GLEN BEVANS

This is tape one, side one of an interview with GLEN BEVANS, of Stevenson, WA. This is part of a oral history project conducted by the Skamania County Historical Society

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Interviewed by: Pat Hanson

Transcribed by: Rich Curran

Glen Bevans parents were Ruby and

Pat: Hello, Glen. Would you give us your name and where you born and when you were born?

Glen: My name is Glen Bevans and I was born in The Dalles, OR, Dec. 7, 1909.

Pat: You are the great-grandson of Felix Grundy Iman, who was one of the first white settlers in this area, and had a land donation claim, which includes part of the present town of Stevenson. Do you remember any stories about him?

Glen: Well, ah, the stories that, ah, I remember, that my grandmother was telling about, was of the massacre *(Indian uprising in March of 1856)* at the head of the rapids here. And, ah, she was telling me about, ah, the hardships they went through. And, ah, how the Indians set fire to the Fort, or tried to, you know, they tried, but they didn't, they tried to. They had to load, ah, all the people, the ones they could get in there, the ones they wasn't killed, the Indians couldn't get at, and put them on a steamboat and took them to Cascade Locks. And then from there to The Dalles, Fort Dalles, they called it.

Pat: This was back in 1856?

Glen: 1856.

Pat: What was happening when the captain was trying to get the boat away

from the shore?

Glen: Well, according to my grandmother, she said that the captain had to steer the boat away from the shore, because hot arrows was coming in the cabin, And, ah, they were trying to set the boat afire. And he had to steer it out with his feet. That's what I was told.

Pat: So he would not be exposed.

Glen: So that he wouldn't be exposed, right.

Pat: Your great grandparents met here. Do you remember any stories of about how they met and when they met, Felix and . . . *(Margaret)* . . .

Glen: Ah, what was her name . . .?

Pat: Louise? *(Margaret)*

Glen: I think it was Louise *(Margaret)*. They met at the Locks over here. I don't mean the Locks, at the head of the Rapids. And, they had a sawmill there, and he was working in that sawmill. And they also had, ah, they had, ah, a blockhouse there, and they had a warehouse, likewise, and people were living in both at the time. And she worked her way up here and she went to work there, in the warehouse. It was kinda of a warehouse and hotel. And, that's where she met *(Felix)* Iman. I think she was 15 years old.

Pat: Did they call that place the Cascades?

Glen: Upper Cascades.

Pat: Upper Cascades, where they actually met.

Glen: Yes.

Pat: And then they had quite a bit of children, didn't they?

Glen: They had 16.

Pat: And one was your grandmother.

Glen: One was my grandmother.

Pat: Can you tell us her name and any stories that you remember about her?

Glen: Her name was Flora, and, ah, everybody called her Flo. And, ah, she was telling me (inaudible) when she was a young kid, you know about the early days after the massacre, the Iman cabin sat, ah, just up where the plywood *(Co-Ply)* new office is at, right about where the new office of the plywood mill is at down here.

Pat: The Co-Ply *(just west of Stevenson)*?

Glen: Yes, the Co-Ply. And her cabin sat in there. And, ah, ah, she told me that at night, while they were in there trying to sleep, the Indians would come by at night on their horse, or on foot, and drag their feet or dragged sticks along the wall, and Bryan said, "It just scared the hell out of us kids!" *(Much laughter.)* Ah, she was such a character. And, ah, of course, the Army came up here and they got rid of the Indians. But, as my Grandmother said, "The Army killed the good Indians, and the bad Indians got away.

Pat: And that was after the massacre of 1856?

Glen: After the massacre. The Army came up here, and I forget which general it was, but, ah, the Indians had a big camp on Bradford Island, and also there was Indians there around where Bryant(?) lived, in that particular area, and the whites were all friends with them. But, when the Army came up they just shot anything they could, and took some of the guys out. I think there was nine or ten of them they hung. And they were all friends, friends of the whites. The Yakimas were the ones that started the uprising.

Pat: The ones that they hung were the Chinook locals?

Glen: Local Chinook Indians, that's right.

Pat: One thing of interest is that your grandmother was the first white baby born in this area.

Glen: That's what I understand, yeh.

Pat: That was back in 1856.

Glen: 1856.

Pat: Probably just a little before the massacre.

Glen: Yes.

Pat: She was a real pioneer.

Glen: She was only two or three days old.

Pat: If you have any more stories about your grandmother, let us, let us hear them.

Glen: Wellm she used to tell us stories about, ah, of the early days, you know. The snow fall, to hear them, would be eight to ten feet every, every year. And it would stay on the ground, sometimes, until latter part of April and May. And, one of her brothers, I think it was, ah, Don, I believe, when he was born they had to cross the river on ice, and this was in April, I think the 21st of April. They had to cross the ice over to get Dr. Santiam in Cascade Locks to come over and deliver the baby. There was a healthy grandmother . . . or mother, rather, and, ah, so you see how the weather has changed since that period. And then she was telling me tales about, ah, ah, how many wild animals there was around here at that particular time. Her dad used to shoot mountain goats up on Red Bluff. And, ah, she tells me they would be going along the river, with her dad, you know, just a bunch of little kids, and the Indians had their horses running loose down there. She said she heard this one horse squealing, you know, and her dad said, "Come on, hurry up, we gotta see what's happening here." She said when they come out into an opening a big cougar was onboard that Pinto's back. And she said she remembered as it was on his back it reached around and got a hold of the Pinto's nose with his paw and pulled him around and the horse fell over and broke his neck. And so they got out of there. They ran into lots of tales like that, you know. And, ah, another time when the Indians wanted to borrow the stone and grind his knife, you know, and she said, "That was scarry because I was just a little kid, four or five years old. Then her mother was doing the washing outside and ane Indian came up out of the brush, you know, and all he had was a loin cloth on. They called it a breech cloth, that name. And, he had this knife in his hand, and she said, "That was scary!" (laughter.) And, ah, the, the Indian jargon, you know, and Grandmother told him to go around and use the stone, and he grind his knife and the Indian left. And they got along really well, they had no problems. There were other episodes like that, too. But, ah, I think she was, ah, telling about her about her, ah, stories about her granddad. He built, suppose he built the (. . .) school down here, built roads and bridges, and such.

Pat: Her dad?

Glen: Her dad, yes, Felix Iman, yes.

Pat: There wasn't too many men in here so he had to do a lot.

Glen: Yes. Well, he was, ah, you know he couldn't read or write, but he had a lot of knowledge. He built, he could build wagons, and everything like that, you know. Built their own violin, everything like that.

Pat: Do you remember what type of work he would, he did when he arrived up here?

Glen: I think he was a millwright in the mill.

Pat: He built a mill?

Glen: I think he, ah, I don't know if he built it or not, but, ah, he was supposed to have been a millwright there.

Pat: Was he involved in building boats, also?

Glen: Yeh, he built three steamboats, right at the end, by the plywood mill, this side of the plywood mill.

Pat: So, those boats ran from here up to The Dalles?

Glen: I don't remember the names of the boats right off hand, but, but one of them was the "Mary," I know that, and the other two I couldn't tell you. I wished I had that, ah, document here that I had.

Pat: We'll look it up and get it.

Glen: I'll get that. But, ah, in the early days, I don't know, Grandmother was married, I don't remember her first husband's name right off hand, (*Charles Morgan),* but he was a sailor, evidently. An old square reader. And, ah, she met, ah, they got a divorce, and then she met my Granddad *(Isssac Ura)* Foster. I don't know what time, what year they got married, but, he came, I think he was raised here at Mt. Pleasant. In fact, my great-grandad on the Foster side is buried there. I tied to find his grave several times but when I worked right in that area with the P.U.D., there by the old schoolhouse, you know. And, I went in there, but there is so much brush and stuff in there, you know, I couldn't find it. But since then it has been cleaned, the old pioneers, you can see the graves there. He has a big marker.

Pat: There is an Iman Cemetery in Stevenson. Can you tell me where it is and any of your relatives are there?

Glen: Yes. It is right at six foot falls on Rock Creek.

Pat: It's on Rock Creek, huh?

Glen: Yes. You go out, ah, you know Ray MacKinnon?

Pat: Yes, up there on the bluff overlooking the falls?

Glen: Well, as you go into Ray's place there, you will see a sign that says "Iman Cemetery." You take that out there.

Pat: So that was the original cemetery for the Iman family?

Glen: Yes.

Pat: Like Felix, and your great grandmother are there?

Glen: Yes. They are all there. I have a sister that is buried there, likewise. And, ah, it is a beautiful site. I don't know, I don't know how, how many are in there, but, man, there is a mess of them. I think all of the originals are buried there, except for Grandmother on my mother's side, you know, she is buried in the local (*IOOF)* cemetery.

Pat: Your grandmother Flora married a Mr. *(Jefferson Davis)* Nix. And that was your mother's father and mother?

Glen: Yeh. She, ah, this is funny. Jeff Nix married an aunt of mine, on the Bevans side of the family (inaudible) no relation whatever. My aunt, they got a divorce, I don't know, they had problems of some kind. I never delved into it. And, years later, Jeff came back here and he and my grandmother got back together, darn it if they didn't get married. (Laughter.).

Pat: He like your family, didn't he?

Glen: Yeh. And it was the same way with an uncle of mine. An uncle of mine married a first cousin of mine.

Pat: Oh, my!

Glen: No blood relative, but Uncle Ira, he married, ah, Flora Nix, which is Lyda's *(Douglas)* sister. So, she was my cousin and my aunt.

Pat: Oh, that's great. Now, your Mom was named Ruby. Can you tell us any stories about her, or things you can remember.

Glen: Oh, yes. Now I understand that mother was born and raised over in the Sound.

Pat: Over in the Puget Sound area.

Glen: Yeh, the Puget Sound, Olympia and Tacoma area in there. And, ah, I think one time they lived on the Nisqually reservation, at the edge of the reservation there. And then they moved back here and they had a, a dairy where Erin Howell lives now (*Rock Creek Drive).*

Pat: On Rock Creek Drive.

Glen: Yes, that was the old Foster Dairy. And, ah, they sold the milk, and things like that to the railroad crew when they were building the railroad through here (ca. 1907). My uncle was telling me that he delivered milk to the railroad crew when he was seven years old. He had a little cart, two-wheeled cart, and they would load that up, you know, with milk and take it to the camps down here at the end of the rapids. He said, he took me around there and showed me where the post office from around Little Ash's Lake. and he showed me where the old road used to go around through there. It was just a real narrow road, you know, just wide enough for a wagon. The Indians used it for a trail, too. And, he said, one time he went to sleep coming home, and the ol' horse only had one eye, you know, and it dragged on him, or something scared it and the wagon upset. He said it broke a wheel. He wasn't hurt, it through off into the brush. He wasn't hurt. He unhitched the horse and rode the horse home. He said when he got home his dad beat the hell out of him because he broke the wagon wheel *(laughter*).

Pat: Now you said there was a post office back in there?

Glen: There was a post office in there.

Pat: Well, that is where Ash's Lake is now. Was that a golf course at one time?

Glen: Yes.

Pat: And then when the dam, Bonneville dam backed up, it flooded that area (ca. 1936).

Glen: Yes, it flooded that area.

Pat: OK. We will have take us on a hike so we can see all these places.

Glen: Well, I'll tell you what you want to do. At the bottom of the hill, just as

soon as you start up the hill, Ash's Lake on the railroad side, there is a road that goes around there by the railroad. Well, right at the end of that road, that's where the blockhouse sat on the river side, and that's where the old mill sat in there. And then on the knoll, before you get to the railroad, you go up on the knoll there, and that where the hotel and the warehouse sat. And the foundation is still there.

Pat: Is this the Bradford's, the Bradfords had that?

Glen: Yes, yeh. The foundation and everything is right there. I'll take you guys down there.

Pat: I'd love to go down there.

Glen: Would you go down and take a look at it?

Another: I think you took me down there 10 or 15 years ago. We saw the foundation down there.

Glen: I saw people digging down there, with their metal detectors, you know. I don't know if they ever found anything or not. But, ah, I went down there one time and, ah, my older brother and I, and we found the foundation of the old mill, a lot of the fire brick and stuff like that. I wanted to pack it out, some of it you know, just for the relics. And he was afraid. He said, "Ah, no, no, no. Just leave it alone." I was going to go back and get some, but I didn't.

Pat: Well, it sounds like you've got several of us who want to go and see the place and check it out.

Glen: I have a, top of an old stove here that I, ah, picked up down there from one of the houses that were burned down when the Indians set it afire. I got the top of the stove laying out here. I picked that up and brought that up here. But, ah, the old blockhouse, ah, I think the 1894 flood took the foundation of that out.

Pat: That was the 1894 flood.

Glen: Yeh. And, ah, part of the old railway, old portage railway, the original portage railway, it, ah, was destroyed, and then they rebuilt it again. But, ah, it used to be visible, but I don't know if it is now or not, because you get so much wave action from the dam here in that particular cove in there. It is probably gone now, because it was eroding the last time I was there, it was eroding real bad. I remember the old portage railroad, and part of it is still visible as you as you break down the hill from Icehouse

Lake, if you go down there, along the places, you can see part of the foundation of the old railroad in there yet.

Pat: That's heading east from Icehouse Lake?

Glen: No, west. Down over the hill there. I remember when the old engine and everything sat down there at the Lower Cascades, what they called Fort Rains now, you know. The old engine sat there and then the took in over to the museum in Cascade Locks, the "Pony."

Pat: Was it actualy operating when you were a youngster?

Glen: They never used it, but it would steam up. The old fishwheels were still in there.

Pat: Tell me about the fishwheels. That is always an interesting thing.

Glen: That was real nice. Thelma and I went down there one time.

Pat: Thelma is your wife.

Glen: My wife. Guys would go down there . . . here's . . . we got the idea. Friends of mine would go down there and they knew the old, ah, the old, ah, Swede that was taking care of it. His name was Henderson. Well, they'd buy him a bottle, you see, moonshine. Get him drunk, and then they, had a hand-winch on the old rig, you know, and let it down and dip for salmon they wanted. And they they would roll it back up again and shut it off. So Thelma and I, we decided we'd go down there, you know, and take a look at it. And, man, it looked good to me. So I told her, "I'm going to get me some salmon." She said, "You'll get caught." I said, "It will be our luck, alright." Dropped the old wheel down, just got it going going. The first we heard was, "Somebody is coming!" There up on the, you could see this old bald head, you know, coming, just running as fast as he could, you know (laughter). So I, I said, "Come on, let's get the hell out of here. He can have the fish if he wants them." I already had a couple salmon. So we took off and stood in the brush watching him lift the wheel, you know. And he got the salmon, alright and he took it home with him. He was operating in there a long time, you know, until the dam finally took it out. There were several of them along the river.

Pat: They were outlawed in the early 1930s, but they left them in there (river).

Glen: Yeh. That's too bad. They could have left them in there, you know, for a tourist attraction.

Pat: Do you remember any other stories about the fishwheels?

Glen: Well, I remember my grandmother telling us that in the early days they didn't eat the sturgeon. And they would catch sturgeon in those wheels, and were so big they had to take a chopping knive to chop them up and throw them away.

Pat: Because they would stop the wheel, the body of them.

Glen: Yeh, they'd stop the wheels. Finally, the Indians were eating it, so they decided they were good eating.

Pat: Now it is a delicacy.

Glen: Yeh, it's beautiful, boy I'm telling ya.

Pat: Well, where did your mom meet your father? His name was Walter Bevans.

Glen: Walter John Bevans. She met him here in Stevenson and I think they were married when she was 15 years old. And they were married right up here on Vancouver Avenue. I think it was the second house, first or second house beyond the Methodist parsonage. I think they were made into apartments now. I think Ray Sly bought those houses and made apartments out of them. That was where she was married. She had three kids. I was, I was born between. I was the youngest. She had left my dad, and married Leo Moore. But before she married Leo, that was when I was born, see. They, ah, I was born between the two marriages. I am the only bastard in the family (lot of laughter). That what I tell everybody. Instead of having a doctor here, you know, they wanted to keep it quite so they headed for The Dalles. And I was born that night in the the old Dalles Hotel. I never, couldn't get to the hospital, see at the hospital there, so they called the doctor, and the doctor delivered me there and left. So I was born in the old Dalles Hotel.

Pat: Then they brought you back here?

Glen: Brought me back here, and that's where I've been, practically the rest of my life.

Pat: Well, tell me a little a bit about when you were a little kid here in town. You went to school . . .

Glen: I went to school at Nelson Creek school.

Pat: And where was that Nelson Creek located? We don't have it anymore, I guess.

Glen: No. You start up the hill this side of Brooks straight-away (Nelson Creek Road), the road takes you up the hill to the left, and there is a knoll . . . just above the . . . you go across the field . . . that's the old highway, that old highway goes through there. And the school sits above the knoll up there.

END OF TAPE ONE, SIDE ONE

START OF TAPE TWO, SIDE TWO

Pat: Glen, you started to tell us about the Nelson Creek school and where it was located. Do you want to continue?

Glen: Yeh. It was located on a knoll just above the Nelson Creek, just right up the hill there. I started school there when I was five years old. and I think at that time there was fifteen kids.

Pat: Can you describe the building, what it looked like inside?

Glen: It was a nice old building, in fact some of my relatives built it. The back wall, there was no windows in it at all, just the front, is all where they had the windows looking outside, you know. They had a big heating stove. They did have an escape place in there where you could escape from a fire. They had a great big tube that you just slid out, on to the ground. They had kinda a damper on it, you know, to keep the wind from blow in, and, of course, it had a cloak room.

Pat: Now, describe the cloak room, because they didn't have them in too many schools.

Glen: Well, it is just a room on the end of the school, you know, in the hallway, hallway coming in, to protect us from the east wind. And they had a cloak room there where kids could hang their coats and their lunches, so on, and so forth, they had shelves, and so on like that. And outside cans.

Pat: You're talking about one for boys and one for girls?

Glen: Yeh, one for boys and one girls, and they were individually places, probably 50 feet apart, and a little spring running out of the hill there where they got their water, which we had to go up there once in a while when a mountain beaver, or something, would plug it up, you know. And . . . a big old heating stove, like a big barrel stove, a wood stove,

which was real nice in the winter time. As far as the school is concerned, it was nice. I liked it.

Pat: Did you have desks, or tables? What did it look like?

Glen: Little desks. I wish I had some of them, they were nice. And then, there were, I don't know, probably all together, probably maybe 25 or 30 desks in there altogether. There never was that many of them occupied when I was a kid. The younger kids, we sat next to the window, the older kids sat over in the dark (laughter). Some of them would get mean and the they would make them stand in a corner. But it was nice, the teachers were nice. Some of them were just local people that had just finished high school, you know. And, ah, we had one teacher, Mr. Hamilton. There was a very intelligent old man, I'll tell you. He was nice. A lot of people didn't like him because he was strict in his younger days, but, ah, but my younger brothers, both of them, they went to school with him, too, when he was an old man. And, good lord, they would have to hike akin *(against)* that east wind. Can you imagine that in the winter time, that ol' troddin' akin that damn wind, from town hiking out there. They finally built a cottage for the teacher, which was real nice. It made it nice for them. The learning abilities that you had in those days, the teachers, you'd say "Get more attention." The kids would, because they didn't have big classes, which I thought was real good. Good lord, we made maps of everything, the state, the United States and South America, and our history lessons, physiology and all that. I don't know, they don't teach geography any more. I think they are coming back to it, aren't they?

Pat: I think so.

Glen: And I think that's good. I was showing my granddaughter some of the (inaudible). And they miss all that. To me that was one of the main principles, arithmetic, geography, and grammar, and stuff like that.

Pat: What kind of games did you kids play when you were at school during recess time?

Glen: Inside we played tag, or something like that, blind man's bluff, or something. Outside. just playing hide-and-seek, and everything like that, you know. We didn't have, the ground was so steep there we couldn't have a ball game. We'd make slippery-slides. We'd bring our sleds to school and pour water up on the hill and slide down (laughter), climb up in the trees, hiding around big rocks, and everything, play hookie (laughter).

Pat: Ohhhh.

Glen: And we would take the teachers down across the tracks on the river and there were a couple of beaches down there that the kids knew, and we would hunt artifacts.

Pat: By artifacts, what were you looking for?

Glen: Arrowheads and Indian artifacts, you know. We had one teacher, her name was Annie Armike(sp), she was Danish, and she was Johnnie Sweeney's mother. She died at childbirth. But she was a wonderful woman. She would say, "Come on kids, we are taking our lunch." "Where are we going?" "You are going to take me down and teach me how to hunt artifacts. Well, her eyes were not accustomed to finding thing like that, you know. I would get her . . . I would be crawling around on my hands and knees, and Annie would be with me, you know. "What are you finding there?" Well, little chips, I'd pick up little chips of arrowheads. One day when she was with me we found two bird-points. Oh, they were beautiful. They were hers, I gave them to her. Oh, she was so proud of that. And the last teacher we had, that I had rather, she was (inaudible.)

Pat: When you to Nelson Creek for how many grades? You started in the first grade . . .

Glen: First grade . . .

Pat: To the eighth.

Glen: That's right. To the eighth, that's when I quit school.

Pat: Not you, you have to stay away. Glen, you told one story after we turned off the tape. Your teacher was the father of Bert Miller and your teacher's name was W. E. Miller. Tell me the story about you kids and how you would play tricks on him,

Glen: (Chuckle). He would go to sleep during noon hour, and we'd, the school started up, and, you know, then there was the noon whistle at Cascade Locks where the old mill used to be over there, and he would go to sleep during noon hour and when the whistle blew over there we would start hollering and raising hell playing and made lots of noise so he wouldn't wake up, you know or he didn't know what time it was, or something, you know. He wouldn't hear the whistle anyway. That was the plan. Sometimes we wouldn't get back to school until recess (laughter). He was kind to us, he was good. He was real good.

Pat: Glen, ah, we also talked about your mother Ruby. She had three children

by Walter (Bevans), and then she married Mr. Moore. Can you tell me the names of your half brothers and sisters and tell me something about the ranch and where it was located.

Glen: You want the names of the . . .

Pat: Yeah. We'll see how we can do. (laughter).

Glen: Well, there was Walt, Wade . . .

Pat: OK. You will have read them out loud. Want to start that over, Glen?

Glen: No, it's alright. Now you want to know about my brothers' name, huh?

Pat: Yeah, so we can have them on record, and if you have any stories about them?

Glen: There's Walter, Wade, and Kelly, those are full brothers, they are Bevans. The rest are half-brothers. It would be Kelly, Mary . . .

Mikki: Wait a minute dad . . .

Pat: Ah, you had two full brothers. That would be . . .

Glen: Walter and Wade.

Pat: Then the rest of them were half-brothers . . .

Glen: Half-brothers and sisters.

Pat: OK. Now let's get to the Moore half-brothers and half-sisters.

Glen: It would be Kelly, Mary, Iola, Ruby, Ruth, Louise, Van and Leo.

Pat: Oh, OK. So they are your half-brothers and sisters.

Glen: Yeah, I didn't get them in the right order.

Pat: When you told me the other day, I didn't get them down in the right order.

Glen: Kelly, and then, ah, it's just too damn many of them for me (laughter).

Pat: OK. Your mother married Mr. Moore and, ah, tell us about the ranch, where it was located approximately who lives there now in that area.

Glen: It's a mile and a half . . . about a mile off the highway on the Nelson Creek Creek Road-Loop Road, and it's just north of Kielpinski place *(north of Loop Road-Nelson Creek intersection)*.

Pat: Jan and Penny?

Glen: Yes, And the old ranch house, it burned down. And the old log barn, the old barn, they tore it down. It was a beautiful old barn. But, part of the house was, ah, (inaudible), and that was the original one. And I understand that in the early days that there was a post office there, likewise. I was told, I don't know, but I was told there was a post office there at one time. It consisted of, oh, I don't know, consisted, I think altogether around 140 acres, and a lot of it was up on top of the loop up in there. And there was lots of timber and they made a living by cutting wood and selling it to The Dalles.

Pat: And what did they do with the wood in The Dalles?

Glen: They would deliver it to the local people there.

Pat: And they used that for their fuel.

Glen: Yeah. That was their fuel. And they would use it for steamboats. Well, not steamboats . . . well, they sold a lot of it to the steamboats, too. And, they fired up here, they had the deck hands boys carrying the wood to beat the devil, you know. Ol' Captain Nelson, I remember him, he was one of the captains. And, ah, then they were shipped to The Dalles there and delivered to the local people.

Pat: How did they get this wood from the place they cut it down to the river?

Glen: By a flume.

Pat: Did you ever ride on the flume?

Glen: Oh, yes.

Pat: Describe it.

Glen: Well, I'll describe this one issue.

Pat: OK.

Glen: This here will put blister on my ass (laughter). Kelly and I were just little

kids, we couldn't have been over four or five years old, and, you know, the canyon there by Kielpinski's where the creek come down, well, there was a flume across there, and hell, it was about eight feet high, and it had a white roof on it so that the people who would be tend the flume there they were gonna' walk across there. And there was water in the flume at this particular time, and ol' Kelly and I, we decided to walk across that, and we were hanging on to the edge of that flume, you know, and that damn, we wasn't looking down because, and we were just inching our way along. We got on the other side and and then we came back. And when we hit the ground, mother came out from under that flume with a switch, and I'm telling you we had bees in our butt when we got home. (laughter). And we never took that god-damn thing again, we kept away from it. But I remember helping, ah, my step-dad, we flumed wood down to the river. They had a dump down there . . . ah who lives right there next.

Buck: Who lives where?

Glen: Just across the road from Nelson Creek, I mean, from the Nelson Creek Schoolhouse there is a hogback on across there on the highway there . . .

Mikki: Leonard Blackledge?

Glen: No. It isn't Leonard.

Buck: Humphreys (Ross)?

Glen: No. It was just across from Leonard Blackledge's. That's where the old flume used to go there, right across the highway, across the railroad track, and dumped into the river.

Mikki: Right.

Glen: But before the railroad track was there (ca. 1907) there was a big high trestle there, see, and they flumed the wood down there and dumped it onto the beach. And then the deck hands would load the scows. They would take 105 cord of wood and then they would sail up to The Dalles.

Pat: And these wood scows, they were wind propelled.

Glen: Wind propelled, yeah.

Pat: So they had to have a good west wind to get them back up there.

Glen: Yes, a very brisk wind. At one time, the old man told me that eight hours,

from the time we left Nelson Creek here, they docked in The Dalles.

Pat: Eight hours!

Glen: Eight hours. So you can imagine what kind of wind they had in those days. Boy, I'm tell ya. But, ah, that's the way they made their living up there.

Pat: Were there other people in the area doing that type of thing?

Glen: Yes. All the people in that particular area up there, they had a kind of corporation formed. I think Lyda Douglass, I think Lyda Douglass . . . I know her husband, old Swede(sp) used to be on the old Faris(?) place that used to be up on Loop Road, after those people left up there, and he found a ledger in there, and it had the names of all the people that was in on this deal and, because every little creek and stream, they had Stevenson going under the main street, and each individual had a certain time, you know, for their upkeep on the flume. And if they had a major breakdown, they all went in and fixed it. That's the way they made their living.

Pat: Do you remember any of the neighbors in that area that might have participated in this?

Glen: Yes. (inaudible). Yes, right where Cloverdale schoolhouse sits now *(Kanaka Creek and Loop Road)*, right straight up the hill there, that's a brush pile now, but there was a Flynn family in there.

Pat: Flynn.

Glen: Two brothers in the family. I remember ol' Paddie(sp) Flynn. I remember him real well. And then there was, ah, what was their name?

Pat: OK. Glen, we were talking about flumes that they sent the wood down. Can you describe how long they were, how many miles and how they operated?

Glen: Well, from the old ranch I would say it would be about a mile.

Pat: To the river.

Glen: To the river. and then the other places it would probably be a mile, maybe a mile and a half.

Pat: To get to the main flume?

Glen: Yeh, to get to the main flume, yeah. They would stack their wood along the flume, and they had to yard it down to the place, you know, stack it along the flume, and get enough water to float it down. and it would come in at the mouth of Nelson Creek. That's where the scow used to sit down there. They had two big rocks sit out there, and a big (inaudible) in there. Also, hot water flowed out of the river. Anyway, that's where they loaded the wood down there, and loaded them on scows for The Dalles.

Pat: We were talking about some of the surrounding people, the names of the people and where they were located.

Glen: Well, the Cloverdale schoolhouse, the house below that, I can't remember their names, and I knew them real well, too, but I can never remember his name. But there were the Flynns, I knew that, and there were the Skaars, the Skaars and Flynns, and Richards, Shutters(sp) first, and Richards, and then Harris on top of the loop, and then the Lobret(sp) was the Kale place, and the Frank Kale. And a Perky, he had a place above the old Kale place. And then, ah, Stackhouse, which is the old Dodge(sp) place. I think, I think, ah, oh, it was a lovely name, owned most of the property around here, with all the timber around it . . . Birkenfeld. I wanted to buy that place, but Birkenfeld owns that. That was the Stackhouse place. The *Hutches(sp)* lived there after that. And, then, the *roadraft(sp?)* was up in the field at Kielpinski's. That was Jeff Nix's brother, George Nix, that was his place. And then, ah, the other place that I remember, his name was *Train(Trane?*) that lived there. And that's where Kielpinski's live now. The old original house burned down. And then there was the *Woodrich(sp)* place, that's where Blackledge lives now.

Pat: So that was quite close to the end of the flume?

Glen: Yeah,

Pat: So, there was a number of people who utilized this flume.

Glen: Yes, there were lots of people around in those days. A lot of them picked up timber claims, and stuff like that, see.

Pat: What happened when the floume got broken, or something went haywire with the flume?

Glen: Got to jump in and fix it.

Pat: Everybody got to fix it.

Glen: Everybody. Sometime you would get a jam on it, you know, they get throwing wood on it too fast and didn't have enough water. You had to take your time putting the wood in, you just couldn't throw it in as fast. You had to space each chunk maybe ten-twelve feet apart. They didn't have enough water. I remember that. And when you first start using the flume the old man would give us kids shovels and make us throw dirt in the flume. "What were we doing that for, huh?" Well, the dirt gets in the cracks and plugs it up, see. Just keep throwing dirt in there and pretty soon the cracks plug it up, and pretty soon the wood would swell up again and away they would start all over again.

Pat: Because during the dry season the boards would shrink . . .

Glen: Yeah, yeah. I can remember that very plainly.

Pat: What other kinds of jobs did you have to do around the place, besides filling up cracks in the flume?

Glen: Well, we had quite a lot of cattle, horses, we had to do all the chores, garden and cultivating, hoeing, cut wood. One winter us kids and the old man put up 100 cords of wood. Then we would sell wood, but I don't he ever got over $2.00 or $3.00 a cord for it. And we worked our butt off to get that.

Pat: While we were taking a break you told me a story about a moonshiner that you knew. Do you want to give me that story? This was back in 1921-22, when you was a kid then.

Glen: Yeah. He was a friend of the family.

Pat: What was his name?

Glen: Paul Tickey.

Pat: Paul Tickey.

Glen: And, ah, everybody liked him because he was very pleasant, very quiet. I never did see the man take a drink in my life, now he may have drank but if he did he knew how to handle it. I never did see him take a drink. And, ah, very friendly, like I was saying. But we knew he was making moonshine. In fact, when he moved his still from one point to another — I was sleeping outside, and, ah, we had company that night. I don't think I remember who it was, but at this time we heard this rattling coming down the road and wondering what the heck it was. Well, it was Paul and he was moving his still and he had it in his wheelbarrow, making a hell a

lot of racket, you know. (Inaudible) the old man wasn't there, but some of the older ones were there, and wanted us to carry the rest of it up the hill to where his site was at, that's where the shooting took place. And we said, "No. You are our friend, and everything, but we don't want to know anything about this." "That's all right." So they moved it, we all had to push it that night. Then about two weeks after that is when I went hunting and stopped by the place and he wanted me to go bird hunting with him

END OF TAPE ONE, SIDE TWO

START OF TAPE TWO, SIDE ONE

Pat: Glen, we just finished tape one, and you were in the middle of telling a story about Paul Tickey, who was a moonshiner, right? Continue?

Glen: Anyway, he was moving this still, and he contacted this one to help him move, of course we didn't, it was the middle of the night, and we told him no we didn't want to get involved in anything like that, regardless of being friends, so on and so forth. Because it was a dangerous, dangerous deal in those days, you know. And, ah, it was about two weeks after that was when I went bird hunting with him and then he told me about the revenuers hitting him in his house. and held up, standed him up with his hands above his head, and they threatened to kill him is he touched his gun. He said "I was thinking about it, alright." Anyway, he told me that "if I catch the sons-of-bitches out in the brush I'll leave them there." Well, that's what happened. And, ah, naturally, he was squealed on, somebody told. I won't give any names of those people because some are relatives of mine. And, ah, they let the revenuers in, as close as they could get to him, and they told them where he was at. And they went down there and when they got in there Paul was working on his still making another batch of booze, and the first thing you knew, someone said, "Throw up your hands, you son-of-a-bitch!" Well, that was the wrong thing to say to him, because he had his .30.30 right there by him. And they started shooting right now, and the revenuers started shooting and he killed him.

Pat: Paul killed the first revenuer?

Glen: The first revenuer. After he had emptied his automatic at him, he never shot Paul. And then the other guy started shooting at him. And, ah, Paul shot the gun out of his hand, and then he run for a clump. Before he shot the gun out of his hand, though, he started shooting with a little .32 automatic, and he emptied that automatic, and then he falled on the ground. Paul shot him, his head was sticking up over the clump, and he died later. And the other fellow was a short heavy-set guy. His name was .

. . ah . . . (inaudible). Anyway, he run. He admitted during the court hearing that, ah, Paul fired at him and the bullet went by, went by his head and took a limb off in front of his head and he about crapped himself (laughter). And the feds fired him for leaving the other two guys, because they were under fire, they were all under fire, you know. Anyway after they left, after this other guy was running, Paul, he went to look for his partner and, because he run, too. Good thing he did because Paul would have killed him, too, because he left him alone. Under those circumstances, after history they knew about the man later, he would be the next guy he would be after. That's the way those old Kentuckeys were, you know, those old moonshiners in those days. But we didn't know he was that way because he was just a nice, quiet sort of person. Anyway, after everything happened, I don't know, I suppose the guys that squealed on him, they reported it, as much as I can understand. And, ah, the sheriff come up to get him, and, ah, the old still was still perking, and it blew up. (laughter). People were up there hunting for . . . he had his goddam rifle out there in the brewery and he didn't know what happened but he did know something blown up, you know. (laughter).

And then, later there was a neighbor, his wife was staying with my mother at the time, too, she was about ready to give birth to someone. And, ah, he had been, we knew he was making moonshine, too, and he went over the hill to where this moonshine still was at and visited them. He never drank, or anything, but, ah, he went over there. Evidently, from what I understand later, he told me himself later, that he helped move that moonshine still, too. He never told me this until 1930. Anyway, Les left there before anything broke out, because he never did hear the gunfire, he didn't know anything because he was up on, see that happened on top of the loop and the old ranch was down in the canyon down there, see, He never heard the gunfire or nothing. And, ah, he played the guitar and he was sitting in the living room playing the guitar for my mother and his wife and my grandmother, when the deputy sheriff walked in the door. He just broke the door open, just walked in there and he had a loaded .30-.30 with the hammer back, you know. My mother says, "My god Ed (I'll tell him that, his name was Ed) Ed, my god what's wrong with you?" (inaudible). Mother said, "My god Ed, put that gun down. You are going to kill somebody with that!" And she talked him into putting the gun down. He wanted (inaudible) last night. And Ed asked him, "What do you want him for?" He said: "Well you were there on the moonshining." He said: "I wasn't in on moonshining." He said: "You were in on moonshining." He said: "I wasn't in on moonshining." He said: " I know the fellow, everybody knows him." At that time they didn't even know that they had a shooting spree. And, anyway, they hauled him to the can. And, of course, after the judge heard the story and before they cut him loose, he said: "You didn't know anything about it."

Everybody knew he was making moonshine. The deputy damn near shot the whole works there, he was so scared.

Pat: Glen, that had an unhappy ending. Let's go to something happy. When you got out of the eighth grade, you were what, about 14 years old?

Glen: I was 13 years old. (ca 1922.)

Pat: 13 years old. What kind of jobs did you have when you first started out?

Glen: Anything I could get ahold of. That summer I worked on the old ranch cutting wood, and stuff like that, and that winter I moved to Skamania. I moved down there with an old fellow, an old wood cutter. "Kid," he says, "there isn't anything to do up here, but you gotta make a living this winter, that's all there is to it." So, I moved to Skamania and we put up about 250 cord of wood that winter. Yeh, Bucking cord, you know, bucking and splittin'. And they lived that way. And I worked down there that winter and most of the summer, and, well, I won't say most of the summer, but until May, I think. And my step-dad took a contract to build a piece of a roof for the county, across to, ah, what's that addition there at Skamania across tracks over there . . . Butler's . . .

Pat: Butler's Landing?

Glen: Yeah. Butler's Landing. And we built a road over there.

Pat: What was out there at the time?

Glen: Old Butler himself . . . Johnny Butler.

Pat: You built a road to his place?

Glen: Yeah, The road was there, but it was in awful shape, you know. We rebuilt that through there. And they rebuilt a new bridge for him, and everything. And ol' Johnny, he kept us in moonshine, booze and sturgeon and fish. He was a charater.

Pat: What was he like?

Glen: A little short, very jolly (inaudible). He had a friend, ah, Ernie *Funchell(sp)*. He was German, he was German and Danish. And he had been a old sailor on the sailing ships, you know. And those two old dudes would get together. Ernie, he made the wine. What I mean, this wine that that old boy made, he had a red, no it was a white, sweet grape. And he would never start drinking that stuff until it was two or three years old.

He had a wine cellar, like the old timers used to have.

Pat: Now where was the wine cellar, under his house?

Glen: Under the house.

Pat: How did he get to it, trap doors?

Glen: No. He had the cellar underneath that likewise. That old boy would go in there and he would draw that out of there, and it would come out just real slow, you know, real heavy syrup-like. I never forget I went there one time and this old lady from the Dutchman was sitting there playing cards and drinking. They were drinking wine and had a whole pitcher full. Faces were still red as hell, you know, they were about two thirds drunk, laughing, telling lies, and having fun. And, I was cutting wood for old guy, and I went down to see him, Glen, he said, he's got some money for ya'. He said, "You gotta have a drink of wine, and that's all there is to it." He poured me a glass, a water glass, or a small water glass, it was thick, real thick wine, heavy wine. And it was colder than hell in winter-time, east wind blowing like hell, you know, and I couldn't get out of my chair. (laughter.) I'm not kidding ya. I felt good, but, oh my god. And them old dudes had been drinking that stuff, you know (more laughter).

Pat: You were a young dude.

Glen: Yeah, I was just a kid. My god, I got a drunker than a stone. Ol' Ernie says, oh, the old lady says, "Ernie, I don't think that boy is going to leave here for awhile." (much laughter).

Pat: Did you dad do much road building after that one time?

Glen: Yeah, yeah. We've done one of the first additions to the Loop Road.

Pat: That's the Strawberry Loop Road.

Glen: Yeah, we built part of that. That rock, the point that comes around Kielpinski's, I held a steel drill . . . I was only 14 years old then, too, because I jumped to Skamania up there then, too, to work on that road. And I held drill steel with two strikers . . .

Mikki: What's a striker?

Glen: Guys with a hammer beating it. One guy hits on this side, another guy over here, and here I'm sitting there with that damn steel, and every time they hit it with the hammer, you have to pick the steel up and twist it. If

they missed it, man you have had it.

Pat: What kind of wages did you make on a job like that? That was back in the 1920s.

Glen: $3.00 an hour, no $3.00 a day. I worked, I worked falling timber for, ah, two bits a thousand (board feet). Twenty-five cents a thousand, my little brother and I.

Pat: What's the going rate now, Buck?

Buck: $17.00 or $18.00.

Pat: So, that gives you an idea of what's changed in the last 70 years.

Glen: Well, I contracted myself out here. I, ah, I was getting, ah, $3.00 a thousand, and I'd pay a bucker a buck a thousand, and the faller was getting 50 cents. And that was with power tools, hell, they were making money.

Pat: Back to road construction. Were you involved in the building of the road around Cape Horn?

Glen: Yes.

Pat: OK. So tell us about that one, because that was quite an experience. This is the road that we now drive on Highway 14. It's the current road.

Glen: Yes. I helped built it from Red Rock cut, just at the bottom of where Belle Center Road comes in. I helped build it from just this side of that cut. That cut was put in there by hand by, ah, an Italian immigrant, and, of course, they had, ah, ah, they couldn't speak English. But the fellow who took the contract, he hired them for probably for 10 cents an hour. And they thought they were making money, and that was all built by hand. Damn right, they dug that out by hand, and, ah, done the drilling by shooting, and the shooting was done by hand.

Pat: Now you said shooting, you mean dynamite?

Glen: Dynamite, yeah. They drilled the holes by hand. And they had a little miner car, and they hand-shovel that stuff in that little miner car, and run it over the track and dump it over, and make a fill through there. That's the way they done that. And that Red Rock cut made the fill across there to the conveyer section to the Belle Center Road there. Then I built, helped build the road from the Red Rock Cut, down to. damn near to the

bottom of the hill on the east end of it. I quit there and went to work, ah, the contractor I was working for, we built it there where the . . .

Pat: Now, let's go back to Cape Horn. And this is the story about when you were dynamiting. OK. Good.

Glen: Back to Cape Horn. And that's when, that's when they shot the bluff.

Pat: Why don't you tell us about it, because that was quite a fiasco?

Glen: It was. It actually was, yeah. The contractors made a mistake but they tried to, ah, I mean, ah, the powder company, DuPont, made the mistake, their engineers . . .

Pat: The powder company. They were in charge of doing this?

Glen: Yes. They're the ones that wanted to do the loading and everything and they're the ones that, ah, caused the disaster.

Pat: OK. Can you kinda show and explain what they were supposed to do?

Glen: Well, the way I understood it was, but I was just a kid, 15-16 years old when I was working there, and, ah, they had powder monkeys there that were old country, you know, Swedes, Norwegians. They knew dynamite and they knew how to handle it, they knew how much is was due, and everything, you know, what they could do with it. They put the coyote hole in there, and then put chambers off from it, and when you load those, when you load a coyote hole with dynamite, this would be the hole back there (demonstrating), and you leave a dead air space in here. You load your dynamite in here on each side, and then you then you leave a dead air space in here. And then when that dynamite goes off, is comes back and kicks and lifts.

Pat: Kicks and lifts.

Glen: And what they wanted to do, what the powder men were going to do, rough men, they were going to go up above and drill on the shelf above, and load that with dynamite up there. And then the coyote hole would be loaded with the lifting dynamite. They used a, ah, like a 60 or 80 percent dynamite up above, which is a quick shot, it would snap it off, it's fast powder. Can't think of another word. And then the bottom land would be a delayed shot with black powder. Black powder will lift, where the other stuff goes down. And, that was their idea, that was their version of how they were going to do the shot. Well, the engineers, the Dupont engineers, they didn't want that, they were gonna load those coyote holes

and they were going to lift it off, alright. but it kicked out from behind the bottom because there was so much pressure on top, more pressure on top than there was underneath there. And the shot went down.

Pat: How far down did it go?

Glen: To the river.

Pat: To the river.

Glen: Railroad tracks.

Pat: On to the railroad tracks.

Glen: Into the river.

Pat: Into the river. Was anybody living down there?

Glen: The Stevensons.

Pat: Were they at home?

Glen: No, they were moved out, forceably moved out.

Pat: Prior to the shot.

Glen: Prior to the shot.

Pat: So, you got to witness one of the great fiascos on the highway.

Glen: (Laughter.)

Pat: Was that your last highway job?

Glen: Oh, no. Shut it off for a minute, will you?

Pat: After your road construction days, you went into logging. About how old were you and where did you log?

Glen: When I went to logging was, I, ah, oh my god. I started logging, the first time I done any logging I was only about 10 years old. The Aalvik family had a sawmill this side of Cloverdale. I think the dentist . . .

Pat: Dr. (Richard) Nathe?

Glen: Dr. Nathe lives close to there now *(Baker Road).* My step-dad and my neighbors took a contract of yarding logs to the skid road, and, ah, one of the Aalviks had an old gray horse, they called him Mike. I never will forget that. And I was only about 10 years old. And old Louis, he was helping his brother Hector, the one who had the sawmill . . .

Pat: Hector Aalvik?

Glen: Hector Aalvik. And Louis, said, well he told my step-dad, he says, "You can take old Mike," and he says, "the boy can ride him." And they would hook the logs on to the, ah, hooked the horse up to the logs. They had what was called dogs in between them, they were clip-over(?) drive into the logs and they would have the logs spaced just right. They would hook two or three logs together on the skid road, and the skids were greased, my little brother Walt was greasing the skids. They would hook those logs so that the horse would start one, it would come to the end of the chain of the other one, and it would bump it . . it was just like a freight train when they take off.

Pat: Oh, OK.

Glen: And you would bump them together like that and and get 'em on the skid road. Well, then the horse would follow (inaudible) on the skids. Anyway, I would climb up on that horse, get a hold of the tugs up on the hay, and climb up on that thing like a monkey, you know, and ride old Mike down to the mill. And my dad, at that time, and Uncle Bill, was working out on, what was called roll-way, which they rolled the logs onto where the carriage went into the mill.

Mikki: Bill Iman?

Glen: Huh?

Mikki: Bill Iman?

Glen: No. Bill Bevans

Mikki: Bevans.

Glen: My dad and his brothers. They would then unhook the logs and they would drop one of the tongues so that the single tree wasn't backed up on the heels, you know, they would drop one tongue and drag everything back to the woods again. And they would be ready to hook on to another one. And I worked that summer that way. I think I got, ah, supposed to get 50 cents a day and my dinner. And I was too bashful to go to the

cookhouse to eat. So I worked all day until I got home to eat my beans.

Pat: For those who don't know what a skid road is, could you describe a skid road and what kind of grease they put on it?

Glen: Skid grease. What I understood was, it was hog fat, wasn't fit to render out. And it would come in 50-gallon drums. It smelled, like, terrible. And the bear would come in the night and lick it off the skids. But the skids, they were like ties on the railroad, and they were put about every eight foot apart, six to eight. I think it was about six foot.

Pat: Hunks of wood?

Glen: Yeh, hunks of wood, and it would be about that big around and they would be buried in the ground, and (inaudible), you know,

Pat; Kinda like a jigsaw?

Glen: Yeah, like a little saddle in there.

Buck: For the logs, right.

Glen: And they would have to bark one side of the log, which they called the right of the log. Every tree has a flat spot on it. And then they would snipe the end of that log, or in other words, they would butt it off like you finger, like that.

Pat: Slice it back?

Glen: Yeah, that's why it was called snipe. And that's where the logs rode, on that snipe. in that saddle in the skid. And sometimes you would have to haul them for, oh hell, from here to the Dari-Freeze *(seven blocks)*.

Pat: A mile?

Glen: Yeah. Oh god, yes. And old Mike, I will never forget, he started out, you know, (grunting noise) grunt, you know. I thought, oh my god this old boy was going to die on me. Never did. (Laughter.)

Pat: This old horse, one he got in gear . . .

Glen: Yes. he was quite a boy.

Pat: Well, Glen, after your experience when you were ten years old, when you were a teenager, did you work in any other areas?

Glen: Yeah. I left here when I as 16 years old, and I went to Glenwood, and I worked in the pine up there, with my granddad, Jeff Nix, he married my grandmother, . . . I worked with old daddie . . . that's the first time . . . you know, I never, I never knew him. I knew him when . . . I'd been to the place when I was just a little kid, but I didn't really didn't know him. And, ah, he came down here recruiting people to go to work for him. And, ah, so I went up there and went to work for him. And, ah, I stayed up there for two and a half seasons, working in the pine timber.

Pat: The season would start what month?

Glen: Well, most generally up there at that particular time when it got cold, in the latter part of October the timber would freeze so hard that they would just quit.

Pat: So then you started again in the spring?

Glen: In the spring, March or April. Spring thaw would get out of the road. Sometimes the road would be impossible to get in and out of Glenwood. Hell, they would get at least two foot across, and the bottom would go out and people would be would be sitting in a pool of mud.

Pat: Marooned . . .

Glen: Hell, it would get 40 to 50 below there.

Mikki: What kind of logging did you do?

Glen: Fell timber, buck timber.

Mikki: Cross-cut.

Glen: Huh, huh. It was nice up there. I liked it. And I liked the pine timber. It was, ah, different, it was different than the fir. The was only one thing wrong with it. In the spring of the year when the sap would come up, you would use, sometimes, a half of a gallon of oil . . . as soon as that tree hit the ground, about ten minutes afterwards, the pitch would be running out on the ground. It's just hard to believe.

Pat: What made you decide to leave logging, and what did you do next?

Glen: I went to work for the P.U.D. I quit the woods. I worked for Al Aalvik out here . . .

Pat: Al Aalvik.

Glen: I worked for Al, running the woods for a long time.

Pat: Now you say running the woods, explain that?

Glen: I contracted falling and bucking, and helping them, ah, on the logging end of it.

Pat: You were kinda of the head boss?

Glen: Yeah. Of the choker setters, so on and so forth, you know. They would, they would send, ah, we would have college kids, some of them, the last one I had out there was Edward Allen, Leo Allen's boy, he's the that had the wreck, you know. And, ah, I had Everett out there with me. I had, ah, Danny Krohn's brother, Dick. He couldn't work for his dad (Karl Krohn). Dick couldn't work for his dad at all but he would come out there and worked for me. I'll tell you, those kids, they'd let the old man do the work until they got into a dangerous spot, then I wouldn't let 'em, but I wouldn't let them get in there because I knew they would get killed. And, ah, they, ah, they worked like beavers for me.

Pat: About what year was that?

Glen: When did I start work for the P.U.D., 1950, I don't know.

Pat: About 1950?

Glen: Did you want to hear about the Indians?

Pat: Well, you told us some stories. I know there is one that Buck wants you to tell about . . .

Buck: You said something about going up to Home Valley with somebody to buy some smoked salmon from the Indian's camp up there.

Glen: OH. Oh, We went up to get some salmon.

Pat: Was this when you were young.

Glen: Yeah. I was about, oh, eight, eight or nine years old, (ca. 1917-1918), my older brother and I, Wade and I. We went up with a fellow by the name of Charlie Crouch, he was a neighbor of ours.

Pat: Crouch?

Glen: Yes. And, ah, we were gonna get a bunch of salmon to salt down. Every winter they'd, either smoked or canned, and then salted it down, rather. The worst we would get were was some of the old tules which weren't fit to take care of, they would plow them under, fertilizer. Well, hell, you would get a whole wagon load, what I mean, a big, working wagon. We would call it a lumber wagon, with a big box on it. We sailed from Nelson Creek here, up to the mouth of the Wind River, where the big Indian camp was at. At that particular time, there was lots of hogan(sp) in there, camps, teepees, and stuff, you know. There would be, hell, maybe 50 to 75 Indians in there. And, ah, on the other side of the railroad track there, in that flat in there where they fish in there, that was a hay field.

Pat: Oh, this was before the water flooded . . .

Glen: Oh, hell yes. Yeh, this was when I was just a kid. The Indians had, ah, teepees in there and places to smoke, too. Anyway, old Charlie, he took Wade and I up there and we sailed into the mouth of the Wind River and we sailed right up to the camp. And old Charlie, the squaws, they do all the work and the bucks, they sit around and smoke and tell big tales, because they are, ah (inaudible), that they are either hunters or protecting the women, or see that the women are at work, or whatever it is. But, anyway, Wade and I were afraid. We just sat in the sailboat, and ol' Charlie, he goes into this big, ol' tent. I seen him sittin' there cross legged telling lies to them to those Indians. They all talked that old Indian jargon. And, ah, the squaws were out there butchering the salmon. They had great big racks smoking there. And, ah, first thing I noticed was that, ah, here come on the squaws coming by us, and had, probably a string of fish as long as from here to the car out there 30 or 40 feet. (inudible). They would have fish strung on that, and two or three squaws would be pulling it out into the river, to make it easier on them to pull it, and the others would be on the shore, you know, pulling that damn thing up to where they were going to do the butchering. And then when they started butchering they just cut the mouth open, you know, and take one fish at a time. Some of the squaws would filet it out, and others would take care of this, so on and so forth. Regular set up for them. Anyway, while we were there, this one squaw came out of a tent, and she had this goddamn butcher knife, like that. And she came over there and looked at us, and was grinnin' and givin' that old jargon, you know. (Laughter.) Old Wade and I, we were trying to hide in the boat, well there was no place to hide in the damn thing, scare the hell out of us. And when she walked by and you looked there, she was skaking the knife, you know.

By that time these other little squaws, they had the fish all tied up there and they were getting ready to filet it out, see. So we walked up the

beaches for awile. And then, some of the little kids come around there, and we tried to talk with them, you know. Most of them, they'd talk the jargon, too. We could understand part of it, and a lot of it we couldn't. There were cute little devils, we were (inaudible) right there, too. And some of the old squaws came out with their knives, and then we were getting ready to hide again. And then they started loading up the boat, our boat, and the squaws done it. Old Charlie, he was just like the buck Indians, he never done anything. And they loaded that boat, it was a 15 to 18 feet trailer boat, and that thing, there was hardly any free board left on it when we left there. The Old Man met us down here at the mouth of Nelson Creek, where Heavey lives now *(Hidden Coves ranch)* . . .

Pat: Bernie *(Bernard)* Heavey?

Glen: Yeah. We landed right in there. It was a nice little beach in there, between two big rocks. And we had that wagon clear full of salmon. Good, god, I don't know how many pounds it was, but, man, there were gobs of it.

Pat: Glen, you used the term "tule." Will you explain what a tule is?

Glen: It's a fall-run salmon.

Pat: And it's pretty well ready to (inaudible) ?

Glen: Yes, yes.

Pat: What does the meat look like?

Glen: White. Once in a while you would get, once in a while you would get a good one. And the good ones are the ones that, ah, that you would can, or you would, ah, salt down, eat fresh. And the ones that had sores on them, getting ready to spawn out, well, they went in for fertilizer.

Pat: But, they were not good eating?

Glen: No, but the Indians smoked them. They were good. Fed them to the dogs, and stuff like that.

Pat: You told me another story the other day about Chief Wacomac. I don't know if you saw him, or it was a story you heard about him on his horse in Stevenson and the sheriff.

Glen: Oh, you mean Chief Wacomac?

Pat: Yes.

Glen: I saw the old Chief several times.

Pat: What was he doing?

Glen: He was riding his little old spotted horse. He had a little, we always called him 3-legged, he always limped, you know. He would get a stone in his upper . . . they were never did shoe their . . . they were never shod.

Pat: The horses were just as is.

Glen: Yes, just as is, you know. They never, never shod them like the white man do, because the Indians just let them run, you know. And if they broke a leg or anything, they just died, or shot them, or whatever they wanted to do to rid of them. But I can remember him, ah, lots of time I seen him up town here. Both times he was drunk. And, ah, that one story goes when the old man was telling me about old Ben Knox (*County sheriff)* was going to run him off because he was riding up the sidewalk, and that's when he reached down and grabbed ahold of the sheriff's shirt and pulled it off (laughter).

Pat: Pulled the shirt right off the sheriff?

Glen: Yeah, pulled it right off. Old Ben, he . . .

Pat: That was Ben Knox, the sheriff, he did that to.

Glen: Right, yeah. (laughter.)

Pat: Were there any other stories about the Indians that you remember as a youngster?

Glen: Oh, yes. I can see, I can see a lot of them, you know. When I was a kid, of course, I went to school with lot of them so, the Thomas boys, so on and so forth. And the Baughmans.

Pat: The Baughmans?

Glen: The Baughman . . . B-a-u-g, Baughman, B-a-u-g, Baughmans, yeh.

Pat: Ok, the Baughmans.

Glen: Johnny Baughman. And, ah, these, ah, homes down here that they built for, ah, Shepard's little street, Vancouver Avenue down there, that was

were the old Baughman place was at, right in there.

Pat: Oh, where they have the low-income apartments.

Glen: Yeah, the low income apartments. Just about when you drive in there, just above where you drive in there, that's where the Baughman house used to sit. He married Albert Aalvik's wife's mother. The first time I ever saw ol' Johnnie, I was just a kid, and, ah, mother, and, ah, myself, and I suppose Kellie was with us, *(inaudible)*, we drove down to see 'em, and we went into the house, but first old Johnnie, he came out to see us, and I thought he was the meanest looking man in the world. I was getting ready to run. But, honestly, he was one the nicest men you ever met, full-blooded Indian. He, he was a stern-looking guy, but after you got to know him, and so on and so forth, you know, and he did like us kids, you know. The inside of the house was just as neat as a pin. *(Inaudible).* And, just nice people, what I mean, I liked them real well. But Johnnie committed suicide. He and his wife was having problems, I didn't know what it was all about, and he committed suicide. And then she married a guy by the name of Estabrook.

Pat: Was that any relation to . . .

Glen: He was an Indian likewise. And Estabrook, ah, Bill Estabrook, Frank's boy, the chief worked on it with his granddad. I didn't know that until later years. I went into the cemetery down there in North Bonneville and I was checking the gravestone, I was alone, I was in there checking the gravestones, and, ah, I was telling Bill about it, I ran into him that Saturday night, we'd went out, you know, and was having a few beers. Bill was doing some carpenter work someplace, he and his wife, we met them out there, and, ah, her name was Myrtle. We were having a few drinks, you know, and BSing there and told him I went into the cemetery down there at Cascades and saw his brother's name in there, and asked him about it. And I told him Chief Wacomac's name there, too. And he said, "Yeh, that's my granddad." And I didn't know it until then.

END OF TAPE TWO, SIDE ONE

START OF TAPE TWO, SIDE TWO

Pat: OK, Glen, earlier we talked about what did this town looked like, the town of Stevenson, and especially since you live here down on Cascade Ave, which used to be called Whiskey Row. Can you kinda start at the west end of this street and walk us down to the east end and tell us what buildings, and who owned them, and kinda the history of things?

Glen: You got the name, I remember now.

Pat: I got the names. We will start out with the Fly house.

Glen: The Fly house. And then what's the next one?

Pat: The Nicholsons . . .

Glen: The Nicholsons, and, ah, this one here . . .

Pat: Your home right now.

Glen: My home right here. Of course, it wasn't here then, it sat out on the point on the Stevenson place, Moman Stevenson, I think.

Pat: Moman

Glen: Moman. And the next one was, ah, the *Floodswary(sp)*, I am trying to think of the old boy's name, I see him just as plain, every time he'd bury someone or have a funeral, he'd walk up and down the street smoking a old black cigar with his . . . he had black cuffs on his sleeves . . .

Pat: On his coat sleeves?

Glen: Yeah. Ah, on his shirt sleeves.

Pat: Oh.

Glen: And he had a black hat on and a great big old cigar sticking out of his mouth.

Pat: What did the building look like?

Glen: Ah, practically like it was before it was tore down. Outside, it was just an old shingle house, and he had a little house to the side where he had the coffins, and so on and so forth, I remember that. And, ah, I think, it was built on, onto the side. I don't know, I think (inaudible). Lee Miles built on to it. And then there was, then there was the old, ah, store there . . .

Pat: That was called the Nursing Tool? (??)

Glen: Yeah. I'm trying to think what the hell his name was now. Good, god, I'll never forget my dad took me in there and bought me my first pair of shoes that I remember. They were copper-toed shoes, and the heels had little horse shoes, the nails were little horse shoes on them. Oh, boy, was

I proud of those.

Pat: What did the inside of that building look like? What did they merchandise, did they have in there?

Glen: Shoes and clothes.

Pat: Shoes and clothes.

Glen: Shoes and clothes. And, goods, you know, for, ladies could make their dresses, so on and so forth. I don't know if they sold any dresses in there or not. I just don't remember. Gillette. That's the people's name.

Pat: OK. Gillette owned it.

Glen: And then the next place was on old saloon. The Iman Saloon *(Headquarters Saloon)*.

Pat: Iman, Lou (Lew) Iman.

Glen: Lou Iman, yeah. There he is, right there, (pointing to a picture) that's the old Iman Saloon. Right there.

Buck: The calendar.

Pat: Oh, the calendar from the saloon. I'll be darned.

Mikki: 1917.

Pat: *(Looking at calendar:)* 1912.

Mikki: 1912?

Pat: 1912 and it is in a frame, and it says "L. F. Iman".

Glen: Guess whose name is on the back of it.

Pat: Mert. In other words Mert will have that on her wall, when you are through with it here.

Glen: When I'm done and departed.

Pat: The Lou Iman Saloon was called the Headquarters?

Glen: Headquarters Saloon.

Pat: Can you describe it, the building? What it looked like?

Glen: It was a big red building.

Pat: Red building.

Glen: It had a porch on the front of it, and, ah, I was never in it. I was, ah, I was to the door one time. Walt, Wade and I, I couldn't have been over four years old, scared to death, we had picked up a bunch of whiskey bottles, and we would take them to the saloon and they would give us five cents apiece for the bottles, and he would get ten cents, see, and he would, bottle, sell it to those guys. We stood in front of, in front of the door, I can remember that because we must have, seems to me like we stood there for an hour, and scared to death with all those drunks coming in and out of there, you know. And, ah, finally he came over there and, ol' Lou, he looked at those bottles and gave us the money and away we went. Got the hell out of there.

Pat: And Lou Iman was your grandmother's brother.

Glen: Yeah.

Pat: Was there sleeping or living quarters above the saloon? Do you remember?

Glen: No. They had a house below, on the river side, that was their, that's where they lived.

Pat: So it was down below and under, south of . . .

Glen: Yeah. And they had a bridge across there, a walkway, from the house to the saloon. I remember that very plainly. Another thing I remember, one time, my aunt May, Lou's wife, she would take in a dead cat . . . she would take anybody in . . . she would take care of 'em. If they sick or dying or anything, I'm telling you, that old gal would do anything for them. One time we went down there, rain, oh, it was raining like a dirty son-of-a-gun, and we went in Aunt May's house, and she had a dozen cats and all you smell was cat crap, but she didn't care, as long as she had the cats in the house, gonna take care of 'em. Some drunk guy came out of the saloon, dressed in a nice blue shirt suit, stepped off on the sidewalk, and fell head-first, ah, back-first, right into the gutter (laughter), water that deep in that goddamn thing.

Pat: About a foot deep?

Glen: Yeah. And I was with Grandmother and Mother, and probably Kelly was with us, and Walt and Wade, I don't remember now. But I do remember this instance: That guy was laying in that goddamn water, see, and Aunt May says, "Oh, my god. I've just to go out there and help that poor soul." Grandmother says, "Let the son-of-a-bitch lay there. He'll wake up after a while!" (Much laughter.) I'll never forget that. I thought he was gonna drown, you know. (More laughter.) No help for him. That's the way, that's the way my grandmother was. Let him take care of himself. She would take of people, but somebody like that, the didn't give a damn.

Pat: What ever happened to that . . .?

Glen: They tore it down and made a bunch of cabins there. Mickey McCafferty, you remember him?

Pat: Mickey McCafferty. Is he some relation to MacKinnon, Ray MacKinnon?

Glen: Yeah. Lou Iman's daughter, Aunt Edith, and, ah, they tore the old saloon down and put cabins in there. And they had a hell of at time trying to rent them, so on and so forth, you know. The cabins just went to pieces, the bums took them over, the kids tore them apart, people tore than down. I don't know what all happened to them.

Pat: What is in that spot right now?

Glen: Just the roadway that goes down to the boat landing. That's where the old boat landing was, down there, too, you know. The old steamboats landed there.

Pat: Approximately the same area that we have now?

Glen: Yeah, same place. I remember that we would go down there, and, ah, and, ah, get stuff off of the boats; drag the old wagon down there, you know, and load stuff up that come from The Dalles down, or upriver. Most generally old Capt. Nelson would be running the boat.

Pat: OK. Past the Headquarters Saloon of Lou Iman's, there was a St. Martin's Confectionery.

Glen: There was a St. Martin's Confectionery. I remember him. And, ah, the other side of that building I don't remember, because they all burned down.

Pat: They burned down.

Glen: Yes. And the old Stevenson Hotel likewise.

Pat: And that was on down . . .

Glen: Yeah. And that was across from where the Steiners were in there, where the new building is going.

Pat: We're are talking about, like in the Port office area.

Glen: Yes.

Pat: Do you remember who owned the hotel, the Stevenson Hotel, or ran it?

Glen: Jeff Nix and my aunt (inaudible).

Pat: Well, Whiskey Row, you had several relatives in business down here, but you were too young to really see all of the bars, because they were gone by the time . . . *(prohibition)*.

Glen: They were gone.

Pat: You also mentioned on down to the east end of this steet that there was a mill, a planer mill?

Glen: A planer mill, yes.

Pat: Could you tell us who owned that, and what they did?

Glen: Louis and Hector Aalvik. They planed their lumber, they had sawmills in different areas, in small patches of timber, you know, where they would have a mill, and they would bring the lumber up there and run through the planer.

Pat: So what they were doing in the little mills was rough cutting.

Glen: Rough cutting.

Pat: Then they brought here for the finish.

Glen: They would run that through here for flooring and siding. Most of it was all old-growth, beautiful timber, not a knot in it, I'm not kiddin' ya'. And, ah, I tore down that old Nelson Creek Schoolhouse, the lumber that came out of it, not a knot in it.

Pat: What happened to that old lumber, where did it go?

Glen: Went to this house.

Pat: This house was made from . . .

Glen: A lot of it, yeah. This is, I built the upstairs from there.

Pat: The Aalviks, where did they sell their products?

Glen: I don't know. They shipped it around to different areas. Whenever they would get a car load of it . . . I know . . . I worked . . . he had one mill down at . . . ah . . . anyway we were working in it (I'll think of it pretty soon). Anyway, the lumber then, there was Wade, and I, and Walt and Al Aalvik, I was the youngest, I was probably, 12 years old, *(ca. 1921)* Wade was 13, Al Aalvik was 13, and Walt was 14, and we were working in that mill, for old Hector, cutting lumber. And not only that, this is hard to believe, we went out in the woods and we felled the timber, and we bucked the logs up.

Pat: 13 and 14 years of age.

Glen: You are damned right. We done choker setting, and ground logging . . . there were no spar trees, just ground logging. And I will never forget, there was one place there that, ah, there was gray, stable old wind-fall tree that had been down for, my god, a hundred years. It was about six foot through, and us kids, we worked on that thing for probably two weeks bucking it up into logs, the little, the donkey they had was only 9x12, steam donkey, and we were out there about 600 feet, so you can imagine what power it would be for that little rig, and everything had to be, ah, light enough for it to pull in. By the time we got the (inaudible) log out of the mud and got it busted up and (inaudible) up out of the hole where it was at to get it to where we could get it in the logging chute, you know, and then haul it out of there, it took time. But sawed all of that up into lumber.

Mikki: When your mother raised the horse . . .

Pat: Yeah, let's hear that story.

Glen: Those were the good old days.

Pat: Yep. Can you tell us what it was all about, like she was racing a horse, or what happened afterwards?

Glen: Well, the race, that's when they had the fight.

Pat: OK. Let's hear about the fight. (laughter).

Glen: God, I hate to say this because it might (inaudible) my reputation. They had a fight afterwards. Con Lundy, ol' Con Lundy, and old Smith, They would . . . one would bet on one horse and would bet on the other. Anyway, one of them lost and he was a poor loser, and they got in a fight over it. Nobody got hurt over it, outside my great-uncle, Uncle Monty . . .

Pat: Monty.

Glen: Monty. Monty Foster.

Pat: Monty Foster.

Glen: A regular old rebel. Anyway, Smith missed Con Lundy, old Con, he, he ducked his head, missed him and hit poor old Uncle Monty in the eye, (laughter), knocked him on his butt. Ol Smith, he reached in his pocket, he was afraid he was going to get beat up on again, see, or hammered on, so he reached in his pocket and gave ol' Monty a $5.00 bill, for hitting him in the eye. Montey said, "You can hit me in the eye for another five bucks!" (much laughter.) Hit me in the other eye for another five bucks."

Pat: Well, Glen, another part or you life was working on the Bonneville Dam during its construction. Can you give us some information on that?

Glen: I went to work for them when they first started.

Pat: And that was in 1930. . .

Glen: 1932 or 1933.

Pat: 32 or 33.

Glen: Yes. And, ah, I got fired. Hell, I was getting ready to get married. In fact, ah, I was saving money to buy stuff, you know, and I went down there, and went to work, and, ah, I think one of the Skaar boys was working with me, I just forget now what happened. But, anyway, I knew the supervisor on the job. I had worked with him and around him up on Satus Pass, *(north of Goldendale)*. He was with a big construction outfit up there. He was a *(inaudible)* for a shovel, in other words he was greasing, he was a grease monkey for the shovels, steam shovels, gas shovels. And, ah, my brother, he got acquainted with him up there,

likewise. And, ah, so Wade and I, and Kelly, we were hired. I was just doing just ordinary common labor down there. Anyway, old Walt, he said, "Next week I've got a job for you. Glen you just get away from that goddamned mess where you are at now. Well, I got canned too quick. This one guy who was a high-powered *(inaudible)* man. He was a Swede. Most Swedes are good people, they are nice people. But when you get a mean one, they are mean and onry. And, ah, anyway, he was doing too much high balling for me, and one of the guys I was working with, he got a finger damned near mashed off. And I told him, "You'd better get to the aide station right now to take care of it!" The old Swede wasn't going to let him go. Well, I run him out, I run him into the, I was gonna hammer the Swede see, and I ran him into the time shack. I asked the time-keeper where the Swede was at, and the Swede went out the back door. Anyway when I got back they had my time made out.

Pat: So, that was your career at the dam.

Glen: Yeah. I left there in a hurry. I only worked there about two weeks. Than I worked on the last, not this powerhouse, but the next one they built. I worked on that *(inaudible)*.

Pat: Was that in the 1940s?

Glen: Yes. Then I worked there for . . . long enough to get back in the woods because I didn't like that type of work.

Pat: Do you remember when President Roosevelt came to dedicate the dam?

Glen: I sure do.

Pat: What was that like.

Glen: It was real nice, it was real nice. I can't tell you the people I was working for at the time, I was working in the woods when it was dedicated. And, ah, I was working for a Republican, and he says: "Any of you sons-of-bitches got any ideas of going down there," he says, "seeing old Roosevelt, you time's made out!" I said, "Boy, you can start making my time out right now!" "Oh, YOU CAN'T QUIT, YOU CAN'T QUIT!" (laughter). One of my good friends, I'm not kidding, old *(induible)* Evans. He was a friend but he didn't like Republicans, I mean Democrats, he was a Republican.

Pat: So, actually, you did go down?

Glen: No, I didn't. I wanted to, but I couldn't go, I wanted to see it.

Pat: OK, Glen, you didn't get to go to hear Roosevelt at the dedication of the dam, but you started to say something about Eleanore (Roosevelt).

Glen: Yeh, during the shipyard days.

Pat: This was during World War II.

Glen: During World War II. It was about, oh, close to noon. Here come a maritime car through there. And Mrs. Roosevelt got out of the car and stepped right in front of a whole gang of people there, and there was a lady welder, and I never will forget that, laying on her back, you know, welding. The first thing I knew, she walked right up to, close to Mick and I, and I had an old Swede working with me, and old Tony, he walked over there and looked at him, she reached over and shook his hand, you should have seen him, very calm. And I spoke to her, and hugged a little bit. The lady welder, Mrs. Roosevelt tried to talk to her, see, and she had two assistants with her, both maritime guys, of course, there was Secret Service guys around there someplace. they were draped in plain clothes. You never did see those. But, ah, anyway, Mrs. Roosevelt tried to talk to her, and, ah, spoke to her, she'd get way down to her like that, you know. And the lady looked up to her like that, you know, raised her hood, and *(inaudible)*. (Laughter.)

Pat: What a surprise.

Glen: Yep, and Mrs. Roosevelt bent over and took her hand and talked to her. And that was a hell-of-a-thrill. Other people around there, she was talking to and shaking hands. She was a very pleasant person, I'm not kidding you. A short while before that, we were working there, in front of Wade one time, and this old Swede looked up and said, "Gee, that (inaudible) there, that's Roosevelt." And there he *(Pres. Roosevelt)* was sitting there, he had that damn old cigarette in his mouth, that holder, you know, driving by slowly.

Pat: He was out inspecting?

Glen: He was inspecting. Right.

Pat: You worked in the shipyards, then during World War II?

Glen: Yeah, I worked in the shipyards during the war. I was working at the dam installing generators, and, ah, they had me classified as 1A to go, you know . . .

Pat: In the service.

Glen: And they told me at that time . . . I wanted to finish working on those generators, because, I was learning alot. And that's what I wanted . . . I wanted . . . you know, I was interested in it. And the foreman I was working with, he was a friend of mine, and he was explaining everything as we went along, you know. I wanted to finish the job, but they shipped me down to Vancouver. I had to go there. So, I went to work down there, and went to work in the rigging department. I worked there for about six months, and they made me a lead hand, which was kinda of a foreman, a boss over, and then they made me a foreman over a certain unit in there.

Pat: Did you commute back and forth from Stevenson?

Glen: I did for awhile, for about six months. And then I was moved down there.

Pat: But this was after you were married and had started a family?

Glen: Oh, yes. I had three kids.

Pat: So, you all moved down to . . .

Glen: Vancouver.

Pat: When did you Thelma meet and when did you get married?

Glen: 1934.

Pat: You got married.

Glen: Married in 1934. I met her in . . . I met her about 19... when I first met her was about, probably, 1929, when they first come out here. Just before they . . . just after they moved to Stevenson. Her dad and her mother . . . her dad got the place for a restaurant and a place to live. I don't remember where in the hell they lived here. I think they lived in the back of the restaurant. Yeah, they did.

Pat: Now, where was this restaurant?

Glen: It where the Silver Grill is *(in 1992. It is now Joe's El Rio, 2012).*

Pat: So it was right up on . . .

Glen: By the old P.U.D. building before they tore that down. Do you remember

that?

Pat: Yep, I remember the P.U.D.

Glen: Well, that was it.

Pat: The P.U.D. building was approximately where the parking lot for the bank is.

Glen: That's right. It was an old garage before that. And then they rebuilt it. They had that restaurant there. That's where I met her. And we were married in 1934 on her birthday.

Pat: Which was March 7th. Where did you get married?

Glen: In Vancouver. Dear Rev. Keading. At that particular time Vancouver was a marriage mill. All the preachers within three or four blocks, in the whole neighborhood around there. They had neon signs, up there, 24 hour service.

Pat: Stevenson also had a reputation later . . .

Glen: Oh, yes. Hell, I married lots of people when we run the restaurant . . .

Pat: Now, wait a minute. You married them?

Glen: Well, they would want me to up, and say, "Can you get time off. I want to get married up here, we need a witness."

Pat: You were a witness.

Glen: So, I would go up there and witness for them. Sometimes they would give me four bits, and sometimes I'd say, "No." It depended on how drunk they were, you know. Four bits were a lot of money in those days. (laughter).

Pat: Did you and Thelma buy this house that we are sitting in right now? Soon after, or . . .

Glen: No, no. I never bought this one until after I got out of the shipyards. Before the shipyards closed. I bought it in, ah, 1944.

Pat: So, you've lived here for 48 years.

Glen: Huh, huh.

Pat: You mentioned that part of the lumber to the upstairs came from the Nelson Creek School.

Glen: It did.

Pat: What did this place look like when you first bought it?

Glen: It was, ah, it looked nice, I thought. I was living in a housing area down there in Vancouver, but it was cut up in small rooms. This was the living room here, in the bedroom there. And there was the kitchen in here, and bedroom back in there. So we just started building up there . . . and there was a little room behind . . . Mikki had a little hole in the wall back there, in the back place. It was just a small place.

Pat: For the tape, will you describe the location of this house, how close it is to the river?

Glen: At that particular time, it just slope right down to the river, right out here. By the deck, and from there it starts sloping right down to the water. It's all been filled in since then.

Pat: So, what happened in the Vanport flood, in 1949 *(editor: 1948)*. What happened along this stretch of the river?

Glen: Well, I had 43 inches of water in the basement. It lacked about 18 inches of going over the front yard out here.

Pat: And how high would you say this house is from the river right now? 10, 20, 30 feet up?

Buck: I would say at least 50 feet.

Glen: Yeah, 50, yeah. So you see how high the water was.

Pat: Was there concerns about homes flooding along . . .

Glen: Oh, yes.

Pat: What did they do?

Glen: Sid, ah, Sid Adams owned that place over there,

Pat: The west end.

Glen: Yeh, the Flynn house. And Hegewald got his trucks in there, and it was starting to wash away over there, and Sid got Hegewald and they dumped rock in there to protect that.

Pat: This was Rudy Hegewald?

Glen: Rudy Hegewald, yeah. My god, they hauled, hell, for three or four days through here with loaded trucks. And, ah, Sid asked me if I was afraid of this place floating away. And I said, "I've been here long enough." I said, "Hell, I've paid for it and the rent *(inaudible*) I was making money. regardless if I did loose it." But I didn't think it was going to float away. And then I see the commissioner, old John Berry, he come down here and told me he was going to move me out. He said, "I'll have a crew down here in the morning, Glen." I said, "John, we'll let you know in the morning." I said this river is just about peaked. I knew this river pretty well. And he said, "By golly, we are going to move you anyway." So I called him up, the next morning the river started to drop. It dropped five, six, or eight inches, maybe, that night, you know.

Pat: For those who don't know about the Vanport Flood, what happened down river?

Glen: Down river, in Vancouver, where in the hell was that housing area down there in Vanport? Vanport!

Buck: Vanport.

Glen: My brother, the one that just died.

Pat: Sam.

Glen: Sam was living there.

Pat: And that was in Oregon? *(Delta Park area now in 2012.)*

Glen: No, in Vancouver, Vancouver. *(Editor's correction: Vanport was in Oregon.)* And, ah, they had, ah, the Army Engineers, just before the dike broke, the dike didn't break, the railroad grade gave way. The Army Engineers had their loud speakers on and they were going through there and they were warning the people: "Sit tight, everything is OK. Nothing is going to happen." Then about half-an-hour after that all hell broke loose. That's when the railroad fill gave way, and houses started popping up like corpses all over. Sam jumped his kids in a, ah, threw them in an old station wagon that he had and they got out of there. And the water was

chasing them out. And then Mary and Guy were with them that day. Yeah, they were with them when it happened. They said, well, I heard that a lot of people were drowned *(editor: 15)* but they never, there was never nothing in the paper about it. It said that no lives were lost, but I understood there was quite a few in the morgue. Sam said there were people floating around on mattresses and everything else.

Glen: We worked in it *(Thelma's mom's restaurant???)* and I was, we was, we never, we, ah, well, I bought most of the beer and wine, and stuff like that for 'em ordered the cigarettes and stuff, tobacco, and, ah, along with food supplies, the salesmen would come up from Portland and Vancouver.

Pat: Ha, Glen, can I interrupt a minute. Mikki's question didn't get on my tape recorder.

Mikki: That's right.

Pat: Would you ask the question again?

Mikki: You and Mom worked for her folks, during the depression?

Glen: Yeah. Not through the depression. What I did, well it was part of the depression, yes, but, ah, when the woods would go slack, you know, at times you would be run out of the woods, you know, because of fire danger, so on and so forth, I would go in there and help them out.

Pat: And "in there" was the restaurant?

Glen: In the restaurant. And, ah, finally, they said, "Why don't you just stay here and work with me?" One time the had had a run, the restaurant was full of people, it was during the depression, it was hard times. If you got a $5.00 bill cash, $10.00 bill, you was looking to see if the damned thing was counterfeit. And we did a lot of counterfeit currency, Not currency, but silver, you know.

Pat: Silver?

Glen: But, ah, and some currency. Finally, I told them OK. What happened was, the way I got started in there, they, this one time they were just dog tired. People would come in in the afternoon and order they steaks, and stuff. Hell, I cooked the damned steaks because I was, been cooking since I was a little kid, see. I cooked the steaks, and made a bunch of sandwiches, and so on and so forth, About an half hour afterwards, Mom came out, you know. She says, "I smell something cooking." Someone said, "Yeh, and people are eating, too. (laughter.) She says, "Well, who done the

cookin'? Well, Glen did. "Why didn't you tell me that you can cook?" (laughter.) So, that's the way I started helping them.

Pat: Did you ever take over the business?

Glen: No, I never did take it over. No, I didn't want it. Because, here is the deal: as long as we had the restaurant part, it was nice. And then we got beer and wine. And, ah, a restaurant and beer and wine, to me, don't go together. Because, ah, like you've got a lot of ass kicking to do. And, ah, sometimes it would get pretty nasty. And I had to throw 'em out, and some of them were women and they were mean. I'm not kiddin' you. (laughter.) I had one old gal come in there, this fellow was a friend of mine, he worked on the, ah, on the road down here by Skamania, I mean below Skamania down in there. And, that poor old boy, he and her were drunk all the time, every night they would come in and get drunk. Well, this particular night they come in there. And, he came in there first, and his face was scratched all to hell. And I was wondering what in the hell happened, so I asked him, "What's wrong with you?" "Oh," he said, "my wife got mean and, boy, she just beat the hell out of me." I looked at his eyes, and, oh, his eyes were an awful mess. And I got some salt water, you know, a very light solution of that cleans all that, you know, get the blood off. And, finally, his wife come in, she woke up, she was asleep in the car. She come in there, and, ah, she started picking on him again. So, I just grabbed her by the butt and threw her out the door. And, after a while, about an hour afterwards, she comes over and says, "If I be good will you let me in?" I said "I guess I will." I said, "I don't want you hammering on me anymore, or raising any commotion." She sat there blank for a while, and she put her arm around me, and, "Sorry," and so on on so forth, And then all at once she butting me again. (laughter.) I grabbed her by the nap of her neck, and I got her to the door, and I kick her butt right out the door, and opened up her car door and slammed her in there. (laughter).

Pat: End of that, huh?

Glen: And she stayed there!

Pat: Well, Glen, this tape is just about through. I want to tell you I have had a delightful afternoon. And, by the way, also here is your daughter, Mikki Holmes and her husband Buck. So the four of us have had a grand time. It's just delightful. Thank you so much.

Glen: Thank you.