HAROLD "DEWEY" and VIVIAN ANDERSON

(Taken from and Interview by Ivan Donaldson, Dec. 12, 1978)

Harold and Vivian Anderson were pioneers of the Carson Valley.

Harold was born in in Carson in 1901, about a half of mile north of downtown Carson. The family home is on what is now Wind River Highway just south of its junction with Metzger Road. Vivian was born c. 1907.

He was born in old log house. It was a small, very small with two rooms in it and then they built on a kitchen, made out of rough 1x12 boards.

"The boards were sawed by out only sawmill that we had at that time," remember Harold, "which was water powered." The sawmill was situated on Carson Creek and was owned by Chauncey Price. "It had a straight blade and it went up and down. It had a six-inch reciprocating cast iron shaft, that I understand came around the Horn. It had a crank on the end of it, about eighteen inches long. Because I saw the crank after the sawmill was dismantled. I helped another person getting it out of the creek, Carson Creek, way down. It had washed down with other stuff and it lodged in Carson Creek, quite a ways down below the mill. I helped him get that out of there one days, years ago."

It had an eighteen inch stroke, multiplied by two, for a thirty-six stroke. Harold saved a piece of it for a while, but a junk man stole it.

"It sawed a lot of lumber in this (Carson) valley," he remembers. "I think most of, in fact I know that almost all of this valley was logged into that mill. I don't think there was another one in the county here at that time. They weren't hauling 'em anyplace."

There was no way of hauling the logs anyplace in those days as there were no truck, or even roads to drive them on. Price constructed a flume that come down Carson Creek and ended near where the American Legion Hall in Carson is now.

"We did have oxen to move the logs to the mill. There was a tram road right across the back of our place. By the way the two ox shoes that are (in the Interpretive Center) came off of this place. They were found here. We had 'em for years, several others."

The skid road was just a couple of hundred yards west of Harold's house.

"It was made with logs set down crosswise in the earth, like ties on a railroad, except them were about six feet apart. They were buried; just little small logs about ten inches," he remembers. Even in this climate the logs would last a long time. "Longer than five years. They were greased, you know. They had a grease monkey with a bucket and a stick and a big rag swab on it, and they'd do along and grease those skids. The grease helped preserve the tram road, and the logs would slide easier."

Around 1906-1907 a developer was in the valley seeking to build a irrigation tram.

"Well, that was a fellow by the name of Holly. He was trying to make a little something out of it. They formed a company and bought up a lot of land up through here and they were going to put in an irrigation ditch; irrigate the whole valley. They were going to make another. He was, originally I think, from the Hood River, in that area. They were going to make another

valley like Hood River out of it, and irrigate it. And that was before the bridge was built, up here then; the High Bridge.

"They had to go down around and cross down below when they, down in the canyon. And he made a deal with the County, I understood at that time, that would furnish the lumber, I guess he did, for the High Bridge.

"High Bridge is all built out of timber; towers and everything was. The towers were were hand-hewed right there at the bridge; at the bridge. The timber were twelve by twelve. Twelve by twelve timbers. They might have been a little bit more than that. They might have been fourteen inches. And he furnished the lumber for the for the privilege of carrying a pipeline, an irrigation line, across the canyon.

"I don't remember Mr. Holly's first name. He owned a place at Home Valley at the east end of the flat *(where Home Valley Park is now)*. They're supposed to be talking of putting it into a park. He owned that that flat, from the river clear to the railroad track. I can't remember his initials."

The irrigation ditch was started on Panther Creek, and was some four or five miles long.

"Holly built a flume that was about four feet wide and two feet high," remembers Harold. "He (Holly) put in a sawmill. They bought the land with the timber on it, and then they cut the timber, sawed the lumber and built the bridge, and then built the flume with that lumber."

But the project was never finished.

"He never got to the bridge," Harold says. "Evidently he went broke or gave it up and they got to, oh, between four and five miles . . . I don't remember now just where . . . I know where they stopped. I don't know who owns the property now, but it ended at that time on the Cassidy place. But I don't know who owned that now. Then there was another ditch and it went down there, but it was another dead end."

However, several farmers in that area were able to utilize the abundant water coming down the flume. The flume was still in use when the High Bridge was built in 1912.

It was still in operation. It is too bad he (Holly) didn't bring in on down to the flats in Carson.

"Yeah, should have been," Harold says. "Like there would have been a pipeline, at that time, for water, at the same time, 'cuz that was a good stream, a good big stream. No limit to the amount of water they could have taken out of there; it was all pure. Nothing was up above. There was no roads up above, no logging at that time. There was no logging on Panther Creek until just after World War I; actually World War II."

Woody Glur's Water Works

Early Carson pioneer Woody Glur developed the water works for Carson, from Carson Creek.

"That was going when I was born, (1900) so I don't really know. That was early, very early. Some of the pipes were made of wood, as I can remember old wooden pipes that they had taken out."

When Ivan Donaldson came to Skamania County in 1950, Glur had a network of pipes over the valley.

"Was the pipe made at the pipe works in Stevenson?" Donaldson inquires. "They did have a pipe building plant at Stevenson, the north side, I believe, of Rock Creel. The north side of Rock Creek Lake."

"I wouldn't know," replies Harold. "You know in those days there wasn't much of a road between here and Stevenson. There wasn't much travel. It was just a dirt road, up and down. It was more or less at the present site (Hwy. 14). Yeah, but they didn't make any fills; no such a thing as a fill. When there was a gully coming down off the hill, why, you drove done in ti and out the other side, and it was pretty steep in places. So we didn't do much traveling.

"The first good road came through from Stevenson wasn't until they built the first state highway in about 1915."

Harold worked on the road at Sand Hill in about 1919, after it have been built a few years earlier.

"They were putting it clear on through as that was the first road that we had here," Harold remembers, "that we could go up the river. Our road stopped at Home Valley. From here to Home Valley and that's about all the road there was, up the river. Then the state road was pushed in." The Wind River Bridge at Home Valley was built in 1925. and went east on the south side of Wind Mountain.

Donaldson recalls: "Mr. Raymond Sly was prosecuting attorney for the County at that time, and he told me, with a great amount of humor, how he actually bluffed the railroad out of giving them a right-of-way through that area. And do you remember the turret, down there at Wind Mountain, when Herriman of the Union Pacific on the Oregon side, fought to stop Jim Hill from building the road here on this side of the river. You know there is a section of the road down there, by Wind Mountain, that Harriman build, Union Pacific built, to try to stop Jim Hill on this side?"

"No, I don't . . . must have been pretty early," Harold responds.

"It had to be 1906 or 1907," Donaldson said. "Apparently the Union Pacific had been trying to stop Jim Hill. They purchased the right-of-way at that point and they thought that they could stop Jim Hill, but apparently they didn't."

The state road was built with slip scapers and fresnos. Sometimes county residents would pay their poll tax by working on the road at that time.

"There was a lot of free donation work done," says Harold, "but it just to improve. Lots of times they'd to out and clean up a road and grade it all by hand. Using horses they'd make a road out of it, but it wasn't compulsory"

Running the fresnos was a hard job. Harold remembers driving a few teams, but was cagey enough not to get caught by the handle. "That was a hard work; all work," he says.

The state highway went east to Cooks, and went up the hill, and it came down again at Underwood, and then on to White Salmon.

Harold also had a blacksmith shop in Carson in 1935, where he sharpened a lot of the tools for the road job. Instead of the old way of using a ballast or a hand crank, Harold had electricity to run it. "The electricity came across from Cascade Locks. There was a power plant over there. It was a small company that built it and it just served this area (Cascade Locks, Stevenson and Carson)," remembers Harold.

Scott Young and his brother, Goodwin Young, built the plant, which was on Harman Creek, just east of Cascade Locks.

"I think part of the time you had about 90 volts, so you was supposed to have 110," Harold remembers. Electricity didn't come to Harold's house until the 1930's, the early

1930's, but others in the valley had it before that. They had no electricity before Goodwin and Scott Young brought it in. "We didn't know what it was. We were happy."

Family Home Built in 1899; Family Horse Named Bill

Harold's parents bought their place in 1989, about 20 acres. "They built the log house, with kerosene lights, and then they had to built it the next year, 1899," according to Harold. They lived in that log house until they built the big frame house in 1908 or 1909.

The log house was where Harold's pet house Bill would come in. "He was a part of the family and a lot of other families around town, too. There's very few people in the valley here that didn't use him at one time or another, for hauling and cultivating and plowing, and stuff like that," Harold boasts. "The horse became an orphaned and was raised by hand. His mother jumped over a log and ran a limb into her stomach and died, right back on our own place here. He was found a few days later and we hand raised him from then on." The fole was just three weeks old in 1903.

"And he was a pretty horse. His mother was just a little Indian Cayuse and he turned out to be a horse that weighed about twelve-fifty (1,250), and well built, stock. He was about fifteen hands high, and strong. He was always into everything. You couldn't keep a gate locked. He would unlock it and walk through. Doors the same way: he's slip the latch open with his jawbone and open the door.

"And walk in, but he'd never tell us when he went out. When it was raining real bad, lots of time my mother would go out in the kitchen to start breakfast in the morning and old Bill would be right in the middle of the floor. Rain would be pouring down outside and he'd be standing in the floor, waiting.

"We had a wood floor, so out he'd go, rain or no rain. And the same way with gates — you didn't know where he was going to be because he'd open them and go through. Regular gates the same way. He'd open a regular gate, or if it was a latch, well, he'd open it. When he was a colt growing up, he spent a lot of time down town and he'd walk right into the saloon (now Bungalow Tavern). Ed Anderson had a saloon right across where the beer parlor is now, across from the Legion Hall. He'd walk right in, walk up to the bar and they'd feed him beer. Sometime he'd get to where he couldn't hardly stand," Harold chuckles.

The boys around the bar would feed him beer. "Yeah," says Harold," they thought that it was a big joke, and as I say he's almost human, he had to be with people. And when the bartender went up to eat lunch, he'd go up town which was two or three blocks up there, why he'd get on Bill and ride him up to the restaurant. He'd go in and eat, and Bill would stand out there and wait for him and when he came out he'd get on Bill and ride back to the saloon again, and have another round of beer."

And he actually got tipsy? "I've been told that he'd get to tipsy that he could hardly walk. It didn't stunt his growth any!"

Because Bill was very tame, the family didn't have to break him to be a work horse. "Work horse — nobody broke him. They just put the harness o him and used him. Didn't make any difference what you wanted. You could hook him to to the buggy. My dad went to, well, he was working up at The Dalles, and he bought a buggy, and that was the first harness we had for him. We got a harness and a buggy and brought it on a boat on the river. He just took Bill down and put the harness on him and hooked him up to the buggy and drove him

home, and that was it."

They used a bridle and whole harness.

"Did he adjust to the bit?" Ivan asked.

"Yep, it didn't make any difference. He was adjusted to everything. I think he was born that way," Harold says. "That's something unusual in a horse. Nothing mean about him at all, he never kicked, no, never in his life. The kids climbed all over him. We have a picture of him; I think there was five kids on him, riding him, at one time."

Tragedy came when Bill died due to an accident. He got kicked by another horse. "The only one time that he was ever out of here after years of being out here on the place. He got out one day. Somebody came in and left the gate open. That's when we had a gate that he couldn't open anymore. They left the gate open and he went out and it wasn't more than an hour that he got in another herd of horsed down here, and there was one mean on in the bunch. Well, he probably had to tell him because he wasn't to good around other horses, either. He didn't want them around.

"He got kicked in the hind leg and broke his leg. He was about seventeen years old and looked like . . . I was riding him one time during World War I, down here, and the buyer for the Army was in town looking for horses. I was with another kid with a young three-year old, a good looking horse. This buyer tried to buy my horse.

"He was the most active of the two, and he also had a rain bone on the hind foot, didn't hurt him any, just above the hoof on his ankle. He didn't notice that, all he noticed was his gait. He had a beautiful gait, and he wanted to buy him for the Army. A fifteen year old horse and he thought he was a colt.

Remembers Mrs. Monaghan

"Mrs. Margaret (Thomas) Monaghan, she was a great ole gal," remembers Harold. "She was Irish, and she had white, pure white, snow white curly hair that just tight to her head, like sheep wool. She was just a little bit radical, being Irish, and she knew what she wanted. She and her husband Thomas homesteaded down on the river at the old ground there at the Carson Depot.

"The railroad tried to buy the right-of-way, but she wouldn't sell. She ran them all off, and she was the old gal that could do it, too. If she couldn't do it one way she could all of a sudden get her gun. That usually sent them on their way. The railroad company sent up a man that was to talk to her, not to do business with her, just go see,her talk to her, kid her around a little and finally got her to where he thought that she'd accept a buyer.

"So, he sent for the buyer. He came up and he introduced him. Mr. Curr. She looked at him and said, 'Mr. Curr, Mr. Curr. I'll be gees, is your dog well named'."

In the long run the railroad was able to acquire the land, either by right of domain or condemnation. The railroad had to go to court and they ended up paying her full price.

Harold couldn't remember Margaret's age. "When I saw her she looked like she was 80 or 90 years old, but I wouldn't know how old she was. She had a son that was married and had a family That was the old Monaghan road (off St. Martin's Ave.), they owned that place down there."

Margaret Connally Monaghan was born in Ireland, about 1839 (date not verified). Her natural father's name was Connally, but evidently he died and before coming to America her mother re-married a man named O'Reilly. The family came to Baltimore, MD about 1852 when Margaret was 12 years old. She had a full brother who came with the family. She was

married at age 14, probably in Baltimore, to a soldier named Patrick Byrne (Burns). Margaret Connally's first child was born in Baltimore, MD. Sept. 25, 1854, and named Mary Ann. We have found no record of the marriage to Byrne and the only place the name Byrne appears in record is in the records of St. James Church in Vancouver, WA., when Mary Ann married Rodney Goodenough Sept. 25, 1873.

Margaret stayed at the family farm where they built a house for her and lived there for years. It was right on the river, right close to the depot. Carson Springs (now named Carson Creek) was a little stream that went right by her house.

"She has a grandson that lives, I think, in Portland and Vancouver, and a daughter and granddaughter that lives in Vancouver."

Harold tells another story of Margaret Monaghan:

"Well," he says, "The story that was told to me by the fellow by the name of Frank Zurcher, that was there. He was a young fellow that worked at St. Martin's Springs. The priest also stayed at St. Martin's, which was one source of their income. Mrs. Monaghan was another source (of income), too, but no so good. She was also Catholic as were the St. Martins.

"Mrs. Monaghan and the priest got into an argument. They'd drink a little bit and then argue a little more and it finally got to where she couldn't stand it any more and she ran him out of the house, and she was gonna shoot him. She had an ole double muzzle-loading shotgun there, and she called for Fred Zurcher to come in and load the gun. And so he came in and loaded the shotgun for her and put in a double charge of powder and handed her the gun, just as the priest was going over the hill and out of sight when she went to the door to shoot. So she handed Fred the gun and he put it away back in the corner.

"A couple of days later, why, he thought he better do something about that gun because somebody might get hurt, so he took it out and backed up against a tree and pulled the trigger. The gun shot alright, but it went right back through the stock and broke the stock."

Which, of course, would have given Margaret quite a kick backwards.

"That's what he wanted to do. He said if she'd of pulled the trigger, well it would of backed her right out of the house. I don't think the priest ever came back. I think he's still going," chuckles Harold.

Carson Prospers

Any memories of the days when the railroad went through? Did the railroad people come into Carson for refreshments?

"I remember when it went through, alright, but there's nothing particular there than I can remember that happened. Mrs. Noons did a good business (when the railroad people came). They also had a saloon right on the river, down there at the boat landing."

The boat landing was about a half-mile from the Monaghans. A big hotel was also at the landing.

"I think somebody tore it down and moved it over to a place, a little farther west on the river. They moved the whole building. Tore it down and moved the mover and rebuilt it on the north side of the river and turned it into a home.

"The man was called Montchellan. The home is still there. People are living down in there, and other people have built in there since."

There was no train coming, of course, while they were building the tracks, so the train workers had to go to Stevenson or Carson for supplies.

"I think they got their groceries and everything between here and Stevenson, both places

probably. Carson had two stores down here: two grocery stores, five saloons, one blacksmith shop, and a laundry, a steam laundry. There was also a theatre."

"What do you know about the development of the two hot springs and the hot springs hotel and the hotel up at Government Mineral Springs?" asks Donaldson.

Hot Springs

"Well, the Government Mineral Springs was built about, well, I imagine probably in 1907 of 1908. Several people went together and formed a company. Our neighbor, Nick Fosdick, right across the road, was one of them. Fred Anderson, that owned the saloon was another, but I don't know how many more went together and built the hotel. All of the furniture in it, I understand, was hand-made. I don't know if it was or not, but a lot of it I know was. It might have been 1908 or 1909 when it opened up for business, along in there someplace. Very poor road up there and the only way it traveled was horse and wagon."

Patrons for the various hot springs came by steamboat to the Carson Landing. They also came by railroad, after the tracks were laid. The stages would meet them.

"St. Martin's had a big hack all enclosed and four horses that would meet the boats and meet the trains," says Harold. "The Government Mineral Springs had a private (hired) hack that hauled them up to there. It was all horses and wagons and hacks that hauled them up. Later on they got cars that would travel up there, but that didn't last long. It was a rough road and dirt, you know. Well, in 1913, I know, they had stages running the automobile running up there. Then they started the same with the St. Martin's Springs and the Shipherd's Hot Springs.

"Shipherd's had horses, too. They had a big barn there and a stable of horses and saddle horses for the guests. So they could hire saddle horses and ride out in the country and around. They had heavy horses for the hacks to meet the trains and the boats.

"St. Martin's had four-horse teams, four big ones. When they built a road up a hill, it didn't mean a thing. They'd (horses) go straight up it so they had to have something that would pull. St. Martin's had a big barn sitting out in front of the hotel and you had to drive right through the barn to get to the hotel," chuckles Harold.

"Wasn't that quite a gambling place there?" asks Dewey Anderson, Harold's wife. "Yes," answered Harold, "they were noted for their gambling, as was Shipherd's. They had a lot of gambling. Mostly just cards."

"Tell us about Shipherd's Hot Springs. When was it developed?" questions Donaldson.

"Well, it must have been shortly after 1900," says Harold. "St. Martin's was before that. St. Martin's was back in 1800's, but Shipherds's was shortly after 1900.

"The Shipherd brothers came in and developed it. They had a nice hotel, a nice looking hotel and very nice accommodations. They had a good business there for years. But it burned down. They had steam heat, wood burner. They had cordwood hauled in there by the cord after cord, in four-foot lengths. Local people would cut the wood and sell it to them. But they had a fire in the late 1920's, in 1928 or 1929. I wasn't around when that burned."

With the people coming boat and the railroad, St. Martin's and Shipherd's made accommodations for them. "Shipherd's had some camps, tents out. And there was always been some down at St. Martin's. They had cottages there. They were building them, oh, around 1910, along in there. They were building cottages for their peole that didn't want to stay in the hotel. And then they also had some camping down on the river. They could drive down there and camp along the Wind River. Some people would camp for a number of

weeks."

People would come out of Portland, and down the river to Astoria. "They were fishermen. They would come up and would try to soak out the liquor," Harold says.

Did the hot springs have curative powers?

"They had to divvy that cone in ahile to live," continues Harold, and then it would take them about a year to saturated again, and they'd come back. But a lot of people came there to be cured. They people who cme to St. Martin's Springs couldn't walk. they were carried in. And in thirty days they were walking around and leave."

"It was good for poison oak, too," says Vivian.

"I wish to ask you about that," says Donaldson. "Bessie Miller told us that this had great curative power for a case of poison oak."

"Cured it in no time," says Harold, "in just a few days. My brother went over there when he couldn't even wear clothes, he had it so bad with poison oak; blistered all over, over the whole body. He went over there and took a few baths and it healed up, that was it. And they had a girl from Portland, a school teacher down there that we knew then when they were little kids, they are still living. I went down there one day, dropped in on them and her eyes were almost completely closed. And the doctor wouldn't let her touch water and so I told her about the springs, and she said, 'Well, I'm coming up Friday night, I don't care what the doctor says.' She came on Friday night, she stayed at our place, from Portland. Saturday, she went over to take a bath. Sunday morning she went and took another bath; Sunday afternoon she took another bath. That night she went back to Portland, cured."

Vivian remembers: "Used to have the little girls from the Girl Scout Camp, get out in the air. The children would all get poison oak from running around, and some of them were pretty bad. They used to bring them down to the Spring to cure them, and then they went home alright.

"The waters are pretty powerful. The different minerals in there; of course, it's very smelly and they suggest you drink a lot of it. It tastes pretty bad, although, I have tasted worst water than than in some of those mineral springs in Montana. It was like drinking a rotten egg, so this one isn't quite so bad."

"I hear there were actual battle by members of the St. Martin family in the early years. Is this correct?" asks Ivan.

"Oh, yes," says Harold. "One would start running after the old original St. Martin. He was killed, you know. He was stabbed right at the Springs by one of the customers. I don't know, but, the customer didn't like the service and they ended up in a fight. They had a trial for the customer but they cleared him on grounds of self-defense."

This was before the railroad came, around 1906 or 1907.

After that his grandmother took over and she ran the Spring for years. "She was French-Canadian," according to Harold, "She was was from around Salem, but I am not sure. He was French. He claimed to be French, full-blooded Frenchman. He had white hair. And he talked French. My dad said he couldn't understand his French. My dad spoke several languages, but he said he couldn't understand him. He said he could understand French, but he couldn't understand Mr. Martin. That was mixed up a little bit with jargon, I imagine."

"I think her father spoke the Parisian French," says Dewey. "You see, the Canadian French, on can't understand the other. Just a few words."

"But dad spoke several languages, including German," Harold injected.

"I'd like to pursue the St. Martin line," Ivan says. "I heard that they had actual physical violence in the family down there.

"They were always fighting," according to Harold. "Even the old Grandma. If anybody didn't like it, well, she ran them off. Customers, too. She'd fight with anybody. When she left they had different ones to operate the Springs. She moved out, or, they finally moved her out. I imagine the courts had something to do with it. There was so much. There was so trouble that they were in court all the time. That's the only reason they had court down here at St. Martin's Springs.

"Well, that's the truth; that was about the only reason for it. So they bought this next door place right here, and built a house there. The old lady moved in there and she lived there for several years. And, whoever was in there in charge, if somebody else didn't like it, they just moved in with baseball bats or anything they could get hold of and moved them out.

"One fellow was a son-in-law of the old ladies. He was running it and he was doing alright for himself until the rest of them got tired of it. He had his brother there helping him; also for their protection. And they moved in on him and his brother didn't help him very much because they laid him out and he was behind the stove. They moved them all out and then another one would take over and maybe a year another one would take over.

"And some of them did real well for themselves. You see, in the early days, everything was gold. Nobody knows where all that gold went to, but it all disappeared and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if some of it isn't buried over there yet."

"Don't say that too loud or they'll dig up all of St. Martin's looking for it now days," Dewey warned.

Harold's Father

Harold's father was well educated. Nobody knows how he got it. He went out on his own when he was 14 years old and hopped on a ship, and sailed all over the world.

"He was born in Norway," remembers Harold. "When he was 14 he left land and went on a ship, and he was twenty-two years on the ocean. Where he got his education, I don't know, but he was a good bookkeeper, and good at mathematics, and trigonometry. He was a captain for years. He knew all the stars and could pick 'em out and call their names."

Vivian remembers: "Well, the little story that goes by calling the stars by their names, people used to come up there and visit. They'd be out in the yard, and, of course, Captain spoke very broken English, you know. He had a great Norwegian dialect, so when he pronounced anything it didn't sound good. He had a cane and he'd take his cane and explain the stars to whoever happened to be out in the yard visiting with him. One of the stars was Jupiter and he called it 'Joe Peters.' The kids used to come in the house and they'd listen to their dad and then they'd take a stick and poke these little holes in the ceiling and said that was Joe Peters. Of course, the father didn't hear that."

"And how'd he happen to come to this country?" asks Ivan.

"He decided to quit the ocean," Harold recounts. "He was, of course, in the sail day, the old sailing vessels. He made seven trips around the Horn in sailing vesselt. He'd been all over in every port in the world, every major ort in the world several times."

"Tell him about the cannibal island," Vivian asks.

"Oh yeah," Harold says. "They came to and stopped at a cannival island to get water. They got all their barrels filled with fresh water, and these cannibals had a young boy there they were going to kill for a feast. So they traded for him for a side of beef, a half of beef; a

quarter of a beef. The boy was just a young one, probably six or eight years old. He was happy to be on the ship. He became a cabin boy then for them."

"My father came here in 1898, but he was in the east and Chicago for awhile, and in Cleveland. He was married in Chicago and then came to Astoria. He worked in the different canneries and different places on the river here, at Lower Cascades. They were there for awhile.

"He mostly fished, and whatever there was, whatever he could get to do. There wasn't much work in those days here, for anybody. He caulked a lot of boats. He helped build boats, and then he took up this homestead up on Trout Creek. That was about 1893 or 1894. It had 16 acres of timber. Practically no road. They moved in, oh, I don't know, about 1892 or 1893, along in there someplace. They lived there five years on the place. (They had to live on the homestead for five years to keep it.) I grew up on it, and then they moved down here.

"He kept ownership of the homestead until he could sell it. And he couldn't seel it; no sale of that, you know, timber. There was timber all the way up through here then, and they weren't going up there after any timber when they could get it close by. They bought this place (in Carson) in about 1898, a little draw from the other one, and bought this place. In 1892 the fire (Yacolt Burn) went through and burnt most of the timber. Maybe it was 1902. 1902 was the big fire (Yacolt Burn) that burned most of the timber, and the next year, I think it was, they sold what was left. They practically got nothing out of it."

The Yacolt Burn then destroyed his buildings

"Yeah, most of the timber," says Harold. "They didn't have any food up there, cuz they were going to move out; when the time was up they were going to move right out of there. They wasn't going to spend another winter there, so they had no food. Dad was working up at The Dalles on some kind of scows, or something, caulking boats or something. I still got his caulking tools here. So he bought a winter supply of groceries there, and was going to bring them down here, and then they was going to move down here and spend the winter. But the weather was so bad, the river was so high, the rains and snows; there was a lot of snow on the ground. They had nothing to eat, they had some cabbage that they had raised and some salt that they got out of a keg that they had salt fish in. And that was all they had to eat there for days.

Harold's mother and all the kids were up here, while Dad was in The Dalles trying to get food to them.

"Yeah, so he got the food up here alright, but they couldn't get down because of the river. So he finally, he got up there (Trout Creek) to help move out, but the river was so high it took out the bridge, so they couldn't cross the river. So they had go out and fall a tree across Wind River, right, practically where the bridge is there now. The water would come up and the next morning they'd go out to cross the bridge and the bridge was gone. And they'd fall another one the next day and the same thing again. So on the third day they fell a tree and they got it all down and fixed up so they could cross; they all crossed after dark and the water was splashing up over the log. Everything they had, they had on their backs; they had to carry everything down to this site here.

"What little bit they had they carried and there was, one, two, three, four, five, six kids. One of them they were carrying in their arms. They got across the bridge in that little ole shack there; they went into that and there was a can of flour there, so they had something to eat. They started a fire somehow, and with their kettlest they brought, made some kind of

break and they ate that. The next morning they walked out and down to here."

Harold's Mother

Harold's mother was from Norway, also. She was orphaned in Norway and was living with her aunt in Norway. She had a worse time than Harold's dad ever had.

"The aunt was by marriage," Harold says. "And they abuse her. She had to do all the work, all the cleaning all the cooking, all the dish washing, everything. All the housework she had to do. She was a "slave", and then she would go to school. She didn't eat except after they were through. Everybody in the family was through and thenshe could eat what was left, if there was any. She only grew up to be four-feet eleven. Most of it ws shortage of food when she should have been getting something to eat when she was a kid, little kid. So she finally ran away from them when she was 14.

"She moved in with the depot agent. They had living quarters above the depot. So they took her in and she went up and lived with them. In a couple of days her aunt started to hunt all over for her and found out she was down there, and she came down to get her. They wouldn't let her go upstairs, so she didn't get her back. When she was 18, she left and came to her uncle in Chicago. Her mother's uncle; her mother's brother was here in Chicago. He had a laundry and he sent her money for a ticket which was steerage. You carried all you food with you. She says it was terrible. Crowded, everybody packed down into the hold. She made it across, got off in New York. She didn't know anybody, couldn't talk English; nobody to meet her. She knew where she wanted to go but didn't know to get there. And she was hungry. She had a little money left. Somebody was going to get her something to eat and she gave them the money. She gave them the money and they disappeared and never showed up. She didn't have much left, but she did manage to get to Chicago. Then she worked in a laundry there to pay pack her fare, until her uncle kicked her out."

"Well, that's a story in itself." remembers Vivian. "She was there with all the other Norwegian girls; emigrants, that came and worked in the laundry, and they never learned any English, and he wanted her to learn American. So he says, 'Now you go out and learn to speak American English; you're going to live in this country. You'll never learn if you stay in the laundry and just stay with the Norwegian girls.' So he told her to go out and get work as house; do housework and work for English people to learn the language. So he was pretty fair that way. It wasn't a cruel act. It was an act of kindness to her, so she learned American."

Harold's father and mother met in Chicago and were married there. There were two boys born, one in Chigago and one in Cleveland. Then they moved to Astoria, OR. The rest of the family was born here, near the Columbia.

Harold's mother had a very. very fine sense of humor, according to Vivian. "She could take a joke and pull on too, just as fast."

Harold remembers that she would do more work in one day than most people could take a week to do.

"She ruled the household," says Vivian. "When grandma spoke up, people all moved. And still she was a little tiny brute. The big boys, you know, big family. She was this little tiny thing, and boy they listened to grandma. When she said she wasn't going to do something, she wouldn't do it."

Jim Hutchings Sr.

Harold got to know Jim Hutchings, Sr., around 1915.

Ivan says: "Jim was my very good friend. I admired him very much. He was a very

capable person."

Jim was self-educated man.

Harold knew Jim Sr.'s dad. I don't think his dad was much of a mechanic or machinist," Harold says. "He just drove team here for a long time; hauled stuff for the Forest Service in Hemlock. But I don't think he was much of a mechanic; that that I know of; that is his dad."

Jim Hutchings Jr., Evelyn's husband worked at the Bonneville Dam in the fisheries research. He had great ability. He worked there for a good many years, from the time the dam started, he worked there.

"When I came back from the army," Ivan remembers, "I went back, way back in those dark recesses of the powerhouse, and there and greet him. He was the first person I met after I got back from the army."

"Yep," drawls Harold, "he was a promoter of this valley, here. They had a pamphlet out, a little book, all about this valley, this whole thing. And I think that they have one over here someplace. I've seen it." Ed Hauling was a promoter. He was promoting the whole valley. There was pictures of it and then sending those pamphlets around.

Sister Etta's Baritone Voice

Harold's sister, Etta, had a baritone voice, and she work-sang in the old Pantages circuit when she was 22 or 23. She did this for two years."Two years," observes Vivian.

"I talked to her the other day about it. Two years. She was on the west coast and then they went east. This was about the time that their dad passed away, 1921 or 1922. Show business wasn't going so good. They had an old gal that as their agent, chaperone, booker and all that. It seemed like when they were finished with their performance for that time, she was there and also their banker and kept their money for them, because they were young girls. They were working in small theatrical hotels, and she just skipped off and left the girls all broke and stranded in Cleveland.

"No money. Some of them had a little bit of it, so most of them wrote home for money to get back home, because they couldn't be on their own. They didn't know. She never taught them anything about how to go about getting a job, and then this!! These gals had voices, and Etta's voice was the baritone and she took the man's part. In fact, on the stage she came as an impersonator and then she would take off her hat, or cap, or whatever she wore, and this big long hair came tumbling down. And all the smiles that she was a woman. Of course, in those day, that went over big. As a youngster she was pretty well known locally. She used to sing for clubs and anybody that had any need for church, and any need for some entertainment, why they'd call on her.

"She had natural ability. She had very little training, if she had any at all. She was always known as the little girl with the big voice. Years later, now, she just dreams in the past, because her voice is cracking. She can't sing anymore. Oh, she tries to warble a little bit but it doesn't sound like her at all."

Etta went to high school in Portland and she had been singing aroung in different places, and somebody found her there, leading to being able to join the old Pantages circuit. Her singing career was after World War I.

Following is Capt. Celo Anderson's Obituary, July 30, 1920

Capt. Anderson of Carson Passes (Father of Harold Anderson)

Capt. Celo Anderson, an old timer of Carson who had been desperately sick during the past week with angina pectoris, made apparently a decided improvement, but on Tuesday evening had another attack and expired before assistance could reach him.

Andrew Celo Anderson, son of Christian and Anna greta Anderson, was born in Horten, Norway, April 17, 1847, aged 73 years, 4 months and 10 days, leaving to mourn his departure, his wife, Carolina A. Anderson, his sons Ralph, Celo and Harold Anderson, and his daughters, Mrs. Celida Bowman, Ella Anderson, Mrs. Vera Scott and Edda A. Anderson. His oldest son, Leif Anderson, having preceded him to the Heavenly land.

He removed to Chicago in March, 1881, and there united in marriage with Carolina A. Anderson, a lady of his native country, May 10, 1884. From Chicago he removed to Cleveland, Ohio, and from thence he came to Portland, Oregon, removing to Carson, Wash. later, where he has resided for 28 years. In his early life Mr. Anderson followed the seas, attaining the rank of captain, and was called by that appelation the remainder of his life.

Mr. Anderson was in infancy inducted into the Lutheran church membership by baptism, and later through his own desire was confirmed in his relationship with this, the church of his choice in his native town of Horton, Norway. He continued in the faith, lived and died within the folds of the church, a member of the Lutheran church of The Dalles, Oregon.