

# **LOUIS OLEF LARSON**

## **Son of Eric and Lena Larson**

### **Homesteaded in Home Valley**

#### **c. 1902**

**Interviewed by Cliff Crawford — Sept. 1, 1985**

*(Louis Larson came to his parents' Home Valley homestead when he was three years old. Except for brief periods working away from home, he lived the rest of his life in and around Home Valley and Skamania County. He was known and loved by many people throughout the area. A highlight for a weekend afternoon, both for the caller and very much so for Louis, was to drop in and just sit and talk. He always had a pot of coffee on the stove for visitors and his coffee was considered by many to be the best around. Louis died at home in Home Valley in May, 1987, at the age of 87.*

*The following is transcribed from tapes that were recorded in 1985. We have tried to keep the narrative as true to Louis' own telling as was possible.)*

My father, Britt Eric Larson, was born February 23, 1866 in Dalama, Sweden, and came to America April 2, 1888, when he was 22 years old. His first stop was to see his uncle who lived in Lindsborg which was in central Kansas. This is where he could find work in the fields.

It was very hot and he took his jacket off and left it outdoors. When he came back to pick it up there was nothing left but the batting. The grasshoppers or bugs ate the rest. After a rain he could hear the corn growing and snapping.

Coming from a northern climate, the hot Kansas summers were not much to his liking so he went to Minnesota to work in the timber. When he left Kansas he left a trunk behind. This trunk has been part of the family mystery because it could never be located again.

From here he was to follow the railroad work of building the Great Northern, Northern Pacific, and the Monte Cristo. While at the Monte Cristo he became acquainted with the newspaper publisher William Randolph Hearst. Most of the time he walked from place to place. He walked through Colorado and Montana.

After the railroad work he went to Idaho to learn the mining and prospecting game. In the winter months he would sometimes go into Baker City or LaGrande, Oregon.

It was in Baker that he met Anna Carolina Cask, who had also come from Dalama in 1894. She was working for a judge's family. On October 27, 1898, he and Anna were married in Union, Oregon, and after a couple of months with her parents she returned with him to the mining cabin near Warren, Idaho, where I was born on July, 27, 1899.

The mining camp was no place for a woman, so Father finally gave up on mining

in the early 1900's and went to Wyeth, Oregon, where Mother's parents were living. Father worked as a foreman on a construction crew building a tie treating plant for the railroad.

When that work finished he took a row boat to the Washington side of the river and found 160 acres in the northern part of Home Valley that hadn't been filed on. He was one mile from the nearest neighbors. He cut a trail to the property and found ancient windfalls that were so high he had to cut notches in them so my mother could climb over them. She would reach down and pull me up and I would slide down the other side. I was going on three years old at the time, about 1902.

After the trail was finished Father built a one-room, 14x18-foot house out of fir shakes and poles. With the dirt for a floor we were able to move in. (Somewhat changed, roof, etc., this building is still standing and is used for a wood shed.) Where we settled was on the edge of an old burn. There were windfalls, rotting logs, brush, and snags and a few yellow fir.

Later, there were three homesteads north of ours. One was John Anderson, the others were Horace Perry and Oliver Perry. The Perrys slashed out steep trails and they built a house and a barn. Oliver Perry would buy horses and train them for riding. At one time he put up a mailbox near our land and carried our mail in on horseback.

Another homestead east of us was that of my Uncle Lars Larson. This was near the mountain and up a very rough steep trail. He carried a stove in on his back. Several years ago we checked the site and this stove - in a very rusted condition - was still there. He had cleared some land and built a small cabin and barn. None of these homesteaders stayed. Most of them were gone by 1915. Their places eventually went to timber companies.

The first forest fire I remember was in 1902. My father took Mother and myself across the Columbia in a row boat to Wyeth where my grandparents were living. Then he returned to put out spot fires which were threatening the homestead property. Hans Berge told me in later years that about six places burned out between Collins and Home Valley during this fire.

Father had hewed out many logs in preparation to build a log home. Many of these logs were so badly burned that he was only able to build a small fourteen by twenty foot one-room cabin. The outside of this cabin was always black from the burned logs.

After we moved into the log cabin father was offered some carpentry work building the hotel at Government Hot Springs. Father would walk from Carson or Home Valley to the job every day. Those days they worked ten-hour days. When the days got short he took a gallon can, cut a hole in the side, put a candle in it, and attached a handle to the side. He carried this to light his way to and from work. Finally it became too rainy and dark to walk that far and work ten hours. He would split up a week's supply of wood and come home only on Sundays.

The logs hadn't been chinked up yet in our cabin and we heard a clatter in the cupboards. Something had upset a bowl of chicken soup. When daylight came Mother poured hot water in the cracks of the floor. She gave me a pole and told me if something came out to hit it. Something did come out and it walked out sedately along a timber. Mother asked, "Did you see anything?"

I said, "Yes, but it looked too much like a rooster with its tail." I told her it went

behind the woodpile on the other side of the building. She wadded up a newspaper, soaked it in kerosene, lit it, and threw it behind the woodpile. Out came a skunk. Mother grabbed an axe and that was the end of Mr. Skunk.

After the hotel job was finished Father had a contract to build a bridge for Jones Cash Store of Portland. They had some land in Hood River and they had been using a platform hanging from a cable to pull back and forth to cross the Hood River. Mother went along to cook for the crew. One day she set a pot of stew to cool on the grass in the cook's tent. I came running barefoot through the tent and upset the stew with my foot. I don't know if there was any stew left for the crew but they were all concerned about my scalded foot.

After this job was finished Father worked building a trestle in the Sellwood District and so we lived in Portland for a short time. While working he drank some slough water and ended up in Good Samaritan Hospital with malaria. My brother John was born in Portland September 10, 1903, and then we moved back to the Home Valley Cabin (1903).

The next year Father had a contract to build a four mile ditch in Idaho for Placer Mining. He made good money on that job and began thinking about building a house.

In 1905 we were able to get to the Lewis and Clark Fair in Portland. Then we took a train that ferried across the Columbia to Kalama, Washington. We spent the night in a hotel in Castle Rock and the next day hired a team and wagon to take us to Silver Lake where my aunt and uncle lived on an island. It took most of the day to get there.

When we finally got back to Home Valley, Father started to hew out sills and place them for a house. A mill had started in the area and the roads were open enough for horses and mules so we were able to drag in some rough lumber for the houses. Uncles who were visiting from Sweden helped and the house was finished in 1906. (This house is still standing and is still being lived in.)

On September, 18, 1906, my brother Bill was born. Father took Mother and us boys in a wagon to Stevenson several weeks before she was due and we stayed with friends until the baby was born in Stevenson.

About 1907, when I was eight years old, I had not yet gone to any school because of distance and bad roads. I went to Wyeth and stayed with my grandparents for a year and when I came back I was in the third grade. On January 24, 1910, my brother Fred was born in Stevenson. About 1911, a slash fire burned where Colters had logged on the Bylin, Aalvik, and Peter Larson places. The fire burned the District 11 schoolhouse which was located on a ridge west of Bylin's house.

We then had to walk to a cabin on the Berge property which was used for a school. The next year my brother Bill was ready to start school but the folks thought it was too far for him to walk. They arranged to live in Carlson that school year. The next year a new school was built on land donated by the Bylins and the Berges. I believe Hans Skaalheim built this school. I graduated from the eighth grade there. Lettie Bedell was the teacher.

In 1916, I was working in Wyeth. I got a message that I had a new sister. After four boys I just could hardly believe it. Anna was born in the middle of January in a blizzard. The doctor had been drinking and he told Father that this baby was never going to make it so he ought to just take her outside and put her in a snow bank until

spring. Father said that this baby was a girl and she was going to live! He breathed into the baby's mouth and, sure enough, she lived.

Just before World War I, with the aid of a cousin from Kansas, my father built about a half mile of ditch along Little Wind River to use for a water power mill. When the war started the project was dropped.

From his mining experience in Idaho he built a tunnel in Little Wind River Canyon going about 200 feet into the mountain. The ground assayed at \$4.00 a ton in gold kidney (1915).

In 1915, I went to work at Wyeth for the OWRN-Union Pacific R.R. handling ties and shoveling coal for the plant. This work lasted about one year before the plant was closed. I had a railroad pass and could have traveled but instead I went back to the homestead to cut wood, fence, plow, fish, hunt, and go out on forest fires to help neighbors.

1917-1918 our country was now in World War I. I had a bicycle at this time and was to find work for a contractor who was building a road at Wind Mountain. Part of this work was to lift heavy steam drills. I did this work and also pumped my bicycle up the steep grade going home every night. I became very ill and found that I had damaged my heart. I did not know if it was the lifting or the bicycle that caused the problem.

When I went for the examination to join the Army I was turned down and could not get in the service until a couple of years later.

The first roads I remember into the homesteads came from the Collins boat landing area and proceeded north and around the east side of Wind Mountain and on north to the Eric Anderson homestead, crossing Berge Creek to the Bylin homestead. The road then went over Bylin Creek and up a ridge to the Chris Aalvik homestead. From there a trail was slashed out going west to the Eric Larson homestead. Some of the windfalls were 4-5 feet in diameter.

Old-timers would tell about logging in the Home Valley area by ox team and in some places there were railroad ties, evidence of logs going to the river by rail.

Boats could land at Home Valley at Miller's Rock. A road from the river was west of the George Miller place (this place was later donated to the Washington Children's Home), then north up a steep hill to the Shepardson property.

The Berge family had worked on a road which went west down a steep hill to a bridge across Wind River near St. Martin Springs (this place would be starting about where the Essex place is located). A road also went east to connect to the Frank Davids, Meniece and Erickson places.

At that time there was no other access to Carson. We used this St. Martin Road to walk to Carson before the railroad was built in 1908.

The bridge washed out one year and a cable foot bridge served for awhile. Later a steel bridge, including steel piers, was built. Except for foot traffic, this bridge was not used after another new bridge was put in where the log dump is now across to a state fish hatchery on the east side of the river. This became a state highway about 1916, followed it around the Sand Hill to Carson.

In 1928 a bridge parallel to the railroad bridge was built and a new state highway built between Home Valley and Stevenson to eliminate the Sand Hill and a state

highway through Carson.

This 1928 bridge became too narrow and dangerous for today's traffic and now in August of 1985 a new bridge has been dedicated. This is the fifth bridge in this area of Wind River.

During the railroad construction there was a mill located near the Frank Davis homestead. (This is where Larry Rosander and B. Ackley live at this time, 1988.) It was called the Porter Brothers Mill and many homesteaders were able to sell their timber. There was also Colter's mill set up on the Bylin homestead to log that timber, and also the timber on the Chris Aalvik and Peter Larson (Peter Larson is no relation to me) homesteads. There is still evidence of a skid road where some of this logging took place. They put in a flume in Bylin Creek that went into a flume at Berge Creek and flumed lumber all the way to the Columbia River. A branch of this flume carried water over to Porter Brothers' Mill. Porter's Mill had a plank road going down a steep hill to the river.

I can remember when Frank Daubenspeck would walk down the flume with me to pick up mail at the Home Valley Post Office, which at that time was located on the south side of the railroad.

During the railroad construction (maybe 1906-1907) my father, and a couple of other men of Swedish nationality, had received a contract to make a cut and fill at Wind Mountain. They lived in a tent camp set up near Collins. All the rock was drilled by hand. They put in what was called a "Coyote Hole" and used mules to haul the rock out to the fill.

There was a railroad hospital in the Collins Hot Springs area which also served the local residents. There were outbreaks of typhoid fever and those who died were buried nearby. This old cemetery was later crossed over by the new highway, which was built to replace the old highway which went up to Mill A and Willard and across to Underwood Heights, and then back down to the railroad. After the tunnels were built this became a county road instead of a state highway.

A story was told about a railroad worker who was injured. He went to the railroad hospital and came back with a bandage on his head fastened with a safety pin. He kept complaining of pain and upon examination his friend found that the bandage had been pinned into the skin.

Just before we moved into our homestead house (1906) a part of surveyors asked if they could live here for awhile. They were surveying a road up Little Wind River to connect with the Willard and Mill A country. They said they could get a 5% grade with a distance of five miles. The railroad wasn't through yet and at this time those cliffs looked pretty formidable to Cooks. There had been plans for the east-west highway to be put in just north of our homestead to open up the back country about five miles from the river.

In 1909, the Forest Service built a secondary trail following that survey. It was never maintained and today it would be hard to find any trace of it. The Columbia National Forest (now Gifford Pinchot National Forest) bordered near our homestead and there were times when Forest Service crews would set up camp at our homestead to do work.

The homesteaders in upper Home Valley were anxious to get roads in direct route

to the Columbia River. Peter Larson (again, no relation) had a road down into Berge Creek. This road went down at the Berge corner just west of where the mobile home is located now.

My father slashed out a road from the south side of our homestead to meet this road. Part of this road still shows where Longview Fibre logged in 1984.

Father put in a wooden bridge across Berge and Bylin Creeks to make a more year around access.

Father was continually trying to get better road grades. Between 1910 and 1915 (with some help from his brothers) he dug out a level road to the house starting at about where M.P. 3.00 is now. This later became part of existing county road.

In January 1921, I enlisted in the Army and was sent to Camp Benning, Georgia. I was not there long as a "Reduction in the Army" went into effect and I was sent home the 29th of July, 1921.

The next year my father was anxious to get a road out of the steep canyon and he had a contract about \$400 to put a cut and fill through to meet the Bylin Road. Rails were put in and dirt from the cut was shoveled into dump cars and pulled back up with teams of horses. My brothers also worked on this project. The county was then able to put in a road on the Berge hillside. It was very narrow and done mostly by hand labor. This road was very muddy and it kept sliding out.

In the winter of 1932, we had to use the old canyon road again as a big slide cut off the hillside road. We walked in and out carrying supplies on our back that winter. A car was kept at the Berge place because the old road was too rough and muddy to drive. When it dried out, the hillside road was opened up again the next summer, 1933.

A tax on gasoline was in effect to build "Farm to Market" roads. Then my father insisted on a better grade up the hill from Home Valley. The County Engineer said it could NOT be done. Father persisted and he had me help, and without any survey instruments, we slashed out the grade for the road that now exists from the state highway to about the Callahan place.

This piece of road was finally finished, the Berge hillside road widened somewhat and the entire road was blacktop all the way to the homestead.

This road was very smooth and the young timber was coming back after earlier logging, making it was a very pretty drive.

In the 1950's when Bonneville Power Administration put in their power lines and the gas company put in a pipeline, the heavy equipment they used cracked the road in many places. It was in bad condition for about 25 years before the county could afford to repair it.

A good job has been done and it is again a nice road.

3.05 Berge Road  
Stevenson, WA. 98648  
July 21, 1986

House Agriculture Committee  
Subcommittee on Forests, Family Farms & Energy  
1301 Longworth Building  
Washington, D.C. 20515

RE: COLUMBIA GORGE HEARING, Aug. 1, 1986  
Material for Hearing Record

Having lived in Skamania County in the center of the Columbia Gorge for 85 years; I feel qualified to express my opinion on Timber Clear Cutting.

The first homesteaders at Home Valley settled close to the river as the only way to get here was by rowboats and steamboat on the Columbia River. My folks settled about three miles back in the hills. Our homestead was at the foot of an old burn. We had to clear snags, huge ancient windfalls and rotten logs before we could build a shack. Each settler clawed out his own road in the clay and rocks. The roads were steep, muddy in winter and dust in summer. This was true all over Skamania County.

In September 1902, a forest fire got away east of Home Valley and because of a fierce east wind, about 6 settlers lost their homes.

After 1906 a railroad came into the area. A sawmill was built at Wind Mountain and one at the Berge homestead. All timber that was sold was CLEAR CUT. Then in 1911 another fire got away and burned the clear cuts back. However, after the fire the clear cuts reseeded themselves naturally and again grew into nice timber which has been logged in more recent years and vegetation and timber keeps on growing.

Now we have good paved roads which extend into the National Forest. What a change! The Gorge is more beautiful than ever. I feel that we have cared for it. NO FEDERAL LEGISLATION is necessary.

Sincerely,  
Louis O. Larson

## Interviewed by Cliff Crawford — Sep. 1, 1985

- Cliff: Where were you born?
- Louis: I was born in Warren, Idaho, in a mining camp.
- Cliff: When were you born?
- Louis: July 27, 1899.
- Cliff: Can you think of any happy times that you had as a boy?
- Louis: Well, I guess my happy times was moving up in the jungle amongst all the brush and rock, wood, logs and windfalls, and living in a shack with no floors in it.
- Cliff: Can you describe what this place was like when you first moved up here?
- Louis: This place was terrific for windfalls, snags, rotten logs, vine maple, brush of all types and had to chop notches in windfalls so mother could climb up on them so she could reach down and pull me up by one hand, and I'd get up on top and slide down the other side.
- Cliff: Did you clear out fields or did you just clear away the snags and under brush?
- Louis: Well, through a course of 70 years we cleared out 3-4 acres by hand, that's about all.
- Cliff: How did you make your living when you were first up here? Were you farming, cutting trees, selling them, or what?
- Louis: No, we didn't make a living here, really, but my father had different contracts, carpentered, and some income that way.
- Cliff: Did you do any farming, too?
- Louis: Well, we always tried to have a garden, and by always in May it would dry up. Finally, we got a water line from a pond. We dug out on top of the earth, that water line, then we put on a couple of sprinklers with the auxiliary of the creek. Got the water up in there, too, empty the pond, then it would 3-4 days to fill up again. Then we could irrigate again for the garden's sake. From then on, we used to have a little garden, anyways, potatoes. We could grow potatoes without any water. Put the potatoes down in the ground and plant them. Used to have enough potatoes for winter.



Cliff: Was potatoes on your main diet during the winter?

Louis: Sort of. Potatoes were the main diet, besides, my father would be able to get a keg of herring.

Cliff: Where did you get that keg of herring?

Louis: Well, it came from Alaska, usually, out of a store, the herring. In the summer it was so salty that it was red, red herring. On the other hand, we had oatmeal quite a bit of the time. And, one time we had an old fellow staying with us. He was a typical man of the road, and he had to leave that spring. We asked him why he had to leave, the sun was shining. "Oh," he said. "They got nothing but mush in this place to eat," so he had to leave. He was used to better eating.

Cliff: Did you hunt for any of the deer or bear around here?

Louis: Oh, I would love to, we take off hunting. I used to hunt, once and awhile I'd get one, too. That would help out on the meat supply.

Cliff: Did you use any of the fish or did you go and catch any of the fish yourself?

Louis: Yes, my brother and I would get down by the Wind River on a Saturday, and spend most of the day, and between the two of us we would have enough fish for a pretty good meal.

Cliff: What did you use for a pole and line?

Louis: We had a Hazel pole, tie a line on the, fish line on the end of it, and some fish hooks. Maybe a fly, a brown hack, or whatever for bait and sinkers. Then in the hatchery part, in the fall, they would get the state hatchery down Wind River, they'd take eggs out of the salmon and the Indians would move down in the shack, and they would get all the salmon they wanted, after they took the eggs out. And they would dry them, smoke them, you know, and then in the fall they would leave. But before that was done, we'd get down there, they would release some of these salmon, and get them home and salt them down, so they had salt salmon dinner.

Cliff: I noticed, Louis, there are some apple trees and a few other fruit trees. When did you plant those, and how much did they contribute to your food supply?

Louis: Well, those apple trees were planted in 1906, about the same time the house was built. It was my job to spade around those trees for a number of years. I always thought these trees were never going to get anywhere. They were just spindly and that was the way they were going to be. It was hard spading in

the clay. I would spade around them, and eventually we had apples, too. Before that time, there was another ranch a mile away down here with apple trees on it and prune trees, and a cherry tree or two. People had left and abandoned that place. It had been abandoned for years, and we would go down there and get our fruit. We would pick gunny sacks full of apples, maybe cherries, at cherry time, and prunes, plums, pears and that the only outlet besides wild blackberries that came on.

Cliff: You mentioned that this house was built in 1906. What kind of house were you living in before this house was built, and how many of you were in the family at that time?

Louis: We were living in a log cabin before this house was built. My brother Johnny and myself. Bill wasn't born yet, or the rest of them.

Cliff: Can you describe that log cabin, the size and what it was like?

Louis: I think it was like, about 14x20. See, the 1902 fire came along when we were still living in the shack, so Father got us over to Wyeth. Johnny wasn't born yet; born in 1902. So, we got over and stayed with my grandpa and grandma. Father went back in to see what he could do about the fire. Well, I guess he kept the shack from burning up, but the logs that he used for the log cabin, a good part of those burnt up, and what was left he built the log cabin with, anyway, and that turned out to be that size then. It was always black on the outside, because those logs were scorched too much on one side. The log cabin was black.

Cliff: You went over to Wyeth for the fire?

Louis: The 1902 fire, he got us out. He got my mother and myself; other brothers weren't born yet. I was old enough then to realize, without leaving, get up look around, see fire back of Stevenson, back of Carson. I could see clear across the river, high up on the Oregon cliffs, and above the cliffs, from the Oregon side there would be fire.

Cliff: That's the Yacolt Burn.

Louis: That's the Yacolt Burn, they call it today. I was told that six different people burned out, in the area of Collins and Home Valley, and that area. I was told later.

Cliff: Were the steamers on the river by then?

Louis: Yeah, steamboats. The Bailey Gatzert, Dispenser, and the J.&T, The Dalles City, and George F. Simmons. In later years before they quit entirely, they was

the most in the and the State of Washington. Sternwheelers all over, except the Simmons. The Simmons was a propeller boat.

Cliff: I imagine that was quite a thrill crossing the river in one of those. Wasn't the river pretty . . . ?

Louis: We crossed the river in row boats, but if we wanted go to Portland, or some place, we'd get a steamboat and go to Portland and back the same way.

Cliff: How long would it take you to cross the river in a row boat?

Louis: Oh, I was little when I crossed. I didn't pay attention to time. I would imagine, maybe an hour.

Cliff: Can you remember one particular incident in your boyhood that really made you laugh?

Louis: Yeah. For one thing we would start from here, get down there to get a row boat across the river and in those days there would be big gray squirrels in the county, huge gray squirrels, the tail was as big as the squirrel itself. I was pretty small, and was about afraid, on down the road ahead of us, because they looked so huge. Another thing I was afraid of, as a little fellow, was a goose. Somebody had a goose, and it came up and he'd hiss at you or bite you. Boy, that was pretty bad stuff. Or a big turkey gobble, and big red walker and the noises they made, that was pretty dangerous stuff when I was small. My father was going to shoot at a bear and thought that it should be put away with a .30-30, said that the bear got right up on his hind feet and waved goodbye to him and took off.

Cliff: What year did you build the road into here?

Louis: The road? Well, father scratched it out as soon as they had the shack built that we lived in, with the dirt floor. He started to scratch out a road to get in with. He scratched out about a mile of it down to the next neighbor, so eventually it was wide enough you could even take a wagon over it. All of the lumber in this house and everything in this house came up on that road, down through here. Right down below here, all of it. Around 1906 as this house was built, my father was finished enough to move into it, a party of surveyors came along and wanted to survey a highway up through here and Little Wind River to connect with Willard country up here, and Mill A. The idea was those creeks along the Columbia River were too tough to get a highway through, and they thought they could inch their way around, and the railroad wasn't even through it yet. These surveyors wanted to move in and batch while they made this survey up Wind River. About five mile survey, the Wind River survey. They batched in here. They said they could get a grade up Wind

River about 5% \_\_\_\_\_ an old country. Well, that is as far it ever got, but this road we have here now is, end of where the survey ends here. They surveyor came in with a rig to scratch out our highway as far as Cooks, and at Cooks they were going up the hills, way around Underwood, that was the main highway. Later years they built along railroad, the tunnels and everything.

Cliff: When we lived here in 1915-17 as I recall, there was no highway on the earth side of the river, would that be about the right time?

Louis: Well, in 1916, here in Skamania bounded themselves by \$240,000 to build a highway through. And they got this highway through the Sand Hill, and they got a bridge across the Wind River, where the state hatchery used to be. A pier stands there yet, up in the water there. The highway as far as Wind Mountain, then I don't know there, the highway, built, the highway to get to Vancouver, but I am not sure, there.

Pauline: In 1915, when we came up to visit Uncle Jess and Aunt Olga, we would come up to Cascade Locks and ferry across. And there was no place to go after we got over there after we crossed the river.

Louis: There was a dirt road from Carson to Stevenson, that was alright in dry weather. I walked it twice. I never walked in bad weather so I never knew how it was down there then. There was places in Carson the frost would come out in March, then the cars would get in and get stuck, and old John DuPree had a team there and would pull them out of there, where they got stuck all of the time, the cars.

Cliff: Did you have any bad storms? Or bad weather, or were you ever snow bound up there?

Louis: Well, it seems to me, as growing up, we didn't have too bad of winters. We did get three feet of snow, but never seemed to be very chilly. The worse storm we had ever seen was the time, 1916, I was working the Tie Treating plant on the Oregon side. We generally rarely had a blizzard. East wind was blowing that fine snow in, just like fine flour. And the water works froze up to the pipeline. We had two fellows up there to keep it open. The inlet of the stream had a four inch pipeline to get the water in the pipeline. They sent me up there to pound on it, needed to keep the fire going, so I took my cross cut saw and ax and went up there too, and a snow slide came down in front of me. So I stopped and considered that for awhile. Then I walked across this snow slide, and stopped again and there was another one came down ahead of me. By that time, I was getting to where the intake was for the water supply. One of the boys was there, and set up a tarp and we kept heating water and then pour the water on the intake. That intake had a screen, for screening. That snow would blow in there and then it wouldn't melt. It would stop the water

supply from going, and they start piling up on that screen, and we would be scrapping and scrapping, besides heating water and pouring on it. I don't know how many degrees cold it was, but it felt like 40 below. Before that was over with a snow slide came down and crushed our tarp we set up, and crushed it flat. We had to dig in 10 feet of snow. we went up and dug it out in May. Meanwhile, a registered letter came from home: I had a baby sister. I couldn't imagine that, because all I thought we needed for this place was just us four big boys. Boy something came over me, and what it was to think of me having a sister, you know. Of course, I was only about 16 going on 17 then. This superintendent came along one day and asked, "How old are you?" I realized then that to work on the railroad, your suppose to be 18, so I wanted to sound like I was as old as possible, so I told him that I failed several months from being 17. I was alert enough that I never got hurt and that is what counted I guess. Otherwise that would have been too bad for the railroad itself, you know. I was coming up to the job one morning and run across the main line of the railroad, the west wind was blowing pretty strong, and I was just about to step up on the track to cross it and looked up and there was a locomotive bearing down on me. The train was coming from the east, coasting through, against the wind and I didn't even hear it. It kind of shut down full power, he was just coasting. Boy I backed up quick. If it had been a second or two, that would have been it. Taught me to keep my eyes open both ways at all times. A young fellow came from Hood River who worked on the same crew, he was a big husky boy, a lot more husky than I was, and he fell into the river. He was standing on the sound jack one day there, just like he was falling into a dream. There a box car was coming down track, loose, they turn them loose like post down on the side tracks. I ran over there and grabbed him and said, "What's the matter with you, anyhow". Pulled him off of there just in time before he got hit. That upset me that somebody would just stand there and let something run over them, you know.

Cliff: How did you work on the railroad? did you do other things besides cutting ties?

Louis: Well, I started in November, that year when the plant opened up, and the next November they shut down, then I was through. I worked in the yard, handling the ties, and switched ties and stuff. On these big switch ties they were 16 feet long, and about 16 inches wide, and about 6 inches thick, and 16 feet long so they were pretty heavy. We needed somebody out and this straw boss was needing a hand to help him. His name was Jimmy Dunn, he was from Kentucky, I only weighed 144 pounds, you know. I got a hold of the end of the big tie, and I could just feel my back bone stretch like an accordion, and he says, "I thought I called for a man, not pieces of a man." Helping him with those big heavy ties, we had to pile up a many a number of them. A railroad tie itself was about 8 foot tie, or 8 foot 6. Then they would go up to 9 foot, 9 foot 6, then 10 foot, 10 foot 6, then 11 foot, 11 foot 6, and so on up

to 16 foot, 16 feet for a switch tie. And a lot of them were pretty heavy, especially if it was cut from a wet sack wood. Boy they were heavy after they were treated with our chloride of zinc solution, it was heavy in itself, that solution. They came in tins that weighed about 1600 pounds of tins standing up there about three feet high and about 2 feet across, And we would on-load them on a box car and we would have to put a loop on top with a 2x4 inside of the loop, and two-three get a hold of it and pull it over flat ways so we could roll it out of the box car. That was the zinc. It looked like soap inside of that tin. You would get some on a cut or something on your hand, it wouldn't fester, just heal it. After this zinc got pressured into these ties, the railroad spike would freeze rust, tight, you could not pull them out, really rust fast. They had preservatives to treat them with, creosote, but they quit that except piling. They treat piling with creosote alright. Ivan: When did they build the bridge across the Little Wind River down here, the steel bridge? I guess the first one was built about 1916, when they bound themselves to that highway work. That one where the state fish hatchery use to be. Now this last one was built in 1928, the steel bridge that is down there, now. I worked on it too, until they finished it. That is the last three months of it in 1928.

Ivan: How did you get to Carson before the bridges were in?

Louis: We had the bridge down by the St. Martin's. They called it the St. Martins Bridge, close to St. Martins Springs. It use to be a wooden bridge when I was pretty small yet, but that washed out and they put a steel bridge in there, and it lasted for years and years. Finally it went out in a big wash out storm we had about 1974. We went down there and had to sheer all of the logs and trash from the east pier. Through the years all of the logs got rotten and gave out, so we had a big storm and took the pier and the bridge, too, and sent it on down the creek. I think some of it is still laying down there on the Wind River yet in some places. You see some of the ripples down there from the sand hill, some of it is still laying there, yet. Now, when they get this new bridge in down there, they would take that old bridge and set it up down there by St. Martin's, be a good backing in case the other one goes haywire. So you could get through.

Ivan: Louie could you tell us some of the games and toys that you used when you were a boy?

Louis: My father had a brother, Louie, (Lars in Swedish), but they called him Louie in English. He would work these logging camps and each time he would come here, one time he brought me a fiddle, so I could learn to play the fiddle, a little fiddle. Well, nothing came of that. Another time he bought me an

accordion. I was pretty small yet, nothing every came of that, either. That was probably about it for toys, I guess. It was alright, kids never appreciate what they get anyway, you know. One time he made the toys, made it up in the woods. A couple of fellows pounding an anvil, all made of wood, then you pulled something on the opposite side the guys would start a pounding you know, made things like that. Then he would make a deal with a figure stick, and chop some notches in it, then put a little propeller on the end of the stick on the wood, and scrape it and that little wheel just spinned like all get out. We made another thing that would scare the cats, take a pretty hefty string and tie a slot on the end of the string and then start winging it over your head, and it would make a sound which was to scare the dickens out of the bugs.

Ivan: What games did you boys play?

Louis: Well, the only game we'd play around here would be checkers. At school we had a young school teacher, she taught the kids, and she was a kid herself. She thought the kids would have some fun. She wrapped up her rag doll, and we made bats out of board material, and then we would be out there batting them over the top of the school house. She then got us interested in jumpin', jumpin' over high bars and that stuff, and broad jump and run and things like that. That spring I wanted to get down to Stevenson. That spring they would have a meet, around Stevenson, with running and jumping and pole vaulting and stuff and I wanted to get there in the worse way, but my father would not let me go, dangerous, and it was during the week. I was interested in that stuff.

Ivan: How did you get to school?

Louis: Well, we walked to school, this school we had, was way over east of Berges. That school house burnt down in 1911. There was a lot of frogs around in this wet, it was in the spring, we would dig a hole, and at recess we would catch all the frogs we could find and put them in that hole, and then we would cover the hole with boards so the frogs couldn't get out. When school was out we would go to the hole and take the boards off the hole and all of the frogs were ready for action, frogs hopping in every direction. We thought that was the funniest thing to watch, them jumping in every direction.

Ivan: How far did you have to walk to school?

Louis: Well, that walk was around two miles.

Ivan: Did you have warm clothes, or clothes that would shed the rain, or have any problems getting to school?

Louis: We generally had some wool clothes of some kind. Of course, as far as Johnny

and I was concerned, we would go fishing on a rainy day, and get back in the evening soaked and wet and if mother didn't catch us we would get into bed with wet clothes on, and that was fun you know. We always hated to change into darn clothes, that was a chore. If she would catch us that is what would happen. We would have to put on dry stuff to go to bed. And if we could get away with it, and she would not notice it, and we were wet that was fine.

Ivan: What year did you move up here?

Louis: I guess that Dad had that job over there tie-treating plant over at Wyeth got through with that job about 1901, and he decided to get over here and see what was up here. He came over in the row boat, come up here and found that there was one place left, here at Home Valley. I moved up here, Aalviks, they had a pretty nice place, and stayed with them about a week, or a week and a half. My father went down in here and started chopping, that woodshed out there. Shakes for the side, and shakes for the roof, soon as that was done we moved in that was spring. That was before the fire got out, 1902.

Ivan: So there were five of you living in that wood shed?

Louis: No, just my mother, father, and me living there. Johnny came a long in the log cabin, about 1903. The woodshed never had a floor in it, but it had a stove in there, and a table, bed I guess. It sat down there hardest part, down in the field is where it's at, and when they built the house the drug it up here. Moved it there where it is right now. And, I would like to drag it up and put it as close to the house.

Ivan: I guess that they even had mobile homes back in those times, huh?

Louis: A woodshed that we moved around. We didn't have much of anything then I guess, that was the only thing. Father found a job building that Collins Hot Springs; it was coming, being a hot springs. He would walk from here over to Collins, every day, and then when the days got short, he would take a tin can and put a candle in it, and made a bale over it, to see where he was going, candle in a tin can. And the weather got so bad and rainy and nasty and he would stay over there for the week and home on the weekends. Meanwhile, we were living in the cabin. I remember one night there was a comical thing. When I think of it, there was floor in the cabin. They made floors out of split logs, slabs out of fir. And jack plain them smooth, and sometimes dug them down and made some pretty wide cracks after they get nailed down. I remember my mother and myself, one night there was a commotion up in the shelves in the cabin, we could hear a commotion up in the shelves. I heard them, and mother, she knew what it was. Soon as daylight came, she started heating up water on the stove, and poured hot water down those cracks and



took a long pole and started shoving it clear under the cabin back and forth. She gave me the hoe, and the north side of the cabin, (if) something comes out you hit it with that hoe. Pretty soon something came out alright, some came out walking sedated, step by step, tale hanging up. I thought to myself, I don't want to hit that thing, it looks too much like a rooster to me. My mother came around the house there pushing that pole around there, "Do you see anything?" "Yeah, but it looked like an old rooster, and I didn't want to hit it." "Well, where did it go then?" "Well, it went into the wood pile." Enough wood split up to last a week, so we wouldn't have to split wood for the stove. So she looked down in the wood pile, then went into the house and got some newspapers and waded it up, and took the Kerosene and poured it on the newspaper and lit it and threw it down on the wood pile, they came out alright. She grabbed the double edged ax, chopped it into little pieces, there wasn't two pieces that were together.

Ivan: What was it, a skunk?

Louis: It was a skunk.

Ivan: Did he ever spray you?

Louis: Nope. I remember my father had a large pair of red wood socks. They were red. We had a cat, and this cat decided that this outfit was pretty hard up I guess, and he brought home a rabbit and put it on the newspaper, and mother cooked the rabbit. I guess he figured she would do something about it. My father came to this country 1888, to his uncle's in Kansas. And working in the fields took his wool jacket off and found nothing but, the buttons, left. The grasshoppers or bugs ate the rest. After the rain we could hear the corn growing and snapping. He started working in the timber there in Minnesota, then to the pacific coast to work on the railroad building; Great Northern Pacific, then after that went to Idaho, to learn the mining and prospecting game. Spent eight years, and picked up a lot of knowledge about mining. On one ledge they offered \$20,000.00 for it but wouldn't sell it, but meanwhile he met our mother who had come from central Sweden to work for a judge's family in Baker, in La Grande Oregon. After that he had a foremen job building tie treating plant at Wyeth, Oregon. After he got through with that he went to row a boat across the river to see the property on the Washington side, and found one place that had not been filed on yet. In northern Home Valley now there is 160 acres, so he filed on it. After doing a certain number of building and land clearing, prove up, as they called it, in five years. So in 1902, we moved into the wild, that was Home Valley. We chopped a trail to the place where the big windfalls, and chopped notches so mother could climb on top, and she would reach down and grab me by the one arm and drag me up and I would slide down the other side myself. I was about three years old. My father built this shack split fir shakes, about 14x 8 feet and we

moved in. It had a ground for a floor, a little box stove to cook on, and that November it was getting cold, I overheard my father telling my mother that I think we better move, move out. And I heard her say, "why", and he said it was getting too cold for them to live on. I was jumping every minute so I never noticed it was cold. In two-three days we had about three feet of snow. Father would bundle up everything we had, in a big pack on his back, and started making a trail up the hill. And mother took me on her back and, that was pretty unstable for me, and would rear back and about the third time I made it head first in the snow. I like to smother, so I stay still until we got down to the lower elevation where the snow was only about 6 inches deep. Then we got a row boat over the water to Wyeth, to my grandparents, for the rest of the winter. After 1902 fire they built the log cabin and we moved into it 14x20, cooler in summer and warmer in the winter. Father had a job helping build the Collins Hot Springs Hotel, those days they worked 10 hour days. When the days got shorter, he took a gallon can and made a hole in the side and put a candle in and made a handle to carry it to light his way. Finally it got so rainy, that he stayed on the job and split up enough fire wood to last mother a week, and would come home Sundays. That's when the skunk got in the cabin one night. I heard a clatter up on the shelves, I guess that mother heard it, too, anyhow, a bowl of soup was upset. So mother heated the water up and poured it down the cracks in the floor, grabbed the long pole and pushed it under the cabin, and me a hoe and told me to hit, if something came out on the opposite side. Something came out, and walked sedately to the timber, she came around and said "see anything?" "Yes, but it looked too much like a rooster to me." "Where did it go then?" I said it went behind that wood pile on the other side. She wadded up some newspaper and poured some kerosene on it, and lit a match, and threw it down on the wood pile, and out came the skunk, and she grabbed the ax and cut it in two in one lick.

After the hot springs job, dad had a contract to build a bridge for Jones Cash store from Portland, at Hood River. He had some land out the valley on the opposite side. He finally hired some of the Home Valley neighbors to help, before that, before the bridge put in there, the platform hanging on the cable to pull them across back and forth across to Hood River. I was just getting of an age when I thought I could get around pretty good. Mother had just set a big iron pot of stew out to cool on the green grass in the cook tent. It was just about dinner time, and I came out kicking bare footed right and left and upset the pot on my left foot. I don't know if there was enough stew left for the crew. Everybody was so suspicious about my scalded foot. After that job, we moved to Portland, sometime in August, my dad had a job building a trestle out in the Sellwood area of Portland, when he drank some slough water and ended up in Good Samaritan with malaria. My brother John was born in Portland in September and we moved back to the cabin after that. Dad had a contract to build a four-mile ditch in Idaho for placer mining. He made maybe a couple thousand dollars, so he commenced to think about building a house,

we got to see the Lewis and Clark Fair in Portland, in 1905, then took a train on the Oregon side of the Columbia, and they fixed the ferry the train over to across the Columbia to Kalama. Anyhow we got to Castle Rock to spend the night at some hotel. Then we hired someone with a team and wagon in the morning to take us to Silver Lake, where an aunt and uncle lived on an island on the lake. The road out there was bumpy, and kind of swampy ground, it took a best part of a day to get there. When we got home dad started to hew out sills and place them for the house. The next year we started on the house, when he wasn't working on something else. So it turned out late in the year in 1906, it was in shape to move into. Before we could, a party of surveyors wanted to move in to survey a road up near the Wind River to get to the Willard, Mill A country. They said they could get a 5% grade with a distant of 5 miles. The railroad wasn't through yet, those cliffs looked pretty miserable for a highway to Cooks. 1909, the Forest Service built the second trail following that survey, up Wind River, but the trail was never maintained, and today, it would be hard to find traces of it. That road ended up at this place. Meanwhile, the Colter saw mill was set up on the Bylin logged off that place, and then set up at Berge, and logged off the rest of the place except ours. We had a flume for lumber to travel to the Columbia River; also a flume to Porter Brothers mill at Wind Mt. When the SP&S railroad was building, there was lots of demand for the ties and lumber. And the ranchers had farm products much in demand, too. My father and a couple of Swede's, had a contract for cut and a fill at Collins for the railroad. They drilled by hand and put in what they called a "coyote" hole, and used mules to haul rock out to the fill. Just before World War I, father, with the aid of a cousin from Kansas, built about half mile ditch in Little Wind River to use for water power saw mill. Then the war came on and the project was dropped. From the mining experience we built a tunnel in Little Wind River, about 200 feet into the mountain. It estimated about four dollars a ton in gold in kidneys. But clearing the acres on this land was all done by hand, grub hoe, shovel, ax, and saw and pevy to roll the logs together. For the first 35 years, the roads were muddy in the rainy season, dusty in the summer besides being steep. The gas tax came along for purpose of building farm to market roads. And he finally had a road for all seasons, which has been much improved on since.

Ivan; Louie can you think of any time when you got really angry?

Louis: Yeah, there was six inches of snow up at the neighbors place above us, and they had a critter up there and it wouldn't come down, so they said that we would have to chase it down. I went up there and old man of the place came out and said "That animal will kill you." I was about 10 years old, and I didn't think nothing about that, 'cause the critter hadn't been infectious to that date anyway. I went out there and tried to chase it out of the brush, with the dog, and the next instance, he's knocked me down the hill, sliding over, and I went home. Finally, they got the thing down here and dad just called up the

butcher at Underwood he and his two boys, and put a rope around its neck took it up to Underwood to butcher.

Ivan: Did you ever get into a fight when you were a kid or when you were growing up?

Louis: Oh yeah, we went to school in Carson. One winter there, and, of course, we came right out of the hills, here. Those darn kids, a bunch of them, one kid especially, kept picking on me, picking on me. I didn't do anything about it, until he hit me along side of the head and drew blood. He was wearing rings on his fingers, sharp stones in the ring, and I layed right into him and got him down, started pulling his hair. Didn't know about boxing in those days, and pulled his hair. And the other kids were going to pitch in, but another friend of mine made them hold back and that was it. That was the only time.

Ivan: Did they bother you after that?

Louis: Nope! Not that year. Some of the rest of them would make snowballs as hard as rocks, with wet snow, and throw as hard as they could throw. I stood off about 3-4 of them one day, and somewhere the other kid came along and finally discouraged them a little bit. That hurt, you know, when they took a snow ball, wet snow you, know, called a water soaker, just like a rock. Over at Wyeth, at the camp, the tie plant superintendent's boys, two of them pretty big boys. Some, the smaller boys, and I was out in the open yard between the houses. The oldest one, one day, stood out there flinging rocks and I came walking and he was flinging them right at me. One rock hit me right in the ear, a hard rock by the ear. I ran after him, and he was older than I was, and I chased him clear to the house. That would have made me mad. Hit you in ear. that would hurt you know.

Ivan: That is probably time that you would have gotten into a fight, if you had stayed around.

Louis: He ran into the house, but if he had stayed outside. It was a wonder that I didn't run right in after him in his own house.

Ivan: What is the saddest thing that you remember?

Louis: You might say the saddest thing was having the folks pass away. My mother and father and stayed with them all these years. When all of my brothers left and left and got married, take care of their own.

Ivan: How old were you when they passed away?

Louis: Getting in my 40's.

Ivan: How old were they?

Louis: Well, mother was 63, and father was going on 78. Father was 10 years older than she was. She must have married him when he was 35, and she must have been 25.

Ivan: How has logging changed, and how has people's attitude change since you first started working in the woods?

Louis: We had both horse logging, pull along the skid road, and then we had the donkey logging come along. Then we pulled the skid with a donkey around here. Then the team took the logs on beams and took them way down the hill into a canyon. Then they had a donkey out by the saw mill, up on top of pier, then they pulled the logs up from down in the canyon up to the saw mill. So there was both horse logging and donkey logging, both the same job. THEN, of course, there was skid row loggin, different place. I worked on building skid roads as a kid, and learned how to place the skids on the curve, skids, and you would slant them different. You had to notch each one, each skid, then walk along drop grease on each skid so the logs would slide better on the skids. The log had to be sliced sharp in the end so it wouldn't hang up. On a skid road you had to walk along with a bucket of grease and a stick with a rag on the end and dip it in and give every skid a slap as you walked along, slap of grease. Out in the brush to get the logs, after they was bucked, they had what was called a swamp. You had to get out there with an ax and cut all of the vine maple and brush flat to the ground so the horse would not injure their heels walking on banks. There couldn't be any pegs sticking up, chop, everything had to be smooth. When they backed their horses into a log and then hook on after it was barked, had to be, these big logs on one side had to be barked completely, the side that would ride the skids. If there was a bend in the log, or a different curve, they would have to decide which side would ride, hook the team to it, and hang on.

Ivan: You always used horses up there, you couldn't use an ox?

Louis: They didn't use an ox, not in my time. There were ox used here before we came here. The Berge ranch, and ox had been used on it.

Ivan: How many horses would you have on a team, if you were skidding logs?

Louis: We would have two big logging horses, if it were a pretty big log.

Ivan: Did you ever get logs big enough where you had to use more than one team on it?

Louis: I worked up Wind River Valley, Bunker Hill, and seen them double up to four horses.

Ivan: How would they leave a logging job when they were through?

Louis: Really, they just walked off and leave it, that's all.

Ivan: When did they start cleaning it up?

Louis: Clean it up? Dept. of the Natural Resources, land manage, and then the Forest Service, any clear cut you would have to put up a fire line around it, before you even logged it. After the timber is felled and bucked, you would have to put a fire line around it before you even logged it. After the timber is felled and bucked, you're suppose to put a fire line clear around the whole works with a cat. You would have a fire road as wide as a road. Then it was cliffy and rocky, that cats couldn't do anything with it, and they would have to dig trail by hand. I did that over around St. Helens. We had to clear a cut over there, old pumis stone, you know, from St. Helens' ashes. There was big trees, old second growth tree growing in that stuff. That stuff was so loose we didn't want to put the cat in that stuff to make a fire trail, because all it would do is churn up, churn up, and wouldn't get any traction, 'cause all of that loose stuff. Cat in there would only get stuck, so they sent two-three down to build a fire tail around it by hand. Pumis had been laying there for centuries off of St. Helens and grew a nice forest, what they called old second growth tree, up to three feet in diameter, 2½ feet. Good timber!

Ivan: You mentioned you used to, on several occasions, you were cutting firewood for the donkeys, did you ever get any fires started from your donkeys?

Louis: No, never did. The times that I was working there, the weather was so wet, so there wasn't any danger from the donkey. When we did have donkey fires, I wasn't there, I was in the woods. But donkeys did start fires when it would get dry. Now a days, when it's dry out in the forest, donkeys are gone, you work, after the day's in, you were all done. They keep the fire watch out maybe, until dark so that no fires were started, So., no spark would smolder and start a fire. Even the use of the chain saws could spark, and lay there, and get in dry rotten wood. It could lay there like a sleeper and you would not know that a fire was there, for hours, before it get enough volume, to make it smoke. So, that is pretty touchy, dry rotten woods. Down in here on the west side they would shut us down completely. Around the east side they would let them log, yet because there wasn't near the rotten wood up there or the under brush that we have on this side. They would be logging right along. Down here, we would have too much dry rotten wood and it was too easy to have a smoldering fire lay there for hours, and not know a fire was there getting volume enough and taking off.

Ivan: What other kind of job did you do other than cutting up fire wood, and logging show?

Louis: Oh, I used to work on the riggins, set chokers, change line, that has improved, too. We used to, all we had was haul back and main line. The haul back if we wanted to change that we had to pull on a long, long, section of haul back, pulling up and pulling up, about three quarters pulling it up, until you got it out here to where you wanted it to go, haul back, pretty heavy pulling sometimes, changing lines, and get the blocks out there and the traps out on the trees. Line them up river where the logs were too real them in. Later years, they got what they called a straw line, boards run on the donkey straw line, and that straw line could really take off with you. Then after that, you hooked in onto the haul back, pull the haul back on the block, and unhook the haul back to the main line, then they were ready to go again. That was an improvement that came in the later years.

Ivan: Did you ever do any rigging?

Louis: You mean, building up rigging.

Ivan: No, rigging around spar tree?

Louis: Yeah, I helped them. We would have to get those big heavy guide lines, seemed like they was two inches thick, those clumsy, heavy guild lines, then I had to string out a whole bunch of straw lines to haul back to pull them out through the stump where they were needed. That was a chore, hook them on pull those guide line out. To get them on a particular stump that they are to be on, take the ax and chop notches around that stump so it would hold line, then a number of railroad spikes with a sledge hammer to keep five-six loops around the stump and it would take that many spikes to hold those cords on the stump. Then, they could tighten it up to the spar tree, tighten up even to the spar tree so you pull would be even on all sides. Then, hang a block in the spar tree for the main line to go through and a smaller block for the haul, back to go through, and that was the high climbers job. Ordinary riggin couldn't do that. High climbers, spar trees, top them and limb them, and hang them heavy blocks up there, and pretty heavy straps around them, and then heavy strap, you had to fight that strap. If you didn't know how to do it, it was a terrible chore, because those straps were so stiff, not everybody could do to. Those who had the experience were use to that. They had the top wages, too.

Ivan: How much would a high climber make?

Louis: Oh, I really don't know. I think that they made two-three times as much as the choker setter.

Ivan: What would they pay a choker setter?

Louis: When I worked Skamokoway, that spring they raised it to \$6.80 a day, for eight hours of work. I had a big mud hole I working in all that winter and it dried out. Everything dried out and nice in May. But, that big block up in the spar tree was slamming back and forth, and big slivers were before that it had come down, when, about six feet from where I was standing. We tied it up, and went and found a place to tie it up, and then this big block was slamming back and forth and these big slivers, three feet long, and I thought that the next thing that block is going to come down, too. I jumped down in that hole and was lying next to the ground. That's when I yelled at the boss that I was quitting. He said: "You shouldn't quit now, you're getting \$6.80 a day." No, I was quittin'.

Ivan: What year was that?

Louis: Seems to me that was about 1920, I think.

Ivan: Do you see any changes in attitudes about conservation, or do you think that conservation measures are necessary now?

Louis: They have to continue managing now, working at it, selective logging and clear cutting. Selective logging, get in there and they take a tree here and take a tree there. Then they got to be careful, don't park around the tree while they are dragging them out. Pretty touchy stuff, without scaring another tree. And a clear cut here, a clear cut three, where they logging the other day, all it was, was a clear cut 1911. It all had been logged, and my father got out in September and burnt everything black, so there was nothing, just everything black, just the stumps left. It was a clear cut, see. All seeded up after that mass for forest, all grew up. It was all heavy trees seeded up after that fire. There are places out here now, forestry survey, this old clear cut. I don't know what happened after the planting, it didn't grow or what happened, but the brush has taken over. You can see it from the house. Asked a guy the other day, he said: "Yeah, there are a few trees coming up, there's one that is too rocky, and is not doing too good."

Ivan: What did you see that whould happened to the Gorge in the future?

Louis: There are a many number of things that could happen. We could have an earthquake that will shake the slides into the highway and wreck the bridged and make it impassable. (inaudible).

Ivan: What about the Gorge, and what about you place, what would you like to see happen to in the future?



Louis: That's a question alright. If they condemn everything in the Gorge like they did, some of these parks in the United States, get so you can't even cut a tree without permission, then they will take over entirely. \_\_\_\_\_ right back into the Forest Service. Throughout the years the Forest Service would like to straighten the lines out, see the lines come down joggy like this, and jog here and a jog there, they would like to straighten them out, too.

Ivan: Is there Forest Service land near here?

Louis: Not any more, because there is 160 acres that belong to Crown Zellerbach, and another 160 that belongs to Crown Zellerbach, on the north side there is some of Crown Zellerbach, east of here is SD&S; Longview Fibre over there; SD&S forty acres down over there, surrounded. Crown Zellerbach, they have steep land in here, where it's been logged off. It was awful steep and wasn't doing very good as reproduction either, as far as that goes. Lighter brush, and I look for Crown Zellerbach one of these days to trade with the government for some land some other place. If they do, then the Forest Service land would be right next to this property here. In time, they might want this place, too, because this place is suppose to be sub-something, soil conservation, sub-something anyway. All clay. Boy, it is hard digging out stumps of trees, that's they figured would be better for timber.

Ivan: If you could have your choice, about anything that happens to this land of yours, what would you choose to happen?

Louis: Oh, I would like to see it be a home for people to live on. This land doesn't produce hay like the land down below by Berge's. They use to have a really good hay crop, from up there, shot soil. This land is poor in places. You couldn't get too much hay to grow on the field without fertilizer, and the only thing that would grow pretty good here, my father found out, was rye and vetch. Rye grows tall, then vetch with it, and that is the best crop there is on this land today. When we had it in hay, we used to have enough hay to feed at least two horses, they were light horses, and feed one or two critters, besides a cow, calf or steer. That's all that it would feed. In the spring you would be out of hay. But the neighbors always had about seven to eight cows to milk. One winter in the '50's, cause we couldn't get enough hay off of it, Bill said: "You torn the barn down." Well, I didn't tear no barn down, the wind took it and blew it down.

Ivan: He didn't think that it should be down?

Louis: No.

Ivan: Why?

Louis: Because we could use the barn, you know. Tore it right down flat. Then he had to salvage it, take the mess and straighten it out. Nothing you could do but put it back up again. (inaudible.) I read a piece in the farm journal one time that a barn that has that in it, what \_\_\_\_ would always be the barn. So, after the wind blew it down, trashed it, it was partly rotten anyway. I finally got it straighten out, finally got it cleaned up a little. Going to build a barn, until the foundation cement, at least three feet high from the ground, these walls, built it out of treated for termite. All kinds of buildings, the worm get into it. Old rafters, the bugs would get into it and really bore holes all through that. The wood cellar was like that. I tore the wood cellar down cause every seven years timber had to be redone, they all rotted out. I'd take the old timber and put new timbers, and dried out the old timbers. I got to tired of doing that, and that used to take weeks just to do. Finally, I made a block, figure it never rotting out again.

Ivan: When was the last time that this was logging down toward Little Wind River?

Louis: I never kept track of the time, it could be in the '40's. There were many different ones logging around Wind River. Dude Ogle had a tie mill down at Wind River. He got that timber from dad. I don't know how much he got for it. Later Troland logged it the; there used to be a crew that came down from Bingen. They would salvage rock out of Little Wind River, too, rock and mud, you know. So it is a rock road Then we went up the hill there, it slide out, up by the creek there. But this \_\_\_\_ Neilsen had a big cat, and that transformer that sit up on the hill here, use to sit 15 feet down the hill. Neilsen moved it, so it sits on level ground now.

Ivan: What was your Christmas traditions? What did you do at Christmas with your family?

Louis: Here, oh, as a little kid we used to have an idea about Santa Claus. See a picture of a chimney, and wondered how he got down it. We had a red sock or two. As far as I was concerned it was great imagination when I was little. I don't know about my brothers, and how imaginative there were or not. We probably got a stick or two of peppermint candy, put in there, and maybe a pair of socks, some nuts. My mother would take home some walnuts and Brazil nuts. Whatever a kid gets that's fine. My uncle Louie was good to me, cause I was the first one, and only one to be around Uncle Louie. H was single, Dad's younger brother. He bought me a little fiddle and wanted me to play the fiddle. My Uncle Louie could play the fiddle, by ear. I lifted that fiddle and stroked on it a few times, I was not good at it. It got trashed or something. Then another time, he got me an accordion, it could really play, too. I think it got trashed, too. Do you think I appreciated it? We didn't appreciate anything like that. If I had ben musical in the first place that would

have been different. Later in the years I made up my mind that I was going to play the harmonic. I like it.

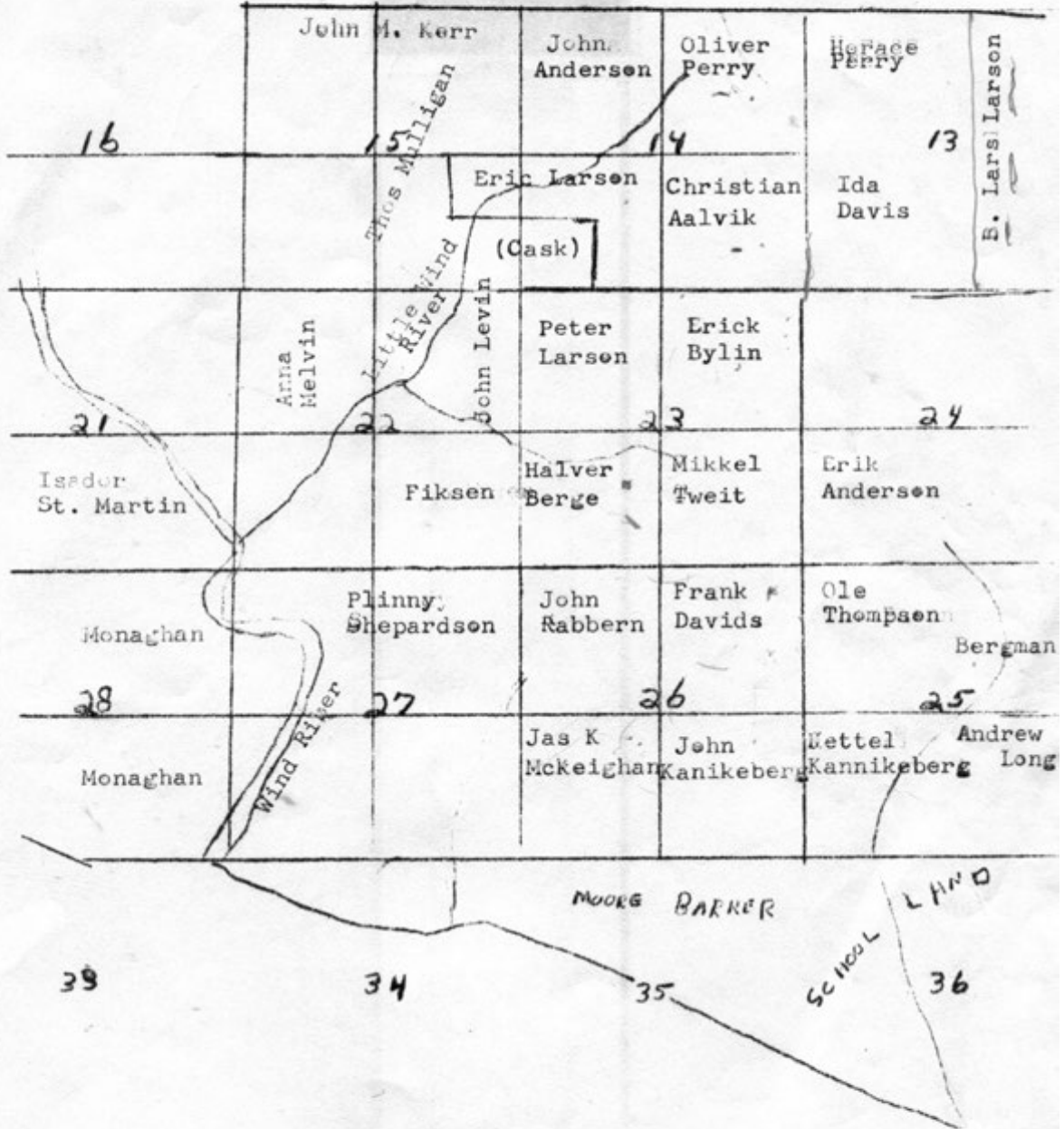
Ivan: How did Johnny learn to play the guitar?

Louis: Well, Johnny, he took to music alright. He was working out in a small mill in North Bonneville; there was a little Turk, Turkish, and he could play violin, and he taught Johnny how to play. before long, Johnny caught on pretty good, and he could play a violin and a mandolin pretty much. Johnny could really play. He took after Uncle Louie. Uncle Louie would work in the logging camps and when he wasn't working at the logging camp and stay here, and help out. In the summer evenings, he would take his violin and sit on this porch here, this open porch, sit there and play all of the tunes he had heard. And he could really play. He would sit and play until it dark in the evening. 'Til it was time to go to bed. I use to enjoy listening to him, and he would pick up a new tune every time he came back from the logging camp. I don't think that he would read music, I don't suppose. But he picked them up by ear. A cousin, Johan, said "We would play a violin, or a clarinet, all those things. He even worked at the symphony orchestra, up in Sweden and Norway. He had a symphony orchestra. He was one of the members of it. So he inherited a musical ability."

COLUMBIA NATIONAL FOREST

RANGE 8-T3

HOME VALLEY



MAPPED - March 8 1919

JAS OKEANE VANCOUVER WASH