

DONALD DICKEY

Family History and Life on Berry Creek

Benton County, Oregon: 1928-1941

Oral History Interview by
Bob Zybach and Neil Vanderburg



Soap Creek Valley History Project
OSU Research Forests
Monograph #3



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**OSU RESEARCH FORESTS
Oregon State University
1991**

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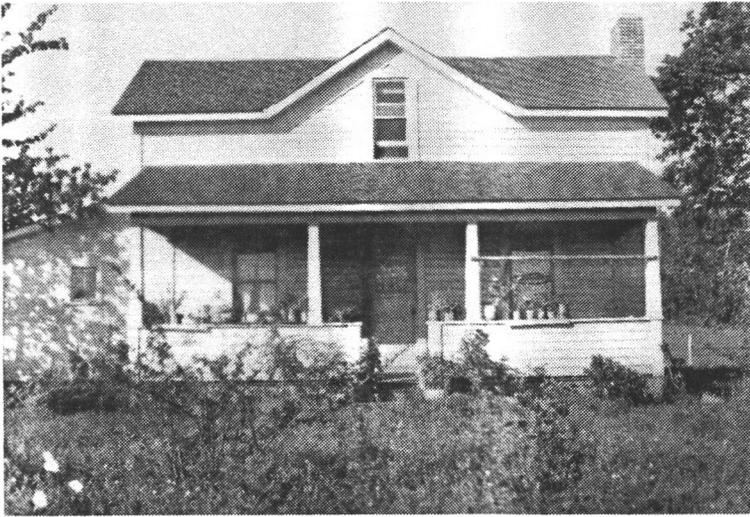
The Soap Creek Valley History Project was authorized by, and is under the direction of, Dr. William Atkinson, Director of the OSU Research Forests. Funding for the project is provided by the OSU College of Forestry.

Transcription to computer files was completed by Lisa Buschman, OSU Research Forests secretary, who also assisted in the final editing, formatting, and indexing. The quality of her work has provided the standard by which the monographs in this series are being assembled.

Patricia Dickey Creelman wrote a memorial to her father, Donald Dickey, which is printed as Appendix A. These words were written shortly after learning of his death, and read by Patricia at his funeral, on October 2, 1990. They project an accurate reflection of the character of Donald Dickey, as viewed through the eyes of one of his children.

Maxine Dickey wrote about her career as a school teacher in Benton and Polk Counties, which is included in Appendix B. The portion dealing with Maxine's memories of teaching at Airlie High School was read at the April 11, 1991 meeting of the Polk County Historical Society, which had gathered at the Airlie Fire Station to hear a presentation of the town's history. Her comments and observations - which had arrived by mail only a few hours earlier for inclusion in this monograph - were greeted with laughter and sustained applause by the 50 or so members of the audience, many of whom were students of "Miss Van Patten's" during the early days of World War II.

Cover Photo: The cover photo is of the Moore Family farm in the Soap Creek Valley, probably taken by Samuel H. Moore around 1899 or 1900. Provided by the courtesy of Myra Moore Davidson and the Soap Creek Schoolhouse Foundation.



The Dickey's Berry Creek Home



Don and Maxine Dickey, c. 1944



The Dickey family: father James, mother Mamie, and sons Kenneth, Leland, and Donald.

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THE SOAP CREEK VALLEY HISTORY PROJECT

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

The publication of these interviews as a series of cross-referenced monographs has been undertaken in an effort to make them available to resource managers, researchers and educators. It will also provide accurate and accessible references for a planned written history of the Soap Creek Valley, a primary objective of this research.

One of the basic accomplishments of the project has been the creation of a computerized concordance file. This was made possible through the assistance and expertise of Bonnie Humphrey-Anderson, of the Horner Museum staff, and Lisa Buschman, secretary for the OSU Research Forests. This file allows for both the efficient and systematic indexing of the monographs in this series, as well as providing a method for cross-referencing other research materials being used in the construction of a scholarly history of the Soap Creek Valley. Wherever possible, that history is being assembled from the written and spoken words of the people who made it and lived it. The use of the concordance file allows information from the journal entries of botanist David Douglas, the transcribed words of Kalapuyan William Hartless, the spoken memories of pioneer "Grandma" Carter, and the recollections of Don Dickey -- a history spanning over a century and a half -- to be systematically searched and organized as if they were all products of the same pen (or word processor).

Citations should mention both the Horner Museum and OSU Research Forests.

INTRODUCTION TO DONALD DICKEY INTERVIEW

Donald Dickey was a good man.

Neil Vanderburg and I interviewed Don near the end of his life, while he was being treated for a terminal illness at the Green Valley Care Center in Eugene. During the course of the interview - which spanned two visits and exceeded four hours during a Saturday afternoon - we were interrupted several times by nurses, visitors, other patients; including the people attending and visiting his roommate, who was situated in another bed a few feet away. Adding to the general confusion were the normal technical difficulties - such as changing tapes and adjusting volume levels - that attend any recording session. Yet, despite all of the distractions and his own personal discomfort (not the least of which included a series of recorded questions from a person he had never met before), Don was able to maintain a remarkable sense of humor and cooperativeness that was both amazing and inspiring. This wasn't a show of maintaining a "stiff-upper-lip" in the face of adversity; rather it was the case of a man seeing a job that needed to be done, and giving it his best effort to help out. The effort was not only appreciated and admired, it was also focused, courteous, thorough and complete.

Don's life and career are examined in some detail in the following transcript, but to understand the strength of his character and the values he instilled in others, one must read the appendices written by his wife and daughter. This is not because he was particularly self-effacing or overly modest, but simply because the task at hand was to record the details of a history in which he had participated. And only that. His own predicament might be annoying and inconvenient, but that was simply circumstance - not an excuse for poor workmanship or an opportunity for self promotion. Certainly not a situation for sympathy or self-pity. Donald Dickey was a strong and confident man; he didn't have time for excuses or compromised efforts. I'm glad that he was able to record some of his ideas and accomplishments for those of us that share his interests in history and wildlife, education and family.

The reason for the foregoing comments is not to memorialize Don Dickey - that is best left and better done by those who knew him and loved him - but to give the reader of this monograph an idea as to the type of man that is answering a series of unrehearsed questions, and the trying circumstances in which he is doing so. When his wife, Maxine, tells a family story (page 34) that ends in the punchline, "Think you'll ever amount to anything, Dickey?" and Don laughs and says, "Rate I'm going now, I don't think so," it is not "gallows" humor at all; although in print it may appear to be so. Those of us that heard that comment in person laughed along with Don, and not simply to be polite or comforting. It was a genuinely funny quip - impeccably timed - from a man that enjoyed life and had the ability to share that joy with others, no matter the circumstances.

This document is primarily concerned with history of the Berry Creek community to the immediate north of the Soap Creek Valley during the time of the Great Depression, from 1928 until the start of World War II. As such, it should prove to be of value to a wide variety of students and researchers interested in western Oregon history during that era, whether that interest is in wildlife patterns, forestry, agriculture, education, genealogy, climate, or any number of other topics upon which Don comments. Donald Dickey was an active participant in the affairs of his community, a knowledgeable and trained observer, and had the ability to communicate details in a concise and insightful manner. It was a pleasure to work with him. He was a good man.

Bob Zybach
Corvallis, Oregon
May 1, 1991

DONALD DICKEY

Interview conducted by Bob Zybach and Neil Vanderburg at the Green Valley Care Center, August 18, 1990, with Donald and Maxine Dickey.

1. FAMILY HISTORY

Donald, would you mind just saying hello or something, to just see if this recorder is working? Then I'll check it.

Yeah. Hi, I'm glad to be part of this.

Don, can you tell me what year you were born and where you were born.

Born, October 20, 1914 at Yamhill.

What was your father's name?

James A. Dickey.

What was he doing in Yamhill?

He was a farmer down there. We had 50 acres.

Was he born in Yamhill?

No, he was born up by Buell.

Buell, Oregon?

Yeah, that's over by Willamina, Sheridan, in that area.

Okay. Do you remember his parents?

No, his parents were dead, they died when he was 15 or 16.

Were they farming in that area?

Yeah, they had . . . I think they had 320 acres. They raised livestock mainly.

And they both died at about the same time?

Yeah, when they was 58, 59 something like that. Within a year or two anyway of each other.

So were the deaths related, was it an epidemic, or . . .

Well, I think one of them had cancer, but I'm not sure, and I don't know about the other one.

Okay. And then your father, did he continue working on the family farm?

Well, there was three boys and three or four girls, so they divided the family farm up, and my dad had a 40 acre piece of it he and one of his sisters lived on. And I

don't know for how long, till his sister got married I guess. Then dad married my mother in 1903 and they lived there on the 40 acres for a while then they sold it and moved down to Yamhill. And I don't know whether they rented the 10 acres that they were on for a while or not, I think maybe they did, but then they bought 50 acres out southwest of Yamhill 4-1/2 miles, a little area they called . . . anyway, it was clay, some kind of a gulch out there. And they got a pretty good farm out there. They had to build a house and barn, that stuff. And we had dairy cows. And the soil was kind of hard to work, but if you worked it good and kept at it you raised good crops on it. And in 1928 we moved from Yamhill up to Berry Creek, and one of the reasons for it was they wanted to get closer to Oregon State [University]. My older brother was going to Oregon State, and my youngest brother was a couple of years younger than I was. We were still in grade school when we moved up there. Then we went to Airlie to high school, and I went to Oregon State and I graduated high school in '37, or '33, and didn't get started at Oregon State till '37, on account of there weren't any money trees growing in the back yard in those days.

So the reason your folks moved to Berry Creek was to get the family closer to Oregon State?
Right.

Was your father a college graduate?

No, but he was pretty well educated. So was my mother.

Now, going back to your mother's family, do you know where she was born?

She was born back in Eddyville, Nebraska.

Eddyville Nebraska?

Um hmm. And they moved out in 1893 to Salem. They had a cousin or something over there. They lived there a year or two and then they moved over by Sheridan on Mill Creek, and they, I don't know, they were there for several years I guess, then about 1900 or 1901 or 2 her folks moved over in Tillamook County near Hemlock. And she and Dad got married in 1903 and came back to live on the 40 acres that was part of his dad's old homestead. Then they moved to Yamhill and eventually Berry Creek.

What was your mother's family's maiden name?

Blanchard.

Blanchard? Do you know her mother's maiden name?

Bolton.

Do you remember either of her parents?

My mother's parents?

Yeah.

My grandmother, she was one of the nicest little old ladies that I ever knew. Never said anything bad about anybody. And she lived till she was 66, I think. 1933 or sometime about then. And all of us boys were born down at Yamhill, my brothers, just 3 of us, and then we moved up to Berry Creek, and there, why, my older brother worked in California and different places, and I graduated from Oregon State and went to work for the [Oregon] Game Commission for a while. And World War II was on. So chasing pheasants didn't seem too necessary, since there were a lot of pheasants in the valley anyway. So I took a job with the US Fish and Wildlife Service killing the ground squirrels around Camp White where they'd found them carrying the plague the year before. From there they transferred me to Vanport. I was there at Vanport, let's see, went to Camp White, then they transferred me to Vanport in August and they transferred me to Eugene in February. And I was working on extermination projects, and supposedly I killed 50,000 rats the first 5 months that I was in Eugene. So I, after about 4 years, they decided to pull their money out of the project, they were going to put me someplace else, but I didn't like the payoff, so I stayed and took over the job at Eugene. And worked there, Eugene, Cottage Grove, Junction City, Oakridge, Coburg, and I stayed pretty busy. I worked for a while in Florence, till I got the rats pretty well cleaned up down there.

In where?

Florence.

Oh, Florence.

And I worked 35 years on rodent control. Not completely on rodent control, because I developed a line of rodent bait called Ortho Rodent Bait. And retired in 1980 and sold the bait business to a young fellow by the name of Doug Freeman. And he's operating it out of Coburg now.

[MAXINE] Harrisburg.

Yeah, Harrisburg. Where else do you want me to go from there?

Okay, we'll just keep going back and then bringing it forward and then we'll concentrate on Berry Creek in a bit. When you graduated from Oregon State, what was your degree in?

Fish and Game Management.

So you were able to capitalize on that pretty much. How about your older brother?

He was taking mining engineering, and they closed the mining school before he got out. And besides, he started in '26 and by '29 things was getting a little rough.

Anyway, he got a job in a mine down in California, and instead of finishing up why he worked down there.

How about your younger brother, did he go to Oregon State?

No, he . . . well, my father died in 1942. He died on my birthday, and was buried on my younger brother's birthday. And then my younger brother, we were married by that time, Maxine and I, so my younger brother stayed around the farm for a long time. And my mother remarried after a while, and then my brother got so that he had trouble with his lungs or something because of the cold wind that blew down . . . they lived over by, what's the name of that place where they lived, Maxine? Where was it they lived over there? Wren. And the wind blew down through that gap there from Kings Valley in the wintertime, and my brother was working hard and he had trouble with his lungs or something, so he decided he had better get out of there so he moved to Arizona, and well, they had given him in 1952 ten years to live because he'd had . . .

[MAXINE] Holocystic kidneys.

Holocystic kidneys. He lived 30 years.

Let's go back real briefly to 1893 when your grandparents came with your mother out to Oregon. Did they come by train?

Yeah, they came by train.

From Nebraska.

From Nebraska.

Do you know why they came to Oregon?

Well, he had a store, her dad had a store with some other fellow, and I'm not sure that they were getting along too well. They had some relatives out here at Salem. And Oregon was kind of a popular place to come, so they came out here.

They just heard it was a nice place.

Yeah.

How about your father's folks? Do you know why they came to Oregon?

My father's family? Well they came in 1853. From Lone Jack, Missouri, and I think it was just part of the western migration, probably.

Just free land? Do you know if there were any stories in your family about coming across on the [Oregon] trail?

[MAXINE] No, we haven't.

Not, really.

Okay, so do you know how your father and mother met?

Well, they lived in the same area down there by Buell. And I might tell you a little interesting side story on that. My dad and mother got married and they'd go out on a Sunday for a buggy ride. And of course she come in later than dad, why she didn't know who was related to who, she'd heard these stories about various people. So one Sunday they were out and met somebody on the road and exchanged greetings with them and drove on, and my mother said, "Did you hear that story about . . ." I don't know what the story was about. And dad says, "Oh, you can't tell stories about her, she's my cousin." Mother said she was beginning to think he was related to everybody in the area.

Is any of that land still in the family? The donation land claim?

I don't think so. It wasn't what I'd call real hot farm land. It was more cattle than anything, so . . . Incidentally, we have been back to Lone Jack, where my great grandfather homesteaded.

[MAXINE] I think that was 1835, wasn't it.

And that country looks a good deal like where they settled out here.

So he picked land out here in Oregon that was real similar to what they left in Missouri?

Yeah.

[MAXINE] We have become good friends with those people, and they have been out to visit us, and he sent me a picture to hang on my wall, you know, because he knows I do genealogy, and with a picture of the old homestead, he's got an "X" on it where the old well was, which is still there, and where the barn was.

In Lone Jack?

[MAXINE] Yes. And they have sent us a lot of horseshoes. Because he has a metal detector he picks out all the horseshoes. And made all of our kids clocks out of the wood from this old barn.

From the Dickey homestead in Lone Jack.

It's interesting, the old barn was made out of walnut and oak. And he saved some pieces. I think the four clocks we have are made from oak. Imagine making a barn from oak and walnut? You asked about stories on the trail. I only remember one that they told, they come up just looking over a ridge and here was a bunch of stuff waving on ahead, and they were ready to group up and then discovered it was willows instead of a bunch of Indians.

Do you know where that occurred, about?

No, I have no idea.

But that's the one story that . . .

That's the one story that I remember him telling. That was my dad's story.

Do you remember any stories about when they first set up the donation land claim, or the homestead?

No, I asked my dad how come they settled back there, and he said, "well, I think they wanted wood and water." There was still good land out here in the valley, I'm sure, in 1853. But then the other part of the family had come earlier, and they had settled over there, too.

So there were two groups of Dickeys, that . . .

Well, there was Dickey, and Bolyjacks, my grandfather married a Bolyjack girl. And Newbergs, one of the Newbergs married another Bolyjack girl, and Lackeys has married another Bolyjack girl. There were three Bolyjack girls. They were all in the same general area down there. And then there was some brothers of my dad that settled down there too.

2. SNOW STORMS

Do you know if, have any family stories come through about, say, the flood of 1861 or the snow storm in 1883? Do you know anything about those?

Snowstorm, yes. The flood I don't. I don't know much about the snowstorm. But it snowed and snowed and snowed. Dad used to talk about that. He talked about finally it quit snowing and they decided they wanted to hike over to some friends or family, or something for a visit and he said that that old snow was piled up and kind of slippery on the surface. And dad was walking with a stick with a nail in the end of it. He got down on the side of a hill and he started slipping and sliding down, he said his mother was standing out there "Jim, Jim, Jim, Jim, Jim!" He didn't get hurt or anything, just down until he stopped.

[MAXINE] Wasn't that your grandfather that was sliding down the hill?

Yeah.

[MAXINE] Yeah, his grandfather. His name was Jim, too.

So your dad was Jim, Jr.?

[MAXINE] He was James Abraham.

Well, he was Jim anyway. I never heard him called Jim, Jr.

I see. Okay. Then that was the snowstorm in 1883?

Yeah, I'm sure that's when it was.

Okay.

[MAXINE] Donald, he had only one eye. Do you know how he lost his eye? Your grandfather?

I think he fell in a fire, but I'm not sure about that.

So your grandfather was the person that this story is about. Did he, had he lost that eye by the time he was a child, or could that have been the snowstorm of 1861 maybe?

No, because my dad wasn't born until 1872.

Okay, and your dad could remember the story.

Yeah, well my dad was along when his dad was sliding down the hill and his mother was saying "Jim, Jim, Jim, Jim, Jim."

[MAXINE] His dad was the last of the Dickeys, I mean the youngest child.

Now, on your father, when you had a snowstorm in, was it 1937, on Berry Creek, did he compare that to that earlier one?

No, we couldn't get out to the road for two days, we lived back about 3/8's of a mile off the main road. We didn't get any mail for three days. We had 3 feet of snow. With what, they had Sunday school over at the school house at Berry Creek there, so we went over and we got back and ate lunch, and my dad looked out and it was still snowing 6-7 inches. We had an old barn there on Berry Creek, and dad didn't think it was too stable, and so he says I think we'd better start shoveling snow off the barn. So we shoveled snow off the barn till 5:00, then we had to start doing chores and take cows in, the horses, feed the chickens and stuff. I had about 8 or 10 or 12 sheep out behind the fence that stayed under a big fir tree where I'd been feeding them. And at 5:00 they'd been out there. At 6:00 when I got around to get out feeding them, I took out a load of hay and some grain and they were gone back up the hill into other timber. By that time there was a foot of snow. And I thought boy if I don't get them down off that hill tonight I'll never get them. So I went out and chased them down off the hill and got them feeding under the tree, and figured they'd stay there. So when I went into the house I measured the snow and there was, I think there was 16 inches on the ground at 7:00. At 9:00 there was 30 inches of snow.

Wow. Can you recall any snows since that time that were that bad?

Well we had one down here a few years back, that was almost that bad. In 1969 down here it was that bad. Out west of Eugene here.

[MAXINE] It was '69.

'69, yeah.

It was almost as bad as the '37 snow.

Well, it was worse out here in some places. They told me out, oh just this side of the mountains, out there they had four feet.

What did your dad say about the one in 1937? Could he remember any that were any worse?

Oh, he wasn't particularly worried about it. They had one in [the winter of] 1919-1920 that snowed every day for 30 days.

So the one in 1919 was even worse.

No, it never did pile up 3 feet of snow, but it must have been 25 inches or so. I don't know whether you'll put this in or not. But people didn't have inside facilities then, so every day we had to shovel the snow to get to the little house out back and it got piled up so along the path that I couldn't see over it. I would have only been about 5 years old at the time. I used to go out and help shovel the snow. We've had that kind, and we know we'll have it again.

3. BERRY CREEK NEIGHBORS

When you moved to Berry Creek then was 1928?

April 1928.

And the reason was just to get closer to the school?

Well, that's the main reason. We also had traded 50 acres for 160 acres. We had more land, had some timber on it and stuff. We cut posts and timber and stuff and wood to sell, and then we would add logs for Coote and Cornutt. Several years.

So, your family traded 50 acres. Was that part of the donation land claim?

No, no this was the new deal that they bought after they left Buell.

The family that stayed back in the donation land claim, were they sorry to see your dad leave or do you remember any stories about that?

I think they'd all left. Or about all left.

Oh I see. Okay. And then, your family moved to Berry Creek. Was there a home there at that time?

No. We lived there until the [U.S.] Army took over in '42.

Did you build the house there or was there already a house?

No, there was a house already there.

Do you remember any of the families that lived in Berry Creek in 1928?

Uh, when we moved up there where Neil [Vanderburg] lived and his folks, people by the name of Perkins lived there.

Perkins?

Um hmm.

Can you remember anything about them?

Yeah. Perkins was one of these guys that didn't always watch his language to close. So over the hill from Perkins . . . Perkins had 120 acres, that's right isn't it Neil?

[NEIL] 128.

And was Walter Brinkley. He was a bachelor, or he was widower I guess. His wife had died. So Walter had me trap the gophers for him, out in the hay field, and he had some pretty big gophers, quite a lot of them. One Sunday morning I rode down to check my traps, came back and I had a pretty big one I brought back up to show him. And old Perkins, he looked at him, said "Boy he's ugly. That ugly son-of-a-bitch is uglier than I am!" Then after Perkins left there, people by the name of Keller lived there, I think.

Keller?

Yeah. Did you buy it from Keller?

[NEIL] *Rapher lived there when we moved there. He was renting the place.*

Oh, well I guess he came after Keller.

[NEIL] *Yeah. That's the first one I knew.*

Okay, on Brinkley, that hill by Brinkley's place, did you call that Brinkley's Hill, do you recall?

No, it was just a hill there that we went over to go to town.

Do you remember anything in particular about Brinkley?

Yeah, he was a real nice fellow. He had a lost son, and he had a daughter that lived with his brother-in-law, I think. He'd lost his wife. He farmed there for three or four years, then he moved up by Corvallis. On the Wiles place, I think. Or part of it. And married a nice lady. Maxine and I used to stop in and see them now and then. He was a real nice gentleman.

Who moved into Brinkley's place after he left?

I think that a livestock dealer over in Monmouth rented it from him. And I don't know whether they sold it or what happened after that. It was a good place for livestock there, and sheep and stuff on it. Good place to hunt pheasants, too.

Do you remember, were there always pheasants there when . . . ?

There was when we moved there until '42 when we moved away, there were still pheasants there.

Do you know how long Brinkley had lived there?

Oh, I suspect three or four or five years before we were there, I'm not sure.

So there were just a, in the 1920's a fair number of families had moved in about that time?

[MAXINE] When did the Hauges, your parents' good friend Carl Hauge, when did they move in?

Oh, Carl Hauge is another, he rented about 500 acres just west of our place, and actually the place belonged to a brother or cousin; I think it belonged to a cousin. Carl and his wife raised sheep, they were real nice people. And somehow or another Carl got the idea that they were going to do something to the place besides rent it, so he and his wife moved up to Sauvies Island with their sheep. Then they moved back down to Beaver Creek, this side [south] of Corvallis, with their sheep. I don't know whether his wife had . . .

. . . we find out about these people will be all we know about them. So we were on the Hauges and they had just moved from Sauvie's Island down to Beaver Creek. And I think you said his wife had died of cancer.

She died while there and Carl sold his sheep and moved to Alaska for fishing and various things up there. He was as old as my dad was.

When did his family move to the Berry Creek area?

Carl Hauge?

Yes.

I don't know for sure, but Carl and his wife Lucy were from Switzerland.

They were Swiss?

Um hmm. And he could talk six or seven different languages. He was a real sharp guy, a real nice guy.

And he raised sheep mostly?

Yeah, that's what he did when we were there.

Now, you say that was to the west of your place. Would that have been . . .

Just the first place west of our place.

So that was before the Hanish's lived there.

Well, Hanish lived on 40 acres to the left. This place that Carl Hauge lived on is the place that Cooper Brothers built the sawmill on.

Oh, Cooper Brothers?

Um hmm.

On Hauges, do you know about what year he moved in there?

No, I don't know what year Hauge moved in there, but he moved out in 1930 I think it was.

[MAXINE] And is that when Cooper Brothers built the mill? Did they build the mill in 1930?

They built the mill in 1929 or '30, I don't remember which. Both Coote and Cornutt and the Cooper Brothers built their mill about the same time.

Now, to back up a little bit, the sheep . . .

[NEIL] Can I interject? Cooper's Mill is now Mountain Fir Mill in Independence. They moved to Independence.

Well they split up, too. Hap took half, and Frank [Cooper].

[MAXINE] Frank Cooper married a . . .

Frank Cooper married a school teacher that his older brother Hap didn't like. So they sort of split the thing in half.

Jim Hanish said that going to the west of his place, back in the hills there, that he found sheep skulls with curved horns, that it must have been an earlier . . .

He found what?

Sheep skulls with curved horns to them. Do you know anything about the sheep that were raised in that area, was there anything unusual about those sheep?

They were just ordinary sheep. I think Jim Hanish has got delusions. [Jim Hanish showed me one of those skulls. I didn't think it was worth upsetting Donald though. NV]

Okay. He remembered them wrong. He said that Brinkley told him of two or three Indian sites, including one on top of Forest Peak. Do you recall hearing anything about any Indian sites?

The only Indian stuff I knew about was down on our place, in a little alfalfa field next to the creek.

Okay, what types of things can you recall from that Indian site?

Oh, we found arrowheads and occasionally part of a deal that you hammered out grain in or whatever, and maybe part of a vessel, but nothing real good.

Did you keep any of those things?

Oh, probably some arrowheads, I don't know.

But you don't have them anymore?

I think my kid brother [Ken] collected them. No, I never bothered much collecting arrowheads.

[NEIL] Donald, didn't you have irrigation rights on that creek was one of the reasons you moved there?

Yeah, we acquired irrigation rights on it about 1932 or '33, and irrigated about 3 acres of alfalfa, and a little bit of other stuff.

[NEIL] Had a real good garden.

It helped.

You moved there in '28. That was right before the stock market crash. Did the neighborhood, or did the method of making a living in that neighborhood change very much?

No, they were farmers and that's all they did.

So it didn't have too much of an impact on the local people.

The other people that lived there back on this place that Hanish lived on and this fellow Bass who bought the place from, his brother lived there for a while, six months or so, and I guess Hanish was the next guy that guy that lived there. Then, there was, well when I started to school there was people that lived around on the hill, the Folks hill, around on the east side of it, the kids came to school.

Was that the Folks family?

No, it wasn't the Folks family, I don't remember their name. They rented, or maybe they worked for Folks. Then, up on top of the hill there, going toward Tampico, there were a couple of houses that renters lived in now and then that worked in the sawmill. One fellow's name was Gardner and the other fellow's name was Vain as I recall.

Vain?

Vain, V-A-I-N.

Then there was a house, part of the hill on over towards Tampico, there was a lady that lived there, and I can't remember what her name was.

That was up on the hill?

Well, it was down on the other side right on the point of the hill. And she raised some livestock and stuff on it. Then beyond that why it was mostly farmland. Joe Brown, or whatever his name was, over on Forest Peak and around on that side of the hill.

Do you remember a man named Mallow, Reese Mallow?

He lived on Soap Creek?

Well, I think he owned some land on the Berry Creek side there.

No, I don't think so. He might have, but I don't remember it. I remember the name.

[NEIL] My dad bought a load of hay from him, but I don't know where he lived.

On the site where the Indian site was, did you ever see any evidence of any old trails or old wagon roads through your property?

No, there was the place we crossed the creek down there, but it was no old trail or anything.

Now the creek crossing, could a wagon have crossed there?

Oh yeah.

Where was that located?

Do you know where our place was?

Yeah.

About the middle of the place at the south end.

About the middle of your place on the south end of your place.

Yeah.

Okay. And then that was the crossing of Berry Creek?

Well, I don't think they used it for a crossing for getting anywhere, just used for the farm, I think.

Okay. How about on Savage Creek?

Well, I don't think there was any major crossing on that. There was a bridge lower down just above . . . Savage Creek came just about to the corner of, southeast corner of our place. As a matter of fact a little of it cut through our place. And there was a bridge across Savage Creek just above where it came through our place. Mostly it was on [Joe] Smith's property.

Where the road is now, was that road in at Tampico at that time? Was there a road up over the hill?

You mean the Tampico Road, was it in at that time?

Yes.

Yeah, they improved it a lot about 1930 [1938: NV] or something.

Prior to that time could you take wagons over it?

Oh yeah, you could take cars over it.

[NEIL] In the summertime.

Oh, I suspect in the winter too. Summer would have been a better bet.

What can you remember about Joe Smith?

Joe Smith? Joe was a hard worker, and so was his son John. And Joe had a hankering to win himself a little bit of money playing poker. So one story I remember about Joe, he won enough to buy a Hudson car one night in Corvallis. There was several of those guys around in Corvallis that got together and played poker once a week or whatever. I remember one other story about Joe, I worked in the harvest field for him two or three summers. We came in one day and it had been particularly dusty. We'd worked hard from 7:00 to noon, come in to . . . Mrs. Smith always cooked dinner for us. She was a good cook, too. So we'd washed up, Joe was the last one to wash up. He came in with a white towel and he looked at his wife, I forget her first name, and he says "See you got my picture on here [the towel]." You should have seen her. His face really was dirty!

Do you recall any stories about Greenberry Smith? Or did they ever talk about him?

Greenberry Smith was south of Corvallis, and I don't really know, there were stories but I don't remember any of them particularly.

Do you recall any stories about any Indians in the neighborhood?

There weren't any Indians when we got there.

And there's no stories about them?

I never heard any.

How about black people?

Black people?

Yeah.

No black people either.

Do you recall any stories about the Chinese in the neighborhood?

No Chinese.

So by the time you were there, there were no stories about any other groups and there was mostly sustenance farmers.

This was just a farm community and I don't think there was any Chinese or any black people, or any Indians around. Well, the exception old Bud Bass might have been part Indian, but I would not say yes.

Now, when your family moved there, had they started doing any mill work by that time, was anybody logging in that neighborhood?

They started in the next year building sawmills.

So there weren't any sawmills at the first?

The first was 1929 or '30 I think. Then along about '35 Bennett Brothers built a sawmill up there.

So the first mill that came in, who built that?

I think Cooper Brothers built the first one, and Coote and Cornutt right away afterwards.

On the Cooper Brothers, did they live in the neighborhood?

They lived out at Airlie.

And where did they build their mill at?

Up on Carl Hauge's place, just west of our place, about 3/4 of a mile up in the woods west of where Carl Hauge lived.

Okay. What kind of mill was that?

It was a little second growth mill. They sawed ties and stuff like that.

4. WILDLIFE

Do you recall any old growth timber in the neighborhood?

The old growth timber was too big for those little mills. There wasn't enough old growth timber to shake your fist at anyway. The only stuff that might have been called old growth was this patch that I mentioned that belonged to Silver Falls

Logging Co. And some of it might have been considered old growth, although my dad referred to it as bastard growth.

Bastard growth. Do you remember any difference between yellow fir and red fir?

Up there, I don't, I heard of yellow fir and red fir both, but it was all just Doug fir.

Can you recall anybody call the larger trees "grandfather trees?"

Say it again?

Can you recall them being called "grandfather trees," the larger trees?

Grandfather trees? No, there wasn't, oh, maybe 40 or 50 of those big old growth trees out by the creek anyway. A fellow from Silverton cut them for 16" wood for Sam Yates from Salem. That's all the old growth. I do recall though that there were three kinds of owls there. There was a screech owl, and an old hoot owl or a horned owl. Then there was the one in between. I always thought the one in between was another screech owl, and I looked him up recently. It undoubtedly was a spotted owl. And it lived out in the second growth timber, oak, and maple, and second growth fir. And I never did see one in the old growth fir. Seen a coon or two parked up the old growth fir. No spotted owls. So I have a big question or two about spotted owls in my mind.

Seeing as how your background is in Fish and Wildlife, and you've identified this owl, in second growth in that area, can you recall how common they were?

The owls?

Yeah.

Oh, we'd see them every few nights in the summertime. Not so often in the wintertime.

I wanted to ask you some questions about the fish and wildlife in the area, this might be a good time and then we can go back to the families. Can you recall beaver in the neighborhood?

No beaver on Berry Creek, there might have been on Soap Creek, but I don't know.

No beaver on Berry Creek.

How about bears?

Bears? I mentioned a prune orchard back in one of those homesteads? We went back there deer hunting one fall and an old bear had been back there feasting on prunes.

But I never did see one.

So the bears weren't real common?

No they weren't real common.

On the prune orchard, do you know when that was planted or who planted it?

No, I don't, if I could remember the name of the homestead it might be right, but my guess was the trees were 10-15 years old when we moved up there. That's purely a guess, but I think it'd be pretty close.

Were there any stories about Mennonites in the area?

The Kilmers were Mennonites.

Oh the Kilmers were? Okay, can you tell me anything about the Kilmer family?

Well, Kilmers, one bunch of them lived back there where Hanish bought that 40 acres, another bunch lived out there at the old Joe Smith place, then there was a house or two across the road on the south side of Berry Creek, which probably belonged to Kilmers. But I'm not sure.

Were there Kilmers still living there when your family moved there?

No, they were gone. Well, with one exception. One of the Kilmers worked for Joe Smith, and he lived out there on Joe's place in a little tenant house, a real nice fellow.

Why did the Kilmers move?

No idea.

You were saying that the graveyard next to your house was a Kilmer graveyard?

It wasn't next to our house, it was out on the Smith place next to the road. And I don't know, I suppose there was what half a dozen or a dozen graves, Neil?

[NEIL] Yeah, probably nine or ten.

I never did count them. But part of those were Kilmers I think.

[NEIL] There's a couple of babies buried there.

I don't remember specifics because I wasn't particularly interested in cemeteries then. I have to be now because my wife does genealogy.

But at that time was that the only cemetery in the neighborhood?

Yeah.

Now, the school that your wife taught at. Was that called the Berry Creek School?

Yeah.

Did you ever hear it called the Savage Creek School?

Well, that would have been earlier. I don't think . . . they called it Berry Creek after we were up there.

We were kind of going over the Kilmer's prune orchard. But we were going over some of the fish and wildlife. Can you remember geese and ducks through that area?

It wasn't Kilmer's prune orchard.

Oh okay, let's back up to that then.

No there wasn't . . . you know, occasionally a goose or duck flew over, geese flew over in the spring and the fall, oh some of the other birds migrated south and north in the fall and spring. I remember the first time I ever saw a buzzard migration, along about the first of October. I looked up in the sky to the north. Here come a buzzard. Here come another buzzard. Here come another buzzard, and I'll bet those buzzards flew over there for two hours, one at a time.

Other than the migrating birds, you said there were pheasant in the neighborhood?

Yeah, there was pheasants. Most of the pheasants were down further east, down on Joe Smith's place and Neil's place and down in there. There were pheasants and valley quail and bob white quail. And then also up in our part there was ruffed grouse, and there was some ruffed grouse down in Joe Smith's place down in the swamp down there.

Joe Smith had kind of a lake next to his place didn't he?

Not when we were there. I notice there's one there now.

It was a swamp?

Yeah.

Did it have a name to it?

No, just a swamp. It was a good place to run jackrabbits.

The field, you had gophers, jackrabbits, four or five types of birds. Did that snow in 1937 affect any of those animal populations?

I don't think so.

It didn't seem to have had an impact? How about the deer?

Well the deer were up in the woods. There weren't too many deer then, like there were later. I don't think the deer had any trouble, I mean there was plenty of feed up there and not that many deer.

Can you recall any elk in the neighborhood?

No I don't think there were any elk. There were coyotes and bobcats occasionally.

How about a cougar? Did you ever recall a cougar?

Well this fellow from Salem that was cutting the wood from old growth into 16" or four-foot cord wood for Sam Yates was up there in the snow one winter, and he found a cat track that was about so big, that he figured was a cougar, and I think that he found it and he had trailed it one night when he had been down to our place. In fact, he was a little nervous about it. But that's the only time I remember cougar. There were bobcats in there, they killed some of our neighbor's sheep. Cougar probably, I mean likely. Bear occasionally through there. Mainly those were pretty scarce. They had hounds in there. A fellow by the name of Wilson lived over by Airlie had sheep and he had hounds and he ran bear and cougar and that sort of stuff, to protect his sheep. Not so much over there, but he ran sheep over, east of Kings Valley, and I think he ran bear over there with his dogs to protect the sheep.

5. FARMING AND MILLING

Did your family have sheep?

Oh, we had a dozen or so.

What other kinds of animals did you raise?

We had goats for a while to get rid of poison oak and brush. Otherwise we had 10 or 12 head of cattle.

Did you have a orchard?

A team. Two horses.

Orchards?

Orchards? We had four acres of prunes and about an acre of apples.

Did you plant the prunes yourselves?

No they were there when we got there.

Do you know who put those orchards in?

No I don't know.

Do you remember who you bought your place from?

Do I remember who we bought the place from? Bass. But he was too lazy to put in an orchard.

So it was somebody before him maybe.

It had to be.

When did . . . Okay, the Coopers put a mill in about 1930.

Well, '29 or '30.

Okay, what time did Coote move into the neighborhood?

About the same time. I may be off a year, but I think they both had them in about 1930.

Then, when Coote put his first mill in, with a pond?

Yeah, he had a little pond in Savage Creek, and then his second mill he built up on the side of the hill around to the left. And he didn't have a pond there. Or I don't think he did, did he Neil?

[NEIL] Is that the one he had the flume on? That he brought the logs down the side of the hill?

I don't think so. I worked up there one summer. I don't remember any flume.

[NEIL] Well there was a flume came down into Savage Creek there up around the corner from the mill that was still there when I got there. 1935.

I don't know. I don't remember that.

[NEIL] They used to pull logs up with teams of horses and then roll it onto the flume and slide it down into the . . . I thought there was a pond in there.

Well, there was a pond down at Coote's first mill. He might have had a flume I don't remember.

[NEIL] I think that's where it was, that first mill. I climbed up that flume. Steep.

I remember my dad logging down that steep hill there. He'd get started down the hill and he'd throw the line and holler "Giyyp!" Those teams Got, too.

Was that your dad's horses, that he logged with?

Yeah. Well he farmed with them and logged with them. The best team I ever saw.

Can you remember their names?

Cap and Bill.

Cap and Bill, huh. What kind of horses were they?

Oh, work horses I guess. I don't remember what, which was which. Bill, old Bill was a bay horse, white feet, and Cap was a brown horse. Dad said they were a willing team. Cap was willing to do all the work, and Bill was willing to let him. But they'd . . . I remember one day we was trying to clear a log out of Berry Creek down there so that it wouldn't block things up and got it twisted around, and it wasn't coming out, and they both got mad, and boy that log flew out of there. It wasn't a very big log either. When they decided to move something it moved.

[MAXINE] Is that the same team you had when I was there?

Yeah.

[MAXINE] Okay. I got a picture of that. While I was putting hay or something in the barn or something after his father'd had his stroke just about the time we got married.

We were driving the team with a hay fork.

[MAXINE] Yeah.

[NEIL] That's the same team you drove on the bundle wagon isn't it?

Yeah.

[NEIL] Yeah, I remember that team.

How old were you when you first moved to Berry Creek?

How old were the horses?

How old were you?

14.

What did you do for fun in your time off?

We didn't have much time off. Hoed the garden, fished occasionally, hunted a little.

Mostly you worked.

Did you do any reading or play cards?

Oh yeah, we played cards in the wintertime. We played pinochle and I don't know two or three other games, my brothers and my dad and I and . . .

[MAXINE] You were always visiting with the Hauges.

Well, we visited with the Hauges quite a bit. He was always, they always had some interesting stories to tell.

The Hauges? Can you recall any of those stories?

[MAXINE] We must still have those letters he used to write us from up in Alaska.

Well, I remember one of them, they's telling about this one family member that had a big dinner, well she ate and ate and ate. I don't remember the rest of the story.

You'd sit there and laugh till you thought you was gonna bust . . .

No, I don't . . . I was gone by that time, going to college.

[NEIL] We've been trying to figure out where they lived. There was a dairy down there north of you. You turned in just before the Y at Airlie and then came back towards Airlie. Do you know who had that? We hauled some hay in there one time.

Are you talking about the place beyond the Brinkley place?

[NEIL] I think probably so.

Goodwin's owned the property and I can't remember who else owned that now. Then there was, oh, what was Kenneth Dodson's granddad's name?

[MAXINE] Dodson, I suppose

No, it wasn't Dodson. Anyway, he was a little short old guy about 80 years old.

[MAXINE] Abercrombie?

No, Abercrombies lived back there . . . Cox, Cox, old man Cox they called him.

Cox? Where did he live?

He lived north of our place. His place would have been in Polk County. At least most of it. And he was quite an old character. And then there was a place that belonged to Green that was up north and west from Hauge's place. And I think part of that may have been in Benton County.

So the Hauges lived to the northwest, lets see, to the north and west of your property. That would have been off Staats Creek?

Mostly west.

Okay. So the west ones were up kind of towards the hills up in there.

Yeah.

Were there quite a few families that lived in that area?

Just Greens and Hauges is all I remember.

Greens and Hauges? How about the Chaffens?

Chaffens? They lived up on the Savage [at the head of it. NV], or close to Savage Creek.

What did those families do for a living?

Greens raised livestock. And Carl Hauge raised livestock. And I don't know what Chaffen did for a living. I guess he milked a few cows and took out some cream or something to sell occasionally.

But there was no logging up in that area prior to the . . .

Not from his place anyway.

So there is basically just those three families to the west of you then.

Yeah.

6. AIRLIE NEIGHBORS

Then how about to the north, towards, what did you say, Staats or Stotts Creek?

North of us would be in Polk County.

Okay. Part of that is the School Forest now, and so, I'm interested in from your place most of the way to Airlie.

Yeah, well, there was a fellow by the name of Doc Williams that owned a place up there, and the next one was Ace Staats, and the next one was a fellow by the name Moore. And then there was young Bill Williams and old Uncle Bill Williams. Old Uncle Bill weighed about 400 pounds I think. He had a little old pool hall down at Airlie.

He had a pool hall in Airlie?

Yeah. He'd let us kids go down and play pool at noon, now and then anyway. He was quite an old character. He'd lived there for a long time. I remember one day we was down there and he was talking about a deer had came down. He says, "Forgot to go back."

The deer forgot to go back! [Laughs] Would . . . when you said that you did things for fun it was mostly hunting and fishing or visiting with the neighbors, that was during prohibition.

Was there any dancing or drinking or anything of that sort happening?

Oh, nothing unusual. Anyway, I don't think . . . they didn't have a problem like they had up around Yamhill and like they was taking stuff into Portland. There probably was a little hooch made. A little hooch drank. No big problem though.

Where would . . . was there ever dancing in the neighborhood? Would they have dances or picnics?

Oh yeah, they had a high school gym [Airlie] and some other buildings. And they had dances, and they had picnics in the summertime, played a little baseball, stuff like that, that you did out in the country when you didn't have anything else to do.

Couldn't afford to run around in cars very much.

Would you ever go to Sulphur Springs?

I never was at Sulphur Springs.

Never? How about Tampico. Would you ever go over to Tampico to visit, or . . .

Well, Tampico was just a schoolhouse. Oh, yeah, we would visit some people over there. I don't remember their names now.

How about the, did you know the Glenders? Or the Marcks? Or the Wiles?

The Wiles had a pretty good sized place. Didn't know them. The Glenders and what was the other name?

Goviers? Dobrinins?

No.

Browns?

[NEIL] How about Stanbaugh? Did you know them?

Are you talking about the Browns that owned the Forest Hill [Forest Peak]?

Yeah, I think so. I think it would be the same.

Yeah, well we used to see them occasionally and visit with him out on the range or someplace. He eventually moved, sold out and moved down by Corvallis, I think.

[MAXINE] You never have discussed that place that was . . . well, when I was teaching school there, the Whites. Now what place was that?

[NEIL] The Cornutts lived there when I first moved here.

[MAXINE] Is that the old Cornutt place?

Way out where Cornutts lived. Forest Tandy lived down the creek. Forest kept a few cows along. He and I hunted and fished together quite a bit.

What kind of fish would you catch?

Cutthroats. All the creeks there.

Was it all cutthroats?

That's all I ever saw.

So you don't ever recall seeing any rainbow in there.

No. Oh, they were strictly native, they weren't planted. And they were darned good eating fish too.

How big would they get?

Oh, you'd catch them 7-8 inches up to a foot long. Mostly 10 or 11 inches is as big as they got. An 11" cutthroat and three or four of them makes you a pretty good meal.

How many could you catch in a day?

Well, the limit was 30 when we went up there. I never caught more than 22. I probably could have come up with 30 if I'd have kept fishing. We were kind of conservationists, it went through our place, we'd go down and catch enough for a mess to eat. Maybe a few days later we'd catch another mess. We weren't trying to harvest all of them. And another thing about fish in them days, if you went down there and somebody that you didn't know would come along fishing, and you got up to him and visited with him a little and left him four or five holes to fish in and went on and fished down below. It's not that way these days.

Would you fish in any creeks besides Berry Creek?

Oh, I used to fish Soap Creek once in a while. Soap Creek was a little bit harder to fish, but it had bigger fish in it. If you got 'em to bite we had some nice fish.

How about Staats or Savage Creek?

Savage Creek I never was able to catch many fish out of.

[NEIL] There was always the story about that great big fish that you had in the pond there behind your dam that you irrigated out of.

Behind our dam?

[NEIL] Yeah in that little pond that you had that you irrigated out of.

For irrigation? Oh, we used to catch a few.

[NEIL] There was always a story about a great big one in there that nobody could catch.

I don't remember who told that. We used to catch three or four that was a foot long out of there later in the summer.

When you went to school, was that nine months a year?

I think it was 8 months and a half, wasn't it?

And then you went to grade school right there at the Berry Creek School?

The end of the 7th grade and the 8th grade. Then I went to Airlie to high school.

So the local high school was at Airlie then.

Yeah.

And then, do you know how long that high school had been at Airlie?

A long time, but I don't know how long.

Was that the main town for the Berry Creek community?

Yeah.

And you had . . .

[MAXINE] I taught school there, too. After I left Berry Creek. Yes, I taught there for two years. I was teaching there when we got back.

Post Office was at Suver to start with.

The Post Office was at Suver? And then, the pool hall and the high school were at Airlie.

Yeah. And there was a little country store down there that belonged to Johnny Weinert.

Weinert had the store at Airlie?

Yeah. Post Office was in it.

So they did move the Post Office from Suver to Airlie.

No, there was a post office at Airlie and one at Suver. The one at Suver, though, was where they carried the mail from to deliver to your box. Then they moved it to Monmouth later.

What other businesses were there at Airlie?

That's all the business I recall in particular. Over at Lewisburg . . . which is that Lewisville or Lewisburg over . . .? Lewisville, I guess over by the Luckiamute River? There was a blacksmith's shop over there. Oh, I said there wasn't anything else. Johnny Weinert sold gas. And they sold gas over at Lewisville.

Now, Weinert ended up with Coote's, what, third mill?

Weinert took over Coote's second mill when Coote and Cornutt got so badly in debt.

All they had to do was to take over, I guess.

So when did Coote form a partnership with Cornutt?

Oh, that would have been 1929 or sometime like that.

Oh, right from the very start.

Yeah. They were brother-in-laws.

Who did the logging?

You mean out in the woods?

Yeah.

Oh, a fellow by the name of Burbank. My dad. And Forest Tandy. And, I don't know, maybe somebody else, but they were the main ones that I can remember.

So, Tandy, and Dickey, and who was the other person?

Burbank.

Burbank? Those were all local people, so the local farmers were logging for the mill?

Well, Burbank wasn't a local farmer, he was a logger. There were two Burbanks, there was Pete Burbank which was the son, and I don't remember the old man's name. They logged there. Yoncalla, I think. Was Yoncalla where Tandy from?

[MAXINE] That's where he went to I think. I don't know whether . . .

[NEIL] Yeah, he came from there and went back to Yoncalla.

And I think that he logged down there, but I'm not sure. He may have run sheep.

[NEIL] And Burbanks, there's a great big tribe of them over at Pedee right now and they're all descended from the Burbank he's talking about.

Yeah. Pete, and was Pete's brother named Chip?

[NEIL] I couldn't tell you the names of the older generation. I know the younger generation, but . . .

But the Burbanks came in pretty much as contract loggers, to log?

He just came in to log, yeah.

[NEIL] He died pretty young, didn't he the one that was logging?

Beg your pardon?

[NEIL] Didn't the Burbank that was logging die pretty young?

Yeah, they had logging teams. They just logged.

[NEIL] Yeah, but I mean, he had a heart attack or something when he was pretty young, like 45 or something, didn't he?

Which one? Pete?

[NEIL] I think so.

I don't know. Pete was the youngest.

[MAXINE] There is another thing that you told me the other day, because Dorothy Johnson, said that [Unintelligible] and that Jack, her son had gone to school there [Berry Creek] and his sister did. Now, Jack's been dead a long time, but his sister, this one sister that she was mentioning is alive and could tell you about that. And I said Dorothy, I don't think so, I had them in school, I had Lucille when I was teaching school in Airlie, and as far as I knew they lived at Airlie.

The Hauges lived in where Joe Smith's house was.

[MAXINE] And Don said, when I said this, he said, she's right, they were there before the Dickeys moved in.

They weren't there when we were there. But they had been there.

[MAXINE] No, they had moved on to Airlie by that time. But they did live in Berry Creek. So this Joe Smith house, that's that house that's still there?

It's still there and a thousand people had lived in it I guess.

But it was always called the Joe Smith place?

Yeah. Far as I know.

Okay. Well, are you ready to take a break then and have some lunch?

Okay.

7. FAMILY STORIES

Okay, well why don't we start with the story on your dad.

When I was still in grade school down at Yamhill, why, my dad had a brother that lived at Sheridan, and a sister that lived over at Salem, and there was some other people that were cousins or something or another. Anyway, we all met up at Sheridan at his brother's. And we were going out to the old homestead. His folks' homestead. We got out to the fence, and here was a big apple tree there. And I don't remember what my dad said he did, but he said that's the only licking they ever got under the apple tree.

Only what?

That was the only licking he ever got was something he did under the apple tree and he wasn't supposed to.

Do you know what it was?

No, I don't remember now. Story sort of tickled me.

Is that apple tree still there?

I don't think so.

[MAXINE] Tell him about the time he ate all the peaches.

Oh ho. Well, dad and the neighbor down at Yamhill would go over to Carlton, or towards Carlton to pick peaches for canning. They liked a variety called muir, M-U-I-R. They were yellow peaches and they were a good flavor. So he and this neighbor were always competing to see which one could eat the most or pitch the most hay or something or another. So dad came home and he got sick and the neighbor, Bill Hankins, said he didn't wonder it, he said he ate 40 peaches. And what they'd eat was these ones that fell off the tree on the ground. And they were richer than anything. I much doubt if he ate 40 peaches.

He ate enough to get sick though.

That's what the neighbor said.

And, when we interrupted before lunch there, we were talking about the people logging in the neighborhood. The different groups of people that were logging, and your dad was one group, or one logger, and Tandy was another logger, and there was a couple contract loggers, two brothers, Burbanks.

Yeah.

At lunch we were talking a little bit about the religious affiliations of the people in the community. And the Burbanks . . .

Burbanks apparently weren't real religious. In as far as I can remember. They were nice people, but I don't remember them showing up for Sunday school on a Sunday morning.

Did most of the community go to the same church?

Well, there wasn't a church, really. What they had was a Sunday school every now and then over at the local, Berry Creek school. Or if they went to church they went to

Airlie, which wasn't a very big church. They, I wouldn't say they were real religious people, but they were not anti-religious either, I mean, if a minister would come in and conduct some services most of 'em would show up. Except this one old boy [Perkins] that made the comments about that golpher being as ugly as he was or something like that. I don't think I ever saw him go to Sunday school.

8. MILL WORKERS

So they had a Sunday School then at the school, and then they had a . . .

Yeah, every now and then. Sometimes it didn't last very long and sometimes it would last six months or a year or some traveling minister or something would stop by and start up a Sunday school. Oh, like Neil and his brothers and sisters and dad and mother and my dad and mother and my brother and I and, oh some of the other people that lived around the mill, there were quite a lot of people that lived in mill shacks around the mill.

That was going right towards our next question. In the mill shacks there was one of the Tandys, Matthew, and the Becks, do you remember those families?

Beg pardon?

Do you remember the Tandys or the Becks that lived in the mill shacks there?

Tandys didn't live in mill shacks. Becks lived in them.

[NEIL] *There was, I think Elmer did or . . .*

Elmer and his mother lived in a cabin down by Forest.

[NEIL] *Forest's cousin lived in a mill shack down there.*

Oh, . . .

[NEIL] *Marty, I think his name was.*

[MAXINE] *Oh yeah.*

Yeah, he lived in a mill shack. He was another mill worker that drifted around jobbed here and there. What was his name?

[NEIL] *Alvie. A-L-V-I-E.*

Yeah, he was quite a hunter. He and I went out on a coon hunt one night and we got a coon over on Folks Hill.

Do you ever remember any stories of rattlesnakes on Folks Hill?

No, I don't think there was any rattlesnakes over there. We used to hunt graydiggers over there in the spring. And I never saw a rattlesnake.

Did you ever hear of any?

No.

Okay. On the mill shacks. Were those only built when they put the mills in? Were there any people living there or any homes there before the mills came in?

No they weren't put in until the mill was put in. There was no place to live, they'd come along, they'd get some of that side cut lumber and "salmon up" a shack and move in.

Did any of the local people work in the mills?

Oh yeah, . . . some of the young fellows particularly. But, well I worked in Weinert's sawmill one summer. And a couple of friends of mine that went to school over in Airlie worked there the same summer. We had a sawyer that was building homes. He was logging, oh I think 20-28 feet logs, or 24 foot, something like that. They were only about so big.

About 20 inches?

Well, I doubt if they were more than 18. Sixteen to 18. And this old sawyer he'd ram her through and bang. And we cut over 200 logs a day some days. And one day this friend from Airlie was riding carriage and sitting, oh what do you call that [setting ratchets: NV], anyway he moved when the sawyer got back to where he wanted it, why he'd two fingers or one finger or whatever fit, the guy would work the lever to get it back real fast. And the old sawyer he got in a hurry. Boy, I thought my friend was going right into the saws but he didn't. Sort of scared the sawyer. He slowed down after that. There was another young fellow, he was from around there someplace, but he wasn't really local. He was . . . , no I was off-bearer, right behind the saw, and he [Edgar] ran the other saws to cut the timber up into 2x4's or whatever. And very frequently we would have 1000 feet of lumber piled over on work horses. We'd get caught up and we had to have a new log come in. And they had a guy out on the pond that didn't give you much time. They were really putting lumber out that summer.

Was that the same pond that Neil said the flume came down to?

No, this was another pond at the new mill.

So they built two ponds on Savage Creek there.

No, one of them wasn't on Savage Creek, it was over on the side of the hill. And, that second mill, it wasn't too big a pond, it was big enough to hold all the logs they needed at the time but they hauled the logs in either on a dirt road or part of it was, well they put lumber and slabs on it and made a sort of a slab road and haul the lumber in on that. They haul 1000 or 2000 feet at a time on an old Ford truck or something of that sort.

What did you call that, slab road, or . . .

[NEIL] Tram road.

Tram road, probably.

Or corduroy?

[NEIL] Tram road is what we called them. They were two 4x12's nailed side by side on a bunch of cross rails.

So those were tram roads but without the metal rails?

[NEIL] Yeah, there was no rails.

Oh, okay.

[NEIL] Did a lot of those around the country. Lumber was cheap.

There was tram roads on Soap Creek, but I always thought they were the type with the metal rails. They call them plank roads or corduroy roads in different areas of the country.

[NEIL] Corduroy roads the planks were crosswise. Tram roads they went length wide.

These tram roads saved bringing out dirt. I mean, if you had to level up an area you put some logs on top and your 4x10's or whatever they were and then your slabs across lengthways on it and make a road pretty fast.

So, the mill would be cutting up the logs and then taking some of the lumber back out and constructing roads in the new areas.

Well, they were burning slab. Slabs were sort of a waste product.

So that's what they used for the roads.

That's what they used for the roads, ordinarily.

Would they burn the stuff up in wigwam burners, or just out in open fires?

Usually they just had open fires, didn't they Neil?

Do you remember the Becks?

The Becks? Yeah.

What do you remember about them?

Maxine can probably tell you more about them. Do you want to tell him?

[MAXINE] I did. [Had talked about the Becks at lunch.]

Oh. Yeah, he was real religious, I think, because he didn't have to work when he got religious. And he'd go to Klamath Falls or someplace or another, leave the family there and get by the best they could. And there were three or four kids and Mrs. Beck. They were pretty nice family, actually, but the old man ought to have had his teeth taped together a time or two.

I understand that Mrs. Forest Tandy and your mother sometimes had to help feed some of the families in the neighborhood.

Probably did, I don't remember off hand. I know Mrs. Tandy did, and we had apples and stuff we gave them. And Mabel Tandy, Forest's wife, had a heart as big as the moon . . .

[MAXINE] There was a cute story about that. And I say this to him every now and then. But whenever Forest got ranting about something you know, or was having some kind of trouble, he was complaining, she'd look at him and say, "Do you think you'll ever amount to anything Tandy?" And this usually calmed him down. So I say that to him sometimes. "Think you'll ever amount to anything Dickey?"

Rate I'm going now, I don't think so. [Laughs]

[MAXINE] This is a story about Mabel. And she had, she was legally blind. You know, across the room she could not count how many fingers you held up. So she had her knives painted red, the handles, so she could . . .

Elmer Tandy, Forest's brother, was sawyer quite a while there. He and his mother lived in a little house down by Forest, down there, maybe it was the next place. Anyway, until Elmer decided to go to . . . he got married and decided to go to another mill.

So, how long had the Tandy's lived there?

Oh, they moved there after we did. I think Forest had owned the 60 acres for quite a while but I suppose they moved there in 1930 or something like that. And I think they were still there when the cantonement took over weren't they?

[MAXINE] I guess.

Yeah, in 1942.

9. BUNDLING AND HOP PICKING

[MAXINE] Yes. They were there when I was teaching school, because I boarded with them. Do you remember a Mr. Withrow?

Witlow?

[NEIL] Withrow.

Withrow?

Yeah.

Oh yeah.

[NEIL] We drove bundle wagons for him.

Harold Withrow, he was a farmer and had a dairy farm and he ran a threshing machine in the summer time. And the locals, well Tandy and my dad, and I and . . .

[NEIL] I drove bundle wagons for him, too.

I didn't know Neil drove bundle wagon for him. One summer they were starting to raise hairy vetch and rye grass and I don't know whether you've ever had any experience farming or not?

Yeah.

Anyway this hairy vetch was just one big mess. I mean, it was fluffy and you couldn't pitch the hay, I couldn't pitch it in the machine fast enough to keep the sack sower busy, and anyway we spent most of the summer doing that, and one day Forest came around to me and says "The next field we're going to is wheat." And he says "It's in short bundles. Thought maybe I was gonna make it first, but I guess I'm not." But he says "You're gonna be the first load there so get a good big load of the short bundles and when you get into the machine work that sack sewer so that he can hardly keep up with it." Well I did that except the sock sewer lost his needle. And Withrow was pretty proud of this old thrashing machine. And he told me that only one guy had ever been able to plug the thing up and his name was Tommy . . . well,

he lived down by Joe Smith, and he was young fellow, probably in college and well built. One day I got in there and Withrow was setting out on the sack pile, and I started in getting bundles placed out in front and kept adding to them and pretty quick I got down to where hay was full and then I started pitching them. Pretty quick it goes "whrr, rrr, rrr," Old Withrow he was signaling me to slow down.

[NEIL] I was there when you did that.

I beg your pardon.

[NEIL] I was there. I still remember.

Neil told me that story a couple of weeks ago. Must have been pretty impressive.

Well, actually, the old machine wasn't as good as it had been before, so maybe I wouldn't have been able to do it. I was not too slow, I worked on a farm and pitched hay and bundled and cut wood and stuff, so I had pretty good muscles.

Was that your first job?

Oh no. My first job was picking prunes when I was about 6 years old. I was down at Yamhill at that time. I made a dollar the first day I worked. I got 12 cents a box that year. Then, from then on I picked prunes or picked hops or something every summer. We just needed the money so we could buy books and go to school. I mean, kids worked in those days, they didn't sit around and watch TV and say, "Ma, what can we do next?" I think it was good for them. They didn't . . . nobody got hurt.

[NEIL] Did you pick hops for Branches?

I picked hops down at Mike Branches, and . . .

[NEIL] Yeah, we picked for Branches.

We picked down at Millers. Was it Millers down the road? Well, anyway, dad bossed hop yards part of the time. And we picked hops. Anything in the fall or summer to make a few bucks so we had enough money to buy books and clothes and stuff, because there wasn't any free money those days. No government programs.

You made your money or you didn't make it.

[MAXINE] His mother picked with him.

[NEIL] *The baskets that they picked hops in were about that big around and that tall. You had 25 cents when you got one full.*

How much can you make in a day picking hops?

If I had a good day, I made 2 bucks.

10. FALLING AND BUCKING

How much working in the mill?

I think I got 3 and a half a day that summer. This was getting up toward when things began to pick up. Probably about '37 or sometime about then, and wages had begun to increase a little bit. Then, in '38 I worked in the sawmill and I got a job when they slowed it down at Weinert, I got a job for Cooper bucking logs, short logs. And I think we made 3.25 a day to start with, then we got along in spring when we'd have a little timber of our own and dad wanted to cut a little and we cut that before I went back to Cooper. And I got 3.50 when I went back but I was the only buckler there then. In the fall, why, old Hap came out one day and watched me. He had, there was two of us bucking and then they had another guy down at the sawmill that was bigger than I was and he wanted me to. . . he was pond monkey.

What did the pond monkey do?

Put logs into the mill from the pond. He wanted to know if I didn't want to change jobs with this guy. That was McCoy.

[MAXINE] *That was who?*

McCoy.

[MAXINE] *Oh, Cary, the old man?*

[NEIL] *Cary Mccoy, yeah.*

And he wasn't noted for being real ambitious.

[NEIL] *He sure made a lot of kids.*

I said no, I don't want any part of that stuff on the pond. And old Hap, he was gonna show me how to buck logs. Pretty quick he about rolled a log on me, so he went back to the mill and left me alone. So, a few weeks later, why, we were bucking small logs again, made ties and that stuff, mostly. So he came out one night with this other fellow from Independence, he was a big long guy, he was a good worker but he just didn't move too fast. He said, "Well, how many logs did you get

today?" and he kinda grinned. I said "72, why?" His face got about a foot long. He says, "I thought sure I'd beat you. I only got 70." He was a good worker. But actually, if it had been big logs he could probably beat me. Small logs, why I could get down to the ground and saw 'em off pretty fast.

[NEIL] *Donald's fairly short.*

[MAXINE] *5'3" in case you want to know.*

A lot of times that works better if you are working close to the ground.

Then in the summer of '38 another fellow that was working for Hap at the time and I decided that we could make more money up west of Dallas and so we went up and got a job, he got a job falling and I got a job bucking. And I averaged 5 bucks a day up there. You had to furnish your own tools. And that was a buck and a half more than I was making down there. Some days I made 7 dollars a day which was pretty good money.

What kind of tools were you using to buck with?

Seven foot bucking saws.

[NEIL] *Swede fiddle.*

The old, what did they call them, wire cutters or something of the sort. [Also called Misery Whip: NV]

What would you do to bump knots? What would you hit knots with?

Beg your pardon?

What would you knock the limbs off with?

Oh, an axe.

So you'd use an axe on the limbs and then a bucking saw to buck the lengths.

Yeah. If there was any sign of rot at all you'd long butt it. Do you know what long buttin' is?

Yeah, but you want to explain it?

You cut off the stuff that you think is rotten. And we had some stuff that was blue that they haul now and understand get extra money for it. We had to take almost the log length off of some of these trees. ["Log length" was 16 feet. Most Berry Creek "long butts" were 10 feet or less.] It was in a little spot up on top of the mountains. But it was a nice place to work. I worked there till the first of September, I guess,

when Hugh had, or we all moved someplace else as I remember. A fellow from Independence was doing the logging, and so I made pretty good money that summer. I had enough I went back to school. I could stay in school for the rest of four years. I started in '37 and got through to the spring of '38 and then I had to lay out '38 and '39. Started again in '39 and graduated in '42.

11. OREGON STATE COLLEGE

Where did you live while you were going to school?

In Corvallis. I bached.

Just by yourself?

Huh?

Did you live just by yourself?

Yeah, most of the time. Well, part of the time. Part of the time I had a roommate.

[MAXINE] He bached with Jake Frobe.

Yeah, I bached with Jake Frobe, I bached with Foster, then Lee and I finally, Lee Kuhn, have you met Lee Kuhn?

Nope.

Lee was a graduate student from Ohio, no Iowa. In Fish and Game. And he and I lived together. Well, from the first of January to the 21st of March, I guess. The old army was breathing down my neck and Maxine and I were gonna get married in June. So I went back spring term to register, and they notified me I was gonna be in the army pretty quick. Fortunately, I had worked on wildlife damaged farm crops the summer before, and I was continuing to do some work on it. So I went down to the draft board and I knew most of em, and told em what I was trying to do to get done and help the farmers out. Could I get a deferment to untill the end of the school year. They didn't give me a deferment, they gave me something that was as good. Quick as the school year was out, I went up to Portland to take my physical. And they put me from 4A to F1B, I think it was. Then in the summer, why, they called me up again and the local doctor, Dr. Ball I think it was there in Corvallis, said "I'll take care of this for you." And I didn't know what he was talking about. He put me in some other classification, and the next three years I think we moved about 10 times. They finally quit acknowledging my change of address.

Were you trying to keep out of the service?

No, I wasn't trying to keep out. I was just working, doing a job. And I wanted to finish up this paper on damage to farm crops. What we was trying to do was to come up with a chemical that you could treat the seed with that would keep the pheasants from digging corn out, stuff like that.

That was for your thesis?

No, it was just another paper. I didn't have to do a thesis for a bachelor's degree. And I didn't. I think I did four papers one term.

[MAXINE] I had to type those.

Yeah, that's my typist over there.

Going back a little bit, to Berry Creek, we talked about picnics. And Maxine was saying that every year that they used to have a picnic at your pond.

Pond?

That pond at your home there, did you have picnics there?

Oh no, we didn't have it there, we had it on the creek over on Savage Creek. Over by school. Where we had our pond, the cows ran, and it wasn't a very good place to have a picnic.

Oh. So it was back by the log pond?

Well, it was down below the log pond a little ways. It was a real pretty spot there, trees, and shade, and this creek. Oh, sometimes there was some cattle in there, but no problem or stepping into things you didn't want to, that sort of thing. It was real pretty. We used to cut through across that place to go up, to come and go to school. And one spring I was going through there and all of a sudden down in the dead leaves ahead of me -- you asked me about rattlesnakes -- this old snake rattled in there and I went about 4 feet high I think. It was just a bull snake in there, I had startled him and he was rattling. There are a lot of bull snakes, they don't do any harm, they catch mice and insects and things. Far as I know, closest rattlesnakes are to that country is down here. Maybe some over by Falls City, I don't know. Out south of here on Spencers Butte and out on Coburg Hill, and some other places south of here there's quite a few rattlesnakes. I killed a whole bunch one spring with cyanide. The guy had already killed 63 between two flat rocks. They called me and I went out and

used cyanide on them. I used it another year, and they didn't have any more complaints. I don't know whether I thinned them out or whether they just give up on it. They were on the south side of Spencers Butte. Well, and interesting story on that. The first summer I was out of college this other kid and I got a job and were working on young pheasants, 6 to, no 8-12 weeks when they released they wanted to know which ones age class was surviving the best. I was posted on a little island up in the Columbia River named McGuire's Island, about the north end of Government Island. Rather nice place to work. Hank Snyder, the other guy, was stationed down here in Eugene. He worked down here on Christiansen's farm. And that Spencer Butte out there is further on the northwest corner, I guess. Anyway, Hank went down one morning and Christiansen brothers were running this rodeo and stuff, and had some of these brahma bulls and stuff in there, and they were always giving Hank a bad time about being tackled by a brahma bull or something. And Hank couldn't tell whether they were kidding him or not. And anyway, this one morning, they said to Hank "Say, are you running around in that tall grass over by the Creek, looking for dead birds and stuff?" Hank said, "Yeah, why?" They said, "You want to be careful doing that at this time of the year, the rattlesnakes move down off of Spencers Butte." Well Hank was raised in Kansas, he hadn't seen any rattlesnakes. He thought they were pulling his leg again. And that afternoon he darned near stepped on one. And he and the boss were down on McGuire Island a day or two later and telling about it. Boss says, "You ought to see old Hank now. He steps about 4 feet high and about 4 feet long."

12. BERRY CREEK STORIES

Do you remember Bob Wilt? Or the Dobrinins?

How do you spell that?

W-I-L-T?

Whereabouts? Berry Creek, or . . . ?

How about the Parkers? Do you remember the Parkers?

They lived over by the sawmill.

In one of the mill shacks there?

Yeah. Bob Wilt, I don't remember.

What do you remember about the Parkers?

Well, they had a family, three or four or five kids, he was another one of these mill workers, and worked enough to make a living if he had to. And the kids had sort of a rough time. They went to school, didn't one of the Parker girls go to school to you?

[MAXINE] Yes, Emma Parker went to school to me and her two younger brothers. Henry, who was called Buck, and Amel, who was about 2nd grade.

[Unintelligible] another mill shack family that went to school there and worked when he had to, when the mill was working. He wasn't known for a huge amount of ambition.

What would the local farm families think about having mills in there and having these mill worker families in there?

Didn't bother them. They knew that . . . well this was in the '30's. And everybody was having a rough time. Didn't make any difference whether you were a farm family or . . . even Joe Smith was having a rough time with his 1000 acres of good soil.

How about McAlpine? Where did you meet him?

McAlpine?

Yeah.

Les was in the same grade in high school as I was. He had been over at Airlie, and his dad got a tree fell on him up there in the woods. This is something that I wouldn't want to go in a story, but supposedly . . .

Should I shut this off?

Yeah.

So we can say he was killed by a falling tree, though?

Beg your pardon?

He was killed in a logging accident. Les McAlpine.

Yeah, he was a logger.

How old was he?

Oh, he was around 60 I guess, when it happened.

Do you remember a place called Kozy Nook Egg Farm? On Statts Creek?

Say it again?

Kozy Nook Egg Farm.

Cozy . . .

Nook. Egg Farm.

Farm?

Yeah.

[NEIL] Egg Farm.

Where was it supposed to be?

Well, it was down Statts Creek about 2 miles north of your place, on the west side of Statts Creek, kind of up in the hills there a little bit.

I don't think anybody called that Statts Creek. Do you know where Statts Creek is?

Yeah.

It's just a creek down through the brush and reeds and stuff.

Well, it would start draining off the back side of your house there. That was the kind of headwaters of it, wasn't it?

Well. . . yeah I suppose so. In fact, we lived up in the middle of the farm and there was a ditch. A ditch ran down through there and emptied in to what was Statts Creek, I guess. Kozy Nook Farm -- Well, Cox's lived down there and they didn't call it Kozy Nook Farm. And it was the only ranch down there, really. I mean there was Carl Hauge's ranch, and this Green's place, but I don't think either one of them called the place Kozy Nook.

Okay. Do you remember any stories from Tampico? Any stories about what kind of community that was, or anything at all about it?

Oh, it was just another farm community, I don't remember any particular stories.

When they closed the school at Berry Creek my brother hauled the kids from Berry Creek over to Tampico to go to school for a couple of years.

Do you recall any stories about the ghost town that used to be there?

I didn't even know there was a town there until today.

Oh, okay. Do you recall any stories about any gold mines, or stolen gold, or buried gold in the Berry Creek or Soap Creek area?

Never heard of any.

[NEIL] If there was anything my dad would've known about it because he sure had a nose for gold.

I don't think anybody had enough money to bury dollar gold pieces.

I think this goes back to the gold rush in 1850's when the stages used to run through the area. Jim Hanish mentioned, and maybe you don't want this on the tape, but he mentioned something that between your families living next door there was kind of a feud between the two of them.

There was no feud. [Text Deleted]

He'd [Hanish] get in trouble with everybody.

[NEIL] I'll have to tell you a little bit about that. I was over at Hanish's when the Dickeys were cutting the logs for their barn, and anyway, they were over there and they'd fall a tree and they'd holler "TIMBER". And old man Hanish he says, "They ought to say 'BRUSH'." Did you ever work for Hanish?

Huh?

Did you ever work for Hanish?

I wouldn't work for him if I was starving to death.

Oh. There was three mills that we've talked about. Coote had three mills, and the Cooper brothers, and Bennett brothers. Do you recall any other mills in the neighborhood?

Well, in the neighborhood was Cooper's and Coote and Cornutt and Bennett Brothers. *Was that called Coote and Cornutt, is that how they called the mill?*

Coote and Cornutt, yeah.

Okay.

And Coote and Cornutt and Cooper came in about the same time, and Bennett Brothers about the mid '30's. And they had just a little mill, that mostly they ran, these two brothers, mostly I think they ran by themselves with one other man.

How did they power those mills? What kind of power did they use on them?

Steam, I guess.

All three of them?

[NEIL] Bennett's had an Allis Chalmers motor on his . . .

Oh yeah, Bennett's probably didn't have steam. I'm not sure that. . .

[NEIL] I worked for Bennett Brothers.

Oh did you? I'm not sure that Cooper's had steam, I think that . . .

[NEIL] There was a lot of whistles blowing at 5:00.

Cornutt and Coote had steam.

What kind of person was Coote?

Coote?

Yeah.

Oh Bill was a nice guy. Had quite a bit of ambition, but I don't think he was the best manager in the world. But he did develop, after he got out of the mill there, he did develop a little portable mill wasn't it?

[NEIL] I lost track of Bill Coote after that.

Well, he moved down to California and I think he was building and selling portable mills and doing pretty good.

Ah hah. How about Cornutt?

I don't know what . . .

[NEIL] He went to a prune farm over by Monmouth?

Oh did he?

[NEIL] Yeah.

Oh. I didn't know what happened to him. He had four sons, I think. And I never . . . I lost track of them. His mother lived to be 100 years old.

Cornutt's?

Yeah.

Wow.

She lived with her daughter, Thursa Coote. And back in those days, you didn't get wine unless you had something . . .

Okay, we're talking about uh . . .

Mrs. Cornutt who lived to be over 100 years old. She had some kind of a problem where a glass of wine helped. She had a glass of wine every day. And this was during prohibition days.

Where would she get the wine?

I think that you could buy it with a permit.

Oh. So she had kind of like a medical permit, or something?

Yeah, I think so. I mean she wasn't a lady to go out and get drunk or anything.

This was something that whatever her problem was, it helped her out.

Were the Cootes and Cornutts looked upon as pretty solid members of the community? Did most people get along with them real well?

Oh, yeah, they were good solid members of the community.

Now, I understand that Weinert ended up owning Coote's third mill. Do you know the story behind that?

It would be his second mill I think. But anyway it was the one around the side of the mountain. Well, Coote was paying off his help with groceries and stuff, that he bought from Weinert. And finally it just got to the point that Johnny sat down with the bill and they decided that Johnny should take the mill over and go from there.

Then, is that when Coote went down to California at that time?

I think that's when he went to California.

How long did Weinert keep the mill going then?

Well, Weinert had the mill up there going a couple of years or whatever it took to cut the timber off. Then he had a mill over on his own place, over on Weinert Creek.

On Weinert Creek?

Yeah. You know, that I said that the Weinert farm was over the hill west of the Hauge farm where Coopers mill was?

Yeah.

I think that Weinert had a mill over there. Cooper had a mill over there too. But I'm not sure whether Weinert did or not. But anyway there was a mill over there.

13. FOREST FIRES AND REFORESTATION

Do you recall any forest fires in the neighborhood?

Huh?

Do you recall any forest fires in the neighborhood?

The only forest fire that I ever remember was one spring that they wanted to burn some stuff off before it got too dry and they set it afire and it took off and they had to, my dad had to fight fire, it was about 6:00 before they got it out so they could come home and eat.

Was it a very big fire?

Oh, I don't know. Two acres?

And that is the only fire you can remember?

That's the only fire I ever remember. I don't know why they didn't have a good fire up there. Had plenty of logging and stuff. They'd burn that. They'd go in there quick as it started to rain the fall and set it afire and burn it up while it was still raining.

The slash?

The slash, yeah.

Did they ever plant trees?

They left seed trees in those days. Something that they're missing out on now, I think.

Did the seed trees work?

You're darn right they work. Interesting sidelight to this, is that in 1957 after the College had a bunch of this timber land up there, they called me up one day and says "Hey, what do you know about doing wood rat control?" This was a bushy footed wood rat, I think. I says I don't know anything about it, but I'll look it up in books and see. I was doing rat control and rabbit control, and all those things, but we hadn't run into wood rat problems. So I says, why don't I come up and talk to you and see what your problem is and we'll see what we can work out. So I went up and talked to the fellow, and he took us out and showed us around, and they had discovered there on the, oh what did he call that, up there that College forest to start with?

Adair tract? Or McDonald Forest? Dunn . . .

Yeah, McDonald or whatever. Anyway, they were losing 45% of their trees or something like that, but it was a heck of a bunch of them. So I says, well, I'll look

up and see what I can find out in the literature and let you know. But I couldn't find out anything about doing wood rat control. So I called him up and told him, I says, "Now, if you want us to do something, we will spend some time up there seeing what we can come up with. And then if we come up with something that will work, why, we'd like to do the work for you." Well he says "That's fine." So we spent a couple of weeks up there trying out different things, and finally we found out that Thallium sulfate on grain did a job. Thallium sulphate's a bad word now, but it wasn't then. So he says, "Well how much will it cost to get this problem under control?" And I says, "Well, when you are talking about how much, do you want us to charge by the acre, or how?" And he said, "Well, yeah, I suppose by the acre would be a good way." So I said, "Let us do 40 acres for you and then figure out how much time it takes, what it'd take for us to break even or a little better on our wages, on the thing." So we did 700 acres of wood rat control for him the next two or three months. Got 3 bucks an acre for doing it. And we were the only ones doing it. We were the only ones that knew much about wood rat control for a while.

Who were you dealing with at the school there?

Beg your pardon?

Who was the man you were dealing with at the school?

I was trying to remember his name a while ago. He was a forester up there, I can't remember his name.

Would it be Nettleton or Rowley?

What?

Nettleton or Rowley?

Nettleton, yeah.

Okay.

He isn't still around is he?

No.

Nettleton was a good guy. We was out one day and he was telling me about one time when he was younger they were out, and had to camp overnight or something.

Anyway, they sent him out to get some dry wood to burn. And he found a, oh these trees that lose their needles in the wintertime [Larch]? He found one of those and

was sure he had a dry tree so he cut it down. He laughed about it. Yeah, Nettleton, he was a nice guy. But that was kind of interesting. All that wood rat damage was out on land that they, Smith and -- or Coote and Cornutt logged first. And part of it was over on McDonald Forest and we, I had one man that worked out continuously, then I helped when I could get away from what I was doing down in Eugene. We worked out baits for several different animals, helped the farmers and the timber men or something.

There's rabbits in that neighborhood. Did you ever see any unusual type of rabbits around the Forest Peak area? Up around Berry Creek at the higher elevations?

There were jack rabbits and marsh rabbits and there could have been some snowshoes. But I don't know for sure about the snowshoes.

14. BENNETT BROTHERS MILL

Okay. On the Bennett Brothers mill. Do you remember anything about the Bennett Brothers?

Only that it was up there for three or four years or something like that. Neil can probably tell you more about Bennett Brothers than I can.

Can you remember them personally?

Oh Bennett Brothers? Yeah, they were pretty good workers. I think they worked for somebody else when they came in there, then they went to work and built their own mill and worked for themselves. I think they only put out maybe 5 or 6 thousand feet a day.

[NEIL]] Actually, I hauled slab wood for them, for Jack Green.

Beg you pardon?

[NEIL] I hauled slab wood out to the road for Jack Green out of their mill. I got about two cords a day.

They weren't a gung ho outfit. They probably made a living for themselves, which is probably what they intended to do to start with.

Did they live in that neighborhood?

Yeah, they lived . . . by that time, Johnny Cornutt had moved away from the house across the road where he lived in, and at least one of the Bennetts and his wife lived there. I don't know where the other one lived.

You mentioned knowing Charlie Olson. Can you tell me that story again?

You mean the one about the cows?

Yeah.

You want me to go over it again for you?

Yeah, we didn't record it last time.

Oh.

Or you can tell me a different story, if you like.

No, that's the only one I really know about. Charlie came over there one day, I guess along in February, it was pretty late for the cows to still be running on pasture. Well, I think they were steers, mainly. Three or four of them. Anyway, they had gotten into Hanish's 40 acres over there. I don't know whether Hanish didn't know they were there or what, but anyway, Charlie come over and said to me, he says, "Hey, I got a problem." He says, "I got, I think it's four steers, they're over at old man Hanish's place." And he says, "I'm a little bit afraid to go over and get 'em." I says, "Why?" "Well, he's kind of unpredictable." I said, "Well I guess you're right, there." So I said, "Well, let's go take a look at them." Well Hanish was over on across the creek on the other side doing something. These cows were right by a gate by our place, or steers, I said I don't see any problem here, we'll just open the gate, run them through, and close the gate while Hanish is across the creek. So that's the way we did it.

Did he even see you? Hanish?

No, I don't think so. I suppose he figured out what happened to it. But I wouldn't have cared if he had caught me at taking them out, cause he would have . . .

[Unintelligible] they'd have been a little afraid of Charlie Olson, watching there, the whole thing.

What did you know about Charlie? Did you know much about him?

Charlie was, I think he was Swedish.

Yeah.

And he and his wife used to come over once in a while. She was a real nice person. I think they were from Sweden, but outside of that we, he had oh I guess a few acres of hay over there and a dozen or so head of cattle that he ran in the summer, and I

don't know whether he milked cows or whether he raised them for beef and sold them. He was over quite a ways from where we were, but we knew him because he used to come through checking, had we seen his cows.

Did you know any of the people on the Soap Creek side very well at all?

No, I knew some names but I didn't know the people very well.

How about the Cooper brothers, when they put their mill in there, did they live in the neighborhood?

They lived at Airlie. Hap was the older brother and Frank was the younger one. *So there would have been Weinert's mill, Coote's and Cornutt's mills, Cooper Brothers and Bennett Brothers, is that the only four mill owners then in the neighborhood?*

Far as I know. That is real local. They used to tell a story on Hap Cooper. Hap had quite a temper you see. And he had one of these about 5 gallon fir barrels that they had nails in that was empty that they used for sitting on at lunch. And something went wrong at lunch why he'd come through and kick that empty 5 gallon wooden container about twice or three times. So these honory so-and-so's filled the thing part full of nails one day. He came through and kicked it that day before he discovered it had nails in it. I guess that cured him of kicking barrels.

15. CAMP ADAIR

When Adair came in, there were these mills in the neighborhood, and then there was farmers in the neighborhood, mostly subsistence farmers, and then there was the mill workers and the shacks and maybe a few other families in the neighborhood. But then Adair came in and started purchasing properties. What was the general feeling of those different groups of people about selling their land?

They didn't have any choice. They knew it. They just sold out and bought another place somewhere.

Were people bitter?

Huh?

Were people upset?

Oh, not particularly, I don't think. Was your folks upset?

[NEIL] We got moved out before Camp Adair by a year. The Federal Land Bank moved us out.

Oh. We got, had 160 acres, and I think we got \$7200 for it. And we went over, the folks went over by Wren and bought a place from a fellow over there that had 180 acres. And I think they got it for \$7200. So it wasn't too bad. Back in the '40's, why, we went out to help people and show them how to get rid of moles. And went down to Deadwood creek, and only three fellows showed up for the demonstration. And . . .

16. RODENT CONTROL

Were you working for Oregon State at that time, the Extension Service . . .

No, I was working for myself, but I cooperated with Oregon State and if they needed a demonstration on mole control or gopher control or whatever, I'd go do it for 'em. And in turn they helped sell bait for me. And so it was a cooperative deal, I mean, we understood each other. I wasn't taking advantage of them and they weren't taking advantage of me.

Did you know a man named Hooven?

Who?

Hooven?

Hoover?

Hooven.

Hooven, oh Ed Hooven?

Yeah.

Yeah, Ed and I worked together, he worked for the Forestry, State Forestry Department. Lee Kuhn and I worked together, Lee Kuhn was the fish and game guy that I mentioned a while ago. [Woman looks in around curtain enclosure towards Don.] That was my daughter just snuck around here. Anyway, about '45 they wanted me to come down to Deadwood Creek. There were three fellows showed up. One of them was sort of a younger fellow. So I showed them how to set traps and stuff, and what we knew how to tell them for sure. This young guy stood there and looked at me and then he says "Jesus Christ, you sons of bitches have been telling us that for 10 years!" I decided that was about time for somebody to start to work on a mole bait. So I spent 7 years working out a mole bait, trying I don't know how many different things. Finally I got one that worked and I just tried to register it in Oregon

and Washington wanted some, got it from them, or they got it up there somehow or another, and then recently, well, for the last 10 years or so, they've been trying to get registered nationally to the EPA. And the old EPA has been hard to get along with. And finally they had a request from Wisconsin or Michigan or someplace back there to get the mole bait to try out, and it worked like a charm. And also, it worked down in Missouri where my great grandfather homesteaded, because I took some down to a fellow that lives there, and he came back out he was wanting more to take back. Anyway, they came out with a report that, how good this mole bait was that he had tried out [Unintelligible], and so immediately the EPA called up Doug [Freeman] and says "Hey, why don't you get that mole bait registered." I don't know how I had enough guts to do that. Anyway, it came that this is considered one of the number one mole baits in the country. And I spent a long time working on it and checking on it, so I feel pretty good about it.

Well, you started what, in '45 on it?

'45 and got it to where I was willing to register it in '52. Seven years. Still it's looking pretty good.

But it still hasn't been registered even now?

Well, they're registering it now. Nationally, they'll be able to sell all over the country as quick as they get it registered with the EPA and other states.

Do you have the patent on it?

No I sold it to Doug and I had to sell him the stuff that would make a patent on it. Anyway, I'm too old to manufacture mole bait anymore.

Okay, say Don, one thing that came to mind, when you were doing rodent control, did you work with any of the rodents in the Tillamook Burn, in their reforestation program?

In where?

In the Tillamook Burn in that reforestation program? They were having a problem with mice on that.

[MAXINE] On the Tillamook Burn?

Oh, no Ed Hooven did that work.

Just Ed Hooven did it?

Yeah, they were working on the white footed mice on that.

17. MAXINE

Then on Camp Adair, when your family moved out, did you talk to any of the families in that neighborhood since that time, did you talk with Gerald McKibbon, or any of those families that stayed in the neighborhood around Camp Adair?

Which one, McKibbon?

Yeah.

Well, Maxine boarded at McKibbon's when she taught school at Airlie. So we'd see them at the Airlie-Lewisville picnic almost every year.

What did the families think about having Adair right next door during the war?

Well, they didn't seem to resent it that I know of.

So, when the families had to move out, they were kind of resigned to it, they weren't bitter or anything?

I never heard any saying that they resented it. I mean, there was a war going on.

And the Japs were crowding the west coast. And we didn't want them.

So you were kind of doing your part in a lot of ways.

Yeah, we would just as soon grab the old 30-30 and sit up on a cliff and pick them off one at a time if we had a chance.

So, after the war was over, and you had an opportunity to buy your land back, did . . .

I apparently didn't. Mother probably could have, except she didn't want it. I went and asked about buying it and they said no, that the College had already put in for it. So maybe I couldn't, I don't know. Anyway, I would have liked to have the place back, we had it in pretty good shape. It wasn't the best land in the country but it produced pretty good pasture and it had some possibilities out there. One thing, there was good deer hunting out there. And good fishing. On that little creek. If they'd said I could have it for \$5,000 I'd have tried to come up with it. I don't know . . . one of the people out there, Gil Innis, didn't sell his property, at least this is what I understand, he kept it and leased it to them. So when they were through with it why he just went back to farming it.

You liked that land then pretty much in that area?

Well, it's not the best land in the country, but it was not the worst either.

Were those pretty enjoyable years, the years you lived on Berry Creek?

I enjoyed them. We had a \$210 payment that was due on the place every fall. That was sometimes a worry. And then the taxes was \$47 dollars or something like that. And we were getting the place paid for and, oh, we had a good herd of cows, milk, cream, wasn't too bad, and dad raised hogs on the skimmed milk and sold them, except one or two we butchered for ourselves. Mother raised turkeys a year or two. All in all we had a good time up there, I mean it was a rough time all over the country, but the neighbors were all in the same shape we were, and we visited and shared things together like apples that we had that they didn't have. Hunted and fished together, and all in all I'd say it was one of the better times I enjoyed my whole life before I was married.

[MAXINE] Thank you for adding that.

How did you meet your wife?

She made a mistake and came down from Portland to teach school at Berry Creek.

Do you remember what year?

1938.

And do you remember when you first met?

Oh, not too long after she got there. But we didn't do anything about it till the next spring, she came up one night and my mother was cool towards her I think. She came up one night to get something, and I came in from work and she was standing there talking to mother. And she said "Well, I guess I better get going." As I recall, mother invited her to stay for dinner. And I said, "If you want to stay for dinner, I'll take you home afterwards." So I took her home down to Tandy's after we got through with dinner, and when she went back to Portland I didn't know whether she was going to be interested in me or not after that spring. The first thing I knew, I was baching, bucking logs over toward Monmouth. First thing I know here come in the mail a cookbook, how to cook. So she hooked me.

[MAXINE] He says he couldn't run fast enough to get away. That's not the way I did it. I have to tell you the story, because he tricked me. When he asked me to marry him, I said "Well, I won't marry you if you're going to be a farmer, because I don't want to live on a farm, I was not raised on a farm, I'm not a farm girl, I don't know how to be a farmer's wife and I don't want to."

Girl ought to know better than to believe you hadn't she?

[MAXINE] And he said, "Oh, I'm not going to be a farmer. No, I'm not gonna be a farmer." Well, we've got a 10 acre farm now. You know, he tricked me.

But she's still with me. We've been married for 48 years.

48 years.

Almost 49.

[MAXINE] We have three good kids. This one's our middle one. She lives across the mountains at Madras, and her husband is a doctor for the Indians on the Warm Springs Indian Reservation. And that's her oldest son, and then she has a little one besides, who is 8 years old, and is staying with his cousin. And then our oldest daughter lives here, and she's 45 now. Is Diane gonna be 45 this year?

Diane? Yeah, she'll be 45.

[MAXINE] Yeah, she was born in '45, so she's gonna be 45 in '90. And that one is 41, I guess, and then the other son, Jim is 38, this last week.

In your life, what do you think has been the best part of your life?

Best part of my life?

Yeah.

The last 48 years.

Sounds like good politics and an honest answer, both.

Well, we've got three wonderful kids and some great grandkids and we're real proud of them. Eric earned \$3,000 to go to the scout jamboree back in Virginia last summer. And . . .

[END OF RECORDING]

APPENDIX A: TRIBUTE TO MY FATHER

Donald Dickey Eulogy read at funeral service, Trinity Methodist Church, Eugene, Oregon, October 2, 1990, by his daughter, Patricia

When my father was hospitalized in July, there was an evening that his physicians prepared the family for the possibility he wouldn't survive the night. The next morning, my mother's phone rang at about 8:00. She answered anxiously to hear a voice on the other end say, "This is Old Man Dickey reporting from Star Ship Earth. I wanted to let you know I'm still here."

Both my parents related this anecdote to me, but my father added a sequel. He told me, with a mixture of pride and amazement, that, later that day, my mother had said he was the most remarkable man she had ever known.

What made my father so remarkable was his strength of character. He lived by strong principles, and believed that the proper response to adversity was simply to pick yourself up, dust yourself off, and move on down the road.

He was raised on a farm, where a childhood accident lead to osteomyelitis. This resulted in many weeks spent in the hospital, the loss of some bone from one leg, having to learn to walk again--which he always referred to as the hardest thing he ever had to do--and a permanent limp. His perpetual response when asked about the incident was a shrug of his shoulders--no big deal.

In spite of his physical problems, he finished school and worked his way through Oregon State University. He married my mother in 1942. I once read that the greatest gift a man can give his children is to love their mother. My father lived by that principle.

He gave us many other gifts as well--honesty, integrity, responsibility, a love of growing things, the freedom to be anything we chose, respect for education, and the strength to stand by our principles, whether in a crowd or alone.

My father loved life. He had a wonderful sense of humor. He loved his family and his many close friends. The visits and cards he received during his illness lifted his spirits immensely. He had hopes of completing several projects around the farm--he envisioned a pond, a greenhouse and a workshop.

The most difficult question I ever asked my father was how he wanted to be remembered by his grandsons, Eric, Mark and Mikie. He thought a moment and said, "I want them to remember me as a good grandfather who loved them very much and hoped they will grow into good men."

Old Man Dickey has filed his last report from Star Ship Earth. I wanted to let you know he will always be with us.

Patricia Dickey Creelman
September 30, 1990

APPENDIX B: SCHOOL DAY MEMORIES

Unfortunately, Don died of liver cancer before he saw the transcript of the interview with Bob Zybach. I had told him that Bob said the tape from the Care Center, in spite of the interruptions and background noises, had been better than Bob dared hope, and that Bob was pleased with it. Don told many people that he really enjoyed doing the interview and visiting with Neil Vanderburg after so many years. He was looking forward to seeing the book. I think Don felt pleased to have been able to contribute information to a worthwhile project. He had many contacts with Oregon State University during the years -- helping out with rodent control problems, attending reunions and get-togethers with a number of life-long friends that had graduated with him in 1942. He even taught occasional classes in Rodent Control for Professor Lee Kuhn of the Fish & Game Department. Don and Lee were batching together at the time Don and I got married, and they remained best friends all these years.

I remember the first time I met Don. It was in 1938 when I went to apply for teacher at the Berry Creek School. His father was a member of the school board and his mother was the clerk. His younger brother, Kenneth, was checking out the prospective school-marm, but Don was in the dining room studying. At the time he was attending Oregon State.

Berry Creek was a typical one-room school with desks of assorted sizes and a huge wood-burning stove. In 1938 there were 14 pupils, scattered among eight grades: Dolores, Lloyd and Herbert Beck; Mildred Goodin; Donald Lewis; Mabel, Mary Jane, Melvin and Morris McCoy; Emil, Emma May and Henry Parker; Billy and Ruth Vanderburg. There were at least 10 McCoy children, all of whose first names began with "M". In 1939-40 only 10 children were enrolled: the three Becks, Don Lewis, the four McCoys, Billy Ennis and Wilfred Ray, who lived with Forrest and Mabel Tandy. I boarded with the Tandys and their daughter, Edith, who was in high school. High school students attended Corvallis High School. The bus driver was an Oregon State student who boarded at Vanderburgs. A non-denominational Sunday School met at the school house on Sunday morning, taught by Mrs. Dickey, Mrs. Vanderburg and others, with an occasional visiting preacher.

As I look back more than fifty years to those early days of teaching, I am surprised at all the things we did. We put on programs several times a year to which the whole community came. I remember especially the first year at Berry Creek we did a marionette show of "Jack and the Beanstalk." With the help of some of the mothers, especially Mrs. Vanderburg, we made and dressed the marionettes. Children of all grade levels participated, made the stage and scenery, learned to manage the strings on the puppets, made up the script and talked for the characters. A wild cucumber vine made a wonderful beanstalk, and a fresh one was always available, growing on the school ground.

We published a school newspaper, carried on a great correspondence with one of my best friends who had moved to Baltimore, Maryland. She sent us many pictures and other things that kept a bulletin board full. In the spring we played baseball games with surrounding schools.

Of course there were a few hazards, such as a frozen water pump, getting poison oak from carrying in wood from the woodshed, oiling the schoolhouse floor, and I might add, an unexpected visit from the County School Superintendent at least once a year. The good old days when parents didn't come to school to tell you how to teach!

In the fall of 1940 the Berry Creek School closed because there weren't enough students. Those remaining were transported to the Tampico School, a few miles to the south. Don's brother, Ken, hauled them all in the Dickey car. I moved into Airlie to teach the upper grades (5 through 8). This was a two-story school with two high school rooms upstairs and two grade school rooms below. I taught there for two years, 1940-42, when this area became part of Camp Adair. Don and I were married in March, 1942, the second year I was at Airlie. The next year the remaining students were transported to Monmouth. Wow! The second school to close its doors after I taught there! Sounds as if my contribution to the war effort was to close the schools.

In 1940, Clifford Stocker was the Airlie High School principal. He loved to argue, especially with the professors at Oregon State. He didn't really care which side of an argument he was on and often shifted sides in the middle. Antoinette Lambert from Salem taught the other high school room. She married Arthur Bose, who had gone to high school at Airlie with Don and Ken Dickey. The primary teacher was Mattie Swann, who had taught many years at Airlie. She had never married and had a lovely home at Lewisville. The next year, I was the only teacher who was not a Senior Citizen.

By this time I had acquired a Model A Ford for transportation. All the teachers but Miss Swann boarded at the big McKibben house at the west edge of town. Several years ago at the annual Airlie Picnic, some of the high school boys of that time (now grandfathers) told me they used to stick a potato on the exhaust pipe of my Model A before I started home after school. I remember refereeing and keeping score for the high school girls' volley-ball games with visiting schools. I guess the most vivid memory I have of teaching at Airlie is the day the schoolhouse was on fire. When he went to stoke the furnace, the high school boy who was the janitor discovered a fire in the basement under the primary room. There being no fire department to call, after alerting the principal, he ran the two blocks to Weinert's Store for help. While we were getting the children out of the building (for a fire-drill, they thought), a bucket brigade of men appeared. They pumped water, by hand of course, from the well, passed the buckets along the line, and put out the fire. Life was often exciting, even in Airlie. The large McKibben family still consider me a member of their family.

I spent one more year teaching in the Benton County schools during the early days of World War II. This was at the Mountain View School at Lewisburg on the highway between Corvallis and Monmouth. This school is now part of the Corvallis School District. I was principal and taught grades 5 through 8. Mrs. Gertrude Gragg taught primary grades. There were four rooms in the school and a covered playshed. As I remember, we had 16 to 20 students each. At this time Don was expecting to be drafted into the Army. Camp Adair was being constructed, his family had sold their farm on Berry Creek to the government and bought another farm near Wren. Don and I were renting a tiny house, really a converted chicken-house, from John and Lucille Milbrath on Philomath Road in Corvallis. The house was cute and comfortable with a wood stove for both cooking and heating. This stove was most appreciated during the storm of 1942-43 when we had no electricity for a number of days.

Both families used it for cooking. John Milbrath was a plant pathologist at Oregon State and was largely responsible for the Rose Gardens at Avery Park. Don was working for the Oregon State Game Commission doing research on pheasant damage to farm crops. Early in 1943, I think it was February, Don was sent to Jackson County by the Fish and Wildlife Service to do Rodent Control on Camp White, which was being constructed near Medford. I stayed in Corvallis until my school term was finished in May. Don rode the bus all night Friday and back on Sunday to come home every two weeks.

One of my worst problems during this time was my Model A and a dead battery many mornings. It was five miles to school, a bit far for hiking. Johnny Milbrath would get me started and I'd leave the car at the service station across the highway from school to have the battery recharged. Can you believe it was several weeks before they finally discovered there was a crack in the battery? Rationing was a fact of life. I got extra gas for driving to school. Meat and sugar rations were adequate. We could give coffee and cigarette coupons to friends or relatives since we did not smoke and I don't like coffee. We did not suffer. Everyone shared. There were no protest marches against the War. People did what was needed to help. Don's older brother, Leland, enlisted in the Army. Don was never taken because of his leg, and Ken was left to run the farm for his mother. My two brothers were in the Navy. People worried about their relatives in military service, wrote to them regularly, and did what was necessary at home.

Don and I were married 48-1/2 years when he died. If we had it to do over, neither of us would have changed our minds. We didn't agree on everything. We often voted differently, had different hobbies and different backgrounds, but we both operated under the same moral and ethical principles and always allowed each other to do his own thing. We also did a lot of things together. We did a good job of raising our three children. We went camping, we participated in Girl Scout and Boy Scout activities and leadership, as well as school and PTA. Don was an excellent father in every way.

After our children were grown, I became interested in genealogy. Don took many trips with me (as long as he could keep his feet or wheels on the ground). Sometimes he urged me to go with others, especially if it required flying. He was very interested in my findings. Even where we lived was a compromise. He was raised on a farm while I was raised in Portland. We ended up on 10 acres at the edge of Eugene where he could do his farm things and I could do my city things. He was an avid hunter and fisherman. He never expected me to go hunting, but we did a lot of fishing together. We accepted each other's friends and they became mutual friends. We were two individuals who loved and respected each other. We were a good team!

Maxine Dickey
Eugene, Oregon
April 8, 1991

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