butter that she would take and deliver to these customers. And sometimes, if she had a surplus, the store would take it. That sold exceptionally well because it was Mrs. Rose's butter. Everybody that knew her and knew how she kept care of it, knew that it was exceptionally good butter."

After Mr. Rose mentioned his brother and sisters, we wanted to know how he had become the owner of the Rose Century Farm. Mrs. Rose explained, "Well, we got married and we lived here on the farm; he helped his dad and worked out, too. He built a little shed back up against the hill up here. And then he helped his dad here until we got the chance to take a homestead up in Upper Berlin. His brother said he would come and run the ranch."

Mr. Rose continued, "My brother lived in Idaho at that time. And so he said if we wanted to take up the land and homestead that, why he'd come and help Dad here. And so we took up the homestead. Then he came here and worked awhile, but he didn't like the farm too well, and then, too, it didn't pay quite enough." When Mr. Rose's brother decided to move to Portland and go into the shipbuilding business, "Why that made it so I'd have to be between the two farms."

Russ and Nell with "Specks" in front of their special honeymoon cabin

"He'd run our ranch up there," Mrs. Rose went on, "do what he had to do. Then he would come down here and stay for several days and do the work down here. I stayed up there with the children and took care of what we had up there. Then when we got that proved up on, his dad was getting along in years and he didn't feel like he was able to run it [this farm]. And we couldn't go back and forth all the time like we'd been; it was too much. So he says, 'Well I'll give you some land down here if you'll come and take care of us down here.' His mother and father were both getting older."

"They gave us a deed to 25 acres of land right here where this next house is here [next door]." Mr. Rose explained. "And I built that house on that land, and we lived there. Then Mother passed away in 1930. My dad, he lived here alone for a while, but he didn't like that too well. He says, he always says, 'You all come down here and live with me.' And so we moved in here then, so it would be more homelike to him. We rented our place there."

The Roses's children were all born at home except for their youngest son, who was born in the hospital. Mrs. Rose also told us raising children during those times wasn't bad. "We just kind of fed 'em and took care of 'em. The washing was the worst because we had to wash with a washboard. You know we didn't have any washing machines. You had to get your old washtub out and a washboard and do your washing. I'd have a line of diapers a quarter of a mile long, it seemed like. Baby clothes. We had two children in diapers one time -- boy that was a job."

Mr. Rose recalls when neighbors helped each other at harvest time. "Nobody asked for a dime for work or anything -- they'd just come and donate their help."

"We'd have harvest here," Mrs. Rose commented. "The hay hands and thrashing crews too. And I always had help. Some of the neighbors come in. We'd cook all one day and get ready for the next. The neighbor women 'ld come in -- it was on thrashing day and they'd help serve and maybe bring pie or something with them. And it was a regular picnic. They'd fill the table up. We had a great big table as long as this room is wide nearly [eight feet], and they'd fill it up with men and then the men would get through and the kids and women would eat."

Mr. Rose remembers with pride the gradual improvements in the old place. "When I was a small kid we had a pump on the back porch and it worked most of the year, but in the right dry summer, why it would go dry. Yeah, then we would carry water from the springs. And that was before 1900, I suppose. But along about 1900 we piped the water down from the spring and from then on we had it pretty handy. Then later we put the coils in the wood stove and we was able to heat our water; it didn't stay hot day and night like it does now with the electricity. Why it wasn't too much of a job to use all the hot water when it come bath [time] Saturday night. And then it progressed with stages. As time went on, why we got a bathtub, But we didn't have a septic tank, and consequently we didn't get a toilet until . . . later on."

Mrs. Rose continued, "Everything we did would add to the enjoyment of living. We put the hot water in, and then we built on a bathroom, and, as he says, we had a bathtub and then finally we got a toilet in. Then we had indoor plumbing."

"Yeah," Mr. Rose said, "we was right on top of the world then. Boy, I can remember when they had outdoor plumbing all over Lebanon. Yeah! Yes sir, by golly - - some of them places didn't smell very good."

Amid laughter Mrs. Rose exclaimed, "Now listen, that's bein' taped -- that's far enough!"

Although they loved that old farmhouse, she said by 1953 they were ready to move. "I was glad to get out of it; it was getting old."

"And it wasn't made tight like the buildings are today," Mr. Rose explained. "No heater. And mice would get in. The floors was just a single floor and anything could crawl under the building, and consequently, why there was always cracks or always one thing or another they'd crawl through. In fact, they knew the way in. . . ."

"We'd considered a new house for a long time," Mrs. Rose added. "And when we sold some timber off of the place here, why it gave us money to go ahead and make this building here." When we asked if they had built their present home themselves, Mrs. Rose answered, "Two of our son-in-laws came home and they says, 'You're gonna have a new house. Get a plan, cause you're gonna get it.' So we started hunting a plan. We had a house before we knew it."

Mr. Rose continued, "And this old house -- the kitchen and woodshed extended back until it didn't give us quite room to build the way we wanted to. We figured that the setting of the old house and the trees and the landscape around it and the water and everything, why'd it all came in here and we figured, to build it in another place, why we would have to do that all over again. So consequently, we figured this was the proper setting for the new house. And we had to tear the kitchen and woodshed off in order to make room for the new house. We could step right off this porch, right into the living room of the old house."

Today the Rose's youngest son takes care of the farm. Mr. Rose told us, "We raise ... white-faced cattle and sheep. We sell some hay, and I turned that all over to Howard, my son, who runs between 50 and 100 head of sheep on the farm. And the cattle used for breeding stock runs from 45 to 50 head."

"We make a garden and sell the garden stuff," added Mrs. Rose. "We couldn't furnish enough beans and corn last year." We got up and looked out the window at their lush garden.

As we sat back down to sip tea and eat cookies, Mr. Rose mused, "It's kind of nice to tell these stories to show the younger generation just what our life has been like."

Mrs. Rose smiled. "Sixty years is a lot of happenings!"

Russ and Nellie then . . .

. . . and now

L[4] Men of Fairview used to sit around and get fairly loaded, then bet each other to do daring or fool-hardy feats. One such bet was that Mr. B. could not be pulled out of a hole by Buster, a very large draft-horse. The day of the tug-of-war was set, and Mr. B. dug himself in. Buster was given the go-ahead and that's just what he did....Mr. B. blew out of the hole like a man shot from a cannon, mowed over a newspaper cameraman and broke some ribs. Buster didn't even know he was tied to anything.

One schoolhouse was built on runners so if someone in one corner of the district had a little more pull than somebody else in another corner, they just hitched their horses on this little old school building and pulled it over to their end of the district. Maybe next year somebody else would have a little bit more authority and away would go the old schoolhouse again.

Happy Home

Although we visited Cecyl Savage and Reta Meeker initially because Cecyl owns a Century Farm, we became interested in their study of genealogy. Whenever we visited their home, Cecyl and Reta gave us an enthusiastic welcome and ushered all of us upstairs to what seemed like their very own genealogical center. They are both warm, open people, willing to share their home, pictures, letters and best of all, themselves. Cecyl is very energetic and self-reliant; Reta is quiet and self-contained. Both radiate their love for life and learning.

"It kind of keeps you from going to sleep quite so much."

"When I was a kid I had a great-uncle that lived down below the road here. I was around him a lot cause he was just full of stories. I wasn't interested in family history. I was thinking about going with the boys and going to dances. He'd tell me that stuff and it just kind of went over here and out there. Why I'd give the world now if I could have listened, cause he told me about back there in Missouri and told me about when they began to have the Civil War and why they come to Oregon."

Cecyl is "listening" now; in fact, genealogy plays an important role in her life. By keeping old letters, scrapbooks, diaries, photographs and other memorabilia, Cecyl and Reta are saving a part of history, a part of their family, and a part of themselves. For about five years Reta and Cecyl have been looking for their ancestors, and as Reta chuckled, "It kinds of keeps you from going to sleep quite so much."

In our chats, Cecyl and Reta stressed the importance of talking to the "older generation." "If your grandfather is still alive, by all means ask him all the questions that you can," Reta urged. If you hesitate you may be losing information of great importance or searching endlessly for nothing.

During these conversations with Reta and Cecyl, we pieced together much information on genealogical research. Reta explained to us, "Census rcords before 1850 just listed the head of the family and whether there were so many males or females between a certain age. The names of the children were excluded. After 1850 they listed the head of the household and his wife and usually what state they were born in. Some census records about 1870 or 1880 listed where their parents were born and which state. That's helpful.

"You can send to the archives and get more records," she went on to say. "They have a little form that you send and put on it all the information you know. Like if you know when your grandfather died, the state where he lived, which war he was in, and if you know his company [in the Army] that helps a lot. It takes six weeks at least for

it [the reply] to come. Sometimes it costs to copy things, but you do not have to send in your money; they will bill you. And," Reta said, "sometimes people have old Bibles, old marriage records, death records. Amy Savage, Cecyl's aunt, and the Sylvesters had a lot."

"And many of them keep obituaries....We save all kinds of letters," Cecyl added.

After you have received information from these sources, you have to analyze it to get the data you need. Remember, there are thousands of Williams, Smiths, Millers and so on. Sometimes you may not be quite sure if the information applies to your family. If you're uncertain you can check this in many ways. For example, if you are sure of a date and it corresponds with what you already know about the person, or if another name is on the paper and you know that person was associated with your Williams or your Smith, you're on your way.

Reta told us, "We have a copy of a marriage record of Andrew Fitzwater [Cecyl's great-grandfather]. All Cecyl's life she thought his name was John, and even on her grandfather's death certificate it says his father's name was John, but we're sure that his name was probably Andrew John.

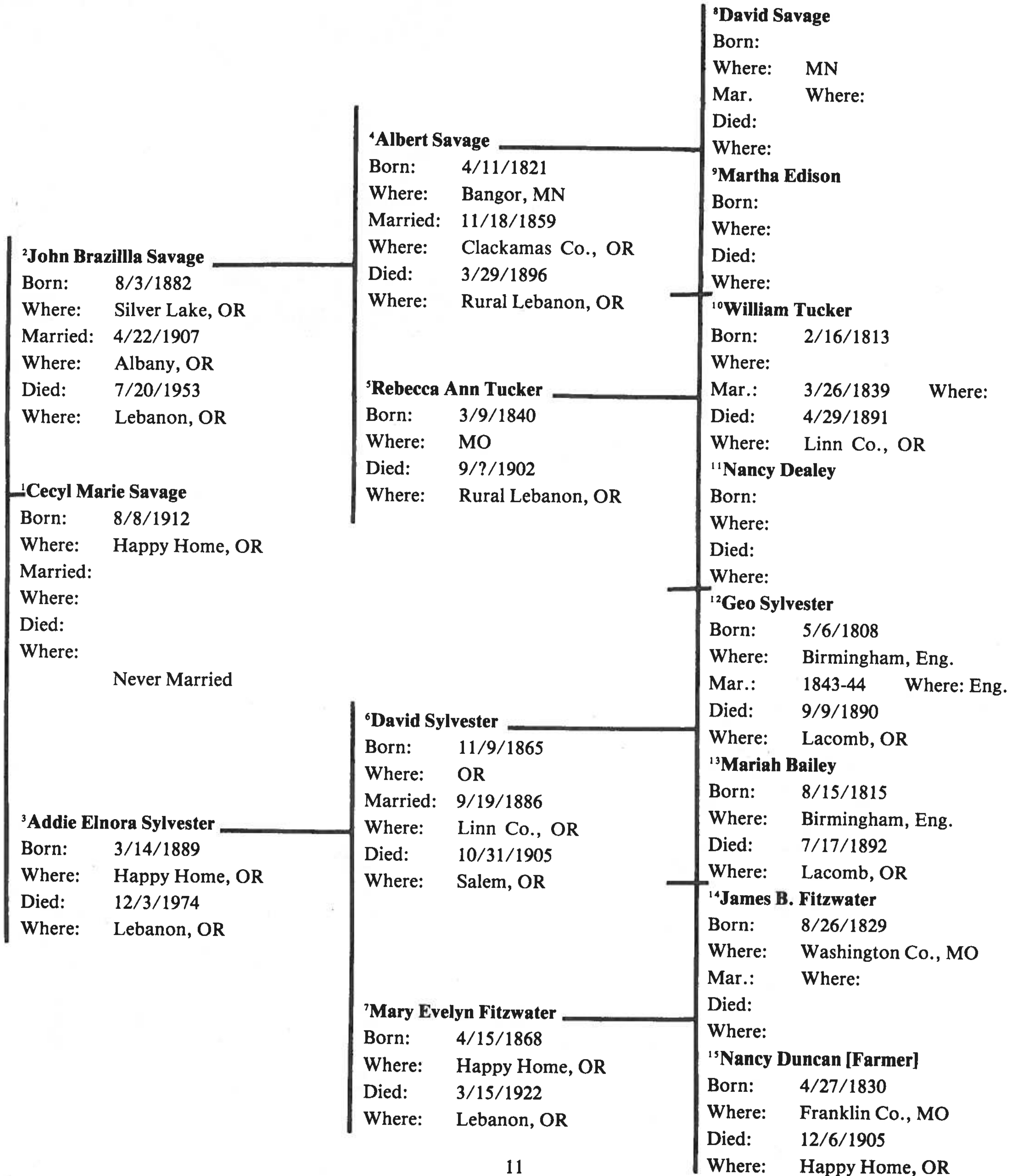
"Here's another thing," Reta said, holding up a piece of paper. "Here's a lady applying for a pension—Jane Fitzwater, widow, War of 1812. One of the witnesses was Martin Densmore. Well, we know that Martin Densmore was her son-in-law, so that's a little bit of proof that it's the right lady."

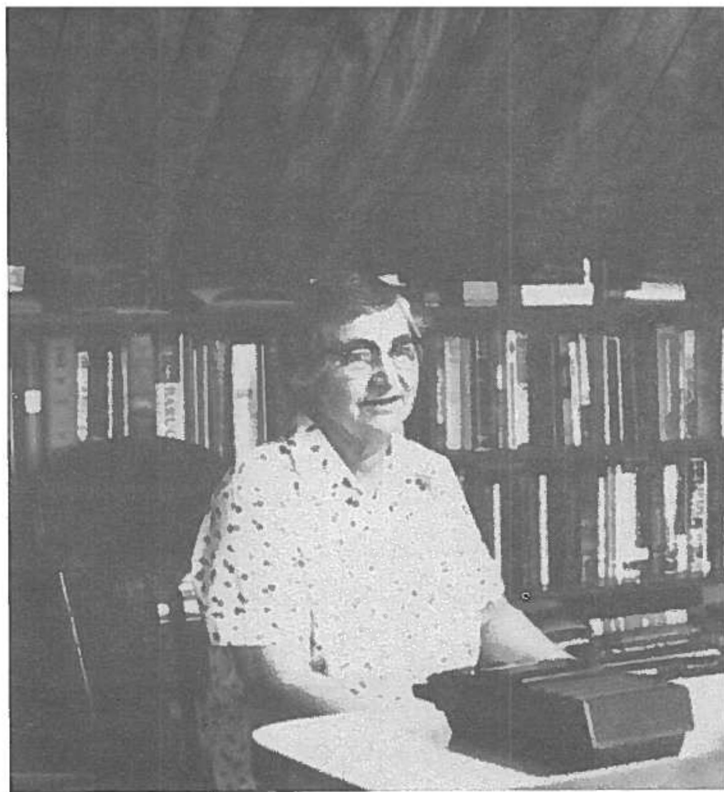
Whenever Cecyl and Reta visit friends and relatives around the United States, they take time to stop and work on their genealogy. "We went to visit my brother in Florida and on the way we just detoured past Missouri," Reta stated. There they found valuable information pertaining to their families.

Reta gives one caution to people who have been searching for their "roots." If someone writes you and asks you [for information], do not send all of your information in the first letter. If you do you may never hear from them again, and they may never send you anything they know. Just send a little. Just enough to let them know you know what you're talking about."

"However," Cecyl commented, "if we've got anything anyone wants, we give it to them. It don't matter if we get anything back or not. And if there's anybody who wants to give us anything, we take it!"

PEDIGREE CHART





Reta Meeker in their "genealogical center"

Through Cecyl and Reta's genealogical research, they have gained a special pride for their families—a pride that only knowledge can bring. "One side of my family always seemed to talk about that the other side didn't amount to very much. But my Grandfather Savage was a justice of the peace and a sheriff once. His brothers were justices of the peace too. They must've had fairly good educations." Pointing to her pedigree chart, Cecyl continued. "Look how far you can go back with them. I have just as much respect for them as I do the other side now."

As our talk drew to a close and we were about to enjoy a hospitable lunch with these two fine women, Cecyl exclaimed, "And you'll hear, kids, that the two old ladies that live up here in this little valley are crazy. They say if you come around and go to making a little noise, they take a shot at you."

Wondering which house to avoid on the way down, we asked who this might be.

"Oh us," Reta smiled.

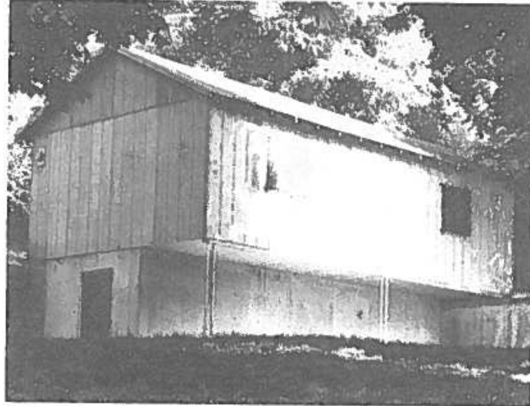
But we know better—don't we.

Cecyl Savage at home outside

Cecyl and Reta's three-legged lamb ignoring Tammie Escano

Sodaville

"That was back in horse times."



According to Jerry Coyle, who's lived in Sodaville for most of his 80 years, stories about the famous Sodaville Springs center "generally around my grandfather who built his log cabin right in the road down here between these houses."

"Course it wasn't a road then. That came later," chuckled Grace Coyle. "The first road went across the hill up here. Course they just turned their cattle out in the country here then, and he [Reuben S. Coyle] was looking for cattle when he run onto that soda springs over there."

Mr. Coyle laughed as he told us that everybody "had all kinds of stories about it—everybody tried to put something in," and some folks said poor Reuben thought for sure he was poisoned after drinking from the spring. But Grandfather Coyle had probably tasted soda water when he came across the plains on the Oregon Trail. And, in Mrs. Coyle's thinking, he probably "realized too that the cattle and deer had been drinking from the spring."

"Lots of times horses were touchy about where they drank," continued Mr. Coyle. "They used to have a watering trough there and the overflow from the soda spring would go into that watering trough. And all the horses [drank there]. And if they'd drink that soda water, then it was all right. Of course, everything begin to get into it as long as they could....They built a round pen around it so the animals couldn't get to it anymore."

Sodaville's monument to Thomas S. Summers

After a dispute over who owned the soda spring, the victor, Thomas Summers, donated the soda spring to the State of Oregon in 1871. The spring became such a popular recreation site that Sodaville residents soon built a spring house. Mrs. Coyle described it as "a big white building with white columns [with] almost a Grecian effect and an upstairs to it and all. And they had a kind of a balcony across the front, and then they got worried about it—afraid it would knock down and someone would get hurt or something. It was getting pretty old....I wish they had just fixed it up with new timbers." But before the spring hall's demise, Sodaville folks held their town meetings there, plus special celebrations like the Fourth of July...

"That was back in horse times, about 1910 or 11," Mr. Coyle said, "and Sodaville was full. There were three or four hundred people there. They had a parade—the whole works—quite an affair. Any time they had anything like that they drank the soda springs dry. There'd be just a little dribble; you'd hold your glass there awhile and get a drink."

"For a while," Mrs. Coyle went on, "they limited the amount of water that any one person could take out, so there would be enough left for everybody."

People bottled it and took it every place. "It seems everyone carried their... soda jug most times. Everybody that lived there liked it," he added.

When we asked Mrs. Coyle if soda water cures maladies, she replied, "It was good for you—like in haying and hot weather you could drink all the soda water you wanted without it bothering you. We used a gallon a day during haying. I don't know whether the hot baths were supposed to help rheumatism or not, but it's likely they might."

People who believed they would came to stay at the hotel in town to take treatments. Mr. Coyle explained, "They had a bathhouse down at the bottom of the hill—there was a pretty good spring down there. That bathhouse was still there [around the turn of the century], but it never run after, oh, along in the 1890's—that's when Sodaville was at its biggest. Mineral Springs College was running....It was a pretty good college when it was first run in 1890 or somewhere along then." After being moved to Albany, this college eventually became Lewis and Clark College in Portland. The college "set back there on the hill above the schoolhouse."

"Then later," Mrs. Coyle went on, "it was used for a public school. I went there from the time I was 12—through the eighth grade....They tore it down when they built the new school building....[At the college] they had a building there for the women's dormitory, and then later it was moved down here at Crowfoot and is now the Crowfoot Grange Hall."

Mr. Coyle recalls that in 1905, "The grange bought that dormitory building in Sodaville an' a fellow from Albany named Peter Rittner moved it down to Crowfoot for $60 with his rig and they [the grange members] did all the work. He just was here and we boarded him—he was a 280-pound man. They got it there and put it up—it's a wonder it come, ya know. It wasn't put together very good. They put those things together pretty fast at that time. They remodeled it. Then of course, it [the grange] went along at about 60 and 70 members for a long time before cars—that was back in horse times." Mrs. Coyle has been connected with the Crowfoot Grange for 59 years; Mr. Coyle for 66.

When we asked Mr. Coyle how the town was laid out near the beginning of this century, he settled back in his chair and remembered. "Oh, yes, for a long time Sodaville was quite a place. See, the walk started at the college...."

Here Mrs. Coyle commented, "There were lots of sidewalks with steps; it was so hilly. There'd be a sidewalk and some steps, then continue with sidewalks."

Mr. Coyle chuckled. "There was an awful lot of steps in Sodaville in the early days....The walk...went down past the spring hall and around the corner was a hotel, when I first remember, and a big store. Right across the street to the north was a livery barn and a blacksmith shop. Then back on the other side of the street, the same side as the store, there was two buildings—well-built, painted buildings. At one time there was a drug store in one of them. They were big enough to dance in."

"Sodaville had quite a band at one time and they built that big building there and rented it for a general store underneath, and it was all open above for band concerts and then they'd dance."

"They had box socials occasionally," Mrs. Coyle added, "where the girls made and filled decorated boxes, and the boys and men bid on them—bid them up to raise money. [We] had lots of singing—house parties and things like that. Things that didn't cost anything. We used to play all those old games like Virginia Reel, Four Old Maids and Somebody's Waiting. Things that you kids wouldn't know anything about." And parents who didn't approve of dancing would allow the young people to play these singing games, Mrs. Coyle explained, which really involved dancing too.

Mr. Coyle recalled something else foreign to us today—and old two-horse hack that "went from Lebanon to Foster, carried the mail and anybody that wanted to ride, and it came to Sodaville."

And he can still visualize an early Sodaville disaster. "I think it was a two-story hotel—I can remember it burning when I was about seven or eight years old . . . . When it got afire, everyone started a-gettin' their stuff out, but it could have been put out if anybody would have went to doin' that. But they didn't. One fellow said it could have been put out after he got there but nobody was interested in that—when anything got afire, it generally burned up."

Later, during the Depression, the Coyles were "over on the ranch, so busy workin' we didn't know just what was going on then. We all had to work pretty hard during the Depression to make ends meet, I remember that," Mrs. Coyle said.

"Sodaville never had a very moneyed class living there—it was a pretty cheap place to live," Mr. Coyle reflected.

"Rent was cheap," Mrs. Coyle continued. "[I remember] when the parsonage where one of the ministers lived was renting for $5.00 a month. And a good many people from Sodaville went to the hop yards in the fall, and they could pick enough to get their winter clothes and some of their living that way."

In those days "you had to walk a good many miles," Mr. Coyle said.

"That's how he got me—walking marathons. He'd walk from their place over to our place—most of the time."

Mrs. Coyle remembers too that neighbors were closer then. "They helped each other more in sickness—they had to. There wasn't any other help. You hardly ever went to church on Sunday but what you asked some of the neighbors to go home with you to dinner or they asked you. People just don't do that anymore. Our kids would get together that way—families with children—and they would make a big freezer full of ice cream. Sodaville was a good place to grow up. We had a lot of entertainment and kin."

Golden Valley

"Now years ago here..."

Albert Grobe's chuckles punctuated his account of Golden Valley history. "Well, we had carbide lights in all the chicken houses and in the house. I remember when those construction men came there and put those lights in; I bet I wasn't over ten years old—[and they put in] a big three- or four-hundred-gallon water tank. And you drip a little [carbide] on that water every once in a while, and it makes a gas. Oh, that was something in those days—carbide lights.

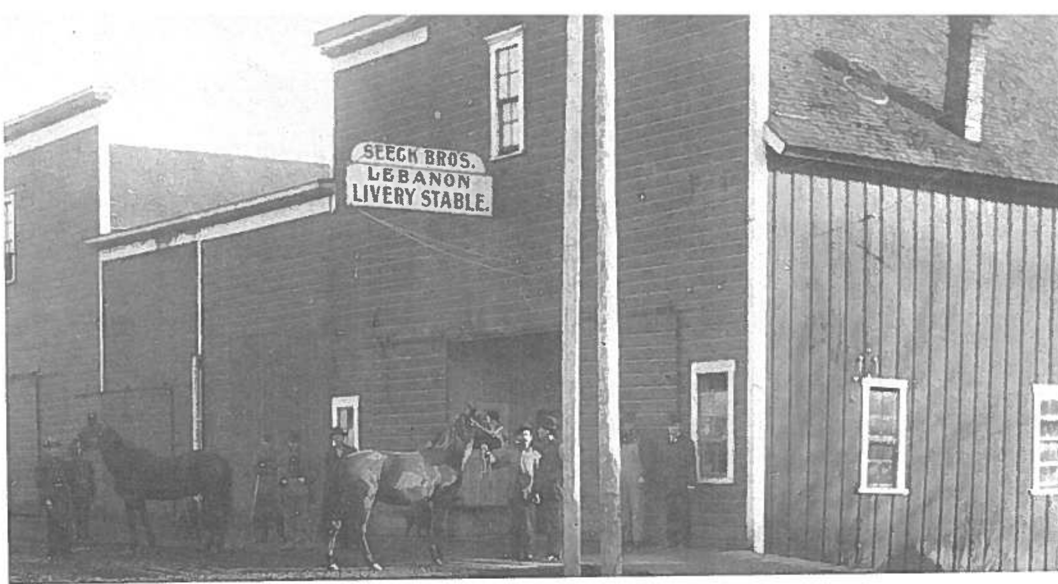
"Once in a while a little carbide gas would escape out, ya know. And [one day] we went out of the house and went out there to where something was the matter with a lantern. Boy, it 'shphtt' boom—blew us down...but it didn't hurt us. That was quite an explosion!"

Getting into town was different then, too. "We used to have a trail....We'd go up the hill and come out by the water tower, then walk across the old wagon bridge that used to be there...a steel bridge with wood floor. And we used to walk across that from here to town. [We] used to go over the hill—it's a little shorter and well, the road never amounted to anything anyway....East Grant Street here, if I remember right, when I was five, six, seven years old, there wasn't three houses on East Grant hardly. Then the road was nothing. I remember the horse an' buggy my folks used to go to town....Boy, they used to go through water, and the mud would be clear up to the horse's stomach, you know. You'd wonder if he was gonna make it through or not. Been a lot of chnges in the road all right."

Before dams were built up the river, Lebanon's roads sometimes became waterways. "Now years ago here, ya know, I remember when there would be chickens on logs going down Main Street. Yeah, flood. Boy! [That was] before they had the dam. Water got on East Grant Street where that church is there...by Booth Park. That was quite a little dip in there at that time; oh, that water would be about 10 or 12 feet deep right in there. Then of course they filled that all in." Al laughed as he recalled how Lebanon looked when he was about seven years old in 1920. "There wasn't very much there either, but I remember especially the livery stables that the folks would put their horse or horses in when they went to town. I remember then the blacksmith's shop real well and the old hotel. I remember them quite well."

To Al, both town and country have changed dramatically. "When my folks was here, they had for a good many years 1500 white Leghorn laying hens. Well, now you don't hardly see any chickens around at all anymore. Then they raised their own feed an' such

The old Saltmarsh Place where Albert Grobe grew up



as that....Dad would take a load of wheat we would raise, and we used to raise a lot of it just below the barn...and he'd take a load and go to Shedd. I don't know how many miles [away] Shedd is, but anyway he'd take a load of wheat with the team, and he'd make the good flour for home. It'd make a long day, but he'd make it home in one day. Everybody just lived on the farm an' made their living on the farm. Nowadays 'bout everybody [who] lives on the farm makes a living workin' out.

"I remember when I was little," said Al, "around the barn we have now was all big tall timber. Then they cut it off; in fact, a lot of the trees were used in building the barn. It was hewed out of trees with an ax—put together with wooden pegs in place of nails. Of course in those days, too, ya could pick your timber; lots of trees too. Nowadays it's hard to go pick your timber—they use everything. But in those days, why, if you wanted a certain tree...ya went an' got it. They had lots of timber and lots of time."

In 1929, during the Depression, Al's dad died. Until that time, Al had helped run the farm. "[But] then I and my brother...kept it up then, after he died.... [We] had all the chickens. We raised the grain—mixed the grain."

When we asked about the Depression, he quipped, "Wasn't anything worth anything. In those days even if it didn't cost much it was still a lot of money. I remember they just didn't buy nothing. Mother made the soap. Well, there wasn't money to buy anything with anyway. We always had a few cows, ya know. Usually it was just milk cows, though. Sold a little cream. Then chickens; sold a lot of eggs—eggs for the hatchery. Used to get a little more money out of the eggs at that time. I think it was 7¢ [a dozen], and I think beans at that time was around the same money—7¢ or so a pound. We used to have a hog or two; I don't remember what the price of those were, but they were pretty high."

Al remarked that he had spent a lot of time behind a three-horse walking plow. He was quiet for a moment and then went on, "I'd give anything to have a good team yet today . . . . I'd just love to have a big team of Percherons on the farm.

"...My day had a nice buggy. I never did have a buggy. We never went anyplace and

it seemed like we always found something to do. Probably better satisfied than my kids, too. I think maybe there's too much nowadays....All we had was a wagon—a little old farm wagon—and a swing. We played a lot of ball—like kids do. Then we used to go fishin' quite a bit and catch a few fish. That was always a good pastime. We took a stick and then put a cross piece on it. Then we'd find these little steel wheels; I don't know where they came from, just round wheels—no spokes in 'em. Well, we'd roll that. We used to do that all the time—I don't know why. I remember that wheel though," Mr. Grobe chortled. "We used to go up and down the road, down through the fields. You'd be barefooted and stub your toe....Oh! Of all the things to do.

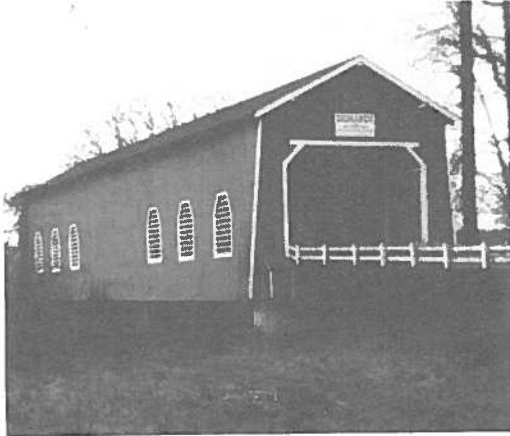
"We had a little school up here....After I got out of the eighth grade, we walked to Mount Hope School. That's up the next road three-three and a half miles.... [Later] they consolidated with Hamilton Creek.

"...I remember when I was in school, why I used to take my dog and hunt." We asked Al what he hunted. "Oh ho, anything. Rabbits and in those days there was lots of wild fowl—pheasants—timber pheasants—and these here ring-necked pheasants, you know, and a lot of grouse and pigeons and oh, it was pretty near anything you wanted to hunt. The timber pheasant is a lot like a grouse, but a ring-necked pheasant—they're bigger. Grouse are shorter and all chest—better eating. I think you can hunt for years before you can see one now. Oh, hunting was good. I'd see those pigeons come in the fall over here on the hill. We have a laurel tree right out there and they come in, in the fall, to get those berries. And you'd just see those pigeons in the flock [and] first thing you'd do is...get the dogs and take off. And they were good eating—all that wild fowl. Real good!

"We'd see...deer; they'd always have this trail they'd come out through that orchard and eat that garden. And they'd lay right there—just eat it at night. They cleaned it out, too. But the calves will chase 'em out of the fields—it's funny to watch the calves chase the deer. We have lots of deer out here; we have far more deer now than we used to in those days. Now three nights out of seven you can sit here on the patio and they're right out there in the back yard."

We had heard stories of the infamous Golden Valley rattlesnakes, so we wondered if Al had ever had any trouble with them. "Well, they used to get in the old woodshed there at the old house. I remember when my sister was still home and I went out in the woodshed to get some wood and she picked up a piece of wood...and there was a rattlesnake under it. It was in summertime—it was hot and they get in where it's cool. And the last one that I ever killed was down below one of the lower fields. I suppose that had to have been 15-18 years ago. But there was an old 15-gallon oil drum blew down the field in the winter time. Well...I had to move it, you know, and there was a rattlesnake under it. But it just struck at me and rattled and then took off. I happened to have a [pitch-] fork right there and I got it before it went into a hole."

There may be fewer rattlers now but there are definitely more people. "I think that people and children were more satisfied then than they are now. You can't put down progress, ya know. Sometimes I think it's too fast, but it's better now than it was then. But I'd bet you would have a lot of old timers who would disagree on that. There's a difference between daylight and dark, so you'd have to admit that it's easier now—it's better. By golly, it's just like the carbide lights. Why, that was something out of this world. It's amazing in those years what you went through and were still satisfied."



The records show that a road forded Thomas Creek at the site of the present bridge as early as 1855, and further indications show the first bridge to be built here in 1861. This bridge lasted until 1904 when county crews replaced it. Then in 1921 it was washed out in a flood and was rebuilt in 1922. This bridge lasted for forty years and was devastated by the Columbus Day storm of 1962, and then had to be rebuilt. It was rebuilt as a covered bridge just like the old one because the county budget couldn't accommodate a modern concrete bridge. This new bridge was formally dedicated on May 20, 1966. This bridge was named after a family who settled in the bridge area in 1901.

Location:	Richardson's Gap Road. C.R. No. 637, Sec. 9 & 10 T. 10 S. R. 1 W.
Built:	1966
Dimensions:	22 x 130
Spans:	Thomas Creek

[Shimanek]

Gore - Tennessee

"The family was all together."

Five generations have lived on the Mitchell Century Farm since John Settle homesteaded there in 1847. The existing barn was built in 1896, the house in 1898. Today the house stands majestically in a lovely oak grove. We spent two pleasant afternoons visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Brownie Mitchell.

One of Mr. Mitchell's earliest memories was the Armistice of 1918. "That was at the end of World War I, and my dad was in what they called the Home Guard. We had an old touring car. So we all decorated it all up and went to town. There were seven or eight of us in the car, and my cousin Lee Gentry got into the car. I was sitting on his lap and he closed the door on my finger. Pretty near cut it off."

While they were growing up, Mr. Mitchell and his sister "always had a gang of kids around here—all the neighborhood....On Sunday we would play baseball at the old schoolhouse down here. Dad or somebody else would go with us, and we'd choose up sides and play baseball. Or else we'd go down here on the river and...well, I supppose ole Perry Stellmacher might have called us little devils—he was the game warden at that time. If he [wasn't] out there we might shoot a duck or two....When I was small we would go out on Halloween...and turn over an outhouse. One time we put an old wagon up on top of the Christian Church. We weren't destructive; we didn't go out and just tear stuff up. But we would get torn up ourselves."

And as a child, Mr. Mitchell received most of his religious instruction right in his own dining room. "We never went to church. Oh, we went to church down here on Spicer Road about once a month to what we called Literary, but as far as ministering, I had all of my church right here in this room. Sure, we believed in church, but it was hard for us to get around at that time. We did all our school studies here on the big table right here in the middle of the room. And then before we went to bed, Grandpa would read us a passage out of the Bible...[for] half an hour. There was none in my family that ever went regularly to church."

Since Mr. Mitchell has lived most of his life in the country, we asked if he'd observed any differences between country and city people. "Well now, they're all men and women. But the difference is that the country are more self-reliant....Country people always have something to do; in the city you don't....[If] you live out on the farm, you don't have time to get into mischief. I wouldn't live in town if you'd give me all of Lebanon, I wouldn't!"

The Mitchell home, built in 1898

The Mitchell 1918 touring car with Brownie seated at the right

Mr. Mitchell explained how his life has changed over the years. "Life has completely changed for anyone growing up or coming out now. Now we are considered old folks. Our parents are old folks, too. But they had certain standards that we had to live by; that's the way we are now....You kind of keep up with the changes in life, but there's no reason for ethics and moral breakdowns."

"The home isn't the center of activity like it used to be," Mrs. Mitchell added. "[His parents] had their dances down here back of the place. And children and all would come to the dances....The kids would go to bed upstairs and the people would dance all night. And the family was all together. But now the family goes in all directions. Of course, the mothers never worked then either, outside of the home. They were part of the working unit though. Definitely. Work was the name of the game for everybody. And they worked from early to late. It wasn't eight hours, then you were done—it was from 'can see' to 'can't see' or until the job was done."

"That's another difference," Mr. Mitchell observed, "in the way the society has progressed. They call it progress but I don't think it is. I think it's fallen behind. But now—eight-hour day, 40-hour week —that was never heard of when I was [young]. We worked...and never thought of asking how much we were getting for wages and thinks like that and took what they gave us. I mean, you had to earn it. When you paid out a dollar, you got a dollar's worth, that's true....[In those time we] didn't go out and squander a lot of money. We didn't have it to squander."

The Mitchells
Brownie and Mildred

And Mrs. Mitchell summed up their feelings. "We have lost the difference between need and want."

Her first response to our question, "What is your most valuable possession?" was a smile. "Really, we put too much value on material things, don't we? We don't have a lot of expensive things. The things that are in this house are things that the family had always used. But again, the family was taught to take care of things."

After thoughtful consideration, Mr. Mitchell said, "My most valuable possession is being an American!"

Little Sylvia

"And everybody in that area helped."

"I had a great-aunt out there," Mrs. Sylvia Carter began. "There was another Mitchell place out there by us—not the hundred-year farm but another one. This Mrs. Mitchell was my great-aunt. She picked berries and she was 89 when she died and up till that time she had gone out and picked berries every summer. She could pick berried all around me. She was really something.

"My dad raised berries when I was 10 or 12 years old. He first started with an acre and they were U-picks and he sold 'em in town. And he had one kind that was real early. They were [called] Gold Dollars. My dad always tried to get the first berries to Emil Reeves store, and he always sold strawberries and different types of vegetables to him."

When the Carters expanded their berry farm, "We had a campground—a little patch of timber on our place. People would come and camp; they'd pick berries and they'd bring their own tents and the whole family'd come out. They were happy to get the work. Most of 'em didn't cause trouble. Once in a while maybe there was someone who didn't want to work, but usually they were glad to. And we've had people come out from town—there's at least two families here in town, maybe more—we've had three generations of them come and pick for us. But now [people] don't have to work and course if we had a campground it would have to meet government standards. Then we had a well, toilets; they furnished their own camp equipment. It was so different. Now we can't do that. But families don't come out anymore. Usually it's just kids—once in a while mothers come with the kids."

Sylvia Carter's parents, Martha and Alec Mitchell

When Mrs. Carter was a kid, "We raised a big garden and it seemed to me we were always weeding or harvesting or picking beans. We raised all our food. Dad raised everything from popcorn to all sorts of vegetables....My mother popped corn one morning, spent the whole morning popping corn. We were going to take it out there [Big Brother Farm].

"The Big Brother Farm was started by Chester A. Lyons. He was a juvenile court judge in Portland,

Big Brother boys eating supper (1921)

and he had worked out here as a young man—as a hay helper, I think—and he liked it. In his work as court judge he was working with boys from broken homes and boys who had got into trouble and he started this home. I don't know how many years he [Chester Lyons] brought kids out. But he'd bring 'em down from Portland. They had to come on the train; there were no buses then. They walked from the depot to out there...South Main. I don't remember ever seeing him have a car out there. Each group would stay for two weeks and they got discipline, got good food, and they stayed in a little tent city. There was one little house on the place and that was where he and his wife lived, and I think there was another building where they had their meals, but then the boys lived in tents. And he took each group on a hike overnight up to the top of Peterson's Butte and they could watch the sunrise from up there. And I think he did a lot of good. And everybody in that area helped—donated vegetables, whatever they had.

"My mother, she had dishpans and big lard cans with lids on 'em that she had full of popcorn. We were in the buggy, a one-horse affair. Going out South Main this horse got scared of something and shied and dumped us into the ditch, tipped the buggy over. The popcorn, except for what she had lids on in the cans, spilled in the ditch. There was a man that came along and set the buggy up for us, and we went on out there with what was left. But that I think was my first visit out there. We had to brush the dust off; of course it was in summer, no paved streets, dust all over us. We never got a scratch, none of us. Just tipped that thing over slicker than anything."

Back on the Carter farm, "We raised and butchered our own beef. Of course [there were] no lockers, no refrigerators, no electricity. That's another thing—the old smokehouse. The pork was smoked—all the hams and bacon. [We] used all the rest, the short ribs and the backbone. Used that fresh. We'd give the neighbors some, divide up the liver and all the fresh stuff. We had to can the beef. It was cooked on a wood stove in an old copper boiler. It was boiled for five hours or something like that. It's a lot different than a pressure cooker. And sometimes instead of canning it we'd get the sausage and fry it down in little cakes and put it in a big stone jar and cover it with lard, and it would keep for quite a while."

The Big Brother dining hall today

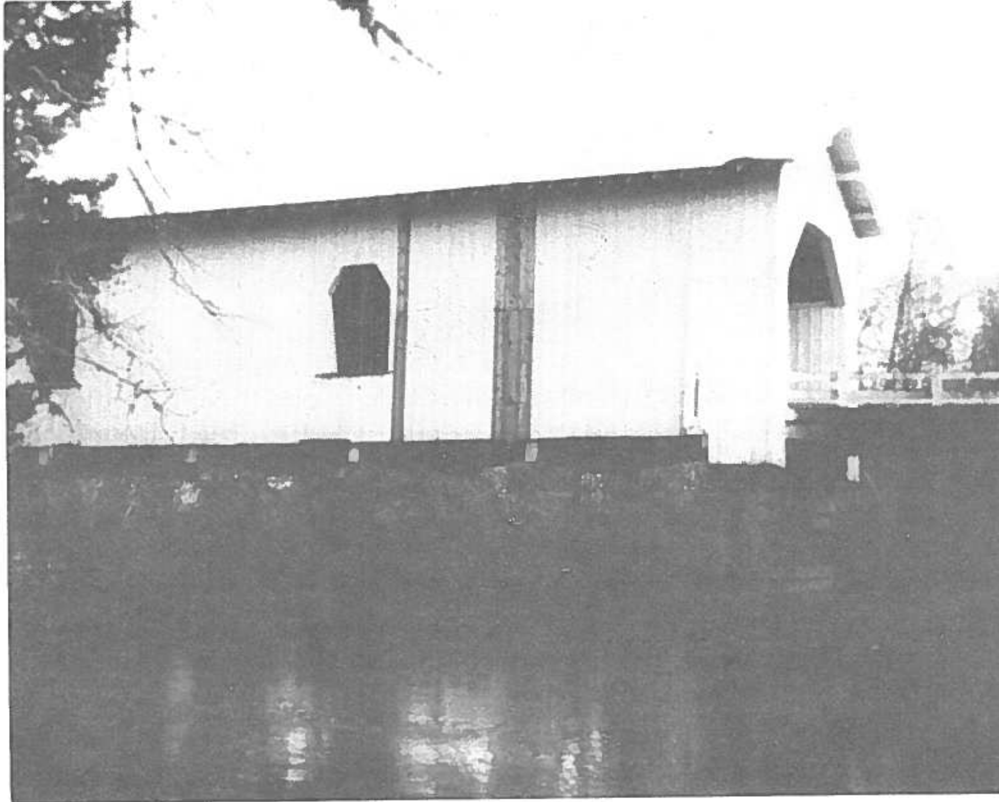
And social activities were different then, too. "Over by Tennessee School they'd have programs. They called it Literary. Maybe they'd have debates,

Sylvia Carter today

put on plays, have pie socials, sell pies. Roy Fitzwater, he was always the auctioneer. He was real good. He'd get out there and sell those pies. Basket socials—we'd have a whole meal—but usually pie socials or something like that. And that was about once a month.

"And the women would get together and have quilting...make quilts. That was their gossip sessions instead of clubs and something like that. There were dances too! After I got big they had some out at Cottonwoods. And then, after the Waters quit canning stuff in the old cannery, they held dances in there...for several years, I think. Then they tore that building down. Then there was the old Fir Grove Dance Hall out there south of town. It was in a bunch of fir trees; I guess that's why it was called Fir Grove."

Even after they got electricity in 1936, the Carters continued to use a wood stove. "That's what burned our house down. That was September 28, 1940. We had bought some kerosene and some way or other whoever we had bought it from had got some gasoline, or maybe it was fuel oil, mixed in it. But my husband started to build a fire that morning and it wasn't burning fast enough. Then he got some of that fuel oil and threw on it to make it go and it went 'Boom!' He wasn't hurt, not so bad from that, but he punched his hand through a window to get the kids out the window. He got a piece of glass in his arm. But our daughter was downstairs and our two boys were upstairs. The boys jumped out the upstairs window and he caught them in his arms. And I got my daughter out the back bedroom window. It was an old frame house. That was one of the old pioneer houses around there and it just went right quick." Mrs. Carter chuckled. "We weren't using the oil for lights but to start a fire."



The pastoral scene is well suited to this bridge because it is rather isolated on the southwest side of Hungry Hill. The chords for this bridge were trees cut on Hungry Hill and hauled down to the construction site with horses and here were hand hewn with a broad axe. These chords still support the bridge today.

Location:	1 ½ miles N. of Crabtree, OR. C. R. No. 647, Sec. 35 T. 10 S. R. 2 W.
Built:	1936
Dimensions:	18' x 90'
Spans:	Crabtree Creek

[Hoffman]

Spicer - Tallman

"You didn't have to jog in those days."

"There's a little creek up here that runs through our place. Me an' my brother used to have an awful lot of fun puttin' water wheels in that and dammin' it up and so forth.... [You] provided your own entertainment in those days; no radio or T.V. Wonder how we existed?"

Mr. Buchner, the owner of a Century Farm in Spicer, went on to answer his own question. "See, my dad built this barn; I was only eight years old, an' [he] got up an' put all those beams up there an' no floor or anything. [I] got up on those an' like to scared the folks to death. I fell off of one one day and lit on my elbow down there an' broke my arm." A doctor came out by horse and buggy, administered chloroform, and set the break.

At that time Spicer had a "one room school. It was some 20 children, all eight grades. See, the little kids would learn from the big ones when they'd recite, ya know, an' then they wouldn't have to study. Wasn't much of a trick to learnin' for many of 'em.

"Nobody had to go more than two miles [to school], I don't think. My brother [and I] started school the next year after we moved out here [1907] an' [we] had a real gentle horse. Brother and Dad...hitch it to the buggy and we'd drive. An' he built a little shed down there [near the school. We'd put the] horse in the shed, hitch him up in the evening, an' come home. Did that all through school. Well, I guess we rode horseback a time or two when the weather was good."

Mr. Buchner described the old town of Spicer. "Why there used to be a little town there, oh until probably 1909 or 1910, maybe....They had a general mercantile store; my grandmother and grandfather ran that for awhile. There used to be a railroad through there...a narrow gauge railroad. Farmers used to raise potatoes down there in the Tennessee bottom, an' they had a little warehouse there an' shipped 'em. That was the shipping point for some of their produce, veal, an' so forth, to Portland.

The old Spicer School, 1929

When we asked Mr. Buchner to tell us about his acreage, he replied, "Well, there's 270 here, but there's only 140 of the Donation Land Claim. See, [for our] Donation Land Claim they marked out a half mile wide an' two miles long to get one mile square—640 acres. This is the west end and the other's clear over...across to the (east)."

The farm was started in 1850 by Mr. Buchner's great-grandparents, Samuel and Mary Hardman. "They came out by wagon train. Started in '48, I guess, and stayed over one year in Saint Joe, Missouri. Came the next year and got out here in the fall of 1850. This is a picture of my great-grandmother on her 90th birthday in 1913. I remember sittin' on her knee an' she tellin' the stories about comin' across the plains. She lived to be 91.... I remember she had asthma ....She used to smoke a clay pipe to relieve it. [Before] we remodeled this house, there used to be a fireplace there. She'd sit in front of that fireplace so the smoke wouldn't bother the rest of us. The smoke would go up the chimney."

These pioneer ancestors "raised wheat and oats. At that time, of course, [they] didn't raise grass seed. [When they] first came out here [they] had to take their wheat clear to Oregon City to get it ground into flour. [It would] take about a week to make the trip."

Mr. Buchner remembers, "My dad had some sheep, oh 100, 150 or so; then raised dairy cows and some chickens, a few hogs. Raised your own meat in those days. Cured the hams an' bacon. Well, [by] the time I got to be 11 or 12, I got to go out an' milk the cows [and] feed 'em. And I had those fed before Dad came in from the

fields, you know." When he was 15 or 16 years old Mr. Buchner began working in the fields. At that time they used a horse-drawn plow. He would "walk behind it all day. You didn't have to jog in those days."

Mr. Buchner reminisced about things that made life easier in those days. "Well, I think ours was the first farm with running water. They put in running water the next year after we moved out here. Still using some of the pipe," he chuckled. "Haven't had to replumb it yet. Dad put in an acetylene gas plant so we had gas lights; see, that must have been backs in the '20's." Then came electricity. "Well, it must have been 'bout '34, I guess."

We asked Mr. Buchner what he did for fun when he was younger. "Well, you provided your own. [There were a] couple of kids around to play baseball in the spring, Sunday afternoons. They had a baseball diamond on the neighbor's pasture up here.

"Most fun I ever had was when I had a five-gaited show horse. Showed him around here, [and] up in Seattle. Valencia Maid's King....He was here for 27 years before we had to destroy him."

Mr. Buchner expressed what he valued most in life. "I don't particularly value material things. I would think that it would be the fact that I'm lucky to have good relatives. I have very good relatives, three generations down. I'm proud of all of them."

Mertice Buchner

Velma Bohlken, Mr. Buchner's sister, is one of those relatives. "The first thing that comes to my mind, when I think about when I was a little kid, [is] my brothers and I used to sit in the shade of the big ole Bam tree down at the old place in the summer and watch the clouds; watch the different formations. Mertice was a twin—five years younger than I. The old house was way back off the road which would be back in the field now. The barn was built right next to the road. When I was a little kid down there I always had to split the kindling and get the wood." When we asked whether she liked farming, Velma replied, "Well, it was all I knew, and I thought it was wonderful."

And "wonderful" also applies to Velma and her husband Henry's life in Tallman and Spicer these past six decades. It has been filled with the music of old orchestras and with the singing of their sentimental hearts.

"I thought it was wonderful."

"Once a week," Henry recalled, "a bunch of us [musicians] got together, and we all played and finally decided we'd start an orchestra. It was 1913 when we played together out there [at Tallman].

"A neighbor about my age and I walked to band practice and orchestra practice." Henry was about 17 then. "We walked out Tallman through the mud and the storm to orchestra practice and up to Lebanon to the band practice once a week. There wasn't any bicycles or cars at that day and age.

"Tallman itself was right there at the railroad track. There used to be a post office there and a train station. It sat [near] the track there where the tracks crossed. They don't cross there anymore. The depot was [on one corner of the track] and the store on [the other] side, and then the community hall was down the track east of where the station was. We built the hall about 1915, I guess. The orchestra members and some of the men in the neighborhood worked on the hall—mostly the members. It was quite a project. When we built that hall we had an orchestra of about 12.

"[There the orchestra] played all popular music at that time and some old-time music, like 'Old Kentucky Home.' The dances always started about 8:30 or 9:00 p.m. and they'd break up between 3:00 and 4:00 a.m. Oh, there'd be around fifty to seventy-five [people] from age 15 to 40. They'd come from Lebanon and Brownsville. They'd tie them [horses] up anywhere they could find a fence post.

"There never was any drinking. They could smoke but no drinking. If they'd catch them up there drinking at the dances, they'd be invited to stay at home. Well, the drinking people knew they weren't welcome out there so they didn't show up. Never had a fight. It wasn't that kind of crowd. We always had a nice crowd.

" 'Home Sweet Home' was always the last number we played before the dances broke up. Everybody knew that was the end of the dance. I know I'd play for dances till about four in the morning, and then I'd sleep an hour or so and get up and go to work."

"There were dances on Saturday every two weeks," Velma recalled, "and parties on the other Saturdays for the people who didn't believe in dancing. We had parties and we had dances quite frequently. We met at Tallman, up there where the orchestra used to play. I went up there with another fella, but he lost out. We [Henry and I] started going together in '16." A year later Henry and Velma played for the dances. "I played the piano and he played the violin.

"We were married in September 1919, and took the train to Newport for our honeymoon. We waited until after the war [World War I]. He went in to be a sailor, and I told him I would rather be a dead sailor's sweetheart than a dead sailor's widow. Thanks to the music that he learned he was in the Drum and Bugle Corps. He was stationed on the University of Washington campus in Seattle, and he never left there."

"Got me out of a lot of hard drilling," Henry chuckled.

That war changed the face of Tallman. "The orchestra broke up cause a lot of them went to war. One of the boys in the orchestra was killed over in France. There wasn't many [members] left after the war," so the remaining orchestra members sold the hall to the community.

Because of more efficient transportation after the war, the residents of Tallman could get to Lebanon more easily. Tallman's small stores disappeared, and all future plans for the town's development perished.

During this time Henry took a job driving a gravel truck for the county and Velma had their first child. "'I couldn't see working for the other guy," Henry commented. So the family moved to the Buchner place and began farming, "Just because I liked it, I guess." Henry and Velma lived in various homes in the area until they moved to their present one in Spicer. They've raised three children, and since retiring from farming have traveled extensively.

"Sounds like you've had a good life," we said.

"We've tried to, haven't we Grampy? Yep, we've tried to have a good life." And it took us only one visit to believe Velma's heart-warming words about their life together. "It's been working for almost fifty-nine years."

The Great Lebanon Gothic

Velma and Henry Bohlken's wedding picture, 1919

Berlin

"That's got a story on the end of it, too..."

"Then one morning as Mother was gettin' breakfast, an' I was standin' there kiddin' her as we all do I guess, all of us young folks, I was gettin' 'round 20 years old an' she says, 'What's the reason ya ain't lookin' 'round for a wife?'

"I says, 'Ya think I ought to get married, Mother?'

" 'Yes,' she says, 'It's time you was thinkin' 'bout it a little.'

"So I says, 'What 'bout the girl 'cross the creek—Hamilton Creek?' [It] run down through this valley here 'n' down between us, 'n' Dad, he'd give me this 400 acres over ta the end o' that an' I was workin' the other side o' the creek a lot. But I says, 'What 'bout the girl that lives right across this creek?'

"An she says, 'There ain't a better in the country than that girl.' She said, 'Ya think ya can get her?'

"An' I says, 'I'll try awful hard.'

"By that time I'd got me an ole Ford from a fella who use' ta be sheriff here. Can't say his name now but I got this ole Ford, they called it a jitney, I think, in them days." So one of the first places Mr. Bellinger went in his Ford was across the creek to visit that girl and her parents. He invited her to go for a ride. She accepted and it wasn't long until they were married. After hearing this story, we decided that ole Ford was a good investment. Mr. Bellinger chuckled and admitted, "I'd say it was, all right."

"That girl across the creek" turned out to be Goldie Burrell. Her grandfather had homesteaded in the Berlin area and started the original inn. For a long time people would come and stay there and he wouldn't charge them anything; "he was just that friendly." Burrell's Inn, eventually shortened to Berlin, became the name of this rural community.

When we asked if he remembered the horse racing that area was once known for, Mr. Bellinger replied, "My dad had a race horse and his brother had two or three of them.... There were five brothers. That's got a story on the end of it, too. Grandad came to this country in 1852, came across the plains, him and his wife and three girls. They're all buried up above Lebanon in a cemetery—Bellinger Cemetery. Grandad, his wife and the children got smallpox; smallpox was everywhere. But anyway, his wife and the girls all took smallpox and all died.

"There was this one girl who crossed the plains with them and she was just the handy girl—done everything—helped cook, waited on everybody. He didn't know what had

become of her. He stayed around the ranch; up there wasn't many neighbors very close in them days. He got so homesick and everything he didn't believe he could make it, so he decided to load up and take the next wagon train back East. And he got to Oregon City, that's the only town in the country around here then, outside of Portland. Got to Oregon city, went into a hotel to stay all night and get a room and went into the dining room, sat down at a table, and looked over at a girl over there, and he couldn't figure it out. He knew he knew her. So he called her over there, and they recognized each other. She'd taken care of his oldest girl comin' across the plains. He just outright asked her if she'd marry him if he'd stay there. She said she sure would. She wanted a home, so they got married and went back to the ranch and this time they had five boys. Five brothers and my dad was one of them."

Each of the five sons was given a ranch when he married, and Mr. Bellinger was raised on one of those farms. He remembers some of his early chores. "I worked in harvest when I was 10 or 12 years old, little jobs round like this, more trying to stay out o' the way, I guess. But when I was 'bout 12 years old, I carried a 'grease pot' we called it. Like these ole buckets ya look roun' an' see; tar fer to put on roofs—them kind o' buckets—that ya carry full o' grease. I don't know where he got them, but he was loggin' with four head of cattle—big steers. Great big, don't see anything like them anymore, but they was oxen, I guess ya call 'em.

Our mighty hunter

"An' they had a skid road, that's logs put crossways—logs eight to ten inches in diameter jus' laid crossways 'bout so far apart [two feet] on this road that goes to the mill from the woods, ya see, where ya go out 'n' cut the logs from out in the woods. Then ya hitch these oxen on these logs an' they'd walk right over these skid roads down there. An' ya take this bucket....I was a kid a-carryin' that grease, an' I had a pad on the end of a stick and I'd dab some grease on this log here 'n' skip one 'n' get the next one. An' comin' back the other way, why I'd get them between there. An' that made these logs slip easy on the skid, ya see. That's the way logging was done!"

Mr. Bellinger got his first tractor when he was just a boy. Later he combined his love for machinery with farming and logging. "I decided if I was going to farm all these [acres] I was going to have to have a tractor, a bigger one. So I studied all the catalogs in the mail and decided on a Caterpillar." Mr. Bellinger went

to Portland to buy "a little Caterpillar 22, or something to farm with....I went down there and was looking at the second-hand ones, D-6's, and [since] I didn't have much money, I thought I could make a down payment on one. But the old boy in the Caterpillar company sent for me to come into the office; he wanted to talk to me. 'What are you trying to do—farm the whole country up there?'

"Well, I'd like to farm it and farm it good, and have something to do it with,' I said.

" 'I'm goin' to talk you into buying a bigger Cat.'

"I went home with a D-6.

"I'd studied and read so much I knew every bolt and thing there was on them tractors. They hauled it out from Salem on a truck, and I put a little hole here so I wouldn't be downhill once they backed it off. We waited on the service man to come and he told me how to grease it and how to change gears and do other things with it so I could run it. I'd never been on one before that size. I got six plows and a hundred feet of harrow with it. The plows and harrows and everything was on that other truck right there. Well, I backed her off and took all the plows and everything else off and got them all on and had the field right there across the road. I went over and started a-plowin', and I had five or six rounds plowed with these six plows. Six plows probably don't mean anything to you but that's the size of one plow, and then another one on here, and you see some of 'em nowadays. Why, they can be all the way from two to ten or twelve according to the size of the tractor you're pullin' them with. There was a row of fences around there...after fifty years, maybe; my grandad had fenced some—I started a-knockin' them old rail fences off. I had the dozer layin' on the front of it [the tractor] and the drum on behind. See, that's a regular loggin' outfit—it wasn't for farmin' a' tall."

That fall, after Mr. Bellinger had the grain all taken care of, a friend asked him to try to convince a nearby timber owner to let them log his land. Mr. Bellinger told us, "I went to him and when he come he said, 'I know what you're after,' he said. 'Go back home and go to work. Get up in there as quick as you want to and start movin' those logs.' That's how I broke into the loggin' business. I paid for that Cat that winter.

"...I found men that were supposed to be experts in there that didn't know anything about it. They didn't know a red fir from a white fir. One fellow was a buyer for a mill, and I got this half-section I was going to clean up. I took him out into the timber; he wanted some white timber. He began to point around at some stuff. 'Right here—this is what we want. Get this into the mill as quick as you can.'

"I asked 'What ya going to do with that?' He told me.

" 'Oh,' I said. 'I'll be workin' at it.' But I never paid any attention to him. I never took them trees at all; they was nice red fir." Mr. Bellinger had logged ten or twelve sections of timber when he quit in 1944. He explained, "They were pickin' up all the Caterpillars they could everywhere, for the Army; you couldn't buy one without pattin' the President on the shoulder." So Mr. Bellinger sold all of his heavy equipment, keeping only the little TD-24 "to run around the farm and build road." But that one tractor opened up a new occupation for him. "I got to building logging roads. For about eight or ten years I didn't do anything but build logging roads."

Mr. Bellinger spent many leisure hours outdoors as well.

When he asked us, "Any of you been to Clear Lake?" most of us acknowledged we had. "Have you seen that moose head?" he asked. "That's one I killed right up there. Just go into the door, and ya almost bump your head on it."

When one of the crew responded, "Yeah, I have!" our uproar filled the room.

Some of his trips took Mr. Bellinger to northern British Columbia, where he had a cabin on Quesnel Lake. "My cabin had two or three hundred feet of sand beach in front of it. And there wasn't a day or night but what a grizzly bear 'ld walk down that beach and hunt for fish. This bear come down to the lake. The chinook salmon would all spawn around in the sand and then they'd die—they'd die and wash ashore. And the waves would wash them up on the beach every day. And the ole grizzly bear...he come down there and started right in there picking them up and eatin' all them fish....And he'd eat fifty fish—like that long [two to three feet]. And then he'd go back and sleep for a couple of days—he'd take about two days, I'd say, to hibernate—and down here he'd come again and go right up there, where he'd quit, and start in there eatin' again."

Mr. Bellinger told us lots of hunting and fishing stories, but this is our favorite: "I put in about two days trackin' that, getting to what they call a roan, a roan silver tip [bear]. He was a big one—he'd go ten feet, I guess. There hadn't been anybody hunted him there, according to the guide, for four or five years, and they figured he'd still be workin' these slides, where they get their feed, ya know. So we decided to go up there. Got up on top; there was a slide here where the snow all slides off and takes everything off—isn't a thing on top. There's a canyon about sixty foot deep down here. When we got up there to where we could look out, we found a roan was up there feeding on that slide. I decided to try him. I went up there to get him. Two other fellows come up with me. They stayed at the foot of the slide down there so they could watch it. And they'd whistle to me so they could tell me when he left, where he was going, which direction he was going or what. If he was nervous and knew we was there, he'd be standing up on his hind feet and smellin' all around and be watchin' for ya all the time.

Bert Bellinger and Friend

And he just crawled in a little bush there and laid around there till you'd leave or kicked him out....I noticed the wind was comin' this way and then it would circle this way and that's awful bad when you are on anything that smells as good as a bear does. So I thought, 'Well, I better not try to go any further.' I could see him up there, about one half or three quarters of a mile from me. I said. 'Wait till we get the guide so he can be with me.' So I went out there and sat down on the end of that [pile of logs] and take about fifteen minutes, see if the wind changed, and see what happened before I tried anything. Why, if the guide didn't come, I was going to go up and try it myself. Well, I just about sat down on the logs and the guide began to jump up and down and wave his hat and holler; they were half a mile down the hill there with my partner. And I looked back up yonder with my glasses there, and I looked back at that ole roan. He was all right; wasn't nothing movin' him at all. He was just feeding unconcerned. Then a big bear that had come up here raised up there on those logs with a foot up there on each side of my neck, right here. Sat right there and smelled of me; I could smell his breath so strong. They were trying to attract his attention down there, the boys. But he wasn't payin' a bit of attention. Finally, he got down and got up there and went right up—right out—there about a hundred yards, I guess.

And here came the guide just as hard as he could tear. Told me when he got up there, 'Right out there,' and right out there was a big old black bear. So I swung my ole gun around and popped him right there. One shot and I killed him dead. They thought I was a goner. He could have slapped me one lick there, and that's all there was to it."

Mr. Bellinger's great-grandson has one of his bearskins. "He's really taken with that old bear. I don't know if he'll ever get to go bear hunting or not, but he might."

We hope so.

The old Bellinger Scale

L[4] In the old days groceries were quite simple—not nearly so much canned stuff, no fresh stuff to speak of—in the little towns, especially. Kees went by a grocery store uptown and saw a banana. It'd been a long time since he'd seen a banana so he bought it and ate it, and then threw the peeling on the ground and walked on. Then he said, "Oops, maybe I'll take that home."

Wasson asked why.

"I'm going to take it home and show my wife— she's never seen a banana!"

— Hiram Groves

Lebanon

"It was really exciting!"

"I went back to Duluth, Minnesota, to stay with my aunt and uncle during the winter of 1908 and 1909. I was going down to the YMCA building, and just as I got in front of the fire station, the alarm sounded. The doors opened up, three horses ran out of their stalls and took their places right in front of the fire engine. Then the harness was dropped on them. One man jumped up into the seat and another one ran around in front of the horses and snapped the hames together. He then crawled up onto the seat with the other guy. One fella on the back end, he started the fire in the engine and the smoke poured out of that thing just as it rolled out of the door of the station. The horses were just as anxious to go as the men were. I don't think they were over one minute getting out of there." Mr. Smith has always wondered how they got the bridle on the horses so fast. "It was really exciting!" He found it so exciting, in fact, that when Mr. Smith returned to Lebanon he joined the Volunteer Fire Department in 1916. And now at 84, as the oldest volunteer fireman in Oregon, Mr. Smith still finds fire fighting thrilling.

Lebanon's Fire Department was strictly volunteer in the beginning. "There were no paid firemen, except we got fifty cents for attending a fire and fifty cents for every meeting we attended," said Mr. Smith. "I have my first paycheck at home. It was for 75c for the months of September, October and November. At that time we were only getting 25c for each fire and 25c for each meeting we attended. Now we get three dollars for every fire, drill, or meeting we attend."

Back in 1916 there were only about twenty men in the department. "We had three hand-drawn hose carts and a hook and ladder wagon; it was hand drawn, too. We had four or five ladders." The men wore leather helmets and "those old black slickers!... Now the coats they have are fire resistant and they have heavy liners on the insides. And the turnout suits that they wear now all have liners in them."

Mr. Smith said then the volunteers were alerted to a fire "by the fire bell on Main Street. It was up on a tower about sixty feet high...It was located down about where Montgomery Ward is now....At night, well, usually the night watchman rang it, but if the man who discovered the fire would get out there first, why he'd ring it regardless of whether he was a fireman or not. Now it is standing outside of the new fire hall." When we asked Mr. Smith how he is notified today about a fire he replied, "Each fireman has a plectron in his home or his place of business. They call us on the plectron and tell us where the fire is. Then some of them go to the station."

Albert Smith fighting the Eli Opal grass fire, 1957, and playing today, at 84

Mr. Smith remembers an early blaze he battled. "We were called to Brownsville one time and all we had was a hose that you put into the back of the cars. And they lost two blocks over there, buildings and so on. And they had very poor water pressure, practically none. One of the power poles over there got on fire and one of the fellas tried to climb to the pole and turn the water on; when he got up there, the water quit running out of the hose. The higher he went the less water came out, so you can see what kind of pressure they had. But nobody got hurt. They called Albany and Corvallis both on that fire — and Lebanon.

"The largest fire we ever had was when our cannery burned on Third and Oak Streets to the middle of the block. The cannery was an 'L'. It fired with shavings and hog fuel. This happened in 1928, in July, I believe. It was a hot day, about 97 degrees that day the fire started. The boiler house was separate from the cannery. They had to have a twenty-foot space there. It was kind of a fireguard so when that thing took off, since the cannery had a paper roof, the fire reached right up across the top of it....The fruit in those cans would just explode and some of them would go up fifty to seventy feet in the air. It was awful!" The cannery was completely destroyed.

"It was a very big honor to be on the fire department"

To learn more about the history of the Lebanon Fire Department, we talked to Captain Dan Wilkerson. Because he knew so much about the department's history, and because he was so willing to help us, most of our story is told in Captain Wilkerson's words. As he talked, his enthusiasm for the department's history enveloped us.

When the department was first organized in 1884, it was dependent upon volunteer help because it was a private organization not sponsored by the city. "To join the department you had to make an application and be voted in. You had to pay, I think, five dollars to join, then 25c or 50c to belong to it....It was a very big honor to be on the fire department. A fire fighter was exempt from military service. He was exempt from jury duty. He was exempt from poll taxes, from most taxes. So then he could afford to pay."

Just after 1900, the department began paying the volunteers for drills, training sessions, and fires. It was only a small allowance, but they were getting paid. There was only one company in Lebanon, of course, but in larger cities, Captain Wilkerson explained, the payment created rivalry between different companies. "In bigger towns, if fire fighters had a hand pumper, they used to compete to get to the fire. They would hire box boys, as they called them, to hide the hydrants, then sit and guard them. If the first fire fighter wasn't from the company paying him [the box boy], when he asked where the nearest hydrant was, [the boy would] tell him it was on the next block. They would hurry on up the next block or two while the first company used the hydrant.

"There used to be big fights in the intersection to see which company could get through first. The rivalry got to be so great between these volunteer companies that people weren't fighting the fires, they were fighting each other. And it wasn't uncommon at all to see a knockdown drag-out while the building was burning down. That's how the transition was made from volunteer to paid departments." Although Lebanon was not directly involved, the town did benefit from this competition because the fire department began hiring paid employees to do the volunteers' jobs. In this manner, most all-volunteer fire departments became a part of the past, and fire fighting has became a full-time profession.

"Shortly after its formation in 1884," Captain Wilkerson told us, "the Lebanon Engine Company No. 1 made a special order for its bell. The bell was shipped around Cape Horn to Portland and then brought to Lebanon by wagon. The department needed the bell to call volunteer fire fighters to fires and meetings. But the bell was replaced by a siren in the late 1930's or early 1940's. For several years the bell was stored and used occasionally by high school students as a victory bell. In 1973 the fire department got it back. And today, except when used in parades, it hangs in front of the fire station."

Today one of the sirens is located on the roof of City Hall and the other is on Rose Street, between Main and Second Streets. But these sirens were not always used solely for fires. Years ago, Lebanon used them to announce the lunch hour. The Captain said today the police sound the City Hall siren "to let our people downtown, and the citizens, know there is a fire and there will be trucks coming through."

When the department was still in its early stages it had no fire hall—only three buildings big enough to roll a hose cart into, and no hydrants—only three cisterns they drew water out of.

According to Captain Wilkerson, early fire department vehicles were not motorized. "We've recovered one of the old hand-drawn hose carts. I believe one of them was purchased right around 1890." A hose cart resembles a large spool between two big wagon wheels and has about two hundred feet of hose wrapped around its middle. Fire fighters pulled it by hand to the fire. All other vehicles were purchased after 1900.

"The 1917 International was the first piece of motorized apparatus and was purchased in 1923—that was the earliest title that we ever recorded on it for the city." This truck was a bread van in Portland and a dairy truck in Lebanon before the fire department finally purchased it. "The department wound up buying it and converting it into a hose truck—hose wagon. They would draw water out of the cistrerns with a hand pumper, then lay the hose out of the wagons—that's how they fought fires."

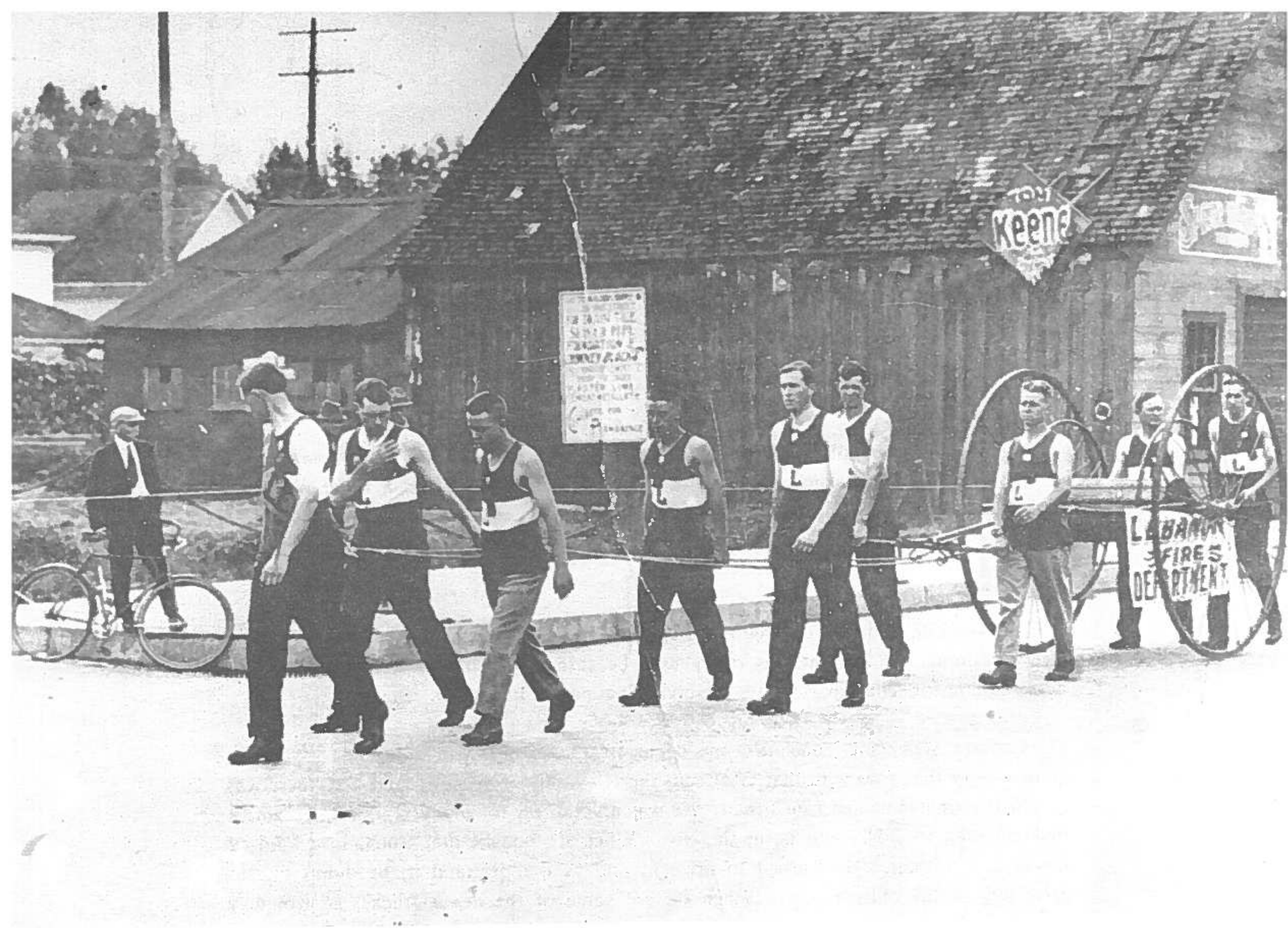
In the mid-1920's, the department bought the Chevy Baby Grand, its second motorized vehicle. "It was a chemical wagon—combination chemical and hose wagon. It contained a mixture of soda and acid put under a pressure system. They were fairly effective on small fires and flammable liquids also. We haven't been able to find out what happened to the old Baby Grand. We're still looking for it. We would like to locate it and restore it."

Before 1936 Lebanon fire fighters relied on hand pumpers. Captain Wilkerson described one. "It was four wagon wheels with a box on it that contained a water reservoir. Some of them had two big pumping handles on them. Anywhere from ten to fifty people would get on the handles of it and pump up and down to force the water out into the hose."

But in 1936, Lebanon ordered the Seagraves, the department's first pumper. Now on reserved status, the Seagraves is rarely used because it was not built to carry today's heavy equipment. The department is preserving it as part of its history.

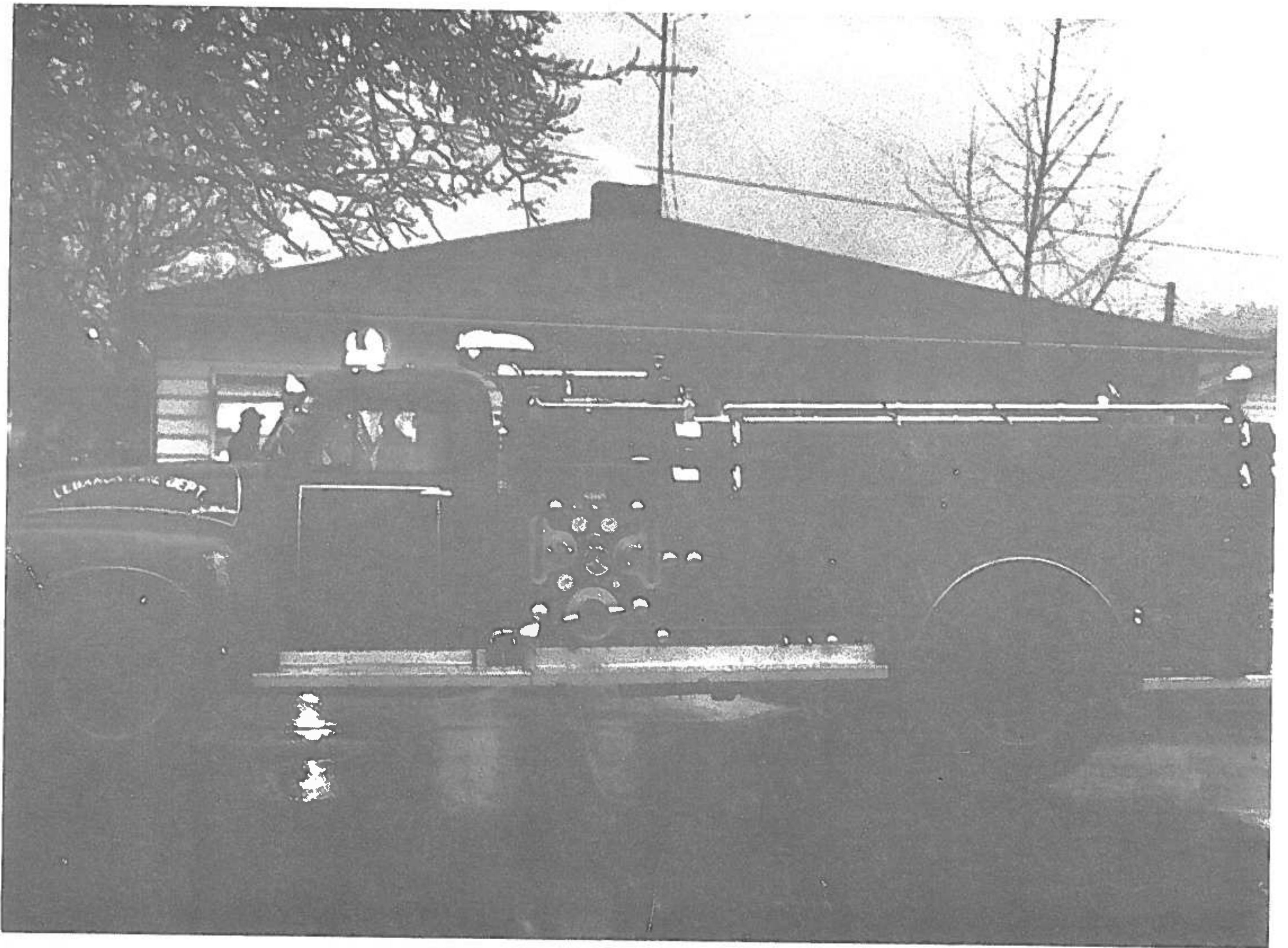
Captain Wilkerson concluded the department's history with a legend. "There's quite a story that goes with that GMC out there. Well, for years around here there was an old fire fighter named Lou Beach. He was a volunteer for many years and became a first aid man to work with us in the city. When we bought that truck, Lou kind of fell in love with it. He learned to drive it, and as I understand it, he didn't like to drive any of the older trucks. When we got some of the newer trucks, he wouldn't

Mervin Gilson, Max Millsap, Chief R. L. Gilson, and the 1919 Chevy Baby Grand



Lebanon fire fighters at the Willamette Valley Firemen's Tournament, 1916

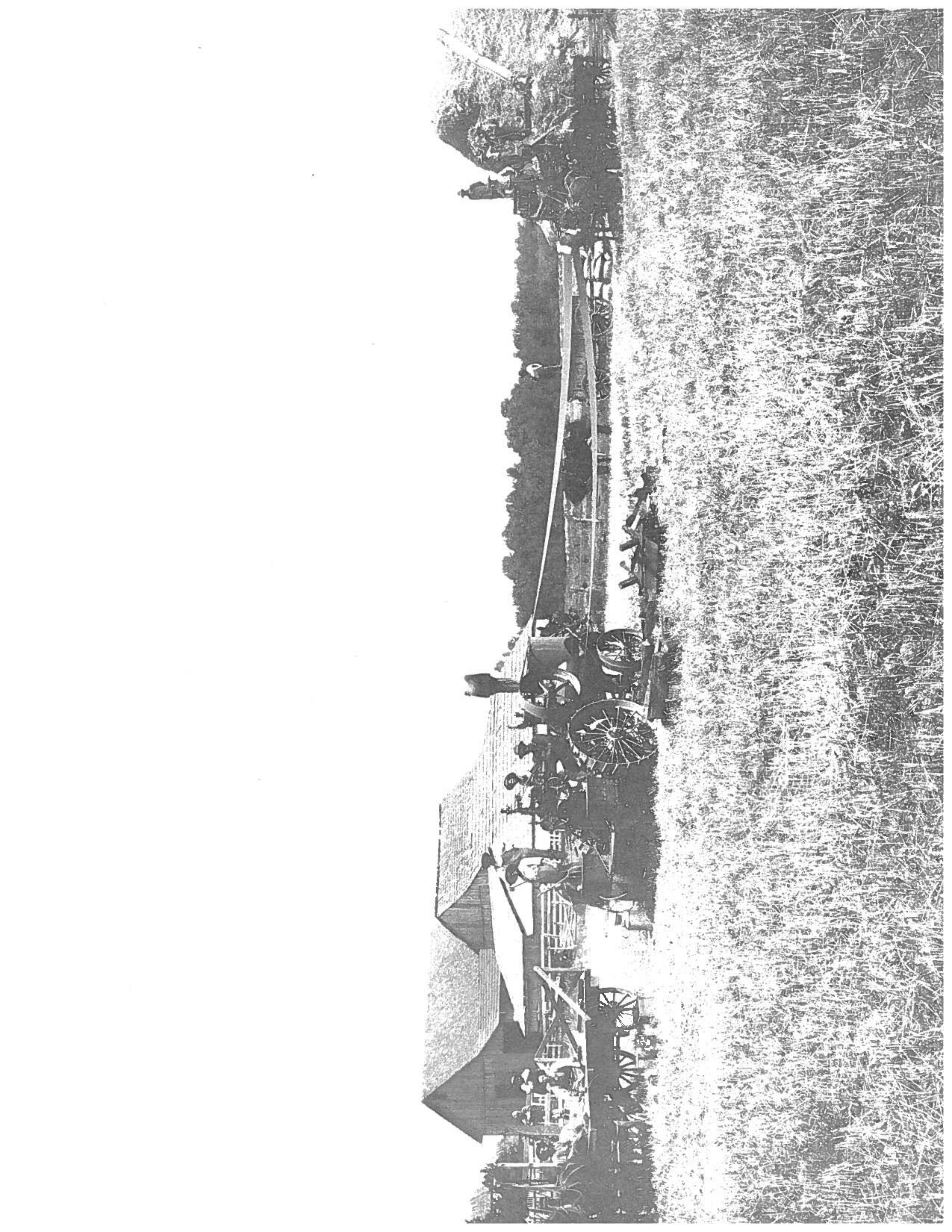
drive them. So for several years he drove the GMC. Then the guys that knew him had a lot of stories about him driving that particular truck and having a sexless love affair with it. He died several years ago, but before we moved out of the old station, there were several instances where the ghost of Lou Beach hung around the station. Firefighters aren't particularly superstitious, but strange things happened around there that there were no explanations for. We had upstairs living quarters and could hear something coming upstairs. When we looked, nothing was there. Doors would open and close. We blamed the wind, but it happened on still summer nights. Some other really weird things happened. Windows opened; things would move or be moved...It spooked a lot of people. I think the clincher of it was one night when we went upstairs. The truck was parked against the wall where it belonged. When we went downstairs about an hour later, it had moved the entire length of the engine room, and it couldn't have rolled."



Lou Beach's Truck

L[4] When we lived out east of town on what is now Langham Lane, Grandpa had a running feud with an old pheasant. Nearly every day Grandpa would "track that bird." But one way or the other "the bird would out-maneuver me every time. Yes sir, I even found his roost." Grandpa would sit and watch and wait, "and that old pheasant would stick his head out of the berry branbles and hoot at me, then take off!" The friendly rivalry almost ended one day, because Gramps just happened to have his gun handy when old Mr. Pheasant was teasing him. The bird flew right past the house and Grandpa let him have it, only he missed the pheasant and got the side of the garage. Grandpa laughed as he told me how mad that old guy made him. But I think he's pretty glad he shot the garage instead."

—Patty Mills



"We got by all right."

"There was a fellow that had a farm out there. He had this thrashing machine and he'd thrash all around in this country. We went from place to place, all down through the valley there." As he explained, Casper Bilyeu showed us an old photo of a thrashing operation. "That was along about 1912 or 1913, some place like that. They didn't do it like they do now. They never had combines; they'd bind it—they had binders—and that grain was bound in shocks. They'd go out in wagons and haul that in and pitch it into a thrashing machine. There'd be two guys up here on that separator. They'd pitch it up here, you know, in the separator. Nobody's working there now [in the picture]. Then they had them blowers to blow the straw back in. The grain would go just about down on the side of this sack, on the other side of these chutes. That [conveyor belt] runs it. That's power off the engine, steam engine, fired with wood.

"I think I was hauling bundles with the team and wagon. Oh boy, that was daylight to dark, too. They'd get up early; they worked long hours on them old jobs. It's not like it is now when them fellas sit up in these combines with an [air-conditioned] cab and drive around the field. Boy, we had to get out and work, I'll tell you. It was a bad habit. We'd get started early and we'd work till dark. We had a cook shack along with us...and had a woman that done the cookin'. The cook shack was on the wagon and had seats on each side. She was inside of it and she'd set our dinner out to us—all on the table—all on that platform on the wagon.

"We stayed around the straw stack. Everybody had his bunk and they'd flop down around the straw stack for the night. Well, it was just about like it is now. It was just about this time of year—a little later—when we was harvesting out there. I think it was in August. We hardly ever had any rain that bothered us. But they'd sure play a lot of jokes on the guys every now and then. You know you'd have your beds all throwed down around that straw stack, (then) some fellas would get into 'em and mix 'em all up. And if that wasn't a mess trying to get your bed fixed up, especially in the dark. Ya never had no lights, you know. They was always playin' tricks on ya, and things like that.

"We never did get any money when we was you kids' ages. Gosh, we worked for nothing! If you worked at all you'd get a dollar a day. When I worked on that section crew I think we got a dollar and a half a day. That was before the war, too [World War I]. We worked on a section of the railroad track. We worked on the line from Lebanon clear down to Shelton. That was the Southern Pacific. It still is the Southern Pacific. It was awful hard work, I'll tell ya. You know, tampin' them ole ties with a shovel. (We) filled in under the track—raised the track. Wherever it went down we'd have to raise it up and level it and then tamp gravel under them ties. That was the deal. This was awful wet down through here most of the year and everything 'ld sink down and we'd

Cap (far left) on a Southern Pacific section crew

have to go over it every day. Same ole thing. Whenever there was a hole in the track, why we'd have to fill it up. We was just a bunch of kids—didn't have nothin' else to do and that was the biggest payin' job you could get them days. Kids nowadays makin' $8 an hour, gosh they don't know what it's like to have to work like we did for nothing. It wasn't the work—it was just that you didn't get nothing out of it after you did it."

In 1917, Cap Bilyeu enlisted in the army. "...We had to fill up the National Guard. There were only 150 in a company at that time...and we had to fill 'em up to 250. So they sent out for us guys—anybody that had a uniform and wanted to enlist. And so I got my uniform the night before that order come along and told them that I wanted to go....And we was on our way and we never had no training or nothin'. That was crazy, you know. We never did drilling or nothin'. We didn't know anything." After being "just an ole doughboy carrying a Springfield rifle clear into France and back out" Casper returned to farming in the Pacific Northwest.

"Then along in the '30's I was working at the sawmill for fifty cents an hour. Boy, I'd get up at four in the morning, go down and build a fire and then come back and get my breakfast and then go back and work all day. I didn't get paid for that extra time either. It was just expected you'd do it. But didn't nobody have any money.

"I went up here a-fallin' timber one time and I and another fellow, we'd get a check. He [the boss] would give us a check all right but nobody wanted to cash it. We'd have to hunt all over the country to find somebody that didn't know him to get that check cashed."

And during the Depression, "I worked for the county part of the time. I worked in the sawmills, I worked in the woods—but you never got anything out of it. It'd just be a summer job. Even fallin' timber—why it'd just be in the summertime. In the winter they'd close down everything."

Mr. Bilyeu also told us he worked at the log pond. "That's the only time I ever made any money workin' out....At that time I think it was in '43, I started workin' down there. I worked there about a year before we moved up here. Oh, we got paid, but it was such a little amount you never even noticed it. If you could live you was lucky."

Wages varied from town to town. Higher wages brought Cap into Lebanon. "I got a job here before I ever moved up here. When Power and Davis started this sawmill down here—I landed it. We'd been workin' for Lardin and Hart in Albany, and they didn't pay us anything. They were payin' six bits an hour down here so I come up here. But now they're payin' 'em—for the same job—about eight dollars and a half. You can see how different it's been.

Power-Davis Sawmill

"You know things never changed much at that time. It's just been in the last few years that things have really changed in this country. When we was kids it never did change much till after the Second World War. Prices was no good; everybody was starving to death. And they never changed much till in the '40's. Everybody was out of work and nobody had anyplace to go. I was lucky though—my folks had a farm out here and we could eat off that.

"I bought a house out there that I lived in, but when we'd run out of anything to eat we'd go up on the ranch; I had some awful good neighbors. Coley Gaines, he was an old-time sheriff here, and he had a big farm out there and he'd kill a beef. They wasn't worth over $10 a head—a good beef—and he'd butcher one and bring it down there and pass it out to us fellows, a sackfull at a time. I'd go up and help him kill a beef and we'd strap it out. That was along in the '30's and the '40's. It was pretty good for us people—we got by all right. We never done nothing—we didn't have nothing—we just sit there—we didn't have any money. We'd work for Coley Gaines part of the time, up on his farm. We'd get wood and water and then get a beef every once in awhile. One time he said, 'Come up here and bring your gun—come up, I want to kill a beef; I'll give you some of the liver.' Had a whole homemade flax sack pretty near full of meat! That just about lasted us all winter. Cannin' it was the only way you had of keeping it them days. We never had any refrigerator until we moved up here."

Cap has had some hard times but there were also happy times. One of these times is when he would talk with his grandmother. He loved listening to her stories. "I used to sit and talk to her a lot....I wish I would've wrote down a lot of the things she told me. She came from Missouri and she said she walked every step of the way. Course they just had ox teams, ya know, and they'd only make ten to fifteen miles a day. She said she'd get up and get breakfast and clean up the dishes and start on ahead, and she was able to walk every step of the way. She had two boys at that time. These kids, I guess, would walk with her a lot of the time. But she was telling me when they was comin' up over the Rocky Mountains, they had, I guess, almost just straight lift where they had to double up their teams. They had six oxen on their wagon, but they'd have to put [on] a whole string of 'em and just list those wagons straight up. She said one time she was a foolin' around up there and she found a ram's horn. I'll never forget her telling me. She'd tell me about it several times. She said that she stood that up on the end and it was higher than her head. I remember the kids said, 'Well, Grandma, why didn't you bring that home with you?'

'We'd a had to load it,' she said.

"Well, my great-granddaddy, he arrived here ahead of them in '43. And...he lived in Salem and he had land all staked out up there in that country for 'em all to settle.... They [my grandmother and grandfather] took one look at that and they didn't want

Cap Bilyeu's indomitable grandmother

it. They had to go up to the mountains, you know, where they could have food and water and wood.

"She [my grandmother] was a hard worker—she'd get up and get breakfast every mornin' of the world, darn near right up to the time she died. She worked hard all her life on that farm. They had 620 acres, right there in that valley. Then they bought quite a lot of land around it. And they had a big barn, a big ranch up there. But they never really made anything out of that farm at that time. Well, all the time she lived, they only accumulated a little. They traded their yoke o' oxen one time for 160 acres of land. They had to live off of the land cause they had to go clear to Oregon City...for supplies. They said it would just take 'em a month to go down and back. There was a grist mill there and they'd take the grain down there and have it ground and buy what little supplies they could afford, I guess."

When Cap grew up in Crabtree country, "We'd come to Lebanon to get most of our supplies. But there was no roads in them days...I guess Main Street was the first one that was paved in Lebanon. You know, I've seen teams mire down right in the streets of Lebanon back...in 1909. We'd just ride horses into town. They had a blacksmith shop that was right down there on Main Street and I've seen wagons just mire down right there on Main Street right in front of it."

When Cap told us he as born in '92, we asked him how he stayed so young. "Well, so far I've been pretty lucky, I guess."

We hope that luck holds.

Cap and Irma Bilyeu's wedding picture, 1923

"We'd help each other."

"I was born at Scotts Mills, Oregon, and that's out of Silverton, oh probably eight miles," Irma Bilyeu began. "An' I was born in the same house that my mother was born in I was born in 1904." In those days the man of the family provided for the rest of the family. "My mother never thought of us going out and picking things to make money. We just did without—what Dad couldn't provide, we just did without."

But in her late teens, Irma was allowed to "work out." "When we moved back to Washington on a dairy farm, our neighbors up on the Brakes Deschutes [River] wanted me [to work]. I was 17 at the time, an' they always hired girls at the ranch to work for them. So I went up there in January and my husband Cap came up there to work too, and that's how we met. We were married in June. Then we worked at ranches all around until, oh, let's see—our first daughter was two and half."

While her three children were little, Irma worked part time as a chambermaid, salad maker, and field hand. She and Cap lived in several towns in Washington and Oregon before settling in Lebanon. "I went to work for the plywood plant in '44. Well, necessity is a pretty good teacher...when you haven't got any money. I never seen Cap, only once a week cause he'd be gone when I'd come home [from work], an' then I'd be gone when he come home. After I went to work swing shift, why I'd try to fix supper before I left. Then Joanne and him 'ld warm it up. I'd make a casserole or somethin'. And that's when I didn't see him only once a week cause he'd go in the morning and I'd be gone when he come home.

Irma resting on grain sacks, 1923

"I worked four years on swing shift and then I got to days. Took that long then to get to days. Pretty near somebody had to die before you'd get to days. It went by seniority system—still does. Then I worked all the rest of the time on days. I think when I went to work there we got 90c an hour, I believe. Now they're gettin' like $7-$8 an hour. I guess our 90c probably bought as much then as $6 or $7 an hour buys now. I worked there until '65." She showed us a beautiful gold watch and said, "I hadn't been there twenty-five years but they gave it to me anyway. So you know I did for twenty-one years till I couldn't take it anymore. I quit when I was 60 instead

of stayin'. They gave everybody at the time, I don't know if they still do or not, a watch when they retired. Of course, they have a big pension now, but when I left I got $31 a month. The ones that worked all the time, they got big pensions up there. The lumber company pays for it, an' the longer you work the more you get.

"I can't tell you the whole [plywood] process because [it's so complicated. Wood is] peeled off the logs, and then it goes through a dryer, and then it's cut into different grades. [Using a defect cutter] we cut knots [and pitch streaks] out and it made holes. They either had round patches or they had patches that were oblong with sharp points and those were cut out on a different machine. And then our loads went to the patchers. And they put these patches—the patches were sprayed with a glue that dried. And when they put it in a hole and put it under their hot plate, why that melted the glue an' it stuck these patches in. But if you was lucky enough that your patches fit all day, you was lucky.

"The machine that cut the hole had a little gadget up at the top and you set them. You made a test pattern, see, and fitted with the patches that they were runnin' on the patch machine, and every so often you had to make these test patterns—go down to the patcher an' see if your patches fit. And sometimes it was just impossible, I tell you. You'd work all day to get 'em to fit right. Other days we'd work all day without any trouble.

"Anyway that's what I did most of the time. I patched when I first went there. And then I got promoted—and went to the defect cutter." This promotion increased Irma's pay a nickel an hour.

Eventually Raimann machines did the cutting and patching. "Then I went over to the Raimann machines—those things were kind of complicated. They had a rack and you put in your long patch strips, a whole stack of them, and as you cut your hole, this patch strip went in there and cut out your patch an' shoved it down into the hole an' you didn't have any glue then. It just fit tight in the board.- And you didn't have any trouble much, unless you got your hand pinched or something by cleaning it out."

When Irma first started working in the mill, much of the plywood was used for the war effort. "They put me over in the warehouse. And we was bundling a finished product. It was six foot long and I believe thirty inches wide. It was for caskets....And we put it in, so many in a bundle...and they were shipped overseas for caskets for soldiers." Then Irma added sardonically, "Real nice, cheerful job!

"And they made boxes to ship stuff across the seas in....It was federally regulated. You could only have so many patches in a square foot. An' they'd give you a board that had...gee, a lot of knots in it. You had to pick out the big knots that you could cut

out and the ones that were the right size...[they] could be left. But you couldn't cut only so many patches in a square foot; I think maybe it was four. Crating was what they called it. After the war, of course, they quit making them."

During the war, most of the mill workers were women. It was rumored mill work was easy, but the following story contradicts that. "It was hot weather—awfully hot weather—and there was so much report that we didn't do anything up there, you know. That it was such a easy job. And there was two beautiful girls come down from Sweet Home. And it was beastly hot in there. They put them to patchin'. They had long hair—oh, one of 'em had the most beautiful hair clear below her waist. Come in there with that long hair. That was on swing shift and that was the hottest shift there was, you know, because it started at 4:00 in the evening and we ate lunch at 8. At 8:00 they disappeared. The whistle blew and the gals never came back to their machines. That ended their little plywood stint.

"Along toward the time they built that battery plant, they didn't let the women join the union. And when the battery plant started, then all those [mill] women that were not in a union were moved over there and that was easier work. And...the reason they kept [some of] the women in [the mill] so long was because they couldn't do anything about it—they belonged to the union. But the women really did as much work as the men. In fact, a lot of them did more work than the men. I was well-treated. I did my work. When I went in there, I went in there expectin' to work and so...it never hurt me any when I got sent to the dryer...I never had any trouble. Oh, I could push a heavy cart loaded with panels just as high as you could reach. But then most of the time if some of the guys seen ya pushin' it an' they liked ya, they'd help ya....We'd help each other."

Cap and Irma Bilyeu today

This bridge is a twin to Gilkey in construction except for being two years younger. Unfortunately it is destined for replacement in the near future. In season this bridge bears more traffic from swallows than automobiles.

Location:	Kelly Rd. West of Scio. C. R. No. 622, Sec. 21 T. 10 S. R. 2 W.
Built:	1937
Dimensions:	18' x 120'
Spans:	Thomas Creek

[Weddle]

"Ahead of the times..."

Each of our interviewees was certainly unique, and Hiram Groves was no exception. After collecting all our interviewing paraphernalia into one organized heap, we prepared to walk to Mr. Groves' home. Just then a self-confident and stately man came in to our office, asking directions to our project. He found us and we found him to be Hiram Groves; our entire crew settled around a table to hear his impressions of early Lebanon.

"My mother and some of the older children had been out here before, and she liked it. Father had farmed there [in Missouri] quite a number of years. His health wasn't too good so they thought they'd like the climate out here and the country. So...we came by train and packed our food. In those days you didn't buy your lunches on the train. Course not many people ride trains now so they don't know whether they do or not. Later there were dining cars.

"I was just a boy at the time I came from Missouri. We moved out onto a farm about three miles north of town." He told us what was raised. "Grain—mostly. It was diversified. We raised stock, too, and hogs. We had a big orchard." Then he went on with his childhood. "I was nine years old when I came to Lebanon and I lived in town for a number of years. We moved out onto the farm again in 1917. I was in high school at that time so most of my affiliation was with the activities in town. The town was more associated with us than the country was."

When asked about those activities, he replied, "Oh, we had athletic events the same as you have now. I remember once though—one year when I was in high school, that we didn't have a basketball team. You would think it was terrible if a year would go by now and you didn't have a basketball team. But one year we just had an independent team. They didn't have a coach, I guess. So we had a teacher here by the name of Young. He organized a group of students and we travelled around to Albany, Scio, and Sweet Home—played basketball. But not authorized by the school. We had to do it on our own."

Right after high school, Hi attended college at Oregon State University where he majored in pharmacy. "I'd worked in drugstores here while I went to high school. Once I stayed with a family down Grant Street—boarded there—and I worked in a drugstore. There was an undertaking parlor run by the hardware store. The undertaker stayed at the same place I did, and I used to go up with him at night and work with him."

After working two years as a pharmacist, Mr. Groves took up his father-in-law's hardware store. "Well, my wife's father was a partner in the hardware business.

The hardware store around the turn of the century

After his death I bought the other shares and operated the hardware store." But Hi does have an honorary lifetime license as a pharmacist.

During that lifetime Hi has observed many changes in the town. "We got here in 1912 and the next year they paved Main Street. Before that it was a dirt and gravel street and several times a year they would grade it. They kept it quite smooth. Where you have crossings now, they had what we called crosswalks. They were about five feet wide and about one foot above the street. So in the winter time it kept 'em up out of the mud."

And would the cars go right over them, we asked. "Well, very few cars in those days—about four." And what about the wagons? "They travelled slowly. The sides sloped out so it wasn't so abrupt. They went slowly anyhow. In the winter time it would get quite muddy, and I remember if a person'd try to trot his team between the crosswalks it would splash mud up on the store windows.

"It was quite common in the old days that a store be generalized. So our store had hardware and housewares, implements, and also buggies and wagons and carriages were quite common in those days. But everybody drove horses; there was only a few cars. And so there was a whole room from the Main Street to the alley, full of nothing but buggies and carriages. That'd be an unusual sight now, wouldn't it?

"Well, in the old days the stores were not as modernized; of course nothing was. Streets and building and homes and everything are nicer now than they were at that time. In those days the hotels were operating. In fact, when I came here, there were three hotels. They had the Cottage Hotel and the old St. Frances Hotel and the Lebanon Hotel. At that time travelling salesmen would come in by train or hire a delivery buggy and bring in their trunks and open displays of their merchandise in the hotels. Merchants would go in there and choose their fall merchandise or spring merchandise. It was different. Then later the salesmen came by in their cars and came every week.

"Take the way the merchandise was displayed—far different now than it was in those days. It was common to have merchandise hanging from your ceiling beams on hooks and so forth. The merchandise itself was different. There was more work clothing—boots and heavy coats. And in the hardware store, wood stoves and wood ranges, washtubs, broilers, washboards—all that was part of our merchandise. Of course, you couldn't visualize being without electric ranges, electric refrigerators. In those days it was ice boxes, and no electric ranges. The first electric range that came into town was owned by a Mrs. Stanley Stewart whose husband was the power company manager. That was quite the talk of the town. Now everything is electric; toasters and percolators, and at that time—none of that!"

If you were a farmer and wanted to sell your produce, "There was lots of dairying in those days. There were at one time five places in town that bought cream and produce, chickens and veal, calves—things you don't see being done now. Bohle's bought cream and for a while they bought veal. And then there was Scroggins—bought cream, and produce. Then we had a produce house where Montgomery Ward is now. They bought produce—veal and poultry—and sold it. You could go in there and buy a chicken or two for a Sunday dinner.

"And then in the community also, there were a number of small logging operations—a good many of 'em. I remember one time in the store there I had thirty-six logging accounts. Now they're all operated by the bigger outfits. The larger ones have taken them over. So it's the difference in the community and the way it's operated.

"Of course at that time we had the paper mill. That'd been the stabilizer for the whole community....Originally the paper mill used straw for paper. The farmers hauled it in their wagons. That was just before my day here, but I worked for some farmers who had hauled hay to the mill. The road that led to the mill would be filled with farmers with their hay racks full of straw right after thrashing time, all waiting to get in there to dump. Just like log trucks wait for each other to dump at the mill ponds now."

Now they use wood because "Wood is more satisfactory for paper. It makes a stronger paper so they quit the straw. The paper mill used to float in cordwood. They made paper out of cordwood instead of taking logs in like they do now. People all up and down the river would cut this cordwood and stack it up. A lot of timber then. Then when high water came, they'd throw it in the river. It'd float down and they had a boom across the river which shunted into a canal and that was the paper mill canal. I've seen the canal and the river filled with cordwood as far up as the bridges."

Hi told us about his favorite swimming hole. "We swam at Carson's Grove, which was in the north part of town off of Wheeler Street. It used to be a grove and the paper mill owned it. It was quite a place for the children to play and roam.... There are homes there now. I know histories of some families. I've seen children grow up who have families and grandchildren now. Different things—events have happened. Countries change and so forth."

We think Hi has grown right along with them and is one step ahead of those changes.

L[4] Some of the older boys in one school district brought little glass jars to school—filled with moonshine.

They say that C. B. Montague, an important man in Lebanon's history, often went to the Sodaville Hotel: to sober up.

I was very disappointed to learn that Lebanon isn't the only place that has the world's largest strawberry shortcake. Texas is one of the contenders, but isn't that understandable?

—Doris Van Ettner

Tommy Sommers wore his leather pants until they got stiff with dirt. An old Indian saw him stand up after sitting around with the boys and said, "Tommy Sommers' pants all the time sittin' down!"

—Grace Coyle

This log cabin sat out here behind the yard gate and my mother said that there was an old Indian trail that came...by here and came right by Grandpa's log cabin. Of course he was real friendly with the Indians. My husband said when we first came here close to forty-five years ago, he could still see the depth of that Indian trail.

—Mrs. Otis Beard

Mr. Smith rode in the first airplane in Lebanon but his daughter was afraid to go. She is now a licensed pilot.

Mr. Bellinger once rode with the sheriff's posse. "I had more ridin' in my day than most folks'ld ever think about."

"We really just had a good time."

Ernie and Bonnie Caldwell have seen a lot of changes from their big white house on Second Street. "You could sit here at our dining room table there in the chair and see the gold cross on the top of the church spire and it made you want to—." Bonnie's words trailed off. "You look out the window and thank God you're alive, and then you see them come in and knock it down [St. Edward's Church]. Oh, that just made us sick. We sat here and almost cried when that big ball started knocking that steeple off. To me that was the landmark of Lebanon. It was what church personified."

Ernie and Bonnie have been involved in just about every organization in Lebanon. Besides being active in community and church functions, Ernie was principal of Queen Anne School for thirty-three years. "In the earlier times when I first came here, discipline in the elementary schools was not a problem. Oh, we had that bad boy once in a while or bad girl that didn't stay in line very well."

But when a discipline problem did arise, it was solved rather easily, as Bonnie explained. "He would have the youngsters bend over, and if there wasn't room in the office for all of them, they'd have to be lined up out in the hall. And he'd have them bend over and grab their ankles. He had a big wide paddle."

"I used to line them up and have my paddle and march them along."

The Caldwells shortly after their marriage in 1927

Bonnie continued, "What I've noticed is that it seemed then that the people in the town were more willing to stand behind the schools and their programs and their interests than they are now. It seems now, we're senior citizens—we're up in our seventies, and it seems that they will go and vote down budgets and go and vote against things for the schools when some of us paid taxes when their children were in school. And we feel that as long as we have the money to pay the taxes—it's hard on us too because we're on a set income—there are other people's children who need an education. And it makes me feel real bad to see some of these old people who have the money to pay the taxes that'll go and vote down the school budget and vote against things that will give a child an opportunity to have an education."

The Caldwells today

As an educator Ernie did "help set their goals high. And there's some students that have come back and thanked him for what he had done for them. That's so rewarding."

Another rewarding and memorable experience for the Caldwells was helping with the Strawberry Festival. "We spent five or six years as chaperones or hosts for the Strawberry Festival Court," Bonnie explained. "Each Court we just fell in love with and felt as if they were our own girls. And they'd come back and they'd come in here and sit down and take off their shoes and lay on the floor and just relax. And they were just like our own children. In fact, we bought a new '59 Ford station wagon so we could all go together, cause they all felt bad if they didn't ride with us. We really just had a good time."

Bonnie shared some more of the past. "We used to do lots of things. We used to have minstrel shows over here in the gymnasium at the old high school. And the townspeople, business people and doctors and dentists and school teachers and anyone who could sing or act or do anything, would have minstrel shows and maybe they'd put them in three and four nights and make hundreds of dollars....It was all local talent—all local people did it. But everybody took an interest in their own community and were willing to give of themselves.

"We had some real good talent," Ernie added. "I recall that we put that minstrel show on two nights and our returns at the gate amounted to $1275—something like that—from just seating. I think we charged probably $1 or something like that for admission. I recall that Jerry Hewlett, who was a druggist in town, was the interlocutor in

the minstrel show and of course had a couple end men, you know. I don't suppose you've ever been in a minstrel, but they have a particular form, a pattern, that they operate in. It was a very successful enterprise. They spent all that money on equipment for the schools."

"On his 25th anniversary they had a surprise party for him; kind of a 'This is your life' bit, that they did over at Queen Anne after he'd been there 25 years. It was real memorable."

"Queen Anne P.T.A. sponsored it. They had a real nice program and gave us a 25-year emblem. We still have it."

"That was the year that I was chosen 'Woman of the Year' for Lebanon in 1960, and they presented Ernie with a five-foot Queen Anne 'Man of the Year.' "

"He was principal when I met him years ago and he coached high school girls basketball and I was the second center on the team."

"I really made her jump," he laughed.

With a chuckle she added. "It was an interesting situation."

"I was out of high school a couple of years before we were married. We've spent fifty-one years together, so I guess it didn't work out too bad."

The Caldwells at Ernie's anniversary at Queen Anne

This bridge is by far the most popular of our bridges due to its excellent swimming spot and the fine park and picnic area provided here by the Linn County Parks Department. The Parks Department is also in the process of restoring the old waterwheel just downstream from the bridge. When completed it will add greatly to the nostalgia of this wayside park.

Location:	On C. R. No. 676 Sec. 7 T. 11 S. R. 1 E.
Built:	1939
Dimensions:	20' x 103'
Spans:	Crabtree Creek

[Larwood]

Endless toil but many rewards.

The harder you work, the more you'll enjoy the times you are resting. This seems to be the ideal of many of the older generation we visited. Most of their jobs were back-breaking and tedious, but for many it was all they knew from the day they were strong enough to carry that pail and fetch the water, till the day they could kick back in their rockers and recliners and reminisce. Our friend Ruth Lee, whose story notably portrays this generation, could retire but...

"We had a horse and buggy in the winter time. Due to bad roads, you couldn't drive anywhere with a car whatsoever. There was no way you could get your car out off the ground. We had a 1915 Model T Ford that we used in the summertime. My father's folks lived near Halsey and in the summertime we would go to see Grandma and the family about two or three times. In the winter time we made it for Thanksgiving with the horse and buggy—my mother and father, an older sister and a younger brother. We had just a one-seated buggy. My mother would hold the youngest child, my sister would sit between the folks, and then they'd wrap me up in a box to ride by the buggy wheel where they had the buggy whip stickin' up so they could spank the horses to get 'em to run.

"My folks were cropsharers; they farmed there on shares. We seldom had enough money to do any more than just have food. We raised our wheat and we'd take it over to Thompson's Flouring Mill over by Shedd and have it ground into flour. And I have gone with my father in the wagon to take the grain over and have it ground and watch 'em grind it. Then we'd bring our flour home. I was just little then. I was possibly in the first grade—hardly that.

Ruth Agnes Collins, age 7½ months, with six teeth

"And for our clothing, my mother's mother was a good seamstress and so was my mother's sister. They helped clothe us children; for Christmas they'd give us something to wear as gifts rather than toys. People had little so it seemed expensive to buy material; you could buy what they called calico, little checks, plaids and things like that. They didn't have these pretty bright colors because the older people didn't wear bright colors in those days. It was considered a little bit sinful to wear red.

Ruth's father Cleve and sister Claire Collins at home on the Denny Place about 1912

"I helped with all manners of the farm work, from feeding the horses and cows to milking the cows and teaching the little calves to drink out of the bucket. I was about five years old—too little to sit down on the little stool to milk—so I stood up. I thought that was great fun then, but I found out later when Dad turned the milking over to me it wasn't near so much fun. I had to go out to the barn in the night, after dark, with a little kerosene lantern and I was scared to death. I had an older sister and she and I would go out. And of course we could imagine we heard all kinds of weird little noises in that big ole barn.

"When we got older we picked cherries for all our money—cherries, strawberries, prunes. And that was for our neighbor's friends. We canned 'em. We canned day after day. Canned as high as sixty or seventy-five quarts a day. The money that we got paid for on our picking went to get our dental work done before school started and to buy our school supplies. That's all you'd get. You never could get enough to get clothes. So we relied on our dear relatives.

"In the winter time my father worked as a county road worker as a road grader man. He used his team of three horses to work on the road to keep it so people could get through with their wagons, horses and buggies. They pulled what they called a grader. It had levers on it and they'd slant certain ways so they could pick up so much dirt and pull it up to these big holes. They'd hope that the wagons wouldn't get down in them holes where it was soft until it firmed up. When he'd get home at night, we would see him coming with his lantern tied down to a couple of them horses. I was to meet him out at the barn and help him get the horses in the barn and unharnessed, fed and bedded down. That was my job, an' I was little—six or seven years old.

"One thing I done as a child was help take care of the younger children. I was next to the oldest. We had ten children, and two died at birth, in the family. My mother had a lot of work to do. Those days you had to wash on a board and dry your clothes in the house. Splitting wood—if we managed to get it, because sometimes Dad didn't get around to getting the wood. He was busy farming. Many times us kids would go and gather wood from that grove of trees out there on the Denny place. Pile it up and Dad would get the sled, bring it out there and we'd load it on the sled. Saw it up with a buzz saw.

"And in the winter time we had to fan out grain. When the grain grows you have oats and wheat that grow together. A lot of times you got more than just wheat. We had a machine about three or four feet wide and we poured this seed in the top. We had little racks that would catch the different-sized seeds, and then the main seed would come down through a trough. When we were real little we got to smooth it off down there and keep the bin from running over. When it got filled Dad would have us hold the sack while he poured the seed in. Some of it was just chaff. It was to be discarded or fed to the cattle. Some of it was like ryegrass or cheat seed or oats that went into another sack. Sometimes, for the grate of it, it would be ground for pig feed.

"My parents were hard-working farm people. And I learned to obey their command! On Sunday afternoon they would let us have company. The neighbor kids would come over, in the summertime especially, and we would play baseball. We'd have a whole barnyard full. Sometimes my dad would get out and play ball with us. When we got a little older we liked to play hide and seek—with partners.

"Another treat that we had in the summertime: we were to get so much work done on the farm, and then we were allowed to go to the Strawberry Fair for the day. We always got a new pair of shoes and by that night we had blisters on our feet. There was several years when the only time we got to Lebanon was for the Strawberry Fair. We lived only three miles from town, but that's how much going we did. I thought at the time they [my parents] were very, very rough on me—that they made us stay home and work too much. But I have found, through my years, that was the best thing that ever happened to me. Dad had real strict rules for us to follow and we followed 'em real good. But we were pals; we knew what he said, he meant.

"The neighbors were so friendly and had time to do—time to play cards. We'd have card parties and dances for the older folks. Unless it was our home, we'd stay at home with the younger kids. If it was at our house, we'd get to stay up, watch them dance and play cards. They used to have oyster feeds quite often. We generally had oyster soup and oyster crackers. I suppose all the neighbors went together and paid for them.

"They helped each other plant and harvest their crop....If one would get behind on their work, the others would get in and help. I recall one year when we had a big snowstorm and one of the neighbors' barns was ready to collapse. They called all the others to come and help shovel snow off the barn so that the cattle wouldn't perish.

"When the grain was ready to cut, I ran the binder. It was called a binder then, but they would call it a combine now. But it was far from a combine. We had three horses to drive [it] and it would make bundles of grain. Then we would shock these bundles and that was our summer work cut out for us. We worked when it was 100-105 degrees in the shade, and we didn't have any shade unless we would get underneath the shocks of grain. I was 9, 10, 11, 12 and on up. That's why I like to work now. I'm past retirement age but nevertheless...

"When I was in about the third grade our neighbors, the M. J. McCormicks, needed some help because some of the family had taken critically ill. They didn't know what was wrong with them. They had one son that worked away from home and come home on leave from his job for a while. He was very ill so my dad went over to do some of the chores and try to help take care of him. Within two weeks my dad was down sick and he was deathly sick! Then the doctor came out and said you have smallpox. Smallpox—you were quarantined in those days. Between the McCormicks and us we could associate. It seemed like that we were quarantined for months because there were four children of us at that time and smallpox takes twenty-one days to catch from the other one. Every twenty-one days one of 'em was taken down with smallpox. They all took their turns. I had it least of any. I think I had a dozen spots on my tummy, but I had a brother that was critically ill. It seemed like there was enough of us to get well to keep the household going and take care of the ill ones. It was only through friends and neighbors that we could get food brought to us. Our money had to be fumigated before it was ever handed out of the house. And I can't remember how they fumigated that—whether they put it in Lysol water or what. But then before they raised the quarantine we had to fumigate the whole house. We had to move out into the barn for one whole day and use formaldehyde candles in each corner of every room of the house to kill the smallpox germ. And luckily no one in our community got smallpox—only the two families of us.

"I first lived on my own during the Depression in 1931. I got a job at Whitman's boarding house. I cooked for about fifteen people and kept house for them with the exception they had a lady come in and do the laundry. Then I married in May of 1932. In them days you moved where the job was. It was the lumber camp at that time and sawmill work. So we moved from sawmill camp to sawmill camp for all the years we were married.

Ruth Lee

"In 1943 my husband got cancer and died after a lingering illness. My children were six, eight, and ten, so to support myself I started to work at the plywood plant. When they went on strike, it was months and months, so I had to find something else to do. I got into the dry cleaning business. Just worked in dry cleaning on the wool presser. One of the big joys was when I got out of there because it got so hot during the summer. We worked in 160 degree heat all day.

"I managed. I never had to go on welfare. I was very determined to make a go of it. My family didn't have the best of clothes. They had an average living like anyone else in those days. We had a car; we managed a vacation to the coast or to a relative once a year. Then when the children got old enough, they picked berries and beans. They made money enough to buy their own school clothes and supplies. When the oldest boy was about 11 years old, a neighbor hired him to run the tractor and he made bigger wages than I did. I give the Mennonite folks in the Tallman community a great lot of credit for helping me raise my boys. They generally saw that they had a job in the summertime so at least they wasn't running wild. And that helped me out tremendously. I worked here at the 88c Store for fourteen years. I had surgery and was unable to carry on that type of work, so when I recuperated enough I got the job as site manager for the nutrition program a year and a half ago.

"It's a great experience to grow up very, very poor and be able to work and then get in the middle class like most people. People have so much—if they had to go back and live like those of us in 1915-1935, they couldn't take it. If they had to carry water from the creek and heat the water on the stove, wash the clothes on a washboard, a lot of them would crack up. They just couldn't take it. I don't know if I could take it now or not. One thing about it, living on a farm you are taught to work. I have worked out a lot in my life due to the fact that I lost two husbands by death and I had three children to raise. I learned to work when I was young and it doesn't bother me. In fact, I dread the time when they say I absolutely have to retire. Because I don't like that word. I like to work. But you see, people who've never had to work—well, what do they know? How to figure out and do things?

"People are different now from the way they used to be. Now they are too busy to keep in contact. It takes every working hour of the day for them to make a living to keep their living standard equal to the average person. Even my children are so busy I seldom see them. Seems like they all go their own separate ways. Which is real sad.

"The most enjoyable part of my life was during the years I was married to John Lee. We had more freedom, less worries, more time to go places and enjoy ourselves.

"I think that's just about the story of my life. I think I've got a great future ahead of me if I can keep my health. I plan on keeping busy and traveling whenever I can."

We asked Ruth if she felt she had led a full life.

"Oh, in another thirty years—yes."

This bridge is about two miles downstream from Jordan Bridge and is just out of the narrow canyon. It is right near the old Thomas "Y" Store and service station which has been remodeled for a residence.

Location:	on C. R. No. 830, Sec. 8 T. 10 S. R. 1 E.
Built:	1936
Dimensions:	20' x 105'
Spans:	Thomas Creek

[Hannah]

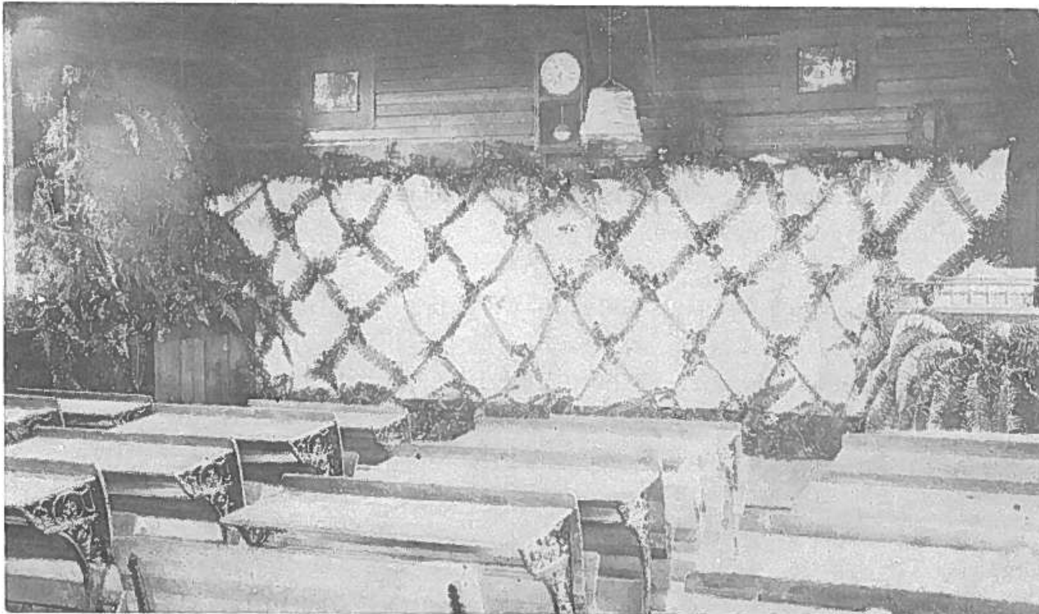
Fairview - Waterloo

"I've been here so long now that I'm a stranger."

For five generations, Ione Nelson's family has lived in Fairview. All except her grandparents were born here. "Four generations of my own family have gone to the Fairview School. My dad and mother and my brothers and I and my two children and, now, I have two grandchildren that go to Fairview. I taught in the old Fairview School, before they built the new one...the last year they used the old building. Now my son is teaching down there. When I first taught at Fairview, it was a one-room school, all eight grades.

"The discipline was easy; you didn't have near the discipline problems when you have children all the same age. Because when you have them all the same age, they all want the same thing at the same time. And in the eight grades, why, the older kids were just like mothers. They'd take over and help the little kids and, well, we had the big, wide seats, and two sat in a seat. Sometimes we'd have an eighth grade girl sitting with a first-grade child, and when he was studying his lesson she'd tell him his word or help him with some of his work. So you see—they were kind of like aides.

"The schedule was so terrible. You see, you'd have to make out a schedule, and there'd be five minutes, maybe, for first grade reading, three minutes for eighth grade writing, and you had to have all these things [worked] out. Of course, you never did get



Old Fairview School decorated at Easter

through with your whole schedule. Every night you'd go home with the feeling you weren't—well, you just weren't doing your duty to a lot of the kids. Sometimes you would have one first-grader, one eighth-grader. The last year I taught in the old building down there I just had one boy in the eighth grade. Well, you've got to go through all those subjects with just one child....I don't think I ever felt I did a good job because there just wasn't enough time. But really it was a lot of fun.

"Then on top of that we did our own janitor work. You see we had to get to school and build the fire. We had just the old wood stove. We'd build the fire and have the room warm. Then they had the old bells, and at 8:30 we'd ring the bell. The kids all around the community—you see they all walked—they'd hear the 8:30 bell, and they knew they had a half hour to get to school. At 9:00 the bell rang again. Down here we had the old pump quite a little ways from the school, and the kids would go out and get their drink, and at noon they'd go to the pump and wash their hands.

"We had standard materials. But when it came to art and stuff like that, why the district never furnished the art paper. The teachers had to buy it. Every Saturday night I'd go to town to the drugstore and load up on construction paper if I wanted to teach art. And of course we had to be pretty careful with it because...well, the lowest salary that I ever taught for was $75 a month. Now, some make it in a day.

"I taught in all the districts around Fairview. I started at McDowell Creek, I think in '31. I taught there one year. Then my next year I taught at Fir Grove. That's a little place above Sodaville. And in the winter time you couldn't get in—we couldn't drive clear up the hill. So I boarded up there with a family, and then I would come home on the weekends. When the weather was good and the road was dried up, my dad would take me up to that gate. Why, sometimes the road would be so bad, he'd have to let me out and if it was a little bit dark, you know—he'd take me back on Sunday evening—the man I boarded with why, there'd he come with his lantern and we'd walk up the road and down [to his house].

"I didn't teach in the school building—we didn't call it a school building— it was a district that was comin' along desperate. The school building was over on this side of the district. Well, the kids all lived over here. I only taught five kids, I think. And to be legal I should have had six....Because they were so isolated, why the county let it go. And I taught in an old shack that the loggers bunked in when they had the sawmill up there. It was 1 x 12's, just rough 1 x 12's straight up and down, you know, with a roof on and they'd cut it right in two. They had four rooms like that. Oh, the room that I taught in, why it wouldn't be half as big as my living room. They put old building paper—they'd just take some tacks and tacked it on the wall. Of course, the wind would flop it around. It was kind of loose; the wind blowing and the mice would get in under them.

"When it rained, you see, why there was no place for the children to go. So I asked the directors if I could tear out one of these partitions. So they said yeah—they didn't care. I took the hammer to school and the kids and I knocked out one of their partitions. Then we had a gym about as long as that living room. We'd play all kinds of things.

"But you see, I was just on the go from the time I got to school to the time they left because they just couldn't play anything by themselves—there weren't enough. And they about wore me out. I'd teach and when recess 'ld come, why they wanted to hang on to me. I'd have to go out and play with them....One of the funniest games we played was when we had two bases and one person was 'it.' And then the ones on the bases, they'd try to run from here to there, and then you'd try to catch them when they ran through and you'd give them three pats on the back. Then they had to help you, see. You had to make the game interesting; of course, it wasn't too interesting with me in it even.

Ione Nelson's high school graduation picture

"...The cattle would just run 'round and 'round the schoolhouse. The old cows would come up and rub on the building. If you left the door open in the summertime or spring, why they'd stick their heads in the door. Well, anyway, we had this bad snow and there was nothing for the cattle to eat and there were a lot of oak trees around the building. So the man that owned the land and the cattle, why he brought his saw up there and cut down some of these trees so that the cattle could eat the moss off of them. Then, there were no pumps, no spring, nothing at the schoolhouse. But, down in this canyon where I lived with this family—they had a spring. At night, when I went home, why, I'd take the water bucket with me, and when I went back to school in the morning I'd dip this water bucket in the spring and carry it up to the schoolhouse and that's the water we had to drink.

"From there I went to Waterloo. That was a huge school. From a little tiny school to Waterloo....It had been, at one time, four rooms because there were two rooms below and then the upper part—they had two more rooms up there. But it had been years since they had that many children....It had dwindled down to a one-room school. Well, before Christmas the kids kept comin' in and I think I'm tellin' this right—by Christmas time they had fifty-some kids there. So they hired another teacher and fixed up the other room."

That year when some of the bigger boys were leaving the school grounds at recess, Mrs. Nelson told them that "...I didn't want them to leave the school grounds—that I was there and I was gonna try to teach a good school. We wanted them to stay on the school grounds. There were four or five of these great big ole fellas. They listened to what I said and so the first recess, why here they went—they just started walking right off as if they were going right downtown. I stood in the doorway and I thought, 'Oh what do I do!' And they went to the edge of the school grounds and they stopped. They kind of talked—they had a little talk together, you know. There was about four of them. I didn't know what to do so I told the other kids, I said, 'Come on! Let's go out here on the playground and we'll play some games,' to get things going. You see, I was young then—I could run. I'd been raised up with a bunch of brothers, so I was tough. I got there and I divided them up into groups and we started in on the tag game. I was 'it' you know. Oh, they thought that was fun. They'd run and I'd just run and I'd catch them. They were having just a hilarious time. Here were these ole big guys and they got to watching what was going on. Finally, I guess it was an answer to prayer, why, here they turned and came back. They got into the game too, and boy, when one of them ran through, I took after him and I nailed him! Boy, I just pounded him on the back, so he had to help me. And the first thing you know, everyone was playin' and having a good time.

"Then one of the men that lived right close to the school helped me organize the baseball team. And we got all those big fellas interested in baseball and we had a good

team and...we went to several different districts, you know. They thought that was a great time.

"I taught in Berlin over there and then from Berlin I [went] to Sweet Home. I taught there for three years until I was married to Walt. He came to Sunday school with his parents and of course my parents and I got acquainted with him very well. We went together for three years and I knew him a year or two before that. Of course I was teaching and I knew if I got married, why I couldn't teach.

"At that time, if you got married you lost your job. See, you couldn't teach when you got married—[sometimes] women would get pregnant right in the middle of the school year. You see, at that time, you wouldn't have been allowed to go to school if you were pregnant. At least [not] if you were showing; they wouldn't allow you to do that. And then they felt that your attention would be divided. They felt that caring for a home was a job and teaching school another job and if you mixed the two together, why you couldn't handle both of them.

"At that time I was...about 30; so I thought, 'If I ever get married, now's the time to do it, or I'm going to be an old maid for the rest of my life!' I told them that I was going to resign and I didn't intend to teach. So one of the directors, he couldn't figure out why. Finally he just came right out and asked me if I was going to get married and I said, 'Yeah!' And so he said, 'Well, if we change our rule and let you teach, will you stay?' So I said yes, but it didn't work out because I got pregnant just before school started, so I had to give up my school anyway. Then the woman that was teaching at Fairview, she took my job and she was a married woman.

The old Fairview School

"They [had] asked me to teach at Fairview as soon as I got out of college. But, you see, I lived in the Fairview community; my parents lived there and lots of cousins—relatives. This has always been a community of relatives. My dad didn't want me to teach there, and I didn't want to for fear that there might be trouble, you know. It's kind of hard to teach school and not have to punish a child. And if you punish the wrong one, sometimes it might cause a little friction, you see, so I didn't want to.

"But after I was married and I had my son and he was just about a year old, then the war came up, World War II. And they couldn't get teachers; they couldn't get a teacher at Fairview so I left my son with one of my aunts and went to Fairview and taught just for one year in the old building.

"Then when they built the new building, why, I taught the primary grades. I was the principal because I'd been here, you see, so they figured that was quite an honor for me to be principal. Then you only got, I think, $5.00 extra for being principal. Of course, we were here on the farm and I had kids of my own that I had to leave at home. I didn't want the job of having to make out all those reports and everything, so I talked the upper grade teacher into being principal the next year."

Mrs. Nelson was an excellent teacher. But like most teachers, she felt there were a few students she couldn't teach. "But you just have to go along with it and do what you can for 'em. There's always some way—some way you can, as a rule. I had some rough ones. I've had some that, well, I think they could've done better but they just didn't try. Seems like I couldn't get them to try. Well, I've had some that mentally couldn't, you know. In those days, why if a child came and he was mentally retarded, why you did what you could for him. There was no other way. Of course, I had a few of those and I have had children I knew [could succeed] if they would just try. But it seemed like they'd been babied or something. They never really had to do something they didn't want to do. And nearly all first graders when they come to school, they come with the idea—oh, it's gonna be a lot of fun. They come with the idea that it's all play. They don't realize what a long process this reading business is. I've had a lot of 'em ask me the first day, 'Mrs. Nelson, when are we gonna learn to read?'

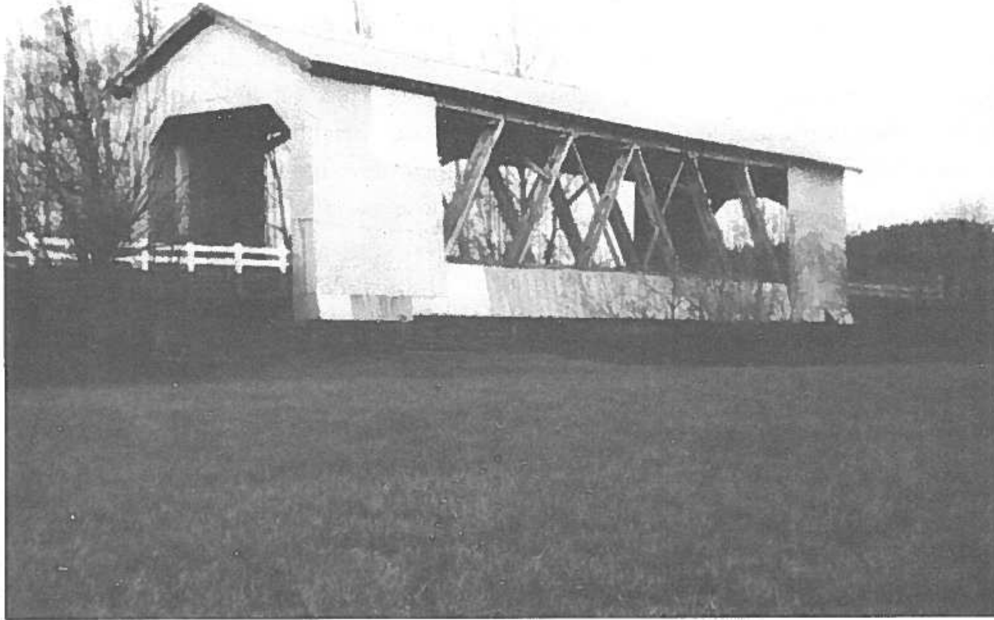
"Years ago, why, you know, everything centered around the school. And the Sunday school and the church. We had the church down there [in the school]. It was interdenominational—Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists and the Christian Church. We all went there together, you see, and had church. Then the Sunday school, and this little ole one room school building, why maybe the adults would have their class there, and the primary class would be there, and maybe they'd draw the curtains, you know, off across the stage. They'd have a class or two up there—another one over here. That was the whole center of activities.

"Once in awhile—they'd do a little bit of arguing, but that makes it lively, you know. Keeps the interest up, makes them dig into the Bibles and study it a little bit more."

Mrs. Nelson's life in Fairview has been "...wonderful. It's a grand community. It always has been—although I've been here so long now that I'm a stranger. Very few people that I know. Because after your children are grown and away from home, and you are not connected with the school, why you kind of lose contact with your neighbors. We don't neighbor anymore—we know our neighbors, but we don't neighbor with them like we did years ago. And all these new developing developments that have come in, why we don't hardly know any of those people. The community is still a good community."

And if Ione Nelson is at all representative of the people in Fairview, we agree.

Walt and Ione Nelson in 1942



This bridge got its name from the lodge nearby. It is one of the few wooden truss bridges originally housed in sheet metal. Several of these tin bridges were built in the 1930's, but this bridge is the last of these crossbreed specimens.

Location:	On C. R. No. 25, Sec. 33 & 34, T. 10 S. R. 1 W.
Built:	1947
Dimensions:	20' x 120'
Spans:	Crabtree Creek

[Bohemia Hall]

"I've always been thankful..."

Mrs. Etta Robertson came to Oregon from Oklahoma in 1901 when she was 11 years old. We asked her if she remembered the trip. "I'll say I do! It was on the railroad, of course. I think it was four days and five nights, something like that. It was a long trip. And then when we stopped some places when we had layovers, why we would buy stuff, you know. We ate our own food most of the time; that means what we could buy, you know. I suppose they had dining there then—I don't know; course I didn't care. I wasn't interested—only something to eat and a place to sleep. But I suppose it was pretty hard on my parents—there were several of use—five children. I was the third one."

Etta Robertson as a young woman

Mrs. Robertson's family moved to Oregon because "My father's mother lived out here, right close to the Fairview schoolhouse; then he had a sister out here, too. I suppose that was one thing [reason they moved to Oregon]. Then another was my father didn't like those terrible storms we had back there. I think that was it as much as anything. Oregon was a wonderful country because there was so much food and things like that we weren't used to. And my dad was a lover of flowers—course that appealed to us." In those days in Fairview, "We had to go to Waterloo for our mail; we used to come around there on horseback. My dad didn't like that too well. Later on we got the rural free delivery; we felt that was good. I've lived in Fairview ever since I came to Oregon. Our home was up there, the second house on the right from the schoolhouse.

"I went to summer normal school at Albany. Then you took four extra subjects besides your eighth grade subects and then you took the county examination and if you passed, why then you was eligible to teach. I taught there [at the Waterloo School] one term in the fall of 1910 and the spring of 1911. That's when the schoolhouse didn't look like that [picture], though. It just had school over here in that long room [on the left], this [on the right] was the woodshed. Waterloo was a little town—it was between thirty-five and forty pupils when I taught there. Too many for one teacher. I boarded at Waterloo for awhile and then in the spring I walked back and forth from home." For three more years Mrs. Robertson taught at Fir Grove and Pleasant Valley.

The Waterloo School around 1913

"I was married in 1913. My husband farmed but he was a logger most of the time. But the work, it was to do around home. They [the men] worked ten hours." When we asked Mrs. Robertson if she'd done canning and sewing for her family, she responded, "I sure did. We never bought very much ready-mades. Well, it wasn't to buy. And then I guess, a lot of it—it was cheaper to make it than it was to buy it. We didn't have the money, really. I don't mean we were suffering at all, but we had to be careful. I think now when I look in my clothes closet, I have more there [than I ever imagined]. Well, it never bothered us when we was going somewhere what we was going to wear—we knew what we was going to wear. It was all right then; we had as much as others did, you know. We didn't notice as much. You can see the difference now.

"Do you remember when your mother used to wash and shave up a bar of soap?" she asked us. We shook our heads. "Well, I kept house for a good many years before washing powder ever came on the market—or washing machines. I never had a washing machine till my son was seven years old. When my children were babies, sometimes I'd have to do some extra washing—more than once a week. And another thing—I never did have a dryer. After you got your washing washed, the next thing was getting it dried in the winter." We wanted to know how she did it. "Mostly in the house—had lines in the kitchen. Had a large kitchen—the old houses used to have large kitchens. I think that was 14' x 18'. Of course we ate and cooked and all in that room. I never had an electric stove until '45 or '46. There's lots of things that I didn't have; others didn't either.

"I can't tell you exactly but I'd say around 1917 we got the telephone, and of course that was fun. I think it changed the life of the community. Well, you know in the early days when someone would get sick, someone had to get on a horse and go to Lebanon and get a doctor, tell him he needed to come out in the horse and buggy. Why, you know, it was kinda bad. When you got the telephone you could phone in and the doctor would be out, which was much better."

Depression times were hard on nearly everyone. Mrs. Robertson mused, "I suppose that affected people in town who couldn't find work more than it did us. We always had work on the farm. I think I can safely say that we had a number of good meals on the table when there was nothing bought—only, you know, like sugar and salt and coffee. But the fruit, canned vegetables; we had our own meat, mostly pork then.... Well, we had chickens and eggs and milk and butter and those things. So I expect the Depression did affect the ones in town more."

Mrs. Robertson's daughter Mildred turned to her mother and said, "Well, I'll always remember one thing about the Depression. The time that fall catalog came out from Montgomery Ward, or was it Sears? Anyway, it had fabric in it for 9¢ a yard and you sent and got me enough—it was when I was in high school—and you made me this dress. You got three yards of fabric and you made me this dress for 27¢! I can remember that it was red with white flowers in it and you put organdy sleeves in it and it had an organdy sash."

Mrs. Robertson responded, "I know we counted our pennies. Can't hardly buy a postage stamp for that now!

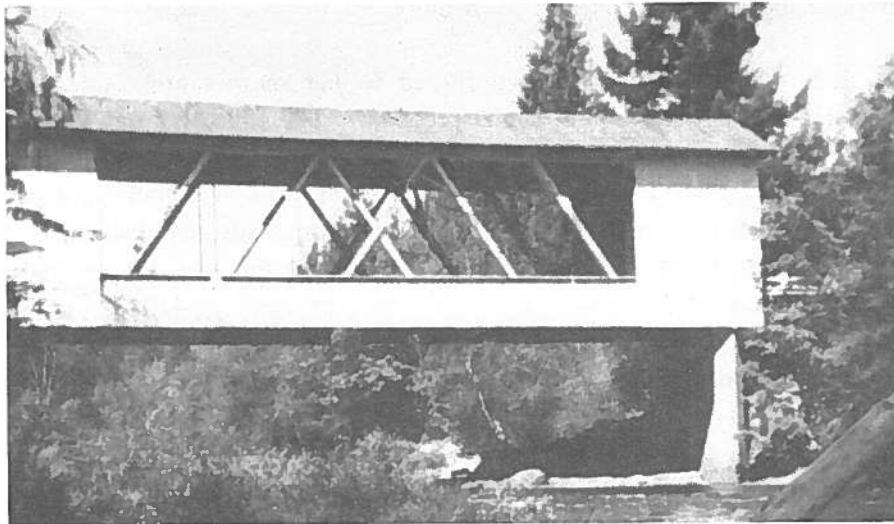
"I've always been thankful that the children grew up in a community where they respected religion and took part in Sunday school. Later on we had a minister that lived in the neighborhood and he would start programs. And to me those were wonderful things until the last World War came. Then we had to disband because a lot of young people went into the service—the boys—and some of the girls got married and moved away, and that was it.

"The community was good, and we had good neighbors. When one person was in trouble, everybody was there to help. We never thought about locking our doors. I've stayed on the farm week after week when the children was little, and [I'd] go to bed and never thought about anything. It's different now! You have friends but they're not neighborly like they used to be, I don't think. They don't have the time—they're too busy. People go more now than they used to, on trips. And then a lot of them go miles and miles to their work now. In some ways it's better and some ways they've lost a lot of the good values, I think, like the neighborliness and closeness that we had.

"I have my daughter and son. I have seven grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. That's all I have to look to—to live for, you might say. You know, you give up a lot when you get my age. Some say, 'Oh, you're old-fashioned.' I guess I am in lots of ways.

"Well, there's lots of memories you'd like to forget. Course then there's lots that you wish you could remember. Maybe I've told you too much."

We'd like to hear more.



The bridge was originally built as a covered bridge in 1845. It was named for the _______ family who settled on 340 acres on both sides of the river in this area. It was primarily used by traffic traveling on the south side of the river and wanting to cross over to get to the soda springs which were so popular in those days. Today this is Cascadia State Park and the soda springs are still popular.

Location:	On C. R. No. 913, Sec. 36 T. 13, S. R. 1 E.
Built:	1945
Dimensions:	20' x 115'
Spans:	South Santiam River

[Short Bridge]

"He was there waiting for me..."

Mrs. Etta Robertson's daughter Mildred West and her niece Ione Nelson are double cousins. Their mothers were sisters; their fathers were brothers. And when these two women married in 1940, they had a double wedding.

Mildred's husband Bill West was born in Waterloo and lived most of his life there. His mother was a native Oregonian from Lacomb and his father came across the plains by ox team.

According to Mrs. Robertson, after the thriving Waterloo woolen mill burned down, "Then a lot of people moved away. I know there was a lot of empty houses. [Earlier] when the water first started to build up here, then was when they was talking about the railroad and a highway would go by Waterloo, and that's when the dike was built. They was a-gonna put a plant in there. Well, then Waterloo begin to kinda build up a little bit and then it kinda went in the slumps when it was bypassed. Then there was nothing left in it except that dike."

When Bill was growing up in Waterloo, "Everything was kind of a ghost town then. See, like the butcher shops and hotel and all that—the buildings was just there and really run-down. There was one store in existence most of the time that I can remember, but I can remember it closed a time or two as different owners came along. I remember two store buildings but only one store in operation. Nothing else operating. It was just, you might say, just a ghost town. I can just remember the buildings and that's all."

The Wests and Mrs. Robertson

Bill attended Waterloo School about ten years after Mrs. Robertson taught there. He pointed to the old schoolhouse picture. "I've been up in that belfry several times. Our favorite trick was—sometimes the teacher let the kids ring the bell; of course, you had a rope. And a certain way, if you'd pull it just right, why the bell 'ld turn over. Two or three kids 'ld get ahold of the rope and pull and just flip the bell clear over. Then she'd have to send some kids up there to turn it back over. There's a way inside in the woodshed that you go up to the second story and then you come out this door here and then pile some things up. There's a trap door right there and you pile stuff up there to climb on and climb right on up through there into the belfry."

"Then you did it on purpose?" we asked.

"Well, I wouldn't admit anything, but...."

When the bell at Fairview School flipped over the kids had to climb the rope. That's where Bill and Mildred met. "The thing is, she went to grade school at Fairview while I went to Waterloo through the sixth grade. Then I moved to Fairview. When I went to Fairview, why that's what started it all."

"He was there waiting for me," Mildred smiled.

"I just got out of high school probably about the middle or maybe the tail end of the Depression," Bill reflected. "But I know you couldn't find a job. That's why I went into the three C's [Civilian Conservation Corps]. That's all the work there was. There just wasn't any work. If a fellow had a dime in his pocket, why he could go to town."

The Waterloo Bridge about 1930 and 1960 after its collapse

After working in the woods in Sisters, Bill returned to Waterloo and after he and Mildred were married, he started work in the plywood mill. They still live on the beautiful ten acres where they raised their five children and acted as host family to two African exchange students.

The couple remembers vividly a near-tragedy in recent Waterloo history. "Our boys and Mildred's brother were hauling livestock across the river at the time [May 7, 1960] and Mildred and I had gone to Lebanon. And while we were in town, why we heard someone say that the Waterloo Bridge had went out. Of course we knew our kids were crossing the bridge so we immediately came out to Waterloo to see what happened cause we couldn't believe it. We went out there. We didn't know whether the kids were hurt or anything about it, but we found out that no one had been injured. But we didn't know where our kids were for awhile. And of course we were pretty shook up. The uprights on each end of the bridge were wooden and the ones on the far end, dry-rot had set in and no one had noticed it and after a certain length of time, why it just collapsed. A car had gone across—I suppose it caused a certain amount of vibration—and down it went. But it just happened that there was no one on the bridge. That was the longest trip ever, out from town!"

L[4] Most doctors lived on farms in the old days. One ole fellow said the first tooth he had pulled here in Oregon was when he went down to a doctor's farm [because there weren't any dentists then]. The doctor was out plowing his orchard when the patient got there, and because the tooth was really paining him, the man went right out into the field. The doctor sent a boy to the house for a turning key. Then he sat the man down on the plow team, wiped his hands on his pants and pulled the tooth. No nonsense in them days.

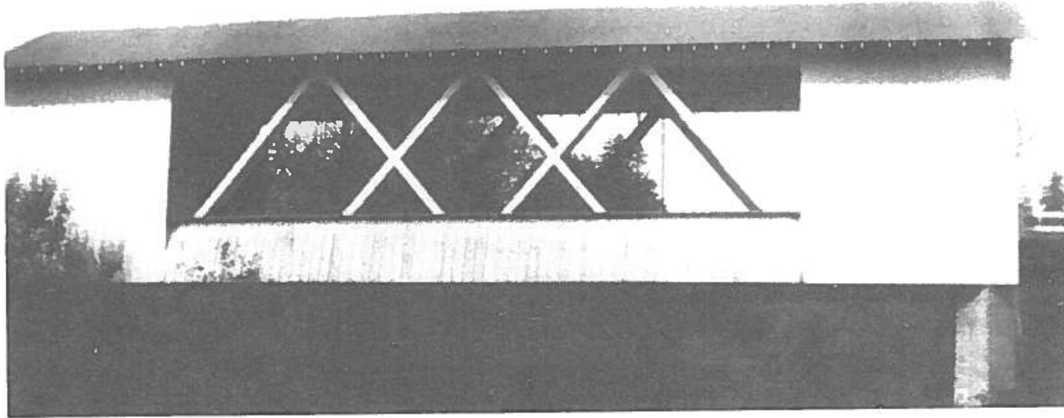
—Jerry Coyle

One of the few fortunate survivors of the Titanic lives here in Lebanon.

All the stores in Lebanon opened at 7:00 a.m. years ago. —Leonore LaFond

Four families lived together in a cabin around Sodaville while their men went to California to hunt for gold. Only two of them came back and they almost didn't make it. While they were camped somewhere in the Siskiyou Mountains, Indians attacked their camp in the night. Somehow the prospectors managed to escape. But one of the men was so scared he forgot to take his hard-earned money.

—Jerry Coyle



This bridge is located adjacent to the old power dams and thus provides a very fine swimming hole through the summer months. This bridge is very picturesque, especially in the fall of the year when the leaves are turning color. There is such a variety of vegetation down this narrow canyon from this bridge to Hannah Bridge that the colors here are just too beautiful for words.

Location:	Catholic Settlement on C. R. No. 829, Sec. 4 T. 10 S. R. 1 E.
Built:	1937
Dimensions:	18' x 90'
Spans:	Thomas Creek

[Jordan]

Crowfoot

"Something we looked forward to."

"We lived just one mile from Lebanon—the city limits—but we also lived one mile from the Crowfoot School. And the way the school boundaries ran we were in the Crowfoot School District. So my ties as a young child were with the Crowfoot School rather than with the Lebanon schools." Here, Mrs. Betty Curtis paused to chuckle and add, "As a child of six years old, in 1910—now you can do a little mental arithmetic and unfortunately know how old I am..."

A petite woman, she has friendly eyes and a warm smile. "I started to school at the Crowfoot School, and it was then located where the school is today. It was a two-room school. However, there were just enough students going so they felt they could hire only one teacher, so we used only one-half of the building. And my teacher, we had a man teacher that year, rode out to the school on a bicycle. I was very small—in the first grade, of course. He often asked me if I would like to ride in the basket of his bicycle, but I was so timid and shy that it was very seldom that he could ever get me to ride on his bicycle. So I walked to school with my cousins of various ages. Once in a great while there'd be someone who would come along and pick us up. It was quite the custom then for them to pick up the school children. Sometimes we'd even get picked up by buggies because there were horses and buggies in that time. And then at the end of my first year, why Father bought our brand-new Ford. It was a very major purchase for our family and we were very proud of it.

"Before that, though, we were one of the fortunate families—we had a surrey with a fringe on top. Just like the song 'Oklahoma,' " she chuckled, "and so sometimes my father would drive us to school in the surrey."

"I can remember one time that was just a highlight, and I'll never forget it. There was a family, the Kents, who lived on the place where the present plywood plant was built. They had come out from the East and they had brought with them their beautiful big sleigh. I can remember several days when we had quite a deep snow and we were pulled by these two horses, and we had the sleigh bells and the whole bit. I still remember that with a great deal of pleasure.

"Just like any other early school, we had our school bell which called us in from recess. We had a little cloak room to put our lunch pails in, and also in the cloak room was kept the water bucket and a dipper. I think a few of us had cups there that we hung on the wall—that was quite the thing if you had your own personal drinking cup. But our school didn't even have its own water supply at that time, for some reason, because we had to go across the street and carry a bucket of water over to the school. Well, you can imagine we didn't wash our hands very often—because that was just too much water carrying!

"We had the old style school desks—the old iron frames with inkwells and that sort of thing. I can remember that we had some desks that were double seaters, and two people sat in them. Of course that was considered to be quite a big thing if you could have a seatmate and sit with someone. I can remember at various times I had a seatmate who would be rather a social person. That didn't last too long—I was apt to do too much talking.

"My mother braided my hair and she was the kind that believed you part your hair in the middle and then you pull it back. And my eyes always bugged out because she pulled my hair back and braided it so tightly. And my hair was a bright red then. One time one of my friends who sat behind me put my pigtail in the inkwell which was part of the desk.

"In the corner just off of our schoolroom we had a library that was the size of a fair-sized closet. In there was the collection of books that over the years the school had been able to accumulate. Because there were so few books that I liked to read, I had to learn to read books that were what you would consider beyond my school age. Before I finished school I had read everything, and then I was old enough to go to the little city library that we had at that time.

"In order to graduate from the eighth grade, it was necessary to take a county examination. We took an examination in everything—every subject. School was dismissed for all the other students and the eighth graders sat there with their test questions. And it was all very precise what we were to do—one day at a certain hour we were to have a certain test and all the eighth grade students in the county would have the test—so that was quite a traumatic time for us, really."

Betty Curtis today

But school wasn't all work. "One of our favorite games was Andy Over. Do you know how to play Andy Over? Someone would bring a ball, and we would choose up sides and each side would get on either side of the school building, and then we would call 'Andy Over' and throw the ball over. Well, if someone caught it on the other side, then that gave them permission to run around either end of the school building, touch as many as they could with the ball. And then they had them on their side until everyone was caught. That was quite a game. You make up games when you don't have any. We played a lot of marbles. That was supposed to be a boys' game. But I remember that I always played games with the boys. We had beautiful marbles, you know. They were those that had swirls and all kinds of figures in them, and if I had them now they would be worth just a lot of money. And then of course, we had a kind of marble, the cheap little ones, called a dough-baby [made of] baked clay. But they were very cheap marbles, could be any size. The nice glass ones, oh, they were about that large [about 1½"]. Then we had others...we called them steelies, and they were the steel ball bearings. That was murder on our glass marbles when someone came into the circle and started shooting them with one of their steelies.

"The highlight of the year was the Christmas program that we gave," Mrs. Curtis remembers. "There wasn't room in our school building to hold it so we went over to the old grange hall. We would go over there and practice and it was always a time we looked forward to because it was a lot of fun. And off to the side of the stage were these little rooms where we would wait for our turn to come out and perform. And of course we were doing a lot of whispering and cutting up on the side. It must have been quite an ordeal for the teachers. Everyone in the community came to the Christmas program. Usually each one of the people there would get some kind of a present and I can remember our teacher usually gave us an orange a piece, which by the way, was somewhat of a treat in those days.

"Usually the last day of school, we had a 'last day of school' picnic when all the parents would come and bring a lot of food and we'd play baseball and just have a lot of fun. So as I look back at my experiences, they were very happy ones at Crowfoot School and I was fortunate in that I had really some very fine, dedicated teachers."

Both the school and grange hall were central to the community. "We often went there to the grange hall for Thanksgiving dinner. It was kind of a tradition and a lot of people would go there.

"Another thing that the building was used for was for voting. Election day was always a real big day especially in our family because both of my folks were on the election board. And of course Mother, the day before, would cook up baskets of food and the ladies on the election board all tried to outdo themselves and they'd arrive there with all these baskets of food. Of course they stayed the day and half the night because they didn't

have two boards in the early times. They had to count the votes also [as well as tend the polls]. But it was kind of a social thing, too, because everyone came there to see some of their neighbors too—not only to vote. But then I think people certainly thought more about election day than they do now. I'm sure the people were much more apt to get out and vote than people are now."

Special occasions brought these families out of Crowfoot. "The Fourth of July was always celebrated in some way and we would go to a picnic somewhere where there was a speaker. Sometimes up at Waterloo Park. One event that I can remember was one that we had in the woods there off of South Main Road—back there in the woods. I remember it so vividly although I was a very, very small child at that time. My cousin was about 16 or 17, and a very tall pretty girl, was dressed up as the Goddess of Liberty. She had her court around her and then they were brought into the park on a big haywagon that was all decorated with bunting—red, white and blue bunting. It was a cloth around it and all decorated, and she [my cousin] had a very impressive silver paper crown on her head and was carrying a torch.

"Then of course the Strawberry Fair was always a big event in our lives in that we saved up our money all year long so that we could go and ride on the ferris wheel and the merry-go-round. I can remember the early Strawberry Fair was something I really looked forward to.

"Another thing that was interesting during the summer and I especially enjoyed it was the chautauqua. And the chautauqua...was staged in a big tent, and they would set up the tent on the lawn of the present middle school, out kind of halfway down from the school to the street. And they would build wooden benches or bring benches—I remember that they were wooden and hard!—and put up these benches on the stage and then there would be a travelling act that would come. Sometimes it would be a speaker, sometimes there would be a musical group and then always the highlight of it would be a stage play. And the chautauqua lasted, I think, about five days. And I remember that when I was just a very small child, Grandfather Alvin who lived some distance from us would come and visit in our home for the chautauqua. And he and I would walk the two miles at least once a day and sometimes come in for the evening performance too.

"Actually it was about the most cultural event that we had in our small community at that time. It was something we looked forward to. I can remember that the tickets were about $3, I think, per child for a seat for the period. Compared with today's prices, very reasonable. And I think one thing I liked about it real well too was that on the way home Grandfather would always say, 'Well, we better stop in and get a little candy.' He would stop in that candy store and I could pick out a nickel's worth of candy, which was enough for anyone in those days."

Sandridge ~ Plainview

"In them days..."

Rose Roadarmel, a serene and powerful woman, warmheartedly welcomed us into her home. There, pictures smile down from frames on walls, antiques retire peacefully in corners, and relics of family history still remain. Rose's memories of "them days" began, "Well, I remember one time when we lived up above Waterloo, and my mother used to go to the river to wash the clothes, and she had a little pony, a little bay pony, with white face and white feet. And she would heat the water in a black kettle.

"And then one day she was down there and my sister was pretty young then, just a little thing about a year and a half. She got on a log, fell off into the river and was about to drown. My mother's sister, who was quite a bit younger, was there. She jerked off her shoes, and she swam—she was a good swimmer—and got this sister of mine! Oh, I tell you, we were sure scared that day we went to the river to wash. That ended it right there!"

Reminiscing about her happy childhood Rose went on, "My mother used to raise geese in a kind of slatted house, and in the summertime she would pick the geese. She'd make feather ticks and feather pillows....That's the way people did things in those days; they'd make nice bedding....She'd take an old black sock and put over their heads so they couldn't pick her, then tied their feet together somehow. They were very much alive. Every six weeks these feathers would get ripe. She would pick these feathers, the ones underneath, so they wouldn't be naked when she got through. Of course, she left the big feathers. And that's the way people used to make feather ticks and their pillows." Feather ticks are like a quilt, "only thicker, about a foot thick."

Rose's son, Robert Wheeler, joined in, "They put these over straw ticks. See, underneath were these straw ticks. You filled them with straw every time you thrashed, then put the feathers over top of that and oh my, you had a nice feather bed. Oh, it was nice in the winter time!"

Rose accentuates a cubby hole of old family relics

Rose's son,
Robert Wheeler

Rose went to Lebanon High School [now the Middle School] in 1909, the year of the first Strawberry Fair. While she was in school she didn't get to socialize much. "My folks was real strict. Unless they went along and set there and watched, why, we didn't get to go to any parties, dances, or anything. There was quite a few dances in them days. We had a big grange hall there and they had a lot of dances there in the winter time. It was 'bout the only social building around here. Fact is, it was the only one and now we don't have it anymore.

"We used to have, in the summertime, ice cream socials once in awhile at the neighbors' houses. That is the first time I can remember ever going any place and eating ice cream with a boyfriend. I don't know as he was really a boyfriend—just a boy."

Rose recalls another social gathering, church meetings. "Every year the different churches would gather at one place and they'd call 'em camp meetings. From now [springtime] on towards fall they'd have these. See, that was to get the young people together so that they would pick out their mates....That's generally the way that a lot of them got acquainted. Over there towards Shedd was Robert's Bridge where they used to have camp meetings. A lot of people from way up in Eugene, Junction City, Halsey, and way up in there would all meet. They'd play games, have what we used to call preaching and such as that. Sometimes people would even get married!"

And then there was just plain visiting. "Oh, they used to get together....If somebody lived over to Lebanon or someplace, they'd walk over here and stay all night and walk back the next day or two. People were more friendly in them days than they are now. Oh, they were really friendly! Nowadays, they get in a car and they're gone oh, a hundred miles or so away. They don't visit around home much."

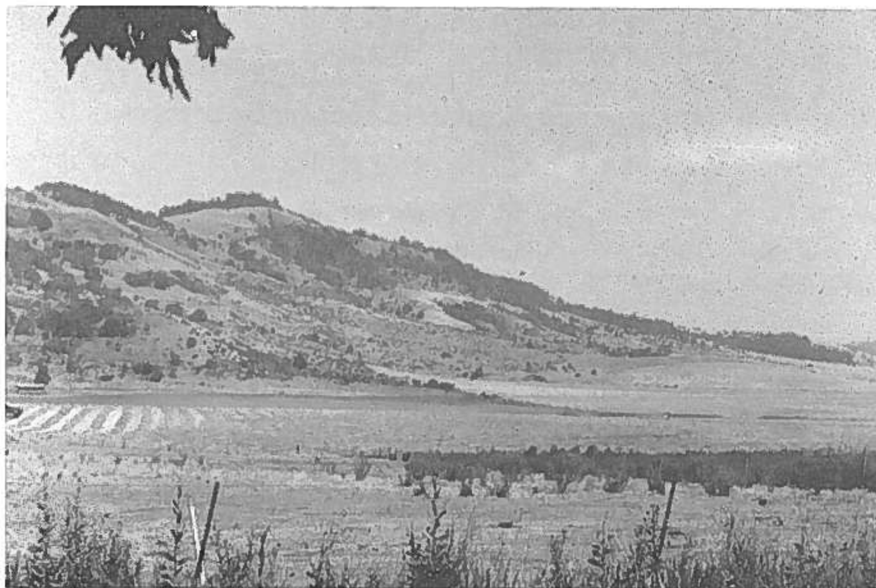
Rose met her husband right next door. "Well, he lived here and we lived over there and we were neighbors. Yes, and he used to come to our house and we used to come over here once in awhile." When she was 18, Rose married Dean Wheeler.

"In them days" babies were delivered at home by a traveling midwife. This was true of Rose's five boys. Since the area didn't have a hospital, serious injuries were taken care of at home too.

Religion was conducted in her home also. "I used to go to Sunday school and all that....When I was a girl we used to go to Plainview for church and walk down the road till we come to the railroad then walked the ties till we got to the church.... But now we live way out here and until just lately I always had quite a few chores to do. I didn't get to church very much; it just gradually went on and after awhile I just quit going all together....Oh yes, I believe in religion all right; you've got to have something to believe in!" Rose believes that everyone should read the Bible as she often does in front of the fireplace.

Reading Bibles wasn't the only rewarding pastime occurring in front of the fireplace. Some old women picked up pipe smoking. "No girls ever smoked or they weren't supposed to. There was some old ladies now that would get a pipe and smoke. Most of them had their corncob pipes and it would be awful cold in the winter time; they'd sit, in front of that fireplace, smoke their old corncob pipes and sometimes they'd spit in the ashes."

"In them days" people in this area lived by raising most of the things they ate. "There were potatoes and they raised lots of beans. They would raise a hog or two; we didn't very often have beef, mostly pork. They would raise these pork, dress them out in the fall, salt them down, and soak them. After so much time they would wash all that off, hang it up in the smokehouse, and then they made homemade sausage seasoned with sage. It was really good! I don't think there's anybody else around here that makes homemade sausage anymore."



A hilltop view of Rose's Century Farm

Although the food was better then, Rose believes the times are better now. "Oh yes, nobody had any money in those days, they just traded things." Robert added, "They were either having a boom or a depression."

Rose remembers the Depression. "Yes, we was awful poor in them days. But nobody had any money. And wool—we had lots of sheep in them days—got down to about 6c a pound. Yup, things were tough. Lots of people lost their places. You had to watch anything you had. They didn't have any money—they didn't have any work, a lot of 'em.

"There was lots of stealing and such as that goin' on. We had a bunch of turkeys and they would roost out along that granary and along the fence—right along the road. One night we were still up; there was a car coming along there real quiet-like and they were going to get our turkeys off the fence. So I called to the boys. We all got up, went out in the yard, and I hollered, 'Bring the shotgun!' So they [the turkey rustlers] didn't move for a long time and we was all out there in the yard, but of course we didn't dare shoot anybody. If we shot anybody we would be in trouble, so they got away!"

Not only does Rose have many interesting stories to offer, but along with her sons, she owns and operates a 3000-acre Century Farm. At the end of our visit, Rose brought in and shared two large scrapbooks, opening up years of personal history. These scrapbooks also gave us an immense background of Lebanon-area history—some new stories and old legends that need to be rendered and kept alive. "Yeah, I think I'll let you take them with you." She chuckled, "But if you see anything bad..."

"We'll close our eyes," we promised.

L[4] One of the main attractions of the first Strawberry Fair was a "baby buggy parade." All the mothers would line their buggies up, children in big sun bonnets smiling out at spectators.

A father of twenty-six children tried to order hats for his twelve sons, but the storekeeper wouldn't believe anybody could have twelve sons, so he said he would pay for the hats if the father would bring all the kids in. The father did and the boys got new hats.

The August 19, 1968 Express reported: "In Lebanon's early days it wasn't unusual to see a cow walk down the street, stop in front of a store, and take an apple out of a box," only to be chased away by an irate shopkeeper.

Denny

Leslie Swanson relaxing at home

When we phoned for an interview appointment with Leslie Swanson, a long-time Denny resident, he offered instead to write his reminiscences himself. A few weeks later we drove out to the Swanson home to pick up the story. Mr. Swanson met us on the front porch and invited us inside. We visited with him and Mrs. Swanson, soothed by the ticking of their grandfather clock and the comfort of their Boston rocker and other homey furnishings. After seeing Mr. Swanson's bound book of poetry and reading his story, we realized he was an experienced writer.

"To those interested in history..."

My position in reporting a segment in the history of Linn County is unique, I think. A few years ago, I was called upon to write a similar segment for Richland County, North Dakota, as they were compiling a history. I had lived there for forty-one years after coming as a boy of about seven years from Illinois. Now I am recalling incidents of thirty years duration in Linn County, Oregon.

As I have lived on a farm my entire life, my viewpoint is naturally oriented with farm life and associations with that life. Life in Illinois was quite similar to that in Oregon—smaller farms, trees and streams and quite a mild climate, although colder and drier than Oregon. Richland County, North Dakota, was very different. The Red River Valley soil is very rich and, if weather conditions in summer are right, bountiful crops are produced. Generally speaking, dry weather predominates, although there are some very wet seasons.

What is the same, wherever one goes? Family and friends and the good Lord are the parts of life which make living worthwhile, anywhere.

When we came to Lebanon in 1948, there were sawmills in and around Lebanon and a blacksmith shop on Main Street. A large hotel was in operation and at least three grocery stores within three or four blocks of the hotel. These stores were not as pretentious as the ones serving the public today but were adequate and in tune with the needs of the people. This was also true with the hardware stores, clothing stores and other businesses.

Denny School was and is the closest school to our farm. It was a one-room school for eight grades, had outdoor plumbing, a stove for wood, and an open play-shed. Things changed over the years as a room was added along with forced-air heating and indoor plumbing. A few years later another room was added and the play-shed finally converted into a closed building of substantial size and worth.

This was a building that grew. In 1948 there was an open play-shed with sawdust floor and swings and teeter-totters. A basketball ring was hung on the north end and a slab of cement put down under it. Later another hoop was erected about thirty feet farther north. The cement was extended so the entire area was out of the mud. A small problem arose as the ball would sometimes bounce over the woven wire fence along the west side and into a neighbor's yard. At times the air would almost be blue as the man would vent his feelings about students climbing the fence into his yard. This was solved by adding more to the end of the play-shed and building a ten-foot-high wall along the fence to the other basket and anchoring it to the posts holding the basket.

Unfortunately a high wind tipped the wall over the fence into the yard. Remarkably this did not upset the owner, as he thought it was an act of God. The wall was lifted by a crane and repaired, made longer along the cement slab, the north end play-shed was torn down and the open-faced building remained. When the third room was built, the front side was put in, as an addition was put on to increase the width as well as enclose it. Thus, this was the building that grew.

Denny School

Elsie and Leslie Swanson at their home in Denny

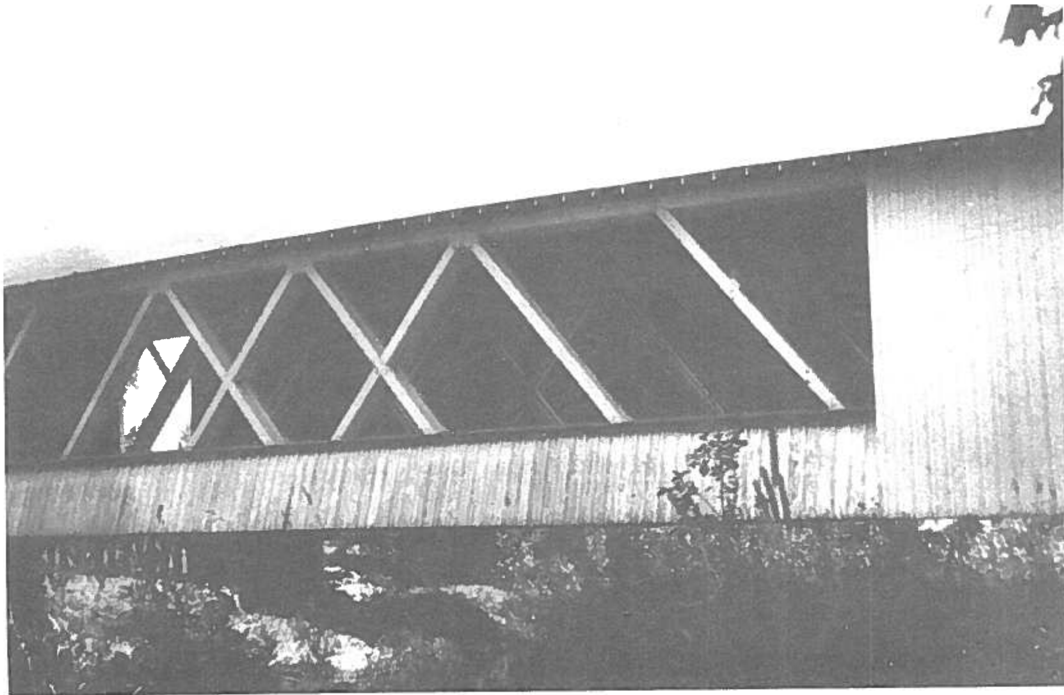
Denny history could not be recorded without mentioning pheasants. On the front of the school building the beautiful painting of a rooster and a hen pheasant, accompanied by a short history, commemorates John and Owen Denny for their efforts in bringing the Chinese pheasants from China in the 1880's. The land on which the school stands was donated by the Denny family except a portion which was bought by the district in later years. The pheasants were released on Peterson's Butte and at times farmers around the butte scattered grain at the base for the birds' welfare. In a few years, pheasants populated the countryside. These acts of caring for birds are of significance to me, as I remember when they were brought into Richland County, North Dakota, in the 1920's. There the birds were put in tree claims, acreages of trees planted by the pioneers. They flourished there also as they fed in the corn fields and around shelters in the winter and nested in summer along road ditches and sheltered spots.

In conclusion, we are very happy to be a part of life in Linn County and enjoy the labor-saving machinery and electric energy, beautiful churches, and wonderful neighbors.

L[4] As the [Fitzwater] family was traveling on the old wagon road, the children were walking and playing—swinging on the tailgate of the wagon. They were saying what they would do when they go to Oregon. But one little boy said, "You will get to Oregon but I will not." He died within days. But they brang him on to Oregon a full day's travel. They drove a half mile off the old Oregon Trail and buried him. So in a way he did "get to Oregon."

—Cecyl Savage

25 m.p.h. was considered an obscene speed. Almyra Smith said she wouldn't ride with Albert if he went that fast.



This bridge served side by side with a Southern Pacific Railroad covered bridge until 1960 when the railroad bridge was replaced with a metal one.

Location:	¼ mile North of old Gilkey Station, Ore. C. R. No. 629, Sec. 23, T. 10 S. R 2 W.
Built:	1939
Dimensions:	18' x 120'
Spáns:	Thomas Creek

[Gilkey]

"Why worry?"

Mollie Polley was born on the first day of September, 1874, making her 104. It's a shame, but it's goin' to have to be," she chuckled. Over that century Aunt Mollie has never left the state of Oregon. "No, it's too good—it's the best state in the Union!...I was born here. I only weighed three pounds and the doctor told my dad when I was born, 'You'll never be bothered with grandchildren.' They thought a long time I might be a midget, but I fooled 'em!"

Aunt Mollie's people were "mostly English....My daddy [James Monroe] came from Iowa, I guess you'd call him a pioneer, and my mother [Samantha Coffelt] came from Missouri. They crossed the plains in a wagon train. They lived with just a line between 'em and didn't know each other. When they got here—well, that's when they got acquainted."

Mary Elizabeth Coffelt, their firstborn, told us, "I had two brothers and one sister." And one time, "Well—my aunt sent me some earrings and my daddy said, 'I don't think you will ever wear them,' and 'Well,' I said, 'Aunt Mary sent 'em to me and why can't I pierce 'em myself?' 'Oh,' he said, 'You can't do something like that!'

"And so in a day or so, why, someone said to pinch your ear till it got numb, then stick a needle through it; then have a straw that was burnt a little bit, but not scorched. Anyhow, I put that straw in there and so I came up and I said, 'I got one ear pierced!'

" 'Why,' Mother said, 'child, what will you do next? Now then how you goin' to get that other'n pierced?'

" 'Well,' I said, 'How do I do everything?' Kids is liable to do things; that didn't hurt. I just pinched it—pierced it—and it was too numb to hurt.

"So anyhow she said, 'Well, you can't wear them earrings till your ears get good and well!' Well, they was awful pretty little earrings and I was gettin' anxious. So anyhow—one day they was outside and I put my earrings on and Mother said, 'You shouldn't have done that!' She was provoked at me. It didn't do any good then and it's done—that was it! You know when they said I'd never wear 'em, 'Why,' I thought to myself, 'I bet I do.' And so I did!"

That determination is what has carried Mollie through all these years. "Well—I was left-handed and mother, it seemed, like so many of her folks, was left-handed. Whenever she wanted [me] to sew with the sisters, the ones that wasn't left-handed, why I had to turn it upside-down and start in at the other place. She cut me out quite a few blocks and she strung 'em on a string and said, 'Now when you can sew with your right hand,

I'll cut you out some more!' Well—when I first started in, it wasn't very comfortable trying so I kept on and on. My mother said, 'She's goin' to be left-handed just as sure as the world!'...And I was!" We told Mollie it sounded as if she'd had a happy childhood and she replied, "Yes, that's the idea!"

Mollie went on with her life. "The first school I went to was Middle Ridge up above Sodaville. My daddy had a stock ranch up there with 640 acres in that ole big place." She told us her dad built the legendary rock-wall on Peterson's Butte as a corral for his stock.

"There was no school there [on Middle Ridge] and he was the best carpenter. They had a lot of helpers but they didn't know much about what a saw was for, so my daddy had to superintend.

"There was just a week difference in their ages, my daddy and mother...and they died within a month of each other. They was just 72 years," when they died in 1920. "They told a lot of stories, but I couldn't tell 'em like they told 'em."

Mollie married Jackson Harrison in 1894. "I always called him Jack; he said they named him wrong. When I married him we lived out on the other side of Plainview at Ash Swale. This farm of his didn't have no little house or barn on it. So we built a new barn and new house all the same year. I didn't think much of that farm. There was a pasture out in front and there was weeds there. These weeds, just the smell of 'em, made gatherings in one of my ears. Wouldn't more than get well when it started in. That man my daddy sold the place to still had it. So we traded that place and $700 for this place, and I've been here ever since."

Iva Ellen Harrison, her only child, was born Christmas Eve of 1895, proving Mollie's doctor wrong and blessing her parents with a grandchild. "Yes, she was a happy girl when she got here." She left Mollie with two grandsons and two great-grandsons now in their 20's. Mollie told us of Iva's death. "That was the worst time, the very worst. I just can't tell you how bad it was. But you have to try and stand it and get by."

After 17 years, when Jack died, she kept on raising Iva. "Oh I went ahead and sent her to school. I milked cows, raised chickens and some turkeys, and a little of everythin'," Mollie explained. "[For] 'bout three years, I guess."

Then Mollie became acquainted with Alec Densmore; she was married to him for 30 years. "I met him at a dance. We just had little company dances. I don't know just when it was; I went to so many of 'em." Soon after their marriage around 1910, "Well—we moved the old house out. This carpenter came out. He heard that we wanted to build a new house and declare the old one. I wanted it built right here where the old foundation is. I don't know why but I did. Then he come and he brought a horse. This horse went around

and around and around and we was in the old house. My daughter was a-playin' the piano while he was a-movin' us—never jarred us around at all. Didn't even break a dish or nothin'! And so anyhow as soon as they got the old house away, three men came and leveled the ground all off nice, then started in with the foundation. They started this house the first of September and by Christmas he had the house all done. We had Christmas dinner in the new house."

They converted the old house into a granary to store feed for the livestock Mollie still raised. "Raised more—you see Alec was a farmer and he knew how. He had about 1000 head of sheep and he'd have some bummer lambs all the time that din't have a mother. There'd be maybe one or two today, then maybe it'd be a week and he'd bring me more. I sure had a lot of baby lambs, but they wasn't very much trouble. After they got a few days old, we'd put out feed—we had a little trough—and put milk in there. The little fellows would go up there and help themselves."

The farthest Mollie's travels have taken her is Ashland but she told us, "I've been to the ocean lots of times," by horse and buggy. "We mostly then had a racehorse—it'd go pretty quick. It had been a racehorse, but a man in Albany that had the horse wanted to get clear of it. The cars was a-comin' and he was wantin' to get a car. We went over there in one day—before noon too!" We told Aunt Mollie she must have been a hot-rodder. "Well, maybe you guessed right," she quipped. We think she still is.

You'd still have to be a little feisty to marry again at age 80. She told us about Uncle Harry Polley. "Oh, he was a good fellow. Folks was just lettin' me get on the best I could and there were several things they could of helped me 'bout, but they didn't. Harry put in a septic tank for me and anyhow—why in three or four weeks he kept a-comin' to see if I was all right.

" 'Yeah,' I said, 'I'm all right. Been here long enough; I ought to be!'

"And so anyhow he said, 'Do I have to live the way I'm living?'

" 'Well, I didn't say you did. Well,' I said, 'what do you want?!'

" 'I want you,' he said.

"I said, 'You're pretty plain about it. Are you sure you want me?'

" 'Yes I want you and I was afraid somebody else'd get you before I did!' "

Harry had the license three days before they were wed. " 'I guess I'll fool my folks too,' " Mollie remembers saying. " 'They don't know what I'm a-doin' and they'll find out after I do.'

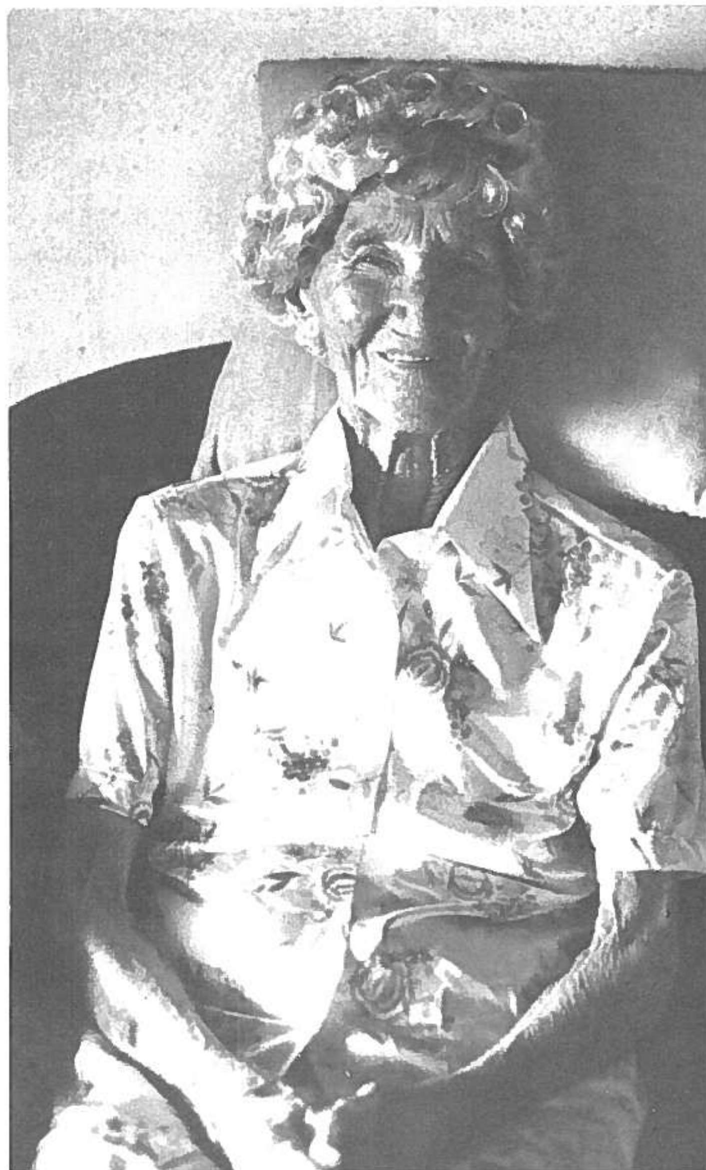
"Harry could go up to the piano, just hear music and play it. It's too slow with me, but my daughter took fifty-two lessons on the piano and I went with her every time. Whenever she made a mistake I knew it, but I didn't play. It would have took too much of my time," she told us. "He was a jolly good fellow I tell you! I wish I had him here today. I'd be happy!"

Mollie says she's had a happy life. "I don't want for anything. I've got so many that helps me and does for me. Sometimes I feel kinda sorry but I have to put up with it. Just try again.

Aunt Mollie then . . .

"I don't know. There's a lot of trials in life and quite a lot of misery, you might say. You want to do things and you want to go here and, ya know, there. You can't do nothing; just stay in the house and look out ...."

But Aunt Mollie doesn't let it bother her. "I don't like to see fussy people. 'Tain't no sense in it. Common sense is the good practice. If it's something' that can be fixed, you fix it; and if you can't fix it, why worry about it?" After a pause she answered herself. "I don't know—guess I'll keep on living—I suppose I will!"



. . . and now

Epilogue

Inside the crew

To have seen the sparkle
    dim slowly when shared in our eyes
would sparkle
the dimness in the faith of youth—

To watch each one of us
    team an effort
at the expense of being wrong.

gathering, collecting,
pushing, shoving,
tearing, being—

each one an individual,
each one a friend,
each one; each other.

And when one fell behind,
    There was always one lucky enough to be ahead
    and beautiful enough to stay and wait.

And the day that was to be the ultimate euphoria of the end,
    was only mentioned in part
as the goal,
    not our inanimation;
but the beginning of Lebanon's history again....

—Toni Redmond

The following resources helped us in writing our book.

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Albany Democrat-Herald

Doherty, Doris, and Orr, Bonnie. **Ah Yes, I Remember It Well**

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Friedman, Ralph. **Oregon for the Curious**

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Lebanon Express [Especially the 1947 **Centennial Edition** and the **1978 Legacies]**

Linn County Veterans' Almanac

McMullen, Floyd. **The Land of Linn**

Oregon Blue Books

Robertson, James, ed. **Old Glory**

Spiker, Jennifer. **Interviewing—An Interview with Janet Brem.**
LBCC Video Recording

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Wigginton, Wliot, ed. **The Foxfire Books** and **Moments**

Williams, Edgar and Co. **Illustrated Historical Atlas Map of Marion and Linn Counties Oregon, 1878**

Wood, Pamela. **You and Aunt Arie**

WPA Writers' Project. **History of Linn County**