

SCOTT YOUNG

Interviewed by Ivan Donaldson — Oct. 23, 1967

This is a taped interview with Mr. Scott Young on the North Santiam River at Marion Forks, Oregon, 23 October, 1967. Mr. Young built a power plant in Cascade Locks and knew Sam Samson, who built one in Stevenson.

Ivan: Mr, Young, you told me earlier about the perpetual water rights on Herman Creek taken out by your brother Goodwin in 1908. Will you elaborate on that again, please?

Scott: In 1908, or thereabouts, the State of Oregon did away with old riparian rights, I guess they were called, on water power. After that nobody could locate a water power plant and get perpetual rights to it.

Ivan: The other day you spoke about the fact that in 1908 the state abolished this privilege, and you had certain rights thereafter. What is the right now?

Scott: The right now is you have to pay the State of Oregon for the location of the water for power, and they give it to you and charge an annual rate.

Ivan: Did they charge before 1908 for perpetual water rights?

Scott: Up until that time there wasn't any charge. I don't know whether I'm qualified to interpret,

Ivan: Don't worry about that. It can be checked out. These are your reminiscences. You joined your brother, Goodwin Scott, in 1905. Did you form a partnership, or did you organize a power company? Go back to your first plant.

Scott: It generated about 25 kilowatts. It was way back up in the hills. You had to carry it back by mule power and back power. It generated 230 volts from a streetcar motor that Goodwin had adapted into a generator alternator.

Ivan: Do you recall how many customers you had at that time?

Scott: Maybe 30.

Ivan: And your income?

Scott: Maybe \$75.

Ivan: Approximately what year was it that you made this 2300-foot long flume and brought the power down to the highway?

Scott: About 1918.

Ivan: You've told me that you had 360 feet of head. When you multiply by .4535 this, would equal 156 pounds per square inch pressure. Those turbines you have told me about were special import Pelton wheels cast to the specifications of your brother who was an hydro-electric engineer. Trained in what school or college?

Scott: Not a graduate of any college. He trained himself, but was considered a very excellent hydro engineer.

Ivan: And from whence did you come?

Scott: Baker, Oregon, the mining country.

Ivan: You have told me that your association with miners gave you the gambling instinct to try to win something, and gave you this dream about developing a power company. Is this correct?

Scott: I think that's right.

Ivan: The partnership with your brother was not a formal corporation partnership but just an alliance between you two?

Scott: Oh, it was an incorporated company.

Ivan: But when you built this flume up the creek, you had built the electric sawmill entirely with your first 25 kilowatts of power to saw the lumber to make this flume.

Scott: There was a stand of timber right where we started. We cut the trees down, cut them into lumber and made the flume.

Ivan: This took a lot of work. What kind of a line did you build — with cedar poles from your farm on Herman Creek to Cascade Locks?

Scott: Yes, 35 foot cedar poles and glass insulators.

Ivan: What size wire?

Scott: Originally No. 10 bare copper, real small. Copper cost a lot of money.

Ivan: In the beginning you borrowed \$5,000 to make this second installation, but you went in with your own capital to build the first one? You told me awhile ago about the method of getting your line across the river to join Sam Sampson's electrical system at Stevenson.

Scott: The Pacific Bell Telephone Company had a line maybe 2600 feet long across the river — just a single line double conductor — a pair of lines where the Bridge of the Gods is now located.

Ivan: Please tell me about this contraption you and your brother built to get the wire across the river.

Scott: We had to get our pilot line across so we built a cart about three feet long on small ball-bearing wheels and put a sail on it, hooked the cart on the line when nobody knew it, and sailed it across the Columbia. We pulled a chalk line on it and with the chalk line pulled a small cord over, then a larger cord, then a rope, finally a whistle cord and after that a 1/4 inch cable. After that we could do anything we wanted. We did all that unbeknownst to the telephone company, which they didn't like later when they learned about it. But the line was over already, so what could they do about it?

Ivan: Did they send an inspector?

Scott: They sent in an inspector, and gave us h . . . , but they couldn't take it down.

Ivan: As I recall, you spent three 7/16" steel conductors across the river. Did you have very much line loss from this steel conductor?

Scott: No, it was just a steel line. Copper is a better conductor; steel has more resistance. Bigger steel takes the place of a certain sized copper.

Ivan: What winter was it when tapioca snow descended upon you and stopped your operation?

Scott: I can't remember the date, but I can surely remember the winter.

Ivan: After 1918?

Scott: I've forgotten — maybe 1920 or 1921. These tapioca snowstorms occurred on the Columbia at different intervals. This particular snow was the year that over 40 automobiles were stalled at Bonneville, and some of the men stayed there at the Forest Service houses. Some of those cars were there over 40 days. The highway wasn't cleared until spring,

Ivan: Could this have been 1921? I have pictures of that great snow depth.

Scott: I guess it was 1921. The O.W.R.&N. didn't get trains through for eight days, as I remember. The highway was not cleared for weeks. Some of the car owners drove their cars from Eagle Creek to Cascade Locks on the railroad tracks and put them on boats to get them out.

Ivan: Those globules of ice came rolling down the mountain, what happened?

Scott: Well, we decided we would have to shut down the Oregon plant. We would have to go over to Stevenson and start the Sara Sampson plant which was down at the time. We were cooperative with Sara at that time, and naturally we were supplying his load from the Oregon side. I finally got over to Stevenson after several hours on the ferry.

Ivan: Charley Rosenbach was the ferry operator then?

Scott: Yes, he travelled up the Oregon shore against the East wind for a couple of miles, then drifted way down to cross the river. I was looking at those rapids all the time. That was the last trip he made for a good many days. When we got to Stevenson he dropped us off with a friend of mine, a logger by the name of Dolph Keyes. He was almost a superman.

Ivan: This interview came about because Morrie Litt, U.S.E.D. engineer, told me about you long ago. When I asked Mr. Wayne Gurley, U. S. Forest Service at Cascade Locks, about the history of that original power company, he knew nothing about it, and nobody else around Cascade Locks seemed to know anything about it. Morrie Litt had told me that you had something to do with it. That is why I had asked you some of these questions about two years ago. But, you were telling me about you and Dolph Keyes.

Scott: Sampson's plant was maybe a mile out of town, and we worked our way out there. In order to start the plant on Rock Creek we had to go up to the head of the flume.

Ivan: On snowshoes?

Scott: No, we were just wallowing through the tapioca snow, and as we tried to get up the hill the snow kept coming down, rolling in on us like sugar and getting deeper and deeper. Finally we came to the conclusion that if we stayed with it the snow would engulf us, so we abandoned that. Consequently both power plants were down.

Ivan: Was this after you had reached the plant and found it down?

Scott: We knew it wasn't operating. I was going to start it.

Ivan: Then you headed up the hill to the head gates?

Scott: We just couldn't make it through this tapioca snow. It kept roll-ing down on us and we just couldn't stay on top of it.

Ivan: I am quite familiar with tapioca snow.

Scott: On flat country one can wallow through it, but I think I told you I went out and tried to get a ride to Cascade Locke so I could get across the river. I asked the fellow if I could ride on his running board. He got only as far as Cascade Locks. As I remember, there were over 40 cars following the bus. The bus was big and breaking the way. He stalled in the vicinity of Eagle Creek, and these 40 cars were stalled behind him. I didn't happen to go down there and look, but this tapioca snow had rolled down the hill and on top of the cars until they were completely engulfed — no parts of the cars were sticking out, just nothing but a sheet of snow. These were the cars which were trapped for a month, some of them two months, before they ever got them out.

Ivan: I have some pictures of old Model T Fords in that snow in 1921.

Scott: I think it was 1921 when we had three of these steel lines suspended across the Columbia where the Bridge of the Gods is now. The storm ended with the usual sleet freeze. The lines got so big with sleet that one of them went down and we lost it in the river. We tried to pull the line out, but it had wrapped around the rocks in the rapids and we couldn't budge it. So, we had to put in a new line. My brother went to Portland on the boat (the only transportation we had then was b oats) and bought a new line. He brought it back and unloaded it. Then we had to get it down to where we could string it across the river. This time we had a little more legal clout in getting it across. I hired a fisherman, Charlie Olin, to take the line across the river in his boat. We coiled up about 2000 feet of really small rope in the back end of his boat. I kept the rope from snarling as he took me across.

Ivan: By oar?

Scott: Yes, by oar beloww the rapids. He took that boat across that wild water just below the rapids. I wouldn't do it now.

Ivan: I have heard Charlie Olin was a daring boatman. I have pictures of him with his boat and net below the rapids,

Scott: I was amazed when I climbed into his boat with that rope. I thought, “Man, I hope we come back!”

Ivan: That was wild water there below the rapids.

Scott: He just stood! I sat in the back, but he just stood up in that boat stroking now and then to reach an eddy, taking advantage of the eddies to get to the north shore. (Scott Young then arose and demonstrated how Clint rowed the boat across, saying, “I never saw anything like it. Olin was as strong as a horse.”) The rope was about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, and we got it across then up away from the current as quickly as we could. The loop of that thing would go down through those rapids, then fly out. We finally got the line up on poles, got it suspended, and with that rope we pulled our whistle cord across.

Ivan: Probably the Spring of 1921.

Scott: I met the boat with that steel cable on the reel. It was heavy, weighing a good many hundred pounds. I couldn't tell you. I made a sled out of skis. There was a crust on the snow which was about four feet deep yet. We took that cable and put it on the sled. It took four men to sled it to where we could spin it across the river. We met the boat above the locks after it came through.

Ivan: The locks had functioned all through the great snow?

Scott: Yes, the boats were running, but the railroad didn't, and, of course, the highway was plugged for weeks and weeks. Boats were running all the time, at least as far as the locks. It seems to me that the ice hampered them for awhile between Cascade Locks and The Dalles. After 45 years you forget a lot of things.

Ivan: Did the beginning of development of Bonneville Dam make the power from your plant exceedingly valuable?

Scott: That's right.

Ivan: After Sam Sampson bought your plant in 1922, did he then sell back to you at Cascade Locks?

Scott: Well, it went through somebody else's hands first. There was a company that operated in those years as Amalgamated Small Plants. There was a man by the name of Welch at the head of it. He amassed some of these small companies into Northwest Electric, I think it was, and then he eventually sold to the town of Cascade Locks and Captain Nelson. Captain Nelson was

one of the leaders of civic enterprise at Cascade Locks in those years. He was on the city council. He was a real leader.

Ivan: Very interesting, because I knew Captain Nelson in his later years, and I certainly know about him and his boat, the Tahoma, from some of the old-timers telling me about him. In 1916 the Tahoma was jammed in the ice down by Multnomah Falls for a number of days with that mean bull on board. He had to take hay out to the bull. Did Sam Sampson sell the company for \$125,000 or \$130,000?

Scott: \$125,000, so I've heard.

Ivan: Therefore, this proves the value of your gambling dream.

Scott: Yes, we couldn't outlive it.

Ivan: As I judge it, your \$75 income per month could not pay for the \$5,000 loan. Did your creditors force you to sell at a loss?

Scott: Yes, that's right. We built it, of course. What I said there was the way it started, but the revenue came up. These people learned more and used more power. They appreciated it. They got over the idea that they had to watch the meter so that they didn't have to pay over the \$1 minimum. When they finally stopped watching the meter, the revenue stepped up.

Ivan: Tell me about this lady who would not go above a dollar.

Scott: Well, that was just an isolated case. She could read the meter and tell when it was approaching the minimum charge. As I remember, 4 or 6 kilowatt hours was the minimum, and she would use her electric iron until the meter was approaching the minimum, then she would shut the iron off, fire up her wood stove to heat the iron and finish without having to pay more to the electric company. She didn't want to pay over \$1, and her husband was probably one of those workers who, as a stone mason, may have helped build the locks and probably worked a good many days for \$1 a day. Or, he might have come to the point when he couldn't work at all.

Ivan: Then after 1922, when you sold your plant, what did you do?

Scott: We both went to California for awhile and worked at various things. I worked for the power and light company of Sacramento for a time - had to make a living one way or another,

Ivan: You worked in California for a time, and then what?

Scott: I came back to Oregon and worked for the Forest Service a good many years.

Ivan: Can we now shift the interview to Marion Forks. How did you find this spot up here so isolated on the riverside in the mountains?

Scott: Well, I came into this country representing the Forest Service, burning right-of-ways. I was a specialist in burning and also in fire fighting for the Forest Service. These were Federal lands and the timber on them had to be burned so contractors could build roads. It was the Forest Service's responsibility to see that the contractors didn't let their fires get away. Representing the Forest Service, I supervised the burning so that it was done in a safe and sane way. That's the reason I'm in this country now. I have burned 24 miles of the two highways, North and South Santiam.

Ivan: What years were these?

Scott: Around the 1930s — before and after.

Ivan: And you found this particular land here?

Scott: Actually, Marion Forks was to have been a concession. The Forest Service thought there should be a concession here — a business to take care of the public. I applied for that concession and my application was put on file with all the other applications. From the letters I got, I knew they never intended to give it to me, so I got to looking around, and in studying the map, decided this property down here didn't belong to the Forest Service. It was private, but they weren't aware of this. I decided if it was private I could probably get hold of it. So, when Fall came and my burning work was over, I checked the records and found out that this 160 acres belonged to a gentleman by the name of Horn. He homesteaded it in 1886 when Edgington Hogg was building the Corvallis and Eastern railroad through here. It was headed from Yaquina Bay to Idaho to connect with the Union Pacific. Mr Hogg has never been given the credit that he should have gotten — he also had dreams, and they were good dreams. Anyway, Horn was a native of this country, or at least a resident. He was from the east, from Illinois. He came here and worked on the railroad survey as an axeman.

This 160 acres he homesteaded in 1886, and eventually acquired title to it. He told me he never intended to live here but figured that after the rail-road was in, he could sell the timber for \$5,000, and that was his plan. But, the railroad never got here, and you might say he was stuck with the property. He had held it from 1886 until I came along in 1931 and paid the taxes for all those years.

Ivan: Was he still alive?

Scott: He was still alive, and I found him by inquiring through the records. Actually the property was at the time in the name of Douglas County. But the records showed that the property had been acquired by William Horn in 1886. I wondered whether he had lost it through taxation. This is the story: I went to the county court in Roseburg and started to interview the county judge whose name was Hamilton. I asked questions about this property. I told him the records showed the property belonged to a man by the name of William Horn.

Ivan: Did Douglas County want to sell it?

Scott: No, they didn't want to sell it, nor did they want to lease it. They didn't want to do anything with it. By this time the judge was shuffling papers nervously. In other words they wanted me to get the h... out of there, which I did not do. It didn't look right. There was something wrong, and it disturbed me. He didn't treat me civilly. Not knowing what to do, I went down the corridor in the courthouse and looked around, and sometimes things fall your way -- sometimes they don't. I opened a door and walked in. It happened to be the recorder's office, and I said, "Do you happen to know anything about a man by the name of William Horn?" He said, "Did you ask the judge?" I said, "Yes". He asked, "What did he say?" and I said, "Nothing."

The recorder told me that William Horn was a sick man. The county took care of him for two years, finally discharging him when he couldn't pay anymore, and they claimed he owed them \$250. I asked where I could find Mr. Horn. He went out, looked up and down the hall apparently to be sure nobody was looking, then he came back in and said, "He lives on Tyler Creek." I asked where Tyler Creek was, and he said up near Canyonville. I told him I would go up there.

Tyler Creek is 20 miles long, but I stopped at every house, shack and habitation from the mouth of the creek clear to the end, and nobody knew anything about William Horn. So I came back into Canyonville. As I said, once in awhile things fall to you, or against you. I don't know why, but they do. I was driving an old Ford. I went into a service station and said, "Fill this thing with gasoline, and put two quarts of oil in it." I asked the man whether he had ever heard of a man named William Horn, and he said, "Yes, he's a friend of mine." I asked where I might find him, and he told me Horn was staying at the Mercury mine, which was way back in the mountains at the end of Tyler Creek road. I had been up there already, and nobody seemed to know anything about Mr. Horn. He said, "You go up to a certain place and there will be a trail. Start on that trail and go to the end of it."

It was six miles right up that mountain on foot, as there was only a trail. So

when I got into the Mercury mine I found an old mining camp of about six or eight old buildings. They had steep roofs and clapboard siding nailed straight up and down. They were all deserted except one. Smoke was coming out of its chimney so I went over and knocked at the door. I heard, "Come in." There sat an old man who just reminded me of the pictures of Jesus Christ. He had a scraggly mustache and whiskers — you know the pictures of Christ. In pain with dropsy, he was sitting there with one foot propped up. I asked whether he was Mr. Horn, and he said, "Yes, sir." I said, "I am Scott Young from up on the North Santiam, I think you own 160 acres up there?" He said, "Yes, I do." I asked how much he wanted for it, and he told me \$5000. I told Mr. Horn I didn't have \$5000 or hardly any part of it, but would he sell 40 acres at the same rate, and he said he would be glad to. I said 40 acres would be \$1250 — more my class — because I didn't have too much money. When I told him he didn't own that property, he said he did. I said, "I happen to know you don't own it. Do you know the records show the property belongs to Douglas County?" When he said he didn't, I asked whether he had received any tax statements in the last several years. He thought that he had not, and I suggested that he might have given the property to Douglas County. He said, "No, I owed them \$250, and gave them a mortgage on that property." When I suggested to him that he thought he had given them a mortgage, he had actually given them a deed, I just happened to pick the truth.

He was peeling potatoes at the time, but he reached under a pile of papers and pulled out a 38 with a barrel about six inches long. He said, "I'll go down there and talk to those S.O.B.s." I said I would take him whenever he wanted to go, but asked how I would get him off the mountain.

He said his neighbor had a horse. The next day we got the horse and went off the mountain, got into my Ford, and went chuggety-chug down to Roseburg. I had to assume a lot of things, but I don't mind calling a spade a spade. His attorney was a fellow by the name of Riddle. I didn't have much money so I went upstairs into Riddle's office with Mr. Horn. I said, "Mr. Riddle, I'm Scott Young from North Santiam country. I am making arrangements to buy a piece of property that William Horn owns up on the North Santiam. Mr. Horn thought he gave you people a mortgage on that property for his tenure in the county hospital. He thought he was giving you a mortgage when he actually gave you a deed. I have the \$250 To reimburse you and the county, and I will be back in TWO hours." Then I walked out. When I came back Judge Hamilton and the attorney had the property deeded back to Mr. Horn. I gave them the \$250 for the back taxes, and that was my down payment. In two hours they had turned it back to him.

Ivan: What were they afraid of?

Scott: Why, they were stealing the property. They figured he was going to die. He was sick when he left there, and they threw him out. They had said he would have to give them a mortgage on his property, but instead of a mortgage they wrote up a deed. They knew I was going to get them, and they were scared of me. They didn't know who I was nor how much power I had — AND that wasn't all. That old boy had a .38 and he meant what he said. I had left him in there with the attorney, and I don't know what he did, but when I got back in two hours, they had deeded the property back to him, and I gave them the \$250. So I saved his property, and he always felt kindly toward me. We spoke the same language — we were the same kind of people, I paid him \$250 a year, which was a lot of money for him. He hadn't anything before that, and \$250 would buy his beans. So, for years I paid him \$250 a year until it was paid up. Then I bought the 120 acre parcel that was left.

**SECOND TAPE INTERVIEW WITH SCOTT YOUNG,
MARION FORKS, SANTIAM
23 October, 1967**

Ivan: I found your taped dissertation about Marion Forks property very interesting. It will go into the archives of the Oregon Historical Society sometime if you wish. If you don't wish, please tell me so now.

Scott: It won't be too many years until I don't care what happens with the Historical Society, or anybody else.

Ivan: You have built an electric plant here, drawing water from what creek?

Scott: It comes from Kinto Creek, named for John Kinto, an early pioneer, He was an old-timer back in pioneer days.

Ivan: About how many kilowatts do you generate?

Scott: I'd say maybe 30.

Ivan: Equivalent to 50 H.P.?

Scott: Not exactly - 30 - 38 - 40 maybe.

Ivan: Do you use Pelton turbine? How many feet of head?

Scott: 100 feet of head, or 43 pounds per square inch.

Ivan: You told me about Charlie Olin awhile ago, who fished with set nets below Cascade Locks. I have pictures of him, and, of course, old-timers have told me about him, and what a wonderful boatman he was. You told me about

how he ferried the line across the river after the winter sleet in 1921 broke your power line. What can you tell me about Charlie Olin other than that?

Scott: I can't tell you much more. He was a fisherman, of course, but I don't know any details. He was just another person of the community; but without some definite contact with people, you don't know anything about them.

Ivan: You had left before the Bridge of the Gods was completed?

Scott: Yes, it was completed about 1926.

Ivan: I found Val Tomkins' logbook. He was lock-master. Did you know Val Tomkins?

Scott: Oh yes, all the years we were there.

Ivan: I found his log which told the exact minute Colonel Lindberg flew under the Bridge of the Gods that September day in 1927. I searched for years to find that log; finally found it in the basement of the Corps of Engineers building in the Pittock Block, Portland. It is an amazing document. He made very detailed notes.

Scott: We knew the whole family, his wife, a son, and two girls. He was an Englishman, as I remember. His son lives in Portland. I believe the son retired from the Corps of Engineers because of disability,

Ivan: The son did not know where I could find this log, but by search-ing I learned there were fifteen boxes of old photographs and records in the basement of the Pittock Block. In going through them, Wayne Gurley and I fortunately found Val Tomkins' log.

Scott: As I remember him, he would have been detailed to the Nth degree. Once in awhile we used to see Tomkins' name in connection with the Port of Portland, and I wondered if he was the one, but it must have been somebody else. Being in the same town, we were pretty well acquainted. He said there was a fellow who knew there was a way to catch salmon with a fly, and he used to try to catch a salmon with a fly. I wouldn't know his name, but he was somebody connected with the government or with the locks.

Ivan: Shall we go to Sam Samson now? You told me a very interesting story about Sam Samson the other day. When did he come into the Gorge region, and when did you come to know him?

Scott: I don't know. I wouldn't say he grew up there, but a good many years of his life was in logging. He was a logger and he had the ambition to be more than

a logger — to be a logging operator — but everything he ever tried failed, and the only thing he ever accumulated was debts. Everyone liked him. He was a fine fellow, but the story I told you was that he owed everybody in that end of Washington, and when the gold rush started he decided to go to Alaska. He borrowed a horse from an old widow and rode it off toward Portland to see if he could get to Alaska. He didn't know how he was going to get there, but anyway, he didn't take the horse. It was disposed of someplace along the line.

Anyway, he went up to Nome and spent several years there, and while there he married a widow with a daughter. The widow was a very accomplished hotel operator up in Nome. After Sam made the strike they were married, and they came back to Stevenson, Washington with his pile of gold, and the story was as he told it to me. I got this story out of him while standing in the window of the hotel looking south across the Columbia before the water behind the dam was raised. In those years the channel was on the Washington side and on the Oregon side was an enormous sandbar, but now it's all water. When I went there I always stayed in the Samson hotel.

Ivan: Was this where P. J. McGowan conducted his seining operation?

Scott: Yes, this is where, in the late summertime, they would bring the team of horses, boats and nets, and seine the Columbia, bringing the nets into the big sandbar. The horses would pull the net into the sandbar. The teams would pull as far as they could, then another team would hook on and take it, finally hauling in the fish. Well, that sandbar was maybe a mile long, maybe more, and 1/2 or 3/4 of a mile wide.

Standing there in the window I said to Sam, "Sam, would you like to go back to Nome and try it over again?" He said, "I want to tell you something. Look at that sandbar out there. Imagine that being a mile wide and miles and miles long, and some place 60 feet below the surface there is a streak of gold which snakes around below, and no one knows where it is. It is not very wide. It is 60 feet down and it is about 60 feet wide, and all the rest is barren, and you go out there to stake a claim. You go down 60 feet and strike nothing. It is completely frozen from top to bottom, and from there on down no one knows how deep it's frozen. The only way to get it out is with steam points down. My partner went there and eventually we got 60 feet down to bed rock and didn't hit a thing. We were in desperate straits. We didn't have anything, and didn't have enough to eat, but a painter who had done no mining but had been painting up there had enough money to grubstake us. We took him and another guy in if they would feed us and help us work. We would divide whatever we hit — we would divide it four ways. His name was Orson. Anyway, we took these two fellows in and started to drift laterally. After drifting another 60 feet, we hit pay dirt." Sam said they took

out a million dollars.

Ivan: One million dollars?

Scott: So he came home with a quarter of a million dollars, and that was a lot of money, worth ten million now. He came back to his old stomping grounds, hunted up everybody that he had ever borrowed a dollar from, and paid them back over and over, more than he had borrowed. I don't know what he did for the widow whose horse he rode away, but when he rode away, everybody said he was a dead beat (S.B.). He came back and proved that he wasn't. He loved the town of Stevenson. That was his stomping ground, and he built the big hotel, installed his hotel wife in it, and she ran the finest hotel there was in that whole country for many, many years. It was first class. It wasn't a big building. It was a frame building and all that, but the atmosphere in there was superb and so were the meals! I can remember to this day. Every dining room table had a flower on it.

Ivan: I can remember the building, but it had fallen into disuse.

Scott: That would be after she died, because she was the moving spirit of the hotel. Anyway, he tried various things. He was not a good businessman. Money got away from him. People worked him, and after awhile the quarter million got less and less. Among other things, he paved the streets. He set his brother up in the garage business — the Ford agency — which was really something in those early days. His brother's name was Swanson as he didn't like the name of Sampson and had it changed to Swanson. Two brothers: Samson and Swanson.

Ivan: Pete Swanson?

Scott: You know him?

Ivan: I know of him.

Scott: His name was Samson, but he didn't like that name, so he had it changed to Swanson. He ran the Ford garage all the time we were there. Sam Samson was a wonderful old guy - salt of the earth. He built this power plant, but it didn't pay. He had to hire all his help. We did our work for nothing, but anytime he had to have anything done for the plant, he had to pay, ah, of a price for it. It was always in the hole. He built it as a public service. He built that power plant and put electric lights in there; he was just that kind of a man.

Ivan: As I recall, he also put a 2" pipeline down from the hot springs way up Rock Creek to Stevenson. Charlie Ziegler dug some of the ditch for him some 46-

48 years ago. Do you know Charlie Ziegler?

Scott: I knew him very well. He's alive?

Ivan: Yes, he is 88 or 89 now.

Scott: That's about right. He was 10 years older than I.

Ivan: And he is a better physical specimen than I. We bought our land from Charlie Ziegler at Stevenson. Big Charlie! He is a tremendous individual.

Scott: I had him out on the farm once. He was a giant. I think he would have gone through h... for me. I don't know why, but he thought the world of me. He could do thee or four men's work.

Ivan: About Sam Samson, you say his fortune dwindled away gradually? Do you know what happened to him?

Scott: No, I don't know. His wife had a daughter who married a politician I believe elected to the state legislature. I've forgotten her name.

Ivan: He didn't want to go back to that ordeal in Alaska.

Scott: He didn't want to take that terrible chance when he would hit bottom. You have to have something akin to faith in the future.

1 Feb. 1984:

Ivan: Scott Young built a restaurant and power plant near the North Santiam River at Marion Forks where he remained in business many years. We biologists were holding and tattooing our experimental fish at the Oregon Fish Commission's fish hatchery at Marion Forks. Scott Young and his brother Goodwin were descendants of the Mormon leader, Brigham Young. Scott gave me an old two flywheel, farm type, single cylinder gasoline engine, which I gave to the old gas engine society at Brooks, Oregon. Scott departed several years ago. Horn Creek in this vicinity is a (sometimes) source of very cold water for the hatchery.