**(Skamania County Pioneer — Wednesday, January 7, 1998)**

# Phoebe Yeo, a life in two centuries

Can you imagine the Columbia River Gorge without a major highway or railroad? Pheobe Yeo saw it and lived it.

On Friday, Jan. 9, Pheobe Lindsey Yeo, who resides in the Senior Saints care home in Carson, turns 100.

Her father, Andrew Millard Lindsey, was the son of Scottish immigrants, born in Green Bay, Wisc. He joined the tide of humanity headed west.

Pheobe's mother, Tiny Hannah Lindsey, was adopted by her uncle, Bruce Lindsey, when she was three months old, making her both her mother and cousin.

There were seven Lindsey brothers and sisters: Izzy Lindsey Hazzard, born in 1893; Merl, who lived in White Salmon for many years; Bruce, named for his uncle and born in 1896; Irene, born in 1903; Winifred Alice, whom Pheobe helped deliver; and Angus, born in 1911.

Their father was superintendent at Camp Three for the Wind River Lumber Company when Pheobe was seven, and he built the splash dam at Trout Creek, near what is now the Wind River Nursery.

He cut ties for the new SP&S railroad line as it came through in 1907-1908. The trees were cut. flumed down the river, turned into rafts and floated to the mill at Cascade Locks, then the ties were creosoted at Wyeth. The process was part of a reminiscence Yeo wrote in 1989 for the Skamania County Histor-ical Society.

The railroad builders "had all their own equipment and employees," said Yeo.

When the Pioneer interviewed her in 1986, she recalled railroad workers, mostly Japanese and East Indians, living in camps along the route as it progressed. There were a few women in the camps, and she remembered walking through with the other children, watching them cook large pots of rice over an open fire.

According to Sharon Tiffany of the Columbia Gorge Interpretive Center, two rock ovens have been found where the camp cooks baked their bread.

Pheobe married Tom Yeo in 1928; a previous marriage ended in divorce. They had three girls: Arvila, Caroline Leslie, still living in Lake Oswego; and Katharyn.

When the Pioneer interviewed Pheobe in 1986, her husband Tom was still alive, and they were living in the Stevenson house where they'd lived for more than 40 years.

As often happens with age, her early memories are the most vivid, and she was able to add details to previously-told tales.

On Halloween, 1910, her dad was a deputy sheriff in Stevenson. The family lived in an apartment building next to a forest of trees. The woods blocked the view from the Sampson Hotel, where Pheobe went to work after eighth grade graduation as a server, and for people in boats on the river.

The hotel owner tried to buy the little woods, which extended from the corner of Russell to the park next to the Big River Grill, but the owner of the little woods wouldn't sell.

Halloweens were quite rowdy back then, and there were rumors that something might happen. Pheobe's dad told her mom to take down the clothesline, which was attached to one of the trees in the little woods.

Her dad was sent on a red herring errand to watch some freight down on the docks. It wouldn't fit into a packed warehouse, and they were afraid that pranksters would use the occasion to kick the boxes into the river.

Some older high school boys were apparently put up to it by the hotel owner, and cut down all the trees Halloween night.

"Not one of us kids heard those trees fall," said Yeo. "How they did that and cut them all down is more than I know, because those trees were just thick in there. It was a great place to play hide-and-seek," she recalled.

The owner was peeved about the incident and left the trees laying there for two years, in the middle of what is now downtown Stevenson.

In 1907, Pheobe, her sister Irene, and a neighbor boy named Lawrence Holly were in the woods playing in the water. They followed what they thought was the neighbor's Newfoundland dog they'd never seen. They tried to pet it, but it kept its distance, following them back to the house. Their mother came out of the root cellar, saw a cougar behind the children, and kept them in.

Mr. Raymond, a saloon keeper, shot the nine-foot animal and made a rug from its skin.

The cougar's mate haunted the area several years, watching while Pheobe and her schoolmates walked to school at Porter's Mill, thumping its tail.

Another 1905 tale involved little Lottie Taylor, whose dad, Jim Taylor, was winter caretaker of Camp Number Three.

Pheobe's family lived in Carson, and there was a phone line from the camp to the Lindsey home. Mr. Taylor called in a panic right before Christmas because the little girl was very ill.

There was deep snow on the ground, as high as the horses' bellies, and a sleigh and several teams of fresh horses were needed for help to arrive at what is now Hemlock.

Dr. Avary, who had a clinic and hospital in the Stevenson building that bears his name, was called, and a sleigh and the first team was provided by Bert Douglass, who owned the livery stables.

The road at that time went "waaay down deep, clear to the bottom of the

canyon of Wind River," said Pheobe. "Up the other side was a steep grade."

At the top of the grade where the Acker's place is now, a man named Billy Anders provided a fresh set of horses. The little girl had appendicitis, and Dr. Avary saved her life.

"When we heard that Lottie was all right and was going to live, that was the best Christmas," said Pheobe.

In her 1989 reminiscence, she recalled the hotel associated with the former Collins Hot Springs, near Home Valley. Land movement may have caused the hot mineral springs to cease activity, which some blamed on construction of the new railroad.

The resort had a reputation

as a health spa and included a hospital, where patients were cared for by a young Dr. Desmond, who made horseback house calls.

The resort included a store, post office and bath house. The dock was in a cove west of the hotel known as Belcher's Landing. It's all under water now.

A benign lung tumor, an old broken hip and blindness keep her in bed. But Pheobe Yeo still recites poetry, loves music, and has a Christmas wassail cup. She has survived for a century, something she fervently wanted to do. Happy birthday, Pheobe.

# "Belcher's Landing," Not Collins

(*The following was written by Phoebe Yeo in May of 1989:]*

The dock at Collins was never spoken of us a dock. Everyone know it as "Belcher's Landing." I have no idea when it was built. It was in a cove just west of the hotel and bath house. The Landing was built of heavy planks supplied by Porter's mill. It had no warehouse on it, and it was large enough for team and wagon to turn around on. There was a small boat called the "George W. Simmons," owned by captain Nelson. The boat left the Cascade Locks early in the morning and went up river to The Dalles and back at evening. Dad had Captain Nelson bring all his hay and feed fom our stock so we used that Landing a lot.

It was still there when we moved to Stevenson in 1910 when the land started moving. Collins lost its hot mineral springs, so the resort wasn't used so much, and people started leaving the area. A lot of people thought the S.P.&S. railroad had something to do with the land moving due to the heavy trains rumbling by every day and night.

I have no idea when that hotel was built, but I suppose Captain Belcher did. He seemed to be the one to take care of everything there, the store, hospital, post office, bath house, quite a settlement at one time. I've often wondered whether a person could find anything to let people know what a nice place it was once, but the boats on the river at that time used coal to heat their boilers for steam, and none of them loaded logs or cants. The mills had booms built in the river for the cants to go into by flume or by horses hauling the cants from the mill to the boom. The cants were made into rafts and towed down the river to the big mill at Cascade Locks. The tie creosoting plant was always at Wyeth instead of Viento. Wyeth at that time was quite a town and was still operating when we moved to Stevenson. I don't know when it was moved to The Dalles.

The S.P.&S. railroad went through Home Valley in 1907-1908. They did not employ any local people. They had all their own equipment and employees. There wasn't a station at Home Valley but later trains would stop on a flag. After we left there the railroad did put up a small shelter for people at Home Valley and Collins. I've tried to find someone who lived there longer than I did but can't find anyone who knew much more than I did.

Anna Cheney was born in Home Valley and still lives there on the home place. She belongs to the Historical Society, so you could get in touch with her and maybe you could find out the answers to some of your questions I would like to know when the big hotel and hospital was built at Collins. I knew the doctor real well who lived there. His name was Dr. Desmond, a very young doctor. He rode horseback to take care of patients outside the hospital. I never knew many people at Collins except Captain Belcher. Dr. Desmond and the

Hadley family, but, in our neighborhood there were Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Youcam, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Howley, Mr. and Mrs. McFarland, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. Daugherty, and the man who had the little store and post office, Mr. Hosford; also Mr. and Mrs. George Miller.

# Letter from Ivan Donaldson to Sharon Tiffany

*(June 23, 1989)*

Dear Sharon:

The accompanying material was photo-copied from a note written by Phoebe Yeo (92 years old.)

Neither Mr. Larson (now deceased), Perky Marsh, Jacob Aalvik, nor Vince McKee knew anything about the 1,000 foot dock discovered some years ago by Charlie and Esson Smith in an attempt to clear the bottom of the river so that their drift nets would not snag. The Smiths employed Fred Devine, a head lab diver, who built much of Bonnevile Dam under water, to come out and discover the reason why the nets would drag at this particular place, and to clear the dip net area.

It is obvious that I will not be able to continue this research. Some day you may find the dock shown on some ancient map in the files of the Corps of Engineers or the Oregon Historical Society.

Once long ago, I did see a map which showed the Distillery Point near Cape Horn where Dr. Candiani had built his distillery to make whiskey from potatoes. Emory Stevenson, of Cape Horn area, had told me that he and his son had toted the boiler from the disillery down to the Stevenson property.

Herewith also"are the tapes of an interview with Esson Smith telling about his long dock. There are no copies of these tapes. You might consider giving a copy to the Oregon Historical Society.

It is also evident that I will never get an interview with Art Warren about the Cascade Locks Navigation facility.

Sincerely, IVAN

(dictated)

# Letter from Thomas O. Monaghan to Ivan Donaldson

*(July 11, 1989)*

Dear Ivan:

I was surprised to see that it has been nearly three weeks since I received your last letter. I know takes me about that long to do what (xx) one time. I could do in about three hours.

That letter written by Phoebe Yoe containing the names of Collins and Home Valley residents that were familiar to me. They were household names around our home when I was small: Capt. Belcher, Capt. Hosford, Youcam, Hadley, George and Virginia Miller.

About that dock, or trestle near Wind Mountain: two years ago I went with Walter Grande, a former employee of the CB&Q RR, now retired from the Burlington Northern, who was and still is gathering information for a history of the S.P.&S. railroad, to interview Mrs. Anna Cheney at her home under the shadow of Wind Mt. at Home Valley. Believe she said she was seven years old when the P&S RR was activated in 1908. She told of going down the hill from their house —where she still lives — to see the first train go by. By the way, the first name of the SPS was Portland and Seattle Railroad. It was the original intention for the Great Northern to reach Portland from their western terminus at Seattle by (ssss) from Seattle to Portland. That railroad was not built at that time but the name was used in acquiring rights of way from Vancouver to Spokane by way of the Columbia and Snake rivers.

While talking to Anna Cheney (Anna Erickson was her maiden name) I asked her the name of the small creek that empties into the Columbia and runs south along the west base of Wind Mt. She said it was called Moore Creek for a family by that name who lived near the mouth of creek. I also asked her about that creek. Her answer was that there was a flume which ran down along the creek from Porter's mill and that there must have been some sort of a dock at the river where the lumber was loaded on river boats or scows. Phoebe Yeo mentioned Porter's mill as being the mill where they finished the heavy timbers for dock which she described as being Belcher's Landing at Collins. The mill was located on the above described creek about as far back from the Columbia as the point where the steep north slope of Wind Mt. Meets the normal level of the land north of the mountain.

Porter Brothers were the prime contractors building the railroad and I always thought that the mill got its name from them and was mainly used by them for furnishing railroad ties, but from Phoebe Yeo's letter it seems it was there before the railroad came through.

There was another early-day mill at Home Valley: Coulter's mill was located on a small creek, tributary to Little Wind River near the Berge farm and a little over a mile north of the Columbia.

Two years ago Emma Berge, who at that time was about 90 years old and lived here in Portland (Milwaukie) showed me a picture of lumber at the end of a flume that came from the mill and ended on the Berge farm.

Phoebe also mentioned the tie creosoting plant at Wyeth. This is where the Union Pacific treated all the ties used on their railroad and it would have been almost directly across the Columbia from the mouth of Moore Creek. It would have been a simple operation to haul ties from a dock at the end of Porter's flume across the river to the treating plant. The treating plant was in use at Wyeth during the span of my memory. I think it is now operated at The Dalles by McCormack Baxter Co.

I will keep trying to find out more about that dock, but Anna Cheney's theory is the only one I have heard so far.

Among those who Phoebe Yeo mentioned as living at Home Valley were George and Virginia Miller. Both were unforgettable characters. Carl B. Smith, who was postmater at Carson for many years, and I visited him when he was in his 90's in the Masonic Home at Forest Home, Oregon. He told me the following about George Miller. George was raised in the Lehigh Valley In Pennsylvania. He left home when aging mom and joined the crew of a whaling ship (sailing ship). He said no one could describe how tough life was on a ship like that as it sailed everywhere in the world. George claimed that the was the only person who had escaped from the prison colony operated by the British in Austrailia. He gave no reason for being sentended there. In his subsequent wonderings by sailing ship he arrived at the mouth of the Columbia River where he jumped ship and arrived at Cascade Locks at the time the canal was being built there. It was then that he won the hand of Virginia, the young daughter of Indian Chief Tumulth by getting the best of a tough river character who had laid claim to her. The agreement at the start of the fight was that the loser would leave town. George won the fight and Virginia. While looking up some old family records in the recorder's office in Stevenson under the index of "M" I came across a record of their marriage.

George bought the Wm. Murphy donation land claim at Home Valley. The east line of the claim was identical to the west line of the Frank Robbin's claim. That line ran due north from a prominent rock in the Columbia River very close to the Washington shore. If has for many years been called "Miller Rock", but the original survey notes for that claim line called it "Robbin's Rock."

The Home Valley dock was in the immediate vicinity of this rock. The Home Valley Landing was called "Miller's Landing."

I will list here some of the early log flumes about whom I have heard. I have

just described the two at Home Valley — Coulter's and Porter's.

Jefferson Nix of Stevenson had a flume which flooded cord wood down to the loaded on sailing scows just east of the mouth of Smith creek, and close to the prominent rock monolith known as "Weather Station Rock."

"Bothwick's mill on Carson Creek, located near the Wind River Highway, crosses Carson Creek near the Carson Legion Hall had a flume that took its lumber down to the river at Sprague Landing. It followed a route close to that of the present road from Carson Junction to Highway 14 to Carson. In the early to mid 1920's there were still some signs of the supports for that flume.

Youman-Simpson Lumber Co. had a lumber flume that floated lumber from its sawmill some distance north of the river to its planer mill located on what was called Youman's Spur on the SP&S tracks near the mouth of Smith Creek. There was a cord wood flume which ended at the mouth of Nelson Creek where the sailing scows loaded. That flume came down from the east side of the valley of Nelson Creek, sometimes known as "Hungry Gulch."

Several years ago I wrote to the Historical Society an account by my cousin, Walter Monaghan, who used to work the scows that to add there.

I'm still looking!

THOMAS O. MONAGHAN

# PHEOBE and TOM YEO

## January 26, 1975

### Ivan Donaldson — Interviewer

**This day the 26th of January, 1975, we will have an interview with Mrs. Pheobe Yeo of Stevenson, Washington who came here in 1903.**

Ivan: Mrs. Zeo, you are a Lindsey are you not?

Phoebe: Yes, I am.

Ivan: From whence did your parents come? Directly from Scotland?

Phoebe: My grandparents did, but not my parents, they were born in Wisconsin.

Ivan: And you came from Wisconsin?

Phoebe: No, I was born here in Hood River, Oregon, but dad, my dad was born in Green Bay, Wisconsin and mother was born in Oshcosh.

Ivan: I remember Mr., Lindsey, your father,

Phoebe: Yes.

Ivan: I think I saw him in some grange activity.

Phoebe: Yes, you did.

Ivan: Will you tell me about the flume that used to cone down over the hill here, the Lindis Mill, was that it?

Phoebe: Yes, it was from Lindis mill, it came from the mill way out northwest of town and. it went clear down to the mill here.

Ivan: At the mouth of Rock Creek?

Phoebe: At the of Rock Creek were there was a mill with a log pond.

Ivan: A log pond but the water was not as high there as it is now with the dam in.

Phoebe: Oh, no, because the dam, it only got high when the spring freshet came, you know.

Ivan: And there was an excavated log pond there?

Phoebe: Yes.

Ivan: How big a mill was it?

Phoebe: Well, it wasn't too large a mill. I can't remember just how many men it employed but it wasn't too large a mill. It wasn't as large as the Hegewald mill is today.

Ivan: I see, tell me the names of the people who owned it?

Phoebe: Well, it was Theodore Lindis; he was the only one that I knew at that time that owned it there; wasn't anyone else with him,

Ivan: About what time did he build it?

Phoebe: I don't know what time he built it but we came here in 1910 and the mill was here then. And then he moved the mill from down here out to there and they didn't have the flume anymore.

Ivan: Way back in the hills.

Tom: Went back to LaBong Creek.

Phoebe: LaBong Creek.

Ivan: LaBong Creek.

Phoebe: Uh, huh, and that's northwest of there and he moved the mill out there.

Ivan: And how long did he operate out there?

Phoebe: Well,

Ivan: Approximately.

Phoebe: Approximately until 1913, no 1912 or 1913, then he moved the mill, that mill was just disbanded and he built one down west to town, where the old . . . well there's lakes in there

Ivan: Ash Lake?

Phoebe: No, this side of that they went up that road, is where the old, where they call it the old Goat Ranch now, but then . . .

Tom: That was the

Phoebe: What do they call that, though?

Tom: K(?) . . . no, ya see that operating when I came here.

Phoebe: Ya, it was still operating when you came here but Mr. Lindis was the one that had it and that was in the early 1920's.

Tom: Ah, because it was 1910 when I came.

Phoebe: When you came

Tom: It was operating then and had been for a number of years.

Phoebe: And they went up into the back of Brush Lake in there

Ivan: Let us get some time sequence now. You came over here in 1910, the mill was situated down there at the mouth of Rock Creek.

Phoebe: Yes.

Ivan: Then about what time did he move it way back to LaBong creek?

Phoebe: Well, it must of been a year or two afterwards 'cause I know the flume was not operating. They didn't have the flume that was torn out in a lot of places because I used to walk it.

Ivan: You could walk along side of the flume or walk right down to the bottom of the flume.

Phoebe: They had planks layed along the edges of it, then when it went dry you could walk right up on the inside because the flume was a V shape but they had a board in there so that it is . . . and you'd walk right on that.

Ivan: How wide a board in the bottom, a foot wide?

Phoebe: No, it wasn't, only about 6 to 8 inches.

Ivan: And how high were the sides?

Phoebe: About 2 feet.

Ivan: When would you estimate that they built this mill down here, from what you've heard? The first mill?

Phoebe: I don't know because we didn't live here in Stevenson until 1910, we lived up in Carson and Home Valley and up in Wind River Valley, but we came to Stevenson in 1910 and the mill was here then. Then they moved it out there.

Ivan: And how long did he operate out at LaBong Creek?

Phoebe: Oh, several years, three or four years or more, and then they moved down west of town there where he logged out there around Red Bluff and Brush Lake around in there.

Ivan: But he had the mill there near the goat ranch.

Phoebe: Yes, there's a big sawdust pile there, yet. There's not much of it there now because its all been taken away.

Tom: I have obtained sawdust from there.

Phoebe: I bet you have, too.

Ivan: How long would you approximate the length of the flume? Two or three miles?

Tom: No, I would say that one wasn't more than a mile long. This one that they had had out there, because it came from about out there where the Rock Bridge is now. Where they first flumed down.

Phoebe: I thought it was longer than that, Tom. I have no judge of distance, but I would say it was over a mile or a couple of miles long.

Tom: It didn't come from LaBong Creek.

Phoebe: No, it came from this other side.

Tom: That sawdust pile you see was down in the hole, there where Rock Creek Bridge is now on the south side. When they put the gas line in, they pushed all the sawdust.

Ivan: No, which mill was that?

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# PHOEBE YEO REMEMBERS

Life-long resident of Gorge shares memories of
early days in Skamania County

**Phoebe and Thomas Yeo — Page 14**

# PHOEBE YEO REMEMBERS

Life-long resident of Gorge shares memories of
early days in Skamania County

**By Joanna Grammon**

Phoebe Lindsay Yeo was born in Hood River, Oregon January 9, 1898, the daughter of Andrew and Tiney Hannah Lindsay. She was one of eight children. The family moved to Trout Creek in 1903, then to Home Valley and finally to Stevenson.

Phoebe was married to Clayburn L. Knox, son of Skamania County Sheriff S. L. "Ben" Knox, April 22, 1916. They had three daughters, of whom one, Leslie Wortendyke, survives. The marriage ended after seven years and on November 2, 1928 Phoebe was married to Thomas E. Yeo. Mr. Yeo died May 6, 1986.

A lifelong resident of the area, Phoebe is a rich source of information on the way of life of Skamanians in the early years of the 20th Century.

Phoebe Lindsay Yeo remembers the Wind River Lumber Co. logging camps well. Her father Andrew Millar Lindsay was the superintendent of Camp Three, on Trout Creek. There were nine camps in all.

Phoebe describes the camps:

"A big cookhouse, a dining hall and a bunkhouse for the men to stay in. My mother (Tiney Hannah Lindsay — also her maiden name) cooked at Camp Three."

Camp One was where the old Birkenfeld mill stood, and Two was at Trout Creek, as was Three. Four was near Hemlock, Five was next to the Wind, near where Carson-Guler Road is now, and Six was south of the Hemlock junction. Seven, Eight and Nine were further up.

"They flooded those logs down with dams. There was a dam on Wind River, and one on Trout Creek. They tore up an awful lot of lumber, bumping on the rocks. It would beat the ends to pieces.

"Dad was always a conservative man. He tried so hard to get the Wind River Lumber Co. to put in a railroad to save that lumber. They couldn't see it.

"It went down to the Columbia then, and into a boom, then it was moved across the river to the Locks where the big mill was.

"We were at Camp One at that time, and Dad delegated some men to go down the Wind River and blow the big rocks, so the logs would not be bumping. He got down as far as the bridge, the one that goes across at Stabler (that's where Camp Four was).

"Now, when you're on that bridge, look to your right, and you'll see a regular channel, with the sides of the rocks just squared down. Dad's crew did that.

"Well, here comes the big bosses from the Wind River Lumber Co. up there — 'What in the heck do you think you're doing.' So Dad told them what he was doing and why. They said, 'These men were put here to log timber, not to be blowing up rocks,' and they made Dad quit.

"My dad came from Wisconsin, and he saw back there what they did to the timber in Wisconsin.

"They wasted every bit of it. A lot of it they had no use for at all. Dad said they

**THIS SNAPSHOT from Phoebe Yeo's album shows ferry slip at foot of Russell Street in Stevenson in 1920's before Bonneville Dam was built. Ferry was operated by C. T. "Charley" Smith and plied between Stevenson and Cascade Locks.**

would burn stacks of logs that were four feet through or more."

Phoebe's father was superintendent of Camp Three when the first dam was built on Trout Creek. The dam was built of hand-hewn logs, huge trees squared with a broad-axe. They were hauled from where they were out with a donkey, a steam-powered engine which pulled the logs with cables. A gravity driven ram took water from further up Trout Creek for the boilers. Phoebe says that some of the finished logs were big enough for four children to walk on them holding hands.

She remembers the winter of 1909 — "There was four inches of ice on the snow, and on the buildings, and there wasn't a telephone wire or a light wire or the railroad telegraph wires that was up. One of the young men picked up one of the wires, and had it over his shoulders. It was that big around.

"The building of Doumitt's store had ice four inches deep. (They were Syrians. I thought Mrs. Doumitt was the prettiest woman I ever saw in my life. She lived to be quite an old woman, and she's buried out here. Charley Doumitt was buried in Syria. They went back there for a visit, and he got sick and died there. They had five children, and she came back to America to live.)

"The Columbia froze over several times. My dad would never allow us out there. The horses could go out there and pull a sleigh, but not us kids. Oh, I just wanted to get out there. The people that lived next door to us had a nice cutter, and a team of horses, and we did, too. Dad took us sleigh riding, but not on that river. They'd get out there and just go miles up that river. That was 1908 and 1909.

"It's been froze up twice since then. I remember the last time it froze, people could cross from here to Cascade Locks on the ice. (Tom Yeo: "One of the Allen girls married a guy that lived over at the Locks, and he would go back and forth on the ice. He always carried a 2x4 along, in case he broke through.")

Phoebe: "You see, the rapids was here at that time, and there would be water running under the ice."

Phoebe remembers the ice house that still stood at the end of Ice House Lake before she was married, though they weren't taking ice out any longer. "It stood just at the end of the bridge. There was a little house there. Some friends of ours lived there and that ice house was still standing.

"There was a man that had an ice house at Carson - Gregorius - we got an ice box from him that held 100 pounds of ice. It just took so much ice all the time. He made the ice in Carson, and he hauled it down to Stevenson several times a week."

Transportation was poor. "You either walked or you went with a horse and buggy. The railroad went through in 1908 up from Home Valley. My father had the contract for cutting ties for that railroad. The right-of-way had been surveyed and staked out, and when they brought the ties in, they had to measure just so.

"They sent a man out to check the ties. There were piles of them up and down that railroad. They had to be eight feet long, and they had to measure six inches at one end. They were flattened on two sides. The checker put a big blue 'X' on the ties that wouldn't work, so Dad had to pull them out and put another one in.

"When they started building the railroad, the first crew they had was Japanese. They had their own camp. Then they got some Hindus. The men and women all dressed alike. In 1908, I was ten years old, and my brother Bruce was two years older. They wore long, long clothes. Oh my, they were noisy. We'd been used to the Japanese, and they never made a sound.

"Down in the river, there was a big rock they called Miller's Rock, and there was a little eddy in there. The men and women all went swimming in there together in the nude. We heard that, and so Bruce and I had to verify it, and it was so. They were bathing and swimming together.

"The crews were camped out in the open, and they had their fires. Bruce and I were tending the flume for my dad when he was doing the cord-wood, and we'd go home at noon, and we went right by the Japanese camp. They had an open fire, and they used to cook their rice in the five-gallon coal oil cans. I remember those cans being heaping full of that rice, and it was just so flaky. I don't know how they did it. That much of it in a five-gallon can. It was amazing. I'd go home and tell Mama. I never saw anything else but that five-gallon can of rice. No vegetables or meat. They were loading ties, and they were heavy. It took two of them.

"The railroad crews did the rails. The men went back and forth from Stevenson

**FROM PHOEBE YEO'S album is this picture she took when Bonneville Dam was completed and first boat made trip upriver without having to pass through locks at Cascade Locks. Rising water later inundated beach in foreground. Picture was taken from foot of Russell Street in Stevenson.**

or Carson where they had places for the men to stay - boarding houses and things like that. When they were laying the rails onto the ties, nailing them down - I never could understand how they made such beautiful curves.

"That track raised an inch a mile from Portland on up. You see what it would take to build a railroad like that.

"When the railroad first started, there never was a depot at Home Valley. You had to walk down the track to Carson, where they had the depot this side of the Wind River Bridge along the river. Shoot, you had to walk across that trestle, you know. There was a bridge up the river farther, but it was closer to walk on the railroad tracks than to go all the way around on the wagon road. Dad finally wangled it so they put a flag station at Home Valley.

"There were two locals up and down each day, and two through trains. They never stopped, but the local trains did. You could go into Stevenson in the morning at seven o'clock and then catch the ten o'clock local train back up, and do your business that way. The fare was fifteen cents.

"The roads at that time were bad. We went over Cape Horn one time with a bunch of horses. It took all day to go from here to Camas. We camped at Camas. You had to go down the Washougal River. It was just a gravel road. We were taking the horses back down to Scappoose, and from Camas on the road was paved. That was in 1923. We had gone up huckleberrying in the mountains that time, up by Red Mountain.

"We went huckleberrying every summer. I think last summer was the first summer Tom and I missed going huckleberrying. We camped out at Red Mountain that one summer for six weeks. I picked 125 gallons of berries in that time, besides the ones that we ate.

"The huckleberries were taken into Portland. We got $2.50 a gallon. That was in 1923. Oh my, they were thick that year. There were lots of Indians in there, too. They

stayed at the race track. We didn't, we camped at the foot of Red Mountain, and had to carry water for a mile and a half from the race track ranger station. That's still there. I'm sure it is. Red Mountain is the only mountain that has the fire look-out on it. I always felt bad about that - to have them destroyed.

"A lot of women were fire look-outs in the 1920s. Mrs. Cameron had a daughter that was a fire look-out on Bunker Hill one whole summer, and up at Trout Lake the look-out was a woman. At Red Mountain there was a man and his wife, and Siouxon, and Observation. And at Sisters Rock, there was a woman there, too."

Phoebe remembers the Stevenson Hotel, and its demise. "It was a big square building. Half of it was the saloon, in the front was the office, and there was a dining room and kitchen in the back. It closed for a while because they couldn't make a go of it; the whole county went dry and the saloons were all gone. (Front Street was known in earlier times as Whiskey Flats). The hotel had a bad fire, and it stood that way for a long, long time. Then someone came in and put a gabled roof on it; it was just a flat roof before, with tar.

"The building right next to it was the Flore & Thayer Saloon. It had a gabled roof on it too, and it belonged to a man by the name of Melander. It was vacant, but Pete, one of the Melander boys, stayed there and went to school.

"He had gone hunting that day for a deer to eat, and he got wet. It was in February, 1917. When he came home he was all wet and he was going to go to a dance. He built a fire in the big stove, and he hung his mackinaw by it and he went to the dance. It caught on fire, and it burned both the buildings down to the ground. There was lots of snow on the ground, and the next morning when we got up, there were black burnt things all over the snow. My husband went out to see what it was. It was pieces of shingles."

The Lindsay family had moved to Stevenson in 1910, when Phoebe was 12, which is why she remembers the tree-cutting incident in downtown Stevenson on Halloween. Although loggers are usually credited with cutting the disputed timber, Phoebe insists it was high school boys, not loggers.

"They were in high school but they were young men. At that time men were not in high school when they were 12 and 14 years old. They were older.

"We lived in the apartment house that was right next to that forest. Ed Michell owned that, and he and my father were good friends. It was from where the Saveway store is to where Fosse's house was. That's gone now, and they have that little park in there. Mama had her pulley clothesline attached to one of those trees.

"My dad was deputy sheriff at the time, and that night he told Mom to take her clothes off the line. People had been trying to buy that tract of timber from Michell, but he wouldn't sell.

"Mr. Sampson and his brother Mr. Swanson. Swanson had the power plant here, and Sampson had the hotel, and those trees shut off the view from his hotel, and from people on the boats. He tried to buy those trees so he could cut them down and have a view, and he wouldn't sell.

"George Hazard, and his cousins Casey and Roy Schultz, and then there was Pete and Gus Melander. I'm not sure, but I think two Attwell boys, Walter and Percy, were

in on that - Jim's brothers, but Jim was just a little boy then, and Jay Sly. Jay's father, Bert (S. E.) Sly was the dockmaster here at that time, and there was lots of boat traffic. They had a little warehouse down there, and there was lots of boat traffic. They had a little warehouse down there, and it was always padlocked because that's where they stored the freight.

"Dad said, 'Well, Bert had a consignment of freight come in on the boat, and didn't have room for it all in the little warehouse, and it was stacked on the dock.' And he said he was afraid the kids would come down there and kick those boxes in the river, and he'd be liable for them, so he said, 'He asked me to go down and watch them.' Well that was all a put-up job. They were all in on it, and when Michell found that out, he just hit the ceiling. He just gave Dad the dickens - well, what was he doing. That was a heckuva job, you know, for the police department to let something like that happen.

"We lived right there by that, and not one of us kids heard those trees fall, and how they did that and cut them all down without hurting someone is more than I know, because the trees were just thick in there.

It was a great place to play hide-and-seek, you know, hide in those trees . . . Michell wouldn't sell.

"Those trees stayed there for two years, just laying there."

In conversation with Phoebe, friends enjoy her reminiscenses as her remarkable memory carries her back in time. A mention of present-day Skamania County Ambulance service and the Life Flight helicopter sometimes called in emergencies, reminded Phoebe of an early life-saving effort:

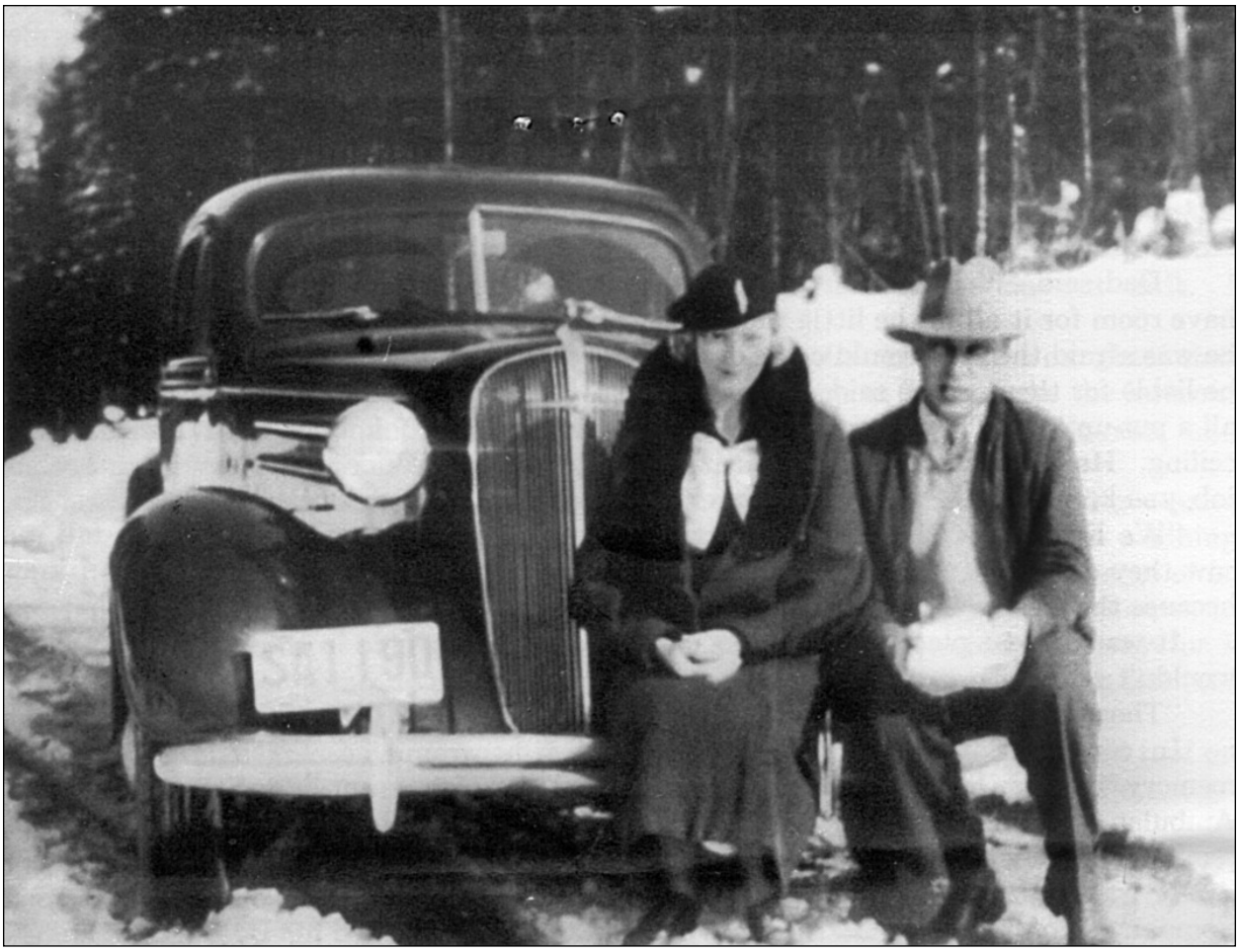
It was in 1905. My dad at that time was superintendent of Wind River Lumber Company — of Camp No. 3. A man who lived there and worked for Dad, by the name of Jim Taylor, said, "I want to stay all winter," as someone to look after the camp. Well, shoot, no one had ever bothered. There wasn't anyone that could get in there, cause the snow got so deep. But they had lots of things to eat. He was a good friend of Dad's.

We had a phone where we lived that went into Stevenson, but Dad had a phone at Camp 3 that only went as far as our house, so he had to call the house, and call Stevenson from there. Oh, we had an awful lot of snow. Mr. Taylor, we always called him Uncle Jim, had a little girl, younger than me. We just loved that little girl and we played with her all the time.

This one morning, why Uncle Jim called Dad, and he said, "My little girl is terribly ill. If we can't get her to a doctor, or get a doctor here, she's going to die." Of course, when they told us kids about it, we were just sick. It was just before Christmas.

Dad said, "Well, Jim, I'll do what I can." Horses and buggies, you see, and sleighs was the only way you could get there. So Dad called Stevenson, and there was a doctor, Dr. Avary, and he had the clinic.

Bert Douglas was the one that had the livery stables here at that time. So the doctor said he'd try, but he didn't know if he could make it or not. Dad didn't know whether he could either. So Dad said, "Well, you start out, and when you get to Carson, I'll have a fresh team for you." They had a sleigh. The road was not where it



**PHOEBE AND TOM YEO brave March weather to try out their new Chevrolet coupe on Underwood-Willard road. Aletta (Mrs. Henry) Rogers, who rode with them, took the picture. Car was purchased from D. Wakefield, whose agency was across from present First Independent Bank in Stevenson.**

is now. You had to go wa-a-ay down deep, clear to the bottom of the canyon of Wind River. And up the other side was a steep grade. Uncle Billy Anders lived where Ackers live today, and the road went west of his house. Uncle Billy had his own team, and so Dad said, "I'll have a fresh team for you at Carson, and then I'll have a fresh team for you at Billy Anders' place, and then I'll have a fresh team for you at the Forest Rangers."

From there on, there wasn't anybody — they'd just have to get there. It wasn't that much farther — it was where Hemlock is now. Dad had built a dam there on Trout Creek, and there wasn't any Hemlock.

I can remember those horses going by on that road, where there hadn't been a wagon or a horse or anything over that, and the snow was up to the horses' bellies. Trying to go through that and pull that sleigh, and Dr. Avary sitting in there, wrapped up in a big fur coat and a big lap robe trying to keep warm.

All of us were just sick about poor little Lottie, because we were just sure she was going to die.

**PHOEBE YEO, left, her father Andrew Lindsay and her daughter Kathryn Anderson with Kathryn's son Gerald and daughter Karen, circa 1955.**

Dr. Avary got there, and she had acute appendicitis. If they'd had any way of getting her there, they would have had her in the hospital and operated.

By golly, he saved that little girl's life. He stayed there all day. When he came back he stopped at the Forest Ranger's place and changed the horses, and stopped again at Uncle Billy Anders' place and changed the horses again at Carson, and came back to Stevenson.

When we heard that Lottie was all right, and was going to live, that was the best Christmas.

Dr. Avary told her she had to take a teaspoon of castor oil for the rest of her life. I can remember her doing that afterwards, and a little kind of pickle that she'd eat afterwards, to take away the taste of that castor oil.