Re collections: People and the Forest

Oral History Interviews

Volume III: From the "Upper Rogue" to the "Dead Indian Plateau"

Rogue River National Forest
Medford, Oregon
1990
Recollections:
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This collection of oral history interviews is the third volume in the Rogue River National Forest's series, "Recollections: People and the Forest." Within a single cover are gathered eight interviews with people who lived -- and helped make -- the history of southwestern Oregon during the early decades of the twentieth century.

The geographic focus of these interviews is the eastern portion of Jackson County (and adjacent parts of Klamath County), in particular the section of the Rogue River National Forest situated in the Cascade Range -- from the Prospect/Crater Lake region on the north to the "Dead Indian Plateau" area on the south. (Reminiscences about Medford and Ashland are also given in some of the interviews.)

These interviews concentrate on the time period from the turn-of-the-century until World War Two, with some discussion of the post-War years as well. Homesteading, railroad logging, life during Prohibition and the Great Depression (including Jackson County's famous "Good Government Congress" episode), early-day Forest Service activities; these are just a few of the topics that are covered.

Some of the interviews were conducted by Forest Service historian Jeff LaLande in the early to mid-1980s. Others, done under Forest Service contract by oral historian/anthropologist Anne Chambers of Winthrop Associates, date from the summer of 1989.

Additional oral histories will be gathered during the 1990s. This will be done as part of the Forest Service's commitment to protect and share the historical heritage of the Rogue River National Forest.
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FRANCES PEARSON

Frances Pearson was born in Prospect, Oregon, in 1885. She grew up in the area and later taught school in that community for over forty years. She speaks of her family's annual trips to Huckleberry Mountain, her visits to Crater Lake, and many other recollections of people and places in the Prospect Ranger District. Mrs. Pearson was interviewed in April 1981 at her residence in "Madison House," at which time she continued to be an alert and thorough historian of the Upper Rogue River country. Mrs. Pearson died in 1984.
ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW WITH FRANCES PEARSON

April, 1981

Jeff LaLande: Mrs. Pearson, could you briefly talk about the founding of Prospect, perhaps quoting from your history article [written by Frances Pearson]?

Frances Pearson: Yes. "Two gentlemen from Jacksonville, Slosson and Beeson, built a sawmill near what is now Prospect in eighteen-and-seventy-three. Before that, there was only the Chauncey Nye family living in the area. The Slosson and Beeson sawmill burned. The next milling venture was that of Captain H.P. Deskins. The post office records show that Deskins established a post office named Deskins on July 5, 1882. He was the first postmaster in Deskins; and his wife, Mary, sold his property to Squire S. Aikens (my father) on October 22, 1883. Mr. Aiken became the postmaster, and he changed the name to Prospect on November 9, 1889."

JL So your father, Squire S. Aiken, came to Jacksonville in what year? 1882? Yes...and then it was very soon after that...a year or two...that he bought the [Deskins] mill?

FP Yes, he was interested in the timber, and in the land at the "Red Blanket Ranch" [a large, open area just east of Prospect, good grazing country]. He and his brother [Fred] bought all that country around Red Blanket.

JL And you were born there, at Deskins [now Prospect], in 1885.

FP Yes, I was born during a siege of scarlet fever in the County...and I contracted the disease when I was three weeks old. I nearly died of it. With the good care of my father and mother, I survived and was a healthy child after that.

JH You went to school in Prospect?

FP Oh yes. When I was six years old, I went to school the first time. Would you like to know how they taught use then? All right. They had what they called the "big chart," up on a frame. And the first part, the child learned the A-B-C's. Took me a week or two to learn my A-B-C's. Then, when I'd learned those, there'd be a nice picture with words and some short sentences. One sentence like "Run, boy, run," "See the cat," and so on like that. And, as we progressed and turned over that page of the chart, it was a little more advanced. By the time we got through the whole chart, there were stories being told. And then you'd get your
"first reader." The next step was the "first reader," a book. But, I don't know as I had one, since we had only three months of school that time. It was the second term for me when I had my "first reader." There were five "readers" in all. They didn't speak of what grade you were in, but what "reader" you were in. They passed a law in Oregon that they would have an eighth-grade examination, and I was the first child to take an eighth-grade examination in Prospect. And later on, when I was teaching, I graduated the first eighth-grade class from Prospect. I was sixteen and I taught at Prospect that one summer. I had two students. I have pictures of them with their diplomas in their hands.

JL What about the years you were in Oakland [California], going to high school?

FP Yes, well, that was a problem. After I finished the eighth-grade, my mother had died in 1902. My father didn't know what to do because I was very interested in education. Mrs. McCully in Jacksonville was a friend of ours, and also a friend of the poet Joaquin Miller [the "Poet of the Sierras," a well-known literary figure in Oregon and California during the late nineteenth century]. One summer, she happened to stop at our house to see my father. She'd thought of a plan of how I might go down to the Miller home in California. She'd known the Millers a long time...in Eugene. She said Mrs. Miller, the mother of Joaquin Miller, was a very old lady, and I could be a sort of "companion" for her, and go to high school there.

It's rather interesting how I first met Mr. Miller. There was a group of very prominent men...some governors, senators, newspapermen...and Mr. Miller was with them. They were in covered wagons on their way to Crater Lake. They stopped at noon at the old Rogue River bridge, which was about a quarter-of-a-mile below Prospect. Well, of course, Mrs. McCully had already laid the plan out for me. So, I told my brother to get on his horse and take a note down there...find Joaquin Miller and give it to him. In the note, I told Mr. Miller to please stop and see me as he came by [on the way to Crater Lake]. And sure enough, Mr. Miller came to the house and came up on the porch and said, "Well, little girl, what did you want to see me about?" I said, "I've got to go to school this winter and I want to go down to your home and go to school." "Oh," he said, "I don't know about that. You know I'll have to talk to mother first." But, when he got to Ashland, on his way back, he had seen Mrs. McCully and she'd told him what a fine little girl I was. And I went to the Miller home [in Oakland], was a companion to Mrs. Miller and went to school that year. I was so homesick by the next year that I came back to Prospect. I stayed in Prospect most of the rest of my life, teaching. I later took some classes at the old Normal School in Ashland, at the Agricultural College [now Oregon State University] in 1911 and 1912, and at the University [of California] at Berkeley. I never graduated from any college, but I took the State examinations, passed and became a teacher. The certificate entitled me to be a teacher or superintendent in any school in the State of Oregon.

I taught mostly at Prospect. I did teach out by what's now White City; it was called "Agate" in those days. I taught four years there, as superintendent of a two-room high school. I also taught way up on Green
Springs Mountain, at Pinehurst School, one winter. And also at Laurelhurst, then called "Leeds." That was near the Lost Creek Dam they just built. The rest of my teaching was at Prospect. I must have taught there for over forty years....

JL I'd like to hear some stories, some of your recollections of the early days at Huckleberry Mountain.

FP Yes, all right. The trips to Huckleberry Mountain were a gay event for us. It happened each summer in August when the huckleberries were ripe. We would pack up and go up [the old Crater Lake Road] to Wagon Camp on Union Creek. Of course, then we didn't have any means of taking the wagons up the mountain, so we'd pack the horses with the necessary equipment and go to the top of the mountain and pitch a camp. I was good at making up a bed with boughs. I remember one thing that was characteristic of the trips: the evening entertainment. There was a group that came from eastern Oregon; they were real old cowboys and they had guitars and banjos. They'd sit around the fire at night and they'd sing those songs they sang to the cattle to keep 'em calm. We'd enjoy it so much, we'd sit there at the back and listen to them sing almost till midnight. And then up every morning at dawn to pick huckleberries.

JL Would you spend the whole day picking berries?

FP I'd say we did! My father, when I was little more than ten, twelve years old, he kept sort of a log, telling how many you'd pick in a day. You'd generally get about two gallons apiece. If you were lucky, you got into a good patch. Anyway, he kept us working at it, and he was a good huckleberry picker. He could pick four, five gallons in a day. And we'd come back to camp just loaded down with huckleberries.

I want to tell you how we made a huckleberry pie. Did you ever hear of a Dutch oven?...like a sheepherder's oven. We made a huckleberry pie and cooked it in this oven, and it was the best pie we ever made. Now another article was beans. You couldn't cook beans on Huckleberry Mountain that were fit to eat because the altitude was too high. But we could cook "beans in a hole," we called it. We'd dig a hole in the ground, and build a fire and put coals all around in there. Then we'd set the Dutch oven in there with the seasoned beans, and then more coals on top. We'd cover it over with rocks and dirt, and then go picking huckleberries all day. When you came back in the evening, it was all done and delicious.

JL So you'd bury your Dutch oven to cook, like an Indian earth-oven. Was there someone hunting game up there usually?

FP Oh yes, there was lots of hunting up there. These cowboys I spoke of. They'd come in from eastern Oregon. They'd brought their guns and all they did was hunt. They'd get deer and bear, you know. Alice Hamilton, the Indian lady, she'd camp close to use. She killed a bear once. That bear was kind of bothering her, and I was a little afraid of it myself. She shot it.

JH There were often a lot of people up at Huckleberry Mountain at one time, weren't there?
FP There were indeed. Sometimes, we'd live at Wagon Camp. We'd just stay down there and we'd walk up that old mountain every morning to pick huckleberries. While we were camped there, the [Klamath] Indians would come a little bit later. They were on the Reservation, you know, and when they were "released," that was a sight to see. You could look across Union Creek and you would see that stream of Indians heading up. The old squaws, you know, and their papooses in a basket behind them...all going up the mountain.

JL I've been told that the old ditch-like scar on the slope above Wagon Camp is where the Indians' horses pulled their "travois" [long poles attached to the horse's flanks and loaded with supplies].

FP I never saw them do that, but that's the route they got up there. I can remember once when we lived at Wagon Camp and didn't go up the mountain during the day, that mother would say to me, "Frankie, go down and get some water now." So I'd get the bucket and go down that steep hill there [to Union Creek]. I had become very interested in romantic novels then. I'd pick them up and read a little bit while resting with the bucket full of water. Then I'd put the book under the log when I'd hear my mother yell, "Frankie, bring that water up. What are you doing down there?" [laughs] Oh, but those were great days!

JL Up at the top of the mountain, I know there were several camps that were used. There was "Squaw Flat," one called "Brandenburg Camp," "Crawford Camp," and "Huckleberry City." Were there any differences in the people who camped at those places?

FP We lived close to Brandenburg Camp. Crawford Camp was one that the Crawford family came to each year. They were a wealthy family from eastern Oregon [Klamath Basin], beautiful equipment, nice horses. Huckleberry City was mostly the Indians. We never lived in Huckleberry City. Squaw Flat reminds me of "White Cindy." She was a noted Indian woman, said to have carried messages to the soldiers during the Modoc War. She was favorable to the white people. She would come every year with a bunch of her Indian friends. One year, she camped on a flat right across from us. You could see her very plainly from where we were camped. And that night, a big storm came up. Lightning struck a tree nearby. We were sitting there and an Indian man went galloping by, right by our camp. My father asked him, "Where you going?" And he said, "I'm going to get medicine from that tree." They were going to get "medicine" from that tree and have a big pow-wow!

So he got his medicine, and that night I had the privilege of seeing an Indian dance. Old White Cindy led them. They had tin cans they beat on...singing, you know. They went around and around, dancing. Well, the next morning, a friend said, "We've got to get a picture of White Cindy." So we went over there and told her what we wanted. And she said, "All right, but this first [puts open palm out]." She wanted money. I got a good picture of White Cindy. She was enormous, ugly, old woman. She'd been at the San Francisco World's Fair, posing for pictures, and had made quite a bit of money down there. You had to cross her palm, see? She was a character.
JL Did the Indians live in teepees at Huckleberry Mountain when you were there?

FP No, no, they didn't. They had tents. They'd dry all their huckleberries out on the canvas. We'd keep our's fresh. No trouble to keeping them if you knew how to handle them. We'd let them keep a week or two. The Indians would spread out this canvas and put the berries on it so they'd dry. They used dried huckleberries altogether.

JL Did the white campers do a lot of canning of huckleberries?

FP Some of them did down at Wagon Camp...brought jars with them and canned. But we never did that. We brought all our huckleberries home, fresh. And, by the way, we didn't have Mason jars in the earliest times to can with. Sometimes we used tin cans, used ones. You could put wax over the top. We used mostly wine and beer bottles. It was my work. Father would pick them up [in Medford] at saloons and places, and I had to wash them. I'd put gravel in and get them clean. You'd cook the huckleberries, put them in the bottle, and then put a cork in and seal it with wax. We'd do that back at home. What happened once...well, our house was sort of a "roadhouse." There was no other house in Prospect at that time. People would stop and eat. One time, a group of very prominent men stopped on their way to Crater lake. One was the mayor of Portland, one was Mr. Ladd, very prominent in Portland business. They stayed all night with us. Father said to me, "Go down and get some huckleberries." I was all dressed up in a white apron and all, because of the occasion. So I got the huckleberry bottle and was trying to pull the cork out of the bottle. It had fermented a little bit, and soon as I loosened it, the cork flew out and the huckleberries went all over me. All those men! I thought they would die with laughter!

JL You must have felt kind of silly then.

FP Oh yes.

JL Do you remember who Brandenburg Camp was named after?

FP Yes, a family by that name. They were like the Crawfords. I suppose cattle people, from eastern Oregon. They were wealthy. They camped right across from us one time. I was quite interested in them, I remember. They had a boy that I thought was just about all right. [laughs] He wouldn't look at me though.

JL Farther down the road, to the west, was Huckleberry City, in a clearing?

FP Yes. There was no store that I remember; that might have been much later. Of course, after Mr. Woodruff built the road up from Union Creek [ca. 1900], they put in a dance hall there.

JH Was that a covered building?
FP I think it was covered over with boughs, and that would be taken off in the fall. It was a framework. The Woodruffs were musicians, played wonderful music....

JL Could you tell me about Silver Camp (along Union Creek on the old Crater Lake Road)?

FP Yes. In the early 1880s, there was a fire there that burned a lot of timber...about two miles north of Union Creek Resort. We went there to pick blackberries. People would camp there among the burned trees, with their denuded trunks. They looked kind of "silver" in color, and that's how the place got that name.

JH It sounds like a lot of people came to Huckleberry Mountain from the east side of the Cascades, from the Klamath Basin side.

FP Umm, yes. Like this cowboy outfit I was telling you about. I remember they were kind of a hard bunch. One, "Old Flynn" they called him, he was a regular old desert rat from the lava beds in eastern Oregon, and he brought over with him his ponies, several horses. In this group were a couple of young men who did a lot of hunting. One time it happened to be my birthday, I think it was my twenty-fifth. They heard of it and one said, "You need a present," and he came over and gave me his "emerald ring." It was just glass, you know. [laughs] We got quite friendly, you know, but they took to quarreling in their camp. Old Flynn was kind of an ugly old fellow. And anyway they had a lot of trouble and Flynn pulled out and went back to his lava beds. My father and I were together on that trip. Our camp wasn't far from theirs, and I got to ride one of the ponies out, since the boys wanted to come down to Woodruff Meadows and look for deer one night. So this young man was my escort on the trip down. I had a real good time with that bunch. How they could sing those cowboy songs! And then fight all night long among themselves.

JL Was there a lot of drinking going on?

FP Oh no, that's one thing we didn't have. There was never any drinking I knew of. But, one time, there was a man shot on the mountain. This young man, the cowboy, by the way his name was Clay Cann, told me he knew that man was shot...that he was murdered really. Of course, they couldn't prove anything so they couldn't do anything about it at court. Somebody back-shot him, you know, and it was a feud between a couple of men. They took him out to Fort Klamath...Nobody was arrested. There was another case, very interesting to me, along the same line, that happened down by the Red Blanket Ranch. There was a party that went out hunting on Buck Mountain. That's the mountain out back of Red Blanket. Among them was my father and about five other men. On their way back, coming down along the trail, the man who was in the lead was shot by the man behind him. Well, we understood that there were hard-feelings between them. He claimed it was accidental, which it could have been. Those guns sometimes just discharged. But the men that were with them, my father too, they were quite sure that he had been murdered. So, this is the way they handled that. When they got back into Prospect, this group said, "This has got to be reported to Jacksonville. What are we going to tell them, cause we can't prove a thing." Dad was a scribe for the bunch, you know, because
he had business training. He was almost a lawyer, you might say. He said, "My advice would be that we recommend that it be recorded as an accident because there's no proof of foul play." Father got a note back from Jacksonville, thanking him, saying, "You saved us thirty dollars expenses...court costs, you know. That's how things were handled in those days. They left it to arbitration.

JL Were there other instances like that, that you recall?

FP Well, do you remember how Whiskey Creek got its name? I know the exact truth of that one. Mr. Deskins, who ran that sawmill, in the fall he'd pay his working men so they'd have food for winter. And then, he'd take their money, hitch his oxen to the wagon and go down to Central Point to buy supplies...apples, flour and different things. Well all right, he'd get their money and he went to town and he got into a bunch down there that had whiskey in barrels. He thought how he could make a quick buck. So, instead of buying food, he bought whiskey. He loaded that wagon with whiskey, and enough apples to put all over the top of it, and came back. One of the women in Prospect later wrote a note saying they were heartbroken. They didn't know how they were going to live through that winter 'cause they had no food. Well, old Deskins told them, "I'm taking this whiskey over to Fort Klamath." There were still soldiers over there then. So the hired men started out and a storm came up. Deskins didn't go himself. The men that took the wagon got as far as Whiskey Creek and couldn't get any father, so they just dumped that whiskey into the creek. Well, when they came back, they reported what they had done to Deskins. He was pretty disgusted and said, "I'm not going to pay you, you didn't deliver." So, they called a court, and Chauncey Nye, the old fellow, was chairman of the court. They took a vote on it and Deskins lost out. I saw the minutes of that meeting; they were in the Nye family records. I had heard the story, don't you know, but later I actually saw the record of it there in the minutes...and it was just as true as I'd heard it. You see, we've got lots of traditions and stories, and sometimes we'll have something to verify them.

JL What about Robinson Camp, along the old Crater Lake Road? Do you know how it got its name?

FP Don't know a word about it. We had an old man named Robinson over by the Red Blanket, but he'd just come and go.

JL How about the early days at Union Creek? I'm really unclear about the history of the various developments at Union Creek before the Twenties.

FP The first thing I knew of Union Creek was when the Woodruff family lived there. They came in quite early days. None of the land had been surveyed, and the Woodruffs were just "squatters." They'd be there in the summer, and the other times the Woodruffs would go off on their musical tours. Then, after they left, the claim changed hands a number of times. There was a man by the name of Frank Amy who owned it for a while. By then, it had been surveyed. Then, Jim Grieve, who had the Prospect Hotel, had the resort at Union Creek. There were several people who had it for short periods.
JL What about Mr. Beckleheimer, do you remember him?

FP Oh yes, Beckleheimer was the one who was the permanent one. His wife and son came up there. They're the ones that established a filling station and a restaurant at Union Creek.

JH "Becky's Cafe."

FP Yes. Mrs. Beckleheimer died, but they still call it Becky's Cafe. Then there were the people that got the [resort] property across the road. I can't think of their names [Regnier]. But, anyway, they and Beckleheimer didn't get along at all. Their interests clashed. They were bitter enemies, I know that.

JL What kind of house did the Woodruffs have?

FP As I remember, they had a log cabin and a little barn for their hay. Probably not much of a place, cause they were just there in the summer.

JL There seems to have been a number of Forest Service ranger stations there at Union Creek.

FP Yes, now that was interesting. I remember when the first Forest Service station was established there. The Ranger was George West [ca. 1908]. He and his wife were very close friends of mine. I spent considerable time at their home, there at Union Creek. Really, the first ranger in the area was Nat Langell. When the government established the Forest Reserve [i.e., with General Land Office Forest Reserve Rangers], Roseburg was the center. When people proved up on their land, they had to go to Roseburg to tend to their business. A man named Dixon came down from Roseburg. He was connected in some way with the Reserve, and stayed with us in our home a week or so. He had four sons and, because I kind of helped him and waited on him, he promised me one of his sons... but he never came through.

JL Just like a government man. [both laugh]

FP So, there was Nat Langell, who was really the first ranger up there. He came from an old Jacksonville family. He took up his abode in the old hotel at Prospect. He came up there for two summers [ca. 1898-99], and by the way, they still maintained a camp at Union Creek. His son and a few other young men stayed up there. About all they did was sit around and play cards, waiting for a fire. They had a few shovels and, if a few came up, they'd go shovel a trench around it, you know. But they didn't do much of anything... loll around camp.

JL Then there were the early homesteaders too. Like Mr. Graham and his ginseng.

FP Oh yes! He was located about three miles above Prospect... on the left side of the Crater Lake Road. He'd gotten an idea that you could raise ginseng up there, and then ship it to some company for the Chinese consumption. It was very valuable. So he planted these ginseng gardens. He had to have shade, so he put up poles, and then more poles over the top, so the plants were partially shaded. Took them three years to mature
and then, when they were ready to harvest, he harvested big bags full and shipped it to this company. There was something crooked about the company, and Mr. Graham never got a cent out of it. He was discouraged, so he sold his property and left. He married one of my best friends.

JL Do you remember some of the other homesteaders on Prospect Flat?

FP Yes, I do. Remember Kiter Creek? Mr. Kiter was an unmarried man. He always stayed at our house for a day or two, and he would never talk at all, hardly. A very, very quiet man, and that's about all I knew about him. He'd come time and again, stay on a day or two with us. He proved up his claim and sold out [to a timber speculation company, Rogue River Timber Co.]

Another one was Mr. Larson [Larson Creek]. He came in about the same time [ca. 1905]. He took up a homestead and had three daughters and his wife. His wife soon died but he stayed long enough to prove up. Wasn't too far from the Graham place, somewhere in around there.

JH Was Hall's Point named for a homesteader?

FP I think it was named for a Mr. Hall, who was found dead in his cabin, shot. Now if that's the same Hall, I don't know. They thought there was foul play, but there was nothing to prove who did it. He lived alone...

* * * *

JL What about Natural Bridge, was it always called by that name in the old days?

FP Oh yes, it was always known as that. The water just disappears there. You could cross over on the lava flow, back and forth.

JL Did many people use Natural Bridge to get across the Rogue River?

FP Well, there was no particular reason to use it, excepting you'd like to walk across the bridge.

JL So it was never used as a major crossing?

FP No...there used to be a very nice Forest Service campground [now a day-use area section of present campground], near the entrance to Natural Bridge, built by the C.C.C.'s.

JL Did people tend to stop at Natural Bridge in the early days, before the C.C.C. campground, just to see the river disappear underground?

FP I think many people stopped there to see the Bridge...that was considered a scenic point. And there was another thing along the road. That big sugar pine [Mammoth Sugar Pine]. Now they have cut it down because they
said it was too dangerous. The limbs would drop. But I never thought that was the right thing to do. They should have fenced that off and left it as a monument. You know, we kids used to jump out of the wagon as we neared this place...run on ahead, and run around the old "big tree." It was a real landmark. We loved it.

JL The old Crater Lake Road passed right next to the tree.

FP Yes, that's right. I remember too, the first time I went to Crater Lake. That was before they built that abominable lodge up there. We'd drive up to the rim and that lake just opened up to us. It was the most wonderful sight.

JL You don't like that lodge at the rim?

FP Oh, I can't stand it! I was in hopes, you know, that they'd decide to demolish it and build one back a'ways. They shouldn't have put it on the bank. But, of course, overnight guests had to have a nice place to stay, and sit in their front room and look out over the lake. [laughs]

JL Now it's considered to be historic.

FP [laughs] Yes, now it's "historic," and it's too bad.

JL You were going to tell me about some trips to Crater Lake.

FP That first trip was when I was four years old. It was wonderful. My brother George had a rifle, and he shot down into the water. He went up with the Boothby family to see Crater Lake and then went over to Huckleberry Mountain.

The next time was when I was about seventeen or eighteen. Enna Weber, who was a neighbor of mine, my brother George and I -- we all decided to go to Crater Lake. They were already starting to make some improvements up there, to the road, at "Government Camp." There were several workmen there. We stopped at Government Camp and asked if there was any way we could get a boat to go out to Wizard Island. They said no there wasn't except for their own boat. They said it had a little leak in it. I guess George talked them into the use of it. Anyway, they let us have the boat. In the boat was a gallon bucket, but you couldn't see much of a crack or anything. We went on out to Wizard Island. We ate our lunch there and fooled around a long time till afternoon. Then we started back. A wind came up and the whitecaps began to roll, and the boat began to leak. My brother rowed and Enna and I took turns with the bucket, bailing that water out. But we just couldn't keep up with it. How we ever got back before that boat sank! We managed it.

The other trip was the time I was with the John D. Rockefellers. Winnie Walker, a friend of mine and relative by marriage, and I went up to Crater Lake with a man who was doing some missionary work. When we got there, of course we wanted to take the boat ride. But they told us the only boat had already been chartered by the John D. Rockefeller party. The Rockefellers said, "Let them come with us," so we did. And that's how I came to meet John D. Rockefeller. They were just common folks. We all
had a good time together. They had a geologist who told us many interesting things. We went around the island and came clear back. We had to go up the steep trail to the rim. I remember one of the Rockefellers, I think they called him Winnie too, he kept lagging behind. He was kind of a fat boy. They kept yelling, "Winnie, Winnie come up here." We'd have to wait till he'd catch up with us.

JL I'll bet their boat didn't leak.

FP Oh no, that was a good motor boat. I've been there many, many times, but those are the times I remember the best.

JL How about the old Diamond Lake Road? Did you travel on it much before they rerouted it?

FP Yes, we went to Diamond Lake on the old road. There was a young man, his sister, May, and I went up there. There was not another soul there! That was on August twentieth because I spent my birthday there I know. And we were all alone. We had the lake all to ourselves, and we camped there for two, three days. We saw only one person, a man on horseback.

JL I've heard that the old Diamond Lake Road was an extremely dusty drip, even worse than the Crater Lake Road.

FP Worse than dusty, it was dangerous. You know, we would be travelling along and we'd be along the hillside, why it scared me to death! It was a terrible road.

JL Did you stop at what they now call Lake West on your way to Diamond Lake?

FP I don't remember that.

JL It sounds like when you were young, when people went sight-seeing and so on, they stayed on the east side of Rogue River...Huckleberry Mountain, Crater Lake. Did you ever go over to the west side, to the Rogue-Umpqua Divide country, Abbott Butte?

FP Not from Prospect, no. That country wasn't used that much...some sheepmen.

JL Do you remember the flocks of sheep coming through Prospect on their way to graze that country?

FP Oh yes, they used to drive them right through Prospect on their way to the Forest Service range. Then they'd take them back in the fall. You'd have to go out and chase them out of the garden.

JL Do you remember any of the old-time sheepmen?

FP Yes, I knew all of them. There were the Sizemores and the Peltons...they were from Sam's Valley. I remember Bill Lewis. He finally had a service station in Medford. Bill used to go to the school I taught at Agate. He'd gotten malaria very bad. I could always tell, when he'd begin to
shake and get the fever I'd send him home. Malaria was awful bad around here in the early days.

JL Do you remember the family named Skeeters? They had a logging camp near Prospect.

FP Yes, that's only about three miles from Prospect. They had a big camp there for loggers. There were once about twelve, thirteen little sawmills around Prospect then...that was around World War Two or so...

* * * *

JL Do you know how Ginko Creek got its name?

FP No. It's a kind of a tree, isn't it? There's no gingko growing there.

JL There's a story that some Chinese miners on their way from Jacksonville to John Day planted a gingko tree there.

FP Well, maybe so. I kind of like these old traditions, but you never know if they're true or not. Like this story about Red Blanket Ranch. The story's that the Indians sold that land for one red blanket. That ground's just full of artifacts of all different kinds. Pots [bowl mortars], and ever so many arrowheads. It was an Indian hunting ground around there. I was born in Deskins and moved out to the Red Blanket when I was about one year old. We stayed there until I was twelve. I loved it, I was free and happy there...I never saw any Indians around Prospect itself. There were some when Slosson and Beeson came to start up the mill. They said it was the most beautiful they ever saw, and the most wonderful stand of sugar pine. The only people they saw were a few Patcheluck [Molalla?] Indians. I suppose they were Rogue River Indians really...and the Nye family, they were there.

JL What about the Nye Ditch? Was that an irrigation ditch?

FP The Nye's didn't have sufficient water, so they organized a group of farmers that had settled up around the Nye Place [a short distance south of Prospect]. And they built the Nye Ditch [taking water from Mill Creek] across the flat to Rogue River, then dumped the [ditch] water into Rogue River and took it out again further down. [The Nye water was diverted from the old Copco powerhouse flume some distance below Prospect, and led by ditch to the Nye place.]

I remember Mr. Deskins sold my father two oxen. He'd named them Brigham Young and Joseph Smith. My father changed their names to Jerry and Rome. He didn't have too much use for oxen in his business so he arranged to sell them to someone in Fort Klamath. I remember we tied them up to the back of the wagon, and we went up to Silver Camp, where we met the people from the other side. That's where we said goodbye to Jerry and Rome. I
remember sleeping outside and looking up at the stars, there at Silver Camp. I was very small, no more than four or five.

JL What about the religion of the people around Prospect?

FP Yes, about religion. There were no churches, no Sunday schools. If people happened to be religious when they came there, they probably stayed that way. My people came from a Puritanical persuasion, from New England, don't you see. I know my own exposure to religion, in some ways, wasn't too pleasant. The folks in New Hampshire worried about us kids, being raised out here as heathens. I know they sent a book to me, called "Pilgrim's Progress." Did you ever read it?

JL No, but it's famous all right...John Bunyan?

FP It was all illustrated. How you had to go that straight and narrow path. It just scared me to death. It gave me bad dreams. Reminds me of the French-Canadians who worked at the Prospect sawmill. There were also some Irishmen there. They'd sit around the old fireplace of a night and tell stories. The Irishman, he'd tell about the "banshee," you know. Then the Frenchman would try to outdo him, and tell about the "loup-garou," how they'd do terrible things to people. I'd just sit there and listen so intently. It was wonderful until I had to crawl upstairs to my bed alone....

* * * *

JL Did your father use horses to pull the logs?

FP Yes, my dad did. Old Deskins used the oxen. They had those big sugar pine logs.

JL What do you know about the Lusby Cabin?

FP John Lusby had listened to one of those stories about the "lost mine." He decided it was up in that [Rogue-Umpqua Divide] country there, so he built a little cabin. I've seen that cabin when I was huckleberrying on that side. Finally it burned down.

JL So you did sometimes go huckleberry picking on the west side of the river, along the Rogue-Umpqua Divide?

FP Oh yes, over there to Huckleberry Gap. People go there much more now than they go to Huckleberry Mountain because the huckleberrying is better. When cars got into Huckleberry Mountain, there were lots of people up there. I think it depleted them.

JL Why don't you tell me a little bit about Alice Hamilton, at Huckleberry Mountain.
Alice had gone every year to Huckleberry Mountain since she was a young girl. She had her camp and that was her camp, same place every year. She grew very old, almost helpless. She finally brought her niece up with her, to kind of look out for her. Alice Hamilton was well-known. Finally she died. Her niece lives in Prospect now. Alice was a Klamath Indian. I was in hopes Alice would die on Huckleberry Mountain, but she died in Klamath Falls. She was a nice person, proud of the fact she was an Indian. She was held in great respect. Nobody camped in Alice Hamilton's place, that was her spot, close to Brandenburg Camp.

I got lost on Huckleberry Mountain once. I started out on what they call Frenchman Trail and crossed it. First thing I knew, I didn't know where I was. I didn't know which way to go! Finally I heard voices somewhere, and I hollered. They answered back, so I went over to them. I told them I was so turned around. They said they'd take me back to camp. So we came into the rear of my camp and they said, "You're home." And I said, "No, no, this isn't right at all." I was still turned around. That's the only time I've been lost in the woods in my life.

I remember the time we took a wagon up the Woodruff road to Huckleberry Mountain. We took two wagons to Union Creek and then loaded everything into the Boothby's wagon and started up that awful road. We didn't have any trouble getting up there...when we came out, is when we had to go down that steep road. They had to tie a tree to the back of the wagon to hold it back. The other time I was on that road was when my father and I went to Huckleberry Mountain. We got a ride in a wagon and they left us there. Said they'd be back in a week. What were we going to do? There were hardly any berries. I think it was me who suggested we walk out. So the next morning, we had one horse, we loaded the horse down and we walked down that road from Huckleberry Mountain to Union Creek. Camped there all night, and walked in to Prospect the next day. So I've walked from Huckleberry Mountain to Prospect!

How old were you then?

Well, let's see. I wasn't feeble yet, that's for sure. I was in my twenties.

Do you remember stories about bootlegging during the 1920s...around Prospect?

Yes, there were stills all over the place! All in the woods, you know. I discovered parts of a still on the land that I owned there. Coils, and one thing or another. There was a lot of it going on.
Jack Hollenbeak was born in 1910. He grew up in and around the town of Prospect, where his grandmother operated the famous Prospect Hotel for many years. Interviewed at his Prospect home in the summer of 1989, Mr. Hollenbeak displayed his keen memory and strong interest in local history. He recalls many people and events from the early days of Prospect — from "bootlegging" incidents of the 1920s and the hard times of the Depression through the World War Two years and his later career supervising Forest Service trail construction during the post-War period. His wide-ranging interview gives a wealth of information about life in the "Upper Rogue Country."
Anne Chambers: Could you start by telling me about your background?

Jack Hollenbeak: Well, I was born in Jackson County, near Sam's Valley. The post office was called Beagle. It hasn't been a post office for a good long time. My folks moved to Prospect in 1913 when I was 3 years old. I was born in 1910. Do you want any background on my parents?

AC I'd love it.

JH My father and my mother each had a prior marriage, and lost their mate. So I was part of a second family. I was the youngest among four boys. My father and my grandfather on the Hollenbeak side, they carried the mail from Sam's Valley to Prospect before the turn of the century, in the 90's sometime. This was before my father and my mother had ever met. Also on my father's side, my Grandmother Hollenbeak ran the old hotel for quite a number of years here in Prospect. I don't know the exact years, but Mr. Boothby built it -- built it for a dwelling house and then turned it into a hotel because there were so many people that wanted to stay over, and it was big enough to accommodate them.

AC When would it have been built?

JH It was built, I believe, right around 1890. Boothby sold it to the Gold Ray Realty Company, which was the first power company in this area. I can give you a little background on that too a little later if you wish. My grandmother ran the hotel there. On my mother's side, her maiden name was Phipps. Her family moved here from the Baker area up on Burnt River in northeastern Oregon, in 1883. She said when they came to where Medford now exists, there was nothing but a big ranch. They finally settled where Lost Lake now is, a part of the place is still above the water line. It's right in there where you turn down to the day-use area and boat landing.

AC They had a ranch, did they?

JH Well, yes, a little old homestead. Most of the places then were little old "squirrel ranches," a place to pack your grub and eat it, was about it. They existed on it and that was about it. Now then...

AC We've got you in 1913, moving to Prospect at 3 years of age.

JH Yes, And it was right out on this Red Blanket Flat. In fact, when we moved here, there were only two places on this whole flat here. There's probably a hundred now. But there had been more than that when the timber
claims were all opened and people were taking timber claims, but that was after that had happened.

AC Were your parents able to claim a homestead in this area?

JH My mother had either a pre-emption or a timber claim, which was later bought. Now this was down in the Lost Creek lake area. They sold that (that was after my father and my mother were married) to the Gold Ray Company because they were going to put a log chute on it. They were going to try to drive logs down Rogue River, which wasn't successful. It was too rough. They lost some people on the log drives and they couldn't get the logs through or over the riffles. It just didn't work.

AC What was the roughest part, where the people lost their lives?

JH I don't know. That was before I was born. My grandfather Phipps was lost in Rogue River, but not that way. He was going across in a boat to pick up a traveller. High water. They never did find him. And I lost one brother in the Rogue River. He was just two years older than I. Now...

AC So, your parents moved up here to the Red Blanket Flat area.

JH The ranch still is about a mile north of here. They had 60 acres there but they bought it all. They didn't homestead it. Part of what they bought was from Bill Mooney, who owned most of the Red Blanket area at that time. Before that it had been owned by the Aiken family. Bill owned about 400 acres here on the flat. Quite a lot of it good farm land, including all of this ranch here [across from his house]. They bought part of it from him and part of it off the old Gordon place. It was a homestead, but it was just part of it that they bought.

AC Did you go to school in Prospect?

JH Oh, yes. I started school in the old school house. There, that one you see that picture of there, [he points out a photo on the front page of The Prospector for March 16, 1949, which was a special issue featuring the history of Prospect. A copy of this publication is attached], when I was five years old, I started there in 1915, my brother was two years older and he was 7 when he started because they held him out because we walked to school from out here. It was 2 miles from our place to the school. Just two little old wagon tracks out through the timber, and the timber was huge at that time. Big sugar pines, big Douglas-fir. Lot of sugar pine that would run 5 and 6 feet in diameter, right along the road. Of course, hadn't anything been logged, except a few of the sugar pines in to the old water-powered mill that was run by Slosson and Beeson, and the Aiken family, and that was in the very early days of Prospect.

AC Was the mill still going when you were walking to school.

JH Yes. In fact, the first job I had off in the woods was driving a team, cutting logs, falling sugar pine, and it was about half a mile below where we are right now [his home is at 634 Butte Falls Rd, in the Red Blanket Ranch area]. We cut these big old sugar pine. Just took the trees up to the first big limbs, cause they wanted all clear stuff and then what we used was a "cross-haul," they called it, to put logs up on with blocks and
tackle and a big team of horses. I drove the horses. That was right after I was out of high school, and I was 17.

AC So, did you go to high school in Prospect as well?

JH Yes, I graduated from high school in 1927, the second class that went all the way through school.

AC How many of you were there?

JH In my class? Six.

AC Wow! Six graduated at once?

JH Yes, and there're three of those still living. We have a reunion for the whole school coming up the 5th of August. That's for the whole school and that will be held at Nendel's in Medford. They expect about 400.

AC Can you remember the names of the ones you graduated with.

JH Oh, yes! My brother, Floyd Hollenbeak, Robert Nichol. There were three boys and three girls. Rachel, we always called her Mickey, Mickey Davis, Imogene Nye. Her maiden name was Arant. She got married before she graduated and Fern Clarke. The Clarkes started the first store and restaurant at Cascade Gorge down here.

AC In your family, there were three boys? You had two brothers.

JH No. I had three brothers, but one full brother and two half-brothers. My mother had a son by her former marriage and my father had a son by his former marriage, and they were almost identically the same age. There was only a few months difference in their age, but they were 12 years older than I. Unfortunately, all three were killed in accidents by the time I was 40 years old.

AC Is that right!

JH I didn't think so! [laughs]

AC You also had a brother named Floyd.

JH Floyd was my real brother, yes. He was the one that was drowned in the Rogue River. It was the year we graduated from high school.

AC Was he ferrying people as well? or fishing?

JH He was fishing with Heston Grieve. They ran the store and hotel after my grandmother had it, for years. His parents ran it. This old gentleman right here was his grandfather [points to photo on front page of The Prospector, March 16, 1949, copy attached]. He ran a crew of prison inmates and built the first county road that came up here. The road prior to that was pretty bad! It was the first one, and it was very near to where the highway now runs. That had to be a monstrous project.

AC Did it take years?
JH Took quite a number of years. I don't know just when they started on it but I know, talking to Heston Grieve, and he said they came up here in 1910 and his Dad worked for his grandfather at that time. My father worked on that project with his team for two...well, really summers -- they didn't work in the winter after we moved up here. Probably worked 'til 1915 or 1916. So, I don't know just when it was completed. See, the old original road went way up over the hills and down.

AC Well, what sort of life did you have when you were out here on your family's, shall I call it a ranch or a farm or what?

JH Yes, a ranch, my father had the first range permit off of the Prospect District. I'm not sure it was called Prospect right then. You know, it started out it was Trail and then it was Prospect and then it was all Union Creek and then it was Union Creek and Prospect and then it went back to being Prospect Ranger District again. So, what it was...but I think it was the Prospect District. He had the first range [grazing] permit on the Woodruff Meadow area which is on the west side of the north fork of Rogue River. There was no bridge across so he took the cattle across on the old Natural Bridge up there by the Union Creek. He lost one in there, a big steer. He never did get it out.

AC What sort of a thing is the Natural Bridge?

JH It's a lava formation that, when the water is lower, like in summertime, all the water in the Rogue River goes under it. In high water, part of it runs over. It's just a slick lava flow that it goes down through. It's quite a little sight. They recently, the Forest Service, put a new trail and a vista area in there, so now you don't walk out on it like you did. They were afraid, I guess, of losing people in there.

AC He'd take the cattle up there every year?

JH Yes.

AC In the spring?

JH This was one of the things Jeff [LaLande, FS historian] had on his list [for interview topics], was about the old cattle drives. There was probably roughly 12 or 15 different outfits that drove cattle or sheep, all the way up from Rogue River Valley and clear on up above Union Creek back into the Anderson Mountain and Hershberger area.

AC Were these "regular" people taking their cattle up, or were these big ranches?

JH They were the people that owned them, that moved them up. And, of course, a lot of times, especially with cattle, they would drive more than one rancher's together, if it was a small band. But they still drove, I can't remember the last rancher's name but the last drive I remember was [in] about the middle Forties. The sheep, of course, it was really tough to get through after they started driving automobiles and they still were driving sheep. There was one herd, the Bill Lewis herd, that had 5,000 head of sheep. So you can imagine what it was like to get through them with an automobile.
AC Where was he taking those sheep?

JH He had the range up in the Hershberger area, and that's after you get to Union Creek. From Prospect to Union Creek is 11 miles, and from Union Creek it's another about 12 or 15 miles back up into Hershberger.

AC Where was he coming from?

JH He was located, I believe, around Central Point. And then there was another band of sheep, Bill Lewis...no [tries to recollect]. I can't think of his name. He was from the Central Point area too. And then some of the ones way back before my time, the Abbott's, had sheep and Abbott Creek and Abbott Butte were named for them. A lot of the old camps on the stock trails and Forest Service trails, practically all of them were started either by sheepmen or cattlemen.

AC When your family took your cattle over the Natural Bridge to Woodruff Meadows, how many did they have?

JH My dad only had about 50 head.

AC Was that a small number?

JH Yes, that was. Most of the ones that drove their cattle up, there was probably 200 or 300 head in the bands. The Bigham family, they had cattle up here. There was quite a bunch of them but I can't think of all of their names now. There was probably at least a dozen sheep and cattle groups that were driven over. And they were each allotted a range and they were not supposed to let their stock get on somebody else's range.

AC Was that difficult.

JH Sometimes, yes. Because it's impossible when a cow gets hungry, it's going to go, where there's more feed and water, and find another herd. With the sheep, of course, they had a herder with them, so they were responsible for keeping their herds separated, which would have been kind of a fiasco because all the sheep looked alike. But the cattle were branded and earmarked so that they could all tell their own stock. The sheep usually just had a brand that was painted on out of coal tar, just on the wool, and it had pretty well worn off by the time they come out.

AC I reckon those cattle drives must have been a really interesting time. Can you tell me what it was like to move your 50 head of cattle up there?

JH Well, you know, I never got in on any of those cattle drives, but I'm sure it was quite interesting. My dad, before I got old enough, on the ranch he changed over from range cattle to dairy cattle, so I got in on milking the cows instead of herding them out to the range. In this area both the sheepmen and the cattlemen depended on their dogs. My dad always said he'd rather have one good dog than three cowboys. He nearly always, with his 50 head of cattle, drove them just by himself with his dog.

AC One dog?

JH Yes, one dog. But the sheepmen, they usually had several dogs. And in the old Model T days, when you started through a herd of sheep...if you
were meeting them it wasn't quite so bad because they'd separate and go around you, but if you were going the same direction they were, and here they were travelling at probably a rate of 2 miles per hour, then the dogs would go through and spread these sheep so that you could drive through. You can't imagine how long it takes to get through a herd of 5,000 head of sheep!... I bet it took a half-hour to 45 minutes at least with a car, because you just barely move and, of course, the roads before the highway was built through were so narrow that the dogs would have to push those sheep out, kinda out into the brush and timber in order to get you through. It was just two wagon tracks for a road all the way clear over to Ft. Klamath and Diamond Lake and where ever. Dusty! The pumice dust would get so deep in places that automobiles would get high-centered in it.

AC Is that right! How long did it take your dad to get the cattle up to Woodruff Meadow?

JH Well, he'd drive that in a day. Woodruff Meadow is only 12 to 15 miles. But where they were driving cattle up out of the Rogue River, they always had ranches where they held them over, where they knew, where they'd made arrangements. It would be, out of Rogue River Valley to where they'd put them on the range, would probably be a four to five day drive. 'Course it was nothing like the long cattle drives that they had from Texas up to Kansas, but it was quite a chore.

AC Did they enjoy it?

JH Oh yes, I'm sure they did. It was something different and then they drove them up, like my father's cattle, he'd have to take those to market in the fall.

AC He'd drive them right down from Woodruff Meadow and then on to market?

JH The ones that were fat enough for market, that weren't brood stock that he wanted to keep (they'd stay on the ranch). And the others he would drive down, and usually, where they drove them in off the range, they'd make arrangements in advance and probably they'd be sold sight unseen to a cattle buyer. They'd meet him at Trail Creek or somewhere part way up. The cattlemen always thought the cattle buyers were "taking" them, and of course that was their job! They had to buy them as cheap as they could to make any money off of them. But they insisted that there would be 10 percent "shrinkage" if they weighed in at Trail Creek -- that's for the drive on down. Of course, most of the shrinkage had already occurred because cattle out on green pasture, they shrink pretty fast when you start driving them. So some of those old cattlemen, they argued about this shrinkage, and they'd not give their cattle any salt for a while and then they'd salt them before they got quite down the trail -- or salt them further up than that, but then they'd keep them away from the water til they got down close to Trail. Then they'd let them go down to water and fill up with water before they weighed them in.

AC Did your dad do that?

JH I suppose! He was just as big a horse trader as anybody else. That was a part of the you know, the most honest people in the world would skin you on a horse trade, for instance. And then shake your hand and laugh about
it...It was all part of the way of life. They tell one story about the set of guys, well, this one man was buying this horse outright, an old mare, and she'd gone blind. So he sold her to this old boy, a friend of his. And so the friend came to him after he bought it and he said, "You know, I didn't think you would sell me an old blind mare without telling me that she was blind." He said, "Now, wait a minute. I did tell you she don't look so good."

AC Do you think that was a true story from around here? Or is it just a "story" story?

JH I imagine it was a true story, because they had lots of shenanigans they pulled.

AC Can you remember when you first heard that story?

JH Yes, approximately. That story came to me from Lawrence Conger. He passed away some 20 years ago, I guess. He used to used to tell that story and laugh about it because he was a horse-trader. Maybe he did it, I don't know.

AC Well, what season of the year did people go up? Was there a fixed date that people took their cattle up to the range and brought them back again? How did they know when to go?

JH Of course, range permits won't allow you on the range until a certain date, around the 15th of June. And if it weren't for that, it would just depend, they'd take them whenever the grass got good. They'd check it out. A lot of times, it depended on what the pasture was like on the place. They might put them out a little bit early if they could but with the Forest Service, there was a strict date to put them on the range and to take them off. I don't know exactly what those dates are now, but they used to be the 15th of June and the 15th of October. I believe that's right. The first of October, maybe.

AC So, your Dad switched over to dairy cattle completely?

JH Yes. And, of course, the place wasn't big enough to keep very many dairy cows on. At that time they just milked and separated the milk and sold the cream to the creameries. In winter the cream truck wouldn't run up here lots of times the road got too bad, so by that time there was two or three different places on the Prospect Flat that milked cows and then would take turns hauling the cream out. An old Model T Ford or...my folks had an old Model T Ford first. It was a 1917 one. They had a 1920 Overland. The first car I ever own was 1918 Overland, believe it or not. My brother and I bought it in 1925, I believe. It was a 1918 model.

AC Did you use it to get yourselves to school?

JH No. I guess he would have been old enough to drive it to school, but we never did drive it to school. In fact, a good part of the school year you didn't drive an automobile much between Red Blanket and Prospect. It would snow in. When we were real small, when the weather was real bad, or it was snowy, while my dad was tending to the chores feeding the cattle or milking the cows or whatever -- mother would take us two little boys on
the saddle horse, one in front of her in the saddle with her and one off behind. That's the way we went to school!

AC It was a bit far to walk?

JH Well, that was when the weather was too bad. We walked whenever it was good weather. When I first started school in 1915 there was only 3 kids that went to school in Prospect. Heston Grieve and my brother and I.

AC Earlier you said you wanted to say something about the Gold Ray Realty Company. Did you work for them?

JH No, I worked for Copco for seven years, over in northern California. That's when I moved away from here. My wife and I were over there on the Klamath River and I operated the powerhouse for seven years. We went over there in '37 and came back to Prospect in '44. But, the Gold Ray Realty Company had the first power site on Rogue River. I should say power sites because the Gold Ray Dam, down by Gold Hill where they now count the fish, they had that powerhouse, and then they built one on what is now Mill Creek Drive, the old highway, just below the bridge on that. It was just a little old -- I don't think the building was more than 20 feet by 20 feet. There was an old boy that moved in there and took -- I don't know what kind of a claim he took up but it was over where the present highway crosses the Rogue River, right in that area - and everybody thought he wa a little nutty. He filed a power water right on the Rogue River. Now, this was back probably in the very early '90's. He stayed over there, had a little cabin over there, and he puttered around and did a little work. I don't know, but with a power site they probably had to do assessment work like they do for a mining claim. But anyway, the Gold Ray Realty Company bought up the old hotel and they bought his water right at the same time, and then they built this little old powerhouse. I believe it was completed in 1911. And then they sold that powerhouse and the one at Gold Ray and their power rights, and they had quite a little timber, to the California-Oregon Power Company, which was the old Copco Company, which is now PP&L [Pacific Power and Light]. So that was the start of electrical power. The old hotel, the Grieves had that wired for electricity about 1913 or 1914.

AC That's pretty early, isn't it?

JH Yes. They had electric power there in the hotel and the old store, and of course the employee's houses down where the other powerhouses were put in. They were put in a little bit later. They started that project down there just about as soon as Copco bought from Gold Ray Realty. That was the only power there was up in this area at all, for years. They had phone lines, too, then that went clear out. What they called a ground line -- it was one wire and it was ground return and you used a little crank on the side and they had a little old generator that rang the bell. And everybody was in "longs and shorts" -- a "long" you would turn it about three or four or five times, a short was just a little one. Maybe your ring would be three longs and two shorts.

AC What was your ring?
JH  We didn't have a telephone. The first telephone that I had was after I was married -- that was after 1933. My folks had electricity but they never did have a telephone.

AC  Was that typical?

JH  Yes, very typical. And of course, all of the people in the area then, if you went to visit the neighbors at night, if you walked you took a kerosene lantern or what they called a "bug." They'd punch a hole in the bottom of a coffee can, or in the side of it, and put a tallow candle in it and light it. The bright candle inside would reflect quite a little light. And then we got the gas lights, the mantle lights. Everybody thought that was the greatest light in the world, and it was, too, at that time, because it was bright.

AC  Brighter than the electric lights, actually?

JH  Yes, actually it was. I think there was more candle power in one....

AC  So was your first job working for Copco? Or did you stay and help with the ranch a bit, or...?

JH  No, I worked in hay fields quite a bit. This big ranch right here next door, I put up hay on it when I was about 16 years old. And later wound up owning it. The wife and I owned this place here and kept this little part right here when we sold it. And then I worked in the woods when I was just out of high school. I didn't work much in the sawmill, but I worked several seasons at Crater Lake for the Park Service.

AC  What did you do up there?

JH  It was mostly stone-mason's helper and carpenter's help and that sort of thing. When I was working up there, it was during the Depression and they had the PWA and the CWA and those projects, and they were building all the stone buildings at Headquarters at that time. There was a few in there before that. I did a lot of manual labor type things. We built a trail -- or finished building a trail -- up to the top of Wizard Island. That was my first trail job. That would have been in 1933.

AC  So, this was all Depression Era building you were working on.

JH  Yeah, the buildings we worked on were the Park Service buildings there in the headquarters. We did some work up around the rim but that was mostly contract work that was done up there. And then I spent one winter, the winter before I went to work for Copco, I spent in at the Park. I had a job as a caretaker. It included a Ranger's residence and a Three C's Camp, over or the head of Sand Creek, what they then called the East Entrance of the Park. They don't use it as an entrance any more. That was seven miles to ski out any direction to get to where the nearest human being were

AC  Were you there alone?

JH  Oh yes! The wife and we had a little daughter who was just over a year old then, they came out when it started to snow in over there. I brought them out and they lived here on the old home place. We'd built a house on
it and later bought it, but from the 7th of December until about the 1st of April, I was there by myself. I came out a couple of times. Nobody knows what "lonely" is until they do something like that. Or they don't know what silence is either!

AC Did you talk to yourself?

JH I had one old Clark crow [Clark's nutcracker] and a pine squirrel that I fed until I came out at Christmas time. And when I came back, I'd been gone too long and they'd deserted me.

AC You didn't take a dog or anything like that with you?

JH No, I didn't have a dog. Well, they don't let dogs in parks, not loose at least. The only thing I saw there the rest of the time until I came out was one big old silver fox, and he was a beauty! But that was the only animal or bird or anything. It was a cold winter! I had to shovel snow off the building, and I always kept a tea kettle on the old box heater so I'd have warm water. I went out to shovel snow and left a little fire in the stove. I was out for three or four hours and thought it was awful cold. Came back in and the fire had gone out and there was mush ice in the tea kettle. I had to take in enough supplies to last me all winter -- that was before they had many refrigerators. They had an old ice-box in the Ranger's cabin, that's where I lived. So I thought that's where I'm going to store my potatoes. And put those in that old ice box -- they're well insulated! -- and when the cold weather hit, those potatoes inside the ice-box, inside the house, froze just as hard as billiard balls.

AC How cold do you expect it was?

JH I didn't have a thermometer there but Fort Klamath got to 32° below and Chemult [which was just north east of me] was 35° below. Tule Lake got down to 42° below. That was in 1937, and it was terrible. Real cold.

AC Why did they need a caretaker in there?

JH To keep the snow off the buildings, so they wouldn't break in. It finally got so that where I was shovelling snow off the buildings, the snow was so deep -- I kept a ramp open out from the door of the Ranger's cabin to get out on top of the snow. And the snow that I shovelled off the roofs, first thing I knew I was shovelling uphill. I had to throw it uphill because the roofs were lower than where I was throwing the snow off! They were well braced, so I thought: how can they fall down? so I just went around and crammed the snow in against the wall all the way around them, tramped it in. I never shovelled any more snow the rest of the winter and I never lost a building. They lost 2 of them where they had a big crew over at headquarters. But, of course, they plowed snow over there, too. It was a different situation.

AC After that job, you went down to work for Copco down at Klamath River?

JH Yes, I worked there seven years. I was operating a powerhouse. I left there in '44 as the assistant chief operator. They told me that if I'd stay, I'd get the Chief's job. I wouldn't stay because my folks and my wife's folks were both getting up in years and we'd already made arrangements to buy the farm from my folks, our old home place. But I was getting $1.13 an hour.
AC That was good pay, I bet.

JH It was! It was good pay. The same job now pays about $18 an hour.

AC Were you happy to come back to Prospect?

JH Yes, oh yes. I didn't particularly like operating the powerhouse. You just sit there and wait for something to happen. Then we bought that ranch and then the next year, we bought a dairy. We leased it first and then bought it -- its down near Cascade Gorge.

AC What's the name of the ranch here that you bought?

JH This one? They have named it, the people that just bought it less than a year ago, they named it "Buck Mountain Ranch." But this was all a part of the old Red Blanket ranch. The Red Blanket was -- there are two stories. One is that somebody real early -- they probably were trappers, that sort of thing, most of the early people were -- but they traded a red blanket to the Indians to show them the trail through. Well, right out through this window [points E or SE] into the Fort Klamath area. The other story, which I think has greater credibility, is that there was a native grass that they called "red top" and when it would grow up and start to seed on it was kind of a dull red color and it would wave out there like a blanket. And I think maybe that's where it comes from.

AC So did you call it Red Blanket Ranch, your ranch?

JH Yes.

AC What was it like having a ranch in the early 1940's?

JH Well, a lot of work. Of course, the dairy was a lot worse as far as work was concerned. We ran the dairy that we bought down there -- this was right after World War II and you just couldn't hire people. There just weren't any, especially to work at that type of work. So the wife and I ran it together. We had a "grade A dairy," which means that you cooled your own milk and bottled it and sold it direct. That also meant that we had a milk route.

AC Was this in Prospect, too?

JH Well, it was a five miles down. We milked -- or I milked. She didn't do any of the milking, but she did all of the bottling and most of the delivery. We had from 22 to 33 cows to milk, and that's a lot of milk!

AC How many bottles?

JH Twenty cases is 240 bottles, we usually had about 25 cases. That would be 300 of the bottles, that we delivered. Of course, there was just one delivery and we milked twice a day.

AC Did you deliver in the evening?

JH No, we delivered in the morning except for some bulk milk delivery that we did to the Forest Service camp up at Union Creek. They had a big Blister
Rust Camp up there -- I believe two five-gallon cans of milk at a delivery. We delivered those at night. I started getting the cows in the barn to milk at 4 o'clock in the morning. Usually by the time all the evening milking and bottling was done, it was around 9 o'clock. The two of us ran that for about three years and then we got partners, and that's when we bought this place out here. We bought it and sold the dairy, and then I sold that place and went to work for the Forest Service, worked for them for 17 years.

AC What year did you start?

JH 1961. That's when we moved into this mobile home....

* * * *

AC Let me ask you a couple of questions about life in Prospect, and the Prospect Hotel. Tell me about the town of Prospect when you were a kid growing up.

JH Well, the town of Prospect consisted of probably 40 or 50 people. The hotel didn't do any business in wintertime, but in summer time they had lots of people who stopped over. They'd come from Medford up here and then they'd stop here and stay overnight. Then they'd go to Crater Lake and stay overnight and back to Prospect and stay overnight and then go back to Medford.

AC Were most of the people from southern Oregon/Medford area, or were there people from around the world?

JH There were lots of people from all over, and that was one of the questions Jeff had on the letter he sent -- some of the people that stayed at the old hotel. The old poet stayed there. His name was.....

AC Go ahead and tell me about him and the name will come to you.

JH He just come up and stayed over there. The thing that made his visit a little bit different was that Frances Pearson, the one whose picture is there [in The Prospector, March 16, 1949, page 2] - she was actually the queen lady of Prospect.

AC What do you mean, "the queen lady"?

JH She lived so long in the area, like I say, she was born here. She died three years ago. She just lacked a little of being a hundred. And she taught school here off and on for some 40 years. She was teaching high school when I graduated, I went to school to here for two years. One of my half-brothers, who is 12 years older than I, [was taught by her] when he was in the 2nd grade in the Laurelhurst area, which is across the river from here. But anyway, Joachin Miller was the poet's name. Mrs. Pearson, according to the story in that paper, she approached him as a girl and
wanted to know if she could go and stay with his family in Berkeley and go
to high school. See, at that time, they had no high school in Prospect.
And so she did! And she started high school there and finished high
school in Central Point. You notice in that picture, it said that it was
a graduation picture when she was 16 years old, and I think that had to be
when she graduated from grade school in Prospect.

AC She looks real young, doesn't she?

JH Her graduation picture, 16. But she was a grand lady.

AC Can you remember Joachin Miller coming through?

JH No. That happened before we even came. One of the others, a real old
timer, was William Jennings Bryan. This was before my time too. The time
that he ran for President was about the time he came through here. I
believe that was somewhere around [1898]. And there was the Rockefeller
family. I remember when they came through. That was in 1926. About the
only thing that I remember about them they stayed overnight here and, of
course, they were a millionaire family when millionaires weren't as
frequent as they are now. They did all their tippings and they did tip
regularly in newly minted dimes!

AC Is that right!

JH Some people didn't think that was right! They though it was a little
squeaky!

AC So they'd just give one dime?

JH That was usually the case, but of course they handed them out -- just like
somebody waited on them in the store or -- they had a soda pop in there at
the time I remember one of the school teachers was working there that
summer, and she got one of those new dimes for making them a soda.

AC How many in their group?

JH I believe there was five.

AC John D. Rockefeller and his wife?

JH And youngsters. I'm not sure it was John D. Rockefeller -- but it was
members of the Rockefeller family. One other was Dewey Hill, one of the
real characters of Prospect. He worked for the Grieves from 1918, when he
came here. He actually owned the place after her, finally bought it from
the Grieves, in much later years, and he owned it when he died. He was
one of these -- never married and he had a real loud voice. He was
friends with everybody, especially the little kids. I can remember him
when he first started work over there. In order to serve their meals,
they had a bunch of cows that they milked, about four or five cows, for
milk that they served in the hotel. At that time you didn't have any
regulations. He'd walk up to the old barn and he'd have two big 3-gallon
milk buckets. He'd go up and milk these cows and when he started back
down with these buckets of milk, it was just before school would take up
usually. Us kids would go out and snowball him. He'd set his two buckets
of milk down in the road and he'd throw snowballs back at us. "Yahh, you
"dam kids!" [laughs] He enjoyed every minute of it. Anyway, he was a big, strong man and a good athlete, even though he wasn't in any kind of athletics profession, but he could have been. He told me -- and whether it happened at Prospect...If it did, it missed me -- but he told me he sparred with Jack Dempsey, put the gloves on with him. And it could have been when he was in the service. He was in World War I and World War II, both. For a very short time, but he was there. He was really quite a character in Prospect. Everybody there that went through Prospect knew him.

AC Can you remember any other stories about him?

JH Oh yes. I remember, this was in later years, there was a man by the name of Bill Vonderhellen. He contracted a lot of the Crater Lake Highway. Dewey, just before he went to work for the Grieves, worked for him. Bill Vonderellum was a man in his late sixties or seventies at this time and Dewey was probably about ten years younger. My wife and I had taken Dewey to town [Medford] and we were walking down the street -- in fact, Dewey said "I'll go buy you a beer." We were walking down probably to Brown's, which was an old hangout, and we were right on Main Street. Bill Vonderhellen was walking up the other side. Dewey looked over there and he said "Well, I'll be damned. There's old Bill Vonderhellen, Hi ya, Bill!", across the street, so we had to get together and have a little chat. He said to Bill Vonderhellen "Well, Bill how're doing?" Old Bill says, "not worth a dam, Dewey. My legs are going to hell. I can't hardly walk anymore. Have to ride everywhere I go." But, he says "Everybody does that, you know, if they have to drive one block, they get in a damned automobile and go. You know Dewey, in another two hundred years, a man won't have any feet or legs. He'll just be all ass!" [laughs] I thought that was worth repeating! As far as the old hotel was concerned, my grandmother had the hotel but she was out of it by the time we moved up here, so I never was there very much except when I would visit with Heston [Greive]. My brother and I would go over and stay with Heston once in a while, the Grieve's son. He died just last December.

AC What was his name again?

JH James Heston. His dad named him Heston after a college football player whose last name was Heston. We'd go over and stay with Heston, but at that time it was getting to the point where there weren't that many people staying in the hotel. See, by the time I was in high school, cars were faster and there wasn't nearly as many people staying.

AC Could they drive up in a day?

JH Oh sure. Drive up to Crater Lake, see the lake and drive back in a day, even if they went clear around.

AC When the hotel was in its heyday, when you were younger, how many people would stay there in a night

JH I believe there was only eight rooms in the old hotel. But they also had what they called "cabins" in those days, those strictly were cabins. They were built with a pole framework and hand-rived shakes for an exterior and right around the middle, instead of window, they left an area there about
2 feet high and maybe clear across one side for ventilation. And then they had cheese cloth they could put over that to keep the bugs out.

AC So the cabins would sometimes fill up when a lot of people came?

JH Oh yes, it wasn't unusual to see 12 or 15 cars parked there.

AC There was a little store in Prospect?

JH It was a pretty good-sized store and it was a little bit of general merchandise but mostly groceries.

AC Who ran that?

JH The Grieves ran that...they bought it in 1913. Before that, the Aikens -- that was Mrs. Pearson's folks name -- they had first store that was in there. And also her father named the town of Prospect. Before that it was known as Deskin's Mill. That was the sawmill.

AC Why did he name it "Prospect."

JH Well, he thought there was prospects of a railroad and a big logging town up here. He thought it had good "prospects." He came to the area, in Jacksonville with the gold rush, I believe, in about '52. He had a store there and according to the story in this paper here, he was the first person that ever had change smaller than a dime. He started the nickle change, but they had no pennies. Prior to him having a store in Jacksonville, according to this article, the dime was the smallest change there was, but of course, in the gold rush it didn't matter.

AC But surely when he came up here, he must have had a lot of change?

JH Oh yes. Yes of course, everything was freighted team up here on occasion. Even the people who lived up here, we made a trip into Rogue River Valley everything was a good deal higher up here and there were so many things you couldn't get.

AC Where did you go then?

JH We went to Central Point. Central Point at that time probably was -- in team and wagon days, which terminated with us in 1918, which was when we got this 1917 Model T. But prior to that, Central Point was about as big as Medford because it was started before Medford, but the railroad went through Medford so it got...but we'd go down and get a wagon load of groceries. When all of us were home, we were then four boys and my mother and dad, we'd usually bring up 12 to 14 sacks, 50-pound sacks, of flour. Sixty-pound bucket of lard or shortening. My mother preferred shortening because I had just started coming in and, of course, we could make our own lard because we always butchered the hogs. A case of coffee and probably a hundred pounds of beans because you couldn't ripen beans up here. Didn't have the season for it. That was the quantities that we bought in -- Dad would always make one other trip, not that far but just down to the orchard where my mother's folk's old home place was down near the Lost Creek Lake. Make a trip down there with the team and wagon to get a wagon load of apples. Then hunting -- you were allowed three bucks and the season was open for three months.
AC  When did the season start?

JH  I think it was September, October, November but it might have been August, September and October, I don't know. I don't remember. I've got an old game law right in there [points to adjacent room], 1923. My dad and then my two older brothers, of course, were getting old enough to hunt, and they always managed to limit out. Dad'd pack them in on the horses. They'd go out and camp. They'd put some of the venison down in barrels and smoke part of it. We used to have smoked ham and jerky. The main thing that you munch on in winter time was jerky and apples. Didn't have any candy or peanuts, you know....

*       *       *       *

JH  I think [LaLande] also wanted to know about some of the old-timers in the Forest Service.

AC  Why don't you tell me about that.

JH  Of the real early ones, Kerby was one of them that's named for him right out there -- Kerby Hill they call it.

AC  Can you remember anything more about him. Did you meet him actually?

JH  The only thing that I remember about him -- this was back when I was a very small youngster -- and he'd come to our house he came through by trail. I think maybe the trail system went clear through to Klamath Lake. I don't know whether he came from Butte Falls or whether he came clear through from the Klamath side, but he came in there on horseback and he had dinner with us and he stayed there that night. Ernest Ingram, he also stayed there one night with us.

AC  What were they coming up for? Were they just doing a patrol or...?

JH  You know, the whole system then, there were no Forest Service roads. The only road through here went to Crater Lake. It went to Diamond Lake simply because that was part of the Old Military Road. Crater Lake road wasn't put in there on account of the lake. It was put in on account of Fort Klamath, the soldier's there, and of course they built most of that road. The early settler in here, Nye, he helped locate that road through. That was back in the 60's, I think. Those roads just went through there and then there were maybe a few little spur roads that would take off and go into somebody's ranch. And that's all there was. So these Forest Service people, at that time, the Ranger for each District -- well he would be the same as the Ranger is on the District now who has maybe 300 people working for him in the summertime. But he was there by himself, or maybe three or four men that worked in the summer months. There would be one of those on each District and they were responsible for keeping the trails open, the telephone lines up, the lookouts, if they had lookouts (they didn't right to start with but they did before long).
fact, both my half-brothers worked as lookouts -- one at Bessie Rock and one at Huckleberry Mountain....

And, of course, they had to have a place to put up their horse if they were horseback. And, of course, the latchstring was out at any of the ranches. Anybody that stopped in, it didn't matter if he was a pot and pan peddler or a Forest Service man. Whoever he was, he fed his horse and ate supper and breakfast with you and you gave him a bed, and he went on his way. They were highly respected people by the early settlers, about the same type of feeling that you would have for your law officers. People kinda looked up to them. And they had a terrific amount of responsibility. Ernest Ingram, one of the things I remember that he did -- and I met him because my half brother Ernest Hollenbeak worked for him when they rebuilt the road to Diamond Lake, they improved it, they widened it and graded it and I remember he was in charge of that. Probably that was at the time that he was Ranger for this District. And Bert Nason, I knew him quite well. He was a Ranger at one time but I never knew til I read the history that he was ever a Ranger.

AC How did you know him then?

JH When I first knew him, he was in a guard station at Mill Creek Ranch, which is half way between Prospect and Union Creek, up just half a mile east of the highway. That was the head of a lot of trail systems that came in there. But later he retired and he lived over here in Prospect until he passed away. He was living in that cabin even in the winter time when we started walking to school, so he was a well-known old-timer. He went to all the dances he never married -- he was an old bachelor. But I remember that -- you know the old dances that they had around, they'd dance at somebody's place that had a big living room, or maybe in the school house. And they always had a spread for suppertime. They'd have a break from the dance for about an hour and they'd put out sawhorses and planks on them and spread their table cloths on it and the women'd bring out all the food that they'd brought. Pies, cakes, fried chicken, ham, you name it, they had it, and a lot of it. But Bert Nason always brought a bean pie. Made of white navy beans and it was delicious. I'm sure anybody could make one, you make it just like you make a pumpkin or squash pie. It tasted just like it -- seasoned up just the same. It was really good, but that was one thing I remember always about Bert Nason.

AC Can you remember any other stories like that about Ingram.

JH Well, I remember one story, but I'm not sure it was pulled on Ingram or whether it was another person, but I kinda believe it was Ingram. When they were building this road through to Diamond Lake -- and, of course, they also had the telephone line that followed the road all the way up through there, and insulators were hung on trees. Well, then there'd be somebody in the crew who would be taught, if they didn't already know, how to climb with climbers, tree hooks and a climbing belt, to hang the telephone line. They had a little ritual, 'course, the guys that were doing the work didn't know this. When a guy learned to climb, when he went to go to bed at night, he'd crawl in there and there'd be an old cold, coiled telephone wire in his bed! And that was his initiation. He was then a climber. A bunch of the crew members got together and this was when they were near the end of a job, camped at Diamond Lake. Diamond Lake at that time, and for years, near Short Creek (which is down where
the south store is now), there was little, tiny frogs in there, out in the
grass, that were just as thick as grasshoppers, when you'd walk through
the grass, they'd just hop up in front of you. Well, a bunch of the boys
got together (and we'll tell this like it was Ingram but I'm not sure it
was) and they gathered up a bunch of these frogs and put them in his bed.
Well, you know, a frog is a little bit cold to climb in alongside of too.
He crawled into bed, and of course they were all camped in tents so they
could hear. There might be four to six in a tent, but they could hear
from one tent to another. But I think he had his own tent. Being the
boss, probably he did. So, they heard him, after he crawled in to bed, he
was in there a little while and pretty soon they could hear him jumping
and tearing round in there. Then, "Damn spiders! Damn them spiders!"
Course, they were just having a big laugh over it and, of course, he
discovered what had happened after awhile -- they'd put frogs in his bed.
And that's about the only one I know about him. I was fortunate to know
that. Lowell Ash is somebody, I think, whenever you say "Forest Service,"
you gotta think Lowell Ash, because Lowell Ash started, I think when he
was 18 years old down at the old Trail Creek Ranger Station, which was the
first one in the area. I believe Andy Poole was then Ranger. Lowell
never worked anywhere else -- he might have taken some other jobs in
winter time, but he worked every year and clear through until he retired.

And he retired as Fire Control Officer on the Union Creek District (before
Union Creek and Prospect were consolidated). He was quite an old boy. He
was dedicated to his work to the Forest Service. He was a little hard to
work for because he was a hard-nosed boss. He believed that for every
nickle that the taxpayer spent, they should get a nickle's worth of work,
and he saw to it that they did. He was Union Creek -- and the only one
there, as a caretaker. Course, it was the same year [1937] that I was
working for the Park Service up there. But of course Lowell had gone to
work for them quite a while before that because he was quite a bit older
than myself. Right at first, when I first went in up there, I had one of
the old shortwave radios, a big old box, wooden-frame box. Weighted about
60 pounds. I talked to Lowell a lot when I could get him. But Lowell was
a person who, just for his dedication and his know-how as far as the job
was concerned (and I never did work for him), he really deserved more
recognition than he ever got.

AC Can you remember any stories about him in particular?

JH Yes, I can remember one. It wasn't in years long past; it was when we had
the ranch over here, about the time my brother-in-law and his wife were in
partnership with us. Now, we had a hunting camp that we had every year up
by the other side of Dead Soldier Ridge and Cold Springs, and we packed in
there with horses and burros. We left the camp up all year. Well, this
one year we moved the camp in there just before hunting season opened and
my brother-in-law and his wife were staying in there and fixing up
camp until hunting season opened. Lo and Behold! The government closed
the hunting season. So they called me on the telephone and told me. And,
of course, Lowell knew that there was somebody in camp back there and they
weren't supposed to be up there. He said, "you know. I hate to tell you
this, but they aren't supposed to be there." And I said, "Well, I'd go in
tomorrow and tell them." He said, "Well, if they're fixing up camp, tell
them they can stay in there until they get camp fixed up but they're not
to hunt or to go out into the woods" because it was just like a tinder
box. So then came just a little bit of rain, I guess, and it clouded up
and things backed off a little bit, and I had gone in and told them that they had to move out, and they were gonna come out the second day later. I didn't know anything about it but they got word -- now this was when there wasn't any Prospect District. The nearest District to here was Union Creek and they got word that they were not going to run people out that were already in camp, because there'd been a big fuss about when the government closed it. So, Lowell and a District Ranger drove down from Union Creek. I don't know why. I guess they didn't want to take chances on telephone. But they drove down and told us that they could stay in there, but that they weren't to hunt or anything. Lowell says, "If you and Nina want to go in there, if you go in at night, nobody'll ever know the difference!" We went in. But he was a good man....

The Woodruffs are people in the area that's where Woodruff Meadow got its name. They were old, old timers in the area. I never knew them at all. They had an impact on the area. They were sort of gypsy-type people. Good musicians. Liked to go to dances. They played. Very good musicians.

AC What did they play?

JH Violins. One was a girl who was very good on the violin. I believe guitar and maybe banjo. I guess they tried to homestead Woodruff Meadow and after it was put into -- course it was Forest Reserve before it became (guess it was part of the Cascade National Reserve) -- but anyway, they were run out of there because they were just squatting.

AC I see. They hadn't put their claim in for it?

JH Well, it was after, in fact, claims were cancelled out at that time, except mining claims and that sort of thing. But they built the first road up to Huckleberry Mountain. It was a toll road that went up from the west side. I never was on it, but I guess they were going to have this toll road and were going to make big money off of the people that visited. An awful lot of people went to Huckleberry Mountain.

AC What year were they building this toll road?

JH I don't know exactly, but it probably was before the turn of the century.

AC So, they'd been run out of their Woodruff Meadow place. Where did they live then?

JH They were at Union Creek for a while. They had a little impact on the area, but this toll road wasn't a success because it was so steep that it took about four horses to pull an empty wagon up it. So that didn't work out.

AC Did you actually meet the Woodruff's yourself?
JH No, I never knew any of them.

AC Do you recall anymore stories about them.

JH Well, no I don't really know any stories about them. [Jeff LaLande] asked for stories too about McKie Camp. I can't, though I spent a lot of summers out there when we were working trail, but I don't really know any stories about McKie Camp prior to when we worked out there, which was in later years.

AC When were you out there?

JH Sixties. It was 1961 when I went to work for the Forest Service, I was 51 years old when I went to work for the Forest Service. I worked from '61 to '78.

AC He told me something about ghost stories at McKie Camp. Do you know anything about those?

JH No. I don't. I never heard any ghost stories about McKie Camp. The camp was named, I think, for an old sheep man, of Scottish descent. As for the ghost stories, there was a little story with one of our crew members when we were in there. I won't tell you any last names because he's in the state police now. But we were camped in there when they had the High Cascade early deer season. This boy's name was Ed. He was older than some of the rest of them. He was going to school at Southern Oregon [State College] at the time and he was I think a junior. He was quite a hunter and he hunted with a bow. What we did when we had that High Cascade season, we were in camp usually when that season was on, 'cause it started in August, we'd buy a license and tag for one of the boys that didn't hunt so we wouldn't have to waste our tag. So then if we could kill an old buck, we'd have one for camp meat, which was a treat out in camp, fresh meat was, because it was hard to keep, you know. Anyway, Ed was going over to Solace Cow Camp, which may have some stories. That's only a mile and a half from McKie Camp. He was going over there every evening, after we had our supper. The days were long and he'd go there and try to kill a buck. By golly, one night he came in, it was just dark when he got back to camp and he was pretty upset. He actually looked scared. "What's the matter, Ed" "Boy, I got scared. You know," he said, "I think I saw an Abominable Snowman." "And I said, "you gotta be kidding!" He says, "Well, whatever it was, it jumped out into the trail and sort of was standing. It had heavy hair on its face. It just looked at me like that and said "Uggg" and went just right out into the brush." Well, Ed told a lot of stories. Just kept the younger boys...But after a while, I began to think -- Well, now, Ed's stories aren't all true. But I could tell Ed was kind of upset, so next morning I rolled out just at daylight, and he'd told me right where it was. So I went out there. We'd just been working this trail over and of course there was, it was near the end of the season and the trails were awfully dusty. I went out there and I looked all down there. I saw his tracks -- never saw any kind of another tracks at all, in the trail or alongside the trail or anywhere. So, from that time on I told some of the boys about it and of course they circulated it around among the boys, but didn't tell Ed. From that time on, that snowman was "Ed's Uggg."
But the old Solace Cow Cabin was quite a thing for anybody that hadn't seen it. I don't know how far back it was built. It was a cabin that the cattlemen had put in there [built in early 1940's]. It was a pretty nice little cabin, though it had been chewed by porcupines awful bad by the time I saw it. Where the ceiling joists -- and I'm sure it didn't have any ceiling in it originally -- but I guess it got kind of cold in there and they had taken old building paper and they had papered the sides and the ceiling. What was interesting about it all was that somebody had got the idea that that's how they would keep track of when they put their cattle in and how many cattle they counted, and when they came back in. All over the walls and all over the ceiling were these old trips that these people had made in there to check on their cattle. And maybe they would come in and stay for a week, you know. And when they put them on the range. That cattle range was up on Big Bunchgrass, and Solace had a lot of range in there too, and they had a little part of the meadow that was fenced there, where they ran their cattle in and held 'em til they got them all together, and then they drove them out over the trails. They loaded them down at the end of the trail and took them on out. That was really interesting to read all that. I was hoping somebody'd roll up some of the old building paper with some of that old history on it.

AC Who was it named after? Who named it?

JH Solace, I don't know. Beautiful spot. There's a little stream comes down through it. There's about three or four meadows. There'll be one little meadow and then there'll be a little string of brush and timber in between and then there'll be another little meadow. It's that way all the way up through there. Lots of deer in there. The stockmen put salt out over by the old cabin over there and the deer just dug that, stump almost completely out where there'd been salt.

AC Are there any other stories from up that way that you can recall?

JH Well, let's see. I can tell stories all day and half the night about Huckleberry Mountain, but...

AC Shall I just ask you first about a couple of these other people. Do you recall a Mr. Graham? And his ginseng farm?

JH Yes.

AC Did you know him?

JG No, he was before my time, but Ed Graham married my dad's cousin. She was working for my grandmother in the old hotel at the time Ed Graham came to the area. As far as whether he took a timber claim or a preemption or what type it was -- he may have taken a homestead. I've been to the old place and there's a nice A-frame built on it now, back in the woods. It's on private land. But I've been to the old place when I was a kid. Her name was Enna. He was up here, my dad said, for several years and he was from Texas. Finally, one day he loaded Enna and the wagon down and they headed out. They stopped down at the old hotel to tell everybody goodbye and they asked him, they said, "Ed, where're you going?" And he said, "Well, I sorta think I'll go back to Texas" "Well, what are you leaving for?" He said, "Well, you know this is a great country. But there's just one bad thing about it. It's got nine months of winter and three months of
damn late fall." So, the winters just got to him, you know. There was still ginseng on that place when I first went to work for the Forest Service, that far along. I don't know how big ginseng is supposed to get, but I don't think it ever did much. He started to build a ditch to irrigate it and there are sections of that old ditch still up there.

AC What happened to the ginseng? Could he market that?

JH Well, yes. At that time, ginseng was -- and still is, I guess, in some areas -- is quite a popular herb. I think that what it was used for was mainly a "sex drive"... I think the Chinese were the ones that first -- but I'm not positive of that..

AC Were other people growing that up here, too? or was he the only one?

JH No, nobody else. They all grow pot now! They find three or four pot patches a year on the Forest Service land and private land like Boise-Cascade around here.

AC When he was building his ditch to irrigate, where was he bringing the water from?

JH I believe his ditch was going to come out of Rogue River but it might have been from Mill Creek. There was a number of ditches -- in fact that one that still serves this place here comes out of Red Blanket Creek, and it was built -- well, the land was still open for homesteading. It was still public domain land, when this ditch here was built. So it would have had to have been around the turn of the century. My dad and my two older brothers built a mile-and-a-half of ditch from Barr Creek, which is the first one as you go back towards Prospect, on our old home place. That ditch has kind of gone to pot now, but it was used for years and years and years.

AC To bring water to your ranch?

JH Yes, this land out here has to be irrigated because it's very sandy. There's two ditches here on Red Blanket Flat, out of Red Blanket Creek, and the one out of Barr Creek. There's only three. Then there's a big ditch that goes clear down to Cascade Gorge -- see, that's about five miles of ditch. The original water right was out of Mill Creek, which is the one that come right through Prospect. That was all done by hand -- seven or eight miles of ditch!

AC Who dug it?

JH A big partnership. It's the Nye Ditch Company now. Domestic users, in all there's probably 150 users on it. It was built probably around 1920. There were only four or five ranches on it then.

AC How about Sam Geary? Did you ever hear about him?

JH Who?

AC Sam Geary, who lived on Elk Creek.
JH Well, I know where Sam Geary's old camp was. And that camp was a "hide camp." He camped there and hunted and killed deer for their hides. Of course, the old original Sam Geary I never knew. I knew his sons, Sam and Ben. They lived on Elk Creek and there might be some of them -- I don't believe there's any of them up there now. Old Sam had this camp up near Huckleberry Gap, near the summit of the Umpqua Range, out towards Abbott Butte. I don't think anybody even knows where the old camp was, now. It was on the old trail and it was called "Sam's Camp."

AC But you know where it is, right?

JH Well, I think I can still find it.

AC Do you think there would be anything there to mark it?

JH Oh, there'd probably be some thing. There'd be old blazes along the old trail there. I've been in on the old trail many times. We've hunted in there -- one year we hunted in there for five days, five of us, and we killed eight bucks and a cougar. My Dad packed them out on his pack horses. At that time, there was nothing but trail -- nothing but trail from Woodruff Meadow on in, seven miles. And, of course, the trail where Sam Geary went in, went in from the Elk Creek side.

AC I see. What sort of a person was Sam Geary? Did you hear any stories about him?

JH He was pretty much an old outlaw. [laughs] You know, the old timers, they didn't have that much respect for the law. I don't know if its true or not, but the story I got was that Sam Geary was the one that found, located, the old original Buzzard Mine, which later was the "Al Sarena." That he traded it off for a jug of whiskey. And, of course, that mine operated for many, many years. There're still some of the old buildings that were there. A lot of them are down, but the old mill and the whole works was there when I went to work for the Forest Service. Still in pretty good condition. It was a big thing. I think the main tunnel on it was almost three miles. It tunneled clear through that ridge to "Slough City." That was the camp they had at the other end of it. And then there was a lot of other shafts run out from it. And the plat of all of the claims taken in there -- gee, there must have been 15 or 20 of them. I'm sure it made its way, but that was about all, I guess, when they folded up, in the '20's I think.

AC So, he was a man who like his jug of whiskey? Geary.

JH Yeah, his two boys or two of the boys, and those I did know, Sam and Ben. They carried on the tradition. They were good moonshiners and bootleggers while Prohibition was on. Pretty tough boys. They had a big Fourth of July celebration, that was down on the ranch that's now called the "Obstinant J" on Highway 62. This was when Spratt Wells owned it. His daughter now lives in Shady Cove. But, they had this big picnic there and the Geary boys both came, Ben and Sam. This is the story that old Spratt Wells told. He said they got pretty well oiled up and got a little bit cantankerous and there wasn't anybody else for them to fight with, so they went to fighting each other. It got pretty serious. After a while, he said, it looked like they'd butchered a couple of hogs out there. They were pretty tough boys!
AC How about this trapper, George Duncan. You must have known him. Did you?

JH No, I didn't know him personally, but of course I was in the area when this all happened. Lowell Ash was present with the two officers when the one got killed.

AC Why did Duncan kill him?

JH Well, Duncan was what you might call a typical "Mountain Man." He lived alone and he camped out, or lived in an old cabin up in the area. He made shakes and sold them, I don't know whether he made fence posts or not. Probably did. Most of those old timbers did. But that's the way....

AC He lived off the land pretty much?

JH Yes, of course he had some types of groceries, but then he lived on berries and venison. Of course venison was the main thing. This one officer came in this was Phil Lowd I knew his wife, after he was killed in 1952. I bowled with her, my wife and I bowled in the same league with her. But, Phil Lowd went in there and he arrested Duncan for illegal venison, and they arrested him. So there was bad feelings. Duncan resented this, he thought that was his right when he was living out there to kill a deer if he wanted to. Then there was a fire that started out where he was working shakes. That's the story I got -- I didn't know any of this personally. But there was a fire started in there and it didn't amount to anything. They went in there to put it out but they was pretty sure that he started it by accident, and some Forest Service people talked to him about it, including Lowell Ash, because he was Fire Control Officer at the time. Well, then, Duncan -- he was pretty put out about the Forest Service people too. Of course, that was where he had to make his shakes so that put kind of a bind on a lot of things. He met one of the Forest Service employees. He was a little old Swede that worked for the Forest Service on and off for 20 or 30 years, and he was on the Abbott Butte Lookout for a while and maybe some of the others, I don't know.

AC Do you remember his name?

JH Yes, Nels Olsen. He'd work for the Forest Service in summer time and then he'd do a little bootlegging in the winter time. Real nice old guy. Everybody liked Nels. I guess that probably when he was on -- I don't know, but I guess that when he was on a lookout he wore a Forest Service badge, Forest Service shirt. But whether that was it or not, I don't know. Anyway, he met Duncan in the trail -- and this was before the officer was shot. I guess Duncan kinda got on him because he was working for the Forest Service and he started shooting at his feet and shot the heel off his boot. Well, that caused a little bit more fuss. So then Phil Lowd and -- I can't think of the other officer's name -- and Lowell Ash went in and Lowd was going to make the arrest. I don't know what the charge was going to be -- whether it was over the Nels Olsen deal or whether it was for venison or what it was. But Duncan was in this cabin -- they went in early in the morning and they saw smoke coming out of the chimney so they knew he was there, so they go behind trees away from the cabin. Old Duncan, he walked out and threw a dishpan or washpan out, and turned around and went right back in the house. Phil Lowd said, "Well, we want to get his attention." So he fired shots over the cabin, and then he
was standing there with his rifle waiting for him to come out. They were all afraid of him, and with good reason. But he was standing there looking around the tree with his rifle ready. He was going to tell him that he was under arrest. Duncan either came to the door or came out onto the porch, and he had his rifle and he shot Phil Lowd right between the eyes. Killed him. They left Lowd right there and they took off. They went out and then the big manhunt was on.

AC Did he leave his cabin?

JH Oh yes, he left there then and he'd stay in a camp. The guy that wrote the big story on the manhunt on him came in here and he was -- he made a good story out of it. But he didn't tell it all because -- well, he went right out in the hills and stayed in camp and they tried to run him down. They never caught him, not out there they didn't. But Duncan would come in at night and steal supplies out of his camp and go on his way. But when they finally caught him, it was getting along late in the fall and he went up and he talked to his nephew who lived along up Elk Creek there, and the nephew said, "Well, he can't stay on out there all winter. He's an old man. He'll die." So this guy talked him into turning Duncan in. Well, what he would do, he'd come into his nephew's place and get his supplies. So the next time he came in, this guy was up there and he was a special officer for the job. He stayed in the house. The nephew went out and met Duncan and says, "I'll pack your rifle for you. You must be getting tired," and took his rifle. And when he walked in, the officer arrested him. He died in the penitentiary. There was a lot of sentiment for the old boy. He'd just lived out there a long time and he'd gotten eccentric. He was "ringy." As far as the law was concerned, it wasn't all handled the way it could have been.

AC Was he a trapper?

JH I don't know whether he was a trapper or not. I expect he was because most of those old guys who lived like that, they made shakes or picked berries and sold them in the summertime and like that, and then they'd trap in the wintertime.

AC What would he have been trapping for? Fox?

JH Not many foxes in that area. There would have been bobcats, coyotes, mink along the streams. And of course the fur that most of them wanted the most was back at the higher elevations -- there was pine marten, and the marten, even in Depression times, they'd get $30 for a marten skin. And a pine marten's only a bit bigger than a weasel, he's in the weasel family....

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AC Since we're talking about local people, let me just ask you if there's anything you remember about Aiken. Anything you think it's worth telling?

JH I knew Stan Aiken. I was a boy. He was Mrs. Pearsons' father.
AC Is it Aiken or Aikens?

JH Aiken. I can tell you stories that he was involved with but they are actually "Jim Grieve stories." Jim Grieve was a man that loved a joke. I'll tell you one story. Jim Grieve had a trout pond out back of the store and they'd got out and they'd feed these trout. Nice trout! Fourteen, sixteen inch trout in there. And when you'd feed them, those things would just go wild for the feed and he'd keep feeding them a little closer, and he'd always have some tourists out there with him. They'd come right almost onto the shore. Sometimes one of them would pop out onto the grass and flip back in. So, he was out there feeding them one day with some of these tourists. I believe they were from Boston. One old lady said, "Those fish just come right out just like they was going to come right out on land!" Jim says, "Why, they will." But he said: "They won't come out except right at 10 o'clock in the morning." He said, "If I put feed out here on the lawn, they'll come right out here on the grass and get it and go back into the water." And she says, "Is that right?" Her husband was there too. So, they said, "Can we watch that in the morning?" Jim said, "Sure." Of course, he'd boxed himself in. So he talked to Stan Aiken. In those days, Jim Grieve, Stan Aiken, all those men, you seldom saw them without a dress suit. And the whole bit -- with the vest and the big watch chain, and the watch fob and the pocket on the other side of the vest. So, they made it up between them, Stan was going to be the time keeper, see. So they made it a point to get out there just a whisker late. He got his hand down in the water and he started, those fish were coming in there and going all over his hand. Then he backed up and started putting the feed out on the grass. They'd come up to the shore and then away they'd go again. He said, "I don't know what's the matter with them. They won't come out this morning!" He tried again. "No, they won't come out. Stan! What time is it?" Stan pulled his watch out, big old railroad watch, and looked at and he says, "Six minutes past ten." Jim says, "Oh, well, that's what's the matter it's too late. They won't come out." This old lady says, "That's the oddest thing I've ever heard!"

Another time, Jim -- they always had a big garden. Dewey was the gardener -- he did all the work. I mean, he was the handyman. He did everything. But they had a big garden there and some people stopped by and they were going to Diamond Lake. Diamond Lake, early in the year, the mosquitoes just eat you alive! This was before they had any mosquito dope, you know, that preparation you have now. They usually put oil on their faces, or something like that. They'd try to keep them off. But they asked Jim, they said: "We're going to Diamond Lake, we hear the mosquitoes are awful bad. What would you recommend?" Jim says, "Well, I'll tell you the best thing I know is go out there and have Dewey pull you a bunch of those fresh green onions and rub them on your face. That'll be better than anything." And I can't tell you the end of the story 'cause I don't think those people ever came back there!

AC They probably cried their way to Diamond Lake.

JH Then there was another story about Jim -- I wish that Roy Vaughn were here to tell you this story because he and Tressie (her name was Pence), they were old timers in the country. Roy grew up on the Laurelhust side and the Pence's were from over on Elk Creek. Well, Roy Vaughn was working for this Bill Vonderellen that I told you about, that had the contract, when
Roy and Tressie got married. In those days, a couple never got married without they got a "chivaree" everybody in the community in this case, it was everybody on the job in that camp there -- they'd gather around with shooting irons, pots and pans, and they'd just make all the racket in the world! Then they came inside and they introduced them all and they had popcorn or something and went on their way.

AC Is this the night after the wedding?

JH Night of the wedding. That was the idea. And quite often, of course, they would try to kidnap the groom and the bride and take them wherever. Just so they couldn't get back together! So, Jim Grieve and Bill Vonderhellen, they got together and said "Well, now, they're going to try to take Roy and Tressie." Cause they'd heard some mumbling about it. Now, Jim Grieve, he was quite a pudgy character. He was only about 5-foot 6" but he probably would have weighed 190-200 pounds. He had a pretty good "Bay window" So he dressed up as the bride and old Bill Vonderhellen dressed up to take the place of Roy, the groom; they chivareed them, and here was Jim and Bill Vonderhellen, they didn't take part. They were outside, all dressed up. And they had it all made up with Roy and Tressie, they were to come out the back door and they had an escape route for them to get away, and they were going to lead them off. It all came to pass alright. All the people were inside and then all at once, Roy and Tressie had slipped out, so they all dashed out the back door, so Vonderhellen and Jim they took off running, trying to get them to tag along after them. There was an irrigation ditch out there and old Jim, he fell headlong in to it with his bride's costume! [laughs] Roy loved to tell that story!

AC I was going to ask you -- you said something about the Mill Creek Cabin. Was that cabin built by Bert Nason?

JH No, it was built by the Forest Service. In those days, they just had a telephone line along the trails.... There were a lot of guard stations. There was one there at the Mill Creek Ranch. There was one at Brown's Cabin, which is on the way into Hershberger - it's just across Rogue River about a mile or two. There was one over here at Immaha. There was one at Hamaker Meadows. There was one at Bessie Rock -- my half-brother stayed at that one, one year. But these were nice little cabins that they built and they put guards out there. These guards got, I believe, $70 a month. They had to furnish all their own groceries -- and had to furnish a saddle horse and a pack horse -- or, at least, two horses. Because, if there was a fire, they left their station and they went out and fought it until a crew could get there. They also had to maintain trails, they had to maintain telephone lines. Now the one at Bessie Creek, it was about two miles from Bessie Rock but everyday, by trail, he had to go over to Bessie Rock straight up (and old Bessie Rock was probably 200 ft high). An old wood ladder. That must have been quite a piece of construction when they put that old wood rack up there! But that's what it was. And he had to climb it everyday, look around for fires and come back out. And then, my other half-brother....

AC What's the name of the one at Bessie Rock?

JH Newett Goodlow at Bessie Rock. And the other one was at a little guard station at Huckleberry Mountain. That was Ernest Hollenbeak. Incidentally, he worked on Ingram's crew, the one I told you about -- the
telephone wire and the frogs in bed. He was on that crew. There at Huckleberry Mountain, that was a little, old stinking cabin. It was terrible. It was built with slabs and it wasn't as big as most people's living rooms. About maybe 12' by 14'. Built out of slabs, and it was right on the old trail. Everybody then went up by trail from Wagon Camp -- they could go that far on the road, left their wagons, took their horses off and packed 'em with their camp gear and went on in to Huckleberry Mountain, and stayed there til they got all their berries picked and canned. They'd can the berries at the patch, over an open fire.

AC Did everybody do that?

JH Yes. I can remember being up there plenty of times with my folks when Mother'd put up about 50 jars. Half-gallon jars, yet!

AC How long would she stay there to do it?

JH Usually about a week, ten days. That guard station there, he had to watch out for the campers. But he also had to -- it was probably 2, 2 1/2 miles up to what they called the Lookout Tree, and that was just, it's still up there. They nailed poles across this big old Shasta Fir tree ('course it's dead now) just like a ladder and you climbed up that to the top of it. Course they had an old fire-finder up there on the platform. And they had one of those on the Ashland District, a tree lookout like that, and I think one on the Applegate.

AC So, your brother spent one summer there, or more?

JH I think he was just there one year, 1919. Those people on those guard stations, you know, people looked up to them. The Indians in particular. My brother was up there and my uncle too one year -- my dad's brother. The Indians in particular thought that that guard was -- he could just do anything in the world for you. They'd come to you with all their troubles, any problems at all. When Ernest was there, they were so nice. 'Course a lot of the older ones couldn't speak English. I remember -- it just happened that we were up there at the time when Ernest came in to our camp. We were camped up on top and he was down in the guard station, which was about 3/4 of a mile away. He came up there and said: "There's an old Indian came in there and he's got a beautiful Palomino horse and he's got the colic real bad, so bad that he can't get him along. He just lays down. Everytime he stops, he just lays down and groans. He come to me to cure his horse. But, Dad, I don't know anything about that." But, my dad, like most of the old stockmen, they were half veterinary, they had to be. Dad said: "Well, I don't know about a horse for sure. I've given them castor oil and filed their teeth down and all that sort of thing. Given them epsom salts, but for that colic....With a cow, I'd tap it, with my jack knife". Actually stick 'em, you know, if they knew where to do it, it worked too. But a cow has two stomachs. A horse doesn't. Dad went down with him. In fact, we were down there! That's the way it was. We were at the cabin and this old guy come along there. So Ernest sicked Dad onto him, told him Dad's an amateur vet. The horse was laying out there. He'd just kind of lift his head up a little bit. Beautiful horse! Palomino's were a rarity then. They weren't even a breed. Dad told him: "I can tap him. This is to let the gas out. But it may kill him." The Indian says, "He's going to die anyway. You go ahead. He going
to die anyway." So dad got out his old stock knife and he felt along his ribs and found where he thought he ought to, and stuck that in. 'Course us kids, my brother and I, had to take that all in. We were out there watching -- but the old Indian wasn't. He turned around like this and put his hands over his eyes. Wouldn't look. Dad stuck the knife in and the air just come out of the horse, couldn't believe it! The old horse laid there a little bit, jerked his head a couple of times, and scrambled up onto his feet! You never saw such a happy Indian in all your life. It was kind of a miracle because Dad said he didn't know if it would work on a horse.

AC What else was there at Huckleberry City? The place everybody went to get their huckleberries. Was it Huckleberry Camp?

JH Huckleberry Mountain was the big one. There was about three big camps on Huckleberry Mountain. There was Huckleberry City, Brandenberg Camp, and what they called Squaw Prairie. This was then. Now Squaw Prairie was called -- shucks! It's named for the creek, Crawford Camp. And Brandenberg is now called Huckleberry City, and the original Huckleberry City isn't called anything! [laughs].

AC Where did you all go? Huckleberry City?

JH No, we always camped on Squaw Prairie because we always had horses. Packed in with horses. And that was the best place for horse feed. And that's the reason the Indians camped up there too.

AC How many Indians would come every season?

JH Oh, gosh. I don't know. I think that when we went up there, when I was a little kid, I think that maybe two-thirds of the people up there were Indians. And I'm sure of that at the height of the camp -- because they stayed so long there was 400 to 500 people.

AC That's at Squaw Prairie?

JH No, that was all of the camps.

AC When was the season? August?

JH Yeah, August, early September, they used to have some grand old hoedowns out there, right out -- they later built a dance floor out at Huckleberry City, but it didn't work too well.

AC Why not?

JH Seemed to be trouble between the Indians and the Whites. I think what happened was that the Indian girls would dance with the white boys, but the white girls wouldn't dance with the Indians. And I think that's what caused a good part of the trouble. Most of it was created by the Whites. But for the most part, either the Indians, the Whites, ignored one another or else they were real friendly. There was no friction. I'm sure you've probably heard of "Huckleberry Alice," Alice Hamilton? It's in every bit of history you can find. She went to Huckleberry Mountain, never missed a year, I don't know exactly how many years, but it was between 60 and 70. She started when she was a little kid.
AC  Did you know her?

JH  Yes. I knew her and her sister and one of her brothers. Their maiden name was Allen. Hamilton was her married name. They were all good musicians. The two girls and the one boy all played instruments.

AC  What did they play?

JH  Violin, guitar. Don't remember what the other one played.

AC  Did they play for the hoedown?

JH  Yes, the only place I remember that they had a hoedown right down on the ground was at Squaw Prairie, heavy sod out there. But the time they got through, the dust was thick. They weren't real dances. At that time, they called them "play party" oh, "go-in-and-out-the-window," "skip-to-my-lou." Those types. They're a type of square dance.

AC  Why did they only have them?

JH  Well, it's pretty hard to dance round dances or something like that on sod.

AC  So, to the huckleberry area, hundreds of people would come. What did they do for food?

JH  Packed it in.

AC  There was no store?

JH  No. There was a packer that worked in there for a year or two, name of Bill Sims. He had pack mules and he packed them in for so much -- I don't know, a dollar or two a pack. He was a rancher and raised horses, mules mostly, over in Eastern Oregon. I guess he got a franchise from the Forest Service and he'd take these wild mules off the range, take them up there. He had some good cowboys, both of my brothers...It sounds like my family did a little of everything, but that's what I remember! My two half-brothers both worked for him one year, not packing but over on his ranch. This Bill Sims at one time had a rodeo -- a little old County Fair type rodeo, I remember being to it in Ashland. The one brother that worked over there, they couldn't get all their pay so they took a saddle horse a piece and one, Ernest Hollenbeak, he got this big, slightly pinto but mostly bay, with white feet. He was the finest horse I ever rode. Bill Sims used to ride him in front of the grandstand. My Dad just loved that horse! Dad was a horseman. But getting back to Huckleberry Mountain, another person that should be mentioned is Joe Josephson. Now, this don't date way back to the old days. Joe and Alta Josephson, this was at the ranger station up near the top of the mountain. They were in there for four or five years in succession. They were there for several consecutive years and even that late, the Indians come with all of their problems. They were people that just got along so well up there that they deserve mentioning.

AC  They were at Huckleberry Mountain?
JH Yes. Huckleberry Mountain.

AC Can you remember any stories about them, some of the problems that they solved?

JH Well, I don't know any of the stories about them while they were up there. At the time, you know, I didn't go up to Huckleberry Mountain that much. After the automobiles and they got good roads to the top of Huckleberry Mountain, then people go up there and pick a gallon or two of berries and come home. Maybe they'd make two or three trips up there but nobody went up there and stayed. It wasn't the same.

AC When did the big camps end?

JH I think the first road was built up there in ---- I know it was there in '26. But it was the early twenties. Then for a while there was lots of people up there but then it began to taper off to where there's not nearly so many that camp there. In fact, there isn't that much place for them to camp. They camped on every spot there was up there at that time. Another thing is that the berries are a lot different now.

AC In what way?

JH There's just not nearly the berries that there used to be.

AC Why's that?

JH I don't know. It may be just years of tramping them down. There hasn't been anything in the way of, there's just been a little bit of logging up there, but very little. Just taking out the old overripe timber's about all they've ever done there.

AC In the 20's, were there enough berries to go around for anyone who wanted them? Everyone who wanted them could have them?

JH It seemed like it. During the 20's and probably was long before that too, there were people that stayed there and picked them and sold them. Or stayed there for the whole huckleberry season. I don't think they allow them to sell them right there right off the mountain now, but they still do. A lot of people pick huckleberries and sell them. You know what they get for them now?

AC No

JH Fourteen dollars a gallon

AC Is that right!

JH You'd think so if you'd pick a gallon of them! [laughs]

AC They're pretty little, aren't they! [laughs] How come people were not picking blackberries? Were there not blackberries here? Or didn't people like blackberries as much?

JH Yes, and they did pick blackberries, but not the type of blackberries that you have on those big vines, like down the valley, on the fences and all.
The Himalayas and whatever the other kind is, the Evergreens. But they picked the little, the...

AC The wild ones?

JH The wild ones, the little dewberries. Heck, my folks used to pick those just like they did huckleberries. I have some old pictures of the Phipps family, the Nye's and Ludo Grieve and his wife, and my Mom and Dad, and three of the Mannings -- they were all going over to this one area to pick blackberries. Well, the wild blackberries when they got good was after there was a forest fire. It burned off and then the wild blackberries would come in there. This was over across Rogue River, on what they called Larson Creek; there was no bridge across the river near there. There was one close to Woodruff Meadow but to walk in there probably would have been several miles and of course the women were the big pickers anyway. In those days no pants, long skirts you know. This was in the early twenties. So my Dad and Joe Phipps and Nelson Nye, they felled a tree across the river up there in the narrow gorge down through there. The water pours down through there. It's almost a waterfall of white water. They felled a little old tree about 20 inch, two foot diameter across there for a footlog and everybody went across that to pick berries. So they wanted those berries too!

AC And then people would just eat them all winter, would they bake pies?

JH Yes, the old fruit cellar is still up on my folk's old place. It's the only building that's left on it. Pretty near everybody had one of them. They built them with 2x6 studding, or maybe even 2x8. Double walls. Then they put the double walls up before they put the roof on and they fill in between with sawdust for insulation, and that was their fruit room. When we were all home, Mother canned about 50 half-gallon jars of huckleberries and probably 30 or 40 of the wild blackberries. Another 50 or so of peaches. Dad would always make a trip every year to get peaches too. And then corn, sweet corn. Green beans.

AC She'd can those too?

JH All that stuff was canned and put in the fruit room, and you eat better in those days than you do now. Actually, you did. I think everybody had a better diet than what they do now. Of course, you always had venison. You always butchered a steer or maybe it was a cow in the fall of the year. Butchered several hogs and made your own bacon and hams.

AC Did you butcher in the fall, to keep the meat over?

JH Yes, butcher in the fall. Depending on the size family, how many you'd butcher. Take a family like the size of the Nye family down there, they'd butcher probably ten hogs. I remember one year we had a real bad winter and Nelson Nye had run out of hay, or was about to run out of hay for his milk cow. He asked Dad if he had enough hay that he could winter his horses up there. Dad said, "Yes, bring them up" He brought up his horses and Dad wintered them for him. He came up in the spring and then along next fall no, it was probably that same spring, anyway we had run out of bacon. So we go down to Nye's and Dad said, "Nelson, you got a side of bacon to spare. We've run out of bacon." "Hey," Nelson said. "I think I could find some" Went out to the smokehouse -- he usually left the bacon.
hanging up in the smoke house. Went out and cut down two slabs of bacon and brought them in whole sides of bacon. Dad said: "Well Nelson, I'd like to pay you for that" Nelson said, "No, I guess you wouldn't since you wintered my horses, didn't you". But that's the way they did. They traded, traded work. We had a log house on the old original place we had and there was people came in, like I say, there was only 2 houses out here on the Red Blanket and there wasn't probably in the next 20 miles down the river, twenty houses. But people came from 15, 20 miles away to help with that house. And the barn, the framework on the barn.

AC So getting the huckleberries was very essential every year for these people. They actually needed that.

JH Yes. People didn't have money but they always had something to trade, or to swap, or to give.

AC When you were a child, did you enjoy going out the huckleberry camps?

JH Oh yes, you bet! Camping out, that's great for any kid. But it kind of tied the women folks down because, when the kids were little, they couldn't take them out too far out in the huckleberry patch, and right in around the camps they were pretty well picked over. There's supposed to be a great huckleberry crop this year! That's what I hear from the expert who lives up here on the flat. He starts looking for huckleberries as soon as the snow goes off.

AC Do you still go up and pick them?

JH A little bit, but my eyesight is really bad and I lost hearing out of this ear completely, and when I did I lost about 90 percent of my equilibrium. So its' a little bit hard for me. I go alright just around the yard but if I get on rough going, I don't get along too well.

AC When you were a child and you went out huckleberry picking, were there any particular events or anything that you can remember as particularly interesting or unusual.

JH Well, I could tell you an awful dumb little story that happened to me. Like I say, if you canned all your huckleberries on an open fire, an open kettle, boil your jar lids, pour the huckleberries in the jar and can them right there, and the old dutch oven was a big part of the cooking because you'd have huckleberry pie every once in awhile in the camp. Mother always made biscuits and to do this, you always heated rocks and you'd put rocks up on the lid of the dutch oven to make it real hot, ashes and coals, so it would bake evenly.

AC Did you put the dutch oven in the fire? Or near the fire?

JH It sat on legs and you'd put it in yes, the fire that had burnt down. You had to have a special fire for dutch ovens. Bark was the best thing to use because it would burn down and leave a lot of nice coals, set the dutch oven on it, set some of the coals on top, rocks. But anyway there were some of those rocks left there by the fire and my Mom said, "Now you kids be careful running around there barefoot! Don't you step on any of those hot rocks. Burn your feet." And I said, "Mom, I'll get rid of them" And I reached down and grabbed one to throw it into the huckleberry
patch. Well, I probably got blisters on four fingers and my thumb. My mouth wide open howling!

AC How old would you have been then?

JH I don't know. I was probably about five.

AC What did they put on your hands?

JH Well, my mother's home remedy for burns was tea leaves. She always had a pot of coffee on the stove but every now and then she'd make tea and if she didn't have it, she'd boil the tea leaves and put those on. And that, of course, is because they had tannic acid, but they are just as good as any remedy that you could find. Nobody ever had anything by way of a roll bandage then, you know. All the bandages the, why, when you wore out a shirt, or especially a white sheet, mother put all those away separately and you'd tear them up and make them into bandages.

AC So, when people were out there camping, they were within eyesight of each other, so there were people really packed in there.

JH Oh yes, they were wall-to-wall camps!

AC Did people get along fairly well?

JH Yes. It was a big lark for everybody. Most of the people were farmers, and it was a get-away. Even the women having to can the berries and all that thing, it was a breeze compared to what they had to do at home. The work that women did at home, I just can't believe in those days!

AC What can you remember about it? What sort of work did they do?

JH Well, they got up in the morning and they had to heat up an old woodstove before they could even start breakfast. Well, that old woodstove, you know, there was no running water in the house. If you were fortunate, you you lived in an area where you could have an old pitcher pump, inside maybe. So you pumped the water out into the tea kettle, and started heating it on the stove. Those old kitchen stoves also had what they called a "reservoir" for hot water, with a big old metal lid on it. It'd hold about five gallons of water. It took forever to heat it up and a woman had to be a pretty good engineer just to operate that stove because you had to have it hot enough to fry things. You had a warming oven up here and it'd have to be right temperature. You had water over here to heat. Most of them made biscuits for breakfast, so then you had to get the oven hot. You had to know when it was the right temperature. When you got that done, that was just about the first hour of the morning and then you probably had to skim the cream off some milk, make butter in the churn. Then you put the pans of milk back in, If there were some there that had soured, when it got to what they called "clabbered milk", then you made cottage cheese out of that. Then you had to wash with a washboard. You had to heat those sad irons on that same old kitchen stove and do all the ironing for -- in our case, it was six of us.

AC Your mother didn't have any help, did she? You've no sisters.
JH No, she didn't have any help. Maybe a little bit, you know. Do this, go get this, or something like that, but...

AC When people went up to the huckleberry camps, did someone stay behind to look after the place at home.

JH Yes, usually that was the case. But as soon as there was more people around, as soon as you had neighbors -- let's see now, from 1913 up until about 1916, 1917, there was quite a little of this flat that was sold off, and there was three or four other families that moved in and your neighbors would always come over and milk the cows, feed the horses (if they weren't out on grass). Whatever there was to do, they looked after things.

AC But didn't they want to be up there with the huckleberrys too?

JH Oh yeah. But they probably would go, "We'll go up this week and you come up next week. And when we come home, we'll take care of yours." You didn't always have that great relationship with your neighbors. People are people. They don't always agree. But at the same time, they were in a position where they had to be neighbors just because there was no other way you could exist.

AC Can you remember the trail from Wagon Camp?

JH Oh, yes

AC Can you describe it to me? What did it look like?

JH It was about three miles long. When I first went up there, when I was three or four years old I guess, that old trail in places was worn down three or four feet deep. You know that practically all the Indians on the reservation went to Huckleberry Mountain and I'm sure before they even had a reservation, those same Indians went up there. And the white people went up there as soon as they found out it was there. That was the only trail up there and it was just beat to pieces. And, of course, some of it was erosion, I'm sure. I remember one time that we were coming out of Huckleberry Mountain and everybody -- you know, I was telling you about the cases of lard or shortening well the old jewel or silver-leaf lard buckets, I think they were 4 lbs and 8 lbs...They were tapered and they had what they called "ears". The old buckets used to have "ears" out on the side of them so the bale's could go in, and they were soldered on. Anyway, everybody saved these lard buckets for berry picking or you could pick berries or cherries and all, strawberries, whatever. So, we were coming out. Dad had the horses packed and he was leading the horses. Mom and us two little boys, my two older brothers we were coming down the trail and we met this Indian family coming up. It was a real old Indian squaw. She looked real old to me -- 'course, I was just a little kid. Maybe she was about 40, I don't know! [laughs] But she was quite an old wrinkled gal, and she started talking to my mom in Indian. Well, of course, Mom, she couldn't understand it. And she turned to the younger girl and she says, "What did she say?" The girl was real embarrassed but she said, "She wants your bucket." Mom was taking the bucket home that they had used to pick berries in, and she was packing that, hadn't tied it on the pack. So Mother gave her the bucket and she went on up to the huckleberry patch just happy as could be.
AC Did the Indians ride their horses up there and walk up too?

JH Yes oh yes.

AC Because I've heard about these things they used to drag behind their horses, "travois."

JH Well, that wouldn't have worked out too good, I don't think, on that old, rocky trail. I think those were emergency things, where somebody was sick or if they were injured. And I think those were mostly used by Indians that lived on the plains.

AC So you never saw anybody using something like that to transport their things up?

JH No, I never did. I could tell you another story about Huckleberry Mountain, though. [laughs] My dad, I told you, he loved horses and he was a good horseman, a good horsebreaker. And, of course, over the years, he'd traded horses a lot. We were sitting in camp there one day. We'd been out picking berries. This was later years after, I was maybe 15 years old. There was another Indian coming in and he had a bucket of berries with him and Dad looked at him and said, "I know that old Indian!" How he did, I don't know because when they got a little age on them, they all looked alike to me. Anyway, he went out and started to talk to him. He said, "Do you remember me?" And the Indian said, "No." Well, Dad said, "I traded horses with you 20 or 30 years ago, over at Prospect." The Indian said, "No. Me no remember." Dad says, I traded you..." and he went on and described the horse in detail. "Oh, yes! I remember! I remember!" He remember the horse anyway, he says "You come over to my camp. I camped over". We weren't camped on Squaw Prairie that year -- that was after automobile time. We were camped in Brandenburg, which they later called Huckleberry City. He says "You come over my camp!" Dad says, "OK we'll come over and visit with you awhile." So him and I went over after supper, walked over there. Got over there and the old boy sitting round the camp fire. He was out there by himself. There was just him and his wife, that's all that was there, and she stayed in the tent. Anyway, he went and brought out some beef jerky -- no salt at all on it just dried, cut real thin and dry as a chip, but it was alright otherwise. Anyway, the main wood on Huckleberry Mountain until it was about all gone was lodgepole. Everybody cut that lodgepole up there for wood. Anyway, his horse was out there and he had him tied to a lodgepole log, one that as 15 to 18 feet long, maybe 10 inches in diameter where he cut it down, and he had his lariat tied to the horn of the saddle and he had this rope tied to this log. The horse was standing out there. The end of the log was on the fire and it was burning away and pretty soon it burned in two. He gets up and goes out and climbs on to his horse and he turns that log around and drags it back to the fire so that the small end is laying on the fire and gets off his horse. His horse stands there, waits for the next turn around. That's the way he was cutting his wood. [laughs]

AC When cars started going up there, people would just go up for the day? Or a couple days? and pick what they could, and just come down?
JH Yes, at first it seemed like more people went up there and stayed. You know people still do go up there. Of course, now it's either trailers or motor homes mostly. Not too many tents. People used to go up there and camp even after they got cars, but it just gradually tapered off. And I'm sure it's because the berries tapered off.

AC I was going to ask about cattle drives.

JH We covered a little of that, the cattle and the sheep.

AC Yes, but I was going to ask if there were any main routes or main trails that were used that you think were particularly interesting? Did people just find any which way up there or were there....?

JH Well, actually, the people made the trails originally in a lot of trails, but most of those trails were made by the travel of either cattle or sheep. And then the Forest Service maintained them, put phone lines up along them. But they didn't have the manpower to build a lot of trails until about the time of the Three C's. And when the Three C's came in, there were a lot of good trails built and also shelters. Like there was one at McKie. There was one at Bessie Creek where the old Bessie Rock Guard Station had been. There were a lot of them. There was one over on the Elk Creek side called Sugar Pine Shelter. But the Three C's did a lot of that. I'm sure some of those original trails, a lot of it was done by the Forest Service, but an awful lot of it was just done by the cattle. Of course, they always connected different meadows and streams because that's where the feed was. That's where they'd always bed down their sheep too, was out on those meadows. The high meadows.

AC Did people feel that they needed to maintain that area of the woods that they were always taking their cattle to, at all? Did they worry about fires? Did they worry about them being overgrazed? That kind of thing?

JH They never were worried about overgrazing. And even the Forest Service people I don't think did to start with, although I guess they did with the sheep. Because you know, there were such big herds with the sheep. But as to fires, people had to be educated to it. The old mountain men would burn off areas to make better hunting areas, because it would grow up into new growth brush for the game. So the controlling of fire had to be through education. The Forest Service did a lot of that. In this area, the one person you could point to who did more for it than anybody else was a brother of Jim Grieve, Bill Grieve. When these timber claims were taken up in here, the old timber company bought those people out for three-hundred dollars a claim. In fact, a lot of them were sent in here from the Great Lakes area. They had the deal all made up before they ever came in. They'd settle the claim and then after three years -- it took them three years to prove up on the claim -- then they'd sell it to them for $300. There were little cabins all over this country when we first moved back up here, but it was then already in this timber company. Bill Grieve was at the head of that. At that time it was called the Rogue River Timber Company. Later it was the Prospect Timber Company and then it became the Elk Lumber company, and after that Boise-Cascade. They owned an awful lot of acreage, clear up to the Forest Service. They owned most of the timbered, private owned land. There's some kind of a building and somebody living in it in this area. The rest of it is all owned by the timber company. Bill Grieve was very lenient with people. Everybody
made their roofs with split shakes. Shake timber, why they gave them anything that was down on the ground: a big old sugar pine, or a dead sugar pine, to make shakes out of. And for wood trees, they didn't just say you can cut an old down tree or a dead one, you can have anything. Even if it was green, spiked top, you can have it. Because they hadn't sold anything yet. At that time there wasn't much demand for it. He also treated his fire crews better than anybody else. They paid 40 cents an hour. The Forest Service paid 35 cents. They always had a cook right out on a job when he had a big fire, and served good food. And he always gave everybody more time. You know, you put in a lot of overtime on a fire and he always gave them more time than what they put in. He got to the point where you know you're not going to go out and burn his timber down! That's the way you do it. It paid off. The next transaction, and that was after Bill Grieve had died, they started logging the area more then. The tie mills moved in. World War II period and then to the '50's, a lot of tie mills in the area. Why they had to have so many railroad ties I never could figure out, but they sure had a lot of them.

AC How many were up in this area?

JH Tie mills? I would say that right in Prospect area there was 10 or 12. Besides that, there were four big lumber mills.

AC What were they named?

JH Well, some of them changed hands. But I'll give you the name of the first owners. Lewis Brothers had a mill just above where the Ranger Station is now, back in a little to the east side of the highway. Herman Brothers had a mill right in there between Mill Creek and Barr Creek. It was a big mill. Geotz had a mill on Red Blanket. He had one down here on lower Red Blanket and then he moved it further up on Red Blanket when he got cut out down there. Jantzer had a mill down this side of Cascade Gorge. And all those were pretty big mills. And some of the tie mills were pretty big, and of course they hauled all the ties out to the railroad. At that time, Prospect was booming. They had a lot of people in here. Lots of jobs.

AC What would the population have been then?

JH I don't know if it was any more than it is right now. Maybe a little bit more. The population, about the only check you can get on it is the post office, and that takes in a lot of area. I'd say right now it's around a thousand. It was up to 1500 that got mail at the post office, but that covers a lot of area.

AC Where was all the timber coming from? Was it coming basically from National Forest at this point?

JH The tie mills weren't any of them working on the Forest Service. They were all working on what was Prospect Timber Company land then. So were all on the lower elevations. And most of them tie mills were small. They probably had six or seven men working in the tie mill, and then a little old logger bringing them in. Most of them were made up with an automobile engine for power. But there was one nice big mill right over here on Buck Mountain. It was an electric mill. Built a line in there specially for it, one or two others that were pretty good size.
AC These people would have some kind of contract with the timber company?

JH They bought the timber as stumpage and it was all either by cruise or I think most of it was scaled, with a scale. They'd buy a certain -- you know, they'd mark off a sale area and that was their timber. But the tie mills, they only took trees up to a maximum of 32 inches. Then if they bought all of the timber in that area... Some of them, that's all they bought, timber of that size. But if they bought all of the timber that was on it, the bigger timber, they could cut that and take the logs out and take them into where there was getting to be quite a few plywood mills. They'd sell those for peelers, and they'd make pretty good money on those.

AC So, local people found that a very prosperous time?

JH Local people didn't get in on hardly any of that. Most of the people were people that were mixed up with mill operations before that moved in here and reaped the benefits. There just wasn't hardly anybody out of the community. Of course, they had jobs! And quite a few of them were family operations. You know the Burrill Lumber Company -- Mike Burrill's on TV about once a week, especially since the spotted owl -- has the big mill there at White City. Well, his father started with a tie mill here in this area.

AC Which tie mill was it, do you remember?

JH Burrill's, Gene Burrills. He lives just right over here, between here and Prospect. He's turned the operation now over to his son. He started -- him and his dad, they come in here with an old Studebaker car engine and set up and started a tie mill, and right now Gene told me this 3 or 4 years ago -- he said (this is in board feet production) that they're in the top 20 in the United States. I think Gene was 19 years old when he came here. I know he went in to the Service after he came here and came out. These tie mills were mostly portable, you know, they didn't put up more than what they could move them. They cut out maybe 30 acres in one spot and then get another. Burrill's made quite a few moves up here. They were good businessmen.

AC Were people moving in to the Prospect area? People from outside, wanting to...

JH You mean to work? Well, yes, anytime you got any kind of boom, it don't matter whether it's mining or what it is, people will move in. You bet! Of course, I think the biggest population there was ever in Prospect was when COPCO built the powerhouses, the big ones they have now down here on the river. And all these canals that bring the water in. It was a project that lasted about three years, I think.

AC When was it?

JH They started that in the fall of '26. I worked for them as a telephone boy down at their camp when I was still in high school. I graduated in '27.

AC How many people would have come in for that?
JH At the top of it, they at 1,100 men working, but I think that was an exaggeration. I don't think there was that many but, by gosh!, there was camps, there was one just a quarter-mile from right here, had probably a hundred people at that camp. 'Cause they brought in families too, you know. And there was a camp just out of Prospect that probably had that many in it. And a big camp down where the powerhouses are. They had probably a couple hundred down there. Then they had a camp up where they built the Middle Fork Dam and they had a camp where they built the South Fork Dam. They had a lot of people. I just worked there one year, just before I went to work up at the Park Service. I worked there falling timber on the right-of-way. All that right-of-way timber was burned. It was! That was just before all the mills moved in and there weren't any mills in the area. Those old sugar pine logs, they rolled them around for days and days and days trying to burn them up because, you know, they're just plumb full of water.

AC Why didn't they let them just set? Was it too much of a fire danger?

JH It probably was in their contract that they had to burn everything, and they had to burn it all on their right-of-way. And they even, in summer time, they burned but they burned at night. They had water lines that ran the whole length of this canal area, probably seven, one of them's about seven miles long, the other's about ten. And they had water lines that ran clear along it so that they could have water up there and burn.

AC The time of the tie mills was after World War II, or just at the end of the War? Is that right?

JH The tie mills started at the beginning of World War II. The government was the one that was buying all the ties. They were in business, I suppose it tapered off, but they just started moving out one by one, but there was still tie mills working in here up til the middle 'Fifties, I guess.

AC What is your sense of the town of Prospect, up til the early fifties? Is it the same people living here, one generation to the next, or is it...

JH No, not too much of that. For instance, I told you we came here in 1913. I've got one cousin that lives in Prospect and that's all. There's a few of them -- the Nye family, there still some of them live here. There's several families that have gone down through generations, but in all there's a lot of new people. For instance, we sold this ranch in 1960, and this is the fifth owner that's been on it since. Only one of those was a local at all and he had just been a local because he'd owned another ranch here, and subdivided it. He'd only been here maybe 5 years when he bought this one. And these people are from California. The people that bought from us were from Nevada and the people that bought it from them were from California.

AC So there's really a turnover in this area?

JH Yes, there's quite a turnover of people. But there's a lot of people right here in Prospect that's lived here for 30, 40 years. I'm second in seniority in the ones that are still living. Hope Hedgpeth has lived here longer. She's ninety. She was Nye family.
AC You said something before about Skeeter's Camp.

JH Skeeters?

AC Yes, as a logging camp of the tie mill era.

JH It was a logging camp. He was a contract logger. In fact at one time there were two Skeeter's Camps in Prospect. Two brothers. And there's still the sign for it up there, it's out past the landfill. That was Charlie Skeeter and he came here from Talent. He had a logging camp in there for, I guess... See there was a mill there and the mill moved out. This was the one I told you was the Lewis Brothers' to start with and then the Alley Brothers. They also had a mill in Ashland. Then Charley Skeeters moved into their camp buildings. I guess he probably had a payroll of 20 or 25. Built a lot of the Forest Service roads in this area. See, when they bought a sale, the road building was always included in the timber sale: you have to build the roads. Everett Skeeter, his brother, had his camp right where the new school buildings are now.

AC This was the '40's, was it?

JH That was right at the time of World War II. The start of it. I think he had that camp for about three years. But he wasn't as well known and wasn't as big a logger as Charlie. Hadn't been in the business as long.

AC What happened to Charlie in the end?

JH Charlie stayed right here and he died right here in Prospect. He was driving from Prospect up to his camp and had a heart attack and drove his car off to the side of the road and set there slumped over the steering wheel. Charlie was a real character. He was one of those people, you know, they say "God made this one and threw away the pattern." And that's how he was. Rough -- he was just as rough as a cob! But he had a heart as big as a mule too.

AC Can you remember any anecdotes about him?

JH I suspect that I could relate some of them. Maybe some of them wouldn't be right to tell! Most of them wouldn't be. I remember one time we was over - he shot trap, you know. And he was good. So was his son, Dick. Dick still lives in Phoenix or Talent. But anyway, about six of us went over to this trap shoot at Reno. It was a big shoot. I think it was a West Coast shoot. Charlie and my brother-in-law shot, Charlie's son, the old boy that manages Courtesy Chevrolet -- Wilson. But anyway, about six of us went over there. Harrold's Club, which used to be the big club in Reno at that time -- this was in the early 50's. They had a blackjack and slot machines set up right out at the shooting grounds. In fact, I think they put up quite a bit of money for the shoot. We were in there, all playing blackjack. Old Charlie, he was playing three hands. He was playing $10 on each hand. In blackjack, if you are playing more than one hand, you have to look at this one first -- you can't look at these others until you're made this first hand. So he looked at this one and he said to hit it. So she hit it with an ace. No, that's not right! He had ace back-to-back in this hand. He turned them over and aces, you know, you can take one card only to make your hand because its' eleven and it could easily make your 21. So she hit this one and, I don't know, made it 17 or
something. She hit this one and it made it 16. Turned this on over and 2 more aces! The other two aces! So he turned them up -- "Hit 'er!" He never would up well. He had 20 on one hand and that dealer got a 21. Wiped him out on a button! Seventy-five or a hundred bucks just like that, on one hand. Charlie says: "That's all right. By God, I'll beat the pants off you next time." That's the way he lived. He'd be playing blackjack over there and first thing you knew, there'd be a crowd at his table, standing around, just to hear his talk. He was a corker!

AC Well, there're a lot of things I haven't asked you about that I would really like to. When people went hunting and they had a cattle ranch, how did they manage to get their cattle down where they needed to be and still have time to hunt? Did they hunt before or after they brought their cattle back from the high pastures.

JH If they still had the cattle out on the range, which depends how long ago it would have been. But in the early settlements, the season started early enough that their cattle would still be on the range. And when they were on the range, they only looked after those cattle. They'd ride in once a week, or every two weeks come in and salt them. All those old cattlemen had a voice on them like you couldn't believe. My dad, he'd drive the cattle down and when he'd come down above Prospect-- two miles by road through and it's better than a mile-- we could hear him calling and hollering at the cattle, from up at the ranch. Mother'd know when to get supper!

AC So he'd call them to come? They'd take the salt out and call them to come?

JH Oh, yes. See, when you run cattle on the range, the big thing is the salt. They get very hungry for salt. A lot of them now put out salt blocks and they're out all the time, but the way they used to do it was all of them earned maybe 10 or 5 pounds of rock salt. They'd tie it on with their saddle strings behind the cantel of their saddle. And they'd go out there and have a log and usually they'd notch it, cut notches in, and put the salt in these notches and then they'd call these cattle. Apparently, they'd come for a mile or two and come in on a run to get that salt. They wanted to be the first because there wouldn't be enough to go around.

AC I read in the Forest history about some controversy regarding salting, but I couldn't make entire sense out of it because I don't know enough about cattle. Were there limits on how often you could salt? Or where you should salt?

JH This is probably one of the later day things, but they're a lot more particular now about it than they used to be. They don't allow you to salt in the meadows because where ever they had a salt lick, the cattle would have a tendency to trample out along the salt log. And then they would lay near it, because that's what they wanted to come down to. They'd overgraze the meadow that was there. Then the deer would all come in for it too, and they would trample it out. They probably had some restriction on it but I doubt too many of them paid any attention to it in the old days.
AC I also wanted to ask you a little bit about the bootlegging and the moonshining, 'cause you mentioned that Sam and Ben Geary were both into that.

JH Oh, yes, and every other one of your neighbors was!

AC Well, tell me about it. What exactly were people doing?

JH From 1916 or '17, when they got Prohibition -- 1919, I guess until 1932 -- there was no alcoholic beverage of any kind that was legal. Of course, it was a big business if you could sell it, so they would make up their stills with copper tubing so it wouldn't poison and they'd build their vats for their mash. They'd make their mash out of corn or corn and barley, or barley -- or better, just usually corn. Put in a lot of sugar too.

AC They'd buy that?

JH Oh yes. Then when they'd fermented it in the vats and got to the point where -- most of them had an alcohol thermometer so they knew when it got ready to run through the stills -- and then they'd run it through the stills, bottle it or keg it or whatever method they used. They usually put it up in kegs. My brother-in-law and I one day were riding in -- just kids, high school we'd been out shooting and hanging around and were walking down the road, raining like sixty. And this guy, he had an old Star touring car. We were walking down the road singing "I get the blues when it rains" and this guy pulled up and said, "Well, get in out of the raw". The back seat of that old touring car had canvas over something there, and down under the canvas were these kegs. And he was my folks' closest neighbor, lived right across the road from us. He figured that if he gave us a ride, we wasn't going to squeal. But in this area, there were probably eight or ten stills that operated.

AC Set in one place, or did they move them around all the time?

JH They moved them pretty often, because -- but they didn't watch them very close out here. Nels Olsen, he got caught for selling it, though. They caught him. He sold it to the wrong guy. A lot of the county officials at that time were the best customers.

AC So there was danger that if you were moonshinning, you might get caught.

JH Yes, there was danger of getting caught. A little old deal that happened here -- there was two guys in on it and they swiped a still from another guy. They'd messed around with moonshinning a little bit and took it over and set it up over on the middle fork of Rogue River. This one guy's father was an old shakemaker and he was deaf. They knew the Prohi's were watching because the people they stole it from, they turned them in. They didn't tell them they'd stole it from them, but that these guys had a still set up out there somewhere. And, of course, there was always more or less of a little bit of a tarp stretched over where they had the vat. He went in there and grabbed the thermometer off the peg and stuck it down in there and tested it and bring it back up and stand there looking at it, looking everything over like he was curious as heck -- and the Prohi's come in and grabbed him. Of course they arrested him and took him to jail. It was the doggone stink about that because his wife, she started
going around to some of the upper crust in the community and saying "You better go down and go his bail" 'cause they'd been selling booze to some of these guys, see and they'd been peddling it out to some of the county officials. Boy, he got his bail in a hurry! I think he had $300 bail and they turned him loose. Of course, then he had to go back for trial but he said he'd never been in that moonshine still before -- and he hadn't! He said? "I was just curious." And they had to turn him loose. They didn't have anything on him, cause they couldn't prove that he was the guy that sold it.

AC Were most of the places where the stills were back up in the forest?

JH Mostly what then would have been the old Prospect Timber Company. The Rogue River Timber Company maybe was it then.

AC In what area?

JH Gosh, they had them all over. I think probably up on Elk Creek there was more than anywhere else and up here there was probably eight or ten. They had their stills around this area. I never got in. I only knew. I walked on to one vat when I was out with the .22. I was just a kid. I knew pretty well whose it was. Oh yeah, and another lad and I, we were up on an old irrigation ditch. Anyway we were up on our irrigation ditch that I was telling you that they dug for the ranch and we heard a roar which now you wouldn't have thought anything about it. You'd have looked up thinking it was a jet. But we couldn't figure out what that was, and finally we started walking down that way and right down below us was Barr Creek and it was all vine maple along there. The closer we got, the louder this roar got. And we got down there and it was one of these old -- you've seen a blow torch, you know, the old fashioned blow torches? That you pump up? Shoot a flame about that long. Well, the guy was down there and he was soldering up the coils on his still. The funny part of it was, the guy that he was working with, the old boy had gone to my dad before that and everybody knew that he was a moonshiner, and he asked dad if he could take water out of his ditch for his still. And dad said, "No way! I'm not going to get mixed up in any of that kind of stuff. But he wasn't taking water out of the creek at all. He had him a little old trough that run down there and a siphon hose. He was siphoning it out of Dad's ditch! [laughs]

AC So, your Dad wouldn't get mixed up in that at all?

JH He didn't think he was! But the water was coming out of his ditch.

AC What about bootlegging? There were some people running stuff...?

JH Yes, there were. You could go to a dance and a lot of 'em put their moonshine up in fruit jars. You could go to a dance and you could see who had been out for a drink cause you could see the little old mark from the fruit jar across their nose. Most of the bootlegging that was from up here, I think, they already had their established customers and they took it to them in the 5-gallon kegs like the one I told you I rode in with. I know one -- I won't tell you his name because it's not a very nice... it was a nice family and he was a nice guy, but he shot himself delivering a keg of whiskey. He took this keg of whiskey down and he was to leave it down there, and it was real foggy down in the Rogue River Valley like you
know it can get. And it was cold. He had this .38 pistol and it was on the seat, but he had his top coat over it, and he had this five-gallon keg of whiskey he was supposed to deliver in the back. And he got out of his car and he was going to deliver this keg of whiskey but he was cold and so he reached over and got his coat and when he pulled it out....the gun dropped down and the hammer hit on the ledge where the door closes and it shot him. He lived three or four days. In fact, he was a real good friend of my dad's and it was in the middle of the winter and the roads were bad, but he sent word up that he wanted to talk to Dad. He was in the community hospital. Dad rode a saddle horse to Medford, and he told him the story, so I know its right.

AC The people that were moonshining, they were basically doing it to sell, or just for themselves?

JH Oh no. It was a big business. I don't know what they go selling it out by the keg. I expect they got somewhere around $10 or $20 for a 5-gallon keg of booze. That was about the same time there was an apparently huge still that operated over on the California side of the Siskiyous. And there was a lot of booze that was run in from over there. But this one guy, he went over there, see, now they could re-run it until they could get pure alcohol out of it also. It was a big enough outfit that they put it in sealed -- did you ever see the old Kerosene cans? Five-gallon cans, tin cans?

AC Like a gas can?

JH Well, they're about so high, so big square. Two in a box is the way they were with the kerosene. But anyway they were that type of can. And they'd put it in there and this guy (he lived right here in Red Blanket Flat), he had a little old roadster with a rumble seat and he'd fill that rumble seat up and he'd drive out of there and he'd bring back three or four cans of that pure alcohol. And then he'd bring it home and he'd cut that with, water-and they were supposed to have distilled water to cut it with he probably did. But he'd put that in little 11-oz. flasks that'd be 5-oz. less than a pint. Then he'd go to the dances, and he had what they called a valise at that time. It was a little suitcase-type thing and he'd pack it full of those 11-oz. flasks. And he had a good looking wife that wasn't scared of the men, and she'd dance with the men and then she'd ask if they wanted to buy a bottle of booze. She'd go out with them and he'd drive up in his little old sport roadster and she'd hand them out and she'd collect for them. They were in that racket for two bucks a throw. Eleven ounces and that was a lot of money in those days.

AC How much would someone be making an hour if they were working in those days?

JH At that time, 45 cents or 50 cents an hour was probably about standard for labor work. Just like it is with the pot patches, there's big money in it.

AC How about the Klan? At that same time in history, was the Ku Klux Klan up in this area?

JH No, never was anything active up here at all. I think there was in the Rogue River Valley, but not up here.
AC Well, there probably weren't very many minority people, Catholics or anything like that, up this way?

JH No. I'll bet you there hasn't been 20 black people that's lived in Prospect, or even worked here, since I've lived here. You know, they always say that Medford has a sundown law. I'm not sure, but you don't see blacks there. They may be saying, "Get out by sundown!"

AC How come there were so few blacks here?

JH I don't know.

AC You never heard of any sundown laws here?

JH Oh, no. There's no organization. See, Prospect's never been incorporated.

Second Interview with Jack Hollenbeak - July 31, 1989

AC Shall we talk about trails first or the Depression?

JH We'd better talk about the Depression, because if I get started on trails, you'll never get to the Depression.

AC OK. I'm curious about the Depression lifestyle in Prospect. How people were living. How badly they were affected by it. That kind of thing.

JH Well, actually I think they felt the Depression here less than the people in the large cities. In a large city, if you don't have a job, it's pretty tough to get something to eat. Most of them pay rent, so they had these long lines of people that were in the bread line and out of work. In Prospect, everybody was out of work. There wasn't very many jobs, but what there was, there wasn't very many people to fill the jobs either. So, there was a little work. My two older brothers that I told you about, they went over and cut ice for Jim Grieve in the wintertime. And, of course, then you had no refrigeration. The fish pond that I told you the story about, they cut the ice off of it. Believe it or not, it would freeze to a thickness of 8 to 12 inches, and they would saw this out. They'd get a hold down through the ice and they'd saw it into blocks, put it into a sawdust house. That is, the house was well-insulated with sawdust in the walls. And then they would cover the ice with sawdust inside - he would use the ice the next summer for the people that came through. And they had ice, I guess, clear to fall. That's just an instance of a little job that happened.

AC What would they make for that?

JH Probably a dollar a day. That wasn't just when the Depression started either. Right after World War One, a dollar or a dollar-and-a-half a day
was normal wages -- usually included your dinner because you were usually working a ways from home. My dad, I know he worked before World War One -- he worked with his team -- he and the team of horses got four dollars a day. That was good money.

AC Was he hauling logs?

JH No, that was when he was working on the county road that John Grieve built with the prison inmates. But to get back to the Depression, they had very little money. Most people had very little money, but people living in Prospect at that time, that was at a time when there wasn't any logging to amount to anything, most of it was farm work. Most of the people were farm families. They didn't have any money to spend, but they always had plenty to eat. It's like I told you before. They'd go to Huckleberry Mountain, get a lot of berries and can those. Everybody raised a huge garden and raised their own potatoes, corn, green beans. All this sort of thing they put up for winter. Actually, I think the families ate better than the average family does today. They ate better food and always had plenty of it. I'm sure it wasn't that way all over, but we were pretty fortunate. There was very little money, but they didn't have the need for money. The people didn't have any fancy furniture. Most of what they had was handmade. Their clothes, they took good care of those because you only had one outfit that you could wear as your Sunday best. If we went to a dance or something of that sort, some sort of a big party, Mother would spend the whole day getting everybody's clothes ready so they'd look decent. Those same clothes were worn time after time after time.

AC So she'd wash them and iron them -- that kind of thing?

JH Wash, iron. There was no such thing as a permanent press then. The washing -- well, of course, dress suits and this kind of thing was a case of she would clean them with a hand brush. Soap and water if there were spots on them. And, of course, the old saddle irons were heated on the kitchen range. In pressing, I remember very well, she always used a big dishcloth. She would dampen that and it worked just like a steam iron. Everything came out looking real good, but it was a lot of work. The everyday clothes, they were all washed on the washboard and usually everything was ironed too.

AC Is that right!

JH Yes, oh yes, you'd see the old bachelors like me, they'd be around with wrinkled shirts but not many of the families. They were always pretty neat. Might have patches on our overalls, but they were still neat and clean.

AC Did people move into the area? When times got hard elsewhere in the cities?

JH We didn't have very much of an influx during, the Depression, of people. We were fortunate in one respect. During the very first part of the Depression, they built the big COPCO powerhouses and the flumes, canals, in the area. It was about a three-year job. It finished up about the start of the Depression, about 1932, and then we did [have an influx of people]. We had these people here in camps and a lot of them stayed and they got in pretty tough circumstances because there was too many of
them. They didn't have jobs. But those were about the only ones. The deer population took an awful beating!

AC Were they just trying to live out in the woods? The ones who stayed and didn't have jobs?

JH Yes, right back here, down a quarter-mile, right down this last straight stretch, there was a camp in there. There was a camp right over here on this side just down by the creek.

AC Are these official camps? Or just where people....

JH No, they weren't. At the time the COPCO construction was on, they would have a little office at one or two or maybe three of these -- they had four offices set up, I think. They had one down where the powerhouse and the penstocks were being built. They had one right on this side of Prospect. And they had one each were they were building the dams on the Middle and the South Fork. But then there was a lot of other camps where people just moved in, where there was a stream where they could get water and either build them some little old shacks (out of usually just a single wall with one by twelve boards), or a lot of them stayed in tents. And there was some of them left. And then right at the latter part of the Depression, there was one mill that moved in and began operating down here on Red Blanket -- the Getz Mill. There was very little going on. They were doing a little bit of work on the Crater Lake Highway during that time, and that was about it.

AC Are any of these camps in the woods, where people just tried to hang on, are there any camp buildings left?

JH No. They weren't permanent-enough buildings. If they were left unattended, they'd probably go down the first big snowfall. Heavy snowfall. Most of those people, they were here just here for the first winter after the job closed down. You know the way it always is on a big job like that -- it tapers off. At the height of it, there'll be a lot of people working and then as they finish it up, there's only a few left. And the ones that were left, were caught here in the fall of the year, why they stayed for the winter.

AC Got themselves a few deer to tide themselves over?

JH The deer really had a rough time. For one thing, on top of the poaching (if you want to call it that) also when they first built the canals, they didn't realize what a problem it would be. They're concreted canals and the water runs within 6 or 8 inches of the top of the concrete, so they thought -- well, the deer can cross them all right. But they couldn't. When they got in there, they couldn't get out because they'd just fight those concrete walls until they just wore their hooves clear off. I don't know how many deer drowned in there! Before they got all of the fences up, they hired people to patrol it, to take deer out. They even patrolled it at night. I worked on that for a while, one really cold winter. The young fellow that I was working with, he fell in. Luckily it was right at the end of the canal, right where it puts in above the dam over here. He got close enough so that I could get him by the hand and pull him out. Then we had to go and tear the boards off an old cabin and build up a big fire because his pants were freezing just as soon as he got out of there.
AC What did you do? Just walk along a section of the canal?

JH Yes, it was dangerous. We walked right on the edge of the canal and after you pack that down it was just a glare of ice. But it was a job!

AC How much did you get for that one?

JH That one paid pretty good money. Of course, right then, the construction paid 45 cents an hour for common labor. I was fortunate. I got a job for about a year where I was falling - mostly snags, dangerous snags. We got 70 cents an hour for that and oh boy, that was nice!

AC Did you save it? Or did you have luxuries?

JH You couldn't buy luxuries very easy right in Prospect. At that time, everybody had cars and they'd drive to Medford. About the only luxuries we had were to go down and buy a hamburger, or a bunch of us young people would go to a movie and come home. That was about the extent of it. Even before the Depression, there wasn't enough money but what when you got hold of it, you realized what it was worth and you saved some of it. I had a bank account from the time I was 17 or 18 years old, but I don't think that I ever had more than $50 in it. Write a check for a dollar or two dollars or five dollars. [laughs]

AC Do you recollect anything about the Townsend Club?

JH Yes.

AC What was that all about? Can you tell me about that?

JH Can't think of Townsend's first name but he ran for President, and his idea was and it wasn't that much different than social security, really -- but on a much bigger scale. It was going to be $22 a month for every person over 60 years old. I think it was $200. Yes, $200.

AC That was a lot of money!

JH Yes. They formed these clubs all over. In fact, right down here about five miles down they had a Townsend Hall where they met and also had dances. It was on the old highway. It's still standing. It's all grown over with vines, but it's about five miles down on Mill Creek Drive. They had quite a following, and perhaps his idea wasn't too bad. His idea, instead of there being a tax on labor (which social security was, of course -- you paid so much into your account, and it was only for people who were working) -- well, Townsend's plan was for anybody and everybody after they reached that age. The tax was to be 1 percent -- what did he call that tax? It was very similar to a sales tax. But it would be on everything. One percent. I really believed that the thing could have worked. I have no idea how many people they had. I know there wasn't one then to where there're ten now that would have been drawing money. The idea was to take the older people out of the labor market, give them a pension they could live on and then everybody pay for it at a 1 percent -- "transaction tax," I believe he called it. And it was on every transaction -- not just like a sales tax on food or whatever. It was on every thing, one percent.
AC Who was it that formed the Townsend Club? The older folks?

JH Yes, it was always the older people that joined first because they were looking forward to it. You see, they had nothing to take care of the older people then, with the exception of people that were absolutely destitute, such as widowed women and people that were unable to work and had no family. They could get about $15 a month from the county. Also, right near Phoenix, they had a County Farm. I think that was only open to men, because they worked on this farm and they lived there just like they would have in an old peoples' home. The problem was, everybody called it the "county poor farm" so that put a brand on it. It wasn't all that bad. You could go there and these old boys would be sitting out on the porch visiting, and they didn't mind it. They liked it. And they had a little something to do on the place.

AC So the Townsend Club was people who were actively trying to get support for Townsend running for President?

JH Yes, oh yes. The Club was originally formed by a political organization, of course. And then they got local people to join and get active in it. But his Presidential race didn't get very far. That was at the time when Franklin Roosevelt was -- that might have been Franklin Roosevelt's first term. But it ran for a number of years. It was active around here for perhaps ten years.

AC And they had social events, did they? To raise money?

JH Well, yes. I don't know that they ever made much money to turn in to the organization, but I'm sure there was some. The old Townsend Hall that they built down there, Nelson Nye gave the land for it and then all of the neighbors pitched in and built it. Rived their own shakes, put on the roof and the siding, and I believe the structure itself was out of peeled poles. It turned out nice -- it was a pretty good building, for that day. They had a good floor in it that you could dance on. Of course, an awful lot of things at that time (and before that time) were done through volunteer labor. How they ever had time for it, I don't know. Because the way they worked and what they had to work with, I don't know how anybody had time on their hands, but even when you went down the road with the team and wagon and you met somebody, you stopped and talked to them for a while before you went on. The first gymnasium, if you could call it that, that they had in Prospect was all built by volunteer labor.

AC When was that built?

JH Oh, that was in about 1920, I guess. Dirt floor. They had a basketball court. They put up 1-by-12's for a backboard and they got the regular hoops. I believe the school bought those. They played basketball on a dirt floor, the first gymnasium built, then they turned that into what they called a "playshed" for the younger kids, the little kids in grade school. It was there for years.

AC Well, it probably would have been important in the winter, wouldn't it have?
JH Yes, very important. Actually, the school district wasn't that poor at that time. They had all of the timberland that was taxed at that time, and taxed pretty heavy. And then they had the California-Oregon Power Company, and the two of those paid the biggest percentage of the taxes into the schools, so that the people that had ranches, their taxes was -- I think the tax on our home place was around thirty dollars a year. And that probably included the stock. At that time, they had an assessor that came around. They visited everybody.

AC Every year?

JH Every year! They would assess the cattle. They had a big ledger they packed with them. They had helpers, of course, in every district. The one we had here was from over on Elk Creek, Inez Willetts. The Willetts were an old, old family that moved in there back in the [eighteen-sixties], I think. She was a school teacher and she would do the tax assessment in the summertime.

AC What would she do when she came to assess?

JH She'd just sit down with Mother and Dad. "How many cattle do you have?" "What's your acreage?" Course, she had the record of the acreage and all that. And "How many horses do you have?" And so on. There was a valuation put on the stock. I think the horses were $50 a piece and the cattle probably $20 or $25 maybe.

AC How about this thing called the Good Government Congress? Do you remember anything about that at all?

JH No. There was -- you know, I'd almost forgotten about that. I don't remember hardly what it was all about because, I guess, it never caught on.

AC Well, it was a bit of a scandal at first, wasn't it?

JH I believe so, yes.

AC It was far away. It was centered down in Jacksonville, Medford, wasn't it?

JH That was kicked up about the time of the Banks deal, wasn't it?

AC Right. He was one of the main people involved.

JH Well, do you want to get in to some of that?

AC Sure.

JH Well, I have memories of it, and I can tell you what the opinions of people were. Llewylnn Banks, he started this -- and then they also started another newspaper. I think it was Earl Fehl -- or was it Banks? -- that had the newspaper. Earl Fehl was quite active in that too of course, the Mail Tribune was all for the local government, and almost all that you read now is that side of the story. You don't hear much about the other side of the story. What started it all was that this new newspaper started up and they started picking on the officials. They were
a little sleasy in a lot of places, too. You know, the information you get now is that everything was on the up-and-up, that it was just ordinary. But I know that during Prohibition days, the County officials down there, some of the best customers that the bootleggers had and they also, at that time -- see, California at that time was not dry. Oregon was a dry state but California wasn't. So this left it open to the "rum running to transport the booze from California to Oregon. And southern Oregon was the biggest inlet for it. They brought it in -- they usually had the best and fanciest and fastest automobiles, so they could outrun the police, but of course a lot of them got caught. One thing that I remember is -- I don't know, they may have handled their auctions perfectly on the up-and-up -- but when they would catch one of these "rum runners," they would confiscate their automobile. By law, they were all supposed to be sold at auction at the County Courthouse. And perhaps they were, I don't know. You know, we were far enough away we didn't mingle with that sort of thing anyway. But the funny part of it was, a lot of the county officials wound up owning these rum runners' automobiles. And of course, things like that were exposed by this other newspaper. Well, this caused a big, big stink. So then it got worse and worse and worse, until they were definitely after Bank's hide, and Earl Fehl's.

AC Who was after their hide?

JH The county officials, because they were picking on them. So there was a little harassment involved, or whether it was all as it should have been, I don't know. But then they sent Prescott, who was a very fine officer. He was very well-liked by everybody and I believe he was city police. They sent him up to arrest Banks. I've forgotten exactly what the charge was, but there had been a lot of stirring over this thing. They did arrest him and he went to trial -- or, he was going to go to trial for something that was said or done. And then they had this election and there was the big ballot scandal. Somebody supposedly stole a bunch of the ballot boxes. See, they -- well, they still do! They still use the ballot box for the out-of-the way places like this one out here, and they take the ballot boxes in locked and then they tally them. And they did the same thing then, only then they tallied them by hand instead of on a computer. But anyway, some of these ballots were supposedly stolen by some of the people that were going to be running for office to replace some of the county officials that were in there -- they were running against them. I believe that's what this last arrest was about, but I'm not sure about that. You get a lot about that -- I've got a newspaper in there that's got that whole story, that just came out not too long ago, but it's all one-sided.

AC The people up this way, were they participating in this?

JH Participating, no. But they had very strong opinions. And, like everywhere else, it was divided. An awful lot of people quit taking the Mail Tribune and took the Times News, was it? I forgot what they called it now. But anyway, they sent Prescott up to serve papers on Banks. He had said: "Don't send another officer up here, because I'm not going to be arrested again." And he shot and killed him. Shot and killed the officer. Of course, he was tried. This was at the breakup of the whole thing. He and Earl Fehl were both on trial.

AC When would that have been?
JH I'd have to look in that newspaper in there to tell you. But it was in the early thirties, I think.

AC So did that change people's opinions, when the police officer was...?

JH Well, people got pretty set in their opinions. They didn't change their opinions, but it broke the whole thing up. The newspaper went busted and both Earl Fehl and Banks -- I think Banks got life. And Earl Fehl, I've forgotten what he got out of it. But, that settled it all, and the government that was in power went on and there was never anything more that was that "strong an opinion" afterwards.

AC But there wasn't any sort of local involvement up in this area?

JH No.

AC People trying to get more support or...?

JH In fact, the actual involvement was by a few of the county officials and a few of the people who had spoken out so strongly against them. For instance, Fehl, Banks, and there was a young fella who was running for county sheriff who was charged with ballot theft. Banks and Fehl and the people who started this should have known that they were fighting a losing battle to start with. When you have a county government that is entrenched, they have all the power. Whether it was all handled as it should have been, I don't know. I was young enough that it didn't interest me that much. I can remember my parents and people of their age that when they'd get together, that was one of the big topics.

AC Can you remember your parents being on one side or the other?

JH Yes. I think my dad was pretty much in sympathy with Banks and Fehl. Because I know that he was quite critical of a lot of the county officials -- and had been for quite a few years before this took place. That's about all I could tell you that I know about that. It's not that great of information because I was young enough that I wasn't that interested in it.

AC Well, it's really interesting to hear that the Tribune's story is very one-sided.

JH That's true. And, of course, the other newspaper put out stories that were one-sided the other way. There's always two sides to any question. Maybe only one of them's right, but who knows? I'm sure there was reason to criticize the county officials at that time. They were pretty lax.

AC Can you remember any other stories about the county officials besides the issue of the bootlegger's cars?

JH I don't remember anything. In fact, I don't remember what all of the accusations were. It was just one of those times. It seems like that happened so easily. We had one here in Prospect over the rehiring of a school teacher. In fact, she was the first high school teacher that we had. At that time, there was just one because she had just 15 students in high school, maybe not that many the first year. A number of the people wanted to hire this man teacher. He was either retired or he had taken
leave -- he was a state game warden. He had been a school teacher before he had done that, and then the lady that had been the teacher that year -- people really got up in arms about that! They just....

AC Was that the year you were in high school?

JH I would have been a freshman. I was a freshman that coming year. And incidentally, the man was hired. I remember my dad, he was on the school board, and he wanted to hire the lady that had been the teacher there. I kind of think he was right because the old boy they hired, he'd probably been a good enough school teacher, but he loved to play poker and he'd play poker at night and come to school and doze off at his desk. He chewed tobacco and the school board got on him for that, so he'd go into the typing room and spit his tobacco juice into the waste basket. He was quite a character. [laughs]

* * * *

AC Let me ask you about the CCC camps. You had a camp at Elk Creek, didn't you? Do you remember that at all?

JH I never was to the one on Elk Creek, so I don't know very much about it. There was a large camp at Union Creek.

AC Did you get to that one?

JH Oh, yes. I never was in the Three C's anyway, but...And then they had quite a few "spike camps," as they called them. They had one of those at Prospect.

AC What is a "spike camp"?

JH That's just where they have a few people working. The camp at Union Creek, I don't know just how many they had, but probably around 200. A hundred to two hundred. And this spike camp had about 20 or 30. They just put those out so they'd be closer to whatever they were doing, whatever their projects were. They did an awful lot of trail work, telephone work, built Forest Service shelters back on some of the main trails, campsites. I don't know how much they did out in the timber, but they had another real big camp up at Crater Lake Park. That was at Anna Springs. That was still in there when I went to work for the Park Service. I went to work there in 1933 and I worked there through '37, well, just into the spring of '37. The Three-C camp was still in there then. They did trail work. They did a lot of work around the camp areas. A lot of the camps then, like in the Park, for the employees and such, they were tent-frames, and of course, those all had to be taken up in the fall of the year and put against a tree edge ways so that the snow wouldn't break them up, and then they were put out in the spring. They did this type of work. Where we were working on the construction for the Park Service, they did an awful lot of the cleanup work, such as cut boards, the general things that you have in construction -- they'd clean that up.

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AC When they were building the facilities that they built at Union Creek, where would they get the rock and the lumber and this sort of thing, for the projects they actually built?

JH I suppose the lumber all came from local mills. Some of the buildings they built -- see, after they had the Three-C camp in there at Union Creek, after that was disbanded, they had what they called the "Blister Rust Camp." This was quite a project that the Forest Service had. They had the problem of the Blister Rust disease in the white pine and the sugar pine. It was killing the timber and they knew that the way the blister rust spread, it went from a tree and then it had to go to a gooseberry or currant bush and then back to another tree. Those bushes were called Ribes [pronounced "Rye-bees"]. The Blister Rust crews went out and the front crew was the "location crew." They went through with compasses and ran compass lines through, right out through the timber where ever they had any of this. Then people right behind them would string twine. And then workers behind them cut all of these Ribes bushes out within this lane. They had moved into that camp after the Three C's didn't use it any more. Some of those buildings are still there. It's not even a quarter-mile this side of Union Creek.

AC Were these Forest Service employees that were doing this?

JH The Blister Rust? Yes. But it was a different project. It might have been an extension of the Three-C's, I don't know. But it was a special appropriation. The people in charge of that camp were Forest Service employees. Charlie King was in charge of that camp up there. I suspect that they had to answer to the District Ranger, no doubt.

AC Can you remember anything about Charlie King?

JH Oh yes!

AC What sort of a person was he?

JH Charlie, he was a little, old, happy sort of a guy. This all took place in the '50's. At the time they had that active [Blister Rust] project, the wife and I were running a store over here in Prospect. The one that's here now, but it was smaller then. Charlie stopped in there. They had an account there. He was a real likeable little old guy. But he had a cook -- his head cook and he always didn't get along. They'd have some set-to's. Tony was the cook. I know Tony ran him out of the cook shack one day with the cleaver! Of course, maybe next trip everything was all fine.

AC Did Charlie have to come in and get the supplies for the cook?

JH He had to order the supplies for the cook, yes. Most of those I'm sure they bought wholesale, though they bought a lot of meat from the meat market here in Prospect. They always had to have something. When we had the dairy before that, we'd deliver milk up there. I think I told you we took that up there in five-gallon cans.

AC For the CCC too?
JH No, because that was after the Three-C's. This we're talking about now was all after World War II.

AC Who did they hire to do the Blister Rust work? The guys who walked along and hacked down the bushes.

JH Most of them had been in the Three C's - like the YCC Program is now. They were youngsters, the biggest percentage of them were from the larger cities. I know we had here an awful lot out of Chicago. Some of them had never been out of the city when they came out here, and it was a program like the Three-C's for poor people. But they were mostly young boys, high school age and college age. But there was quite a lot of locals, and quite a few people out of the Forest Service organization, that would head up these crews -- somebody that had some experience.

AC Were any of the boys who came black?

JH Oh yes.

AC How did people react to them?

JH You know, there wasn't all that much intermingling at all with the local people. They pretty much stayed in camp and when they had some time off, they probably went to Medford. A few of them would show up at the dances and this sort of thing. There never was any resentment toward them. Probably the local girls liked the idea because there was always a long stag line.

AC How about the spike crew that was in Prospect? The Three-C spike crew. Was there very much mingling with the townsfolk for them?

JH Yes, quite a little. I remember at that time we had -- well, we nearly always had, what they called a "town team," basketball and in baseball too. We always had boys out of that camp, and some of them were real good. In the baseball team, we had a pitcher who was outstanding, and we had a couple of good basketball players. They always got along just like anybody else. Except for the way they talked. You had to get used to the way they talked.

AC Did they all leave? Or did some of them stay?

JH A few, but I don't think there was more than 1 out of 10 that stayed because they were pretty young. They went back where their roots were probably.

AC Brighter lights, maybe, too.

JH Probably yes, probably.

AC How about some of the road building that went on. Do you remember anything particular about rerouting the road up there to Diamond Lake? Or widening the Crater Lake Highway?

JH The original road, which was through by Diamond Lake, and it went on through by Windigo Pass and through to Crescent Lake and on down to Prineville, where there was a Military -- I guess you would call it a
fort. That's what they called them all then: Fort Klamath, and I expect it was Fort Prineville. That was the Prineville Military Road and it was on the opposite side of the river from where most of the Diamond Lake Highway is. You know, the Diamond Lake Highway now crosses the Rogue River right about five miles above Union Creek. And the other one didn't cross Rogue River until you got almost to Diamond Lake. There was an awful lot of streams whose headwaters were towards the Crater Lake Park and the old road went down through some terribly deep canyons all down through there. And it was actually the wrong location, but then building a bridge across a stream like the Rogue River was quite a little chore. In fact, in the early days, a lot of them had to ford the rivers, you know. They had their fords named just the same as they would a bridge.

About all that I can remember about that, as I told you before, the first trip that I made to Diamond Lake, we took my half-brother up there. He was the guard in -- well, you could call it a guard station, but they had no "station." They camped out.

AC At what location was he the guard? At Diamond Lake?

JH Yes, right near where the south store is now, on Short Creek. He had just gotten married and that's where he and his wife spent their honeymoon that first summer, was up there while he worked there. Dad and I (I was 10 years old and I went with them), and my brother, and his bride -- they rode saddle horses -- and dad and I rode in the wagon, took their gear up there.... Had an old steel telephone that was fastened on a lodgepole for communication. There was no lodge at Diamond Lake at that time, and there was only one boat. That was the Forest Service boat, and he had charge of that. It was kept locked up with a Forest Service lock, but anybody that wanted to use it, if he wasn't using it, they could use it. He usually only used it when he had to take some supplies or something up to the lookout that was on top of Mt. Bailey. But the old road then went down through all of these canyons, and most of the road was one-way. If you met anybody, you had to back up. There wasn't any place to pass. They went down through Castle Creek, Bybee Creek, National Creek, Crater Creek, Copeland, Mazama Creek. All of those were deep canyons and grades, down through the pumice. Graded road, just wide enough. 'Course, there was a turnout here and there. Then they improved that and widened it a little bit when they got graders and that type of thing. I guess the original road was probably built by the military, and probably it was all built by hand with the exception of earth removal with horses.

AC When would they have gotten graders?

JH When did they start to rebuild it? About 1920.

AC So, just about the time you would have gone up there then?

JH Yes. In fact, it had already been done. The old road was not that bad. Awfully dusty. But then in 1932 -- I guess they started it in 1932 -- they built the present highway on west and north side of Rogue River that was built by the Bureau of Public Roads. I worked on that job. I worked on the bridge construction. There was three bridges. That was in '32 and '33. I guess it was all in 1932. This contractor had a contract on three of the bridges. That was the three first ones after the Diamond Lake Road left the Crater Lake Highway.

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Who was the contractor?

His name was Curtis Gardener, and that was also a government job. It was paid for in '32, because it was before Roosevelt went into office. You see, the Presidents took office then in March. They didn't start at the first of the year. And he took office in March of '33, so it would have been while Hoover was still in office. It was the ERA. After that they had the PWA and the CWA, but this was the first one. You worked 30 hours a week and put in 6 days to get it. You worked 5 hours a day.

How come?

So they could put more people to work. The man who later became my father-in-law and I camped up there and worked on that. We were camped where the big bridge is across the Rogue River. The only time when they put in more than 30 hours a week was when they would have a big concrete pouring. When they poured the concrete, and this was all handwork you had to stay with it until it was finished. They had two shifts that they worked. Two five-hour shifts. Well, then they would increase those shifts to ten hours! And we'd work a double shift.

You'd work around the clock, is that right? Ten hours and then ten hours?

Yeah. It was a power-driven concrete mixer. It was a concrete mixer that was right there on the ground. It was gasoline-powered. They shoveled in all of the sand and gravel that went in that big old bridge -- all of those bridges were built the same way. Took care of opening the cement sacks and pouring the cement in. Then when you made the mixture, it was dumped into what they called a "concrete buggy," a two wheeled wheelbarrow with a handlebar on the back, but not two handlebars, that would come clear across on the back. That buggy loaded with concrete weighed about 800 pounds. That's what I was pushing.

You pushed it yourself?

Yes, sure. See, they had all plank runways where you had to dump the concrete into the -- of course, at first they had to put in all of the coffer dams and seal off the water so they could pour the concrete for the footings, down to bedrock in the river. And then from where you dumped these buggies to the bottom there was probably a good 20 feet drop. One of the boys dropped a buggy down there and, of course, there were people working right down in this. But they saw it coming and they got back against the [walls]. It didn't hurt anybody, but could have very well killed somebody.

So, there were people down inside?

Oh, yes. You see, they had to tamp the concrete as it went in, and move it around as to where it was well distributed and tamp it along the forms. If you didn't, it wound up real rough. The rock in it would show to the outside. They couldn't have that!

Those bridges are beautiful, they really are!

The pillars under that bridge were round and I think the worst job I had, that [pushing the buggy] was the hardest job I had. One of the
hardest jobs I ever had in my life was pushing that concrete buggy, 'cause I was pretty small. I only weighed about 135 pounds. But after those were all poured, then they had scaffolding and all rough spots that were left on that concrete had to be patched and then they were hand-honed. I sat up on a scaffold and ran an old hone there, and used water and a big, old hone—like a stone, was what they were, to work the roughness off. Five hours a day it seemed like forever!

AC What were the three bridges that you worked on?

JH That one was the Rogue River bridge, right where Foster Creek comes in. And there was two between there and Crater Lake Junction. That would be this side of the big bridge. One was Castle Creek and the other was Bybee Creek. They're just little old bridges. I breeze across them now and don't think nothing of it, but a lot of work, it was a lot of work!

AC Do you remember any incidents that happened beside tipping down the concrete buggy? Or any of the particular people that were working with you?

JH Oh, yes, I remember some of the people that worked, but I don't know as it would be of any particular interest. One thing that happened, there was an older man. He seemed old to me at the time, probably in his 50's. I think he was a diabetic. But anyway, he had a seizure while we were working, pouring concrete. It was right there at the concrete mixer. It was hot, red hot. Hot summer weather. We took care of him as best we could and he lived through it all right, but he left. He left just the next day and he never came back to work. I later worked with his son at COPCO in California when I was operating the power house.

AC Did you have a doctor on the job?

JH Supposedly. I suppose he had a degree, maybe. And they had a little first aid tent, but I don't think they ever dispensed anything stronger than aspirin and iodine. Same was true at Crater Lake Park when I went to work up there. They had a doctor. He was right in the first aid tent all the time. That's the first time I ever paid hospitalization, and that was National Hospital, which is still in existence. In fact, I had one of their policies until they cancelled out with the government contract. National Hospital was the only thing that was taken out of your pay check at that time. It was $1 a month.

AC Did they pay the doctor's salary, for him to be there?

JH The government paid his salary. There would easily have been enough people to have paid his salary at $1 a month out of their paycheck. There were about 300 people who worked on that construction at that time. About 150 who ate in the cookhouse. We're kind of getting off of the subject here.

AC I was going to ask you: when you were building those bridges, how did you eat there? Did you make your own food, or were there camp kitchens, or what?
If you wanted, you camped and "batched," which Art and I did. They had a cook tent there and a good cook. He was a good cook. Everytime he baked bread, he'd always bring Art and I a loaf of bread. Nice old boy.

So, if you wanted to, you could have board?

Yes. I don't remember what the board cost there but I think I went to Crater Lake right following that, and they had a big cookhouse up there. I stayed there one year, in the bunkhouse and the cookhouse. I think your board and a place to bunk (they furnished the cot, you furnished your own bedding and everything), I think it was $1.75 a day.

Did you batch to save money when you were building the bridge?

Oh yes, sure. I think their meals were probably 35 cents a meal there. But, of course, we were working for 45 cents or 50 cents an hour. Five hours is not that much pay!

Not much pay at all! You wouldn't have wanted to waste it on somebody else's cooking.

Gosh no! Plus the fact that I was a good fly fisherman and we ate an awful lot of fish, because fishing was good there in the river.

Was that true of people that lived in Prospect as well?

An awful lot of the crew, probably half -- well, maybe not half, yeah, pretty close to half of that crew was Prospect people.

Did you hunt too? Or did you just fish?

No, we didn't hunt then because it was in the summer. That was illegal then, and you'd have got caught sure as the world. I was the smallest guy that was pushing one of those concrete buggies and I got quite a reputation with those big boys that were working along side me. The incline, even though it was planked, that was uphill. It had quite a little rise to it out to about the middle of the bridge, when we were pouring the far side and, of course, that's where they started. Worked back towards where they had everything set up. You had to push this buggy up this plank incline. I think it was 3 or 4 planks wide. Seven-hundred pounds to push up there on one of those buggies wasn't easy. I got quite a reputation but they never did get wise and I never told them. I guess they never got wise to it, but the reason I could do it, I wore caulked [corked] boots. And those old cork boots would chew right into those planks, you really got the traction! Where a lot of those big guys were wearing shoes. Shoes then, with the exception of basketball shoes and that sort of thing, rubber boots like they wore on ranches, the ordinary shoes were a leather shoe. You wear those on strictly boards and before long they get so slick that you don't get any slick at all. I had a big advantage over those guys and they didn't know it. [laughs] I'd been working out in the woods and I had this pair of caulked [cork] boots with a spring heel and I wore those.

Was there another road built up Huckleberry Mountain at this same time?

About the same time, you mean, as the Diamond Lake Highway was built?
AC Yes.

JH The road that was built up Huckleberry Mountain was built by the Forest Service. And that was built quite a while before the Diamond Lake Highway. It was built well, I know it was there in 1926. I don't know just what year they built it. The first road up there, there's about four ways to get up to the top of Huckleberry Mountain now, but it was the one that was the farthest up. It was just below the park boundary, near Whiskey Creek Campground. It went in from there. It was the same old road that originally went in to Wagon Camp when they went in by trail, but then they built a road on up the mountain so they didn't have to go in by trail anymore.

AC Did that make it a lot easier for people to get in there?

JH Oh yes. And, of course, there were automobiles then. That's when there was lots of traffic, right when the berries first got good. But, like I told you before, the amount of people gradually tapered off when they got automobiles because they'd go up there, a big percentage of them, would go up there for a few hours and then come home. Most of the people weren't any further away than Medford or Klamath Falls.

AC Did people tend to think of that as a nice weekend outing, to go up and pick some berries?

JH Yeah, sure. It was kind of like going out and having a picnic 'cause that was what you always did. You always had a picnic lunch. You'd go out and pick berries and then come back in and have your picnic lunch and then come home again. There's still an awful lot of people that do that. Those little dealies are good!

AC How about the road to Diamond Lake, when they put it on the other side of the river? Did that make it so much easier to get up in that area that more people started going up that way?

JH Yes. There was a lot of people that went in over the old road after the fishing got so good up there, and they had the lodge up there. In '32, they had pretty good automobiles by that time. But then when they opened up the highway, it's just a little old jaunt up there. It doesn't amount to anything. It's just a little drive. I worked at Diamond Lake one summer in '29 -- that was before the highway as built, and there was an awful lot of people up there then. There weren't as many camps as there are now but they were mostly full. The Lodge was usually full and their cabins were usually full.

AC How many people altogether might have been up there?

JH Golly, I don't know. On a holiday like the Fourth of July (that was the first big one up there because on Memorial Day the snow is still on the campground usually) and Labor Day there would probably be, even then, in all the camps and at the Lodge, maybe four- or five-hundred people up there. I'll bet, on a holiday like the Fourth of July, there'd probably be a thousand people.

AC How about winter use. Did people go up there in the winter too?
JH Now or then?

AC Then.

JH There was nobody in there Crater Lake in winter except the caretaker then, because the road wasn't kept open at all. Even after the highway was built, that highway wasn't kept open for several years. But they always had a caretaker that stayed in there at the Lodge. This went clear back before they had the highway built. They were snowed in. If they wanted to come out, they came out on skis. One of the first snowmobiles that was ever built was built up there for that purpose. It was run by an airplane engine with propellor! It was fast and it worked good. The only problem was how do you brake it? When you have to go down those canyons, you couldn't slow down. Because they didn't have reversible propellers on them. I think the idea would still work. It's very similar to the idea of these swamp boats that they have with a propellor on them. You've seen those I'm sure. They don't have to have any underwater propellor to run down in the wilds and cattails and whatever. The above-surface propellor works real well. They have them set up pretty high. They used one up there, that was after they had the highway.

AC Can you remember the name of the caretaker who did that?

JH One year there was two of them in there. One of them was Waddell. The other one was in there for more than one year. His name was Horn...

AC How about the timber sales along the Crater Lake Highway there in the '30's, just outside of Prospect? Did you work on those at all?

JH Timber sales in the '30's?

AC Supposedly.

JH There weren't any. In this area there was very few timber sales until the start of World War II. The shipbuilding was when it all started, and of course it started when we started shipping material across the Atlantic. It didn't really boom until they got to building ships in the Portland area and we were at war with Japan. And even then, the private timber was a big percentage of the timber that was taken out. The Forest Service had some sales and they had quite a few big loggers in there.

AC Did a lot of people leave the area during World War II?

JH Well, right at the start. I was over in California and I can't answer that accurately. I'm sure that some of them went and worked in the shipyards. It seemed like when we came back here in '44 -- of course, the war was still on then -- it seemed like that there was an awful lot of the young boys in the service too, for a little old place the size of this. We lost several. One was lost in the Normandy invasion, and I had a nephew who was a co-pilot on a B-24 and they got shot down. They lost the whole crew. There was 6 to 8 out of Prospect that were killed in the war.

AC That's a lot.

JH Yes, it was, for no more population than there was here at that time.
AC When they instituted gas and tire rationing, did that really limit the way people could get around?

JH Well, there again I was at COPCO at that time, but, yes it did. However, the ration boards were real lenient with people that lived out where they knew that...For instance, where we lived in California, the nearest store was 16 miles. And that was the little town of Hornbrook. They allowed us plenty [of gas] so that we could supply ourselves with groceries or whatever. And people who had a farm, if they had a tractor or anything of that type, they could get gas for that. That gas couldn't be used in an automobile. It was "off highway." I'm sure that people felt it a lot right here in Prospect. And another something that was probably as bad as the gasoline rationing was the tire situation. Where we were, all that 16 miles, just a little of it had some gravel on it, very little. The rest of it was just an old dirt road. Lots of rocks. The tires that we got was out of reclaimed rubber. Anything that people owned that was rubber, they turned it in to make tires. Cars had running boards then, you know, and a lot of people would take the strips of rubber off their running boards -- those tires were terrible! You never knew. You could buy a new tire and it might blow out before you even got home with it, or it might run two- or three-thousand miles. But that was about the best you could do. They weren't much better than the first old tires that came out when they first started with automobiles.

AC Did they limit the number of tires you could have?

JH Yes, you couldn't just go in and buy a tire. You had to have authorization. If you had one that blew out, you had to turn the tire in. Maybe it had a lot of rubber left on it.

AC Do you think people's use of the woods was limited by this? They didn't do so much berrypicking or hunting?

JH Oh, I'm sure it limited that considerably. There wasn't any kind of tourist travel. There just wasn't any. It just practically stopped. It just wasn't available to them. Of course, people at that time were very aware of what their position was in the war, too. They didn't abuse the rules set down for them. They did pretty well.

AC Did people still hunt?

JH I'm sure they did. In this area, there was always game within walking distance or riding a horse.

AC So they didn't need vehicles to get to it?

JH They could still do that, and I'm sure that they still picked berries. You could usually be careful with your gasoline and you could always have gas that you could use to take a little run on a weekend, if you wanted to.

AC Did they officially close the campgrounds? Like at Union Creek and this kind of thing? Were they officially closed?
JH I really don't know [Crater lake NP was officially closed during World War II.] I'm not sure that they had the big campgrounds at Union Creek then that they have now. I believe those were put in after, but maybe not. I'm just not sure about that.

AC In your recollection, the tourist traffic just wasn't there anyway.

JH Like I say, I wasn't in this area, but I'm sure it was really down because it wasn't easy to travel for any distance.

AC Were there any Japanese-Americans up in this area at the beginning of the war?

JH No. I'll bet you that right now you could count the Japanese that are in the Prospect area on one hand. There's a few. But a lot of the Japanese were put in the concentration camps, though we didn't choose to call them that.

AC You don't remember anybody from here being taken to those camps?

JH No. Because at that time, the Japanese population was pretty well in California, mostly in the big cities, well, there were a lot of them too that had some farming and had some big farms. The only Japanese camp we had anywhere near here was the one at Tule Lake, out of Klamath Falls.

AC How about some of the precautions at the lookout stations?

JH The lookouts at that time all had to take a course in aircraft identification. They had to report all of the planes that flew by within their sight. I don't think there was anything in the way of sabotage in this area. Of course, I wasn't here, but we were quite aware of it where I worked, over at the powerhouse. Powerhouses were a prime target. We didn't know when the Japs were going to fly over. They did on Pearl Harbor! We operated the powerhouse, until the time I left, over there at night, you had no lights on the switchyard you had no lights in the powerhouse except your desk light. We always said: 'The only thing that's lit up is the guy that's in here taking care of it. He's gonna get potted. All of the switchyards were all locked. Of course, they had big high fences around them anyway. The metal doors into the powerhouse were locked. We were issued .38 military revolvers, and we wore them when we were on shift. Only once in all the time I was there did we get any sabotage scare. Couple of old boys cooked that up I think, just to get their name in the paper.

AC Local folk!

JH They were working for the California-Oregon Power Company. You know what a penstock is? It's the large pipes that you crossed coming up here, down below Prospect a ways. Carries the water into where they dump it over at the powerhouses. These two old boys were working at night. They had to guard this penstock, because one little old one-hundred pound bomb would have put the powerhouse out of commission if they hit the penstocks, because it would have had no water. There was a little bit of snow on the ground. It was in winter time. These two old boys, they called in and said that they had seen tracks up in the penstock area. They told which direction they went and all. I had a little old Model A roadster with the
mother-in-law seat in it. It was old but I'd just use it to knock around with. But I had it with big old knobby tires on it, and I had a set of truck chains that I could put on it. I went up over the top of the mountain -- we'd go there, all of the guys that weren't on shift at the time, and they'd spread out to get all of the outlets, all of the roads. So I had to go up over this one road because it was the one nearest to the penstock, where they were supposed to have seen them. Anyway, we all had hunting rifles and we took them. We didn't have revolvers to go around because there was just enough so the guy on shift had one, or two maybe. I went up over the hill there and checked out all of that area where there were supposed to have been tracks, and there wasn't a thing. There wasn't anything that come across there.

AC I bet people were relieved, though!

JH Oh yes. You know, the people that were the worst shook up when all of the menfolks left to do this, were the women with the little kids at home, you know. They naturally got pretty scared.

AC Was this before the submarine attack? Did you hear anything about that at the time?

JH No. That didn't come out until after the war was over before they actually knew that, and there was also the fire bombs on the Coast, too, in the timber.

AC Was that kept secret as well?

JH I don't think any of that came out until after, of course, sure some of the local people, next to it, knew what had happened. But it was really squelched. They didn't want people to get frantic.

AC Do you think they would have gotten frantic?

JH A certain amount of them would have. It wasn't long after they had had the big radio show -- the "Invasion from Mars."

AC Oh yes, Orson Wells!

JH Orson Wells. You'd be surprised how spooky people got over that. And they didn't disbelieve it! That was the funny part. They all believed it. A neighbor of mine came running down there and told us about it. Boy, he was just plumb frantic, and he wasn't a guy you'd have thought would have been either.

AC Did you hear it?

JH No, I didn't hear it. Of course, we turned it on then. But it was quite a while before they got the news that it was all this big radio program. I remember I went and got the hunting rifle and I set it in the corner. I told the wife, I said, "If they come, they come." I didn't disbelieve it. "We'll get what we can while they're getting us."

AC Was there a lot of concern during war time that there'd be spies coming around?
JH Yes, oh yes! They had to really hand pick new employees. I remember we had one man that went to work at the powerhouse where I was working. He belonged to the Jehovah's Witnesses, and they wouldn't join, they were conscientious objectors. Which should be acceptable. But people were so keyed up, and this was right at the time they would sell their papers right on the street corners, on the sidewalks. They soon learned not to get in close to a building because people would go in to an upstairs window and throw water balloons on them. We had one of these that was hired there and they put him through the mill before they'd give him a job. Then he was only there a short time. I never did know whether he got discharged or what, but they were suspicious of that. It started right at the time the War was on, when the Jehovah's Witnesses first got started. They thought that they might be an organization that was tied in with the Japanese or the Germans or whatever, under the cover of a religion....

* * * *

AC Let me ask you a little about some trails. Did you ever work on the Goldenstairs Trail?

JH Yes.

AC Tell me about that. How did it ever get that wonderful name?

JH I don't know who named that, but, you know, that's an old, old trail! In fact, my dad told me that that trail was in use when the Forest Service was first formed -- and it being where it is, I don't know why it was built in the first place. Because it doesn't particularly tie in with anything except the Rogue-Umpqua Trail, which was one of the major trails and one of the first trails in all of the area. It was the longest too. It started at the Trail Creek Ranger Station and it ended clear-up by Diamond Lake.

AC That was the Rogue-Umpqua?

JH The Rogue-Umpqua. Now the Goldenstairs Trail took off in the Woodruff Meadow Area. It goes right up a ridge. In fact, I was just past there yesterday and I'm sure that the reason it was called "Goldenstairs" is it goes up this ridge, a sandstone formation. Almost has some of the pinnacles like you see in Annie Creek, but not to that extent. The wind hasn't worked them out yet, but it's that type of formation. It goes right up this steep well, we call them "hog backs," a steep ridge, and its' a steep trail. When you look at it, I was looking over at it yesterday, the way the formation is, it'll come out and it'll break off into a rimrock, and then it'll come out and break off into another. That's the way it got the "stair" name, but why they called it the "Goldenstairs," I don't know.

AC Is it a little bit golden color?
JH Well, no, I don't think so. The sandstone is just kind of grey. It could be that some of the old miners -- you know, everybody was a miner in the early times, everybody tried to find some gold somewhere -- and that may be some reason for the "golden" name to be tied into it. I don't know who named it, but I'm sure it's on account of the formation of the ridge.

AC Tell me about some of the trails you actually worked on. How was that organized? Did you work with a small crew?

JH Mostly it was small crews. Our crews that we had for trail maintenance was usually from 3 of us to 5 or 6, if we had a camp where we could work a number of trails at once. We worked all of the trails in the District. There was about 160 miles of trail on the Prospect District. We did a lot of construction work too, built new trails or reconstructed some of the old trails. At the time that I first took on trails, it was under the control of the fire control officer (it was Ward Blaine at the time). The trails were in really bad condition. They'd had a time where they didn't have much money for them, or else people weren't that interested in them. So we had an awful lot of reconstruction to do on the trails. The thing that ruins a trail in a hurry is if the drainage isn't taken care of on them, because water will run down the trail and just wash it to pieces. In a few years, it's gone. It'll be nothing but cobblestones. So, we had a lot of those to rebuild. We worked all of the trails on the Umpqua Divide system. Of course, a lot of the trails now have been replaced by roads, an awful lot of them.

AC Which are some of them that have been replaced by roads?

JH Well, on that side, a big percentage of the old Sugar Pine Trail was replaced. Abbott Prairie Trail has been replaced. Goldenstairs, you might say has been replaced, since it has a road on either side of it. Very few people use it, but it's still there. The Rogue-Umpqua Trail, at the time we took them over, they had abandoned a lot of it because there was roads so near it. We went in and salvaged that one, and I think it's still in use. Sherwood Trail, which is up off of the Diamond Lake Highway, back into Three lakes (cause there's three little old mountain lakes that's right on the Umpqua Divide, this side of Diamond Lake). Those have all practically been abandoned, and then there's been several that's been abandoned even when there wasn't any roads, back in the roadless area here in the Wilderness Area. They've abandoned some of those lately, in the last few years.

AC Why is that? They don't want people in that area?

JH No, it was a shortage of money and they had well, for instance from this side here, they had the Red Blanket Trail which my crews built from scratch. We surveyed and located it. It goes into Stuart Falls right at the edge of the Park boundary. It goes up Red Blanket Creek. It's a real nice trail. But that one is still there. One of the older trails that isn't still there, and it was there before we built the Red Blanket Trail, was the Lucky Camp Trail. Real nice trail. They abandoned that 3 or 4 years ago. It goes into the same area as this Red Blanket Trail. Then the Tom and Jerry has been abandoned. All but a mile and a half of it, I think. And the Mudjekeewis Trail, which is still left. Both it and the Tom and Jerry Trail went to the same area, which was McKie Camp. Where there was more than one trail that was serving an area, they just did away
with the other trails. Made this old boy a little sad, 'cause we put in a lot of hard work on those trails.

AC Names like Tom and Jerry, and Mudjekeewis where did they come from?

JH Tom and Jerry, I don't know. There's two peaks in there. Well, they're not really peaks, but there's a summit up here, before you get to the real summit on the Cascade Divide. There's a summit that you go over and you go down into McKie Camp area, and then you go back up on to the other summit, and this one is just as high. The Tom and Jerry Trail goes through right where I guess you could call them peaks, they aren't that much but...around 6,500 feet., I guess. I suppose somebody must have been thinking about going home and getting a Tom and Jerry, so they named those peaks, and they named the trail after that. Mudjekeewis was named for an Indian. I'm not sure. I heard here recently that Mudjekeewis was a chief or the son of a chief, and I thought before that, it was an Indian girl. That was one of the old, old trails that tied in this area with Fort Klamath. You could go clear through and I'm sure the Indians were the first ones that led people through there. This person was no doubt instrumental in leading a party through there, so they named it for them [NOTE: Name "Mudjekeewis" comes from Longfellows poem, *Song of Hiawatha*, as does Minnehaha, another place-name on the Prospect Ranger District].

Ruth, Ethel, Maude, I don't know who they were named for either. There's three peaks right there in a row, and then there's another one that's just north of those, Lone Wolf. The Pacific Crest Trail now weaves right in through those, all the way through there. We built all that part of the Pacific Crest.

AC So that was a completely new trail, was it.

JH Yes, it was new, it was a new location. It replaced the old Oregon Skyline Trail, which was what was there. The Oregon Skyline Trail was just a section in Oregon, but it was the same trail system as the Pacific Crest and still was from Mexico clear to Canada, as it is now.

AC How about any of the other names up in there? I've heard that some of the names are fairly recent up in that area. Did you hear tell of any namings that went on?

JH I don't think that there was anything named in there recently. In by Lone Wolf, where we had our camp, we put our camp in there because there was a spring there. At one time, they put my name on that spring which they shouldn't have, because I didn't find it. Two of the boys that worked on the crew found it, but they called it "Jack's Spring," because that was the first camp that was ever put in there. This was during the construction of the Pacific Crest. We in the crew that first camped there, we named these there were three little mountain lakes that are actually just ponds, a hundred feet across or something like that. Well, there was three of them in there right at the base of Lone Wolf where our camp was....

AC Honeymoon Creek. How about that?

JH That was named, they told me, for a couple that backpacked through there and they were on their honeymoon.
AC You were saying something about three tiny little lakes -- ponds.

JH Ok. In here by Lone Wolf the map shows two of them. We had our camp right in there. They had the survey through here for the new Pacific Crest Trail. Anyway, we named those. We called them "Pup Lakes" because we thought that by Lone Wolf, they ought to have some pups. [laughs]

AC What year was that?


AC Did you just rotate around? One year you'd concentrate on one particular trail...?

JH No, no

Ac You did everything every year?

JH We maintained the whole 150-160 miles of trail each year. Now, I should correct that because there were a few of the trails that weren't used that much, that were just used for stock drives and didn't have a lot of travel on them that we would maintain once every two years. But all of the major trails we maintained all of them every year. If we had construction, that was after the maintenance was done. Of course, when we had trail construction, you don't make that much progress in a season. Usually it was one or two camps only we were in. But in trail maintenance, we always started on the Umpqua or Elk Creek side. There was a lot of trails in Elk Creek, Elk Creek drainage too.

AC Why did you start over there?

JH Because the snow was out over there. We'd start over there on those trails. We sometimes camped on Bitterlick Creek, and we had a camp up by Grub Box Gap. [Laughs] I guess there actually was an old grub box up there. That's what Lowell Ash told me. They had a cache up there and that's where they got the name for it. Johns Camp, and I don't know who John was....

AC You went back to the same place each year when you camped?

JH We would use the same camps each year, yes. We would work that out over there and probably a part of the Rogue-Umpqua trail, which the snow would be out of, and we'd get that worked out probably in two campouts. Two 10-day campouts. We'd campout 10 days and come in for four. Then maybe by that time, the snow was getting out up in the Hershberger and Abbott Butte areas. There's a lot of trail in there, and we'd work those out. Then we would move over on to the Cascade side, or workout some of the trails that used to be the old Union Creek areas. Our first camp would probably be at Bessie Creek shelter, which you can drive right to it. It's right on the edge of Sky Lakes. It was a "limited area" then, but it's wilderness now. They called it "limited area" and then it was "study area". It was being studied, -- you know, the process [of making an area wilderness] is pretty slow. It was probably 20 years from the time they started thinking of making that area into a wilderness, maybe, before it ever got done.
When it was a "limited area," did that mean no stock grazing?

A "limited area" means it stays roadless and there's certain rules for it, such as to protect the lakes and this sort of thing. Such as not camping too close to the lakeshores. You can't cut timber there. You can't land aircraft in there, and we could only use power tools -- with congressional permission, I guess it could come out of the Regional Office, but we had to have permission to use power tools. We could use them on construction, like gas drills and power saws and a "merry packer," which is a little old long wheel barrow with handle bars on each end and one wheel in the middle. Two guys try to take it down the trail without upsetting it. But it would carry a load. It would carry five- or six-hundred pounds easily.

Is it powered?

Yes, it's powered by a little old Briggs-Stratton gas engine. It also meant that no motorized vehicles could be in there, such as trail bikes and that sort of thing.

Was maintaining the trails in the "limited area" much more time consuming?

Yes, oh yes. And now, I don't think you can even get permission to use power tools in there, because it is wilderness now. That means you have to do it with an old misery whip. And where ever you go, you pack your hand tools on your back. Well, you can have packhorses. We had a lot of those! Power saws was the big thing. We had, one year we had to get permission to use power saws for maintenance. This was in there by Ruth, Ethel, Maude. There was apparently a big heavy snow in an area through there that was all second-growth timber. Most of the stuff wasn't any larger than 12 or 14 inches in diameter. But apparently wet snow hit it and then a wind hit it and it just put that stuff down like jackstraws in there. Some places it just piled on top of one another. So we got special permission to open that up with power saws but otherwise, it had to be done with the old crosscut saws.

So you'd go in there for ten days at a time, with a gang of....

We went out on a Tuesday morning of one week and we came in Thursday night the following week, and then we had four days off and went back in on Tuesday again. We left most of our personal gear in there, such as our sleeping bags and all. About all we ever brought out were our clothes that we had to wash and this sort of thing. On construction, at one time, I had a crew of 22! But then that crew that year -- that was the year after the big flood in '64 and there was so much work to do. We got a lot of flood repair work. We split that crew, and put one over on the Elk Creek side. I had the crew over here. So we split it down the middle -- we had 11 in each one. During our construction on the Pacific Crest, we usually had 8 or 10. At one time, we even had a camp cook for awhile, which was a great thing because taking turns cooking, you get some pretty....

What kind of food did you eat?

You know, you're quite limited on it. You go in for ten days and, even upon there at the higher elevations, you can't keep fresh meat. You could
keep fresh meat for maybe a week before the snowdrifts were out because we could put it in a box and dig back into a snow drift. Put it in there and it's just as cold as if its in a refrigerator. Usually during the summer, two days of fresh meat was all we'd have. Of course, it depended on what we were using at the time to pack back into the camps. Whether we had a pack string of horses or whether we had to take it in on the merry packer, or whether we had to pack it in on our backs. If you're packing on your back, you don't take much canned goods because they're too heavy for what there is there. So it was beans and macaroni and that sort of show, you know. We ate good. When we had the bigger crews, they packed back in with a pack string, we ate real good. They paid, while we out there, in addition to our wage, we got to start with it was $4 a day, per diem. It took a good part of that for your food.

AC So did everybody supply their own food then?

JH Yes, we bought our own food.

AC I see, So everybody had their own.

JH Well, we pooled it. We bought it all together.

AC Who decided what to buy?

JH Usually that was up to me, and when we had a cook, he'd make out a list. But I usually had to do the buying.

AC That's complicated, to do that kind of thing for....

JH Yes, it is. I was real glad when I took that job, when I had to go buy groceries, that I'd had some camping experience, like camping out in hunting camps and things of this sort, where it was very similar. That helped me a lot, both in the amount and the type of food that we'd have to get.

AC So, when you said most of the time you'd eat pretty good, what would you eat exactly. What would be an average kind of a meal? Like dinner.

JH At dinner we would usually have on the good days we would have some fresh meat. Steak or hamburger or something like that. But then we would depend a lot on macaroni, spaghetti, beans. Lunches we always made sandwiches and took sandwiches out. You learn what sort of mayonnaise you'll get that'll keep out there, too.

AC Did you take turns cooking then?

JH When we had the little camps, we did, yes, to quite an extent. The boys that I had, they were at an age where they had a sweet tooth. Candy bars, you can't hardly keep them. They get too hot and there's not enough in them anyway. We took quite a few cake mixes. We didn't have any oven. Didn't have a Dutch oven. How you're going to cook it?

AC What did you do? Stir it up in a pot?

JH No. We had us a big griddle. We had hot cakes lots of times for breakfast. We experimented with that. We'd turn a big kettle down over
The top of it. We had some large kettles, that'd hold over the top of it. We had some large kettles that'd hold a gallon or a gallon and a half. Then we'd turn a small pan (we started out with a pie pan), turn it upside down on top of the griddle, and then put the big kettle over the top of that to hold the heat in. Then when you got your cake ready to go in there and it got heated up, you'd lift that up and put it on top of the other one. Well, we soon found out that a pie pan wasn't near enough. It always blacked on the bottom. So we had to experiment and get a pan that was about the right height to go on there so that it would cook even. But you could do it.

AC What? Something as high as a coffee can?

JH No. A pan that's about three inches deep will work real well. Anything like that we cooked on the gas stove. And then, we finally got a little oven to go on the gas stove. Things of that sort are hard to pack back into a camp. Later we had what they call a shepherd's stove -- a little old sheetmetal wood stove with an oven in it. We had that all the time we had the camp cook in there. We had him for about three years, I think.

AC Would the same guys come back every summer?

JH No. Probably maybe half of the crew would be the same ones, for a certain amount of years. It'd depend. We weren't supposed to hire under 18. You can hire around 17. Most of them were boys just out of high school. Some of them were going to college, would be first, second year in college. Of course, some of them quit early to sign up for college. Some of these kids that don't go on to school, they'll be the ones that return and come back on your crew. I had very few older. I was the old goat. I was 51 years old when I went to work for the Forest Service. Had a few older men out there and most of them couldn't take it.

AC Really hard work, is it?

JH It's hard work but it's an awful lot of walking. A person who's not a good walker can't take it.

AC How did you find it? Did you enjoy that?

JH Yes, oh yes. I was always a pretty good walker. I never was fast, I'd tell the boys, "Go on into camp. I'll be there 'a bit', when the day was over. [laughs] One rather interesting story, I thought this was when we were working on the Pacific Crest Trail. In fact, it was when we were camped at Lone Wolf. We had another camp the year after that at Goose Egg. That's one of the peaks. There's Goose Nest and Goose Egg. They were both named, I think, by people in Crater Lake part. There was a lake up next to it too, only it was pretty near covered with pond lilies. But when we were camped at Lone Wolf, we had three boys that had to quit just around the first of September to sign up as freshmen for their classes. They had transportation out at the end of the trail, where the road ended. We always had a government rig out there. But we always had to give them time to travel. They travel on government time in other words. So these three boys, I turned them loose at noon because they had seven or eight miles to walk out and then a drive back in to the station, before they could get loose and go home. The rest of the crew, we stayed out there and worked until quitting time. This was when we had a cook in the
camp. He was an older man.... He was a dandy, too, but he didn't have to get out and hike. Nice old boy, still living up in Ashland I think, my age.

AC What was his name?

JH Robinson. Of course, he didn't say anything. He let the boys go their own way. He never messed with them, unless they got in his "galley," as he called it. When we came in that night, these three boys had come into camp and there were a couple of trees that were about 20 feet apart.... He [Jim Vroman] climbed this tree and tied a quarter inch rope to the one tree and then got all of our sleeping bags put over the rope. Then they climbed the other tree and pulled it up and tied it there then they cut all the limbs off the trees as he comes down. We didn't have any climbing hooks at the camp. We came in, and here's all of our sleeping bags strung up there on a clothesline, maybe 20 feet high. I had a little .22 rifle there in camp and I tried to shoot that rope in two. I could hit it but it'd just go through it and you'd see a little bit of rope fly and it wouldn't come down. Well, this one tree that they'd tied to happened to be what in the woods they call "schoolmarm's" a forked tree that forks down low.

AC Schoolmarm?

JH Schoolmarm. We had this one boy, he was a pretty good climber too, so he said, "You know, if you just give me a pole to hang on to in the middle, I believe I can go up between those forked trees and get up there high enough to reach the rope." And sure enough, he did. We used a pole, kind of prod him along. He climbed up there and he cut them down from that one end. But I think, the last time I was by there, that rope was still hanging from the other end, up in that tree. Darn kids! Oh, they got a kick out of that, I'm sure.

AC You need to have named something after that, "Sleeping Bag Summit, or something.

JH You know, none of those three kids come back to work next year.

AC I bet they didn't dare. Do you recollect the time in the 1920's, when the Park Service was going to expand Crater Lake? And take part of Huckleberry Mountain or take Huckleberry Mountain and include it in the Park?

JH When they were gonna increase the size of the Park and take...No. I didn't know that much about it. I wouldn't have been that interested in it. I'd have been a teen-ager. There was always, and I think there still is, quite a little competition between the Department of Interior and the Department of Agriculture. There is still friction between the National Parks and the Forest Service, even though they work together. I think probably the reason is, I worked for both of them, the Park Service seems like they always have a lot more money to operate on. 'Course they put nothing back, while the Forest Service does. They cut timber. A Forest like the Rogue Forest is self supporting and much more. Some of those don't have much forest, aren't. Park Service is strictly a recreational thing, and all of the money is appropriated through Congress. 'Course, Forest Service is too, but they get all of the funds
in and then they appropriate back what they want you to have. The Forest Service always felt like they didn't get their fair share back, because they were contributing.

AC How did local people feel about the balance between those two things. Would they rather have more land into the Park Service, or more land into the Forest Service, or?

JH They resent Crater Lake Park taking anymore land. They took some recently, you know. Oh yes. They've expanded even on the Crater Lake Highway, going up. The Park boundary now is half a mile down from where it was. And there's areas along there, so called "sensitive areas," that they took in. Here is the reason that a lot of people in the Forest Service (they don't talk to much about it) and other people don't care to see the Crater Lake Park expanded into the Forest Service because the land that they have in Crater Lake Park is not actually taken care of as a Park. Just a very small portion of it, round the lake and at what they call Government Camp, or Headquarters, and Annie Springs, the rest of it is in Wilderness just the same as it would be under Forest Service. For instance, along their park boundary here a number of years ago, they said (and Congress backed them) you cannot cut the timber on the same prescription up to the Park boundary. You've got to have a mile bumper strip, a certain amount, see? Now, this isn't right, for this reason. If there wasn't any Park boundary there, when you cross Forest Service land into the Park Service, you wouldn't even know where you were. There's no difference in it. The Park has probably well, over 50 percent of the Park is not used. The public don't go out on it unless they go out on a trail, just to travel through it. Like the Pacific Crest Trail. They closed all of their motorways. Why shouldn't people be able to use it? If they're not going to use it, then why make a Park out of it?

AC So, local people basically feel they don't have enough access to the land again, once it becomes a Park.

JH Right. They don't say that you can't camp but you can only camp in just certain areas, you can't hunt. It's managed much more strictly than Forest Service. Forest Service, most of the land under Forest Service supervision, they're pretty lenient with the public. They get on them if they leave a camp fire and don't put it out properly, but I don't think they ever arrested anybody. They warn them about it and give them a good talking to....

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AC How about the Brown's Cabin?. Do you know anything about that?

JH It's across on the west side of Rogue River and it's what's now the road into Hershberger. It's about two miles off of the Diamond Lake Highway. That road across, it's only about a mile above the Diamond Lake/Crater Lake junction, where the road goes into Brown's Cabin. There's a little creek there they called Brown's Creek. At one time, just up from where the Brown's Cabin itself was, there was a Forest Service guard station.
Brown's Cabin, I'm not sure about who the Brown was that it was named for. About the first that I remember about it was the somebody got a lease on that [I think this was in the '20s] and they fenced it and started a muskrat farm in there. There were several. There was one right here on Red Blanket that was started. They didn't turn out too successful. Pretty hard to fence in a muskrat! They used chicken wire and then they had to put tin on their posts above that, so that they couldn't climb up the posts and get away, they put tin under ground too, below, so they wouldn't dig under. The old Brown's Cabin was used mostly by the stockmen, when they put somebody in there that would go out and ride the range and take care of the cattle out on the range. Some of the first people in there at Brown's Cabin was the Moore family. I think they were there probably before the Browns. The Browns, I don't know just who they were.

AC Who had the muskrat farm?

JH That could have been the Browns, I'm not sure. I'm not sure who had that. I think it was called Brown's Cabin at the time the guard station was in operation, and I don't know if it ever was before that or not. I believe the cabin itself was probably built as a trapper's cabin. Many, many of the old cabins that were back in the higher elevations were built as trapper cabins. They'd have one good-sized cabin that they lived in and then they'd have, along their trapline (which might be 20, 30 miles long), they'd have little, old cabins. Oh, they were probably 8 by 10 at the most. Little, old low door that you'd have to duck to get into. They were logs, of course. The old Hershberger Mountain was named for a trapper and his cabin was right down in there.

AC Is the cabin still there?

JH No. It was, at one time. I had pictures of that, but I don't know where they are. Even when I was a teenager, it was in pretty sad shape. The snow had broken all of the eaves down on it. It was ready to collapse.

AC Did you hear stories of any of the old trappers? Were they still alive in your time?

JH I don't really know. Most of the trapping took place before my time. I know, from talking to a generation older than myself, how they did this. They had these little cabins along there and they put some supplies in them, and then they travelled their trap lines, either on skis or on snowshoes. They called these little cabins their "line cabins." The main thing in this area that they were trapping back up at the higher elevations was the pine marten. The pine marten, even though it was quite small, was a real valuable hide, for then. They'd get up to $30 for a pine marten skin, and it's only a little bigger than a weasel. It is a real fine fur. There's quite a few pine martens yet. You see them mostly in the lodgepole timber. Snowfall up there might be 2 or 3 feet of snow in between the times they would check each trapline. The way they set their traps was, they cut a notch in a tree, so they could just set a trap back in a notch on a tree and not cover it or anything. I guess they are meat eaters, because I believe they baited with meat. I'm not too sure about that. But anyway, they just put a little chunk of meat on there. Then, if snow came, they had the trees marked, they had their traps on and they'd maybe have to dig them out of the snow, but then they put a notch
higher and re-set it. There was quite a lot of old trappers didn't do anything else but trap, and there was quite a few people in the area would run a trap line in winter time. I have, but not to that extent, just small. Coyotes and bobcats was about all I ever trapped. It was a little bit of income in winter time when there wasn't much else.

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AC What do you think about the way the forest in this area, the Prospect District, has changed since the time you were a boy to the way it is today.

JH Changed?

AC Well, maybe it hasn't, I don't know.

JH No, it just isn't. It doesn't even approach being the same. When we first moved up here and up until World War II, when they started taking the timber out, there was hardly any roads in the area. Back into the forests, there was very few. And most of them were just short, went into certain areas that were kind of centralized, maybe a guard station or something of this sort. Now, you can take a map and you can't hardly trace a forest road on the map because there're so many of them, they're stacked one on top of another. The timber, you didn't notice that big on impact until after World War II. The timber, from 25 years ago, it scares you when you see how much they're taking out. They're doing a pretty good job of replacing it. There's a lot of the big clearcuts that were made when I worked for them that now, there's trees almost big enough to harvest. But now, when I say that, they're probably about the size of a light pole, see. You know, here lately we've heard all this big argument about the spotted owl and the...of course, the mills, they're on the opposite side because that's where their income is. Of course, everybody that works in the woods or for those mills, they're on the other side of the picture too, but the spotted owl just doesn't have anything to do with it. He's just a symbol. That's all he is. I've lived here all this time and I've never even seen one, that I know of. If I did, he was flying. Nobody else has either unless they go out and they call them to feed them a mouse. This, of course, is just an opinion, but the foresters who are out on the ground, they have been trying to tell the politicians for the last 25, 30 years that we can't keep up the allowable cut that you're demanding and still maintain the forests! And this has been going on since probably 1960, something around that. It usually winds up, the pressure comes from industry. They're the people that wine and dine the politicians and pay for the campaigns.

AC When you look around, do you see the big trees gone?

JH Well, now, no. I wouldn't say that. You know, this big tree bit, that's another thing that's been blown out of proportion. What is an old growth tree? You can go in some areas and find a tree that 8 or 10 inches in diameter and maybe it's a hundred years old. And some of these big old Doug-firs on the creek bottoms, are probably 400 years old. So they say,
well, "200 years old." Well, who's going to go out and count the growth rings? They're going to have to cut it to find out, or else they're going to have to bore each and everyone of those trees to know which one is 200 years old, so they can save it. What I'm saying is that the virgin timber, there's very little of it left -- where it hasn't been entered at all. There isn't that much. And those are areas that have been protected by the Forest Service plans, protecting watersheds, wildlife areas, roadless areas such as your wilderness. A lot of it is not good timber. But it's good recreational areas. I think our problem is, and here again it's just a personal viewpoint, they aren't listening to the people that are hired as professionals, that make the plans. They make the plans and then the politicians throw them away and say, "Well, this is the way it's going to be." And it's handed down through the Department of Agriculture and it's a pressure thing. Where it's going to end, I don't know.

AC When you think back to the changes that you have actually seen in your own lifetime, what are the main things that come to mind? Is it the roads and to some extent, I suppose it's the size of the trees that are out there. How about the things that live in the forest? Has the animal population changed?

JH The animal population, to a large extent, I think they've done a pretty good job in maintaining the animal population and the birds. There's not nearly what there was when we first moved into the area, of course. Civilization just naturally does away with...A lot of the animals that are -- well, for instance, our little chipmunks and the golden mantled squirrel, you don't see nearly as many of them. But, as I say, there are some animals, you take for instance the old digger squirrel. He lives, he just thrives on population, so does a mouse. Then there's the ones where the timber is their natural habitat, for instance, the flying squirrel. You don't see very many of those. I was talking to one of the timber fallers and he said, you see one now and then, but they're an animal that people don't get to see much anyway. It's usually when you cut his tree and he takes off and sails over to another one, when you'll see him. The spotted owl feeds on him! [laughs] They're not worrying about him becoming extinct, yet. He's probably as near to it as the spotted owl is. Rabbits they're holding their own pretty good. The larger animals, the elk, they're increasing instead of decreasing. The deer have decreased from what it was when I was a young man but, when you stop to think, there's probably a hundred hunters out there to where there was one then. They're doing pretty well too. The Forest Service has done a pretty fair job, along with the Game Commission. They work pretty well together to keep areas of feed. One of the biggest things for the larger animals that is a bone of contention for a lot of people, is clearcuts. But the clearcuts make for wonderful feed for the deer and the elk. The old porcupine, he feeds on the little trees when they're growing up, and ruins them.

AC Did you see porcupines when you were a young man?

JH See them?

AC Yes, do you think there're fewer porcupines than there were before.

JH No, I don't think a porcupine will ever become extinct. He's got lots of tree bark out there to feed on and he has one of the greatest protections
of anything there is. An old coyote goes after him and he rolls over on his nose when he goes to bite him and he kind of leaves him alone.

AC How about the mix of the species? That are out there in the forest? Has that changed?

JH The species of timber? No, I think all of the species are pretty much out there. There's one thing that I do wonder about, in their tree planting. They plant a few other trees, but mostly what they plant is just Doug-fir and pine. Whereas, in that area, there might have been in that area Doug-fir, pine, white fir, hemlock, and some of their "weed species," as they call them, such as the chinkapin and the laurel. I'm sure they would never plant back chinkapin or the hardwoods in this area, because they aren't that valuable. Nature put all those different species out there for a reason, I believe, and I think maybe they might find that out. I'm sure they have on some of their pine plantations. They don't do well. The Doug-fir, if they plant those and don't have any kind of vegetation to shade them, they'll die out in the sun awfully bad, and the frost. So I don't think they have learned all there is to know about replenishing, but they're working at it and they're doing a good job. But they've still got a lot to learn, no doubt. We aren't any of us quite as smart as Mother Nature.

AC When you think back to some of your favorite places to camp, or favorite drives, and you think of some of the changes that have happened since you have been going there....

JH Yeah, I just about go out of my gourd!

AC So it's not positive?

JH No. You can't go out and you know, if you have a love for a place just to go camping and have recreation, if there's a timber sale in there, naturally when you come back, you're going to be pretty put out. But there is gotta be, because people gotta have places to live, regardless of how much you hate to see... If it were possible, I wouldn't want to see any of the trees cut. That's only natural, I think. But if they will do it, and take the word of the people that are educated and hired to do a professional job on it, if they'll listen to them, we'll come through this thing alright. There's no question about it -- timber is renewable. I could take anybody out here to all the places I've been and you could tell when maybe a fire went through there 200 years ago or maybe a hundred years ago. Or maybe it's a clearcut that only 20 years old, and it's all coming back. But nature works slower than man wants him to. That's the problem. And that's what the foresters are for, to figure how to grow more timber faster. Simple as that!

AC So then the feel of driving through the woods is something that's really changed very markedly, but you see that as an inevitable thing. Are there parts of the forest that still seem really nice? Much as they were when you were younger?

JH Yeah. The "barrier" along the Crater Lake Highway between here and Union Creek is! [laughs] But it's only 500 feet on each side of the highway. Wherever they're entered the forest and started taking it out, sure there'll be parts of it. But there's still quite a lot of virgin timber
left that's not been entered at all, most of that won't be. An awful lot of that is at the higher elevations where it's hemlock, Shasta red fir... For instance, the sugar pine I think is an endangered species.

AC It's virtually gone, is it?

JH There's still quite a lot of them around, but I hope you see, they not only have the problem there of cutting but also the blister rust, they've never whipped that at all. They're trying to develop a species, in the sugar pine and the white pine, that's rust-resistant. They haven't made it yet. I think they will. In the meantime, the sugar pine and the white pine are getting pretty scarce. This plateau, in the Prospect area and up to Union Creek, it's all pretty flat and you could walk out through it anywhere and it was just oodles of big old sugar pine that were 4 to 6 foot in diameter. Most of them have been cut, of course. They're no good after they get a certain size. They just rot, so that's alright. But some of the ones that are 2 and 3 feet in diameter, that they have saved for seed trees if the blister rust stays out of them and the pine beetle stays out of them, we may have a lot of sugar pine. But maybe not.

AC It takes a long time, doesn't it?

JH Yes.

AC More than a generation, isn't it?

JH Oh yes. You take one of those 6-foot sugar pines, it's probably 400 years old.

AC I've asked you a lot of questions and there're probably a lot of things I haven't thought to cover. Is there anything else you want to add. Any topics that you think are important that I haven't covered?

JH I think you covered most of them. I think a lot of it is information that you or they won't be able to use, because I set here and ramble on for 10 minutes on a topic that there might be 15 seconds worth of value in it. But that's up to somebody else. They can screen that out.
Marcel Sandoz was born and raised on lower Elk Creek. He recalls growing up during the 1920's -- picking berries on the Rogue-Umpqua Divide, splitting sugar pine shakes, and fighting fires for the Forest Service. Mr. Sandoz returns to visit the Elk Creek Country nearly every year. He was interviewed in Medford in April, 1982.
Mr. Sandoz, I'd like to start out by asking you to give a brief description of your background, about how and when your family first came to the Elk Creek country.

Both of my parents grew up in Switzerland. My father came to the Nebraska country prior to 1900 and then they came to Jackson County in 1908...settled up on Elk Creek. My mother came from Switzerland in about 1907 and married my father. My eldest brother was born here in Jackson County, in Medford I believe. The next six of us were born on Elk Creek, I was the third of the children, born October 21, 1911. All of us grew up on Elk Creek, went to the one-room schoolhouse there until we were ready for high school. One of my brothers, Paul Jr., went to Eagle Point High School. It was a new high school at the time. The next year I went along. Then we moved the family to Ashland where my brother went to Southern Oregon Normal School [now Southern Oregon State College]. I went to high school in Eagle Point and in Ashland, finished in 1930.

Your whole family moved to Ashland?

Yes, just for the winter, the school year. Then, after I finished high school in Ashland, the family moved to Corvallis so I could go to college. As it turned out, six of us finished college at Oregon State in 1930's. I went to work for the Soil Conservation Service, worked for them about twelve years...in soil survey. I left the S.C.S. and went into farming near Madras, [Oregon] on a government irrigation project.

This was right after World War II?

Yes, it was in 1947. I farmed through 1963, then I went to Alaska and worked up there for twelve years, retired in 1976. I was working in construction.

So the time that you lived on Elk Creek...

Well, I started at Oregon State in 1930, so I wasn't back to Elk Creek more than during the summer time over the next years.
JL When your father first moved to Elk Creek, what kind of work did he do? Ranching?

MS Yes, he was involved in ranching, cattle ranching.

JL Did anyone in the Elk Creek area run sheep at that time?

MS For a few years we had a few sheep. I don't recall any other people having sheep. I remember our summer range for the cattle was up on the Rogue-Umpqua Divide...mostly Forest Service range. In forest fire control, I remember that the Forest Service was involved in fire-fighting, not the other government agencies. We were involved in fire-fighting for the Forest Service...so many of us boys living up there on Elk Creek, you know.

JL When your father came to Elk Creek did he take out a homestead claim or did he buy the property?

MS He bought the property. It was not a homestead. He bought the old place where we lived...on the west side of Elk Creek, right where Alco Creek came down into Elk Creek.

JL Where was the schoolhouse?

MS The schoolhouse was two-and-a-half miles down the creek, down Elk Creek.

JL Near where the big, old white school building is now?

MS No...it sat about at the place where there's now a gravel stockpile...not the Bureau of Reclamation or whoever's stockpile, but a gravel pile a little further upstream. Anyway the schoolhouse was about 400 feet downstream from this upper gravel pile.

JL Who were some of the families living along Elk Creek at that time?

MS Well, there were the Geary, the Trusty, the Sturgis, the Moore, the Willits, the Hall, and the Houston families...and of course, Harvey Morgan, who still lives up Elk Creek...there were several other families that were there for a few years. The Pences, they were another established family that were raised up there. That's all that comes to mind of the older names.

JL Were most of those people ranching too?

MS Yes. There were some others that came in just for homestead purposes. We had a doctor from California come in and homesteaded just upstream from us. And then a dentist from California came in and homesteaded just up Alco Creek from us.

JL A lot of Californians around here even then.

MS Yes. They more or less took up homesteads because it was an available opportunity. And also, Californians have always wanted to move to Oregon to get away from the heat.
JL Did they retain their homesteads or sell the land off to a timber company?

MS On Alco Creek, next to us, we eventually acquired that piece. The other one, it stayed in their family and went on to the doctor's heirs. Now, of course, it belongs to the Army Corps of Engineers. The old homestead three miles up Alco Creek, I remember it. Over the years the cabin fell down. I've got old an photograph of it. Seems like I started taking pictures quite early.

JL When you lived on Elk Creek, did you raise alfalfa, timothy?

MS Yes, we raised alfalfa and grass hay, timothy and so forth. Then we raised other crops, too...potatoes and corn for our own food...some sugar beets as winter feed for milk cows.

JL You must have had a pretty good size ditch to irrigate your land.

MS Well, nothing too big. The amount of water available was pretty limited. The older places had the earliest water rights.

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JL When you were a child, did you and your brothers find much in the way of Indian artifacts near your place?

MS Oh yes, right at our house, where Alco Creek comes out...then about a quarter-mile down the road there was a place that had round depressions...set-up for teepees or something year-after-year. My brother built a house on it later. Up to that time that site had not been disturbed, but then the county road was widened and took most of it out.

JL Did you find mortars there, stone bowls?

MS No, nothing like that...just arrowheads, spearpoints...a few scrapers. Nothing else that I remember...I know other people had found things at Squaw Prairie. I never did. I have found Indian artifacts...points and so forth, just while I was roaming over the hills...just hunting up in the Elk Creek country, along the Rogue-Umpqua Divide...and up from where Lost Creek Lake is now, along the ridge between Tatouche [pronounced "ta-too-see"] Peak and Burnt Peak.

JL Is that how you say "Tatouche"?

MS That is what we always called it. I always thought it was a French word. You see, I grew up speaking French because my folks spoke French between themselves. Later, my mother learned English from us kids.
It's interesting, finding these spear and arrow points, not where they camped but where they hunted...it indicates the path of their travel through the woods...along the ridges.

JL When you were a youngster, were they still working on the "Al Sarana Mine," the Buzzard Mine?

MS I imagine they had worked it when I was quite young, before I knew much about what was going on. I didn't get very far away from home when I was in school on Elk Creek, so I might not know about some of the things that were happening in the surrounding country. I'm much more curious now about what's going on around me.

JL Do you remember stopping by there, at the mine, on your way hunting or berry-picking?

MS Well, every year that we went huckleberry-picking, that was the end of our road. We drove fifteen miles with a team and wagon and left our wagons there at the Buzzard Mine. We put the pack-saddles on the horses and packed five miles more [up to the Rogue-Umpqua Divide]. The Al Sarena Mine -- we knew it as the "Buzzard Mine" at that time -- was where we, and other people doing the same thing, where we left our wagons.

JL So the mine was the end of "wheeled travel" up Elk Creek?

MS That's right. Then it was five miles of packing, most all of it uphill, to Huckleberry lake. Then, because Huckleberry Lake [actually a marshy meadow] didn't have enough feed for the horses to stay there while we were picking berries, we'd take the stock two-and-a-half miles further to Donegan Prairie. I remember one year we kept our horses at the lake and one of them got mired down in the muskeg [swamp] and we had quite a time getting that horse out. But usually we took them to Donegan Prairie. Of course, from the lake to the prairie we had to ride bareback, and we'd put bells on them, hobble some of them...and show them the water at the spring. We'd leave them there and round them up when we were ready to go back home again.

One time...you see, usually we'd go off up the trail from the Buzzard Mine. We'd go through Little Bear Camp, go by Grey Rock and then into Huckleberry Lake. From there we'd take the horses on to Donegan Prairie, which was actually something of a round-about way. That way, if they decided to go home, they'd have to come back through Huckleberry Lake 'cause that's what they knew. But once we did it differently. We went up the same trail, but we went through Big Bear Camp, up and around Neal Springs and then down into Huckleberry Lake. That year they went home on us! They didn't come through by the lake. [laughs] They went home the way they came in. So my father had to walk home. He took a couple of bridles and so forth and he walked home. The quickest way home was down the Rogue-Umpqua Divide to Ragsdale Springs and then down to the Alco Creek Trail.

JL He must have been a little angry at your horses.
MS I imagine. [laughs]

JL When you went up to pick berries at Huckleberry lake, were there usually other people there?

MS Yes, there were, generally...but not as many as you'd find at Huckleberry Mountain.

JL Do you remember some of the Indians camped there at Huckleberry Lake...Indians from the Umpqua side?

MS Yes, one year in particular I remember. There were quite a group of Indians from the Tiller area...they'd come up from that side with their horses...

JL That was in the 1920's?

MS Yes it was in the 'Twenties sometime. They'd pick berries. They seemingly didn't need as many berries as we thought we needed. They didn't seem to work as much at it as we did. [laughs] Well, while we'd pick berries, my father would stay in camp and clean berries, put them in five-gallon cans. It's much easier to clean them when they're fresh...take the leaves and such out of them...than after they've been sitting in a bucket for a long time. Well, one morning the Indians seemed to be stirring around, as though they were getting ready to go out, back to Tiller. My father decided he'd better stay in camp that morning because he thought maybe they'd try to "high grade" our berries while we were all out picking. [laughs] It may have just been supposition on our part.

JL Do you remember, were they generally up there at the Lake each year?

MS I can't say they were because I simply don't recollect.

JL Did your family ever camp or pick at "the Gap", at Huckleberry Gap?

MS No, we never did.

JL Were the Indians that camped at Huckleberry Lake, were they recognizably "Indian" to you from their physical features?

MS Yes, that's the way I remember them...they dressed like everybody else though.

JL Did the folks from either side of the mountain, from the Rogue-Umpqua Divide, have much communication? For instance, when they'd meet up on the Divide in the late summer.

MS That'd be about all. There was very little communication across the Divide. Transportation was limited, trails were all that was available. Both sides would range cattle along the Divide as far west as Ragsdale Butte. One time one of our animals went out with their herd in the fall. During the winter we learned about it and had to drive around to the north side to pick it up...at their place. That's about all the communication across the mountain that
I can remember. I would say that for the most part there was very little.

JL How about with the people at Prospect? Was that considered to be on the fringes of your neighborhood or was it too far upriver?

MS We knew of people up there, and of folks on the way up there...we didn't seem to get back and forth too much though. We knew the names and so forth. I suppose the adults had more communication than we kids did....

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JL You mentioned that you and your brothers spent some time fighting fires for the Forest Service.

MS Yes, my two older brothers seem to have done much more of that than I did. I remember one summer, quite a hot summer...there were quite a few fires on the Rogue Forest. There was a fire over on the upper West Branch [of Elk Creek]. Everybody else was real busy with other fires all over the place. The Forest Supervisor camp up there and the other boys had already gone on other fires. I was the only one there. He came prepared to put in a temporary telephone line from our place west, up over the ridge south of Alco Rock, and down the other side to the fire crew on the upper West Branch. He wanted me to go with him. We each held the end of a steel rod. This telephone wire was on barbed-wire spools and we would unroll the wire as we went up the ridge. It was old, used wire and so every time we came to an end, we had to splice it...as we went along. He had a little portable telephone. Going up the ridge, he'd take the wire and hook the ground into the root of a tree because there was moisture in the sap. Then he'd hook up the phone and communicate out. When we got up to the top of the ridge, before going down into the West Branch, he left me at one place and went out to a point where he could look down and see where he wanted to string the line down to the West Branch...where the main smoke was coming from. Well, sitting there waiting for him, I could see where the ends of the wire were sticking out from the spool, so I took a knife and polished all the ends of the bare wire, to make good contact and so that when we got to where we could splice them together, it wouldn't take so long to splice. This really appealed to him when he came back. So we went on down and strung our wire down to the fireline.

JL How old were you at the time?

MS I'm not sure. It was in the late 1920's...I must have been about fifteen, sixteen, something like that.

JL Did you ever work for the Forest Service in any other fashion?

MS Lets see...yes, when they put a lookout on Burnt Peak [Elk Creek drainage], the Forest Service hired my brother and I to cut the
snags of the top of the peak. We'd walk up each day from Elk Creek...left our saws and other tools up there. I think it took us about three days to do that job. It was quite a climb up there each day...there's no lookout there anymore. It was dismantled some years ago. There's still the one on Hall's Point.

There was another fire I worked on. The fire guard lived a few miles up the creek from us...Howard Ash. He worked for the Forest Service for many years, a very able man in getting around the woods...knew the area real well, a very capable person. Anyway, he'd get word of a fire from a lookout and he'd phone down to the house if he needed extra help. "Can a couple of you boys be ready? I'll be down in a few minutes." And we'd go off to a fire. One time two or three of us went. The fire was reported to be in the upper end of Middle Creek, just north of Alco Creek. We hiked up the Alco Creek road three miles, then went over the ridge to the north. When we got there, that wasn't the only fire, there were more. As it turned out, there were twenty-one fires set that day by a firebug all the way down Middle Creek. We were in there a week. You had to take your food, your tools, your canteen...but we didn't have any bedding. Howard Ash decided that I should be the cook for the group. Well, he didn't know I'd be the worst one for a cook. [laughs] I didn't know how to cook rice. We slept above a log near the fireline, so we'd be safe if the fire crept...and as I recall the rate of pay for fire-fighting was twenty-five cents an hour.

JL I guess in the early days of the Forest Service a lot of settlers in that country just set fires as a matter of course.

MS I imagine that that was true, especially the further back you'd go. We know the Indians did this back through their history. We never knew who actually set the fires. We assumed somebody'd been summer hunting and was disappointed with the brush.

JL The early-day Forest Service built a lot of cabins and shelters. Have you been to Sugarpine Shelter, up near the Divide?

MS I've never been there yet! [laughs]

JL Really?...It's way back in there...

MS I've heard of it. Some folks evidently used it on hunting trips...One interesting thing, we had a very large barn at our place, built sometime before 1900. Finally it needed a new roof -- and sugar pine shakes, of course, in this country, were the best. We had to split sugar pine shakes, twelve-thousand of them. My father knew where there was a down sugar pine, one he'd seen some twelve years before. So when we needed all those shakes he thought of that tree and went back to it. That was one tree we made a lot of shakes out of. The heartwood was still good and it split very well. We'd bundle up the shakes with wire, take in a team with a sled and get the shakes out.

JL Twelve-thousand shakes! You must have worn out a couple of froes!
MS Yes, and some mallets. We really learned how to split shakes. Of course, one tree didn't make twelve-thousand shakes.

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JL Do you recall the "Three-C" [Civilian Conservation Corps] camp on Elk Creek in the early 'thirties?

MS Yes. They came out and stole some of our watermelons...they were from the South, colored boys. That was when they started putting the C.C.C. out on roads and trails. That was about when we moved out to Ashland.

JL Where was their camp located?

MS It was up the creek above us. It might have been at that wide, open place just south of Flat Creek. It was a hot spot in the summer.

JL How about the Tucker family?

MS Yes, I believe they had a lodge on the Rogue River, near Elk Creek. Some prominent people stayed there. I know Charles Lindbergh visited there. Herbert Hoover fished there. This was after Hoover had become unpopular. This one fellow I knew was supposed to go downriver at a certain time and pick up Herbert Hoover at a certain place. Because of Hoover's unpopular situation, this fellow delayed a little bit, let him wait.

JL Made the ex-President cool his heels...there were some other "characters" in the Elk Creek country. Sam Geary, did you know Sam Geary?

MS We knew the Geary family, there were several of them...Sam, Ben...they weren't really farming because there wasn't that much room on the creek.

JL How did they make a living?

MS I really don't know.

JL I guess that during Prohibition there was a lot of bootlegging, moonshine stills, going on in the remote parts of the Country.

MS Well, during the Prohibition years there was bootlegging going on just about everywhere. And certainly Jackson County was one of the places it happened. We were always very careful not to go looking for stills. If, in rambling through the woods, we ran into one, we'd just go right on past. We weren't looking for a problem and that was about the size of it.
JL Would you say that you've seen a lot of changes in the appearance of the Elk Creek country since you were growing up?

MS Well, everything looks bigger when you're young. But over the past years, whenever I got to visiting up there, there's a real feeling of anticipation on my part and also a real feeling of let-down. It was a beautiful place to live, up Elk Creek...and an easy place to live...like all of Jackson County, Southern Oregon. That's why so many people came here. But these foothills, "fringe areas" like Elk Creek, really don't offer much beyond that. Back in the late 'Twenties and early 'Thirties, yellow [ponderosa] pine stumpage was seventy-five cents a thousand [board feet], if you could find a buyer. But fifty cents bought something then. It doesn't buy a thing now.

Now, the physical appearance up in that country, that's a real heartbreaker. I dearly love to see forests. There's nothing I like better than to see a good stand of timber. The old-growth stands there were wonderful. You could walk about beneath them because they crowded out the brush...the country doesn't look the same from that standpoint...not a lot of old growth left, and of course, the brush has gotten thick.

END OF INTERVIEW
Bill Edmondson and his wife Zelda Edmondson both grew up in and around Butte Falls during the town's early logging days. Bill was a timber faller and Zelda's father was a log scaler; they recall life in the woods and in railroad logging camps during the Owen-Oregon Lumber Company (and its successor, Medford Corporation) operations of the 1920s through the 1940s. The Edmondsons also comment on aspects about social life in Butte Falls during the Depression and War years -- in the days when a "drive to town [Medford] for groceries" was still a major undertaking. Since the 1960s, Bill has become renowned for his intricate wood carvings that depict early-day logging scenes. The Edmondsons were interviewed in the summer of 1989 at their Butte Falls home.
ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW WITH BILL AND ZELDA EDMONDSON

July 25 and August 8, 1989,

Anne Chambers: Maybe you could start by telling me a little about your background -- where you were born and when, and how you came to live in Butte Falls.

Bill Edmondson: Well, it started in 1911, down here in what they call Derby, on the [Butte Falls] road going downhill here, where the old school house sits on Derby Hill. My Dad had a homestead just the other side of that. The house has burned down, was a nice house. And he had a sawmill down on Butte Creek, during the beginning of World War I or before. Ended up about then. Then he moved to Washington, worked on the Hood Canal a couple of winters. And then back down here, had a ranch down there. They also owned a big place in Medford, where there's lots of houses now and where I used to walk to school there at Jackson Street School, right out through chaparral brush, see a jackrabbit once in awhile. Now it don't look like that. And then they moved up to that ranch and then during the Depression, sold the ranch.

AC That was the ranch on Derby Hill?

BE The ranch down here along Butte Creek, only a small place, 80 acres, And then, after they sold out, and he was real old, they came up here. Been here [Butte Falls] ever since, about 1934.

AC Where was your first job?

BE My first job was with Jackson County, working on the roads. Back then they used to have "road districts." It all came out of Jacksonville [then the county seat]. They got "peon guys" doing the road district work. They'd get a few cents to buy shoes or something. They'd dig ditches or clean culverts, work behind a grader, all that kind of stuff. We'd get a little money that way. And then I had a job falling [timber]. Then I had a sawmill on Evans Creek and then came up here. Medco was just getting started. It had been Owen-Oregon but Medco took over [in the early 1930's]. Had a job working on the railroad a little bit, and then steel gang a little bit -- well, quite a bit. Then falling timber, though sometimes you had to do something else, like set choker or knot knots on the landing or something. Took a lot of people in those days. All worked by hand. No power saws. You didn't have to go jogging to get your exercise...
school in Medford?

e, and went to school a lot of different places. eacher, so we went here and there. I graduated 0.

raduate from high school, I bet.

going big.

out that time, bought their ranch?

the '20's. The one year the Depression hit hard and his products off the farm. Had pigs. They wouldn't iters, they wouldn't sell. I mean, they sold some pole bunch. I'll never forget feeding those nice . Put 'em in a nice big tank, built a fire under it trapper. He learned to be a trapper way back him how. So he trapped that winter. You could ney. Not much, but some... And so we put the ritters in with the potatoes and cooked 'em all led good enough so I was just about ready to eat take it out and put it in the hog trough and you know how potatoes would stay hot a long time d cooled down? They'd squeal and run all around! grab another one. I heard about that! It wasn't hought it was hilarious!

ession

ap lines?

t country. But he has trapped this whole mountain . High priced furs in those days. Don't know why when, one year he went clear up to northeastern hat's where he got acquainted with that French guy ada and he knew how to trap. And some way or r on that. Quite a few of the names back here in the Wallowas, he's the one who brought 'em an. There're several names right here that's he: Immaha, Wickiup...

med those places?

[Edmondson], but they called him Lee.

that country when there weren't very many other
BE Might be nobody, yeah! They just went up there and built little old cabins in the fall of the year. They might get snowed under but they had a thing they could crawl under to get into it. They had a wood supply; catch those marten and fishers, they were in great demand those days.

AC What year would that have been? About the turn of the century?

BE Yeah, about then, or before then.

AC Do you think his cabins are still there at all?

BE They were for a while. I have a picture here somewhere but I don't know where it is. Somebody took it, not that far back. With horses. I saw it the other night when I was looking for another picture....

AC He lived where?

Zelda Edmondson: Up on Rancheria Ranch. He lived there for a long time. He was foreman for a cattle outfit. I don't know whether the Rancheria names came from his father or not.

BE Boy, I got a lot of logging pictures here, that I cut out of Timberman Magazine too. Some of 'em here, quite interesting. I cut these out but I didn't write anything under 'em because I could remember good in those days.

AC What kind of magazines did you cut them out of?

BE Timberman Magazine. Look at those log trucks loaded there [picture showing very large logs from Mt. Shasta, Calif].

AC What year would that be, approximately?

BE It'd be the 40's, 50's maybe. See the McGiffert loaders? They had them up here on Medco. They had two of them. Look at the size of these! [Shows picture of some very large logs from Washington]

AC Did anything that big come out of there?

BE Not that big. We cut some big ones, I mean. One ten-foot sugar pine and quite a few six-foot ones. When I was cuttings logs, that's all we cut was big ones -- ten footers. We chopped down trees as big or bigger as the ones they're hauling out now, for bedding under those sugar pines. They never fussed, never said a word about it. To hold 'em up so they didn't hit the ground you'd go in there, it'd be handy, not so hard to buck 'em off. Put something under them, it'd kind of hold it up and you could cut 'em better. Chop 'em down with axes too!... Pick one that leaned the right way. Chop 'em down with axes.

AC So there wasn't any clearcutting in those days?

BE No, no clearcutting. I never worked on clearcutting. Look at the size of that one! [shows photo of huge tree, cut up north, from Timberman
Magazine, shows another photo, showing three sections from same tree, loaded on a series of three logging trucks]

Look, there's three "big blue butts," as the old timers used to call them.

AC What did they call them?

BE "Big blue butt" and second cut. For the old time loggers, "blue" was a thing that indicated something outstanding, like "blue ox" and "blue snow" and all that kind of stuff. Big blue butt and second cut. They had their own way of talking. [shows another picture of logging operation, also cut from magazine]

This is right down here! Right down there in front of the old time saw mill. And this is one of those old donkey engines, that had to do with this saw mill right here that started this little town.

AC What was the donkey engine used for?

BE For yarding out logs.

AC So you attached this cable here..?

BE The cable came out of that drum right there, that particular kind. And that's the one that pulled the log, the turning end. Then there's another drum... they hauled that back, called the "haul-back drum."

AC Is that dangerous?

BE Yeah. [reads caption under clipping] "Willamette Crackerjack Yarder... (not intelligible) Lookee there! [shows picture of steam car] Buddy and I made that, he used that motorized wheelchair until he died. Over in California.

AC You made it?

BE Yeah, we made it. Steam car. Kind of like the early Stanley. You steer with a tiller, like a little buggy. Run on a 2-cylinder engine right here over the main wheels...

At Willow Lake, there's a steamboat up there with an engine 110 years old, made in England. I've had it 35 years, this year. That's a long time. Getting to be kind of an old derelict.

AC It's been up on Willow Lake all that time, and now you have it?

BE Yeah. I put it in there before there was log there, even. They were building one, but it wasn't ready. Put that boat in on the far side. Little old country road wasn't down in there, steamed it round for a while, then brought it home. Then the next few years the lodge was built. That's the second one I've built. Then I built two others, one nice stern wheeler.

AC So you've had a lot of experience building things.
BE Yeah! I've tinkered around... This guy, he and I made that. [shows clipping] He and I've made the third wheel boat. We took that down to Shasta - went 120 miles! Picked up most of the wood off the shore. Darned interesting trip. We come to those old mining places. Big mining country one time!

[ Holding up another photo - of Main St. of Butte Falls] That's the way the town looked way back when. [Turning again to scrap book of logging photo clippings...] Now this is our bunch right here. [Reads caption]: "If you're an exacting operator like R.A. Fleming, satisfactory performance under all conditions is mighty important to you. Mr. Fleming is with Medford Corporation, Butte Falls, Oregon. He knows plenty about tough logging operations. That's why it means a lot when he writes, 'We have used Carco as standard equipment for many years. We find it to be good design, giving satisfactory performance under all conditions.'"

AC So, what is this?

BE A "Carco arch." In those days, you see, they logged with the railroad. They had to pull them [logs] quite a ways to get to the railroad. They couldn't have the railroad just like they do trucks now, so they used these things to hoist the end of the log up. There's one out here [Butte Falls] in the park. It's not a Carco; these had tracks on 'em. Kind out there's [in the park] got rubber wheels. But it's similar. The whole thing is practically extinct now.

AC So it was a good change to have this kind of wheel on the arch?

BE That worked alright. It run over the ground, a big lot of circles on the ground. Round wheel always touches one place, well, this one touches quite a ways. You could get them against a stump and they'd turn up over the end and come right around. Didn't matter which side were down.

AC What did they use before that?

BE Oh, round wheels. Just high wheels. Big, high wheels. Should be a picture here. Here's another one, different kind of those Carco arches. And here's just plain skidding. There's an ancient chain saw. Think that's one of the first built. There's Shay's [locomotives] clear back in Michigan or someplace.

AC When did they change over to that Carco type of arch?

BE It'd be in the thirties, early thirties.

AC Before you started working for Medco?

BE They had arches but they weren't quite that kind. They had a few that still had the big, high wheels. See that? [shows picture] "March 1944 - Sugar pine tree." You've seen the big, old, high wooden wheels, haven't you? On the early tractors? Here's March of '43, got an electric chain saw getting electricity out of this Caterpillar thing here [shows clipping picture from album].
AC In the snow, wow!

BE In the snow, they tried using them here, but they didn't stay with it long. Took too much expensive fuel oil and all that stuff. [Reads caption] "Yarding big logs. Ten thousand board foot, nine foot in diameter. That's the size of the redwood being handled by HT 14 two cycle diesel tractor and Carco arch".

AC Did you think it was a great improvement then, to switch to a Carco arch?

BE I thought that was "development." Now they're gone!

AC Why are they gone now?

BE Well, they couldn't maneuver them around so easy, and they tore down brush pretty bad. And when we got trucks standing every hundred yards, we didn't need to haul stuff. Now they use these skidders a lot and the Cat just drags 'em. They have numerous landings...railroad days you didn't have many landings.

AC So when you started working for Medford Corporation, you worked on the railroad. Building the railroad?

BE Yeah, we did track laying. Take up the steel and re-lay at the new place. Took about twenty guys.

AC Because whenever they went into a new area, they had to put the track in?

BE Yeah, put the track in.

AC They had just taken over that company that was owned by Owen-Oregon?

BE Changed names was what it really amounted to. Bunch of....

AC It wasn't a local kind of a corporation anyway, was it?

BE No. It was a company back in the midwest. Wisconsin country, Michigan.

AC Did Owen-Oregon actually close down?

BE They quit during the Depression, and they re-organized to start up. I got an Owen-Oregon check or two. I think they just used them because they had them already printed. Didn't want to waste 'em. It was Medco really!

AC What was the effect on Butte Falls.

BE Well, most of the people ate venison...

AC So, they weren't depending on the company to give them their paycheck?

BE There wasn't much, very few working. Her [Zelda's] dad had a good job. Good dollars in those days. As a kind of a maintenance guy, a lookout feller, watchman. They paid him a small amount.
ZE Fifty dollars a month, was what he got.

BE Most of 'em were off. I mean off! Didn't get nothing.

ZE The three C's had come into the country and they were getting twenty dollars a month, room and board. Then they were doing some WPA work around town, putting in a new water system.

BE The thing here was three C's: Civilian Conservation Corps. They had a camp up here in one of Medco's, well, maybe Owen-Oregon's, camps; Camp Two. Turned it into a Three-C camp. Big one too!

AC What year was that, do you know?

BE That'd be in the Twenties [as a logging camp; 1930s as a 3-Camp].

AC [to Zelda] So, your dad, what was his name?

BE Leonard Richman. He was a scaler for years and years, and also a cruiser.

ZE He came here in 1928. Dad came the day that they found Mr. Barker, who was the banker... He committed suicide down at the falls. Dad came to work that day.

AC Was that a Depression-related suicide.

ZE Well, no. He overextended the money that he had at the bank, gave too many low interest loans. He had family problems too, committed suicide.

BE [shows picture] This is the bank, right there. Not that building, the cement one just ahead of it. Did you notice it when you come by?

ZE The Pine Belt Banking Company, I think it still says over the door.

AC How many people would have lived in Butte Falls back in the early thirties, just at the start of the Depression?

ZE A couple hundred or so....

BE Can you believe it? There was a hotel right here [where the Edmondson house stands]. And one right there [points across street]

AC Why so many hotels? In a little town of a couple hundred people?

BE Cause people stayed in 'em.....

ZE They had single men [logging] crews. And the men were on their own.

BE The mill's right down there! Now that's not Medco, that's the old saw mill down there, that started the town. And most of the town was here [close to the bluff overlooking Big Butte Creek], not far back. Now, all I know about it is listening to 'em talk. I was a mighty little kid in those days.
AC So, did you two met up here in Butte Falls?

ZE Yes, my folks lived here in town too. Lived in the logging camp up at the "sand pit" for years, and then they moved into town. He was around here and I was around here. Then I went off to teach school, came back and married him.

ZE They had a camp down here at the cemetery, close to the cemetery, the other side of it, down in there, that they built right after they started up again. They had another one up on Butte Creek where all the little pine trees are growing. That was there for years. Owen-Oregon had that one.

AC That was a camp where people lived?

BE Yeah. They lived right there, and had places for the bachelors to live. And a cookhouse, and filing shack, and blacksmith shop and that kind of stuff.

AC Did you ever live in one of those camps?

BE I never did but she did a little bit, say back when. She lived in another camp, the "sand pit." [Camp One]... volcanic place where they got a lot of ballast for the railroad.

AC What was life like in one of those camps?

BE Well, kinda basic. We didn't look at boob tubes or listen to [radio].

ZE Running water was out of the creek. You ran down and got your bucket of water and brought it to the house.

BE You "ran out" to get running water!

ZE You washed this way [pantomimes use of wash board]. No electricity.

AC Your whole family lived in one of those camps?

ZE Yeah. We lived in the one up at the sand pit about a year and a half, I guess, and then they...Well, the camp before that had been out toward Big Butte Springs and it had burned, actually devastated the whole camp. It was in the timber there, at that time, timber and brush and that sort of thing. And they moved the camp [Camp One] out by the sand pit, which was where we first lived and it was out in the open. Because of the fire, they wanted to have it where they wouldn't get a fire again. So we had very little timber around us, just bits of brush. But we kids liked it. It was different from the city life.... There were ten or fifteen families or something of the sort. I don't know for sure.

AC So that was typically a "family camp."

ZE Well...then there were bachelor quarters too. It had a cookhouse, and they had a man and his wife who did the cooking and put up the lunches for the bachelors and that sort of thing. There must have been a dozen
different cabins. I don't know how many single fellows there were, but there were both married as well as single people. Camp Two also was going, and that's where the Forest Service headquarters at that time was. Jack Holst and Mr. [George] West. Mr. West was before Jack Holst. He was the Ranger there. He only camped up there in the summertime. They didn't live there all winter long, or if they did it was a very casual type of thing. Both of them had families in the Valley. Mr. Holst's was out in Sam's Valley. I don't know where Mr. West's was. They didn't have families with them. They had just a one-room cabin, as I recall.

AC But the camp you lived in, that was all-year-long that people lived there?

ZE Oh, yeah. Owen-Oregon had families all the time up at the other camp also. They had families there, at Camp Two. They did some horse logging at Camp Two. They didn't do any of that out of the camp where we lived, or I don't remember that they did. But that was out of Camp Two. And they had the trains that run up in that country.

AC What time of day did people start work at those camps?

ZE Early in the morning!

BE Eight o'clock normally

ZE They worked all day long. There wasn't an eight-hour day.

BE Before that, it'd been 10-hour days, but they quit that. Six-day weeks when I started working, for years. They had Sunday left over, and that's all.

AC What did people do on Sunday?

BE I had to go down there and mow that gol' danged patch with a scythe. Can you imagine that? Now I'd think I was killed if I had to do it.

ZE And when they moved the camp it was rather interesting. Every family had built an "eyebrow" on the house, you know, for a kitchen or a bedroom or whatever. And when they moved the houses, the camp houses were on skids. The skids were two, underneath the house the length of the house, and they came in with a "jammer" [large, steam-powered log loader] and picked the houses up. At the end of each of the skids, the jammer picked it up and put it on a railroad car, supposedly put it on carefully so you didn't break any of the dishes or any of the things that were in boxes. And then they'd take you to the new location and put it off just like they picked it up. That was rather interesting. And then everybody went to work and built an "eyebrow" on, here and there, to accommodate. The cabins themselves were supposedly owned by the company. The rest was owned by the families who lived there.

AC How big were the cabins?

BE About ten foot wide and thirty foot long, at the most. About the size of a railroad car.
AC They had two bedrooms in them?

ZE One bedroom.

AC When you were living in a camp, was it "company rules" and were they fairly strict?

ZE By strict, do you mean that they regulated our lives? No, they didn't...Well, we were regulated by the fact that we were isolated. Groceries came up on the train. The women would write out their grocery orders and when the train went down on certain days from the Medco office they'd go to the Grocerteria, as a rule, which was out where the Penney's, the Southern Oregon Historical Society, is now. Right downtown.

BE First traffic light in Jackson County, Southern Oregon was right there. Not on Main St., but right there!

ZE But they'd go and fill the orders and then make it back out to the train and bring it back up the next day, was what they would do.

BE [Looking at scrapbook clippings] There's one of those round-wheel [1920s hydraulic] type. Medco still had one or two of those.

AC How did people feel about working with these as opposed to the Carco arches?

BE They liked the arch better. When they brought the first big diesel cat up to that camp I was telling you about, a lot of people left this town and went down there to look at it. It was diesel. All the rest of [the tractors] had been [Best] "Sixties," gasoline ones.... Brand new and sitting on a railroad car. Even I went and looked.

AC From the point of view of the people working on this, why was the other kind of thing an improvement over the high wheels?

BE Well, they were stronger and you could get them around a little easier. [The original "high wheels"] was a "slip tongue." An old horse-type kind...Raised this lever and it raised the log up off the ground. But the [Carco] kind that they [later] had here had a "fair lead" up there and had a cable went over it, so they could go out and get [a log] and bring it up to it. But this one, you had to back right over the log. These were horse [pulled] to start with.

AC The ones you used weren't used with horses?

BE No, they weren't....

AC Why did they change from railroad logging to trucks?

BE Well, trucks could get around better. And they built the [county] road down here so you could travel that easy and get down through there fast. You could get logs out cheaper, I guess, than you could with the railroad. They had to maintain their own road with the railroad, had to
work on that all the time to keep it up. Ties and all kind of stuff. Took more people, a lot more. A lot more people working.

AC When women ordered their groceries from the Grocerteria, did they have just dry goods they could order, or did they order fresh things as well?

ZE They ordered meat. I don't remember they got any bakery products. We got flour, sugar, beans and macaroni. Staples. Potatoes. Most of the fruit, Dad went and got himself, though I think they got fruit at times.

AC Where would he go to get it?

ZE Go to the Valley. They went down to the Valley and picked fruit is what they would do. Picked it out of the orchards where the fruit had already been harvested for the market, I suppose. I remember one time mother even ordered a broom. I was fascinated by this broom coming in with the grocery order. Don't remember we got clothing or anything like that. Strictly "Grocerteria"-type products. They weren't like K-Mart and that now; they didn't have any thing but groceries, and the cleaning products too...

AC What did people do for vegetables and that sort of thing?

ZE We had a garden. Dad always had a garden when we could. We had the frost in the early spring and the early frost in the fall, so there were many things you couldn't raise. Mother canned lots. Picked lots of wild berries: huckleberries, dewberries. And there were a few apple trees around on the various farms, and we'd get apples there too as well as in the Valley. We went to town maybe once a month or every other month.

BE Now, here we go to town pretty near everyday! When they first started commuting up here to work, Forest Service and Medco jobs and such, I thought "What a bore." Why would they drive?...and now she and I go out to breakfast every morning!

AC So, for your family, if your Mother was canning stuff, how much canning would your Mom do in the course of a year?

ZE Probably, I don't know, as many jars as she had. She'd can in half-gallon jars and quart jars. And make jelly too....

BE Did you ever see one of those things they used to ring for the guys to come to eat?

AC A triangle?

BE A triangle. They called that the "gut hammer."

AC Did they ring the gut hammer at noon?

BE Yeah, if there was a bunch around. Or they blew the whistle. Steam-days, that was preferable. [The whistle] did what radios do now, told you things. There was a lot of it. Women could tell everything that went on because both these camps were relatively close to where the work was, and
they could hear it. If somebody got hurt, or the train jumped the track, and time to eat and time to start work and all that.

AC Were there different signals?

BE Yeah

AC Can you remember any of the codes?

BE Can't remember any of 'em, but they sure had 'em. They used to have five long blasts if it was too dry to work and we had to go home. The way they found out was by how long the steam plume was above the exhaust. In the morning when there was lots of humidity, the steam plume would shoot way up, and then it'd keep getting shorter and shorter and shorter [as the day wore on]. Even here out at White City, you notice those white plumes coming out of those plants there? They'll be shorter in the afternoon and evening, way shorter than in the morning. That's the device they used, not electronics.

AC How short would they have to get?

BE About three or four feet, or something like that. They'd blow the whistle for you have to get out of there, too dry. That'd be in August or first of September.

AC So, fire was a real problem at those camps.

BE Oh, yeah, they had fires! Another thing we used to do a lot of was build fires and burn slash in the fall, and then they'd "get away" and we'd have to fight them.

ZE Still do that!

BE We'd be down here taking it easy and suddenly they'd get the whole bunch [of men] and take 'em out to fight a fire. I didn't like it.

ZE They had one across from the Fish Hatchery down here. I remember that one. One up in the Robert [Fechner] Memorial Platation, that [the Bowen Creek Fire] was in '31. The Fish Hatchery [Fire] was in '31, I think also. '31 was a bad forest fire year for Owen-Oregon, it was then.

AC Were both those fires slash fires that had gotten out of control?

ZE I couldn't tell you that. I don't know how they got started. The Memorial was named for the head of the Three C's, I think he was. They replanted [the burn and named the plantation for him] was what they did.

* * * * * *
AC Do you remember any particular berry picking areas that your folks would have gone to?

ZE Well, for huckleberries we went to Twin Ponds, picked huckleberries every year. Went up to Blue Rock and picked huckleberries. Walked for miles, it seemed like, uphill, all of it. Dad could drive. We had an old Model T Ford pickup. The kids all rode in the back of it, or we pushed. We pushed up more hills than we ever rode up! But we could get to Snowshoe and we walked up the old trail from Snowshoe to Blue Rock, to Gypsy Springs was where it was, and picked huckleberries. And then we picked huckleberries at Twin Ponds, but the trail there started at "Camp Seventy-Six," as I recall. And then we'd walk from there, which was a good many more miles [from the trailhead] than it is now.

ZE And also up... I want to say "Mosquito Grade," Skeeter Grade maybe is what it is. Skeeter's Grade.

BE They call it "Mosquito" but that's not what it should be....

ZE And what else did we pick? We picked wild strawberries. Picked gallons of 'em over towards Camp Two, in that flat area under pine trees. Those were big berries!

AC Are they still over there?

BE They should be, don't see why they wouldn't be, but you gotta look for them.

ZE Haven't picked wild strawberries for ages. Last time I picked wild strawberries I picked enough for a batch of jam. That'd be when the kids were little, so its' been fifteen, twenty, twenty-five years ago. Quarter of century ago.

AC Is Gypsy Springs the same thing as Blue Rock?

ZE Gypsy Springs is before Blue Rock, about maybe half a mile from Blue Rock Lookout, down in the canyon. We camped there. There's a spring there. They had the spring fenced in so the cattle couldn't get into the spring. It was good clear, cold water. It wasn't supposed to be contaminated. They had a campground cleaned out so you could camp there. All of us kids had to carry something, a bedroll or a sack of groceries or something on your back. We'd always camp out.

AC You'd stay how long?

ZE Oh, maybe Mother and us kids would stay a week and pick berries and Dad would come in. Sold the berries to the Grocerteria! Sold a lot of huckleberries to the Grocerteria for the bakery. Maybe somebody took'em home, or maybe they baked pies out of 'em, I don't know.

AC How much money did you get for them?

ZE A dollar a gallon, and that was big money in those days.
AC Were you torn between keeping them for yourself and selling them?

ZE Oh, no. I always enjoyed them...Bill says I've got a little "squaw blood" in the family!

AC Tell me about "dewberries". Is that a blackberry?

ZE A dewberry is a native blackberry. It isn't the Himalayan, the big bushy one that you see... such a nuisance in the Valley along the fence rows and the creeks, that's the Himalayan.

BE They come from Asia and took over out here.

ZE The dewberry, they're tastier than the Himalayan. They're a native. They grow where there's been a logging show. I guess the birds plant them. Anyway, they'll grow for a few years and then that's the end of 'em. And then you have to find another patch. They're not a continuous...We picked about three gallons the other day. They grow on the ground, once in a while up over a stump. There's a good crop of them this year too.

AC Do you think the huckleberry and the berry situation has changed a lot?

BE It varies much with weather. Weather's the main thing. If you've got plenty of moisture and no bad frost late in the spring.

AC But you think the areas are approximately the same?

BE I haven't been into Twin Ponds for quite a while cause. You have to walk to that. You can drive to Blue Rock, so we tend to drive instead of walk. My sister and I walked into Blue Canyon. There were huckleberries there that year. We picked a few cups and we just went to look, but that's been 15 years ago. [Bill describes expedition to a lake near Blue Rock where they ended up picking in the dark without a flashlight!]

* * * *

AC Let me ask about some of the people you might remember when you were working for Medco in the early days. Do you remember any people you had as bosses, or any guys you worked with, that stand out.

BE I remember one old Swede, Pete Laughlin. He was kinda unusual in some ways. One time I was coming down the road and he was standing on a stump, just pouring down rain. He had his lunch bucket under his arm, just looking dejected, it appeared to me. So we thought maybe he needed a ride, so we stopped and asked him "What are you waiting for Pete?" "I am just waiting for Christmas and payday!" And then he told us his partner would be along pretty quick... He had a heat stroke, a sunstroke, right there on top of that mountain. Changed him completely. But the company took care of him! Let him stay in a little old cabin up at the camp there free, give him a job he could do. Stayed right there until his final
day. He was working before I come up here. He'd been here a long time. He did all kinds of things, but up there he cut logs. And there was an old half-Turk, half-Greek, George Trampa. Said his real name was Trampatravillas but he just dropped the "travillas" part. He had a strange way of talking too. Half-Greek and half Turk! You can imagine.

AC The people that you had as bosses, did they live in the camps, too?

BE They lived around here. The "bull buck" they called them, that was the boss of a cutting crew. He was from Michigan, a real nice old feller. Interesting to listen to, he could tell good stories. I should of wrote 'em down. His name was Charlie Page. He had that little hotel over there, it's gone now, kind of a little hotel thing going on here, that his family kept going, he'd stay in it.

AC Can you remember any escapades or adventures or any interesting stories about life in the camps?

BE Well, we hauled one guy out on a saw rag one time, who got hurt out on a job. Snow was so deep he couldn't stay on a stretcher very good, so we put him on a saw rag and drug it.

AC A saw rag?

BE In the hand-saw days, you had a piece of canvas you wrapped the saws up in when you were transporting them around so you didn't get 'em damaged. Well, we had these out there, and put him on that and drug him away out and down the hill. The company had about one car, or three cars....

ZE There weren't any ambulances or anything like that.

BE We hauled them off in cars in those days.

AC How had he hurt himself?

BE A bunch of bark came down off an old dead snag and smashed him. We had to cut them big, old Doug-fir snags that'd been standing there. Lots of times the sap would be rotted out of 'em and just that bark standing there like a tube, with the heartwood in the middle. If you cut that thing, it was pretty dangerous because that bark might come loose and come down. You could do two things. You could peel it - that was a heck of a job. Or else hope you could cut it, have enough left there where you could rope over.... Come down and get him! It ruined my saw there too! Lucky I didn't get it. Just went Whoosh! Tons of it. Buried the thing. Had to dig it out, saw bent, handle broke.

AC So that was fairly dangerous work?

BE Timber falling was the most dangerous work in Oregon in those days, the most dangerous. There was all kind of wierd things happening.

AC Like what?

BE Limbs fly back at you, even trees come back at you. If you fall it like
that and you met an old snag, old timer, and when the snag swung back, it
might just break and keep right on coming back. I right near got it one
time that a way.

AC So what did you do when you were cutting down a tree to make sure nobody
got hurt.

BE The easiest thing to do, and best thing to do, is to have a planned placed
to run. Not cut at it and take a chance on there being a lot of brush
around there so you couldn't get away. That was what happened quite
frequently but it was better to trim a little trail and know where it
was. Get the heck out of there!

AC Did you work in small groups of fallers?

BE Two and two and two.

ZE Call 'em a "set." Edmondson and Edmondson. Bill Edmondson and Gus
Edmondson.

AC Who was Gus?

BE My brother, my older brother. They'd make "strips," blazed with an axe,
about 100 feet by 100 feet, I think that's what it was, up through there.
That'd be yours and here be somebody else's, and over here....

ZE They were about 300 feet.

AC And that was enough so that when you felled a log it wouldn't go off into
somebody else's?...

BE Yeah, hit the other. You had that happened lots of times.

ZE One time, the faller next to him cut the tree and it just buried him! He
was absolutely buried. Fellow set down, and "I'm not going down to see.
I know we killed Bill, we did." Pretty quick here came Bill up through
all the fir boughs!"

BE That's another thing that made me mad, and some of the rest of 'em. Now
they had this "safety" thing. You had to go to Safety Meetings and then
they'd take you out there in the dead of winter and start the whole damn
bunch in a canyon with snow on the ground! These trees mostly lean
downhill but they don't want you to smash them down into the road, so
what do you do? You have to turn over on somebody else. They ran me and
my partner clear out. We had to go clear to the back. That was a doggone
lot of work on our part we didn't get paid for, carrying all our stuff up
there. I get over on that side and they'd fell a tree right over, so I'd
go over to the other side. Boss got on my shelf a little, but not much.
But it swept those limbs off that tree, come down by the one I was
cutting, came right down and just buried me! Snow and limbs. Didn't hurt
anything, a few sore spots.

AC So, did they pay you depending on how many trees you chopped down?
BE Yeah.

AC So if you had to move your gear, you didn't get paid for that time.

BE That's right.

AC How much did you get paid per tree?

BE It wasn't per tree, it was per thousand board feet. More for a big tree than a little one. Start out with, it was 65. That's a big pay, isn't it!

AC How much would be in a big tree?

BE Pretty big tree around here would be a ten-thousand footer. They had 12 and 14 thousand footers but most of them would be six-thousand, four- and five-thousand.

ZE When we were first married, if he got -- he got paid twice a month on the 10th and the 25th -- and if he got a check of over a hundred dollars, we thought we were rich. We really thought we were rich. Over two hundred dollars a month! And now they're making that much a day!

AC So how did they figure out how many board feet were in a tree?

BE In those days, they had scalers out there. They don't any more. And they had a scale stick. They use 'em to measure the end of the log, but these had long caliper things on them so you could go up on top of the tree and reach down and caliper, so to speak. Turn it over and read that. And we had to chop the bark off, cause they measured the wood not the bark. Haven't done that for years, but that's what we had to do. Every 16 feet. Sixteen feet for a 32, 30 feet for a 40...

AC So, Zelda, your Dad worked out there with a number of sets.

ZE Dad'd scale all the sets, yes. And then he made out reports from the scale slips. And then he gave scale slips to the fellows, as well as he gave scale slips to the office. And their salary was determined by the number of thousand board feet that were on their scale slips.

AC When you hired on to the company, did you hire on in pairs? You and your brother hired on together?

BE Well, he was already working and I got a job with him.

ZE He needed a partner.

BE But sometimes he did, and sometimes he didn't, according to what was going on. Now one time they had that big pond up here along the road, going to Prospect, full of logs, in the dead of winter. Paid everybody off for the winter, for a while. And it froze that thing so hard they couldn't get a log out of it. So they put us back and hired a zillion others. That winter was cold now! Ten and 15 below zero everyday for practically a whole month! That was in the late forties, early fifties. The last real
super coldies we had. Froze the sap hard. Slowed up the cutting. That's why they had to put so many on. Besides that they had to have enough to get the logs in quick. Cause they couldn't get them out of the pond. They tried dynamiting the pond and they had a high lead out there to take a log and pound the ice. Just couldn't get 'em.

ZE Needles to say, They abandoned the pond after that.

BE [showing photo in album] This was our bunch here too. That's a McGiffert Loader right there. And that's the Cat and our Carco arch, and Thomas Thomas was our woods boss in those days. He was a right good old guy. Well, that's him standing right there.

ZD Bob Harning? Was before Bill Thomas.

AC What was Bill Thomas like?

BE Well, he was a lone guy, came from California, went down here to Brookings. You know that sawmill that used to be down there in the San Bernadino Mountains. Moved to Brookings, he and his folks were there. And then they shut that down suddenly for some reason and they they moved up here; quite a bunch of them. Remember, I told you about the one that was half-Turk and half-Greek? He came from there, and I think Pete Hoffel did too. In the 20's.

ZE Mid or late 20's, they were here when we came here in '27, '28. Thomas's were here. The Alburn's were here. They came with the same bunch. And how about Bud Nutting's sister? Juanita Nutting. She married...I'm sure there's information in the (Forest Service) history book about her. Maybe Bud Nutting. I think Bud Nutting's, wife is still alive. "Mage" [Henry] Nutting, their dad, was the woods boss, when we came here.

BE That was way back before the Depression.

ZE That was 1928 when my dad moved here. Bill Stuart and Bob Fleming and Mage Nutting were the bosses. And none of them lived out at the camp. Well, Bob Fleming lived here in Butte Falls. Mage and Bill Stuart both came up from Medford.

AC Every day?

ZE Well, no. They came and conversed and gave orders to Bob Fleming, and Bob Fleming lived here, and he was around in the woods where the various operations were going on. I can't remember whether Bob Fleming was in charge of Camp Two, the logging going on out of Camp Two, or whether it was just that out of Camp Three. I'm not sure about that.

AC Do you have any recollections of him as a person?

ZE Oh yeah. He was quite a musician. He played trumpet and was interested in music. He had two girls, Bobby and Babe -- Roberta, and Babe was Willamina actually. And his wife, they lived here in town. He was good to us kids! I appreciated that.
AC What did he do?

ZE Well, he would bring us things, candy. He'd come to the house to my dad. Dad was scaling and he'd come to talk. He'd always bring us kids candy or gum. We were just kids. He took us to the show in Medford with his daughters -- one of the first shows I ever saw. Movie show. He had a black Buick. He always drove a Buick car. In fact, the day that we came to move up to camp, my Dad got stuck on the highway, out here in front of Doubleday's. Bob Fleming came along in his car and pulled us out. That was in the middle of the highway -- stuck tight as a drum.

AC How did he get stuck in the middle of the highway.

ZE A big mud puddle! No gravel on the road.

BE [Roads were] really not much good. That's why they used the railroad. There was a highway down through here with giant trees -- you never saw the sun all winter. You got the snow -- wouldn't thaw it out or dry it out or nothing.

ZE One car width wide is all it was. For years I don't remember there was much of any gravel on it, and finally they gravelled a little bit. And if you met a car, you got off one wheel out of the road and he got one wheel out of the road, and you passed each other, he into your dust and you into his. There was lots of dust in the summer. In the winter there was mud.

AC In the winter did they have to put chains on?

ZE Oh, yes. And you always took a shovel along because you knew you were going to have to help yourself out if you got stuck.

BE Didn't go to town like you do now. They used these stores here. In fact, there was three of 'em here.

ZE Fabers had a market, and that was the main one that I recall when we were shopping....

AC How did they get their supplies in?

ZE Railroad, the railroad came right into town...

BE To start with, the railroad was the common carrier, and people rode passenger trains. Go in one day and back. When this town started, there was a dream about building all the way to Klamath Falls, Crater Lake. Big railroad days! Everything was railroad. It fell through and the company, the logging company, took it over. But they still brought stock up and you could still ride down.
AC [to Zelda] Were you teaching school in Butte Falls?

ZE I graduated from school here. I went from third grade through high school here, and went to SOC and got my teaching certificate. Came back and taught here I had the opportunity for Prospect School, Antioch School or Butte Falls School, but because my folks were here I came back and taught one year and then I went to Roseberg and taught, and then came back and married him. That's the story of my life, short and sweet! We were married 48 years in July - 16th of July.

* * * *

AC Tell me about [Forest Ranger] John Holst. What was he like as a person?

BE Nice old guy. I liked him.

AC He lived up at Camp Two?

ZE Through the week, Mr. West also lived up there through the week.

AC Was he a Forest Ranger too?

ZE He might have been before, well, he might have been there some of the same time.

AC What did they do exactly?

ZE I was just a kid so I don't know. They hired crews to do the trail.

BE There wasn't near as much over there as there is now, 'cause the Three C's started building that.

ZE The Forest Service office was there at Camp Two. As I recall, there were three buildings. The families could have moved up there if they wanted, but they didn't. They had other residences. They'd mainly come up and stay through the week. Go home probably Saturday night and come back Sunday night or maybe Monday morning, as I recall.

AC Was he hiring people to work in the forest?

ZE They had trail crews through the summer. But the trail crews consisted mostly of young fellows from around here who wanted work. They didn't bring in a camp crew or anything like that.

BE Before the Three C's they didn't.

ZE Well, I mean Forest Service.

BE Elga Abbott worked for them every summer for years, when he was just a little kid. His Dad died when he was real small and there was a big family. Women didn't work out in those days and the kid would have to get
out and start working quick. He still didn't do anything unless it's for some reason. He either goes out and picks berries or something like that....

ZE Mrs. Holst was Bill Walsh's sister. They lived in Sam's Valley, they had a little ranch out there. He had one son that's still living.

AC So he'd just come up in the week and supervise the work crews. Why were they building these trails?

ZE Well, they'd brush the trails over to Twin Ponds or up to Blue Canyon. If they had a fire crew, they'd be seeing about the fire crew. Or if [Medco] was logging on Forest Service land, they'd be supervising that also. They didn't have a steady, winter-type occupation thing as far as their crews were concerned.

AC How about the Four Bit Timber Sale. Do you remember anything of that?

BE I don't remember if I even worked on it. We worked the timber sales all over heck, clear and back, and all kind of places. But they'd be usually always in the winter. Big stumps. Fall a tree with its big old heart out. Wasn't very safe, compared to summer. Wasn't no fire danger though!

AC Did the company own its own land and work on that in the summer and then in the winter, the Forest Service land....

BE Yeah, or BLM. A lot of the fellows like BLM better, they wasn't so picky about things, not so particular [as the Forest Service].

AC When the CCC took over Camp Two, how many people came to live there?

BE A bunch! Hundreds.

ZE They were all young fellows. They did a lot of the trails and camps.

BE A lot of 'em ended up working for Medco.

ZE They married the local girls. They were the ones that built the [Butte Falls] Ranger Station over here.

AC Can you remember that?

ZE Oh, yes. We lived right next door.

AC Is that right? So where were they getting the timber and the rock and all that stuff.

BE They got the lumber at Medco.

ZE Medco, probably. I really don't know where it come from of course I was in high school so I saw it but I didn't pay much attention. We had a little toy terrier-bulldog and they [the CCC crew] came and played with the dog. For those boys it was more fun to play with the dog. They'd whistle the dog to come over. They took the dog home with 'em one time,
back up to camp.

**BE** Clear up to camp?

**ZE** Yeah, they took him clear up to camp, but then they brought him back after a few days. At least he showed up at home again and the Three C's were over there building on that house. They built the two residences and the office on the right side of the street going out, and the Ranger's residence on the left side of the street... The Three C's did a lot of good things.

**BE** Oh, they did! They started a lot of our first good campground places, nice little campgrounds....

**ZE** Trailwork....

**BE** A lot of 'em are gone now but they were some of the first [trails] and we all used them. They did some cleaning out and cutting out the dead trees -- when these fires went around, you know, and killed all the trees, they cut them down. They planted trees. Built roads, quite a few roads as you travel down here were originally built by the Three C's.

**AC** How did local people feel about all these young guys coming in?

**BE** As far as I can remember they [never any problems].

**ZE** [Agrees] But they pretty much kept to themselves. The roads here weren't too good and they road in truck-type vehicles. They weren't busses, they were trucks. They were like the military [have] now, with canvas over the back and if that weather were good, the canvas could roll up or down. They rode in those trucks and they didn't really mingle too much, other than maybe on their one day off a week they'd come to the dances or something like that. But they were really well supervised and....

**BE** Mostly all good guys. All that I ever contracted were.

**ZE** Of course, most of them had families. They were sending their money home so they couldn't be extravagant with their little allowance they got to keep....

**BE** They fed 'em good and gave them a place to stay and something to do in place of getting in trouble. It turned out to be a good thing.

**ZE** And maybe they were, most of 'em, off the streets of Chicago and they were actually terrified when they got out there in the timber where the owls hooted....

**BE** I don't remember any spotted owls in those days. Never had any trouble with them at all. I saw owls, but not spotted owls.

**ZE** Oh, there were "hoot" owls. And you hear a screech owl at night, and if you hear them, they can be rather terrifying. A hoot owl can, too -- dark at night and don't know where you are. Or even a coyote barking at night isn't the most interesting thing to listen to.
AC What about all the people who were living in Camp Two?

ZE They'd already moved out, they'd already gone. I don't think there was anyone there except Jack Carper....

BE The Depression had already hit before they started [the CCC camp there].

ZE Mr. Carper was there maybe still.

BE There was probably somebody there, but not a big bunch.

AC So the CCC's had to build up their camp?

ZE They had to build their own bunk houses and cook shack and that kind of thing.

BE They had quite an establishment up there.

ZE Medco's cook shacks (or whatever you want to call 'em) were on railroad cars. They weren't a permanent building. They were on railroad cars and they brought them in on the track, put down the siding and brought in the cook shacks and office buildings, and then they could move them to the next camp, just right on the railroad track, was what they did. And when the Three C's were there, they built permanent-type construction, not on the railroad. They were on foundations, on the ground. There may be some of the old foundation blocks still around there, there were for a while. I don't know if they've been finally buried or bulldozed away or whatever.

AC Did the CCC boys come into dances and that kind of thing?

ZE Oh, they did. But as I say, they didn't have much money so they couldn't....

BE They built lots of telephone lines too. They did a lot of good, sure did.

ZE A lot of 'em stayed and mingled with...their kids are here, a generation later.

BE There were several of the old timers around here got to be bosses, show 'em how to cut trees and do that kind of work.

ZE Well, they were kids off the streets in Chicago. They never saw a tree fall.

BE Some of the fire guards around here, I wasn't one, but some of them worked the Three C camps and showed the guys how to do it.

AC Were they out of work before.

BE Sure, they were out of work, during the Depression....

AC Were any of the CCC fellows black?

BE I don't think we had any up here, did we?
ZE Yes, we did.

AC How did people react to them?

ZE They stayed to themselves pretty well. Course it was quite a novelty for us kids to see. I don't remember that I'd ever any seen others than that little bootblack that was down at the Depot in Medford prior to that.

BE He was there for years. But Medford was kinda ornery about them. They didn't want blacks there. I remember one time they burnt one of them crosses, on Roxy Ann.

AC Was that the Ku Klux Klan?

BE Yeah, That's what it would have to have been. I didn't know what it was...I saw it. In the early 20's.

ZE When the Negroes were here with the Three C's, I don't think they stayed very long. I think those fellows were maybe here for a couple of weeks or something of that sort. Of course, that "time thing" I can't really be factual on that, but they didn't stay long.

AC Why was that?

ZE I have no reason for it. Maybe they were slipped out. Maybe somebody objected. Maybe there were some people from the Valley who objected. I don't know. As far as I know, there was no one here in Butte Falls who objected, but again I wasn't dealing with them at all.

AC But that kind of concern was something you heard about down in the Valley, not up in this area.

ZE Yeah.

BE I heard the noise, is that they didn't want them they wanted them to move on into the South. They'd tell 'em to get out before night come.

ZE Now the bootblack....

BE He worked there for years!

ZE He worked in that shoe shop at the Allen Hotel

BE 'Bout the only one in Medford. Might have been another one or two but I don't know.

ZE At the Depot once in a while there'd be a Negro.

BE Some worked on the train.

* * * * *
AC Did you ever hear of something called Little Tokyo?

BE They were a little string of cabins up the road here, going up towards Fish Lake.... During the War (World War II) they built 'em, guys that worked for Medco around here.

AC Who were they?

BE Whoever had a job.

ZE Families. They were houses for families. The men were working in the woods.

BE You couldn't commute! If you come up here from the Valley you had to find some place to hide out.

AC So, people built their own houses?

BE Yeah, built their own little shack, that kind of thing. Bring one in from someplace, and set it up and build on to it a little.

AC Why did they call it Little Tokyo?

ZE "Tokyo" was what was "going on." It was during the war days.

BE Someone named it that, wasn't me! But we sure heard it plenty of times.

AC Was it a real shaky...?

BE Real "shacky", and temporary.

ZE As soon as the war effort was over, the houses were all destroyed and those people bought property here, rented property or something here in town, or moved out, was what happened.

AC What did people think about the War? What did people know about what was going on?

ZE Most of these fellows were deferred because of the logging industry. Supposedly, it was an essential occupation.

BE They built those camps all over, like Camp White down there. Everything was different. Now there's only a few...

ZE [Bill] was called up for the draft two or three different times but they'd always get him deferred because of his being essential in the woods, and that happened to any number of folks. But there were a lot of the young fellas that went. Some of them were drafted, some of them volunteered. Most of them were the ones without families. Most of them were just young fellows.

AC When the war was actually going on, did you hear anything about torpedo attacks and that sort of thing.
BE Yes, we had a watch in here for airplanes and those balloons they turned loose over there, drifting over here. Like the one that landed over there in Klamath and killed all those people.

AC Did you hear about that at the time?

BE Yes. They had a bunch of them on the Coast, figured they might come along the Coast route and do things. Had people there looking out.

ZE We manned the watch shacks all the time. Somebody was there all the time, 24 hours a day. We had our turns. The one here was over back where the Forest Service is. It was out there in that field where the Forest Service is now. It wasn't much of a Forest Service compound over there, in fact, I think just five houses at the very maximum at the time. We had electricity and telephones and we reported every airplane or anything that looked suspicious.

AC And everybody in the town took turns?

ZE We all took turns, the women did mostly.

AC Day and night?

ZE Day and night, we were there.

AC How long did you do that for?

ZE I got in on the 3 o'clock in the morning shift. About 4 hours was all. We volunteered for various shifts. We thought we were contributing our bit for the war effort, so we did it.

AC Were people quite worried about the actual possibility of being invaded?

ZE It was always a possibility and we talked about it.

BE They thought about it a little, I bet. Course we didn't figure it'd be here, but someplace around Portland, or Seattle, or down there on the Coast or something.

ZE And then, we had White City and that air base over at Klamath Falls, and so....

BE We were really scared just after the war, more than we ever were during the war.

AC Why was that?

BE I was out there working with chainsaws, and all that, and the airplanes started roaring over. They were just barely over the tree tops, and I mean a bunch of them. It was the dammedest noise you ever heard, shook cones right out of the trees. I knew they was gonna wreck, what else would they be flying so low about? And some of those guys who'd just come home from the war just went right "back to the war," dove under logs and everything. Scared the heck out of them, really upset them! And then we
finally found out they were trying to sneak in under that new radar gadget they put in over here in Klamath. We didn't know nothing about it, just out there and there that thing come right over us!

AC Were the Forest Service, the actual Forest Service crews, on alert as well?

BE Oh yeah, no doubt they were.

ZE They helped with manning the air watch. They helped man that, and I'm sure that they were very active and well aware of everything that was going on.

AC So there was no effort to keep things secret from local people?

BE Not noticeable anyway, not like the Communists do. They run it like a rancher does a ranch.

ZE We had newspapers available all the time. We had the radio.

BE We didn't have much gasoline compared to now

AC Did that change your lifestyle a lot? Make it harder to get down into town?

BE Yep, we didn't get in there very much.

ZE You only went when you absolutely had to.

BE We didn't go in very much anyway in those days.

AC How about getting up into the Forest? For berry picking and hunting and that kind of thing?

ZE We thought it through. It wouldn't be just one person in a car, it'd be a group in a car.

BE We had to save a little bit of gas to drive to work. We had to get up here where the train was, to get on the train, ride the trains out. There was a lot of riding trains in those days.

ZE Didn't Medco initiate the buses?

BE Yes, right after the war. Gasoline-powered buses, they hauled us out in.

AC From where to where

BE From here, right here in [Butte Falls] to right out to the job.

AC But they didn't do that during the war?

BE No, you had to get out there yourself.

AC How did you do that?
BE Car. We just barely had gas enough to make it.

ZE They'd take turns, take a week about.

BE Three or four or five guys would ride in each car. And then they'd get on the train.

AC Were there any Japanese folks around here during the war.

ZE No. But they took a bunch over there to Klamath Falls, Tule Lake. No local Orientals at all. Fact is, we don't even now. We have no Orientals at all. I can't think of an Oriental at all. The Yee's were here for awhile, he was an Oriental, she was not. We have one Negro family, and I think there's a Negro or two at the Forest Service during the summer.

BE There were lots of Scandi-hoovians!

ZE Swedes and Norwegians.

BE In those days, they sounded like, they had this "brogue." Nowadays they don't. That young fellow that works in Sears and Roebuck and I got to talking, and he's a genuine Swede but he sure don't sound like one. And he showed me how he could sound like one. He hadn't forgot how to say it.

ZE We had Germans. Albert Hoffman was a German.

AC How did people feel about Germans?

ZE He was a good old guy and a rancher around here, no hard times....

BE No guff at all.

ZE There was no conflict here at all. Everybody accepted everybody else and as far as I know, there was no undercurrent.

BE Those old timers were pretty darn good. Rough talking but they'd give you their shirt if you needed it. And they were honest. They never stole nothing and if they owed you five cents they paid it.

ZE Most of the people who were working here were, this was their lifestyle. They'd lived here all their lives, from the time they were young fellows until they were buried.

BE Did I tell you about that old Frenchman? One time told me I was doing a "no-no"? This was when I was working cutting logs by hand and I was cutting, bucking on the lower side. He told me how to do it, and two more times I saw his head look over to see how I was going to make out on that thing. Two more times I saw his head up there!

AC Why was he looking? I'm not clear about that.

BE 'Cause I was doing a "no-no" and could have got in bad over it.

ZE He was bucking a tree on the downhill side...
BE I was bucking a tree on the wrong side on a steep hillside, and I was under it. When you cut it off it can come down, roll, that kind of thing. There was a big boulder on the upper side, right square in the way, so I just got on the lower log because there was another big boulder down there that was going to hold it. And it did. But the little Frenchman explained to me that I shouldn't be down there. I assured him what I was going to do, but twice more. I was bucking uphill and sawing, and right there I saw his head stick up. I'll never forgot that! Now why did I remember that in the 30's and can't remember something that happened yesterday?

AC Was he somebody you worked with a lot?

BE He was in our same crew. He was cutting logs in our same bunch. Worked with him everyday. By golly, he showed up twice, three times really. Looked up there, saw him looking down over the top of the hill.

AC You should have taken his advice, I think.

BE He thought I should.

ZE There've been more than one fellow killed, doing something like that.

BE Oh, yeah.

* * * *

AC One thing I've heard about was that a lot of effort was put into Blister Rust Control work.

BE Blister Rust? We heard noise about it but I never had anything to do with it.

ZE The Forest Service hired the "Ribes" crews [Ribes Eradication; Ribes is the genus of the currant/gooseberry bushes, which served as alternate "host" of the blister rust disease].

BE I didn't know nothing about it at all!

ZE They went out and pulled up the gooseberry and the currant vines, and burned them. But I think that was more around Prospect than here. Probably had some Blister Rust here but I think...Some of these kids went over and worked on that, through Prospect.

BE Yeah, several did.

ZE But I can't remember....

AC Why didn't you have any part of that? Because it was not a problem here? Or....?
BE We were so busy cutting saw-logs you didn't have time for that. They'd hire guys out here in Medford, you know, and they couldn't do nothing! They wouldn't last 2 or 3 days and then they'd be gone. A couple of them come by where we were one time. "Try this so-and-so saw, it won't cut nothing!" And we tried it and it was just as good as ours. They went right on and we never saw them again ever.

ZE Medco had a funny philosophy. Their philosophy was "if it's a tree, cut it and we'll make lumber out of it." Period. That's all. They didn't reforest. They didn't care anything about the Blister Rust, anything about the beetles, anything about destruction in the forest. The destruction, they were going to do that themselves and that was all there was to it.

BE Yeah, but in those days they didn't use to "destruct" it too bad. We just cut the big old live ones. Old growth. We didn't see any spotted owls setting up in them. Saw some big horned owls, a few barn owls, and a lot of little cuties. Didn't even hear of them.

AC So, blister rust wasn't a big thing here?

BE No, we didn't have very many dead trees in those days. The Black Hills Beetle's. Did you hear the little old poem about that: "Forest Troubles to A to Z"? "B stands for Black Hills beetle. Bores under the bark of the pine. He lives on fish, the son of a bitch, and is harder to kill than a lion."

AC Did you try to kill those?

BE No, practically none of 'em here! We had very few dead trees. There was that giant kill-off over on the east side, in the lodgepole, and you see scads of dead yellow pine down there in the lower country. None of that. No, I shouldn't say none, but very, very little. And I got a feeling it was those bad winters kind a kept those bugs under control.

AC Because you had a lot of bad winters?

BE Had a lot of 'em. It'd be zero all the winter. And sometimes super bad. January, clear off. You know the one I was telling you about, when we hired all those guys, there was one guy from Elizabethville, Vermont, and he worked out there. He was setting out there and sun shinning bright! Wasn't no ways near up to freezing. "How's this? "Bout like Vermont, isn't it, Les?" "Typical Vermont day," he says.

* * * *

AC The area that's now Sky Lakes Wilderness, were you working up in that area at all?

BE No, not at all.
AC Is that where your Dad was trapping?

BE Yeah.

AC Did you ever go with him up there to trap?

BE No, that was before my time. All I know was having him tell about it. He used to talk about it quite a bit. Why in the world he ever went from here, now... His folks came out here from Clear Lake and homesteaded but he departed and went clear up to the far corner of the state! Now you know he didn't get in a car to go up there. Didn't have railroads or nothing else in those days. You went by horse back. Told about the Indians and all the Indians they saw, and all that. Indians grabbed them and he told where, but I can't tell you where it was. They were crossing the river and they came out on the other side right in an Indian camp. The Indians just took their horses. They wondered what was going to happen. But, by golly, they fed 'em and gave them their horses back. They were really friendly. Probably Nez Perce or some from those parts..

AC Did he like that country up there?

BE Seemed to like it, seemed to like it.

AC Is that why he named the names like up there [e.g., Wallowa Creek, north of Butte Falls]?

BE It may be, yeah. I'm not sure about any of this, but the story was that they brought those names down here and started calling them, and then the Forest Service accepted them and used them. Somebody else might tell you a different story but that's the way I heard it.

AC Can you remember the origin of any other place names out in that area?

BE Well, only about Mosquito Glade.

AC Tell me about that.

BE Well, the only thing I heard was that the old timers used talk about people named Skeeters. Lived up in the area, camped and stayed there, and trapped and hunted and every thing. They were a well known bunch. A gyppo logger around here, I worked for him one summer. But they were Skeeters, not "Mosquito"... somebody changed it. The old guys knew what. Those people are still living down in the Valley, the Skeeters.

AC Were they logging?

BE Yeah. One of 'em got a contract from Medco, when they started doing trucking a little... haul them by truck down to that old camp where all them little pine trees are growing so thick now along the [Butte Falls-Fish Lake] road. And reload 'em there onto the railroad. And Skeeter was the first one that had that contract.

AC He was already living up there, though?
BE Yeah, he had a camp here, an old camp, trucks. He'd just haul from up there in the woods. Had his own little loader up there and brought them down to the railroad, then they'd unload them off the truck and put them on to the train...

AC Well, this whole area that's now Sky Lakes Wilderness. Did people used to go up in that area and hunt, or was it too far away?

BE Well, they might have hunted, I don't know.

ZE Sky Lakes is actually more available to the people on the Klamath side of the mountain than this one. They went to the Blue Canyon/Seven Lakes basin area more from here than they did from that side of course, they had the old military road that went across.

AC But that was hard to get to from here, was it?

ZE Well, Camp Seventy-Six was the camp on the military road, and it went across Twin Ponds way. That's the way to Twin Ponds....

BE Gone by Four Mile Lake and up here.

ZE Over there to Fort Klamath

AC But you talked earlier about going up to Twin Ponds.

ZE We walked. It was just a trail in those days. We walked from Seventy Six actually. That was where the trail was. Parked the car there and walked from there.

AC What's "Seventy-Six"?

ZE Camp Seventy-Six was the camp on the old military road. Why Seventy Six, don't ask me! I don't... But it was the Old Military Road, and it was a camp there. I suppose they came to the foot of the hill and there was water there, a spring or a little creek. And I suppose water was readily available, and fuel was probably available, and grass for the horses that they had, I suppose, and I don't know.

AC Good place to stop

ZE Yeah, or they had to wait till the snow melted... Until the snow melted on the mountains to get across, that sort of thing.

AC How about Blue Canyon?

ZE Blue Rock was a Lookout. They had a fire watch. Actually the military too, they manned that for the airplanes. They manned Blue Rock and they manned Rustler all winter long, I think, a lot of these... by the Forest Service, all winter for the visual sighting of airplanes [during World War II].

AC Did you volunteer for those too?
ZE No, I didn't, just this one over here.

AC I mean, did local people volunteer for those? Or was it manned by paying someone?

ZE I think it was manned by paying. I don't think it was any volunteer. They might have asked for the job and were hired to man it. This one over here was strictly volunteer, but the lookouts were paid. I'm sure they were paid, and through the Forest Service, of course, too. Oh, but Blue Canyon -- You asked about Blue Canyon. I think those were Forest Service trails that the Forest Service crews cleared out and fixed the campsites and that sort of thing down on the edge of the lake....

BE We used to walk up there and camp out and fish, fiddle around. We even took little kids. Our kid was just little tiny when he experienced that. During the war, I'd come home from work early on a Friday, about noon or there abouts. Then we'd hightail it, stay out a night or two and come home. Had to be back for Monday.

AC What were your favorite places to go?

BE Oh, Blue Canyon. Seven Lakes Basin was another one.

AC How did you actually get up there, cause it's quite a ways from here?

BE Well, one way was we went over to Klamath side and took that trail that goes right back up in there, and there's a trail from there right over to and you're pretty well up. That's the way we went when we had a little kid.

AC So you'd drive around?

BE Yeah, we rode up in the car, and then walked around in a big circle to come back. It was a long ways!

AC Did you go up and fish?

BE Yeah, we fished a little.

AC How about hunting? Did you ever do any hunting yourself?

BE No, I never did much hunting. Everything I did was there in the Depression, and I did it the illegal way. Didn't have a license. Set up in a tree and waited for them to come down to the lake. Old car battery and a headlight. Didn't even have a flashlight. And part of the time, I was down on that old ranch. Deer would come into the field there and you could use the same kind of a method...In those days though, now, I don't know this to be the truth, but I think it's the truth: if you were careful how you did it, if you didn't make a big noise, didn't get out in front in peoples' fields and around peoples' houses and that kind of thing, and ate what you got, the law would look the other way. Now, there were some trouble. But most of that was for a good reason. One time out there in McLeod, some guys came down there and chased a bunch of deer down across Crater Lake Highway, shooting 'em, bang-bang, and what not. That
brought the police. I think it did.

AC When was that?

BE The early Thirties

AC Were they shooting them just to eat them themselves, or?...

BE They were going to get them, but I don't know why they did that. That was a weird way to do it. And, if somebody turned you in, they'd come, look things over.

AC So, there was a shortage of meat during the Depression.

BE Yeah. I know some people came there through Casey's Camp, Casey Park they call it now, Rogue River, down there. They stayed in there, and they were starving. Folks around there got a bunch of stuff together and took it down to them.

AC Folks from Butte Falls?

BE No, folks who lived down there. They contributed some to it. No, they were living on acorns and blue jays and whatever.

AC But, normally, people who were working logging didn't do much hunting?

BE Oh, yeah. They did quite a bit.

ZE Logging even shut down during the Depression for what, several years.

BE Several years, and it shut down every winter too.

ZE But then they always collected the winter's supply of groceries in the fall before it froze that bad you couldn't make it out of town.

BE Yeah, they did that. Flour by the fifty-pound sack.

ZE Sugar by the hundred-pound.

BE Bought stuff in large quantities, baked their own bread, most of it. Baked beans, a sack of beans. Dad raised beans. Had a little threshing machine, threshed and sold them by the sack. Big bunches of them.

AC But for hunting, people depended on that as part of the food they were going to have?

BE Pretty much, pretty much.

AC [to Zelda] Did your family do that too?

ZE Oh yeah, four or five of the guys would camp; when the meat supply was getting low, they'd go and get a deer and they'd cut it in quarters. If you got a shoulder this time, you got a ham next time. And vice versa.
BE There used to be deer hanging right outside of town, right around that hill. There was no town out there then, by where the Forest Service area is now? Well, there wasn't any. But they used to hang deer right out there. They'd freeze and you went out there and cut a little chunk and brought it in. Everybody knew it but nobody did nothing.

ZE Well, they were hungry and they didn't waste it. If it were around too long, they'd can it. They canned lots of deer.

BE Not like that big old elk we saw day before yesterday along the road. Somebody'd shot it and taken his horns off.

ZE And left him lying. Not a piece of meat taken off of the critter's carcass at all, just his horns were gone.

AC Were did you see that?

ZE Upon Fredenburg Road....

AC In the Depression then, people were pretty hard up for awhile. The lumber company closed down and....

ZE Well yes. Then there got to be the WPA, the Works Project Administration jobs that were around here.

AC Were there any people actually starving here?

BE Not that I know of, not really. Those people that I was talking of came out of California, where I don't know. Don't remember if I ever knew or not.

ZE The people here, when this mill was shut down, then they got jobs in Seneca, Tennant and, what's the other town down in California where they went, Bill?

BE Westwood.

ZE Westwood, Tennant, Seneca, and Klamath Falls.

BE Weyerhaeuser.

ZE As soon as Owen-Oregon had been revamped to Medco and started back up.... they called they sent my Dad a telegram. We were over at Seneca [near Burns, Oregon]. They sent him a telegram, and another daughter, she was over at the telegraph office, she got the telegram that he could start to work as soon as he got here. Well, we packed. We were ready to leave.

BE Have you ever been to Seneca? That would be an interesting little place. It's not much now, but that was Edward Hines Lumber Company from Michigan. They had a camp up there, a little town. They were running a little more than they did here.

AC Why did you want to come back so badly?
ZE Well, because it was home.

BE They were just camped over there.

ZE We were just camped. There weren't facilities for us. We camped out with the Indians down on the river that was there. They called it a river. It was a little creek no wider that from here to the davenport [approx. two-and-a-half feet].

AC So you were glad to come back?

ZE Oh, yes

AC And he came back to a steady job. But there were people here who didn't have work then?

ZE Yes, my Dad was the last one that was employed by Owen Oregon in this area. He was the watchman. He got fifty dollars a month. They had the sixty cats parked all together in one place and he went periodically and I can't remember what the lapse of time was between and he went down and started the engines on those 60 cats. And then he used a speeder and went to the end of the railroad tracks here and there, checking the telephone lines and for fires and things that needed to be done. I remember there was a pile of residue from the logging. The bark and the limbs that caught on fire and was smoldering along, and he'd go everyday to that, for a while. He'd turn over the bark and put water on it. Carry water from Snowshoe Creek, actually was where he carried the water from. Put it on the fire and finally got it extinguished. But we checked on that. That sort of thing was what he did. He got $50 a month for that.

AC In what year?

ZE We were still living in the camps. 1931 or '32, something of the sort. I don't remember when Medco started up as Medco. Then they laid him off, and he was the last one. Three C's were still here. In fact, Bob Fleming suggested that Dad try the Three C's, and then he got a job over at Seneca. We moved over there for one summer, came back. Might even have been '34 or '35, maybe '33.

BE Wasn't '35. Must have been before that.

ZE Well, '33 or '34 something of the sort. Anyway, we came back and we were happy to get home.

AC [to Bill] and you were real happy to move back too, right? Your folks bought a house here, and....

BE That's how I got started whittling. Wasn't nothing to do, so I whittled.

AC That was what I was going to ask you about next.

BE That "weirdo" thing right here now [shows early carving]. One of the first things I ever whittled. I was part of a sawmill down on Evans Creek, but.....I got no pay. All I got was food and a place to sleep,
until they sold the lumber. Then I finally got a check. Whittled that out of pitch, that Alley-ops dinasaour thing they called it [dinasaour was subject of the carving].

AC You whittled it out of pitch?

BE Pitch, of all things! Imagine that?...look right on the bottom here. See, that's rich, super rich pine pitch...

ZE They used it to start the fires with.

BE I used it to start the fire and I whittled that, and it survived the kids, but looky here, they broke his neck and one leg. How did that little tail survive?

AC What year was this?

BE About '32 or '33.

AC What possessed you to make a dinosaur as your first?

BE Oh, looking at Alley Oop. Remember that in the funny paper?

AC What did you make after that?

BE Those two candlesticks. I whittled them out. They survived the kids and never did get broke.

AC [Examining the candlesticks] What's this wood?

BE Redwood

AC And the bottom is pine again?

BE Yeah, that's whittling, now, not turning on the lathe or nothing like that.

AC How long did it take to make those.

BE I don't know. So long ago I can't remember.

AC Were you just sitting around at night, whittling, or....?

BE Yeah, and I'd go out and tinker round in the garage, and whittle. [shows a statue] I whittled here way back when. Now, this part and this part are newer. What's it say here: carved in '34. Re-did in '71. That's sugar pine...

[Showing another carving] Now this comes from over at Evans Creek too. It was 1934, restored in '86. [shows another] This is Daniel Boone. His rifle got busted and that's a new rifle. I made that recently. It's alder too but it hasn't turned as dark as the rest.

AC What do you use to finish the wood?
BE I can't remember what I put on. Now I use "Wood Glow." [shows newly
carved, free standing elk]. That's "Wood Glow" here on this elk. That's
steam-bent white oak -- I'm building another one out there [in the
garage]. The rump here's pine and that's white oak, that's walnut, that's
ebony, that's oak.

AC What did you say the antlers were?

BE Steamed, bent white oak....

AC How did you get all those colors in there?

ZE That's burned. Actually, he doesn't use any paint at all, except
occasionally where he wants to emphasize the name. Vari-colored woods.

BE No, no paint. I burn his ruff around, his eye, his nose, his hoofs are
burnt.

AC What do you use to burn

BE Oh, blow torch or hot irons....

AC And you sign them all "Will"?

BE And the year.

ZE His name, William B. Edmondson, that's W.B.E. "Sanchez B" in Alaska was
real popular for awhile and our son put "Daniel B" on his stuff, he did
the paddles. So, well, Bill says, "I'll be "Will B."...and then he puts
his name on the back of them too...He's done hundreds. The one that I
like the best of all that he did was the little hummingbird.

AC How many do you think you've done altogether?

BE Hundreds. Out there in the shop I've got numerous drawings I've made that
I use to make these. They're out there by the bunch, and I made as many
as 4x5 of some of them at once....

* * *

AC Later was there any bootlegging and that kind of stuff going on?

BE &
ZE [Laugh loudly]

BE Was there!

ZE [sarcastically] Course not! What do you mean!
BE  Not much anyway

ZE  That was almost as good as the medicine

BE  You ever know that Rogue Elk Hotel down there [on Highway 62]?  That was one of the main trading places of all around. They made scads of it right up Elk Creek.

ZE  They made scads of it around here too!

BE  Oh, it was around here too.

AC  Did people make it to drink it themselves?

BE  Some did that, and a lot of them sold it. Another great place to quench your thirst was Bandon-by-the-Sea. Didn't drink sea water!

AC  Did they bring it in by boat to Bandon?

BE  They had guys making it around there in the immediate vicinity.

AC  Did people have little stills up in this area?

ZE  Actually, what they did mostly was make beer.

BE  Oh, they made whiskey too!

ZE  They had their stills, their little copper stills.

BE  I remember Dad was working for the County Fire Dept. for quite a few summers, doing fire reporting over there in that Elk Creek area. He was out looking for it and walked right up on one, and there was a guy standing there with a gun looking at him. Didn't say a word, just kept right on walking! He came home and told that story. Over there, you could find them, I guess.

AC  Was there somebody locally whose job it was to find these things?

BE  Police supposed to go out.

AC  But they didn't bother much?

BE  They didn't bother much. Somebody made a big noise or got too blatant about it, they might. Kind of like drugs are now. Though I guess drugs are worse. But some of that whiskey was a little on the strong order.

* * * *

AC  There wasn't a hotel here, like there was...? Oh, you told me there were two.
ZE A hotel here, and a hotel across the street. These both burned....I don't know. They considered it arson when this one burned, and that fellow over there, he owned both of them. He owned both the hotels and they both burned close together and they figured it was arson. [old photo of Butte Falls, showing post office, roof of one hotel]....

BE That sprinkler going out there [points to yard outside], I dug it right out of the ground here. I was spading in the 30's, dug it up. It was used undoubtedly in that hotel [that used to stand on their present house site]. Cast iron, made back in New York and it still works just fine.

ZE The Hotel that the Page's had, there still is a hotel over there. They still take in male roomers....

AC Butte Falls doesn't look too different from 1912 to now, does it, really?

ZE It hasn't changed a great deal over the years.

BE Got some of the stumps out, down here in this field. Got one picture (not shown) shows stumps in the street.

AC [Looking at picture] This is a pretty "clear" street here.

ZE Yeah, that's the main street in town. That's the one you came in on, Broad Street.

AC Has the forest around here changed much?

BE Lot less trees. We've lost the big trees. Now there're not very many big trees. Biggest tree in this country was the sugar pine. There was some giant red fir on this mountain, if they haven't cut 'em. Super big. It was on the BLM, and they had a rope around them. Wasn't supposed to cut it. Can't remember how big it was, but it was great! Biggest one I ever saw in this country. Sugar pine were big!

AC Were they pretty much gone when you came up here in the 30's?

BE Sugar pine? No, we cut a lot of them.

AC Are more little sugar pines growing up?

BE There're some little ones. It'll take a long time for them to get big.

ZE "Skeeter Hill," we were talking about, that was logged sixty years ago when I was just a little kid.

BE The young stuff you see there as you start up the hill? You make the turn and start up there.

ZE At the fish hatchery.

BE That young stuff there is all natural reforestation since they logged in the 30's. They done a good job in there. That really come up real good.
And further up, where the Forest Service ended, they did a good job of
that. Cleaned it out and left a nice bunch of trees growin....

AC What was the name of the hotel here?
ZE Dupris Hotel.
AC When did it burn?
ZE In the early 20's. It was gone when my folks came.
AC It was a big place.
ZE Yes, it was. And the one across the street was just as big.

BE When I spaded around this place here, just spading up nails. Bend the end

AC So when you look around this area, you basically see the big trees gone,
in terms of changes. Have there been other changes too? In terms of the
forest cover?
ZE Well, they're reforesting.
BE One of the most drastic changes around here has got to be...

ZE The logging below town as you came up. That devastation below town. That
used to be gorgeous timber in there. They logged it at least three times.
This is the fourth time they've logged in there. If they replant, it'll..

BE If they do....

* * * * *

ZE And then there were the 1910 burns up on Cat Hill and up toward Prospect.
BE That was before my time, but you can still see all that.
ZE The white snags were very evident up 'til 25 or 30 years ago.
AC The "white snags" were.....?
ZE The trees that burned and they just "barked" them off, the snags were very
evident. You could see them for miles away.
AC But a lot of that was replanted?
BE Some of it was, and a lot of brush grew up on some of it...Some of it was
already brush...That was before they had anything to fight fires with. In
1910, no roads to speak of.
ZE They just let it burn out.

BE They brought Army in. Army guys came in, so the story went. Used them up there. Nineteen-ten was a bad year state-wide.

AC Is that Forest Service land up there?

ZE Yes, some of it just over on Rogue River was Rogue River Timber Company. Medco traded something to Rogue River Timber Company for it. Medco got a hold of it somehow. And they cut the snags....

BE And we cut the good timber that was left.

ZE The Good Lord planted it. It was natural reforestation.

BE That must have been some fire....

AC How about changes in the area, in terms of places to go and camp, and pick berries. Is it pretty much the same?

ZE Pretty much the same.

BE It was a little better when they had all those Forest Service roads before they blocked them off.

ZE Or before they changed the sign to read "section such-and-such" and "township such-and-such" and no names on them. You don't know where you're going, or where you're coming from. We got on one the other day, we were out wandering around picking berries, and got lost and when we finally came out....

BE We didn't know where we were.

ZE So much of the area that we used to travel through was timbered, and the signs were good signs and they said, they gave it a name instead of a number. But now, there're so many logging roads and some of them have numbers on them, very few of them have names, and you just go out and take the chances of getting in some known territory versus unknown territory.

BE Like the "A Road" I helped "cut" that thing. Last time we went there, lost my way, couldn't remember nothing. Clearcut scads of it! Last time I'd been around there, hadn't been clearcut.

ZE They don't look familiar.

ZE Nothing looks the same. Not even going up to Camp Two does it look the same, because they've changed the road. They've eliminated the road that went around between the trees. And all it was dusty and now its gravelled and a straight road through there. It's modernized, I guess.

BE All signs of the railroad gone.

AC How about when you walk up to where you used to pick berries? On some of those old trails.
ZE Well, the last time the trail was "shorter." It was just as much uphill.
Of course, you can drive up to the berry patch we pick in now, the one up
Twin Ponds you have to walk a mile-and-a-half or 2 miles to get to that.
But the one up Gypsy Springs you can drive right to that. The one at Fish
Lake, you can drive to those too. Still have to walk some. Blue Canyon
country, still have to walk to get to the berry patch.

AC When you walk through that country, does it seem the same?

ZE Yeah, pretty much. Well, it was a lot of brush [then] anyway. There
wasn't too much timber in there, cause it was the 1910 burns. Blue Rock
Way, and Twin Ponds Way, there are some trees both places, but....

AC The brush looks pretty much the same?

ZE Yes it does

AC The berries are essentially the same.

ZE Essentially the same.

AC You were going to say something about elderberries before.

ZE Oh, we picked elderberries. Made jam and pies. Very good. Tidious to
clean!

* * * * *

AC Well, is there anything I haven't asked you about, that I should have
asked you about?

ZE You asked about the various woods bosses of Medco and I don't think we
ever answered that question. When we came here, I told you that Maje
Nutting, Bill Stewart, and Bob Fleming [were here] Then it was Bob
Fleming for a long time, and then following Bob Fleming it was Bill
Thomas. Following Bill Thomas, it was Ed Malloy. Sherley Hatcher after
Ed Malloy, and following Sherley Hatcher..

BE There weren't any more. That's the last of them, up here. Before that,
they all stayed here.

ZE Now, they just come up from town occasionally to supervise. Smith, every
day. Actually, there aren't many Medco men here now in Butte Falls
anymore. Very few. Started back probably when I was in high school,
which was a day or two ago. Talking about contracting all the logging
out, letting all their crews go and contracting it all out. And now
they've pretty well done that. Still have a few men employed, but most of
it is contracted out to, as they call it, "gyppo outfits."

AC What does the term "gyppo" come from?
They used to call them "gyppo's" [from "gypsy"]. They were the fellows who felled the timber.

You got paid for what you did. Not by the hour.

Then they called them "bushelers". Another term for this, the same that gyppo's was.

Why "busheler"?

Cause they were getting paid by what they did.

"By the bushel," it wasn't the bushel, it was whatever....

"Gyppo Logger," they called these little outfits around.

Little outfits around that got paid for what they did. Probably was the reason for it.

So this Charley Skeeter would have been a gyppo logger?

Right.

Can you think of any other names?

Well, Steve Wilson was one. Lane Burton was another one.

From the 40's?

Yeah, 40's & 50's. Of course, some of them are still going on.

Don't know who was that big outfit took over after Skeeters.

Skeeters & Skeeters, but that's... He had quite an outfit. He'd been here a long time too [tries to recall]

Do they have much impact on the town, the gyppo loggers?

Not really. Once in a while, a family or two will come in and rent. But most all these people are permanent residents. They've owned their property, well their parents probably owned it before them, and they just stayed there all the time. Now they're commuting to Medford to work, or are retired. Butte Falls today is pretty much a "retired" town. I expect there are more retirees here than there are employed people.

Way back when, there in the teens and twenties, there used to be lots of company towns.

Butte Falls was never a real company town, was it?

Well, it was to begin with. When they had the sawmill down at the Falls, they....
ZE They came and built the mill down here and then they decided that they had to have a town. And so they donated the land for the town and surveyed out so we'd have streets. Laid out the streets and built some company houses and they had a planer mill here....

BE Right over there where the Forest Service is. They hauled lumber up the hill there on a little narrow gauge railroad that was run by cables, not locomotives. And then put it on there at that planning mill, and then load it on the big cars there.

ZE Load it there and took it in with the train.

AC So there was a train here at that point?

BE Well, the railroad was. It didn't extend above this town. It stopped right here.

ZE They rented the houses to the various employees. One where Charlie Ferguson lived, Hunsaker lives, and then the ones on through. It was the Main Street of the town, was what they called it, but it isn't the main street now. Still named that way. Then it went over there where Finchhams live, those were the original houses in the town. Then other builders came in, bought a little piece of ground, or it was probably donated to them if they were going to build. Hildredth built several houses.

AC So the company really wanted to encourage houses.

ZE Yes. And the business district and the school. The school was a little one-roomed school on the back of the lot where the laundromat is now. Then they built the bigger two-story school, and moved this school down to the community church. It was a Presbyterian Church at that time.

BE They had nice houses along there. They were all the same, and they weren't junky. Some of them were not quite as fancy as others. Great big, posh 2-or 3-story hotel, and a beautiful school. Cut it up with a chainsaw.

ZE Maple floor. That was a crime if I ever saw one...

BE Big round house there, where they worked on locomotives and stored them. I walked out there and the wind was blowing the door, squeek, squeek....

AC Do you think life was different in a company town as opposed to the kind of town like this that had its own...

BE A lot of them used, it wasn't a check...

ZE A voucher, to pay at the store. They didn't here though. They discounted the checks during the Depression. You could cash a check for 2% discount, and the fellow who had the money got the 2%. Earned it cashing checks. That was his pay, at the store. They brought money up to the store during payday to do that. Faber's store, though it probably wasn't Fabers back then, I don't know. As far back as I can remember, the biggest store in
town was Faber's. I'm sure it was somebody else's before then. Before that there was Bill Haws'.

AC Even if you bought your groceries there, they still....

ZE Still discounted it. Yes, and sometimes they wouldn't have enough quite to cash your check, so they'd give you a voucher for the balance of the check. They'd cash it for maybe a hundred dollars, which would pay your bill plus give you a little cash to buy your gasoline or whatever, and then a voucher for the balance of your check. Probably $10, and $15 and $25, rather than a hundred dollars; but I mean, they discounted it. And then, during the Depression they, a lot of the guys cut wood, made shingles, made fence posts and traded for groceries....

BE There was a giant pile of that stuff out here by the door, around by that big fir tree and over next to where the town hall is there. Just scads of wood, posts and shakes.

ZE And they'd haul that down to the Valley and sell it. Trade it for groceries.

AC Can you ever remember your family trading?

ZE My folks had a cow and chickens, and they traded milk and eggs. They sold milk. They had two cows actually. Brought the eggs into town and the eggs paid for the chicken-feed as well as for a lot of our groceries.

AC [to Bill] Did you ever trade when you were doing your shingles out back here?

BE We traded some. Used to trade hay down here for milk, every year for three years or however long it was.

ZE Shingles, though, he would sell those...He sawed 'em "for half," is what he did.

AC What does that mean?

ZE He got half of the shingles, finished product, and the other guy got half....

AC So, someone who owned the wood would bring it in?

ZE Bring it down, and then he'd saw it for half, yeah.

BE Remember we used to make a huge lot of wooden wedges, when we first got in chainsaws. Couldn't use steel wedges behind them, and they didn't have these plastic ones like they use nowadays. Made zillions of those.

AC Were the shingles that you made used locally?

BE Oh, yeah. The church had them, the community hall had them. Our house had them, and numerous others. And out of town too, the church camp.
AC Were they used only on the roofs or on the sides?

BE Mostly roofs, some on the walls. We used to have a team go out on some Saturday or Sunday, have a picnic-like. Whole lot of us working out there.

AC What kind of wood did you use.

BE Sugar pine

AC Only sugar pine?

BE Other places used cedar but the cedar here isn't much good. Now, that western red like they got further north, that's good. That's better yet. But we don't have it.

AC Do sugar pine shingles last as long as cedar?

BE Yeah, they're pretty good. Not quite as good as red cedar but... No, sugar pine's good timber. Got to stay away from the sap.

AC How do you do that?

ZE Cut it off, burn it up.

AC So, the sap is in one part of it.

BE Yeah. Round the edge. You could saw it out of them but it doesn't last as long. We used to go out in those days and find, and saw off a long butt or something, and saw some shingle logs... Mighty hard to find any shingle pine, and shake stuff is impossible. To make shakes, you got to find one that splits good. Shingles don't have to split good.

*   *   *   *   *

[August 7, 1989]

AC Zelda, could you give me a brief rundown on your family's background.

ZE My father was born in Dixie, Washington. My mother was born in Kentucky. I have a brother and sister. My sister's older than I, my brother is younger. I'm the one in the middle. We came here in 1927. I was 7 years old. No it was 1928. I was in the second grade. Lived up at the Sand Pit.

AC What is the "Sand Pit"?

ZE Near Willow Lake, about a mile to the northeast of Willow Lake. That was where Medco's camp was, and my Dad came as a scaler.
BE Wasn't Medco.

ZE Well, it was Owen-Oregon's camp, that's right. Dad came as a scaler. He'd worked in a plant in Gold Hill and had a collection of cement dust in his lungs and the doctor hold him, "get out and find another job or you won't be living too long." So he found a job scaling in the woods here and worked at that all the time after that. Can't remember how many years but it was about 40 years he worked for Owen-Oregon and Medco. He was the scaler and then the timber cruiser, and truck scaler too. He'd scale for Owen-Oregon. Well, he scaled all the time for Owens-Oregon when he first started out, and he truck scaled for Medco, and he was their cruiser for years and years and years. Then he was hurt in the woods, broke his back. A snag fell on him and broke his back, and then after that he never worked any more. He had a series of strokes and then cancer, and passed away from that.

AC [The position of scaler seems to have been pivotal to a successful logging operation since the person needed to balance the interests of the cutters and those of the company. He must have been pressured by both sides to maximize their interests. Zelda and Bill later remembered Zelda's father, Leonard Richman, as being extremely well liked as a scaler. The men liked him and the company liked him. Zelda remembers that sometimes a company representative would come out to their house in Camp Two to talk to him. They'd tell him, "You're scaling too high out there, more than we're getting in the mill. Better lower it a bit." He would refuse: "I'll scale at what the measure says only, nothing else." The company respected his honesty and knew that the men trusted him. He was later called back to scaling occasionally to calm things down when problems had arisen.]

AC So you pretty much grew up here?

ZE I grew up here. I went to Mt. Pitt School, third grade. I was in second grade when we came here and went to the third grade at Mt. Pitt School, and then moved down to the other camp and went to the fourth grade here at Butte Falls. Went to grade school, high school, down to SOC. Came back, taught school here one year at Butte Falls, went to Roseburg and taught, came back and married Bill, and been here ever since...Bill graduated from Prospect. Prospect is a sort of the "enemy" of the Butte Falls school, so he dares not to admit he went to Prospect School and graduated from Prospect School. [a bit of laughing about that]

* * * * *

AC Perhaps we could talk about Depression times. Did Butte Falls have a Townsend Club?

ZE I don't know. They were the ones who got together and sponsored the things for the old age people, forerunner of social security type thing I was just a kid. I heard in the background about it. Well, I think there was a Townsend Club here but my folks were involved with that. I was
not. I was just a kid. I remember when the first union, Four L: "Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen." The "Four L Club." That was the first union here. I remember that. My Dad was....

BE I didn't belong to that one... They didn't last very long because the AF of L and CIO took over. Now, what brought that on? There's another interesting thing! The IWW, The International Wood Workers of the World [Industrial Workers of the World], that caused all that upheaval. Well, if you were on the wrong side, you wouldn't tell it was an upheaval but, World War I days. When I was a little kid up in Washington there was a lot...They called them the "Wobblies"... And they were one of the first organized unions and they were giving trouble about various things like poor bed clothes and very poor food and very long hours. And they had something to squawk about a little bit maybe, but they were kind of far out about it, and the other side got a little far out and there were several things that happened up in Washington that weren't too good. There were people killed over it. One thing, I don't know just how it happened, but one boat left Seattle and went up to Bellingham [Everett]. That bunch up there, they knew they were coming, by telephone or something, but instead of letting them get off the boat at the dock, they wouldn't, and in some way or another, shots got started and there were several people killed on that boat, and they departed. And both outfits blamed it on to the other one. Which one it was that started the shooting was up in the air and I never did hear for sure. And in Centralia, there was a bunch of demonstrations and there was a hanging over that [the Centralia Massacre, 1919]. My folks went there when the war was over. The lumbering industry went down quick there, the shipbuilding quite and too many workers for what there was... The mill he worked at burned.

ZE "He" is his Dad.

BE And so he went down to Centralia and he got a job there, but there was so much unrest and threats that he quit and we left. I just lived in Centralia a month maybe.

AC And you came back here.

BE Yes. They owned land here. Had to come back and check on it, I suppose. Had a bunch of property down in Medford, one house and a whole bunch of lots. Chapparal brush and jackrabbits on it. Now you go there and it don't look like that.

AC Was the "Four L's" a union that was just founded here?

BE The West Coast.

ZE It was started to counteract the IWW. They were trying to cut down the violence....

BE They'd go on strikes and then they'd do things they hadn't ought to have done and, the other bunch, they did too. One story my Dad told about the big mill that burnt: One morning, right at breakfast, the police came right in there into the dining hall and arrested four guys and took them
out. And he said there was no eating after that. Everybody go up and departed and went to work.

AC There was no IWW here?

BE No, I don't think so. Not here.

ZE Just the Four L's. I think they organized all over southern Oregon.

BE That Four L, that was a pretty good outfit in a way, now the companies came up with that, to counteract the other one.

AC So that was a company thing?

BE A company thing! And they got to putting out picnics and baseball games. They'd put a little bit better stuff on the table and better camps to live in, and things calmed right down and people belonged to it and got along pretty good for a while. It went pretty good for a while.

ZE They were on the workers' side but....

BE They were sponsored by the company, pretty much. Yeah, they'd put on a picnic or two in the summertime and haul people out on the train.

ZE The IWW had really gotten to be quite violent.

BE They'd gotten to be violent, gotten a bad name.

ZE And the Four L's [purpose] was to counteract it. And it went over well and then, of course, the Timber Operators Council of the AF of L - CIO....

AC The Timber Operators' Council was a whole other union?

ZE It was the branch of the AFL CIO that was involved...The "Four L's" just simply disappeared in the 1930s when the other union came in and organized. They got along well. They struck occasionally but no violence involved with it. Of course, the mill was one [AFL] union and the timber up here was another [CIO] union. If one struck, the other one went ahead and worked. They were all friendly about their strikes and they only struck because somebody someplace else was striking and it was a sympathy strike....

BE A great deal of that is caused by the "big wheels" running it. They want to get to be great and glorious and make more money, so they get this bunch organized into a strike. They get money out of it then the workers do.

ZE One time they had a strike going and they had a vote here. So the guys, after the voting was finished, counted the ballots, and the ballots were negative here as far as striking was concerned. They had been told not to count them, to wait 'til they got to Portland, or whereever, and when the report came back it was definitely the other way around. They were all for the strike vote instead of the negative.
AC Wow! What happened? Did they strike?

BE I don't think they did.

ZE I think they then reported to the union that the vote down here was "no" and it pacified them, and let it go at that.

BE We went to a strike one time down at the mill, from up here. Our bunch went down and that was kind of weird. The AF or L was supposed to be with us, but they were working. We weren't, so we went down there and walked the picket line back and forth. I wanted to go over to the round house so I went over and looked at the locomotives, and the guy came over and said "HEEY! You better get out of here. You don't belong in this place right now!" I went back to the picket line.

ZE They were all friendly. Never any animosity. They paid their dues and got along with one another.

ZEC When did the Four L's disappear, get changed into the AFL-CIO?

BE It'd be back in the 30's.

ZE Yeah, I was in high school. Mr. Ponds was still coming down. My Dad was something in the thing and fellow from Portland, Mr. Ponds would come and eat dinner with us and then they'd all go to the meeting together. But I was still in high school and that was the late 30's, early 40's something of the sort.

BE They used to have:

"See me, Lord, I'm praying still,
But if you won't listen, our union will,
Put pork chops on our bill of fare,
And starve no workers anywhere.

Just a little joke. I carried one or two of 'em: a guy sitting on a stump, hands up here like this. "See me, Lord, I'm praying still" wrote on the bottom of it. I didn't make it up. Had a book about it.

AC Were pork chops a special food?

BE Yeah, they were sort of special.

ZE Venison was what we'd been eating. Venison and fish that we caught in the creek. Pork chops sounded like a better bill of fare.

AC Actually, I didn't ask you much about fishing last time, but did people eat a lot of fish?
BE  Doggone right they did!
ZE  Oh, yeah.
BE  Homesteader days, they used to gig fish; illegal, but they did it.
ZE  With a pitchfork.
BE  But they all got away with it. If it didn't make much noise and those
days there weren't so many people, so many roads. When I was a little
kid, down there at the mouth of Crowfoot Creek, I can still remember that
was the big event of the year, the salmon run. They came up that creek
but not very far. They'd go down there and build a big bonfire and have
something to eat, and the coffee going, and gigging fish, and then dry
them, like the Indians do. Hang 'em up and dry 'em up. They'd eat some
of them fresh too, of course, but they'd get more than they could eat.
And that was still going when I was a kid.
ZE  They'd go down there to the Butte Falls and got them. And when they
couldn't get over the falls and they came up....
AC  So have the fish stopped coming completely....
BE  Not like they did! In those days, it was strictly the natural way. There
was no fish hatcheries
ZE  There was a derelict fish hatchery down here, a government fish hatchery,
an old wooden fish hatchery.
BE  But they didn't get any salmon eggs there, did they?
ZE  Must have! They raised little fish and turned them loose. The government
hatchery before it....
BE  Fish hatchery down Elk Creek?
ZE  Right down here at the....
BE  Had one down here, too, eh?
ZE  Sure.
AC  Where was it?
ZE  Mile out of town, there's a fish hatchery...When we came here in 1927, the
fish hatchery was right down there. It was a US Government Fish hatchery,
but not Oregon State Game Commission. And then the state game commission
took it over, sometime in there, I don't know when. But the State Game
Commission took it over and tore down the old wooden buildings and built
the buildings that are there now, and put in the cement tanks. They just
had wooden tanks there, I remember that. And they had dams in Ginger
Creek, and had the fish out there in Ginger Creek too.
AC  So people ate a lot of fish?
BE Oh yeah. Another thing I can remember is that flood they had near the road, and the fish during the run would be so thick there, that's a shallow place there -- gravel bar, that they'd spook the horses.

AC Were those salmon?

BE Yes. They'd be zip, zip in front of the horses' feet. If you had a spirited horse, might not go for it too good, I guess. I never got in on it, but I heard talk about it. That was back when, before the teens even. They didn't have any bridge there, just the ford. I can remember fording it.

ZE I can remember fording Bear Creek, down there on McAndrews Road also.

BE Yes, they had a ford there too.

ZE We used to take a picnic lunch. If we could afford it, if Dad had enough money, we'd go to Dells' and buy hamburgers and milk shakes - five hamburgers and five milkshakes 'cause there were five of us. And go out into the little park next to Dell's and eat our lunch...Dell's Hamburger Stand.

BE Take note of that now. That name is right in that same place, as far as I can remember. Might have been a little different building but...they've been there for a long, long time.....

BE Use to be a little park just northwest of it, where you pitched horseshoes...benches, you could get a hamburger and go out and eat it.

ZE Or you could ford Bear Creek and go over there along McAndrews Road and eat your lunch. Just a farm there, that one beautiful home with the pillars in front. It's still there, the house is. And the rest of it was wheat farms and pear orchards. We did a lot of that.

AC What year would that have been?

ZE Early 30's I suppose.

BE Or late 20's....

BE A lot of people ate in the Grocerteria. That was one of the main stores down there then.

ZE Grocerteria had a little "Friendship Corner," which were soft chairs and a little rug and a restroom for people who wanted to shop and rest and wait for their ride back. At least that's what we did. We waited there for our ride back to Butte Falls.

AC Did you ride back on the train?

ZE No, no. I never rode on the train except the one time that, in 1959 when it was the last trip out, we rode that.

AC They didn't let you ride on the train usually?
BE No you could. They hauled a lot of guys, individuals, two or three at the most, would come up to go to work or something. But way back when I was a kid, they run that passenger train up here.

ZE It was a common carrier.

BE Had a depot right here. I remember my cousin went to World War One. We came up here and watched him depart over there, a passenger car or two.

AC You came into town to watch him leave.

BE Yeah, we came in. I don't know how we come to do it. You didn't jump around in those days like we do now, but they did it.

ZE The old passenger car sat out there along the railroad tracks for years. Us kids played in it, played house in it. Finally they demolished it, sent it to the junk heap, like they did everything else. Too bad they didn't save it. They have the old sand car that sat out along the road out at Train Park in Medford.

AC What was the sand car for?

ZE Ballast on the railroad track. They called them "belly dumpers." They loaded it with sand and then they could open it up and let it slowly come out along the railroad track as ballast. Sand, we called it the "sand car." I think they probably used gravel as well as sand. To keep the ties steady.

AC Did they have to do that often?

ZE They did it all the time! They put ballast on. In fact they were building new track too where they put down the ties and they'd fill in.

AC Did people use fish as a common part of their diet?

ZE During the summer time, my Dad and I, we went fishing almost every evening after work. Mother'd have a picnic put up and we'd go out to Four Bit Creek or up to Whiskey Creek, or down here to Butte Creek, and Dad would fish and then we'd eat the fish right there. Dad built a fire and we'd have a picnic with camped-out potatoes and frying pan bread. Oh, those were good!

AC What kind of potatoes?

AE "Camped Out" potatoes, we called 'em. In a frying pan. Dad always cooked at the camp fire; mother would not! He'd fry the bacon first and then he'd slice the potatoes and put them on top of the bacon with water. It kind of mixed them up and they didn't burn that way, 'cause a campfire, you know, will burn potatoes quickly. But then you fry them in the frying pan. We always thought they were so good, probably because we were hungry! Frying pan bread he mixed and put in the frying pan, campfire frying pans they were, and set it up on the side and it kind of reflected the heat into the pan. That always made it taste so much better, I guess out by the campfire.
AC Was it yeast bread?

ZE Baking powder, like biscuits. The flour would be in a can and he'd made an indentation down in the flour and he'd put his eggs and his baking powder in there, and mix up the flour. It was quite a ritual, the way he made his frying pan bread and "camped out" potatoes.

AC How would you get from the camp to wherever you were having your picnic?

ZE He had an old Model T Ford. We pushed that Ford up more hills than we ever rode up! Because the gas tank was up in front and when you went up a hill, then the gas didn't get to the engine. It all ran to the back of the tank and I suppose we never had the gas tank full too many times. We couldn't afford it, I'm sure of that! We pushed that Ford up lots of hills around here. I remember one time we were up Four Bit Creek way, Dad and Mother had a few words, I don't remember what it was actually about, but we came to this hill and it had to be pushed, and so Dad told us kids to stay in the car, Mother was going to push. And when he finally got the car started, he said, "Well, we're going to leave Mother back there because she argued too much!" There were a couple of us kids, I was one of them, who cried before it was over. But, of course, after he got up the road a ways, he stopped and relented and let her catch up with him. I can't remember whether that ended the argument of not, but it sure made us kids happy when he stopped and got Mother in again..... We'd go to town. The Model T had snap-on side curtains, but, oh!, the wind would come in and whistle. No heaters. Absolutely no heaters. The wind would whistle around those windows. If you were lucky, you got to set in the front seat 'cause it only had one seat. If you were unlucky, you rode in the back, covered up with blankets and it would be so cold! I'm sure we looked like a couple of ragamuffins when we got to town.

AC How long would it take?

ZE Probably an hour-and-a-half, or two hours. The road below town; well, the road I told you last time, we got stuck out in front of Doubleday's when we first moved up here. We had a 1926 Chevrolet car when we came to Butte Falls. But Dad had to have a pickup because that's what you have when you live in the woods, so we sold the Chevrolet and got the pickup. That was a real nice Chevrolet car. If we'd just kept it, it would have been an antique car now!

AC I was also going to ask you if you ever heard anything about the Good Government Congress.

ZE No, I know nothing about that. Nothing.

AC Do you think that's because you were a child?

ZE Probably so. We were rather isolated, too, you know actually. My folks couldn't afford a newspaper. We did finally get a radio. We had a radio with batteries. No electricity where we lived out at camp, of course. Everytime we came to town we had to get the battery charged, leave one and pick up the one we left last time, had charged.
That would have been late 20's early 30's. Well, we listened to Herbert Hoover's election on it, so whenever Herbert Hoover was elected [1928], we had it. The whole camp listened to our radio since we had the only one around. Had quite an election party, listening to the returns on the radio.

* * * *

So the people that were out in the camps were really much more isolated than the people in a town like this?

Oh yes. 'Course in those days, most of the people here in town were pretty isolated too. They had electricity here. Their electricity seems like it was the late 20's when the electricity was first put into the houses, a few houses here around town. And here in town they had good running water. We didn't out at camp. You ran down to the creek to get the water. Carried it in buckets. Finally, they did get Medford city water into the house. We heated it on the wood stove. We didn't have coils in the stove to heat the water at all out at camp. It was a case of putting it into the boiler, or the tub, or the tea kettle and keeping the fire going, whether the water was warm or cold. It was rather a rural lifestyle, but our neighbors were living the same way. We didn't feel too punished because of it. We have lots of good memories, we kids do. I'm sure our folks worried because we didn't have the things they knew they'd like to have for us. Dad had a job most of the time.

He was luckier than some of them.

He got fifty dollars a month. That wasn't much salary.

The Three C's were getting $30/month and board-and-room and clothes. Dad got $50 a month. And we had the old cow and we had chickens. We did alright. We had a big garden. We had venison and fish.

They ate lots of venison in those days...if they was careful about how they did it, the law looked the other way. If you were too flagrant or somebody turned you in, then it was different.

What was the actual rule? How many bucks were you allowed?

Two.

Two to a license, and only during hunting season...Mother had cooked the last kettle of venison meat and had it setting in the window, cooling. And, of course, the whole house, you can always smell venison when it's cooking! The aroma was there. And the game warden came to the door and told them he had to search the house, that they'd been turned in for venison. He went into the closet in the bedroom. He looked under the mattress. He looked in my sister's and my bedroom. He looked all around and the whole house was full of... And he never looked in the kitchen at
all! He walked right through the kitchen to our bedroom, it was through the kitchen. He looked in the clothes closets and few dresser drawers, and that sort of thing. Us kids were big eyed, frightened, cause we knew the last kettle of venison was right there, sitting in the window.

AC Was she canning it?

ZE No, she was just cooking the last kettle, and that was going to be our dinner.

BE Every part of it got used. That's the part you couldn't make steaks out of. Not like some of them do - just cut off the head and leave the rest there for the buzzards! They didn't waste it.

ZE Actually, the game warden would never tell Mother who it was that turned us in. She tried to find out but he wouldn't tell her. She was sure that it was one of the neighbors who thought we should have shared in the venison. Because usually there'd be four of 'em go, and they'd kill a venison and then they'd divide it up. They'd get a ham this time and a shoulder next time and that's the way it would be and everybody would have meat and when it was gone, they again went hunting and everybody got meat. I suppose it was probably somebody there in camp. There were maybe ten families living there in camp at the time. Somebody didn't get venison when he thought he should, so he turned us in. None of the rest of them got turned in, or maybe us kids bragged I don't know. We ate an awful lot of rabbit meat and that sort of thing. In those days, there were no hot lunches at school. We rode on the bus, so we'd have to have lunches. Then we'd have venison sandwiches. Well, you don't tattle, but we may have, I don't remember.

AC Venison sandwiches were a good thing to have?

ZE Absolutely! They were. After all, they were tasty.

BE Way back when, when I was a little teeny kid, my Dad got turned in for running a fish wheel in Butte Creek, down at his sawmill he had on Butte Creek back in World War I days or before.... A fish wheel is a paddle wheel that turns and its got buckets in it that'll pick up fish. But you gotta have a thing going out that'll deflect the run up the river into it. What he had was a waterwheel to dip water to water the garden. It ran all the time and it had 5 gallon kerosene cans with the end cut out 4 or 5 of them around on it, that dipped into the water and when they went over the top, they poured out in a trough and then water ran out of that, high enough up that it run into the garden. So the guy came up there, down here on Butte Creek, way on down toward the mouth of it. Of course, he ate dinner in the camp cookhouse. They all did, and then he announced what he had come up about. My Dad took him out to show him that. Those cans would hit the water clankety-clunk, fumity-bang, and he said, "Well, if a fish doesn't have any better sense than to get in that thing, it deserves to get dipped out!" and away he went.

AC The game wardens didn't live locally?
BE  No. They come from someplace, I don't know where. In those days, everybody that came by there managed to stay there for dinner or lunch. The homesteaders would walk or ride a horse to the store and would seem to make it to that sawmill and eat.

AC Why would they go to the sawmill.

BE Oh, I don't know. Maybe they just saw the old cookhouse and got something to eat.

ZE They were about halfway between the store and the homestead. We always fed them, you know. Those guys that go in camps, try to get a job. One of the things they did was they fed them. Two or three meals, or maybe 2 meals they might stay all night, even. Lots of times they had to walk. If they couldn't give them a job, they still fed them. And if it was late in the evening, they'd stay all night and then walk home the next day. It was common, to keep them coming, in case they needed somebody.

AC Did your father run the sawmill?

BE Yeah, he owned it and ran it. Sawed homesteader lumber and timber.

AC Did that run all year long?

BE Yep, pretty much. It would run big some of the time and other times, it'd be off. I don't know what it was all about. They hauled a lot of it up here on Derby Station, that was a station on the railroad [west of Butte Falls]. They hauled a lot of the lumber up there and shipped it out. And others came and brought it and hauled it out.

ZE They cut ties for the railroad track, too

BE They cut a zillion ties for the railroad tracks and timbers for the bridges. He did quite a bit of sawmilling.

AC Did he do all the sawing himself?

BE He did most all the sawing.

AC Did he hire people to help him?

BE Oh yeah, there were several working there;'course he had 2 boys, bigger than me. They worked. And the others. They ran logs down Butte Creek, mind you. Butte Creek had to have a lot more water in then that's it got now. They weren't taking anything out of it. No ditches, no nothing. And they ran logs down it from those other homesteads up it. Wasn't too practical, but they did it. And he got turned in for dynamiting fish one time too, that was blasting rocks out of the way that were holding up the logjams. So I don't know how good he got along with his homesteaders.

AC Would people arrange with him in advance? They'd say, "I have these logs that I want you to saw up for me"? Or how would they do it?

BE I don't know just what he did. Now, he went and logged off several homesteads. Cut the trees, logged 'em down. Had a little steam donkey.
Took that up there and pulled logs into the river, used horses. Into the
creek, not the river, but it would be a river some places. Floated them
down to his sawmill. He had a dam boom across the creek there that would
hold them, and then the sawmill pulled them up into the sawmill.

AC Anything left of that?

BE No. You go down there now and you can't believe it was even there.
'Course, the big flood changed things, the big flood changed things a
lot. In those days there was an island right there. And that made a long
area that was "still water" and pretty deep. That's where the log pond
was. They boated. They used to go out there in a canoe and canoe around
in that still water. The flood took the island out and it's not a pond
there no more. Changed it quite a bit in that respect. They even had a
wharf out on it.

AC What were the years that he actually did that?

BE Oh, it'd be...ended in the teens. Started back before that, 1910 or
1912. He had the sawmill at 2 different places. He had it down right
along the road as you go back down to Medford, other side of where I
started out [Derby]. Well, you know where Crowfoot Road takes off? Well,
right on the other side of that where that deal is, their sawmill was
there. I saw it but I was too little to remember it.

AC Why did he move it down there? He moved it down there afterwards?

BE No, that's where it started out. He and the other guy had it. Then it
ended up, he had it by himself on Butte Creek, on my mother's homestead.
She had a homestead. She came out from Wisconsin and homesteaded, if you
can imagine that.

AC All by herself?

BE Yeah. Her husband died and she had one little girl and that was it. But
her folks had all come out here and homesteaded and probably talked her
into it. They had "land locaters." And rode the rails out to Eagle Point
and stayed the night there in a hotel and "located" told 'em where they
could get places and haul 'em out with a wagon to cook. If they like it,
they'd go and sign up for that one. Or if they didn't like it, they'd
show them some other place.

AC Like a real estate agent.

BE Yeah, kind of like a real estate agent. They had a business going in the
Valley, they showed a lot of people, and lots of them homesteaded.

AC When the place was down there by Crowfoot turn-off, what year would that
have been?

ZE Your folks were married in 1909.

BE Before 1909, they started before that. It ran there for several years.
And when he was there, he probably made more money than he did in the
other place [Butte Creek] because of that railroad being built and he had a good job there with that. Turned out good. There was a guy running that railroad who came from the same place in California that he did, and they got right together on that, and he gave him a lot of work.

AC  Sawing?
BE  Cutting stuff. Ties and bridge timbers

AC  Why did he move up to Butte Falls then?
BE  Oh, he kind of run out of timber there and she had that homestead. And he got married to her. She had that homestead there with timber on it and so, they took the sawmill down there on Butte Creek. He'd saw that bunch of timber off and other homestead's timber upstream from there. Run timber down river, that's the way they did a lot of it. All over the United States and Canada too. There were homesteads up there. They'd sign for the timber, then they'd cut it and put it in the river and run it down here. In the winter time usually, when the creek was kind of high.

AC  So what did he do in the summer, then?
BE  Oh, they still sawed. Pretty much whole year. Not all year, but pretty much. They sawed in the summer as well as in the winter.

AC  And he trapped too, right?
BE  He did a lot of that. Long time before. Did a lot of trapping back in the high ridges, but he did trapping down in that country too.

ZE  He worked as the State Fire Warden for quite a while.
BE  It was County Fire Warden. His old axe has Jackson County right on it.
AC  What year did he start being the Fire Warden?
BE  Oh, golly, that'd been the 20's maybe, before the Depression.

END OF INTERVIEW
NOTES ON THE EDMONDSONS' PHOTO SOURCES AND OTHER INFORMATION

1. Verner Caldor - employed by Forest Service and then by Medco as a surveyor. Keen amateur photographer. Lots of pictures of logging operations. Dead for about 10 years. Many photos given to Historical Society.

2. Elga Abbott has some of Caldor photos. He also has some tape recorded interviews on local history made by a short term resident of Butte Falls named Yee.

3. Marion Rogers, daughter of Bill Thomas, has her Dad's photos, at least some of them. He was a woods boss for Medco, based in Butte Falls. Took "scads of pictures", ca 1939. She lives in trailer park in White City, Phone 826-6943

4. Cleo Baker, living in Medford, might be a good source re: the Willow Prairie Cabin. Also Bill Pichett.

5. The Edmondsons have collected a number of pictures, but they are not readily to hand. (Though they would probably be willing to get them together for you.) I saw photos of:
   - a tram yarder
   - logs in pond at Butte Falls
   - Butte Falls hotel
   - Fort Wellen in the 1920's.

Their movies are 8 mm, taken mainly in late 50's, at end of railroad logging era.

6. They recommend Lloyd Lee Alburn of Medford as acknowledgeable about the timber industry in the area.

7. Ernest Smith was another local photographer. His photos are in the Jacksonville Museum, Edmondson's think

OTHER INFORMATION FROM THE EDMONDSONS (Not on Tape)

1. In, about 1957, a locomotive loaded with rails got loose and took off down towards Butte Falls. Because the track went down hill and then backup again, it didn't get totally away. Instead it went back and forth across the highway, before its momentum was exhausted, finally coming to rest right in downtown Butte Falls. This was an incredibly lucky incident that managed everyone.

2. Bill recalls the McGiffert loader as being very dangerous to work on. Cables could slip loose and fly up and hurt people suddenly. Logs could also roll off and crush people.
John Henshaw moved to Jackson County as a teen-ager in the early 1920s. Beginning in 1925 he worked for the Forest Service within what is now the Butte Falls Ranger District. Mr. Henshaw, whose son continued the tradition of Forest Service employment, speaks here of early-day rangers, horse-packing into the High Cascades, the C.C.C. and Air Warning Service periods -- as well as many other aspects of local Forest Service history from the mid-1920s until after World War II. Mr. Henshaw was interviewed at his Butte Falls residence in November 1981. He died in 1986. The following transcript only hints at the subtle expressiveness and sense of humor with which Mr. Henshaw reviewed his past.
Jeff LaLande: Mr. Henshaw, first off would you tell me something about your personal background? Where you were born, where you grew up, and when you first came to the Rogue River Valley.

John Henshaw: I was born in Bonner's Ferry, Idaho, in 1907. My folks migrated from there to eastern Washington, around Wenatchee, a place called Columbia River Siding...a little railroad community. That was when I was about four years old.

JL Was your father connected somehow with the orchards near Wenatchee?

JH No, he was basically a cattleman, and worked for the big wheat ranchers too. We lived there through World War One; then came to southern Oregon in the fall of 1923. You might say we were "migrant workers" -- worked the crops from the Yakima Valley clear down into southern Oregon. Some of my Dad's friends said, "That's the place to be." The only reason we ended up here was because it was getting late in the fall. We were in Eagle Point for several years. I graduated with the first graduating class of Eagle Point High School in 1927. There were five of us, little barefooted kids from the country, you know. In 1925, I started working for the Forest Service, during the summer, for three years, on trail construction.

JL That was your first job with the Forest Service, trail construction?

JH Yes, me and my folks worked on trails, built 'em.

JL Your mother, father and yourself worked on Forest Service trails as a crew? As actual employees, not as "contractors?"

JH There wasn't any such thing back then as contractors. You hired out by the month. As I recall, you got seventy-five dollars a month, and board, which meant sleepin' under a tent and mother doin' the cookin' over the tin cookstove.

JL What were some of those first trails you worked on?

JH ...You know where Surveyor Peak is? [It is near the Green Springs Highway, southeast of the present Rogue River NF boundary.] Worked on the Boundary Trail roughly from Moon Prairie to Buck Lake. Then we went over to the Lake-of-the-Woods country, and we built a trail...
from Lake-of-the-Woods up into what they now call "Mountain Lakes Wilderness" and then down into Clover Creek.

JL Varney Creek? Up to Lake Como and Lake Harriet?

JH That's right. It was called "Wood Creek" back then.

JL I've walked that trail...the boundaries of Ranger Districts were somewhat different then. How many guard stations were located in what's the present Butte Falls District?

JH You're talking about "guard stations"? Well, we had one at Lodgepole, one at Mosquito...

JL Back then, did you ever call it "Skeeter" instead of Mosquito?

JH They renamed it later, but it was originally "Skeeter Swamp" after an ol' fella who lived there. His name was Ike Skeeters, and he had a little homestead there or somethin'. He might have been a trapper for all I know. [Skeeter's occupation in the 1870 Jackson County census is given as "shake-maker."]

They had one cabin at Big Elk, one at Moon Prairie and one at Lake-of-the-Woods. We also had a guard station at Pelican Bay, on the Klamath side...Let's see, for lookouts there was one at Old Baldy, which wasn't far up the ridge from what they called Brush Mountain...the one ol' Dan Petersen built the tree-tower on, you know. But, in my time, the lookout was an Old Baldy. It had a little higher elevation and so forth. So, we had four lookouts: Old Blady, Mount Pitt...(or Mount McLoughlin), Rustler Peak...these are back in the real early days, back when I first started working for them. Devil's Peak, Bessie Rock, Blue Rock and some of those other lookout houses were all later, well within my time.

JL I'd like to ask you about the lookout on Mount McLoughlin...Mount Pitt. There's the stone foundation of an old lookout house up there yet. It's later than the first lookout [ca 1917], I know, because the earliest lookout sat directly on the mountain top. Can you tell me about the later lookout?

JH I was in on that. When they tore the old one down, we built the new one...in the late twenties, I believe, because I was involved in packing all the material for the second lookout. We had to take a four-mule team from Fish Lake up the old road to the [Mt. McLoughlin] trail near Fourmile Lake, and then we had to pack it all on the mules. We had timbers twelve feet long for the foundation. I think the building was twelve-by-twelve. I don't know if you've been in that kind of situation, haulin' twelve-foot lumber on a mule...when you come around that crater below the summit and look right down from the edge, straight down you know, then that's when you appreciate the intelligence of a mule. You didn't want to crowd 'em. You have to be very careful, go real slow because of the hazard. But the biggest problem for the mules was packing that sand and cement. It's "dead weight," Jeff, it's just a dead weight right in the middle of your mule's damn back. So you put a sack of cement on each side of the mule, which was a
hundred pounds each, two-hundred pounds. So it was more of a strain on the mules to get up there with that "dead load" than it would be with a load of lumber, which shifted somewhat. You had to be considerate of them, and watch them all the time...lookin' over your shoulder all the time to see how they were comin'. And you had to let 'em relax a little bit, let 'em go another two-, three-hundred feet and rest again at high elevations, you know.

JL The air's a little thin up there.

JH That's right, that's right. Same thing as with mountain climbers...So we hauled the mules and material from Fish Lake on the old Fourmile Lake Road to where the Mount Pitt Trail takes off. Then we packed up there with the mules. One trip a day, you know, and we had a base camp down there. That was all we could possibly do.

JL Where was your base camp?

JH It was where the trail took off from the road.

JL Where the trail-head is now?

JH That's right, right next to the canal. Before they put in Fourmile Lake Dam and Reservoir, there wasn't any road. The canal company, the irrigation company, built the road over all those lava rock boulders and around the stumps. It was hard getting around some of those bends in a wagon. You've got to watch carefully, let your lead mule get around a bend and wait a little bit or you can break the damn wagon-tongue off.

Jeff, the old lookout had a smaller base to it, and it had a little cupola on top that had the fire-finder [alidade] in it. It gave 'me a little more elevation. It was probably easier to construct. You had to go up to this little "second story," so to speak, to use the fire-finder. The sleeping quarters and so forth were in the bottom part. Well, the second construction was later, in my time, and they had the fire-finder right on the floor, no cupola.

JL When you first came on with the Forest Service, you built trail for several years, three years. I went through the Rogue River National Forest history the other day and found your name mentioned several places. It said you were stationed at Moon Prairie Guard Station...in 1926. Is that right?

JH Yes, but it wasn't until a few years later, about 1931.

JL The Moon Prairie site is no longer Forest Service; it was part of that land exchange with BLM in the 1950s. We don't have any pictures of the guard station. Was it a log building?

JH It was about twelve-by-twelve, a rough board "shack." It had the old wood cookstove in there, and we had to pack water from a spring. No, it wasn't a log cabin. The second one they built, that was across [on the east side of] the meadow from the first house, it was more modern. That's where Teen [Ernestine Dahack
Henshaw, Mr. Henshaw's wife] and I spent our first summer bein' married...1930. But I'd been in there a year or two before, at the old cabin.

JL Then the next summer, 1927, the history says you were at Bessie Rock?

JH No, that's wrong. I never was lookout at Bessie Rock. 1927? I don't think so. Now, Bessie Guard Station was there then, but I wasn't ever a guard there. No, the book is wrong.

JL Where was the Bessie Guard Station?

JH In the little meadow, three miles down from Bessie Rock Lookout, on the southeast side. In early times, they would have a guard there at the meadow, and come a real severe fire situation, you know -- the guy from the guard station would go up to the top of Bessie Rock. That's before anything was built up there. He'd go up and watch for smoke. He'd come back down to the guard station at night, where there was a telephone line hooked up to Lodgepole [Guard Station].

JL There's Bessie Shelter today, a three-sided camp shelter.

JH Yes, that was later, but that's right at the identical spot where the old building burned down. The same spot, in the same meadow, as the old Bessie Guard Station. You're familiar then with those shelters which were mostly built during the CCC time and before.

JL Do you know when Bessie Shelter was built?

JH I'd have to do a bit of reminiscing...but it was during CCC times [according to newly-available information, this particular shelter was built in 1942-J.M.L]. We built several of those shelters, Jeff. They built them at these high mountain meadows. They had one at Parker Meadows, for example...one at McKie Camp, Grass Lake and elsewhere. All these shelters were built during CCC times and before. That would be one of my jobs, to go in there to check on the fire-tool cache and see how the campgrounds were coming...go to Devil's Peak and give the lookout his monthly groceries, come back down and maintain the telephone line along the trail on the way back. I'd start from Lodgepole in the early morning and get back down after dark. That's one day's trip.

JL That's a good little ways into Seven Lakes Basin and back again.

JH Well, my horses though so! The end of the road back in those days [the 1930s] was at Lodgepole, you know.

JL Did you help build any of the trail shelters yourself?

JH No, because in the summertime when I was on fire duty, I couldn't get in on any of that. But I saw a lot of them go up, and knew the ol' boys who built 'em. I was stationed at a guard station and had to be on duty.
JL I guess you were at Skeeters, or "Mosquito" Guard Station in the early thirties. I'd like to know a little bit about the building there because now there's nothing left of it. I just think I know about where it sat.

JH Well, it was a log cabin, an old-time guard station like the one I mentioned before, on the side of the meadow [at the lower end of Skeeter's Swamp]...right at the end of the steep little road that goes down to the meadow from what is now the road to Fish lake. Just go down the grade about four-, five-hundred feet. I remember that because I had a four-mule team when I was startin' out in the spring, takin' supplies towards Fish lake. There was one big, rambunctious mule -- he was a dandy too -- and we hooked 'em up at the bottom of that hill. We figured he couldn't get too far uphill. Had 'em loaded with spring maintenance tools and so forth.

1930, 1931, I was at Mosquito Guard Station, the second year Teen and I were married. And then in the summer of 1932, we went over to Sevenmile Guard Station, on the east side. Then we came back to Mosquito and stayed awhile. About that time, they started building the present Butte Falls Ranger Station, and we moved into town, into one of the Forest Service houses there.

JL How about the old Big Elk Guard Station, the first one there? Do you remember that structure? It had two separate cabins with one roof, a breezeway in between.

JH That's right. The new one there was built in my time. But the old one had two separate rooms with an open breezeway between 'em. They did that so you could put your winter's wood in the breezeway, your supplies in one room and live in the other.

JL Did you have any part in building the 'new" guard station cabin, the 1929 log cabin that's there at Big Elk now?

JH No, I didn't. Like I said before, I was stationed on fire guard duty. But I knew the people that was in on the thing. Russell and Ora Winn were guards there when they built the place. Up in that country, you know, a good barn-pole is hard to come by. They taper down too fast. So you'd have to go clear out in the woods to find a barn-pole and drag it back with horses over all the damn stumps and so forth. So it wasn't as simple as building a damn log cabin up there as you might think. You'd have to plan 'em all down, get 'em leveled, oh boy!...Some of the old-timers were experts at what the call "shin-hoeing," you know. They'd strike a line [a chalk-line] down the log with a string line and take one of these "shin-hoes" and flatten 'em off.

JL "Shin-hoe," that's an adze?

JH Yes, same thing. Called it a shin-hoe, cause if you missed...you see?

JH Right into your shin!
Jh That's right! [laughs] But it looked beautiful when they were done.

* * *

JL One thing that's puzzled me is that the Butte Falls Ranger District existed as a Ranger District long before the Ranger Station was built in town during the mid-thirties. Where was the Ranger Station, the District headquarters, before that?

JH At Camp Two.

JL The old Owen-Oregon logging camp?

JH That's right. Teen and I spent our second summer together there. Before that time, the Big Elk Guard Station was headquarters for the whole country. But then they divided it into two Ranger Districts, roughly at the Fish Lake Road, like they just did here recently again. John Holst, who I could tell you something about, was headquartered there at Camp Two. It was the first Ranger Station for the Butte Falls Ranger District. That was during the twenties and on into the thirties. We lived in little cabins there that were from the logging days. They had 'em in there on skids -- buildings about twelve-by-sixteen. Same thing with the CCC camp. Most of their old buildings were from the old Medco [then called Owen-Oregon] logging operation.

JL Why don't you tell me something about John Holst?

JH Son, he was a top guy. He was one of the old original rangers, from back around 1910 or so. I worked for him and for at least five other old-timers. That's why I'm fortunate enough to quote some of the old stories that they told me...John Holst, John Gribble, Lee Port, George West, Steve Moore...I was fortunate enough to work under those guys. They's tell me what went on before. You see, they dated back to around 1910, and I didn't start until 1925. They were top people, all of them. They did it the "hard way," you know, they came up the hard way...the sad part about John Holst's story...he worked for several years as a District Ranger, and then they transferred him over into timber sales in eastern Oregon. He worked there for years in timber sales. Then they finally let him come back over here for a year or two as District Ranger on our District. The next damn thing you know, they transferred the poor ol' fellow back onto timber sales in the "Pothole Country" of eastern Oregon in the middle of the goddamn summer. He was an old man at that time, and he had a heart attack, out markin' timber and so forth. That's the sad story of John Holst.

JL So John Holst died while working on a timber sale?
JH No, but he had a heart attack on the job. He died later at his home. He was a top guy...considerate, had more smarts than two-thirds of the educated foresters of today. He may not have been right sure what made it rain, but he knew how to get in out of it. More smarts than you could shake a stick at. But, you know he wasn't a type that could get up and make a speech at the Chamber of Commerce or something. When you worked for that ol' boy, you knew you were in good hands.

JL Steve Moore, he scaled timber on the Four Bit Sale on this District.

JH That's right, both George West and he did...on that big sale of Medco's [Owen-Oregon's] on Four Bit Creek. George West was in charge of that sale. They put a lot of these old guys in charge of timber sales. Steve, in his later years, was always on the timber sale situation. He was a smart guy and a wonderful person...another fine old-time Ranger put on those damn timber sales. It was an injustice to 'em. Over on the east side [of the Cascades] after this pine beetle situation moved in, they figured to eliminate most of the overgrowth in the pine, which made sense at the time...cut off all the old-growth. That's what Steve was doing over there.

JL Do you remember some of the stories that John Holst or some of the other early timers told you about this country in early Forest Service days?

JH Well, unless you happened to catch 'em in the mood, they didn't talk too much, those old-timers. Now, like if it was late in the evening or on a weekend, and I'd ask 'em something, and they weren't too tired...but you'd have to ask them something specific and they'd tell you...if they weren't too disgusted with the person that was tryin to consult 'em.

JL Like me. [both laugh] I understand that the early rangers gave a lot of the place-names on the Forest, a number of peaks and streams around here didn't have specific names until the Forest Service came on the scene.

JH That's right. A good percentage of the names that're on the map now were named by these old-time rangers. Take up in the High Cascades...Luther and Lucifer...Ruth, Ethel and Maude, and so forth.

JL I've read that Ruth, Ethel and Maude mountains were named by Lee Port after his wife and daughters.

JH That's right. That's what the old-timers told me at least. And it makes sense, because he was the ranger at that time, and they had to have names for these peaks that had never been named before.

Alta Lake was named by John Holst for one of the ladies he'd admired, Alta Allen, daughter of one of the old-time homesteaders down here, more recently known as Alta Beckdelt. Lee's Peak, of course, was named after ol' Lee Port. Now when you come down to
the old [1907] Fourmile Lake-Prospect Trail, most of those streams were named after the old-timers that worked on the trail. They were most of 'me inhabitants from over in the Lake Creek area, that come up here and worked for the Forest Service. Ed Frey saw the only one that I knew personally, but Sam Swenning [Deputy Forest Supervisor], Will Nichols, and the other old-timers I didn't know. But John Holst told me that those creeks were named for the ol' boys that built the trail.

JL What about some of the other lakes, south of Seven Lakes. There's Margurette Lake, Lake Beatrice and so on. I've wondered if some early Forest Service men named them after girl-friends or wives.

JH No doubt, no doubt. But I wouldn't want to say so because I can't say where I heard the story, or who told me. It just seems practical, son. If you had a nice beautiful little thing to admire up there in the mountains, it'd be logical to name it after something similar you admired down in the flatlands on a moonlit night....

JL I've got a few place-names on the District listed here. You might have some background on some of these names.

JH [Looking at list] Bourdon Springs? Yes, it was originally "Bourbon Springs"...was mis-spelled or something. That's what the old-timers told me. Maybe they were up in there huntin' and had a little bit of bourbon left in the bottle, and they mixed a little spring water with it, then said, "Why did I mix water with it? Why didn't I drink the damn stuff straight?" Anyway, that's what I was always told, that the name was mis-spelled.

Bieberstedt Creek, that name goes back to an ol' homesteader... that's about all I can tell you.

JL "Dee Lake" I've heard that it was named after Dee Wright, the Forest Service packer?

JH Yes, it very well could be. I haven't heard the story on that one but it makes sense to me. Dee was in that country about then. I can't verify it...Zimmerman Burn. The Zimmermans were old time homesteaders. The place is now a dude ranch [the Mill-Mar Ranch] on Butte Falls-Prospect Road.

Willow Prairie, the old cabin there...according to Elga Abbott that Forest Service cabin was built in the summer of 1924 by the road crew working on the new road from Mosquito to Fish Lake. I had thought it was built in 1925 'cause that was the first spring I started with the Forest Service. We were buildin' the old road from Mosquito on over to the Fish Lake Road. But the other day I asked Elga Abbott. He said, "No, it was built in 1924, 'cause they started the previous year building the road from Fish Lake towards Mosquito. I have no reason to doubt him. Built by the crew foreman, Bill Hughes...You should have talked to Elga Abbott about it. His people were old-time homesteaders at Willow Prairie, a long time ago. They had a cabin on the south side of the meadow,
back way beyond my time...in the 1890s. They actually farmed the prairie, plowed and planted. It's kind of a swamp now, you know.

The Forest Service cabin was one of many spots set aside as administrative sites, mostly at these meadows, for feedin' the rangers horses. That's where most of these original guard stations were built, and why they were built there. A lot of the sites never had any buildings but they'd been withdrawn as administrative sites just the same and, at some of 'em, you used to see the little yellow tin tag sayin', "withdrawn for Administrative Use."

We never did use Willow Prairie as a guard station 'cause it was too close to Big Elk Guard Station. We didn't have enough money to support all the guard stations. I built the second fence around it, out of yewwood posts...fire crews used it on occasion.

JL Was Willow Prairie Cabin used by cattlemen?

JH Yes, them too. It was there, you know.

* * * *

JL Do you remember Dan Pederson's lookout tree?

JH He was the first lookout on that ridge. He built a staircase to the top of the tree. Yes, I met him. He was a nice guy, an intelligent guy. He had a lot of capabilities, a "mountain man" and an intelligent man. He built this little crow's nest on top.

JL I've heard that he was Norwegian and had been a sailor at one time.

JH That's what I've heard. Not that he told me that's what he was. But some of the old-timers verified that to me. How he ended up there I don't know.

JL Did he speak with an accent that you remember?

JH Not that I recall. In fact, he wasn't much of a guy to talk at all. He had a cabin down over the hill there.

JL Along Big Draw Creek?

JH Yes, that'd be about right. I remember his cabin. He was still there when I was working at Moon Prairie. Once in a while, I'd go over to Clover Creek from Moon Prairie, and I'd go by Old Baldy, the new lookout at that time, and stop and see Dan Pedersen.

JL I've been up to the top of Brush Mountain and the old lookout tree is down, pretty well rotted. But I found a stone cabin right near the tree. Do you remember the stone cabin?
JH No, but I wouldn't be surprised by it, though. I just don't remember it. I think that the lookout was built on a noble fir, 'cause that was a tree that'd be predominant at that elevation. As you know, noble fir and Shasta red fir are pretty susceptible to rot, anyway. I don't remember seein' any yellow pine at that elevation... so a stone cabin, not log, would make sense.

* * * *

JL Would you talk about your experiences during the Aircraft Warning Service [A.W.S.] days of World War II, when they had to keep people up on those lookouts during the whole winter? I guess you had to pack food into them...

JH I don't want to hear any more about it! [laughs]

JL Bad memories?

JH Aches, man... your achin' muscles. We had, during that particular winter [1942-43], to maintain the telephone line from Butte Falls over the Butte Falls-Prospect Road to the Middle Fork of the Rogue. And then the Prospect people maintained their end. So, we had that to do, to keep the line of communication open from the Blue Rock Lookout. Had to do most of it on snowshoes. Bring your climbin' spurs along, an axe, just enough to cut up the trees that'd fallen across the line... splice the line where necessary. We had to maintain the telephone line from the Middle Fork up on to Blue Rock... the Aircraft Warning Service station up there at the lookout. We had to service it, service their telephone line and keep 'em in groceries. They were on twenty-four-hour duty, Herb and Zella Wright, man and wife. You climbed up from Snowshoe Camp, up the Blue Rock Road [to the crest of the Cascades]... all on snowshoes. That old wet snow would filter up through and on top of your snowshoes... one time I remember Walt Sherid and I got two-thirds of the way up there one night. You know where Gypsy Springs Campground is? Well, that's where we had to quit. I'd got cramps in my leg, and it was about a mile to go to the top. I said to Walt, "Dammit, Walt, I can't go any further." So we go down to the little outhouse at Gypsy Springs and built a fire outside until I could get the cramps out of my leg. So Walt and I agreed, "We can't make it." So down off the mountain we came and called up Blue Rock on the telephone and said, "If you want your goddamn groceries, come down to Gypsy Springs and get 'em yourself." [laughs]... all that winter on snowshoes, maintainin' telephone line and packin' groceries.

JL That's a lot of miles on snowshoes. Did you ever use cross-country skis to go downhill or on level ground?

JH No, it wasn't too practical, and we weren't furnished with any. It'd have been practical along a flat road, like along the road to the Middle Fork. You could have used them up to the Middle Fork
Canyon where they wouldn't have been worth a damn to you. So we used snowshoes. We didn't have the right conditions for skis in that canyon, or up the trail to Blue Rock.

JL Was Blue Rock the only A.W.S. lookout on the District?

JH Yes, on our District it was. Mount McLoughlin, Rustler Peak, Devil's Peak and so on were closed down in the winter. We just had that one. My wife was on duty twenty-four hours a day in Butte Falls for the calls from the A.W.S. lookout. They had to identify the airplanes that flew by...how many wings it had on it, whether it was flyin' backwards or upside down and so forth. It was mostly a "scare," never did see any enemy planes. That's about all I know about the A.W.S., but it did give some of the ol' boys a little bit of work in the winter time.

JL Do you remember anything about the Japanese incendiary balloons that started coming down in the woods around that time?

JH Just the stories. I'd never seen one. I read about it later. There weren't any that landed on this Forest that I know of.

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JL Would you talk about the Civilian Conservation Corps and some of the projects they worked on for you, here on the Butte Falls District?

JH Yes, they were highly involved on the Bowen Creek plantation. I worked with 'em on that. The Bowen Creek Fire had to have been in the late twenties, maybe 1929. It started in the railroad loggin' operation there. It's not an old burn like Cat Hill, it's a fairly modern thing. The late twenties and early thirties were bad fire years. Summer after summer, the humidity was down to nothin'...surprising that it didn't burn up more than it did. There was more equipment available then than in 1910 and the roads made things more accessible.

Also, we built a new telephone line from Butte Falls to the Crater Lake Highway one winter. We dug the holes with digging bars and shovels...climbed the poles and installed the cross-arms, strung the wires and guyed the poles on the corners...all by hand in the winter. Oh boy!...I got forty-five dollars a month as sub-foreman.

Bowen Creek, for example, was close to the main Fish Lake Road, so they could transport tractors up there. [It was also accessible by railroad.]...those trees on the plantation did wonderful. Now they're startin' to thin them I guess. [The trees were planted ca. 1939.]

JL You must remember the "Three-C" camp pretty well, at what used to be Camp Two.
JH Yes sir, it was old Medco's logging camp. They had their little cabins on skids; they'd transport them on the railroad and then set them all off to one side of the tracks. They were bunkhouses. That was our first headquarters, before we moved in to Butte Falls. We stayed in one of these little eleven-by-twelve deals, still on skids. I started out as a regular "recruit" you might say, at thirty dollars a month. Then they advanced me up to forty-five dollars a month...Let's see, what the hell was my title? Can't remember...yes I think it was "assistant technician to the technical assistant." [Both laugh] They probably had another official title for it, of course, but I was one of the "local experienced men" who was responsible for taking the CCC kids out to the project.

JL Sim Jarvi was the ranger then?

JH Yes, he was a character too. He was a top guy. Had a great sense of humor, and smart as a whip. Then he got promoted, down to the Supervisor's Office for a while, in charge of fire protection. Then he went to the Regional Office. Then he finally went to D.C., the Washington Office...got tired of that bullship and transferred back to the West as a Supervisor at Albuquerque. He soon got discussed with that. He said, "They can't grow a damn tree here." So he went to Angeles National Forest, in southern California, on account of his wife's people being there. That's where the ol' boy kicked the bucket on account of a heart attack, tryin' to get away from all the people. He was a character. He wrote me a note, "Come on down. I'll drive you crazy trying to drive from my home to headquarters." All that traffic, you know. It was not his idea of a jolly good time.

JL His name, Simeri Jarvi, is unusual. Was he Finnish?

JH That's right, from around Astoria. Went to Oregon State in Forestry. He was a Finn. His folks could hardly speak English. You had to admire him, he worked his way through school, had a great sense of humor.

They had a big brush fire on the Angles National Forest one year, and he was Supervisor of the whole outfit fightin' it. What do you suppose he did? He didn't get in his Supervisor' car. He jumped up in the back of a supply truck, it had a bunch of tools and stuff. He laid up there until the truck got to the fire camp. Nobody seemed to know who he was. He jumped out and looked around. Somebody said, "Who are you?" He said, "Oh, I'm just workin' here." Anything to be different. Many of the younger Forest Service people have been taught to have a "system" for everything. A place for your pencils, a place for your paper, and so forth. He'd just gather up a handful of stuff and throw it in a drawer!

JL How about Hugh Ritter?

JH Hugh Ritter was a ranger here. He came here in about 1931. He traded places with our previous ranger, Gene Rogers, who went over
to take Ritter's place on the Umpqua, at Tiller. Ritter was a little, short-legged guy, a Dutchman. What I remember about him was he knocked the Forest Supervisor on his ass during a boxing match up to Fire Guard Training School. So he never got much farther than bein' a ranger here...

I do remember another thing about Ritter. The Wrights were at Robinson Butte Lookout one summer. Had a baby that was having trouble keeping anything down but goat's milk. So they had a goat up there at the lookout. Ritter, the new ranger, went up there one day and said, "You can't do that. The goat's browsing off all the scenery, disturbing the landscape. You can't do it". So they had to go down to town and buy hay, feed the goat at the end of a damn rope...shows how serious some rangers took advice from the Washington headquarters.

JH I remember one time four of us went up to Wickiup Shelter [in the Sky Lakes Wilderness] on a late fall huntin' trip. Bill Bradshaw, who was just a teen-ager at the time, was along with us. I brought the one axe, the only one on the trip. We got to that shelter and Bill and I went to gather wood. He took the axe and started choppin' on one of those little trees, and broke the handle off. There we were, cold weather, no axe, no wood.

JL What'd you do?

JH I gave him hell, of course...he had to pack in all these big, long, dead limbs, feed 'em into the fire one at a time.

Another place we used to go was Honeymoon Creek Cabin. You know how it was named "Honeymoon"? When Teen and I'd just married, this young kid named Tommy Rigsby, worked for the Forest Service, was a packer. He took his bride on a campin' expedition up to this spot he'd found. It was called Honeymoon Creek after that. That was back around 1930. Tom and Edith Rigsby. I used to go up there with some of those SCS people...Jack Frost, Arch Work...to do now surveys. That cabin's hidden, you have to pretty near stumble onto the damn thing to find it in the winter...I think they tried to make it secluded 'cause the earlier SCS cabin at South Lake was used by tourists and such.

END OF INTERVIEW
Herb and Zella Wright were interviewed at their Butte Falls home in March 1982. During the winter of 1942-43, the Wrights served as lookouts for the Aircraft Warning Service on the summit of Blue Rock, a 6,000-foot high peak in the Cascades east of Butte Falls. Mr. and Mrs. Wright briefly recall their nine-month stay at Blue Rock -- a time when the tedium and isolation were relieved by periodic visits of Forest Service packers and by the occasional humm of an airplane overhead.
Jeff LaLande: Mr. Wright, could you tell me when and where you were born and how you came to live in the Butte Falls area?

Herb Wright: I was born in 1913 in Kansas City, Kansas. I came up to Butte Falls in 1932 and I went to high school here.

JL So your family moved to this area in the early Depression years. Did they come here to work for Medco by any chance?

HW No. My father worked as a heavy equipment operator. So we had our choice to go to Prospect or Butte Falls, and so we took Butte Falls. We boarded here in town.

JL Where and when did you meet your wife Zella?

HW At school.

JL So, Mrs. Wright, you had grown up in Sam's Valley and then moved to the Butte Falls area?

Zella Wright: I was about eight when we moved up here. We went through school here and then we were married in 1932.

JL So when did you first begin working for the Forest Service, Mr. Wright, what year was that?

HW About 1934...'35... in trail maintenance.

JL Did you work with the "Three C's"?

HW I went to work for the C's in about 1934 for a short while. Anyhow I began working for the Forest Service in...June 1935.

ZW We were lookouts...at Robinson Butte. The baby was two months old and we had a goat.

JL I heard about that goat from John Henshaw...the goat and Ranger Ritter.

ZW Yes!

JL Ranger Ritter's not one of your favorite people.

HW No, he's not. [both laugh]
ZW The goat "damaged" the brush, he said, but its mi:
He's now Butte Falls' school superintendent.

JL So you folks brought hay up to the lookout for the
tethered...one thing I've been curious about, was
for married couples to be lookouts?

HW Oh yes.

JL Did they pay you individually? Did each of you gi

HW No. The men were the ones who got a paycheck.

ZW I got paid when we were in the A.W.S. [Aircraft W
paid on that.

JL That was the first time you received pay as an act
working on a lookout during the A.W.S. days?

ZW Yes. Before that I'd mainly just answered the ph
thing.

JL So after being on Robinson Butte, what other place
during the 1930s?

HW Well, for awhile I worked for Owen-Oregon...Medco,
and what-not.

JL What areas were you laying track? Out here in the

HW We picked up steel way up in the Four Bit country.
below town here, and we laid track up north, to wha
Four...up along the Butte Falls-Prospect road. Ther
[railroad] shop for a few years. Later, we went dow
and I worked in the shipyards.

JL The War had started around that time, I guess.

HW It was around 1940-'41. I got to where I was cou
spitting up blood...all the dust. So we came back
to work for Medco. About three months I worked fo
peed-off at them, so I went over to Johnny [John i
he had a job for us. So, in the summer of '42 we
Lodgepole Guard Station.

JL Was it during the summer that they began talking t
Warning Service? Yes? I guess there wasn't any r
days, and everyone was pretty jittery about possib
attacks and so forth.

ZW Oh yes. During the A.W.S. days, up at Blue Rock,
would send planes over fairly often...just testing
would find out which direction they were flying, i
'Course we never really knew at the time if they were Japanese or American planes either.

JL So that summer and fall, the Forest Service must have begun changing the Blue Rock Lookout garage, the CCC-built garage, into a cabin for you folks to live in. When did you first go up to Blue Rock to spend the winter?

HW We left Lodgepole Guard Station in about the first of October. We had to come down for groceries a little bit later. We had time off for a few days...before the snows came. They sent two people up there while we were gone. Ora and Russell Winn came up. We went to town and while we were down here an early snow hit. By the time we got back up there, there was eighteen inches of snow! Our truck-full of winter groceries had to be pulled up by a tractor. Walt Sherid drove the tractor and Johnny drove the truck.

JL If you would, I'd like you to describe the normal daily routine during your A.W.S. tour...the typical day on Blue Rock Lookout during the winter of 1942-43.

HW Well, by the time we went up there, both Zella and I were getting paid for being lookouts. They had radio "check calls" in the evening and telephone "check calls" in the morning...to make sure the equipment was working. We worked alternate shifts, round-the-clock. Basically, you'd just spend the day sittin' there...watchin' for planes to come over. [laughs]

ZW I remember we had to melt snow for our water, drinking water. I would hang cloths out to dry on a live telephone line and hope the phone wouldn't ring. One time Herb had to go down to town one day to see the doctor. He left town and got to the bottom of the mountain at about nine o'clock at night...and didn't get back up to the lookout until three o'clock in the morning. He just tumbled into the doorway...just about didn't make it. Those snowshoes took up all his strength.

HW You know, I had a pack on my back...and you know, I never once thought to take it off. I just kept comin' up that mountain. I just made it back!

JL How deep did the snow get that winter?

HW Ten feet or so...'bout covered up the cabin. We had to keep diggin' out a path from the door.

JL What about the wind, when it would blow, while you were up in the tower?

ZW Well, one time it blew so hard when I was up there that the tower just twisted on its legs. It twisted enough to splash water out of a half-full dishpan! So I left and went back down to the cabin.

JL What were your usual shifts? Did you usually take a particular shift?

HW Well, it all depended. Some nights, Zella would take it and I'd be up during the day, and vice versa.
It sounds like, with eight-hour shifts, twenty-four hours a day, you might not have seen much of each other.

Oh, we did...Herb'd brought a guitar up with us and was trying to learn how to play it up in the owner. There was a lot of boredom. I wrote letters and read magazines. We had a battery radio for picking up local stations. My daughter sang on the radio in Grants Pass and we got to hear her long about Christmas time. She was four.

Did you spend Christmas Eve and day up on Blue Rock?

Yes. We came out some time after Christmas for two weeks...probably some time in January. We visited in town. They again sent up two men to take our place. Then we came back up to Blue Rock and were there past May.

So, as far as spotting airplanes went, did you actually see many planes?

Well, they said we had a hundred percent. We didn't miss a plane they sent over in those nine months.

What did you have to be able to tell about plane?

Whether it had one or two engines, what direction it was traveling...from north to east, from south to west and so on.

We usually couldn't tell what kind of plane it was 'cause we couldn't see an insignia or anything like that. They were too far up, too far away.

When it was cloudy, you couldn't see the planes at all, but you could tell what general direction they were flying.

Did the War Department provide you with books or charts that showed the shapes of enemy aircraft?

I don't believe that they did. I don't remember it if they did.

But neither of you saw or heard what you thought might have been a Japanese airplane?

No.

No, there was only that one over at Brookings, that came in over the Coast.

Did you hear about the Brookings bombing soon after it had happened?

Possibly we did, because we were in constant communication with the Ranger District in Butte Falls. I think we probably did hear about, but it may have been before the A.W.S. that winter. It's been so long...forty years ago.

"Plane...single engine...heading north to south," and so on. That's what you'd call out over the radio...and that was about the size of it.
JL That must have been the high point of the day, when you were able to report a plan.

HW Oh yes.

ZW And you know, the strange thing of it was, the following summer while we were at Lodgepole, during the night, if a plane flew over, we'd wake right up! All summer, because of our winter on the lookout. Just got to be a habit, I guess.

JL You were really conditioned to be alert for that sound. Did the Army ever notify you about the Japanese fire balloons. I guess they didn't start coming over until pretty late in the War [1944]. Did they tell you to look for those as well?

ZW Yes, that was a bit later. We were told about them, during the fire season.

JL It was just that single winter that you spent on Blue Rock for the A.W.S.? Do you recall why they decided not to continue the A.W.S. the following year?

HW I guess they just didn't need to.

JL Did you have direct communication with the other A.W.S. lookouts on the Forest?

ZW Yes, over the radio. There were several other lookouts that winter. We'd talk to the couple at Hershberger Peak quite a bit. We never did get to meet them in person.

JL What about Whisky Peak? Do you recall when the A.W.S. lookout's dog, Two-Bits, fell off the mountain...about five-, six-hundred foot drop...and survived? He actually fell off twice, landed in a snowbank both times. It made the national newspapers.

ZW No, I guess we didn't get word of it. But I remember one incident, when we were on Robinson Butte, that made the newspapers. I was talking on the phone and lightning struck the lookout. It knocked me down and blinded me. I just had two balls of fire in front of my eyes. I crawled over to the little cookstove and put my hands on it. It took the electricity out of my body, I guess. I was black and blue all over! The man on the other end of the phone was at Big Elk Guard Station. He later said that after the lightning struck, that fire shot out of the end of his phone about a foot. That wasn't a very nice experience. I was told that it made the Portland paper.

JL Did they provide you with the little stool with glass insulators on the bottom of the legs?

HW Oh yes, but she wasn't standing on it at the time. She'd just answered the call. She's lucky to be alive....

END OF INTERVIEW
Agnes Jones a native of the Rogue River Valley, grew up in the Ashland vicinity and spent much of her girlhood at her family’s Deadwood Ranch. During an untaped interview, she recalled life at this remote ranch, stories about local homesteaders, and many other aspects of life on the “Dead Indian Plateau.” During a drive along Dead Indian Road, Agnes Jones gave a detailed, historical account of the landmarks along the way. Long-time owner of a log cabin at Woodruff Meadows, near Prospect, she also shared a few memories of that area as well.
ORAL HISTORY INFORMATION FROM AGNES JONES

Compiled by Anne Chambers during three (untaped) interviews: 
August 2 and 10, 1989, at Mrs. Jones' home, 
and August 14, 1989, on an excursion up Dead Indian Road 
to the Deadwood area

Personal Background:

Agnes Jones was born September 6, 1907, in Ashland, Oregon. Her parents made 
their living as dairy farmers, with a "winter ranch" where Emigrant Lake is 
today and a "summer ranch" at Deadwood, on the Dead Indian plateau. Agnes was 
the youngest of four children, with an older brother and sister surviving. (A 
second brother died at 6 years of age). Agnes' mother was 40 years old at the 
time of her birth. Both Agnes' maternal and paternal grandparents lived in 
the area near Oakland, in Douglas County, Oregon.

Because she was the youngest child of parents that were themselves youngest 
children, Agnes knew only one of her grandparents, her maternal grandfather, 
George Hall. George Hall had married late in life, at age 50, to Mary James. 
They farmed near Oakland, Oregon, raising shorthorn cattle, dairy cows and 
hogs, the products from which they freighted to Portland. Agnes has donated 
the old cheese-making equipment used by her grandparents to the museum in 
Oakland. George and Mary Hall had six children, the youngest of whom was 
Agnes' mother. George Hall, himself the youngest of 12 children, had come to 
the Oakland area from England. Agnes has inherited the gold medal for 
marksmanship won by George's oldest brother, who had been in the Yeoman 
Cavalry in England. Agnes is one of the 16 grandchildren of this couple. 
Only she and one other cousin, who resides in a resthome in Eugene, still 
survive. Earlier, one of Agnes' cousins drew up a Hall family genealogy, and 
Agnes has a copy of this. The area near Oakland where the Hall ranch was 
located was dubbed "the English settlement" because most of the inhabitants, 
like Agnes' grandparents, were English immigrants. A main form of 
entertainment associated with this English settlement was "singing school." 
People would come by horse and buggy to the school house to sing, staying 
overnight or for the weekend.

The Jones side of Agnes' family tree is less well documented. Agnes' paternal 
grandparents came west from Missouri in the 1850's. They settled at Oakland, 
on the section called "Crowfoot," which is six or seven miles out of town.

Agnes' parents (Emma Lucy Hall and George Washington Jones) met and married in 
Oakland. They moved to the Ashland area in the 1890's, hoping that the change 
of climate would help her mother's asthma. (Both Agnes' mother and 
grandmother had been plagued by this ailment.) Within six months after the 
move here, her mother's condition had improved markedly, though when she 
started to help intensively with the farm work, it worsened again. Her 
parents sold their ranch (land now under Emigrant Lake) and then the Deadwood
ranch in 1920, and moved back to Oakland to be close to their other relatives. In 1926 they returned to retire in Ashland, living at 562 Fairview Avenue. By this time, Agnes' sister, Mary Hash had married and was herself ranching up on the Dead Indian Plateau.

In concert with these family moves, Agnes attended primary school at Hawthorne School (on Siskiyou Blvd, where the Safeway store is now), graduated from high school in Oakland, and then attended the Normal School in Ashland for a couple of years. She describes this latter effort as "just passing time" and her real joy was riding her horse in the hills above Ashland. She particularly remembers riding in the area off Ashland Street, up by Crowson Hill reservoir and sometimes up towards the ridge top. She reckons Ashland has tripled in size since those days. In 1930 or 1932, she moved to Medford and attended Newbury's, a business school. She has continued to live in Medford until the present. In 1946, she bought her present property, a barren portion of "desert" land off Crater Lake Highway, gradually building a house and planting trees around it, and finally taking up residence there in 1955. Today her house sets in an oasis of trees, just beyond the industrial strip that fringes Crater Lake Highway.

Deadwood Ranch

Agnes' parents brought the Deadwood Ranch from Henry or Pete Barneburg. At that time, the ranch was unusual in the Dead Indian Plateau Country in that it was a dairy (rather than a beef cattle) operation. (Later, the neighboring Hash ranch, operated by Agnes' sister and her husband, also produced dairy products. But in this case, the cream was sold directly in Ashland rather than being processed into butter and cheese.) The Jones' sold the ranch to Lee Bradshaw in 1920.

Deadwood Ranch was located 22 miles up the old Dead Indian Road (21 miles up the new road). Approaching the ranch from the west, the road ran between a pair of very big old fir trees before it passed the homestead and then angled off eastward. One likely stump is still visible at present.

Today, only one very old log cabin is still partly standing at Deadwood. This cabin, one in a series of three attached rooms, was on the site when the Jones bought the ranch, and Agnes suspects that it may date back to 1885, possibly having been built by Barneburg. The accompanying map shows the number and location of the buildings on the ranch during Agnes childhood. They included: #1 Three roomed cabin:

A. This room was used to store cheese. Shelves lined the walls, covered with cheesecloth on frames to protect the stored cheese. (Only a few logs remain at present.)

B. This room had a stove, on which milk was heated for cheese-making. The cheese-making procedure was as follows: milk was heated in a tub set over water to protect it from direct heat. Hansen's rennet was added when the milk had reached the right temperature to curdle. After this had set, a serrated knife was used to cut it into cubes. The whey was drained off, the curd was worked into fine particles with the fingers, and then pressed
into hoops which molded in into a three-, two-, or one-pound round. Agnes also remembers an old kettle that was used to heat water to scald the buttermaking churns. (This room has completely fallen down and the logs dispersed.) There was no door through on the spring side of this room, though the spring water was used to wash the cheese/butter implements.

C. This room was used as firewood storage. Agnes reckons that the walls of this room have settled to be perhaps a foot lower than in her childhood. The building is in the process of losing its metal roof and Agnes predicts that it will crumble in next winter's snow.

#2 The old barn: beside the old road, was located to the south of the present highway, where the corrals are now. (This building has disappeared.) This barn and the other one were used to store hay, the hay mow, rake, buggy and other equipment, to house the horses and the milking stalls. This barn was built with wooden pegs rather than nails, and was able to withstand the weight of winter snows better than nailed buildings (see story about "new" barn, #5 below).

#3 Garden: located just above swamp. Water for this was ditched in from a spring located nearby.

#4 House: Agnes' father built this. It had a big kitchen, living room, 2 bedrooms off the living room. Upstairs there was a big bedroom and 2 smaller ones. This house burned "many years ago" -- Agnes is not sure when. Today a piece of the old stove protrudes from the ground, and a scattering of foundation stones still marks the site. A post that probably supported one end of the clothesline still stands near the house. (A note on houses burning: Agnes thinks it likely that stovepipes were responsible for many houses burning. Her house, like most others, used stovepipe rather than a chimney. The stovepipe that ran up from the kitchen was taken down before each winter so that it would not be crushed by snow, and cleaned in the process. The stovepipe up the main part of the house went up 2 stories and was neither taken down nor cleaned, as she can recall. She suspects that fires in the stove pipes, or inadequate insulation around them, was responsible for starting fires in the old houses.)

#5 New Barn: Agnes' father hired a carpenter to build this new barn, closer to the house. The carpenter persuaded him to allow the use of nails rather than the usual wooden pegs. Her father's misgivings were proven when the sheds on the barn collapsed under snow during the next winter -- the nails didn't hold.

#6 Chicken house: An outbuilding, perhaps 8'x10'. It held about 12 hens which were shut up inside at night to protect them from owls. Hawks would sometimes pick off the young ones during the day, but the fowls were allowed to range around the yard. Agnes remembers that once her mother took a shotgun to a poaching hawk and ended up shooting the chicken instead.

#7 Corral: The two corner-posts of this structure remain today.
Out in the meadow (where an orange stake stands today) Agnes remembers there being a good patch of swamp huckleberries (no longer there.)

Willow patch: Aside from the forest which surrounds Deadwood Prairie, these were the only trees on the property, then as well as now.

The old road here passed between two enormous fir trees. Likely stump of one of these is still apparent a little uphill from the present gate, just up from the homesite.

(The Jones family also rented the "old Lanini place" for extra pasture. This is located at about milepost 6 on the "new" Dead Indian road. It took 2 to 3 hours to get here from Ashland by horse and buggy.)

Life at Deadwood Ranch

Life at the ranch revolved around the dairy herd, which was milked twice daily. Agnes reckons that a single skilled and industrious milker (such as her father) could milk about ten cows daily, and she estimates that the family herd numbered somewhere between 12 and 20 productive cows, with the number varying through the season. Each of the cows could produce between two and three gallons of milk per milking. Typically, the family would get up at about 5 a.m., build a fire, cook and eat breakfast and then milk the herd, beginning the milking by about 6 a.m. The rest of the day was occupied with necessary chores and ranch maintenance.

Agnes' father did most of the farm work, assisted by her brother, who was about 10 years older than Agnes. Her mother helped with the milking to some extent but her main responsibility was with household chores, breadmaking, baking and family care. Processing the milk into butter and cheese was also a constant chore. Agnes remembers her family making three types and sizes of butter: a round one-pound mold with a fancy design, a 1-pound bar, and a 2-pound bar. Cheese was made in three sizes, depending on the quantity of curds available. The largest mold would be filled first, and the remaining curds used to fill the next largest size possible. As a child Agnes helped out by greasing some of the molds with butter (to prevent the cheese from molding and drying out) but she was too young to have real responsibility for any particular part of the production.

Water was carried into the house by bucket from the natural spring about 10 feet from the house. Agnes remembers this as "one of the best springs in the country." This had a 2-foot cement tube implanted in it (today the tube is still there, though the spring is not fenced off from the cattle pastured there and hence it is very muddy). A second spring, located about 20 feet away, was handily located next to the shed where cheese and butter were made, and this provided water for washing churns and other implements. This spring is also trampled by cattle at present.

Another important component of the summer ranch work was haying. Grass on both the large, three-part meadow at the Deadwood homestead and another lower meadow about a half-mile towards "Mt. Pitt" (McLoughlin) were cut and gathered up, using a horse-drawn mower and rake. The hay was transported to the barn
and forked into the loft for storage (it was not baled). The hay was regular meadow grass, not alfalfa, and produced one crop per year without irrigation. Agnes' father, with the help of his son, did his own haying, unlike the neighboring Owens Ranch which hired a haying crew. Agnes' father hired Ray Jillson and his dad to dig an irrigation ditch to bring water southwest from Beaver Ponds to upper Deadwood, but this scheme never worked out.

The family grew a large garden (for location, see map), with as wide a variety of plants as could survive at that elevation (over 4,600 feet above sea level). Agnes remembers peas, carrots, rutabaga, rhubarb, onions and cabbage ("anything hardy"). Potatoes could sometimes produce a crop, but warmth-demanding crops such as tomatoes and beans could not survive the early and late frosts that were common at Deadwood's high elevation. (Not to mention summer snows; it snowed on the 4th of July one year, Agnes recalled). There were no fruit trees at the ranch, presumably because they could not survive the harsh winters there. Agnes thinks that the summer garden produce was mainly consumed at Deadwood, and she is not sure whether carrots and such like would have been transported back to town when the family shifted down to their winter ranch.

The Jones' also fished and hunted. Agnes still has her father's hunting license from 1910, when the limit per hunter was 4 bucks; she says that her brother tended to be the main hunter in the family. The best hunting was always in the early morning and her father had to attend to the dairy chores then. She recalls that there was plenty of fish in the nearby creeks and that people would come up from town to fish. The limit in those days was 30 trout per day. Her brother used to fish in Deadwood Creek fairly frequently. One early memory is of her mother saddling up a horse and taking Agnes on up behind her to ride over to the "Beaver Dams," where there was a hole on the upper part of the creek that usually had plenty of fish. The ride there took perhaps an hour. Agnes thinks that there may have been more water in the local creeks in those days than there seems to be at present.

The family also regularly picked huckleberries in late August. They would often take the team and wagon and make a day's expedition to a good berry area, perhaps 1-1/2 hours distance. Favorite areas were on Brush Mountain and Big Draw Creek. There was also a particularly early patch near Deadwood itself which has since been destroyed by logging. Agnes remembers as a child walking over to Brush Mountain to check whether the berries were ripe enough yet to pick. Her parents did not worry about her safety as she walked through the woods alone on such an errand. A day's pickings of two gallons a piece was considered good; if the berries were really good, a dedicated picker could harvest as much as a gallon per hour. Agnes' record was five gallons in one day. The huckleberries were preserved for later use by canning and making into jam. They were also used fresh in biscuits and cake.

The Jones' sold their butter and cheese to neighboring homesteaders and also to Ashland townsfolk at Nims and Saunders' store on Helman St. Eggs were also regularly sold. Pigs were sometimes kept, depending on the milk supply (they were fed surplus milk and whey). The chickens were fed wheat, which the Jones bought in town. Agnes' father did once try to raise a crop of rye for feed (the cattle didn't like it), but wheat would not grow. These farm products "paid the grocery bill." Agnes remembers that in her childhood (probably 1912-1915), eggs sold for 12 cents a dozen, a 2-lb block of butter or cheese.
sold for 50 cents. At town stores, the Jones' would buy coffee, tea, flour, sugar, beans. Three or four sacks of flour would be bought in the fall to tide the family over the winter. Agnes remembers her mother being glad when white flour became available, since it made much nicer bread than the brown flour which had been the only type available previously. (Agnes still has her mother's old household ledger and is willing to show it if an appointment is made with her for this purpose).

About every week or ten days, the Jones family would take their dairy produce into Ashland. This involved a night's absence from the ranch, since it would take the buggy and team of horses a good half-day to make the trip home. (It was faster going downhill than on the steep return trip.) They would make a point of leaving early (especially for the uphill trip from town to home, since going up the steep hills in the heat of the day was hard on the horses). Agnes does not clearly remember how these trips to town were organized to mesh with the twice-daily milking demanded of a dairy farmer, though she does remember that her mother sometimes drove the team into town while her father stayed on the ranch.

Agnes knows the names of the other families who ranched in the neighborhood of Deadwood. Generally, however, she says that her family had little contact with others in the area, and she assumes this was typical. If you needed something, they would help you out. Otherwise, socializing typically involved meeting someone on the road and stopping to talk. If someone passed by, therefore, they would always be invited in. On the trips to town, the Jones' would usually stop en route primarily to rest the horses and they would usually be invited in for refreshments or to share a meal. Agnes remembers stopping often at Applegate's, about midway between town and Deadwood, and sharing many meals. They would stop for about 1 1/2 hours. The Applegates' hospitality involved having their boys unhitch the horses, take them into the barn and feed them. The lunch offered to the visitors was typically meat, potatoes and gravy, plus any fresh vegetables available.

The Jones family would move with their cows up to Deadwood when the weather permitted, typically in late May, some seasons earlier. They would take two days to move the herds, pausing at the Lanini place the first night. They had to be careful not to overheat cattle, lest they become stubborn and mean. Agnes' father used dogs to help with the herding. "A good dog is the best hired hand!" she says. "When the weather began to storm," the family moved back to their winter ranch. This would be in late fall, when there might be as much as two feet of snow on the ground up at Deadwood.

The old Dead Indian Road and the Ranches on Dead Indian Plateau

With the exception of her family's place, Agnes recalls all the Dead Indian plateau ranches as raising beef cattle. There were no sheep raised in this part of the country then at all; she recalls: "Cattle don't like sheep."

The old Dead Indian Road followed a somewhat different route than the present road. Agnes remembers quite clearly where the old road ran. The following "guided tour" focuses on the lay of the old road, the ranches along the way, and Agnes' memories about travelling the old road in horse and buggy days.
(Unless otherwise noted, milepost designations refer to those along the new road.)

**Turn off from Highway 66 onto Dead Indian Road, where the airport is now; there used to be an old barn which was "the biggest around," bigger even than the one at Lily Glen. This was the Owens' winter place.**

**About milepost 1: A side road used to go off to Lithia Springs**

**About mile 2: Whereas the new road follows the creek, the old road curved off uphill to the left up over Murphy Hill. The Murphy ranch house was located past the hillcrest, over the ridge. The horses would toil up Murphy hill, their ascent made very difficult in wet weather by the sticky mud that caked on to the horses' hooves and the wagon wheels.**

Agnes remembers there being a small soda spring on a rock ledge to the right of the road in this vicinity. She also thinks that there was an old Indian burial ground on the ridge behind the Murphy place, facing Pompador Bluff. (The Murphy place was in a hollow facing Lithia Springs.) She never saw anything herself here, but in later years her sister was collecting arrowheads, beads, and the parts of a "peacepipe" from somewhere fairly close by her home (Hash place, above). She would never tell Agnes where she found the things, but Agnes suspects it was from here.

Past the Murphy place, the road went down steeply before re-joining the new road at creek level, about milepost 3.

**Mile 3: On the right was the old Emberly place. The old buildings are gone now.**

**Mile 4: This would be about 7 1/2 miles up the old road, at the turn where there is a very wide graveled shoulder on the right now, the old road angled off to the left up the draw. This was the beginning of the "sweat house," a very difficult stretch of road for the horses. The Jones' always tried to do this part of the journey in the cool of the morning. There was usually no breeze in the draw to relieve the heat as the horses hauled up the hill. Looking back downhill to the left (west) where the new road comes to the crest of the hill, a faded section of the old road can be seen through the rock-filled grassy ravine not far from the present fence-line. (It shows up best in the evening shadows.)**

**About mile 5: On the right, old Cove Road took off down to Frog Creek and up the hill. Agnes can still point to an old remnant of the road down near the creek. On the hillside that is visible, Cove Road made eight switchbacks to the top of the ridge at a point marked today by a very obvious, tall, lone dead tree. Cove Ranch was "a nice ranch"; McLane owned it later. Agnes remembers another ranch further along Cove Road as being owned by a man whose family name was Henry. Once Mr. Henry came down Cove Road with a four-horse team. The creek at the bottom was up high. The leading horses in the team hesitated as they entered the deep water of the ford and the wheels stepped over the traces of the leaders and got tangled up, and all four horses drowned.**
Agnes commented that "Sugar Loaf Peak [now mapped as Breast Mtn] used to be called "Squaw Tit" by some folks. She also recalls there being a small cave opposite here on the other side of the ridge that runs down between Frog and Cove Creeks. This was smoke-stained and she assumes it might have been used in prehistoric times, though she never heard of any tangible evidence to confirm that. [This cave was excavated by SOSC/SOHS in summer 1988] This cave was located in the area down from Little Craggy.

The star thistle that covers these golden hillsides in late summer was not here when Agnes was a girl. She says that it was brought in with hay from the Willamette Valley after her childhood. She remembers it coming 50 or 60 years ago into Douglas County and says it has been working its way south since then. By contrast, foxtail, she thinks, is a native, it makes cattle sick if they eat it.

About a half-mile further along the new road was the old Lanini place, which Agnes' family rented for extra pasture. The old barn is still there. Agnes remembers there being bachelor buttons growing wild through the fields near the Lanini place. Once her father delighted her by stopping the wagon and picking her a bunch.

Mile 7: Off to the right is a place Agnes knew as "Deep Hollow." The old road dipped steeply down into the gorge instead of skirting around it as at present. At bottom, it was perhaps 100 yards below the new road.

Mile 8: The ranch owned by [the Applegates] was to the right of the road here. The old barn remains though the old house has burned. This was the midway stop between town and Deadwood for the Jones'. Agnes remembers being invited to share many noon-time meals here. Horses would be unharnessed and given food and a good rest.

Up the hill, on the left side of the road, was the Mickleson ranch.

On the right side, in a small clearing not far from the road above the Applegate ranch, was an old school house which the neighboring ranch children attended.

Just before Mile 9 (at a place where there is presently a pullout and a cluster of mail boxes for places further up the road):

The old road came up from the right from the Applegates, rejoining the new road briefly and then heading steeply uphill to the left and away from the present road. Agnes recalls that old Ford cars couldn't make it up such a steep grades facing forwards so they would be driven up in reverse.

A quarter-mile down the hillside there was a spring. Agnes remembers it as being really cold, but typically going dry before summer was out.

On the left was the old "lower" Hooper place, located some distance off the road. Agnes remembers her family stopping at the Hoopers' for only one visit. Mrs. Hooper, she says, was "not talkative."

A little further up the road to the right is Ice House Lake. Agnes remembers the Applegate family cutting ice on the lake in winter to keep things cool
during the summer. She remembers the lake as being larger than it is today (the meadow's trees and grass have filled it in) and having clear water [no duckweed as at present; cf. Photo #1]

The forest vegetation on this part of the road seems to Agnes to be pretty much as it was in her childhood, not much denser or different species.

Just before Mile 10: On the right, where a sign saying 11500 Dead Indian Road hangs at present on a locked gate, another road turned off to the Cove Ranch. Down this road, maybe 1-1/2 miles in was a school house where lots of "arrowheads" were found. [See further description of this below]

Mile 10: The present road makes a hairpin turn and just beyond this is Hooper Spring. At the turn, another old road took off to the right to Cove Ranch. In the early years of our present road, this spring served as a major stopping point. The spring itself was fenced to protect it from stock and its water was drinkable. (It is now capped though water still seeps out around it.) To accommodate the travellers stopping, latrines were built on the hill beyond the spring. These have now been removed, since people driving today's high-powered cars are not so inclined to stop for a rest here.

The old road at this point ran quite a ways over to the left and this did not pass by Hooper Springs at all. The spring was just a part of the Hooper Ranch to early travellers.

Mile 11: "Hooper Meadows" says the present sign. The Hooper Ranch used these meadows for hay. There was a corral here and the Hooper Ranch house. (Anne Chambers notes: My daughter Lorien who has explored around this meadow a bit because her friend lives in one of the houses now overlooking the meadow, says that a ruined building and the remains of fences stands in the trees near the meadow to the right of the road. Agnes says that this might have been an outbuilding or hay barn. She says that the ranch house was located up on the left side of the present road and she things nothing is left of it now.)

Just around the corner from Hooper Meadows, at a good viewpoint beside the road looking off to the south (right), you can see over into a clearing perhaps 3/4 of a mile away [cf. photo #2]. This was the site of the schoolhouse mentioned previously. The schoolhouse, built to serve the children of the Cove, Henry and neighboring ranches, was located just to the left of the clump of bushes in the middle of the clearing. The main house and barn of Cove Ranch were located about one mile down from the school house (further westward). The Henry Ranch was located backup to the left (north) of the schoolhouse. Agnes never visited the Henry Ranch; the distance was too far.

Right before Buck Prairie: On uphill grade, Burnt Creek Road turned off to the left.

Buck Prairie: The old road came in from the left here, intersecting with the new one. The Murphy's owned this land at one time.

Just along a little bit on the left side, the road to Shale City takes off. This was a venture that sought to produce oil through processing shale. Agnes
remembers Mr. Crouch as the owner. Personnel included Mr. Marcot, Mr. Hurd, and Blanche McLane. She recollects no stories regarding them, however.

Mile 13-14 - (Spencer Place): The ranch began at about milepost 13, on the right (east-southeast). Here, the old road leaves the new one, going off through the trees to the right, following the contour along the right meadow. There are a lot of elderberries here now; Agnes commented that they tend to spring up after logging.

At about milepost 14, some of the Spencer buildings can still be seen, including the frame of the old barn. Agnes doesn't recall the Spencer adults of her childhood at all, but says that one Spencer son, Don, worked in the postal service in Ashland for a long time. The Spencer place, too, was a stock ranch.

South of the Spencer place, to the right of the road, was Long Glade, on the Long Homestead.

The 18 milepost stake for the old road was on the right, where BLM road #38-3E-21 is now. The old road goes off to the left ascending Hash Hill on its way up to the Hash Ranch.

Mile 16: In Agnes' childhood, the meadows here on both sides of the road were parts of the Neal ranch, which raised stock. Agnes remembers the mystery surrounding the murder of Fred Neal's wife, who was one of the Losly family of Klamath Falls. Mrs. Neal apparently was "quite a singer" and used to perform at civic meetings. On one occasion she did not arrive at an event to sing as expected, and people eventually went in search of her, finding her shot dead in her Ashland home. A hired man named Ray Jillson, who boarded with the Neals, was also found shot; he was alive but unconscious. [Jillson had been a friend of Agnes' brother.] Agnes says that the mystery was never fully cleared up although some people thought that Fred Neal might have done the killing. Fred Neal lived on Sherman Street in Ashland and worked for Perrozzi, the creamery owner. (This murder occurred after the Jones' had left Deadwood, probably in the 1920's.)

In the 1920's Neal sold his ranch to Agnes' sister Mary and her husband Walter Hash. The ranch, as it was run by the Hash's, was a dairy operation. Cream [rather than butter and cheese] was the main product sold. The Hash family made trips to town once or twice a week and sold to the creamery on Winburn Way which was owned by Perrozzi. Agnes recalls that Perrozzi was notorious for short-weighing his customers. The inspectors would come and find his butter short-weighed and fine him. He would fill the molds back to the right level again for a little while, but he would soon slip back to his old practices.

Because of her sister's connection with the ranch, Agnes has taken particular notice of it over the years. She says the meadow/house area seems pretty much the same. She remembers the aspen groves along the meadow creek from her childhood. When he took possession of the ranch, Walter Hash tore down the old barn on the place and built a smaller one to replace it. Agnes recalls her sister as having a wonderful home garden to the left of the existing house. The old house she remembers from her childhood has been torn down quite a while and the present house was built in the same location.
According to Edna Victoria Hash, Agnes' niece, who peeked into the existing house in July 1989, this house lacks a floor!

In Agnes' childhood, two old cabins also stood in the meadow on the north (left) side of the road. These were very old even then and had not been lived in for years. She doesn't know when they would have been built but suspects they were connected with the original land claim. (Photo #3 shows this meadow and cabin sites. One was located where the roll of fencing wire is now, the other one a little off to the side of it.) The unimproved road on the left goes off to the Owens Ranch.

Owens Ranch: Agnes knew the Owens Ranch was in operation when she was a child, but she never had much contact with the Owens. This ranch (located off Dead Indian Road about one mile to the north) raised stock (beef cattle) like the others on the Plateau. Agnes thinks that the Owens' probably bought dairy products in town since she remembers that they did not keep their own dairy animals, nor did they buy from the Jones.

Perhaps because the meadow on Owens Prairie was quite large, the Owens hired men during haying time. Agnes recalls hearing about the following incident: Mrs. Owens was serving coffee to the haying crew, one member of which was "Old Man "Emery. (Emery had a place on Dead Indian Road, not too far from the junction with Highway 66). "Mr. Emery," she asked, "Coffee strong enough?" "Yes", he replied, "I like strong coffee, but not strong enough to float 'a harrow tooth!"

Howard Prairie Junction (Taylor's and Blake's): At the north end of the meadow (to the left of the Howard Prairie Resort road junction), in the old days, was a schoolhouse. Photo #4 shows the old school house site further back in the meadow, just between the two ruined building of the Taylor sawmill in the foreground. Agnes thinks that this sawmill produced boards for the Taylor's own use.

Agnes commented that she has always been puzzled about where the name "Howard Prairie" came from. She never heard of any Howards up that way. Most of the dam was built on the old Neal Place she says.

The Blake place, adjoining the Neal place, was also located on "Howard Prairie," the first place you come to on the left after turning off Dead Indian Road to the south. The old barn is still in good shape. Agnes attributes this to Blake having been "a good workman." The old house has burned. Blake had a small sawmill too, used to meet the needs of his own and neighboring ranches. Agnes is not sure what the power source for this mill was. Roland Lindsay owns this land now. Agnes remembers Blake as being a bachelor.

Lily Glen: Agnes recalls that in her childhood, the Lindsay family included an "old grandma" but she doesn't remember any specific incidents regarding her. The Lindsay children were Bill and Charley (and perhaps one other?). All were a little older than she was. (Roland Lindsay is Bill's son). She remembers the Lily Glen ranch as being "a nice place," having a nice wide meadow with a creek running through it. Both of the two barns there were "very large" by comparison with those on neighboring places, perhaps 50 ft. longer. The second barn is gone now. Agnes thinks that the existing barn
(see Photo #5) has had some stalls added to it to accommodate the horse shows held there each fall. She reckons that its being "pegged together" with wooden pegs (rather than nails) is responsible for its having survived so many winters snows. She has no firm idea of when the barns would have been built, "perhaps turn of the century." She is also uncertain why the Lily Glen barns were so large, although she observes that "they needed a lot of space for hay storage in those days." The fact that the Lindsay Ranch at Lily Glen was a year-round operation (the stock were not moved to a winter place at a lower elevation) may have necessitated having such a large barn.

Agnes asserts that there was no post office at Lily Glen. Instead people had to wait to get their mail when they went to town. She did recall that "sometime after 1900" her own father did carry the mail to Pelican Bay from Ashland, after E.H. Harriman (railroad millionaire) built the lodge over there. He would change teams at Deadwood. Sometimes, when the mail was light, he would carry it on a saddle horse. The cost of a stamp in those days was 2 cents. (More on the subject of post offices: Roland Lindsay was able to tell a magazine writer from Portland about the location of the old "Swastika" post office and thus would seem to be a good person to approach about such topics.) Agnes, however, has no recollections about any post offices in the area. Leaving Lily Glen, the new road coincides with the old road.

About mile 19: The meadows on the south (right) were part of the Hunt place. Agnes remembers that Hunt made a living as a cattle buyer as well as by raising his own stock. The old original barn is still visible. The house is gone without a trace (it burned in the 1980s). The old road crossed the meadow at the drainage, on the far side of the barn; Agnes remembers a very large fir, "7 ft. through", too large to reach around. This area has subsequently been logged intensively. The Hunts were the nearest neighbors to the Jones, but Agnes doesn't remember anything in particular about them. On the north (left) was the Deardorn place, in the area where the channeled water goes in to Howard Prairie.

Mile 21" Deadwood. The old road came over the rise to the north (left) of the present road, reaching Deadwood at mile 22 (instead of milepost 21 at present.) Before dropping into the meadow, it passed between two very large fir trees. The probable stump of one of these is still visible.

With the perfect cone of Mt. Pitt (as Agnes still calls Mt. McLoughlin) rising above the trees to the north of the meadow, and with the added attraction of good fishing in the local creeks, Deadwood was truly a beautiful site. Agnes remembers that several families would come to camp in the area when she was a small child (about 1915). Ashland banker McCoy and Fred Engel (who had an insurance business and store in Ashland) used to come in the fall. They were "persnickety people" and brought panels covered with cheesecloth which they set up around their eating tables to protect themselves from flies and yellowjackets. Their camp was on the "other side" (south) of the present road, about level with the present gate into Deadwood. Ollie Easterling, brother of the former city recorder in Ashland, also had a camp about 200 yards further down the hill from McCoy and Engel. (Agnes remembers that Fred Engel had a white house in Ashland on the corner of Siskiyou and Union Streets. On Mondays, Agnes would stop in there on her way to Hawthorne School [present site of Safeway] to get the "funnies" from the Sunday newspaper.)
Agnes doesn't recall there being any school located in the Deadwood vicinity. "Not many youngsters" lived in this area, she says.

**Mile 23/24:** Brush Mountain turn-off and "Johnston's Paradise." Agnes walked down this way often, checking on the ripening huckleberries. She thinks the trees in this area are denser now than when she was a child.

Close to where the new road goes up Brush Mountain now, "right beside Beaver Dam", was a timber claim dubbed "Johnston's Paradise." This was actually two separate but adjoining claims made by two brothers, Charlie and Bill Johnston. Agnes has no specific recollection of any incidents involving these timber homesteaders. She says, however, that in 1980, during a berry-picking visit, she searched around in the area where they had their cabins but could not find even a trace of their homesteads. Logging in the area has probably obliterated any remains. The two homesteads were separated by a small ridge and huckleberries on this ridge were known for being particularly early ripening.

**Mile 26:** On the north (left) is a house (the sign now reads "Beaver Springs"); this used to be the "old Furry place" [and location of "Lost Prairie"].

**Miscellaneous Topics** When I first asked Agnes about a possible site called "Paradise," located on Dead Indian Road close to the Rogue/Winema Boundary, "Johnston's Paradise" (described above) did not immediately come to mind. Instead, she described a site, called "Little Paradise," on the "North/South Trail" over by Prospect. This she said is a hill-top area, on the North/South Trail up from Lower Cow Camp, where people had built some small vacation cabins in about the mid and late 1920's. Moltons built a cabin there in 1929, she says; T.E. Daniels built one previous to that.

She went on to say that she had always imagined that the open, hilltop area had been "a conference room" used aboriginally for Indian meetings. There is "a rock ledge like a throne, with a room down below. Five piles of rock in a clearing, obviously man-made since they are piled into pyramids 2 to 3 ft. high" The clearing had large trees all around it; Agnes considers the absence of young trees from the clearing itself significant evidence that the clearing was maintained by the humans who used it. The last time she was there, one of the cairns had been destroyed but the others were still intact.

"Stump Ranchers" of the Dead Indian Plateau

Agnes has no substantive recollections of the area's timber homesteaders. This is largely because her family had minimal contact with neighbors, busy as they were making a living from their own dairy herd. She does recall a few names, however. Dan Pedersen (see below) had a timber claim on Brush Mountain, where he was also a Forest Service lookout. The Stannard family had a claim which Agnes described as "close to the Clay Burton place." A family named Parmilee was in the same area. There were also the Johnston brothers (cf. "Johnston Paradise, above) and Henry Griffen. Agnes says that the "stump ranchers" were generally in the process of proving up on their claims when she was a child at Deadwood. She remembers having seen the people she named.
Most of them sold out and left the area after their claims were proved, leaving their cabins abandoned. She estimates that most were gone by about 1920.

Changes in the Dead Indian Country since World War II

Agnes recalls there being stands of very large Douglas-fir and Shasta red fir in the area in her childhood, huge trees 5 to 6 ft across. She says, "Darn logging has changed so much! The country don't look anything like it used to. It's down to bare ground and weeds now." Agnes feels that there are much fewer animals about than previously.

She asserts that the Japanese are shrewd in their timber purchases, refusing to buy logs that have "fewer than 7 growth rings per inch." That dense wood, produced only by the old-growth trees, is tougher. Once the old-growth forests are gone, she point out vehemently, they are gone forever. She believes that this fact is not being recognized by the people who plan timber sales. "Whoever has the most money will have their way," she predicts. By paying a premium price for the old-growth logs, the Japanese corporations are "outsmarting the American people," in her view. She contends that whereas the Japanese buyers band together in family-type groups to maximize their power, Americans are individualistic and thus cannot successfully compete with them. "Divided you fall," she says.

Agnes is also critical of "overcutting and clearing out." She sees the Forest Service as "clearing up the woods to make them into 'parks'." She asks: "Where are the animals going to hide, to rest? They need brush patches for seclusion. There is no place left for the animals to be." Over the years she has noticed a steady decline in the natural brush and cover animals depend on.

Agnes also believes that the water situation at Deadwood seems to have changed. She remembers the water from the several springs at Deadwood running across the road all summer, deep enough to require a bridge there. Down the creek from the ranch, the creek seems to have become "potholed," not running through as it always used to. The springs near the house seem to her to be producing somewhat less than in the past.

Agnes wishes that the Forest Service and the BLM would give up their practice of numbering roads, rather than naming them, since this makes it impossible for her to remember them.

Old Cabin at Woodruff Meadows, Prospect Ranger District

Agnes presently owns this cabin; she is the seventh owner since it was built. She has had use of it through a friend (Joyce Snyder) since 1940. She bought it in 1961. Previous owners included the owner of Monarch Stores and Shorty Miles.

Agnes goes there often although she sees little of her "neighbors" there. Agnes like to tell the story she heard of one of the neighbors complaining that she had lived nearby for 19 years already and never once seen Agnes. The cabin has a "lovely fireplace", which was actually added after the cabin was built.
The cabin was built by a Mr. Bryan (first name unknown to Agnes) in 1925 as a "get-away place." Bryan was a carpenter and the cabin is very well built, being reinforced on the inside. She reckons it is about 24 ft by 18 ft. There is no well or spring. Originally, water was obtained from the creek. Now Agnes takes her own drinking water from town and uses creek water for washing. She used to go and stay for a month at a time. Now, her visits are usually shorter. Before logging started at Tiller, Agnes remembers seeing only one or two persons, coming through on horseback, when she was there. "It's not like that now."

Other cabins in the area: T.E. Daniels (insurance man in Medford) built the Windy Gap cabin. He also built another one for Bernie Thumler 6 or 8 miles down the North/South Trail. Allison Molton and his brother built a cabin in 1929 about 1 1/2 miles down the North South Trail from Bernie's. These were all "get away" cabins for people living in town.

Memories of Forest Service Personnel

Agnes remembers Bert Peachy, who worked for the Forest Service in her childhood, as a "jolly, good-natured guy." Deadwood lay between Big Elk Ranger Station and Moon Prairie, where Bert was the guard, so Bert would often come by the Jones' house on horseback, trailing a pack-horse. Often he would stop and stay the night. Agnes says that Bert liked kids and she recalls him putting her upon his old horse to ride it down to the barn when he was going to stay with her family.

Bert's wife Margaret stayed in town with their children (Agnes recalls three). They had a house out in the Bellvue part of Ashland, close to where the old college was. Agnes visited this house only once. Her impression was that Margaret used to read a lot and was not a particularly good housekeeper, since the house was untidy and stacked up with things. One of their daughters still lives in the place they owned in Eagle Point, back of the old mill on the other side of the creek. (Agnes has "no idea" of what duties would have been expected of the Forest Service wives.)

Lee Peachy, Bert's younger brother, later also worked for the Forest Service. Maude Peachy, Bert's sister, was married to Lee Port. Agnes remembers Maude and Lee stopping by to share a meal with her family at Deadwood when Agnes was just a little girl. Earlier that day, the Jones family had gone out to pick huckleberries. Because she was just 3 or 4 years old, her parents had set her on a large log above the brush while they picked, leaving the dog to keep an eye on her. Somehow she stirred up a nest of yellowjackets and they started stinging her. Her brother, who was nearest, ran over to carry her away. She was too little to even know to run to escape. She was howling, the dog was howling, and she ended up with 23 bee stings on her bottom and legs. Her father put the chewing tobacco from his mouth onto her bites. At dinner, the story of the yellowjacket stings was told and Maude asked Agnes where she had been stung. Agnes' frank reply, "on my bottom," embarrassed the proper Maude greatly, as Agnes recalls. (Agnes almost withdrew this anecdote from this collection when she read over the manuscript. "Isn't that awfully personal?" she said in explanation.)

The Jones family seems to have had fairly regular contact with Dan Pedersen. Dad had a timber claim on Brush Mtn., as well as having the unique lookout
tree there. Agnes remembers him as having "a typical Norwegian look," fairly tall (5 ft, 9 or 10"), spare, no beard, blue-eyed. She says that, being only a child, she can't recall his personality very fully, except that he was "agreeable." He spoke English without any accent. He had come from Norway to Minnesota and then on to this area. His characteristic answer to questions people asked was "I don't know."

Agnes recalls one outing her family made to his cabin. He invited them in for coffee and served them cookies too. Agnes was amazed that a grown man would bake cookies for himself. That was "something out of this world" from her point of view. The lookout tree was located at a distance from his cabin and Dan used to walk there to it. On this visit, her brother climbed the tree with its 5 circles of pegs winding to the fire-finding equipment at the top, though she and her parents did not. Agnes remembers his cabin as being "an ordinary log cabin" and has no recollection of any stone cabin built by him. She does remember that he had made a wooden pipeline to run creekwater to his cabin, using small logs with a groove cut into them along which the water could run. She actually saw a section of this pipeline on her visit to the cabin, since they had to step over it.

She also recalls Dan telling this story: He had been putting out scraps near his cabin to feed what he thought were chipmunks. One early morning, he looked out and saw a cougar eating his scraps! (There was no further incident with this cougar that she ever heard of.)

In the 1930's (or perhaps a little after?), Agnes read a newspaper story about the discovery of a man's body beside a cabin. There was a problem with identifying the man and she always thought "it was probably Danny," because she never heard of him again afterwards. Agnes remembers hearing that he kept his cabin key up in a window opening in the second, half-story of the cabin. He may have fallen or have had a stroke and couldn't reach it to let himself in.

When Agnes was a child at Deadwood, her mother operated a telephone switchboard at their ranch that connected Big Elk Ranger Station and Ashland. She recalls an "old, big crank phone" being used. The Forest Service at that time had a small station at Little Elk, "which didn't last long." The "big operation" was at Big Elk. She has no memories of particular events there, however. Nor does she recall the building of Big Elk Road.

**Fish Lake and Area**

Agnes says that originally Fish Lake was a natural lake, with big springs at the northern end. Medford Irrigation Company built a dam on it and stored water at Four Mile Lake, let the water into Fish Lake and then, when needed, down the stream. Agnes never went to Fish Lake as a child although her older brother did go there to fish. She recalls that after the dam was put in, he didn't bring home any more lake trout from there. She said that she didn't know anything about the construction of the dam or the resort, life at the lake, or other developments in the 1920's and 30's in that area.

One popular outing (that she herself never went on, however) was to McCallister Soda Springs. People would take lemons with them and add them to
the soda water to make a bubbly drink. The road that is now Highway 140 did not go beyond the soda springs; that was then the main destination.

Another good soda spring that was closer to home for Agnes was located perhaps a mile down from Howard Prairie, over on Grizzly Creek, below and a little over from the Clum place. The Jones family did visit this as a special outing and did take their lemons along to make a refreshing drink.

**Life in the Region During the Depression Era**

Agnes recalls people being "badly off" in the Depression, but that they managed by "getting along without." Most people had sufficient food. The other things they needed, especially clothing and furniture, they couldn't afford to buy and so just got along without them. She remembers her father being angry when the Citizens Bank failed. (Banker in charge was V.O.N. Smith) He had deposited $300 in it just before the examiner closed it. The examiner was new to the job and her father believed the old examiner would not have closed down the bank. It was "close to the edge" but he maintained that the new examiner really just wanted to show off his authority.

Agnes' family's food situation (like most of the others in the area) was relatively good because even though they lived in town, they always had a vegetable garden and also raised their own chickens. At one time, they had a cow as well.

"Good Government Congress"

Agnes followed these events in the newspapers of the day, but says that she has no particular memories of it. She sums up the affair this way: "Banks had a good line of jab. A lot of people voted for him. Didn't turn out so good. People in Medford were more interested in this than Ashland folk."

**World War II Era**

Agnes was living in Medford during WWII. She did not own a car and so was not directly affected by rationing. She says that it did not seem to cause "too much hardship" to her friends and relatives, and that people were still able to get up to the woods as they were accustomed to doing.

According to Agnes there were no Japanese-Americans living in Jackson County at the outset of the War.

Her cousins living north in Oakland volunteered for airplane surveillance. She doesn't recall any particular adventures they or any other watchers had. She says that people knew about the Japanese submarine and incendiary balloon attacks when they occurred because they were written up in the newspaper. There were lots of the balloons. People were not too concerned; however, she reckons that people were aware that some information had to be kept secret to keep it from the enemy. During the summer of the incendiary balloon attacks, the weather luckily was "not helpful." Every ten days or so it rained. The weather was cool. These balloon attacks occurred only in summer because in that season, the air currents were better and it was easier to start fires.
Agnes remembers the War era as a time of inflation. She recalls being at the Medford bus depot when the military camp at White City had brought many men into the area. She over heard two men talking about the recent trends of price and wage increases. One said, "I'd like to buy flour for 50 cents a sack and have wages commensurate with that." The other man disagreed, saying that he would much rather be paid wages of $2.50 and have to contend with higher prices. "I like to see the money go through my fingers," he explained. Agnes was amazed. "It really impressed me that someone would like that!" At that time, she remembers a pound loaf of bread costing 10 cents and milk was home delivered in Ashland for 25 cents a gallon.
R.A. (Arch) Work was interviewed in October 1981 at his home in Ashland. Arch Work recalls the development of the Soil Conservation Service’s snow survey program, in which he played a central part. Mr. Work is proud of his participation in the tradition of Federal agricultural engineering, whose motto might be expressed as "Innovation, Efficiency, and Progress," and which contributed greatly to the successful development of American farming. Although his duties took him all over the western United States as well as to the Near East, Mr. Work spent much of his career in the Rogue River Valley.
Jeff LaLande: Mr. Work, would you tell me something of your early life... where you were born and raised, where you were educated, and so on.

Arch Work: I was born in Denton, Texas, in 1904. My father was the founding president of what is now the Texas State Women's College, a very large institution. We came to California when I was a young boy... and I went through the high schools in California, graduated from the University of California, in irrigation, in 1927. It took me several years to graduate because I worked my way through, dropped out occasionally to work.

JL At Berkeley?

AW Yes, I graduated from Berkeley, but I spent much of my time at what was called the "cow college," at Davis.

After graduation, my first employment was with the Miller and Lux Cattle Company [the huge western land and cattle operation dating from the 1860-70s]. At that time, I think it was the largest cattle producer in the United States. That was the "Double H" brand. I left them after two years and accepted employment with the Division of Irrigation of the Bureau of Agricultural Engineering, in the Department of Public Roads, as an assistant irrigation engineer. I was sent to Medford, Oregon, on my first assignment, to make an drainage survey of the [Rogue River] Valley.

JL What year was that?

AW It was in 1929. I've resided in the Valley, except for a period of thirteen years when I was in Portland, since that time.

Well, we initiated some irrigation experiments in connection with some of the drainage problems we found. We established the Medford Irrigation Experiment Station in 1931. My colleague was Dr. W. W. Aldrich. Now, in 1934, we had a very severe drought in the Rogue River Valley and elsewhere. As I recall, water "ran out" of the main canal of the Medford Irrigation District on the Fourth of July, 1934. No more water for irrigating after the Fourth of July.

JL So, Fish Lake was dry?
Oh yes, there was no further source for irrigation water. The reservoirs were drained. Well, there was considerable economic loss, to the fruit industry particularly, that year. Now, we had heard of the science of "snow survey," which is the practical means of measurement of the actual amount of water stored in the mountain snowpack, relative to the subsequent discharge of the streams. That program in Nevada was initiated by Dr. J.E. Church, who was the Professor of Romance languages at the University of Nevada. But this was a hobby of Church's... and he made his first snow survey, we're told, in 1911... well, we'd heard of his work.

Was this really the first snow survey to have ever been done anywhere; that is, that we know about?

No, the very first snow survey was done by an engineer named Charles Mixer, in one of the New England states, in about 1904. It was for the purpose of utilizing the water supply by the paper mills [for pulp-log drives].

So, the idea of the snow survey is definitely a twentieth century, American development?

That's right; as far as I know, the snow survey originated in this country... Well, so we people at the experiment station decided that we would initiate some snow surveys for this valley. Well, the State Engineer of Oregon, Charlie Stricklin, did initiate some snow surveys in 1933, by the Corps of State Watermasters. But, no snow surveys were made in 1934. In 1935, a Congressional committee... actually a Senate committee, in response to requests from western water users, decided that some Federal agency should be assigned the responsibilities for coordinating the snow surveys that were then being made in Oregon, Wyoming, Nevada, Utah, Montana... and California -- many interstate rivers. So they called in the Forest Service, also what was then the U.S. Weather Bureau, and the Bureau of Agricultural Engineering, to decide which of these three agencies should carry this responsibility. This effort was initiated by then Senator Stiewer of Oregon. The gentleman from the Forest Service was the Acting Chief Forester, Mr. Clapp. I don't recall who represented the Weather Bureau, but the gentleman from the Weather Bureau said, "We believe that this is an activity for engineers." And Mr. Clapp said, "If this responsibility is assigned to the B.A.E., the Forest Service will support that agency in this activity." So, on July 1, 1935, this became a responsibility of the B.A.E., in the Department of Agriculture... and I'd like to say, Mr. LaLande, that without this cooperation and the unremitting support of the Forest Service, I doubt if this project would ever have been as successful as it has proved to be... that cooperation extends right down to the present time. And it was all on the basis of a handshake in 1935.

Well, I initiated snow surveys in the Rogue River Valley prior to the time we were given that responsibility. I recall making a ski trip from Fort Klamath into Crater Lake National Park on the fifth day of January 1935, to make a snow survey at Crater Lake. Subsequently, I made trips, sometimes alone or with a companion, into the Seven Lakes Basin [Sky Lakes Wilderness, Rogue River National Forest], over into the Siskiyous
and so forth. Well, at any rate, we gradually established a system for this valley of measuring the mountain snow in order to predict the water supply that would be available for agricultural, domestic, municipal and power-generating interests. "Bill" Childreth and Jack Miller made many of those early-day surveys.

JL How did you decide where the best places were to put a snow course?

AW Well, that's kind of technical... Let me put it this way: in the western states, approximately eighty-five percent of the summer irrigation supply originates in the high mountain snowpack. Now, the mountain snowpack is concentrated at the highest elevations, but those places were often fairly inaccessible. So, we developed motorized transportation; we used helicopters, we used conventional ski-equipped airplanes to get to many of these places... but through most of the early years the job was done the hard way -- by tough men on skis and snowshoes... so we had to provide shelter facilities for these people. We usually tried to place these cabins about sixteen miles from where you had to start skiing, on the trails... because a man on skis with a loaded pack, and when the snow conditions aren't good, does well to make sixteen miles in a day.

JL All the measuring equipment and so on had to be packed in with you?

AW Yes, the surveyor carried his measuring equipment, a little emergency rations, usually a long-handled axe, and generally a candle, or pitch, some pliers, some bailing wire, maybe a poncho, whatever you need for a cross-country trip.

JL You spoke of the cabins just now. That brings up a subject I'd like to hear more about... the snow survey cabins here on the Rogue River National Forest. To my knowledge, there were only four -- no five -- S.C.S. snow survey cabins on the Rogue... the log one at South lake in Seven Lakes Basin, the log one which replaced it at Honeymoon Creek, the log cabin at Whaleback Mountain on the Rogue-Umpqua Divide, and the shake-and-pole cabins at Wrangle Camp and Grayback Mountain on the Applegate.

AW Yes, that's right, but I don't know anything about the Grayback cabin because that was built after I transferred to Portland.

JL What year was that?

AW Well, I was put in charge of the snow surveys for the western United States, back in about 1938... and we moved our headquarters to Portland a few years later [ca. 1942], in order to be in closer contact with the other government agencies we cooperated with.

JL Before that, was the headquarters of the entire western states' snow survey program here in Medford?

AW Yes, it was for several years.

JL I had no idea. Where was your office in Medford?
At the Experiment Station, on the old Billy Budge orchard, a couple of miles south of the Medford city limits...south of Stewart Avenue and east of King's Highway...we used short-wave radio to keep in touch with some of our people.

Well, as to these cabins you mentioned, the first one we built was on the north shore of South Lake [Seven Lakes Basin]. A gentlemen by the name of Alvin Copeland and I went in there to do the snow survey the first January following the time the cabin was built [1935]. We skied about sixteen miles that day, and got into the cabin site a little before dark...but we couldn't find the log cabin. We knew where the cabin was supposed to be and we feared that maybe some hunters had burned it down. But, at any rate, we got our snow-tubes out, and we went to where we believed the cabin to be and started "sounding." Sure enough, we hit wood. And we kept sounding until we came over the ridge-pole of the cabin roof; then we sounded out the ridge-pole until we ran out of ridge-pole. Then we started digging, with our skis and with our hand-axe. We had a little door up in the "gable." We dug a hole down eleven feet to get into that cabin. And, after we got into the cabin, of course, we couldn't start a fire. We had put on top of the roof-jack a metal plate to keep the snow out. I happened to have an old thirty-eight pistol with me. So, I shot some holes in that metal plate and then jammed the snow sampler up through it, clear to the surface. Well, then we were able to start a fire and we laid down on the floor because it was pretty smoky. But eventually, the heat from the fire got a pretty good draft going...and we were well insulated...the upshot was, the next year we put a "chimney" entrance [an enclosed tower] on the cabin, and then could climb down the ladder through the wooden "chimney" into the cabin, underneath the snowdrifts.

JL Was that what they called the "Santa Claus chimney"?

AW Yes, that was it.

JL And you were personally responsible for inventing that particular innovation?

AW Yes, as far as I know, that one at South Lake was the first such cabin that had a "Santa Claus chimney." We built several others like it later.

JL Yes, I know Whaleback Cabin has a wooden snow-tower like that.

AW Yes, we built several of them. We built the cabin at South Lake in the fall of 1935. And then the next one was at Wrangle Gap. There was a C.C.C. camp there then. I think the cabin at Whaleback was built about 1937-38.

JL I've been inside the Whaleback Cabin and there's a penciled inscription on one of the wall logs that reads, "October 28, 1937." I had to climb down the chimney because the main door was locked.

AW Yes, then that must have been the year we built it. The thing about that cabin was this: We used to buy wood stoves for these cabins from the California-Oregon Power Company. I remember they'd sell us a dandy wood
stove for five dollars. And so, when we built that cabin, that was an unusually large stove that wouldn't go through the door. So, after we laid three rounds of logs, we set the stove into the cabin and hung canvas over it to keep the dirt and grit out of the cook's preparations. And then we built the cabin around the stove.

JL Well, I guess it's the same stove still sitting there...a pretty good way to prevent someone making off with it. The Wrangle Cabin, that one is lumber frame with shakes.

AW Well, sure, 'cause we had a road we could bring the stuff in on.

JL But you didn't feel the need for a "Santa Claus" chimney at Wrangle?

AW No, it was kind of a high structure, you know. And we had a little door in the gable [near the peak of the roof]. We didn't really need a chimney there.

JL So the reason some cabins have the chimney and others don't is simply the varying conditions, the "lay of the land?"

AW Yes, where the snowpack was deep, we put on the chimneys; where it wasn't so deep, we tried to get away without it...we just put in the little gable-end doors, near the roof.

JL And so Wrangle Cabin was definitely built the same year that the C.C.C. were building the big "community kitchen" shelter up there?

AW Yes, very definitely, because I remember the "Three-C" boys were working all around us up there. These lads were from New Jersey..."New Joizy," you know. And I remember that some of my men and I were cutting some boards, and I overheard one of these C.C.C. boys say to another, talking about me..."Cheez, look at dem guys woik!" and the other says, "Dat guy's name is Woik." [laughs]

JL So these Civilian Conservation Corps fellows were definitely new to the area, but they seemed to do a good job on building the "community kitchen" shelter up there.

AW Oh yes, they did nice work. Many of them were good workmen. They were enthusiastic. I think that it was a great program.

JL Yes, it's rare to find that quality of work, craftsmanship, out in the woods anymore...Do you know anything about the background of the "Honeymoon Cabin" up in Seven Lakes Basin?

AW Yes, I do. I didn't recognize the name. Jack Frost, myself, Dwight Houghton, my 11-year old son Bob, and one other built that cabin, somewhere around 1943.

JL Was Jack Frost really his name?

AW No, his real name is Wilfred T. Frost [laughs] but he was known as "Jack." He was the snow survey supervisor for Oregon after I left to
supervise the western-wide survey activities. He came from the National Park Service...was a ranger. I hired Jack away from the Park Service in, I think, about 1942. Jack's been retired for several years now. But he and his wife Hope visited my wife Jane and me just a week or so ago. He looks well.

JL Were there any other snow survey cabins in the Rogue drainage besides those we talked about?

AW Well, there was an old cabin called the "Swamp Cabin," on the east side of the Cascades, about two-thirds of the way into Seven Lakes.

JL Would that have been at Sevenmile Marsh?

AW Yes...it was an old trapper's cabin. We called it the "swamp cabin." It was near the trail, but maybe there's a road there now.

Well, we built a lot of cabins in this State and, of course, in other States too.

JL Did they follow a similar plan or standard design? In fact, I've got the original plans with me for the South Lake Cabin. Let me get them for you....

AW [Looking at copy of blueprint] Well, sure enough. George Michealson drew those plans. It was a small cabin, but it was a lot easier to heat that way. Twelve-and-a-half feet long and about ten feet wide.

JL I noticed that the Whaleback Cabin has exactly the same floor plan and dimensions. The stove is in the same place, the bunks and table. The windows and door are all in the same location as these plans. So, I just wondered if this was a standard plan that the B.A.E. followed.

AW No, it just happened that way in this case. We'd just build them out of our heads, more or less...depending on what material we had, how many men we had, whether we had horses to haul the logs or if we had to haul them ourselves. But we did build them small, just for two men. That's all the men a snow survey usually involved. They're a lot easier to heat when they're small...and a lot easier to build.

I remember a local Boy Scout troop was given the project of tearing down the old South Lake cabin a while back [ca. 1960s]. One of them was the son of a friend of mine, and he brought back a piece of one of the logs with my name written on it...I'd left my name the second year...[inscription reads "Arch Work, Andrus Smith, Jan. 4, 1936, Blizzard"; the other names on the log fragment include Dwight Houghton, Vic Sisson].

Vic Sisson, and Harry Kallandar from the Klamath side...we hired some fellows from the Klamath side that had a dog team to go in there and measure the snow some years...sled dogs.

JL That's a really nice keepsake.
AW Yes, I keep it in a drawer, but it's kind of nice to have. It's all that's left of that old cabin. I'd been down that chimney more than once.

JL When you arrived at these places in the winter, would you find that some four-legged critter had taken up residence inside?

AW No, never did...except pack-rats. We built a cabin on Buck Mountain, down near Medicine Lake, California. And we had a bear that kept coming there every year. The son-of-a-gun would tear off the shakes. But he never got into the cabin. So, we finally put corner-boards up with sharp nails sticking out, and that kind of discouraged him...[laughs]...for two or three years.

JL That brings up another question...personal reminiscences of your snow survey experiences. There must have been a fair number of interesting stories that were told -- people getting lost or stranded. Were there occurrences like that, that you recall?

AW Well, anybody that has personally made snow surveys, and I made a great many...in Utah, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona, Alaska...Turkey and Iraq...you're bound to have some experiences...if you lived to tell of them.

I think one of the most tragic incidents that I had any personal knowledge of was the death of District Ranger Wilhelm, in the Humboldt Forest. He and his companion were trapped by an avalanche. Wilhelm was killed; his companion, Dale Rodies, was very severely injured. But he did make his way out to get a rescue party in there. I investigated the site a year or two later. There have been a few deaths in the snow survey activity, but we always stressed safety, and we gave training programs to our people. We gave programs Region-wide and State-by-State. Our men were trained in survival; they were trained in first-aid; and they were very particularly trained in avalanche. And the man that trained our people in that particular activity was Monty Atwater. Monty was the former Forest Service avalanche ranger at Alta, Utah. He was a very close friend of mine, a great guy. There was one time period in which our surveyors traveled one-million miles, mostly by ski or snowshoe, without a single death.

Yes, I recall a number of rescues and so forth...[laughs]...I remember this one man up Diamond Lake. George Howard was running the Diamond Lake Resort at that time. We got a radio call from our man that he was feeling real sick and had to be taken out. George said, "Yes, we'd better go get that guy." So we took George Howard with us in our Sno-Cat, went in there and got the man.

JL Was this pretty much the same piece of equipment as today's Tucker Sno-Cat?

AW Yes, it was an early model of course. I bought the second Sno-Cat that Tucker ever built.

JL The Tuckers were a local family, weren't they?
AW Well, yes, they were a local family, and they were real individuals. Nice people; but the elder Tucker got mad at somebody in Medford, so he moved his shop to Grass Valley, California. It was at Grass Valley that I bought this Snow-Cat. It was a remarkable machine. We named that Sno-Cat "Chinook," the word for "snow-eater." I drove it in Montana, Wyoming, Arizona, all over Oregon in the winter time. In fact, that's the machine that we used on that National Geographic trip...where we went from the summit of Green Springs [near the California-Oregon border] to the Columbia River one winter, in 1948.

JL That was a winter trip, along the route of what is now the Pacific Crest Trail, the crest of the Cascades?

AW Yes. We left the Siskiyou Summit on the fifteenth of March, 1948; and I told the boys, "This is a good time of year to go. The heavy snowfall's over." And, gosh, I couldn't have been more wrong. It snowed ten feet on us on that trip...took us twenty-three days.

JL This was sponsored by the National Geographic Society?

AW Not really, but the National Geographic sent a photographer and writer along. It came out as an article the next year...what led up to that was that National Geographic sent a writer to Medford in 1946, a writer by the name of Borah, a relative of the Idaho Senator [William Borah]. He got a hold of me and asked me to take him to Crater Lake. I did. I took him up there in the Sno-Cat. Of course he was impressed no end by the beauty and solitude of Crater Lake in the middle of winter. They didn't keep the roads open in those days. That was what led to National Geographic's interest in this trip.

Well, I wanted to make the trip to see if it was practical to survey our snow courses all as part of one trip. We had snow courses scattered along the whole crest of the Cascades, and we sent men on up these side drainages from the east or west, from the valleys below. I kind of speculated and wondered if a Snow-Cat team could just go along the crest and measure all those courses. But it took too much time. Snow surveys have to be made within a certain time period. Well, that's all beside the point.

JL No, it's fascinating.

AW Well, anyway, getting back to this story about George Howard at Diamond Lake. We thought the caretaker was sick, so we hauled him out. The guy was later down in town, at the barbershop the next day, bragging about how he'd been able to get us to bring all his winter furs out. He'd done some trapping and stuffed the pelts down inside his clothes and gear. [Laughs] Well, we felt a little stupid after that; but, after all, when you get a call for help...

JL Did you hire him back?

AW We didn't. [laughs]
Who did you hire, what kind of people did you hire to do your surveys? Were they just anybody with some backwoods experience? Or was it someone who actually worked regularly for the B.A.E. or S.C.S.?

The Forest Service furnished many of our snow surveyors. The Forest Service made many of the surveys because they had people located at a Ranger Station and so on, near to the snow courses. Those were competent, capable people. We were delighted when we could find a Forest Service employee that would do the job. But we did employ a lot of "private" people -- ranchers and so on. The power companies furnished some people, and so did irrigation districts throughout the west. It was a physical job, believe me. We hired people where we weren't able to find a cooperator who was able and willing to send somebody up to do the survey.

What was the pay?

Four dollars a day...and a "day" seldom exceeded sixteen hours [laughs]...and all they could eat at the cabin.

Who supplied the food in the cabin? The Forest Service?

No, we did. We stocked them each fall, after the hunters went home.

Did you use horse teams?

Well, I remember in the case of the Shasta National Forest [California], we used to borrow the Forest Service pack string. They had the slickest pack string of mules: Hattie, Pattie, Battie, Mattie and Mike. Five mules. Mike was the jack and the rest were jennies. And that damned Mike could pack three-hundred pounds. They could get a little "fractious," You know. You had to show them who was running the show. That was a Forest Service pack string. But, otherwise, we would use private packers.

What were the general duties of someone during the snow survey? What kind of things were done on a typical snow survey?...tools and what not?

Well, the snow surveyor carried a snow-sampling set with him. These snow-sampling sets, for areas of deep snow, consisted of six sections of tubing, each section thirty inches long; and they had couplings so that they could be screwed together. They had a scale which weighed in ounces. The first section of tubing has a very sharp, serrated, tempered-steel cutting point that will cut through ice. The inner diameter of that has to be very precise: 1.4865 inches, as I recall. If you cut a core of water of that diameter, each inch of water will weigh one ounce. Hence, when they cut a "column" of snow with this tube and then weigh it, the difference between the empty weight of the tube and its full weight with its snow "core," in ounces, equals the number of inches of water in the snow at that point. It was the water-equivalent of the snow that counted, not the depth as such. It's the amount of water in that snowpack. You can have a deep snowpack, but with a relatively low water equivalent.
JL Now, when you say an "inch of water," you mean....

AW A surface inch...an inch of water on the land surface.

JL So it wasn't anything like a "miner's inch" or specific irrigation measurement?

AW No, no. It was actual surface inches. Let's illustrate it this way: Suppose we had a snowpack twenty feet deep. And we measured it with our tubes, and we found forty inches of water in that snowpack...which, by the way, would be mighty light snow. In twenty feet of snow it would usually be more like ten feet of water, which would be a hundred-and-twenty inches. In other words, if that snowpack, by some Mount St. Helen's explosion or an A-bomb or something, were to instantaneously melt, you'd have a hundred-and-twenty inches of water there...going to go somewhere...downhill.

JL So they'd take a section of tubing and pound it into the snow?

AW They had a clamp handle that went on it. In quite deep snow, one man would put his hands on his companion's shoulders and balance himself, so he wouldn't bend the tube. He'd get those handles under his feet and push it down. It was a pretty small diameter tube. It penetrated quite well.

JL So the basic measuring was done with tubes and by weighing it. It was as simple as that, basically?

AW No, not really. Sometimes you ran into situations that were hard to handle. For instance, I went into that Seven Lakes snow course one time and I happened to be measuring it alone. My companion was sick and I'd left him down in the cabin...and I only had six sections of tubing. That's a hundred-and-eight inches and, by golly, I couldn't get to the ground with it. So what to do? I measured the upper four feet of snow, the water-equivalent in that, and put the tube back down the hole, went back to the cabin and got a shovel. I then dug a hole four feet deep and got down in the hole; and then I had enough tubing to get to the ground. Took me all day to take six samples there. Normally, we'd take ten, but I just didn't have the time.

JL How were the samples distributed?

AW Well, on the usual snow courses, they're either fifty feet apart of one-hundred feet apart. The average snow course has ten sample points. And the end points, and sometimes the mid-point, are marked by a steel pole. You've seen them probably.

JL With the USDA/SCS "shield" symbol on the top?

AW Yes, that's it. Set in concrete. The surveyor either tapes the one-hundred-foot distance from one point to the next or, if he marks his skis appropriately, he can use his skis. So these samples are taken the same time every year, at the exact same points...within the diameter of
a circle of about so [approximately 20"], virtually the same spot every time a survey's made.

JL So, are they taking a compass line from one of these poles?

AW Well, if you just head straight on skis, you're going to do pretty good. Often, there's three poles, one at the mid-point, that keeps you right on line, that always gives you two to line up on. Then, there's summer maintenance work on the courses. Got to cut out the vine maple and keep all the points cleared of brush. And take care of shelters. Well, of course we took soil samples too. The moisture content of the soil has a great deal to do with the amount of the snowpack that the mountain soil will retain. We did that electronically, with sensor units buried at foot intervals.

JL When did you begin doing that electronically?

AW Oh, we began that...oh, about 1946 or so. Several years after that we established a snow laboratory on Mount Hood, which led to the development of the electronic snow survey...the men don't always have to go up there anymore.

JL The "sno-tel?"

AW Yes, the "sno-tel," with a snow pillow with pressure transducer on it, and a radio which sends an electronic signal to a meteor burst that is then reflected to a station in Ogden, Utah, or in Boise, Idaho. Those things keep sending out information, and you can even interrogate them. They've got about four-hundred of those operating in the western states now. We were silver medal winners on that one...some colleagues and myself.

JL I've been to the "sno-tel" at Wrangle.

AW Yes, they've also got one at Hyatt Lake and several other locations.

JL When did that electronic snow survey idea first become developed? And which ones were first put on the ground?

AW Well, the first one we developed was at Mount Hood. At first, we didn't measure that one electronically...the first measurements we made were in a glass tube. We measured the height to which the methanol would reach when snow fell on the pillow. Later, we put in a recorder to keep a constant record. Later yet, we put in a radio and sent signals into Portland. That was in the mid-nineteen-fifties.

JL And now the "sno-tels" are all over the countryside.

AW Yes, there's sure a bunch of them.

JL Did you have any problem with vandalism on those?

AW No, just the bear, deer...and moose. That is, until they finally fenced them. There was nothing more that a bear would rather do than tear one
of those snow pillows up. He'd say, "What's this...I wonder if there's any ants under there?" And so, he pulls the pillow up and, zippo!, it's gone. Of course, they make them out of metal now, but the first ones were butyl. But no, I don't think we've had guys shooting the pillows full of holes. But they do have to be fenced...have to keep the wild beasts off of them.

JL I wondered if you ever had anybody walk off with a radio transmitter, some expensive piece of equipment?

AW Well, I haven't heard of anything like that...but I've been out of the game a long time too.

JL When did the Bureau of Agricultural Engineering become part of the Soil Conservation Service?

AW I believe that was in 1938 or '39.

JL What were some of the other duties of the old B.A.E., aside from the snow surveyor?

AW They had a great deal of research underway in the water requirements of plants. That's what I was actually working on at the experiment station in Medford, before I got interested in snow survey.

We had another group that developed methods of water measurement, advanced methods. We had an agricultural economist, by the name of Wells Hutchins, who was considered "premier" by all of his peers. Then we had some fellows working on water "spreading." Even if I do say it, those men were all leaders in their respective specialties.

When Congress assigned B.A.E. responsibility for the snow survey, all they gave use was $15,000 to carry out this program in all the western states. Well, "How are we going to do that?" We had to get cooperation. We developed formal agreements with the States. We only had a hand-shake with the Forest Service, which endured, but we had formal agreements with the State Engineers of almost every western state. They became cooperators. And we had them with almost every agricultural experiment station. We got money from those people, or help, "in lieu of" funds. That was how the program began to grow, through cooperation. We were real penny-pincher, real poor. But there was a need for the activity, and those State Engineers appreciated it because they were concerned with the States' water through the water-rights system. Later, we found very strong cooperation with the Bureau of Reclamation and the Army Corps of Engineers, also Bonneville Power.

Not too long ago, the Federal Office of Management and Budget, under President Carter, undertook an in-depth study of the necessity of these snow surveys. The O.M.B. dedicated $200,000 to the study, I was told...to hold public hearings and so forth, to determine if the activity should be terminated. Well, I happened to attend the public meeting in Medford, and I listened to the representatives of forty-three different agencies concerned with water get up and tell the chairman that "no way"
were these snow surveys to be terminated... that they supported them, that they participated in them. They needed the results and used the results' and, of all the government activities, this was the one they did not want to see abolished... then the administration accepted letters. I was told that about ninety-nine percent of the correspondence that went back to Washington was affirmative. Well, that's the last we heard of it. It was swept under the rug. The snow survey could have used that two-hundred thousand bucks to good advantage. But, at any rate, they got it off of their chest and they did find that they did have a real economic, progressive, productive program that the people wanted. I think it's going to continue because water is becoming more scarce and valuable every day. And, as it becomes more valuable, it has to be managed as profitably and as efficiently as possible. So, you have to have those basic tools and knowledge of how much water you're likely to have before you can even plan its management... Water is an asset -- just like our forests -- and it has to be managed accordingly.

END OF INTERVIEW