RAMBLINGS
AND
REMINISCENCE

COMPiled By
GLEN AND ROBERTA HUGHES
RAMBLINGS
&
REMINISCENCE
OF BY GONE DAYS

Compiled by
Glen & Roberta Hughes

June 1969

Cover designed by
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INTRODUCTION

The idea of compiling a booklet such as this came about quite by accident. Both Roberta and I have been fascinated with the history, people and events happening in this area over the years. It seems as though one of us is continually getting into conversation with someone in regard to the historical events taking place and because of this, the idea to try and gather such stories as you find in this booklet was born.

While talking to Roxie Forman one day, she said, "I bet I have something you would like to read." Sure enough, she brought out a copy of an old paper Jim Carpenter sent out from his store several years ago, telling about early Monroe. After reading this, we thought how good it would be, if some way the Reminiscences of some of our older people could be saved for later generations. We decided to make an appeal for stories that might be interesting and wouldn't mind sharing with others. The going was slow for awhile, but finally caught on and I feel we only have a beginning of what could be told if one had time to dig them out.

Not only do we owe Jim our thanks and appreciation for his paper that appears as the first chapter or story of this booklet, but we owe him a great deal of thanks for his work and effort in contacting people for stories. Had it not been for his efforts in getting people to write, we would have had little to share. We have discovered it takes a little more time and effort than we expected to put this together. We hope however, you enjoy reading this as much as we have enjoyed putting it together.

What you will be reading has been recopied as near as possible, the way we received it. If you are looking for material free from mispelled words and void of grammatical errors, you should never have opened the cover. In many cases, we hope the author forgives us, we attempted to title their story. The letters included were thought to be of such value, these too were used. We discovered new friends in this adventure, such as the Nortons. After reading of the "Bard of Mitchell" in the Oregonian and then reading of this "Bard" of his earlier days in Monroe, as you too will read in this booklet, we felt we must meet these people. Driving down from the Ochacoo Forest into the little village of Mitchel, nestled in among the hills, we met two people that should have been strangers, but they were not. As you read these stories you too, will become acquainted with people you have never met. Perhaps you will run across a story
here, written by someone you haven't heard from and would like to know where they live. We have the address of most of the contributors if you should like to get in touch with them.

We are proud and honored to have this small part in bringing these stories to you, hoping to add to this later if the response is favorable.

Glen & Roberta Hughes

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RAMBLINGS AND REMINISCENCE OF MONROE

By Jim Carpenter

Oregon vicinity once was known as Starr's Point. Some old timers say the nickname was lickskillet. Time 1893 to 1900 and to 1949. As you came in to town across the old oak bent open bridge (next one was a red covered bridge, then the present one) on your left where Mr. and Mrs. Mike Prokop now reside was the James Morelock family and Huston Shipley lived with them. Just south of that at the old home farm lived Hattie Bowen and sons Dick, Hugh and Harry and their sister Effie. As you turn north, on your left is the house that Dr. Cain built and is now owned by Dr. Smith. Next on your left lived Wesley Hays and family. Lee Hays died while yet a young man, his sister Edna lives at Klamath Falls. Next is E. J. Martin's shoe shop which was moved in 1911 to make room for J. H. Carpenter's store. Next on left is old Rambeau corner where J. T. Carpenter built a store in 1896. Next on left is the old hotel building, home of Mrs. Sarah Howard, Marcia Howard and Dolly Howard. It later burned completely when the Harry St. Clair family lived there. This was the location of the first City Water Works about 1911. Now just across the alley was the residence of our first Mayor in later years; James Bailey. I believe that is the birth place of the daughter Leora Bailey Turner. Next an old house that Henry Landerkung once owned. And on the corner now occupied by the Woods Drug Store was a vacant blacksmith shop. Then next where the bank is located and for about half a block north was a string of buildings used in connection with A. Wilhelm & Sons General Store. One of these buildings was occupied by De Band as a Drug Store. I am certain that he also extracted teeth. Next was an old two story building that had been used for a saloon but was now vacant. J. T. Carpenter started a store in that building occupied by Judge Thompson's General Store. Hugh Kay was clerking there. Thad Thompson must have been about 14 years of age at that time. There was an old iron safe under the corner of that building. The safe had been burned badly in a previous fire at that location and the door was shut solid. After Judge Thompson went out of business and the building was vacant, Ned Norton and myself used to hammer on that safe door hours and hours at a time, trying to get at that FORTUNE. Not many years ago I noticed some real tough fellow had succeeded in getting the door off. I am sure Ned and I weakened it some. Speaking of saloons--Clay Owens

(1)
and Wils Owens procured a license and ran a saloon in that same old building that had previously been a saloon. The only women that frequented the place would be one now and then trying to get her husband to go home. Let's go on to "Uncle Bill" Kelley's house that is where LaVerne Albin now resides. William J. Kelley had been post master for years and Justice Of The Peace at one time. Charles K. Bowen, a relative, also lived at the same place. He was a painter, artist and a fine writer and could give a good talk if the minister happened to be absent. At one time he had been ill and when asked how he was getting along said, "I was sicker than thunder for three weeks after I got well". Next on the corner north was a little residence occupied by "Doc" Starr, a bachelor and Civil War Veteran. Then next was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Hinton and Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Ralls, their daughter. That house was moved across the road to make way for the S. P. Company depot and grounds. The Hinton's owned 640 acres that extended across the Long Tom River and also west up on the hill now occupied by the water tank. Now we will go back south on this same street. Dr. Bennett's residence was quite new then and was owned by Judge Thompson and family. Next on that side was Monroe Blacksmith and Wood Working Shop. Here were three real workmen; James Bailey, Theo Welsher and Charles Herald. I believe that Mr. Welsher's father had made wagons at this place in an early day. Now we are at the Masonic Hall; always heard it called that but the order was not active then. The Monroe Post Office was housed on the lower floor at that time and also at different times later. Ella Caterlin, a daughter of Judge Thompson was post master. Later we have had the following post masters; Easter Ralls, Bert Barnett, Fred Barnett, Hugh Kay, Fred Peil, Rose Ingram, Rose Chisholm, R. A. Chisholm and at present Eleanor Stewart. Now we are at the site of the flouring mill that belonged to Samuel Reader and a Mr. Samuels. This mill was destroyed previously by fire and the dam has given way in the middle but the old timers are dipping WHITE FISH when the first freshet comes in the winter. I saw Wesley Hinton dip up 56 white fish at one dip with a net about 4 or 5 ft. square. This was about 1896. It is unlawful to dipnet these fish now. The largest ones that I have ever seen caught are about 14" so this proves to me that they are not GREYLING, as they catch those in the Willamette as long as 20". Never have seen or heard of anyone ever catching a White Fish in the Long Tom on a hook and line. Where do they go and what becomes of them after they come up the Long Tom to spawn? We had better write our Senator about this. This is one natural resource that we are losing. There are the old timers that used to drink SULPHUR WATER from our natural spring just below the ole flour mill? This came out of the rock down close to the river and was strong with sulphur and very clear. Mr. Chapman drank this water for years.
Some folks hold their nostrils shut when tasting of it.

Do you get that aroma of that green coffee that Mrs. Martin roasted in the oven? In the winter the water of the Long Tom kept the sulphur spring covered but in the summer you could dip up all that you wanted. When the city well was drilled, down near the old jail building, it also was strong with sulphur. Now Monroe gets their water supply from the HYLE SPRING which is much higher than the tank up on Hinton's Hill. In 1896 an Englishman by the name of Guy Laws started building a flour mill at MAUDEVILLE, named after another Englishman by the name of MAUDE, who owned the house and farm now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Ira Lemon. When Laws started to build this mill, the Wilhelm firm decided that another small town would not help their business at Monroe, so they started to build the Monroe Flinning Mill and the race was on. The Maudeville mill stood just South of where Robert Farris built in recent years. Wilhelm's mill took in the first wheat and made flour first. This mill was operated by water power. The Maudeville mill had steam power. The Monroe firm bought the Maudeville mill, tore it down and rebuilt it at Harrisburg. This made three mills for them as they purchased the Junction City mill and was operating that also. Everybody had good bread made out of the local flour and I believe it sometimes sold as low as 75¢ per sk. Brands were White Rose, Red Rose, Perfection, Gold Medal and Wilhelm's Best. A common name for one by-product was Shorts. This Liverpool landing was just a short distance from where Raymond Goracke now resides. "Bob" Nichols had a warehouse there and sold it to Guy Laws and it took the name of Liverpool on account of Laws coming from England. Finally the Wilhelm firm built a warehouse and landing farther down this Wooley Slough close to the river and just a little ways up the slough from the re- vention project. Snag boats operated up and down the Willamette River to keep the channel open. Following are the names of boats that stopped at Liverpool Landing: HOAG, RUTH, GYPSY, CITY OF EUGENE, MODOC, ELWOOD, R. C. YOUNG, BISPARK, EUGENE STEAMER. Later there was a boat called "City of Eugene" that was tied up at Corvallis quite a while. It was small and the housing sort of square shape. As I remember, nearly all of these boats were stern wheelers. By a Government Appropriation of $3,000.00, asked for by Congressman W. C. Hawley, the Long Tom River was cleaned out about 1900 so that the Gypsy steamer was able to come to the mill dam at Monroe. When the whistle blew as they were nearing our town, every kid left the school and that was all for that day. This boat made three trips here after flour and feed. The last time that it came, they were loaded and started to turn around, the bow caught on some rocks in the bottom of the river and as the water was falling fast, it looked like they were here for the summer. I understand that the R. R. rates were lowered and that was the end of steamboating on the Long Tom.
To allow the boats to get up to town, two bridges were taken out. The one at Bundy was replaced with a drawbridge and the Pfouts bridge was replaced with a ferry boat. Now the crossing is a bridge about a half mile farther downstream. The steamers could come up as far as Corvallis, most any time. They made quite regular trips to Harrisburg in the winter and sometimes would go as far as Eugene. The Gypsy steamer was destroyed by fire. A newspaper report said, "It burned to the water". When the landing or warehouse is not too high above the deck of the boat, the cargo is usually unloaded by means of hand trucks and a wide gang plank. Sometimes a winch is used to handle very heavy things. Loading the boat with wheat in sacks, millfeed and flour is accomplished by using a shoot from the landing to the deck of the boat. Stevedores truck sacks to the upper end of the shoot, usually two men are used to lift wheat sacks into the shoot and down they go. One husky was usually able to catch the sack and pass it on to a waiting hand truck, then it is wheeled by the deck hand in to the boat. For extra hands to load the boats, the wages were usually 50¢ per hour. Jobs were not plentiful and they could usually get help. The boats carried passengers as well as freight. One day a well dressed lady came to Liverpool Landing on the boat from Portland, that was the first time that I had ever seen her. It was none other than Mrs. Fannie Starr. Dolph Emerick, Will Carpenter, John Carpenter, Green Fawver, George Walden, Ed Walden, Frank Rickard, George Rickard, James Baird, Lee Ingram and dozens of others have helped load the boats. Landings are made easily while proceeding upstream. But when the boat is traveling with the current the landings are made by swinging half around out in the current and then landing with the bow upstream. This is also safer with any small row boat or small power boat. If you do not turn, the current will turn you and fast. Oh/ "You thought I was taking you around Monroe". We will get started pretty soon now. This 1896 dam washed out around 1906 and was replaced with a concrete dam, then it was again rebuilt by the Government when they did the straightening out job on the river in recent years.
MEMORIES

By Jim Carpenter

About 1896 as a boy I used to go many times to a boat landing on the Wooley Slough. At first I knew it by the name of Nichols Warehouse. Later Guy Laws operated it and I believe the name "Liverpool Landing" must have been adopted on account of Guy Lewis being an Englishman.

Later H. Wilhelm and Sons built their own "Wilhelm Warehouse" a little closer to where this same slough entered the Willamette River.

I remember river steamers (stern wheelers) that were named: HOAG, RUTH, R. C. YOUNG, EUGENE, CITY OF EUGENE, GYPSY, MODOC AND ELMORE.

The "Gypsy" made three trips to Monroe taking out flour to Portland Flour. Brands that came out of the same spout were "Wilhelm's Best", "White Rose", "Red Rose", "Perfection", "Gold Medal". At that time the mills mainly used home grown wheat called "soft wheat". Ladies of Monroe vicinity made large light biscuits out of this flour. They should have taken first prize at any fair. Seventy-five cents was about the selling price for 50 pounds of flour.

I was at the Liverpool Landing about 1896 when a well dressed lady wearing a matching waist and skirt suit came on the boat. It was none other than "Fannie Starr", a daughter of Mrs. Garlinghouse. From that time on she lived on the Garlinghouse Ranch, now the C. M. Hubbard and Son farm. Relatives residing here yet are Judge Emil Larkin, Bertis Larkin and Harold Larkin, also Mrs. Josie Post of Corvallis. Last mentioned names are grandsons and a granddaughter of Mrs. Fannie Starr.

The Garlinghouse farm of 700 or 800 acres was then farmed mainly by Clydesdale horses. "Hero" and "Kanick" were very large horses, 1800 pounds each. One horse was stolen at night from this farm. The thief made a good getaway, presumably fording the Willamette River at night and avoiding the bridges or ferry till well on their way.

Around 1930, a Methodist minister by the name of Durward Goodwin, James Gardner and I went to Southern Oregon on a fishing and hunting trip. We took our belongings up a trail on a rubber tired wheelbarrow.

We did pretty good on the rattlesnakes and fishing. Hunting was disturbed badly on account of a forest fire and a
The Rev. Snyder visited places in town and one day he had Frank Cottair and F. O. Thayer. They each asked "boot". They said to Rev. Snyder, "Tell us how to trade." "Will you trade like I say?" said Rev. Snyder. They agreed to do so. Rev. Snyder said, "Trade even and each of you give $2.50 to "boot". They traded that way.

The Rev. Snyder visited around the different business places in town and one day he happened along the Livery Stable. Frank Cottair and F. O. Thayer were trying to trade horses. They each asked "boot". They said to Rev. Snyder, "Tell us how to trade." "Will you trade like I say?" said Rev. Snyder. They agreed to do so. Rev. Snyder said, "Trade even and each of you give $2.50 to "boot". They traded that way.

In 1894 "Doc" Milton C. Starr was living in a small house in the north corner of the property now owned by La Vern Albin. He was a Civil War Veteran. William J. Kelley owned the property and house that La Verne tore down. "Doc" later lived for a year in a small house near the Muddy Bridge near the Berry Ingram farm. To go to Bellfountain the road used to turn at the Maud or Pfouts farm and follow up the Muddy to this Ingram farm. Later the road was changed to higher ground and to where it goes over the hill to Alpine. Ever since that change the road went north from the Bob Irvin farm to the Muddy Bridge.

Henry Landerking and family once owned the small farm now owned by the Belchambers family. He later lived down at Florence and had a wagon pulled by oxen. He would come to Monroe and take back a winters supply of flour and food. It was a hazardous trip over the mountain road. You had to pass under overhanging rocks that were not too high above the covered wagons. Mrs. Alphens Howard was a daughter of the Landerkings. I believe that the Landerkings owned a house that later was E. J. Martin's shoe shop.

E. J. Martin was not only a repair man but made fancy
boots to measure for stockmen like "Edwards"; "Houck"; "Winn"; "Williams"; "Fergusson"; "Kyle"; and "Barnett". He made hundreds of pairs of boots. He made his own wedding boots.

In the fall, my first day living in Monroe in 1894, I was 7 years of age and I saw Wesley Hinton take 65 "whitefish" at one dip with a net about 5 feet square. The nets were bought or knotted here locally. They were made from a green sapling terminating at a block of wood with four holes in it. The block was tied to a long peeled fir pole 16 or 20 feet in length. The fish were at the old Reader Mill Dam which was partially destroyed.

The "white fish" would come by the thousands and thousands at the first freshet in the Long Tom in the fall caused by heavy rains. These were known as White Fish and people came for miles to fish. Wooden candy pails were sold for 24¢ each to salt them down in for winter use. There was no such a thing as a limit and the supply kept up for years. The State Game Commission saw fit to stop dipping. I have mailed copies of a little store paper "Monroe Broadcaster" to the State Game Commission stating I had lived here since 1894 and never saw anyone ever catch one on a hook and line. I have also mentioned that I never saw one that was snagged in the belly with a fish hook when they were running in schools. "The Game Commission" has replied, "They definitely are a game fish and do take a lure." I have not had one to eat since the dipping was stopped. They are not the Greyling that takes your bait or artificial fly in the Willamette. I have measured greyling caught in the Willamette 21 inches, and the White Fish will measure 6 inches, 8 inches, 10 inches and up to about 12 inches. They have a very small mouth that resembles a camera shutter and it would be difficult for them to grab a hook as large as a No. 6. I would like to meet a fisherman who has ever taken one of the white fish with tackle. What would please me better would be to have 6 or a dozen of them fried brown and remove all the bones fast in to the backbone at one time. They are sure a fine eating fish. I believe the White Fish still run up to the dam and one above if possible to get over the dams. Someone prove that they can be caught by hook and line.

J. L. Davison, "Sib" as we all knew him, and Gilbert Belknap were two fine friends. I have been on many hunting trips with both of them. "Sib" one time had a 25-20 bolt action, shot from his right shoulder and worked the bolt with his left hand. He killed more deer than I did with my automatic. Gilbert hunted 20 or 30 years with a 30 slide. This type of gun would "balk" for me and lots of other people ... but not for Gilbert. He was not flighty and would work the action full length. I never knew of this gun failing to operate for him. One time we were hunting in some tall green fern and he shot once. He waited a minute till we came out in this ope-
ning and says, "Come over here . . . I want to show you something pretty." We went over and he had nothing to show us at all. He evidently hit the buck on the horns and stunned him. The deer was standing there weaving and after he got his bearings . . . he took off. If you want winter's meat . . . don't take your eye off the animal.

The late Harlan Belknap downed a buck deer up on Green Peak. He left his gun against a small tree . . . walked over to dress his deer and the deer made a fast getaway. Never leave your gun . . . keep it right with you. Another safety rule for hunters . . . never jump off a log into fern. . . You may find that you just missed a sharp burned oak limb by just a very few inches.

Hunting and fishing are very often combined . . . or in other words . . . trying to do both at once. One can feel very silly with your rifle on a mossy rock about 20 feet away and your red hat in your right hand ready to slap a fat grasshopper. I won out once.

Gilbert and Violet Belknap and I were all set up for hunting and a day to loaf. We started to go to the Umpqua River, a mile or so from our tent. Violet mentioned to leave our big guns in camp and take the .22 rifle. That way we would not be tempted to kill a deer before season opened. I was packing my .22, loaded with long rifles. Gilbert mentioned packing the .22 to give me a rest. We were in a dusty trail close to the river. He was ahead about 20 feet and I heard him say, "Hold up your head." He was talking to a black bear and then he shot 6 to 8 times. *Spat! Spat! Spat!* Violet and I started after the bear. *Violet says; "I am going to have a rug out of his hide." I said, "I am going to jerk every pound of his meat." We looked around the mashed down fern and both decided maybe the bear might also be looking for a rug or meat. The bear was gone. It was 9 miles out to get a dog so we went on fishing . . . wading riffles and stepping from rock to rock. Gilbert started to leap onto a rock and changed very suddenly and jumped in the water where there was no rock. He called to me to shoot that rattler! There were plenty of dead salmon nearby and this rattler was full of salmon eggs and sleeping on the rock with a body full of rich food. Better leave the .22 at camp for tin cans . . . not bear.

My friend, Gilbert Belknap, invited me to go on our first hunting trip together about 1920. He was always liberal and liked to share his good hunting places with others. We went to a famous old burn in Southern Oregon.

The first day 5 of us, had 9 "blacktail" hanging up. Each hunter was allowed 2 bucks. Of course it was Jim who missed getting the second one -- to make 10.

A year later I took a boy out there, Alex McKillop, 16.
We had three nice buck in camp the first day.

We were hunting toward camp that evening on the North-slope and the sun was low—not dark. I saw a BEAR on a big black log and he was having supper. I could see him plain, feeding himself more meat? or honey? Then get back up on the log and eat. The bear kept this up several times. I packed a long telescope with me. I focused this on the bear and I got an eyefull. Alex says, "Let's both shoot at once." I said, "Take a look with the telescope." What we saw was a black Muley cow...no horns...Her ears made up the front legs of the bear. The Muley hump and hair made up the bear's head. When she flicked an ear, knocking off flies...that was the feeding process. The cow would throw her neck and head around to knock flies off her back and ribs...that made up the bear getting off and back on the log getting more food to eat.

Know what you are shooting at.

Sometimes we are so sure!

Sometime about 1942, the citizens here were taking their turn as a Lookout Post for enemy planes. The Lookout Post was located up near the Monroe Water Supply Tank on the hill. It was a nice sun shiny day in the summer. Mrs. Golda Belknap had made some purchases at my old store. We were near her car talking about her son Howard Aylesworth in the Aelutians and Darwin Carpenter who was at Midway. A plane was high doing some circling a mile or two north east of us. All of a sudden I said, "What do you know about that!" Mrs. Belknap said, "Oh, where is your phone!" I told her just inside that side door. She hurried to the phone and I remained where I could watch the plane. This is what I saw. A parachutist bailed out...went tumbling toward the earth. All of sudden, the parachute opened. I could see the cords down to the basket, I was waiting to see on what side of a tall tree the man would land. All of sudden I saw plainly what it was, I said in a loud voice, "Don't call Camp Adair!" We had our eyes focused on the plane about a mile or mile and a half away. In an instant one half of a thistle bloom passed within 50 or 60 feet in front of me. The thistle bloom had righted up...the remaining half made the parachute...the spines came down to center hub and formed the cords and the hub or center of the bloom made the basket. If the call had gone through...we could have been branded as liars. Camp Adair knew who the flier was and the flier would have reported, "No such thing happened." "No one leaped from the plane!"

Sometimes seeing is not believing.
A LETTER TO MADELINE
By Ned Norton

Mitchell, Oregon, August 14, 1968

Dear Miss Madeline,

I had a card from Jim Carpenter last week telling me that you wanted some information regarding my Great Uncle Will Kelly. At the time I got Jim's card, we were in the midst of re-decorating, if that is the name for it; the front room of the house and books, typewriter and about everything else were scattered all over the place. That's the reason it has taken me so long to answer.

Since nearly all the family was gone by the time I was ten years old, about all I can tell you, is what I can only draw upon scraps of memory that still stay with me. Some I remember from my Aunt Hattie Bowen who raised me from the time I was six years old until I came to this Eastern Oregon country, some I remember hearing from Uncle Charley Bowen and some from my Cousin Harry Bowen, but they are fragmentary at best. Uncle Will was, as you no doubt know, largely self taught and was quite a scholarly man, particularly since he was a devote Christian gentleman, in study of the Bible. I remember he had quite an extensive library for an individual of that time and place. After his death what became of his books I do not know. I suppose that they were just generally dispersed as such things usually are with the passing of the one who treasured them. I remember that I got two leatherbound volumes of Shakespears plays and brought them to this country. They, along with my other few possessions were in a trunk which I had stored in a store warehouse in Gilliam County when the store was destroyed by fire and that was that.

To the best of my knowledge Uncle Will was born in Kentucky in the year 1816 and when he was around fifteen or sixteen years old, he and two sisters, my grandmother and my great aunt Elizabeth, or Eliza Kelly, started west, literally runaway children. The cause, I was told, was a domestic situation arising from a second marriage of either a father or a mother, I do not know which. They stuck together and worked their way west as best they could through Indiana and Missouri and finally attached themselves in some capacity to a wagon train for Oregon. Somewhere along the way they fell in with grandfather Bowen who was on his way west for the same reason as themselves -- family trouble. He and grandmother
Bowen were married somewhere along the way when she was 14 and he was 16 years of age. Harry Bowen told me that they arrived in Oregon in 1846 and eventually settled at Monroe—then known as Starr's Point I believe. There they lived their lives, died and are buried. It brings to mind the lines from Gray's Elegy: "The short and simple annals of the poor." Some time ago I was called upon to speak to a pioneer group at Prineville and you can gather from that request that "Speakers" are mighty hard to come by up here in this country. In the course of the talk I mentioned that back in the earlier days of the State, or Territory a great uncle of mine had served in one or more of the legislatures and that after his last election he had been accused by the opposition of having bought the election. I just had to point out to them that this was nothing more than a low down political cannard put out by his enemies for the simple reason that anyone who ever knew me or any of my relation all along the way from then until now knew quite well that if the going price of steamboats had been a nickel a piece, none of us ever had money to buy a canoe paddle. Strange as it may seem I do not think that this lack of financial stability ever bothered them any more than it has me. I think that all of us managed to have a pretty good just living. Like all other humans since time immemorial we have known the depths of grief at irreplaceable loss, but we have recognized it as a condition of life and accepted it because we, like others, have had to. But we have not allowed it to destroy us.

Uncle Will Kelly was in at least one of the Indian campaigns in the state's history. I have a dim memory of him telling Aunt Hattie Bowen of having been with a column that moved south-eastward through Grass Valley in an operation against the Snake Indians a hundred and four years ago. If so he was probably attached to Capt. John M. Drake's detachment of the 1st Oregon Volunteer Cavalry whose mission was to find and destroy bands of Snake Indians harassing early settlers in the country and to guard the Dalles-Canyon City road. To put it in few words the mission was a total failure. Their only real fight with the Snakes was out on forks of Crooked River where in an early morning engagement on May 18th, 1864 I believe, the renegade Chief Po-Lo-Ni (Paulina) and his tribesmen killed 2nd Lieutenant Stephen Watson, Pvt. Weaver and Jackson and some of the Warm Springs Indian Scouts attached to the expedition. I am trying to find out whether Uncle Will was a member of this expedition or not. Day before yesterday, I got a letter from a Mrs. Donald Menefee, who is a member of a Eugene Historical Society, who said that the next time she was in Salem she would look through the muster rolls of the "outfit" if I wished her to do so. Needless to say I will appreciate her help in the matter. She stopped here in May on her way to investigate some historical matter in Eastern Washington and asked me for a copy of a story I wrote some time ago about this Drake expedition. I told her
about my coming from Monroe and she knows a lot about historical matters and families around there. I thought no more about her visit and you can imagine my surprise when I found the following enclosure in her letter: "Phineas Gilbert Married Adelia Bowen, Oct 1868 from Record of Mary's River Charge, Methodist Records." Frankie Bowen md P. L. Benjamin, Oct. 8, 1887, Monroe, home of bride's mother by R. Booth, witnesses Charles Bowen and Dr. Wertman (Voices out of the past.)

Uncle Will was postmaster at Monroe but I do not know at what period. However, I believe he ended his term of service there around the mid-1890's. I can still remember that when grandmother died I must have been around 5 years old and that after her death, which left Uncle Will the only surviving member of the original family, he used to take me to church in the old church morning and night and how he would lead me by the hand over the old and none too safe board sidewalks past the livery stable, Looney's hotel, past the Howard house and the Ernest Martin house and so to church. The grand old man would have me by one hand and at night would carry a lantern in the other to light the way. It is a rather strange thing to suddenly realize that if I should continue in this land for about 7 more years I, myself, will be as old as he was then. Generation after generation we follow in the footsteps of those who have gone before us. I believe that in Pope's translation of the Iliad there is the lines:

"Like leaves on trees the Race of man is found,
Now green in Youth, now withering on the ground.
Another race the following Spring supplies,
They fall successive and successive rise.
So Nations in their course decay.
So flourish these when those are past away."

I guess every generation of us speculate on the eternal mysteries of the universe with all the infinite perfection of its timing and movement, the purposeful pattern of that creation even down to elements so minute that they can be seen only through the medium of the most powerful microscope. And naturally our greatest concern is with ourselves. The mystery of where we came from where we are going and WHY. As far as I am concerned, to me the greatest mystery is why we are here at all. Perhaps this is all in the field of Idle philosophic speculation, but it is intensely interesting and it does give us something to do with the minds the Creator equipped us with.

Uncle Will was justice of the peace at Monroe for many years and I remember him transacting the business of the office in the front room of his home. The clearest picture of this ancient method of administering "The King's Law" is of William (Bill) Garlinghouse being there one day. Of course I had no idea of what it was about, but remembering something of Bill's disposition, he was probably having trouble with
one or more of his neighbors.

I'll tell you Madeline, this personal letter seems to be taking on something of the nature of an "article" and I must tell you one more story relating to the Garlinghouse family, which had some sort of relationship with Aunt Hattie Bowen's family -- I believe Mrs. Garlinghouse's first husband was Aunt Hattie's brother. The story came to me from Jim Carpenter who was hauling hay for them at the place over there in the river bottom.

Anyway, through the passing of the years and the processes of nature it became necessary for Mrs. Garlinghouse to wear a wig for practical purposes and not for adornment such as the haystacks that are in vogue now-a-days. Jim said that one day when he and his companion hauled a load of hay into the barn a forkful had fallen off in front of the house and Mrs. Garlinghouse saw it. Being a kindly woman and knowing Bill's explosive disposition she came out when they came back and told them to pick it up before Bill saw it. Jim told me that while they were discussing the matter, a sudden whirlwind, a dancing dust devil, materialized out of nowhere, and swept across them. Well it lifted the lady's wig and sent it spiraling heavenward to a very great height which must have been very embarrassing indeed. I do not tell you this in any spirit of levity or fun making, but only as such an incident of long ago which happens, or has happened in one form or other to all of us at sometime or other along the way of our lives.

I guess that is about all I can think of to tell you at the present time and I hope it may be of help to you. We both send you our sincere regards and best wishes and we hope to be able to see you again in the not too distant future and that you continue in good health and with no more eye trouble. You certainly had a siege of it.

Sincerely,

Ned and Cellie Norton
AN ANSWER

By Ned Norton

(NOTE: After reading the letter to Madeline Micnols, we could not help writing and requesting additional articles Mr. Norton might wish to share. This is his reply to our request.)

Mitchell, Oregon, September 30, 1968

The Rev. Mr. Glen Hughes,
Minister, Monrooe Methodist Church

Dear Friend:

I hope you will not resent my calling you "friend" on such short acquaintance, but to the best of my knowledge, I have no enemies, which is probably a good thing at this late date.

I have delayed in answering your letter while I wrote three sketches along the line you suggested -- I hope -- and am sending them to you tomorrow. They are not copyrighted and you are welcome to do with them as you see fit. Edit, delete, add to or throw in the waste basket. All are true stories told me many years ago by members of my own family. The Steamboat story is from my own personal experience and recollection, for I was there as a boy of ten or twelve years. I have enjoyed writing them for in a way they take me back to a time and condition of life that could never return even if we could find the fabled fountain of youth. Personally I am afraid if some such event should happen I would not be happy with it, for so many of those I started out with are no longer here. Jim and Edna Carpenter and Bill and Edith are just about the only ones left there, with the exception of Miss Madeline Nichols you mention, and she certainly is an exception. A spirit that will never surrender, a moral virtue that will never compromise and an intelligence as brilliant as a perfect diamond. Miss Madeline's mother was my mother's closest friend as long as my mother lived. I also think that Miss Madeline is one of the few who can view my rather reprehensible childhood conduct around the old town objectively. I appreciate her tolerance.

Jim Carpenter was my closest companion in those days. We played together and sometimes we fought each other like the young animals we were. In our fighting abilities we were pretty evenly matched. Sometimes I would win and sometimes
Jim would win. One such occasion I still remember and never fail to get a quiet chuckle out of the event. We had at it in the road in front of his father's store and Jim won. He got me down on my back and demanded that I "holler" which I refused to do. The streets of Monroe produced outstanding mud in those days. It was blue-black in color and very smooth and fine in texture when wet with rain and well mixed by horse drawn vehicles. On my refusal to surrender, Jim, methodically scooped up handfuls of this mud and slapped it in my face. Then, like a mason with his trowl, he proceeded to spread it with great attention to detail. Finally when the job suited his artistic judgement he let me go. I went home, still stubborn and sullen and demanded that the woman who looked after my great uncle Will Kelly's domestic establishment (she later became my aunt by marrying my Uncle Charley Bowen) give me something to eat. This she refused until I washed my face. It was a very resolute class of wills and I wore that mud until it dried and flaked off in a rather startling pattern. Well, some ancient philosopher once said: "Youth looks forward for their is nothing behind, while age looks backward for there is nothing before." I guess I have reached that point and I rather enjoy it.

Sincerely,

Ned Norton
"STEAMBOAT 'ROUND THE BEND"

By Ned Norton

It was near 70 years ago and it must have been in or near an election year for, like the proverbial leopard, politicians never change their spots and the old pork barrel was just as useful to them then as now. And certainly the project of clearing that stretch of the Long Tom River from its juncture with the Willamette to the old town of Monroe of snags, fallen trees and other obstructions was hardly justified from a commercial or economic standpoint. It was pure "pork barreling" designed by some distant Congressman to boost local price and get himself some votes by the spectacular show of sending a steamboat up river to Monroe.

Monroe is an old town in the recording of Oregon state and Territorial history and was known at one time as Starr's Point named for the Starr family which located there in early days. Over the years the community has produced many citizens, both male and female, widely known for education, for civic virtue and dedication to public service. Also it has no doubt produced a few others just as widely known, but for opposite reasons. But its people seemed to be more than ordinarily insistent on schooling for the younger generations.

The old school house the writer remembers best was located at the south-western edge of town. It was worn and weather beaten with age and with no suggestion of the elegance of its modern successors, but in it a kid could learn something if he had the inclination. Some did. The only outer door was located in the north end of the building and gave entrance to an anti-room used for the hanging of outer garments and there was a shelf on the west side on which rested a water bucket with a tin dipper hanging from a nail above it. As this scribe, who was there over a number of years (usually from the time school started in the fall until he was kicked out along about "swimmin' hole time" in the spring) water for drinking purpose was supplied from a ditch coming down from Hinton's Hill and marking the northern boundary of the playground. Through constant use the water dipper sometimes became rather slippery, but who cared? Matters of sanitation were in the distant future. Anyway most of the boys attending that school were physically and mentally tough enough to be immune to most diseases of the flesh.

This antiroom had still another use. Whenever in the teacher's judgement -- and their judgement was mighty hasty
-- a pupil stood in need of corporeal punishment, he would be sent out there to sweat it out until the teacher had time to take care of him. Also this waiting period would give him time to reflect on the sinfulness of his ways and possibly resolve to do better in the future. It was applied psychology long before anyone around here ever heard of Sigmund Freud. However, this scribe, who took the course frequently, is of the opinion that most of his male teachers must have been thoroughly familiar with the practices of old Torquemada and his celebrated Spanish Inquisition. He still clearly remembers one particular occasion when he and a schoolmate were sent out there to await the "moment of truth." He was not very well acquainted with the new teacher; but then the new teacher was not very well acquainted with him either. Out there, there was only a door between him and freedom -- and the door was open. After trying vainly to persuade his companion to take advantage of this glorious opportunity for freedom, he departed hurriedly. But then the fatal affliction of Lot's wife and the lovely Pandora of legend got him. With that touch of sadism which seems to be, to a certain extent, in all children, he just had to see how his companion stood up under punishment.

He came back and went into the woodshed which stood just at the right of the school house door and climbed up on the ricks of oak grub firewood. The teacher came out finally and inquired of the whereabouts of the other victim. Being informed that he was long gone did nothing to sweeten his disposition. Fifty per cent of his work remained and he went to work on it, and was doing an excellent job in the opinion of the qualified expert on the wood pile. He leaned farther and farther out to miss as little as possible of the proceedings. Here fate and the law of gravity took over. The wood pile came crashing down catapulting the kid almost into the door of the anteroom. The teacher didn't overlook the opportunity, he pounced like an eagle on a jack rabbit and for a few minutes thereafter it was the other kids turn to observe the professional (professorial) technique in swinging the hazel rod. Those were great and never-to-be-forgotten-days.

There were no grades in the school at that period; the teacher just marked the place in the books where the pupil happened to be when school "let out" in the spring and he started there when it "took up in the fall". Surprisingly the system seems to have worked pretty well, for the community became known throughout the state for the high level of education of its citizens.

A number of years later when the youngster had gone over the mountains -- to take up permanent residence in the eastern part of the state, a Methodist minister came to the community where he had made his home to hold what was then known as "Protracted Meeting" -- that is they lasted as long
as anyone could be persuaded to leave the paths of unrighteousness and follow the way that "leadeth unto salvation." This particular successor to St. Paul was troubled in his mind. It appeared that his next missionary field was to be Monroe and his Superintendent had cautioned that there were more graduates per square rod than in any other comparable community in the state. The wife of the man the young fellow was employed by (she, herself, had come originally from King's Valley) referred the preacher to the Monroeite about the matter. What prompted her to do so is not clear even to this day, for certainly the source of information she advised was as ignorant of things social and theological as was the late Adolf Hitler on his Aryan Superiority "kick", of human biology and genetics. The boy could only tell him of an area west of town called Gospel Swamp where there was a capable preacher for about every forty acres, and that the people cut their teeth on the Bible, Homer and Shakespeare. The preacher expressed the opinion, somewhat forcefully that he would preach the Gospel according to his lights and conscience and the Devil take the critics. This being the case the younger man wondered briefly why he had been questioned at all.

It must have been sometime in late winter or early spring when the steamboat came to Monroe. Probably around whitefish dipping time when people gathered on the forbay of the mill and dipped the fish out with nets fixed on the ends of long poles as they gathered in schools below the dam seeking the upper reaches of the river and its tributaries to spawn. This was an annual event which the writer supposes has long since passed into that eternity which has taken the passenger pigeon and the Dodo bird.

The young of the community were in school all right; but they were not notabally applying themselves to matters of learning. The word had been passed once more that this was to be "The Day" and the youngsters were inwardly buzzing like a hive of bees about to swarm. The teacher had promised to let out school when the event transpired and he might as well have turned them out earlier for he certainly wasn't accomplishing anything of educational value.

Suddenly, the long mournful wail of a steamboat whistle drifted over the town and echoed back from the heights of Hinton's Hill. That was it. The fabled geese arousing the citizens of Rome to the imminent attack by the Volscians od Lars Porsena could have caused no more action and confusion in the Forum than that whistle did in that old school room. The teacher didn't, as he had promised, let out school. He didn't get a chance. Eva Martin (Mrs. George Wilhelm) screamed like a Banshee and with hair and ribbons flying headed for the door closely followed by this writer and the rest of the school tailing out behind. As he recalls, Eva was of a competitive disposition and he might have used the word "comba-
tive". In fact only a short time before he had been chastized for fighting with Eva over the trifling matter of whose turn it was to bat in a game of two-old-cats! Anyway, he got two lickings in one day -- one from Eva and one from the teacher. This time she held her lead and beat him to the river by at least a couple of lengths.

Only the bedfast stayed home that day. The population rushed to the river bank and got there in time to see the steamboat round the bend down hill from Judge Thompson's house. It was a majestic sight and one never to be forgotten by those fortunate enough to witness it. The town had no artillery, beyond Ernest Martin's 8 guage shot gun, so, following a custom of that day, some anvils were fired. This method of salute furnished a maximum of noise at a minimum of expense, and since no one lost a hand or an eye it can be reported that the salute to the steamboat Gypsy was entirely satisfactory.

With smoke pouring from her stack and steam and music from her whistle and water churning and heaving in her wake she warped in and was made fast to the forbay of the mill. Thus, by the Grace of God and a pork barreling Congressman, water born commerce came to old Monroe.

In the matter of tonnage displacement, the Gypsy was not impressive, in fact, she would have rated not far ahead of the Captain's gig on a modern ship of war. But even so she was too big for the Long Tom River as demonstrated on the last of, the writer believes, three trips up the river. The water was at the flood on her first trip and she took on a short cargo of flour from the mill and departed down river without much delay. Her third trip was on falling water, a condition her skipper realized quite well and was deeply worried about.

A word about this shipmaster as this scribe remembers him, after the passage of all the years. The picture can be sketched in few words. He was on the short side and somewhat overfleshed, he was swarthy of complexion and black of hair. He wore no gold braid or other uniform adornment, he wore what was customarily refered to in those days as a "business suit" and he had a hard hat, and a disposition combining that of a rattlesnake in dog day and a wild sow pig whose litter is disturbed. It is quite likely that the "Lounge Doctors" of today would record him as suffering from delusions of persecution, that he felt himself outrageously put upon by his owners and that an immediate explosion of his boilers would be his best way out. He drove his crew unmercifully in taking on cargo and as soon as the job was finished, he ordered the lines cast off and started to swing ship and get out of there.

Unfortunately the rapidly falling water plus the added cargo weight took over at this point and midway of her turn the Gypsy went hard and fast aground, bow and stern. There-
after there ensued one of the wildest chapters in the history of the old town. The Captain started to sweat and swear, and at his first volley of profanity the ladies present fled precipitately homeward taking most of their young with them. Most of the men remained and at least one of the boys. And after the fashion of the American male, they were soon giving the captain rude and unsolicited advice as to the conning of his ship. In return they got, for free, such a lesson in profane oratory as they had hardly dreamed of. Alternately the captain paced his quarter-deck and sat on the after rail and called on all the gods ancient and modern to witness his plight in this land of benighted heathens. He stated that for years he had successfully navigated the inland waterways and now this. And when the owners heard about it he would undoubtedly start following a plow. Like the guests at Fulta Fisher's Boarding House, as described by Mr. Kipling, he called down the "Brimstone of the Lord" on the river and all its tributaries. He damned everything an inch high until he must have given infinite delight to the Devil and brought grave jeopardy to his own soul. He was a man in great distress and he let all present know it.

They winched the Cypsy and they pried her and by superhuman effort they finally got her free and headed in the right direction and went hurriedly away from there. And she never came back. Presumably the Congressman got elected and the old river settled back into its ancient flow. Trees fell in it and other snags appeared to replace those that had been removed to make way for the steamboat. Banks eroded and fell in as they had done since time immemorial. In the autumn days the band tailed pigeon cooed softly from tall dead fir and the great horned owl sent his booming cry over the forest darkness. The old river continued its quiet flow between its winding tree clad banks until much later the Corps of Engineers in the name of progress made of it a glorified drainage ditch.
THE CASE OF THE DOCTOR'S WHISKERS

By Ned Norton

It has long been recognized that two great forces of good and evil have existed in this world since the creator first set it spinning and moving in its orbit about its central heating plant, populated by the everlasting, controversial, cantankerous, bull-headed and combative human tribe. The members of that tribe seem to have been, since the beginning of its record, about evenly divided between those who would reverse that order of things. There are those who dedicate their lives searching the elusive phantom of pure truth, knowing that if once they could catch and hold on to it, they could solve all human problems, cure all human ills, insure perfect justice and promote a world-wide epoch of peace and harmony. In other words they would establish Paradise here without having to cross "The Dark River" to attain it. Unfortunately, there are in the opposition camp the other group which has little interest in truth, who would, in fact rather climb a tall tree and tell the truth for cash on the barrelhead. And, since according to Holy Writ backed up by John Milton, trouble between the two factions started in Heaven itself a long time ago though there seems little chance of substantial change in either group in the near future. But why moralize about human frailty and pig-headedness. Particularly by one who throughout most of his life has been known as a demoralizer rather than a moralizer.

In its early period, Monroe was no exception to this general rule of division between the forces of good and evil. The first element was represented, in majority, by the members and supporters of the Monroe Methodist Church and that "Church In The Wildwood" a few miles to the northwest -- historic Simpson's Chapel, not far from the village of Bellfountain, a municipality which, whose name others beyond its city limits quickly changed to "Dusty". In contrast to these two strong-points of righteousness, Monroe had two saloons which, once again the people exercising their peculiar and possibly slightly depraved sense of humor, promptly named The Pot Sots and the Buzzards Roost. That considerable excitement and fervor was often stirred up in the two churches, particularly during periods of "protracted meetings," is an historic fact. That considerable excitement was more often produced at the other two establishments but from entirely different causes is, also a
matter of historical record.

There was a young Doctor serving the community at that time -- (NOTE: This scribe had not appeared on the Monroe scene at the time, but reliable information given him much later indicates that this disciple of old Hypocratese was named Wertman.) Doctors at that time universally grew the best crop of whiskers that soil and cultivation could produce, supposedly for the purpose of creating an impression of dignity, wisdom and professional competence. Doctor Wert- man was said to have been particularly fortunate in the development of this facial adornment. His whiskers were said to have been of the type known as "swallow tail" forking and extending magnificently on either side and below his chin. Human vanity seems to be a universal quality and hardly less among men than women, no matter what the individual's social, economic or educational status may be and it is reasonable to suppose that the good Doctor Wertman kept his pointed whiskers properly trimmed and well waxed as to the points.

There was in the town at the time a young man who was just arriving at the status who frequented the places more as a man seeking companionship in a club. On occasion when the proprietor found it necessary to be absent for a short time, he would turn his duties as bartender over to the younger man whose name, by the way, was Dick Bowen.

Dr. Wertman, his whiskers in excellent condition, was engaged in a little gambling in the joint on one of the occasions when the proprietor turned his job over to young Mr. Bowen. Perhaps the run of the game was going against the doctor and he was in a testy mood. He shouted to young Bowen to bring him a drink and to do so without delay. This imperative order offended the temporary bartender's sense of personal freedom and independence of choice so he told him he wanted a drink in such an all fired hurry to just come and get it himself. That lit the fuse. Dr. Wertman jumped up, swore at the boy and started for him. The boy met him halfway and they went at it, as the saying is, in the air and on the ground. Finally, after others present managed to separate the combatants and restore a measure of peace and tranquility the young man put his hand in his pocket for some tobacco and became aware of some strange substance clinging to his fingers. When he withdrew the hand for a look he found the south fork of the doctor's whiskers intwined in his fingers. One must sympathize with the doctor. His face was completely out of balance and he was faced with the unhappy task of shaving off the other half and cultivating a new crop of whiskers.
The Incident of the Aged Indian

By Ned Norton

The incident herein related was told to the writer many years ago by his uncle, Charles Bowen who was, himself, a small boy when it took place and his father, the writer's grandfather was a relatively young man. It appears to have occurred some time before the great War Between The States which points up the time that has passed since the beginning of present day Monroe.

About a mile north of town, was the original home of the Porter family, well known in the early history of the western Oregon country. The old ranch home was beautifully situated on a gentle slope and the house was surrounded by great oak trees, old long before the coming of the earliest white settlers. Beyond the house the land rose steeply to the crown of a high hill, bare on its southern slope and thickly forested on the summit and other slopes. In this south slope and about halfway to the summit, a spring of clear cold water bubbled up from some subterranean source and from it the Porter place took the name of Spring Hill.

Abutting the southern slope was a lesser elevation where today, to quote the lines of Robert Gray: "Each in his narrow cell forever laid, the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep". The Monroe community cemetery.

According to Uncle Charley, when the first settlers came to the country, this was the permanent camp site of a local Indian tribe. He said he remembered an occasion when Grandfather Bowen visited the camp for some reason or other and he went along. At the camp, they came upon the action of a strange drama in which the leading part was being played, reluctantly, by an Indian who, judging from the general appearance of his limbs and body must have been very old or suffering from physically wasting disease. They could not see the man's face for the reason that his head was tightly bound with a wrapping of cloth or buckskin and his hands were tied so he couldn't remove it. He was feebly kicking and rolling about and making such muffled sounds as he could under the conditions while a number of young bucks looked on with an attitude of detached indifference.

The writer never knew his grandfather, but years later John Lemon and others who knew him described him as a man given to rather violent speech and action when he was emotionally disturbed and this scene upset him considerably.

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According to Uncle Charley, he put on quite a show of his own and eventually got across to the heathen audience the question as to "Just what in Hell they were doing to the old Indian."

Also the Indians eventually got through to him the logic of their procedure. The old man, they indicated, had, due to the infirmities of age, become totally useless. He could no longer hunt and tribal tradition forbade his doing the work of squaws. He would just have to be fed and cared for during the short time left to him before journeying to the "Typee's Land" somewhere beyond the sunset. So why not help him along?"

What peculiar kink or twist or tribal custom caused them to pass sentence of death by suffocation on the victim rather than just knocking him in the head and getting it over with must be left to the anthropologists and the moral philosophers. Frankly, it is beyond this scribe's mental capacity.

Uncle Charley said that grandfather managed to work it out with them by promising them that if they would come to him at stated periods he would try and see to it that they got enough foodstuffs for the old man's subsistence for the short time left in this world, but uncle Charley said that members of the tribal family came for that ration issue for ten or fifteen years. Dumb Indians? Not by a long-shot!
A STORY FROM GRANDFATHER

By Madeline Nichols

When my Grandfather Henry Drainard Nichols took up a histodian land claim, south west of Alpine, there were a few Indians living in the vicinity. One of them was a kindly disposed Indian who was known as 'Uncle Ben'. He, along with the other Indians were in the habit of shooting squirrels out of trees and eating them. Squirrel meat was considered a very tasty item of diet.

My grandfather had planted a field near the creek to wheat and had a very fine crop but then as now, squirrels were destroying a goodly portion of it -- so my grandfather hoping to rid the field of some of the destructive little animals, put poison in the squirrel holes.

One day Uncle Ben saw a squirrel in an oak tree and drew a bead on it but before he could pull the trigger, it fell to the ground, dead. Uncle Ben knew well enough what had happened. The squirrel had been poisoned and after that, Uncle Ben refused to eat squirrel meat.
CLATAWAA AND KINDNESS

By Golda Bellnap

We lived south of Monroe. Mr. Aylesworth taught at Monroe Elementary School. Miss Vanenel also taught in Monroe so they drove together in a horse and buggy.

The red hill road was so bad in rainy weather that it was hard to get there. . .now it's a paved road.

The railroad was being built at this time.

I was alone with my baby during the day. I had lots of tramps so I thought I would place a smallpox quarantine sign at the gate to keep tramps away. It worked but also alarmed the neighbors until I found it necessary after frightening them to try some other way. . .my brother got me a very good watch dog.

I have heard my father tell, when he was small, of how Indians often came by. One day, his father was away and a group of Indians on their ponies came riding up to their house demanding something to eat. They had 'fire water' and looked very fierce. His mother said, 'To, you clatawaa' or I'll throw hot water on you.' A kettle of hot water was kept on the fire for house hold use and this could be used in this emergency. They would not go so she told the little boys to untie the dog, 'Tige'. The dog was kept tied all the time. The dog caught the blanket that was on an Indian and ran back under the house leaving the Indian on his horse. The Indian began to beg and said they would leave if their blanket was returned. The little boys had to crawl back under the house and finally got the blanket. They were scared to give it to the Indian. He grabbed it and away they went up the road toward Monroe. . .the last they saw of them was their dust.

The Brown School now a part of Monroe District was a few miles east of Monroe. I was offered the sum of $40.00 a month for a 6 month term. When I found out that I could teach at Central School 3 months in between terms, I accepted. I rode 6½ miles to Brown District from home during spring term. I put my horse in Dick Hewitt's barn, and of course, she was ready to go before I was.

One evening the spring flowers and trees were beautiful on both sides of the dusty graveled road and I was letting my horse fly along. In the neighborhood, a young man who had been in the prison awhile, was at home. I had heard so much about him I was well informed. . .I thought. This evening, homeward bound, I was enjoying my ride when unexpectedly, my
my horse jumped across the road in fright. I looked up and saw this man sitting on a post of the fence. My horse had broken her saddle girth and it's dangling was frightening her more. He asked if I was having trouble...I told him, "Yes," and he came over...patted my horse...fixed the cinch...while I stayed in the saddle. I thanked him and thought as I continued my ride home...there is always kindness in everyone...if they're treated kindly.
AN INTERVIEW WITH EDA CARPENTER

by Florence Cheadle

The Ernest Martins, parents of Eda and Edna Carpenter, came to Monroe in 1883. Their first home was in the Rambo building on the corner now occupied by the Charles home. There Eda was born in 1885. It was a large building, with her fathers shoe repair shop in the front, their living quarters in the back. Part of the building was a large hall where dances were held.

Then Eda was two years old, the family moved across the street to the corner, now the McCallum Museum and sometime later to the corner on the west end of the same block.

When Eda was eleven years old, her mother went to Iowa to visit her parents, taking with her Edna, her youngest daughter, leaving Eda in charge of the household and a younger sister, Amelia. She remembers being lonesome for her mother, but keeping house, and cooking meals, even canning a number of half-gallon jars of fruit during her mothers absence.

One of Monroes early postmasters was Bill Kelly. Eda remembers him best as Sunday School Superintendent, and Bible student. He and his sister ran a hotel and stage coach stop standing where Albin's house and shop are now.

Other early postmasters were Mr. Hay, who with a partner, Mr. Thompson, built a store, including the post office, where Jim Lemon's shop is now; others were a Fred Barnett, Ella Catlin Rawls and Mr. Carlinghouse.

The Odd Fellows built a hall across the street from the Hay and Thompson store. The store was later a creamery.

The Howard Hotel, built probably in the 1860's was an imposing building standing where the tavern is now. The full length porch was usual for stage coach stopping places. It was still a new building when a combination of straw, matches and children caused a fire in an upstairs room. Every man in town formed a bucket brigade from the river, but the hotel could not be saved.

As a child, Eda remembers going every week to the Carlinghouse farm across the river, for butter; and usually Mrs. Carlinghouse sent along a bucket of buttermilk.

The Carlinghouse farm of 800 acres was settled on in 1851, and the large house built there still stands, now owned by the Chauncy Hubbards. It was said the original owner,
named Coyle, was "ran off" by Mr. Carlinghouse. The house was fairly new when the high water of 1931 stood six inches deep over its floor. The child of the family told of sitting on the stair steps watching her mother cook meals in the kitchen wearing high boots, her long skirts pinned up with safety pins. That child, Danny Starr, and a Charlie Bowen, were the only white children, who with four Indian children, attended first classes in Monroe's first school house, a small log building, just below the site of the reservoir on the hill.

Near the Carlinghouse home is a lake which was a favored camp site of bands of Indians, annually crossing the mountains on their way to the coast, and return. Early residents tell of the steam baths the Indians contrived by pouring water on heated rocks—always leaping into the lake afterwards. One year an epidemic of measles did not yield to the "universal cure" and a number of deaths occurred.

Mrs. Carlinghouse had much land that needed clearing and, unable to find local men to do that kind of work, she sent to Portland to find a work crew of Chinamen. They arrived by stage coach in a pouring rain and were directed to the farm across the ford, near the site of the present High School. JO, in they waded, each carrying an umbrella aloft, much to the amusement of the townspeople.

In 1883, there were three saloons in Monroe. Perhaps that helps explain the occasional need of a jail. A leading citizen, Mr. Ray, suggested the hatch under the deck of the ferry boat, which before a bridge was built, was the means of crossing the Long Tom, near where the dam was later built. There came a morning when Mr. Ray, greatly concerned, was inquiring of all he met of the whereabouts of his teen-aged son who had not come home the night before. He was told that the boy had been caught in some mischief and had promptly been lodged in the ferry "jail".

The Wilhelm who built the mill and the dam, in earlier days had a saloon on the main street. One night when he tried to persuade his patrons to leave, so he could lock up at midnight, they refused to go, punctuating their remarks by shooting through the ceiling. The proprietor left and on reaching home told his wife, a Frenchwoman, of his troubles, and she said she would get them out! She hurried down the street, burst through the door, brandishing a club and shouted "Kuns or no guns -- Y'r going out!" And they did.

For a time Monroe's chief industry was a sawmill, located near the site of the present brick yard. It employed as many as eighty men at times. It was owned by Charlie Perris.

Eda Martin and Will Carpenter were married in 1907 and for six years lived on the corner just south of their present home. Then they moved to their farm across the river,
now the Clifford George farm. They lived there for thirteen years. Still being busy with contractin, the farm was much the responsibility of Eda. They had a herd of cows which supplied most of Monroe with milk. Usually they delivered the milk at night, after the days work was done. Eda says, “If hay balers had come into use sooner we’d have farmed longer. Putting up all that loose hay was a terrible job.”

So forty-two years ago, they sold the farm and moved to Monroe, building the house where they still live. Those of us who each year admire their beautiful flowers and vegetables, can scarcely imagine the tangle of blackberry vines that covered the lot before they made a home there. It was just another incident in the lives of these sturdy pioneers who still keep their marksmanship, shooting gray diggers in the back country, and are now, this fall of 1968, planning a hunting trip near Burns.
THE OACO ORCHARD

By Lennie Lindseth

(Mrs. Lenora Hibbs, Mrs. Iabel Currin and my husband, German Lindseth have helped me with this. We have tried hard to avoid including anything that might not be true.)

At one time an orchard provided Monroe with an industry important to the local people. There were 400 acres of fruit trees on the hills west and south of Monroe.

A group of Corvallis men became interested in growing fruit and in 1909 organized a company called Oregon Apple Company. To avoid using such a long name, they used the initials O.A. Co., then coined the name Oaco, pronounced a'ko. That name stuck. First they bought some farms west of town and called it the Home Ranch. Much of that had brush and oak trees on it that had to be cleared. Later, they purchased from Matt Wilhelm, a farm south of town which was called the South Ranch.

C. D. Johnson, one of the board members, was chosen manager. He had been Corvallis postmaster for 16 years. He was the man at the head of the whole project with emphasis on the financial part. Cleve J. Currin was elected to be superintendent. His responsibility was the agricultural phase of the undertaking-to see that they were properly tended so they would produce good crops. They planted mostly apples but there were 60 acres of pears, a few acres of prunes, and a smattering of peaches and cherries.

The orchard was plotted into tracts, usually 10 acres each. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Currin together prepared a brochure describing the tracts and distributed copies among prospective buyers in Corvallis and in the East. Eventually some of these people did buy tracts. Many tracts were never sold.

From the first, Oaco was a good place to find work. In addition to the men who worked there regularly many young people of teen age found it an opportunity to earn more money to help them with their school expenses. Perhaps you know some of these men or others who worked on the orchard.

and George Davenport.

Women joined the force to help with the thinning, picking, and packing. Some of those were: Fay Revitt, Lenora Gibbs, La Velle Lyle, Clara Miller, Nabel Currin, Certie Revitt, Bertha Miller, Lona Carr, Lita Revitt, Nici Revitt, Audry Porter, Velma Porter, Esther Miller, Tempe Porter and Fern Brown.

Tages varied from 20 to 50 cents an hour. Horses were used instead of tractors. Once a man with an airplace experimented with dusting the trees from the air. Lenora Mibbs laughs as she tells how her son, George, who was just a little boy went out into the orchard with Kenny Miller, about the same age, to watch the operation. The plane zoomed down toward them so fast and so noisily they tried to run away from it...terrified, sure that the plane was after them! The dusting by plane was not a success and the men who feared they'd lose their spraying jobs, breathed more easily.

Ed Snow was in charge of the packing plant which was on the east side of what is now highway 99 about a block north of the bridge. The railroad spur came south that far so box cars could get loads of apples being sent to eastern cities and to Europe, especially England. There was a ruling in England that school children should have an apple a day so those buyers wanted to get the cheaper small ones. Sometimes it was necessary to pick them before they were really ready for picking in order to get small ones. As a result, the apples were not as good as they would have been.

The tract owners who optimistically expected the orchard to be a source of income in their later years were cruelly disappointed. They had spent money on it for years as it was being developed. The orchard was in excellent condition and bearing well when the price began dropping and fell some say to 25 cents a bushel. Of course, it didn't pay to even pick them nor do any work on the orchard. A few were able to rent their tracts to individuals for a few years.

The idea in the beginning was that the owners would some day make their homes on the tracks, but only one moved here, Rev. William Pope, originally from Indiana, bought five acres from John Lemon, east of the Pope tract on the Home Ranch, and built a home on it.

Inevitably the whole orchard project failed, the land was sold, the fruit trees removed, and the fields planted to grain. It seemed that no one was responsible for the failure. Everyone had done the best he could but circumstances were wrong. In addition to the falling prices, there is one other fact that might have been a cause. It is the mild climate of the Willamette Valley that gives the pests of apple orchards a chance to winter over too easily. Many other commercial apple orchards in this part of the country were abandoned and are still abandoned.
FERRY BOAT RIDE

By Naude Smith

About 1925 red clover seed was a profitable crop to raise. As Edd Smith was taking a load of seed to Halsey for cleaning, he had several 125 pound sacks in the touring car and a trailer loaded with seed. At this time the Irish Bend ferry was in operation across the Willamette River and the shortest way to Halsey. The ferryman, Mr. Rasmussen, forgot to fasten the chain at the end of the ferry when a load was on it. A good swift wind was blowing and the current was rather strong. Edd was helping to land the ferry and as the approach of the ferry went up the bank, it raised that end of the ferry enough to cause the car and trailer to roll backwards. Before the car could be reached the trailer load of seed was in the river and only the front end of the car was on the ferry. Effort was made to pull the car up on the ferry but this was unsuccessful, so the ferry was pulled aside and let the car submerge into the river. A tractor was borrowed from a farmer and pulled car and trailer out of the river. A good many sacks of seed had rolled from the trailer to the bottom of the river and one of the others had burst from the swelling seed. The seed that was left in the car and trailer was brought home and spread on the upstairs floor of the house to dry. Paths were made through the seed to be able to get to the beds and etc. However, the seed was much colored and of low germanation, therefore, it wasn't a very profitable crop.
Formally, grain harvesting was much different than at present time. The grain was cut by binders and bundles shocked by hand and then carried to a steam engine threshing machine to come.

The threshing machine in Irish Bend area was owned by Clayton and Robert Herron and Bill Thomas.

The crew consisted of an engineer, separator man, 8 bundle wagon men, 4 field pitchers, 2 hand cutters, 2 feeders, 2 strawbucks, 2 sack sewers, a sack tender, a water tank man, a wood sawer and a roustabout.

The bundle wagon men drove teams and big straw racks on wagons to the shocks and field pitchers pitched bundles on wagons. When loaded, loads were taken to separator, one on each side of separator, then the man on load would pitch bundles onto separator table, then the feeders would put them into separator carrier and band cutters would cut the ties on bundles.

Grain came out of spouts on which were hung empty sacks. The sack tender juggled sacks occasionally to have sacks full, then they were taken off spouts and the sack sewer would sew them and pile them a safe distance from separator.

The straw was carried out past end of separator on a conveyor and dropped to ground, when the straw stock was a good size, the strawbucks would push the straw away with a straw rail.

The straw rail was a load pole with a horse hitched on each, which were ridden by a man or boy.

Engineer had to feed engine to keep steam up and the wood sawer kept a pile of wood ready; the tank man had a big tank on a wagon and he kept water for engine and horses, hauling water from nearest place he could get it, a river, lake or other supply.

Each farmer furnished feed for the 20 horses and of course, they didn't like to have machines on their farm over Sunday to keep a good many of horses. However, most men went home Sat. eve and back Sunday morning.

A cook shack was a necessary accompaniment. It was about 16 feet long and 8 feet wide and placed not far from machine. At one end was a big wood burning range, tables down to form a bench for men to sit on on the outside facing
in and along the table. This was usually the place for the younger men and older ones came inside.

The cooking was done by two women with breakfast at 5 a.m., dinner at noon, and supper at 6:30. Good substantial meals were served with pie at noon and one man always put gravy on his pie; cake at night. Anyone who came to cook-shack between meals was always given a hand out.

The roustabout kept wood, water and all supplies at the cookshack. He also had to move cookshack and put up a tent for women's sleeping quarters. The men had their bed rolls and slept at the straw stacks.

The women had hand towels and dish towels to wash and have everything in place to move the cookshack most anytime.

The horses were unhitched, bed to the wagons and fed there.

Some of the community women who cooked were Cor and Vernita Herron, Lizzia Thomas, Gladys Dodd and Maude Smith.

The hours were long for all as horses were fed early. The roustabouts had to have a good fire in the stove shortly after 4 a.m., and then the cooks took over. However, there was fun along with the work.
We, Percy Dodd and Gladys Gilinson were married January 1st, 1916. Our home was among trees near where Irish Bend ferry was. When our daughter, Loveda, was 2½ years old and our son, Herle, was 10 days old, our home burned. Neighborhood men furnished lumber and labor and in two weeks time we had a house to move into. While this was being accomplished, the women had sewing bees and the children were well clothed and more than 100 quarts of fruit were on the shelves for us when we moved into our new home.

Irish Bend Ferry, operated by Jimmy Cain, broke loose one Christmas day with two cars on it. All went sailing down the river with Mr. and Mrs. Chauncy Sickles of Harrisburg and Mr. Bill Harvey on it.

Percy and Lester Dodd jumped into their old Ford car, raced to Peoria, getting a row boat there, paddled up the river, meeting the ferry which had swung into a bank. They steered the ferry to Peoria ferry landing and helped the people off.

In 1947, we were the last of 10 families who lived in the river bottom area. Percy went to Eureka, Calif. where he worked as maintenance carpenter for 12 years. He is now retired and living in Atlanta, Ga.; and daughter, Loveda lives in Eureka, Calif. She is a mother of six children and is also assistant credit manager of a Eureka newspaper.
A MESSAGE FROM BILL

By William Seymour

Dear Friends;

In response to your request for contributions in the line of printed matter I wish to submit the following rough manuscript. I was a member of Alpine Church in my early days. I think that was a congregational church but since going overseas during my early life I have not been a church member. I try to abide by the 10 commandments and to do unto my brother man that which I would wish my brother man to do unto me. I believe in the almighty and interpret the Bible in my own humble way. I mentioned this to a visiting minister recently, told him I respected his belief and expected him to respect mine, well, he called me a heathen and in my own humble way. I did not fly off but merely turned my other cheek as set forth in the Bible. I live in a land of many beliefs, we have sun worshipers, worshipers of Budah and even the Hawaiians worship their Goddess of Fire, Madame Pele, and many more in this boiling pot of nations. I am 71 years old and quite active. I have lived a long and active life for which I am thankful. I would appreciate a reply as to whether any of what I am sending is of use to you.

Sincerely,

William Seymour
1036 Kaumana Drive
Hilo, Hawaii 96720

This is a poem I wrote aboard ship as a boot camp sailor and ex-Ironrode cow hand in January, 1918, aboard the U. S. A. T. Logan in World War I. Things were far different in World War II where I served with Naval Aviation.

Today we are leaving Frisco and the sunny shores of Cal for a rough and rolling sea trip, far away from friends and pals.

The Golden Gate we’re passing as the fog drifts in like smoke and the dark and dreary weather makes us sad. Now the Golden Gate has vanished like an ancient fairy tale and the ship begins to lurch from side to side.
The dinner bell is sounded and we go below to eat where the many vacant places tell the tale.

The day has slowly vanished and the running lights come on as the big boat roles and plunges in the storm. It now is time for slumber and we try in vain to sleep. While many boot camp sailors, think more of feeding fish than sleep.

The days are slowly passing as we near a tropic Isle and we begin to feel the climate in our bones.

The flying fish are skipping in the gentle tradewind breeze and we know we are nearing tropic shores.

Early the tenth morning as the sun begins to rise Land Ho is shouted from the bridge in golden tropic sunshine. As the bow of the ship casts ripples across the calm blue waters Waikiki comes in view with white sands and swaying palm trees.

It is then we leave over 2000 miles of the Pacific behind and enter our new home at Pearl Harbor.

---- A GOOD AMERICAN ----

Many of you will remember the honor and patriotism during 1917 and on through World War I, many young men felt honored to be able to serve their country and even die for their country, the last horizon of freedom in this troubled world yet here today we have cowardice, draft dodgers and hippies, unwilling to serve, fight or even tend the wounded or protect our heritage as a free nation. Soon we no longer can call our land, The Land of the Free, and the Home of The Brave. Instead we have young men defying their teachers, rioting in our school, destroying our educational system. I myself worked 10 hours a day while going to school in an endeavor to get a wee bit of education while today the kids ride to school in fine cars, and defy the teachers long before the 4th grade. That is our land coming to. I have served on a battleship, down in submarines and up in torpedo bombers, even rode speed work on a motorcycle. I have come close to death, yes, but my time had not come and I can call myself a good American. The Bible says, there will be wars, rumors of wars, earthquakes and famines and then the end of the world. We have had all of this but I believe man will destroy himself.

I was on my first trip across the Pacific to Hawaii and was on an Army transport even though I was a Navy man. When I first came to California, for the Navy, I had to taste the water in Frisco Bay to be sure they were right when they said it was salty. Then coming across, an army lad told me of the flying fish I was to see, that I didn't believe until I saw one which confirmed his statement. Then another Army man told me a story about going through Honolulu enroute to Manila, he said his company commander knew a plantation manager and the entire company was turned loose in a pineapple orchard and they climbed the trees and ate pineapples until
they could hardly get down. Well I figured at home, apples grew on apple trees, and pine burrs on pine trees, so pineapples must grow on the trees as stated. Then I got to Honolulu I went looking for a pineapple orchard, not finding any I asked a Hawaiian boy where the orchards were. He looked at me rather silly like and said, "Damn fool, pineapple no grow on tree, pineapple grow on ground like cabbage. He was right so if you come to Hawaii, please don't look for a pineapple orchard."
"If you ever hear of Long Tom socks?" asked Mrs. Fannie Coyle Starr when I visited her recently at her home in Monroe, in Benton County. "I have knitted many a pair of them. We used to get 50 cents a pair for them, and they were famous for their wearing qualities and were much in demand by miners and packers in the old days. My mother used to spin the yarn for them, and I would knit them.

"I want you to look at this counterpane. My mother's father and mother raised the sheep and sheared them, and mother's mother washed the wool, spun the yarn and dyed it, and wove it on her old hand loom. My folks brought it across the plains with them in 1849.

"My father, William Coyle, was born in Kentucky, and, for that matter, so was my mother, whose maiden name was Mary Jones. They were married in Illinois. I was born a mile east of Monroe on July 11, 1852. I was married on September 4, 1858, to Leander Starr. He and I went to school together. This place was originally known as the Belknap settlement. The first claim was taken here in 1846. Ransom Belknap took up a claim here in 1847. Jeremiah Starr and his family took up a claim here the same year. Lemuel F. Starr took up his claim in the fall of 1847.

"My husband, Leander Starr, was born in Iowa and crossed the plains in the late '40's. He was the son of Samuel Starr, John E. Starr took up a claim here in 1848, and his son, Levi L. Starr, also took up a claim that year. They opened a school, and the first annual conference of the Methodist Church was held there. They started Methodist services here in 1848 at the home of John Luce, D. Gilbert, put up his sawmill on Muddy creek in 1850. Silas Belknap opened a store on his donation claim in 1851.

"My husband's father was the first postmaster of Starr's Point and he also served as sheriff of Benton county.

"I have had three children. My daughter, Mrs. Ida Larkin, lives two miles down the north road. Hubert is in California, and my son, Ivan, died when he was 46 years old. Ida has had nine children and all of her children have had children. My granddaughter, Mrs. Josie Post, has had two children. I have 19 grandchildren. The oldest of them is 20 years old."
"I was raised with the Indians and can still talk Chinook jargon as well as I did when I was a child. I can well remember, when I was about 8 years old, the first two white boys I saw. One of these white boys had red hair and a freckled face. I never had seen an Indian with freckles; in fact, I never had seen anyone with freckles, but I had seen apples with little rotten spots in them. So, I asked my mother what made him have the little rotten spots on his face.

"The last Sunday in December, 1861, came on the 29th of the month, and on that day the Long Tom and the Willamette began flooding the country. The big flood lasted about a week, the waters beginning to subside on the first Sunday in January, 1862. I suppose that's why they always call this big flood the 1861-62 flood. Lots of stock was drowned, fences were carried away, and you could see barns and cabins floating down the Willamette. There were lots of deer in the country but they took to the hills. When I was a girl we had lots of wild meat. The deer and birds were plentiful."

What is known as Starr's Point is not the present town of Monroe. It was located about a mile and a half distant. Thomas D. Reeves built a cabin in what is now known as the Monroe district, in the winter of 1845-46. In the spring of 1846 A. L. Humphrey, John Loyd and R. B. Hinton took up claims in the Monroe district. The Belknap settlement was founded in 1847. In about 1851, Joseph White built a sawmill and formed the nucleus of the town. Silas Belknap started a store in Monroe precinct in 1851 but moved his store to what is now Monroe in 1854. Joseph White, who started the sawmill there, secured the claim from Joseph Manning. George Starr was a partner of Silas Belknap in the first store at Monroe. In 1854, a flour and grist mill was built on Beaver Creek, and three years later this mill, known as the Foster flour mill, was moved to Monroe. During the Civil War the flour mill at Monroe, owned by Thomas Reader and known as the Monroe flour mill, had three sets of burrs, capable of turning out 240 bushels of flour in 24 hours."
THE PIONEER HOUSE WIFE

By Ethel Harpole Sprague

By maternal grandparents, George and Elizabeth Shultz, came from Indiana by wagon train in 1852. They settled on a farm three miles east of Monroe. My father Dallas Harpole moved onto the farm in 1890. Grandmother Shultz spent winters with us after they went to the coast where grandfather carved out another farm from the wilderness.

The pioneer housewife, of necessity, grew, preserved and prepared all the food for the family. She tended the garden, poultry, and sometimes did the milking.

One of my earliest memories is the making of soap. Every home had an ash hopper in which ashes from the fireplaces were stored. It was a V shaped bin made of shakes. Hard wood ashes, ash and oak, were stored in the bin. Rain water leached the lye from the ashes, which was caught in the basin and stored in a barrel until soap making time.

This liquid was boiled down for a time, then fats were added. When the mixture reached a molasses like consistency, it was soft soap. This dark brown mixture was stored in a barrel and became the family soap supply. The fat used was collected through the year from excess cooking fats, and cracklings left from lard making.

The family garden supplied the vegetables. Potatoes were stored in pits. Root vegetables were left in the garden thru the winter. Cucumbers were preserved in a salt brine and made into pickles as needed.

Sauerkraut making time was a big event. Cabbages were chopped fine, salted, then packed tight in the kraut barrel. It was kept in a warm place until fermented, then stored on a cool back porch where it kept all winter.

A large orchard provided apples, plums and pears. Apples were dried for winter use. They were peeled, sliced thin and spread in the sun to dry. Dried apple pie was a real treat. Winter apples were stored in bins in a cool place. Grandmother sorted them often, and took out those starting to rot. These were cooked for the table. It seems that our apple sauce was never made from sound apples!

Plums were split in half, pits removed, then dried in the sun much as apples. They made a delicious sauce. Every neighborhood had a cider mill which went the rounds in the fall. Cider was stored in a barrel kept in a warm place.
where it eventually fermented and turned into vinegar. A very good product as I remember.

Grandmother made apple butter each fall. Cider was boiled down about one half. Peeled apples were gradually added. When enough apples had been added, it became quite thick and dark brown. The test for doneness was to dip a sample in a dipper and turn it upside down. If it did not spill out it was done. Sometimes, a few spices were added but no sugar. It was stored in open crocks in a cool place. The butter was cooked outside over an open fire in a brass kettle owned by Sarah Brown. The kettle was carefully scoured with ashes until bright and shiny. While cooking, it required constant stirring with a long handle paddle kept especially for that purpose.

Wheat raised on the farm was stored in Monroe grist mill owned by Adam Wilhelm. The winter’s supply was brought from the mill in 100 pound sacks. Most kitchens had a large flour chest in which the flour was stored. Yeast bread, or “light bread” as it was called, was made from a starter held over from each baking day. If it should be lost another starter was borrowed from a neighbor.

Grandmother made mostly sour dough biscuits for each meal. A batter made from sour milk and flour was stirred together after each baking. This was kept in a crockery jar in a warm place. Biscuits were made by adding soda and flour, kneading and cutting into biscuits. Enough of the batter was left in the jar to use as a starter.

The family meat supply was mostly cured pork. Hogs were fattened and butchered each fall. The meat was made into bacon, hams, lard and sausage. The hams, shoulders and bacon were dry cured in a salt and sugar mixture, then hung in a smoke house. A smouldering fire was kept burning for several weeks. Only green vine maple wood was used in my family. The pieces were put in cloth sacks and left hanging until needed. Neighbors helped each other butcher and exchanged fresh meat, spare ribs, back bones, etc.

These are memories of a few of the housewife’s duties performed by my grandmother and mother. How different are home making duties of today. How would they react in a modern supermarket? What would they say if they saw their granddaughter bringing home a cake mix in a box, flour in a five pound paper bag, or a frozen T. V. dinner?

I’m reminded of a story I once read. A century after their death, George and Martha Washington were allowed to return for a day to their farm at Mt. Vernon. George was very excited over the modern farm equipment he found in use. When he asked Martha what she had found in her kitchen, she replied “the same old dishpan!”

Should she return, Grandmother Shultz wouldn’t even find that utensil in many kitchens!
Our father had one of the first sawmills in southern Benton County. It was located seven miles north west of Bellfountain. I was born there July 8, 1889. There were seven of we children and six are still living, all are married and have children and grandchildren and most of them live in Oregon.

Now I will tell a little about our school. There were small school houses scattered around but not many students in any of them. The name of our school was Central Point and Bunkerhill was only about three miles away, it was a larger school house than ours also more students there so we were transferred there and Central Point was discontinued. We walked two and a half miles to the other one but we didn't mind. There were only six months of school a year, three in the spring and three in the fall. We had to get up early as there were cows to be milked, chickens to feed also school lunches to prepare. We had ponies we could ride but it was trouble getting them ready so we preferred walking most of the time for after they stood in the shed all day they wanted to get home so were apt to run away with us or buck us off then run far enough ahead so we couldn't catch them.

The school desks were made of heavy lumber and nailed together with big nails which was very necessary for there would be three students in one seat most of the time so there was a lot of fun going on and only one teacher to try to keep order and also help with lessons. When Sunday came we went to Bunkerhill to Sunday school and church. If Father couldn't go we walked and Mother walked with us but if he could go we all loaded into the hack and went.

Now I will try to explain about the logging. The first logging was done with oxen but the first thing to be done was to build skid roads which was a slow job for grading had to be done then a road bed leveled down, before any skids could be placed. All this was done with shovel and grubbing hoe, a long hard task. The skids were of small trees cut six or eight feet long then peeled and saturated with oil which would make them last longer, also make the logs slide more easily. The skids were placed across the road bed and secured there with strong wood pegs. It took three yokes of oxen to pull a large log. The oxen wore a heavy yoke made of seasoned
alder wood, in the center of each yoke an iron chain was fastened and in the ring of the leaders a heavy chain was fastened securely then run through the rings of the other yokes then in the end of this chain two more chains were fastened on and one of these was fastened to each side of the log where heavy iron dogs were driven in and now we are ready to go and hope the oxen are but three were very hard to work with. Sometimes one wouldn't work, would lay down or get in a fight then nothing to do but replace him. The men started work at seven a.m. and quit at six p.m. which seems like a pretty long day but I will have to add here that other worked even longer hours as there were about twelve men also the family, to prepare a big breakfast for, also a big dinner at noon and supper at six p.m., but even though all worked long hours, there was still time to play so father had a big croquet set so anyone who cared to could play until dark. There as the evenings got short and rain came, there was no logging or school so our family was alone once more. We would get a pail of apples from the cellar basement, pop a pail of corn and eat until we were tired of that, then play games until bedtime, which came pretty early as kerosene lamps were all the light we had. We left the old mountain home in Sept. 1904 and moved to Bellfountain. The last time I saw the old mill, the roof was starting to cave in, the house had been torn down so nothing was left but the orchard, the trees were in full bloom, which almost made me want to move back but even though that was years ago, fond memories still remain and with this I am ending my story of days gone forever.

I will add one thing that happened before closing. We youngsters all went up on the hill to play. There was plenty of tall, dry fern so we decided to pull and stack a lot of it to resemble a haystack. We not much more than finished it, when my oldest sister, Bertha, stepped up and touched a match to it. Boom, went the blaze, it singed my eyebrows and hair so now we knew we were in deep trouble. She and I started to the house and trying to think of some way to get out of this without Mother knowing. Well, Bertha was older than I so I took her advice. She told me to wait in the chicken house while she went to the house for a comb, then she could comb the burnt hair off and it wouldn't show. That sounded alright to me. Well, when she got back, I was chicken lice all over, so I had to go to the house, take a bath, wash my hair and get different clothes. But from here out, I won't tell what happened, but it was plenty and we know now that matches are not to be played with.
A TRIP TO TILLAMOOK IN 1884

by Joyce Talbott

Joyce Talbott is a teen age high school girl who wrote an article for the Monroe Mirror appearing weekly in a local paper. I lift from the article, the story of her grandfather as Joyce writes it.

My grandfather died about five years ago, and as every granddaughter, I thought of him as the Indians did their sun god. He told me a lot about his travels. He went to Alaska and came to Oregon in a covered wagon. His grandfather was a wagon escort and was killed in an Indian attack on the wagon train. In the ninety years my grandfather lived, he only wrote one adventure he experienced and that was an article in the Tillamook paper about his first trip to "The Land of Many Waters."

He won second prize on his story of this trip to Tillamook with his father and brother, Roy and Mr. Haskins and his two sons, Ed and George. He had been requested to review it as a centennial story.

The trip was made over Zig Zag Mountain in 1884. There was no local town or roads as he recalled it. His father had thought he might settle on a homestead. They came from the valley and started down Zig Zag Mountain when it began to rain. The horses could not hold the road so they opened up their tents. One was slit from top to bottom, but the other, a 10 by 10, was put up and the six of them crowded in the tent.

Not far away a party of three built a huge fire by which they expected to camp, but the rain put their fire out and they crowded into the tent also. The rain was so heavy that a ditch had to be dug around the tent and even then the water poured over the floor all night.

In the morning, the horses feet were so swollen that they put felt hats on their feet, and finally came to the Tillamook river. They stayed at the Berkly home and from their bridge could see huge salmon. They took a sail boat to Bay City and then came to Garibaldi and to Bar View, where Bar View Smith lived. His wife was a "Wig Wag" and stood out on a long root to wig wag to sailing vessels what to do. She fell while they were there and afterwards died of her injuries. They gave them a shed to sleep in and during the night a big hog came snorting by and brushed against them,
He thought it was a bear. His father, however, was not pleased with Tillamook and they returned to the valley, this time with no trouble as it didn't rain.

He mentioned knowing the Quicks, Rhoda Johnson, Isaac Bjahly and the resort built by Dr. Wisc which was washed out when the jetty was built and told of the smoky northwest winds that swept over the Tillamook valley from the ocean.