

MRS. RUTH GUPPY  
WAS A LONG-TIME HOOD RIVER  
RESIDENT AND WROTE A WEEKLY  
COLUMN IN THE HOOD RIVER NEWS.  
SHE WAS ALSO VERY ACTIVE  
IN THE HISTORY OF HOOD  
RIVER VALLEY.  
SHE BECAME A GOOD FRIEND  
OF IVAN DONALDSON.  
FOLLOWING ARE SOME OF  
THEIR CORRESPONDENCES.

Jan. 26, 1972

Dear Ivan:

This is such a cold day that I'm closeted in the living room and it's a good opportunity to answer your letters, altho I don't know exactly what to say.

That was a lot of stuff you threw out for starters on a new project and I'm glad you are the one involved, not I! However, I hate to see Tom B. pushing you, after the siege you'd been through on Fishwheels. My long-time loyalty to the Binford's does not keep me from saying that, after all, his main concern is \$\$!\$; your's otherwise. Now that you have been "published", even in a manner not up to your expectations, you have a talking point with other publishers, like Caxton, for instance?

Personally, I'd rather see you do the next one at your own pace and enjoy, enjoy while doing it. I'm sure you aren't like me, who has to be driven by a deadline. Either I research and accomplish no goal, or I make a deadline at the last minute and have not sufficient time for research. There seems to be no happy medium.

I've had it in mind for years to get out a small booklet for local consumption only, using historical items from my column grouped into chapters — First Families (Indians) . . . Apples and Other Edibles . . . etc. I have a friend who does marvellous black and white sketches and would be willing to do one for each chapter, plus the loan of pictures I'm sure I could have from the museum here. I outlined the project and even got an estimate from the HR News . . . and that's as far as I went. It is not a money-making idea; just something I think people would like to fill the gap until I write that history of the Valley. I figure I might break even at \$2 a copy.

The point is — I'm not doing it! And the material already written. Wish I could see some end to our business involvement, or at least mine, but it looks like a lifetime job. I almost envy you looking forward to retirement, so long as you have all this material ahead of you to work on.

The list of topics is bewildering; it boggles my mind. You are certainly welcome to anything I have that will help. There are many years of the local papers I still have to go through for my own records, and, if you get a line on what you want to go after I can be on the lookout for you.

Gertrude Jensen gave me what she had on the Mosier rock work, not much. I also have a letter from Emery Strong, who, at that time, did not have too much to add. At the moment, I haven't a ghost of an idea how you would tie them in with transportation. As for the Indian toll-takers, I never had heard of them. However, "Bun" Bunnell (Legends of the Klickitats) lived on the north bank of the Columbia along a main trail. Altho he is gone, his wife is living in Longview and might be able to tell you something. She is a splendid person. I'll try to find her address.

About a stage between The Dalles and Hood River, I doubt it very much. No word anywhere, but many references to taking produce on horseback over the trail as late as the 1870s, and later stories about wagons and bicycling between the towns.

I say Hurray for the showdown with that partner. It must be like getting a splinter out that had been pestering. I kind of got the same idea, too, that there had been an attempt to deify a certain section of the fishing industry picture which you had to buck.

Well, fortunately, 99 out of a hundred readers blithely read your book and know nothing of all the traumatic behind-the-scenes. I've heard so many nice things about it.

Indeed, I could get together a small, interested group who would feel honored to have you show them the insides of the dam and what must be a tremendous push to ease the fish problem.

Thanks for the Oregon grape article. I wrote it but had misplaced the clipping, so am glad to have it again.

The News is warming up for this year's special Panorama edition. I think, with the boss' approval, that I'll do a brief-as-possible story of HR history, a kind of outline of the fuller story I hope to write later. Not one chronological history of any kind has ever been except the brief snatches in my column, and they are just **snatches** here and there. Lots of people seem interested.

This is not answering any questions you may have been asking me, but I really don't know where to begin, nor whether I could add or subtract anything. I should think, if I can be of any assistance to you in suggesting some direction, that we ought to sit down at a table, spread out our papers and do a bit of brain storming. How about some Saturday or Sunday later on?

I agree that, altho to me it is the most exciting story in the Gorge, the water transportation story has been pretty well covered except, maybe, the wood scows. However, it would be impossible to do story of the Gorge without weaving in the boats. There **must be** a different approach to take.\* One thing, in my limited reading I haven't come across a really chronological story on them. *Sternwheelers Up Columbia* was the closest.

The Gorge itself is a wonderful subject, in all its facts. And I have a feeling there would be more interest in that historic thrust through it over the years than perhaps you even think.

Enough said. Thanks for clueing me in. Please don't let Tom rush you.

Sincerely,  
RUTH G.

\*Maybe the "different" approach is that of "putting it all together"!

Hood River, Oregon  
March 27, 1972

Dear Ivan:

I have before me a letter I started to you about two weeks ago and I'm determined to rewrite it and get this off to you before starting a busy week's work, even before writing my column this morning.

Your record at the Historical meeting was good, if you had four or five attentive listeners, although I would estimate 12, which is excellent!

Did I ever tell you about the time I talked to the local Pioneer Society. Well, listen and you'll feel GOOD. And take this warning — steer clear of that bunch.

It was a hot afternoon, after a big dinner, in a room with no ventilation and not a soul but me under 70. They began falling asleep before my very eyes (the program was a half hour behind schedule, of course). It was disconcerting, to say the least. I'm not that bad, and I even had a microphone.

The climax came when I told a story involving a little old man who was present, sitting in the front row, but when I asked "Didn't you Earl?" I looked over to find he as sound asleep. "Wow!" I said to myself, "never again!"

So don't be discouraged. It was a good talk. Full of what I found to be good, lucid information that I, for one, hadn't known. You musn't go by the "president's" reaction. She is a spinster who has never been out of the Valley. Just between us, I find her quite dull.

At the moment I'm all tied up getting out a few historical articles for this year's H.R. News Panorama '72 edition. They gave me less than a month's notice — deadline April 1 — which is par for the course. I'm discouraged, too. When I was at the paper Friday, the editor told me brightly that he had picked up an article from somewhere — a brief history of the Valley!!! I felt a chill, and I was right; he had picked up a short "history" that someone wrote without anything but a few wrong facts. It has been kicking around for years. It was already in print but I'm going to point out to him the worst mis-statements because, 50 years from now, someone else will pick up **his** article, not all the ones I've written which are nearer the true picture, and the myth will be carried on and on. He isn't a historian, so think that coming near the mark is good enough.

Sorry to have gone on like this, but I guess I feel that you are about the only one who appreciates these problems of local history.

As I've dug back through my material, I've come across a couple of references to travel in the Gorge which may help you. When I'm through with the Panorama stuff, I'll get it together. (The editor's "history", for one thing, says that there was a road between HR and TD in 1867! Not true.)

Thanks for all the copies of letters, etc. A coincidence about Mrs. Abdill , , , There is a picture in "Pacific Steamboats," page 64, of the Chas. Spencer and Bailey G. racing on the Columbia. I think it is one of the greatest boat pictures ever taken, and it is from the G. B. Abdill Collection. I tried to get a copy of it at the OHS libe and they couldn't figure out what I was talking about. I didn't have the book with me at the time. Do you suppose there is any possibility that I could buy a print from the Douglas County Museum?

As to Wells Fargo, the only reference I can remember locally is from Henry Coe's account of the winter of 1861-62.

"The steamer Idaho went down to the Cascades on New Year's day, her last trip. The lower river was closed, so Wells Fargo's messenger, Jones, and myself took a small boat at the Cascades . . .

"On the sixth I was ready to return, and in company with Lew Day, a well-known express manager, noted for his pluck and endurance, left Portland in a two-horse hack for the Sandy river, to which point there was a fair wagon road."

From this small notation I would guess that, whichever way Wells Fargo went through the Gorge, it was all by water, when possible.

My biggest hope this spring is to get to see those original Coe Farm Diaries, because they are so complete — the few I've seen copies of — that many subjects are touched on, and there just may be answer for us both. Mrs. Moe is so evasive about them that I wonder if the local museum actually has the originals. That early-orchard researcher wrote me as if he had read them all at the OHS libe, but when I've asked to see the microfilm of them there, I've only been given a few scraps, certainly far from the complete diary.

My regards to your very nice wife.

RUTH

1116 Sherman  
Hood River, Oregon  
15 Nov., 1975

Dear Ivan:

Here's a real problem with which I need help:

A 92-year-old man, Harry T. Burrows, was here from Portland. He and his wife came back from the Islands after being away forty years. He seems very alert and says he is still doing some work for the government, checking telescopes (Palamar, etc.) for accuracy.

He had the first service station in Portland (1914) at 16th near Taylor, then invested money in the Arrow Towing Service which operated in the old Columbia River Highway. (He designed the tow gear for the White truck.)

Now, he told me of a happening at Mitchell Point Tunnel I've written up for a whole week's column — and, believe me, I **need** to have copy ahead this month, with my family coming. The trouble is that I haven't been able to verify it — have searched the 1917, 1918, 1919 and 1920 local papers.

He said (about 1917 he thought, and I'm sure it couldn't have been earlier) trucks were beginning to use trailers. One with **two** trailers, going through Mitchell Point Tunnel, caught a hubcap on the rock and was wrecked inside the tunnel. A fire started, the gas trickled out the end — he said there was quite a slope to the road inside — and started a fire in the timber up the hillside.

By the time he got there with his tow truck and turned traffic around, the trucks were a molten mess. He was wrapped in gunny sacking, wet down and went into the tunnel to attach a tow chain so he could pull out the wreck.

This was only one of several incidents he told me, but it is essential because of what he told me about the construction of the tunnel, and this is what I wonder if you have happened across in your research:

He said that, when the tunnel was built, it was too high — drafts from the windows and entries would make it dangerous for traffic, I suppose. So, he claims, they put in a steel framework, filled the space between it and the top with cordwood, and this wood was what caused the fierce fire inside the tunnel at the time of the wreck.

I don't doubt that the incident happened, but haven't time to research any more old papers. What I wonder is if it might have been the tunnel between here and Mosier instead. Photos of Mitchell Point don't indicate any great heights or any steel

work. Some people here vaguely remember the incident but not where it happened; some say there was a lot of trouble with the Mosier Tunnel, which also had windows. Rocks were continually falling in and around it.

Is it possible you could enlighten me? I could play down the accident, but events should have dates, and certainly, proper locale. And I do need that column to fill out the busy month!

Incidentally, I did find out that final work on the Mosier-Hood River Highway was under way in the spring of 1920,

Ruth Guppy  
1116 Sherman Street  
Hood River, Oregon 97031

Addendum

December 11, 1972

When I (Donaldson) was working on the Columbia River Highway, Summer, 1935, we approached the Mosier Tunnel one morning to find a tank truck pulling out of the tunnel to the west with gasoline pouring from a vent in the side of one of the tanks. Fortunately, no fire resulted, but a great quantity of gasoline ran onto the ground of the parking area outside of the tunnel.

This event occurred prior to installation of one-way traffic lights. The truck had struck the rocks of the tunnel in evading oncoming traffic. I do not remember any lining or evidence of fire, but both could have been visible.

Ivan Donaldson  
Route 1, Box 27  
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Ivan Donaldson  
Route 1, Box 27  
Stevenson, Washington 98648  
December 6, 1972

Mrs. Ruth Guppy  
1116 Sherman  
Hood River, Oregon 97031

Dear Ruth,

Your interesting letter came yesterday. I regret that I don't have the answer yet. Nor did Ruth and Emory Strong. They have all my books of notes (20) and card index system.

Several years ago Wayne Gurley and I taped an interview with Glen Kebbe of the highly successful 1920's and '30's contracting firm of Kern and Kebbe. I may have misspelled his name above, but I don't find such listing in the directory. The Chester Kebbe listed was my classmate at OSU 1935-39 in Fish and Game Department!

Glen Kebbe brought another individual, who, with his father, constructed a portion of the old Columbia River Highway between Cascade Locks and Hood River, 1917-1921, but I can't recall his name now, although it is in the card index.

? Milne, of the Columbia River Highway, died about a year ago. I do not have Engineer Elliot's construction address.

Bob Moore, of Hood River, my associate here at Bonneville for many years, died two years ago.

Do you ever pose questions in your column? Perhaps a request by you for information relating to the incident might bring photos and data.

During the summer of 1935, I worked on the Columbia River Highway between Bonneville and The Dalles, building guard rails. One morning, as we approached the Mosier Tunnel from the east, we discovered a truck with a ruptured tank pulling out of the tunnel going west with gasoline pouring from the break in the tank. This was before the one-way light were installed and the truck driver in evading on-coming traffic had crowd the wall, hit the rocks, and ruptured one of his tanks. Fortunately, it did not catch fire.

Bob Moore had a friend in Hood River who told Bob of a trip about 1912 in a



good car from Hood River to Sandy, Oregon. The time was definitely pre-Columbia River Highway. This friend and two companions, one a mechanic, reportedly drove the Ford along the mountainside over a horrible route going west. They returned by train or sternwheeler. I wrote to Bob's friend for more information, but received no answer.

We are trying to get the gear ready for another field season at John Day with our electronic fish counting tunnels. A very generous appropriation was awarded to the study following the success of the investigation in 1972. The tunnels gave us valuable data about the actions of the salmon as they seek to find passage upstream.

Four or five goals need be achieved ere I "graduate" prior to May 1973.

Greg our son, and his wife, are coming up on the seventeenth of December. He's completed the comprehensive exams toward a Doctorate in High Energy Physics, and is now engaged at the Stanford Linear Accelerator — atom smasher — on his Doctoral Thesis, wherein they seek to learn something about some rare function of the decay of "K" mesons. I wish I could understand about ten seconds worth of explanation.

I'll keep seeking Columbia River Highway information.

Two publications of possible interest to you (which I have not yet seen) are: ***Oregon, The Picturesque***, printed 1917, a thick picture and travel narration from California over the Columbia River Highway, author?, and: ***Report Upon Pacific Wagon Roads in 1857, 1858, and 1859*** printed Washington, D.C., 1859, 35th Congress, Second session, apparently by Arthur H. Campbell, offered for sale by T. M. Luther Book Dealer, \$35. Both references from Ruth and Emory Strong.

Best Holiday Wishes,  
IVAN J. DONALDSON

May 4

Dear Ivan:

Are you in Washington or Mexico, or maybe Peru? Wherever, I hope you are enjoying your retirement.

I write to ask a serious question: Do you still plan to write a history of the Gorge? This Jack Graner, who has brought out "*Mount Hood, a Complete History*," called me to say he is now going to write a history of the Gorge and wants to see what I have for this area. I have never met him, nor heard of him until the book came out.

In the first place, he did a sorry job with Mount Hood. (Says he did all of the research and writing in one year — and it looks like it — a bunch of clippings thrown together. No order, no continuity, no index.) People here think it is wonderful — because their names are in it.

I've not had time to get into it but have come across a couple of points with which I disapprove.

I told him that you had once planned something about the Gorge and that if you still had it in mind, my loyalty would be to you. In thinking further about it, I don't believe I would care to share what information I have of this area with him, anyhow.

So, having come to that decision, there was really no need to write this, except to say: Don't let him pick your brain, either!

Regards  
RUTH G. (Guppy)

**Spent 3 years at work on the old State road:**

“We began work at the top of the divide on the ridge between the Mosier hills and this valley, and for 3 years continued in construction of the highway — completed from here to Herman beyond Bonneville. The road was a good one, too, and was used to a great extent. When the RR was built, the right of way at all different points was gobbled up and the removal of the loose stone at the base of Shell Rock caused obliteration of the road at that point to a great extent. The road was used as a mail route from Boise to Portland.”

**May have given you foregoing items:**

In January, one or two daughters of the Harbison brothers (Neal Creek Mill) were in HR to donate stuff to museum — I don't know what. If you want to contact them, I can get address, I think. They live in Oregon.

R.

**H.R. Glacier 6-17-1898:**

Letter from Rev. T. M. Ramsdell, visiting here: (HR 1864-66)

(Sam?) HR 1844 “land of savages”. Our party of 4 men and 50 head of stock came in 3 days from T. Dalles over Indian Trails, but here in HR we lost all signs of further trails down the river, so we swam our cattle across the Columbia and went down to Fort Vancouver on that side. We were out of provisions here and it was six days more before we met the families at the Cascades and procured more. The families had gone on down the river.

“Indians were plentiful and we purchased roots and many salmon skins with clothes and trinkets. Besides, it was November, with snow and rain in abundance. The party behind us killed a dog and ate it. Our memory of HR was that of privation, exposure and danger.”

(This may have been the incident which led to calling this place “Dog River.” Isabelle Underwood said the dog was sold by an Indian for “four bits”. He was thereafter known as Dog River Charlie.)

**H.R. Glacier 5-23-1912:**

Wagon road across Cascades was fully constructed around Shell Rock Mt. Old retaining wall and a finished hiway possible except for the many bushes that have grown up during the past 25 years may be seen above RR tracks.

IBID: James Wallace of HR who came to Oregon (H.R.) in 1875

Have been searching all day. Thought I had a lead on Stillwell's crossing Columbia other than Scott. Instead it is Thomas M. Ramsdell (H.R. 1862). Probably I have given this to you previously but will repeat:

T. M. RAMSDELL b. 1821

1843 — Emmigrant train under Col. Gilliam. 150 wagons. Arrived T.D. in 1844. Was one of 4 young men selected to cruise stock down Col. River Trail to Willamette Valley.

Remembered Dog or Labriche (Hood) River \_\_\_\_\_ trouble. Indians told them were no trails down south bank of Columbia, but good trails on north. "Acting on advice of I, the stock was driven into the water and forced to swim to the north shore.

"Being in poor condition . . . 7 head perished in crossing. The young men even became drenched from wading in the river (?). While trying to collect the cattle and spent a \_\_\_\_\_ night, without fire or food." Six days to reach Cascades and one month to reach Vancouver.

Ramsdell went to work for Dr. McLaughlin.

1862 — Boss carpenter for OSH — moved to H.R. No family ties here that I know of.

### IT STARTED OUT

as a way to fill this gaping space.

Stella Bransky said Ellen Card had given two American Indian programs at Legion and Auxiliary meetings, and would we like to see some of her Indian collection still on display?

We didn't know Ellen Card, junior past president of the Auxiliary but, since historic research of this area involves Indians, it seemed like a good idea.

### MEETING ELLEN CARD

was the closest we'll ever come to to the "real families" of the Mid-Columbia. She is an enrolled member of the Cascade tribe of the Yakima Nation.

This soft-voiced, gentle woman is the granddaughter of Isobell Lear Underwood, a Cascade Indian, whose husband Ed and his brother Amos Underwood homesteaded the area across the Columbia bearing their name.

She is the great-granddaughter of Ellen Lear Underwood, whose father was Chenoweth, chief of the Cascade tribe when the first white settlers poured through the Columbia river gap into western Oregon.

Her great-grandfather was Lt. Edward Kinsley Lear, a Virginian and officer in the regular army. He was second in command of a detachment sent by steamer from Fort Dalles to Hood River in February 1856 when Yakima Indians attacked the Joyslyn homestead of the present site of Bingen. He was stationed later at the Cascades.

### IN THE PICTURE

Mrs. Card is shown with the display she arranged for her Legion programs.

Most of the items made were made by Isobell Underwood and other relatives and passed on to Ellen and her brother, the



late Billy Tyrell. Emory Strong, author of "Stone Age on the Columbia," has told us that the Underwood collection is one of the finest and most valuable in the Mid-Columbia.

### THE HANDSOME DRESS

in the display is Ellen Card's own, made for her by her grandmother Isobell. Of wonderfully soft deerskin, it weighs some 20 to 25 pounds. Very warm to wear, says Ellen, who won prizes with it during her 23 years in California before coming to Hood River in 1968.

Some of the baskets shown were once used for huckleberry picking, ingeniously tied to the body so that both hands were free to pick the little gems.

### AS A MEMBER

of the Cascades tribe of the Yakima Nation, Ellen is quietly and patiently working, as are thousands of her race, to bridge the centuries-old gulf between Indians and those who took their home land from them.

Of the Wounded Knee incident and earlier occupations of the Bureau of Indian Affairs offices in Washington, D.C., Ellen says only, "There are renegades among Indians, just as there are in all races. That is no way to accomplish the Indians' goals."

The long-range goals? To have those of native ancestry stand tall and say "I am proud to be an American Indian," as Ellen Card does with great dignity. To help Indians adapt successfully to changing times.

### ELLEN HERSELF

has known Indian life when it followed the old ways of her people. She has seen the changes forced on them, and the problems brought by those changes.

She was born in Willard, Wash., one of eight children of Lovisa (Underwood) and George Tyrell. At one time she and brother Billy attended Barrett school.

Well she remembers her childhood days when the huckleberry fields around Mount Adams were ripe for the Indians' harvest.

### HER PEOPLE

used to camp near Trout Lake, Wash., during huckleberry time. One of two tents were used as a kitchen, the other for sleeping, with a fireplace between for cooking.

The rock-lined pit became an oven for roasting corn, potatoes and onions. Bread was baked in a kind of dutch oven. Meat boiled over the coals on forked sticks.

And for dessert? Why, huckleberries, of course, with dumplings.

### AT HOME,

Columbia river salmon was always in good supply. Dried salmon and apples were an evening snack.

To prepare the fish for drying, it was cut in long strips and hung on wires in an open drying shed. Fire burning on all sides of the shed kept flies away. When dried, the salmon was put in a cedar box for winter eating.

### "MY GRANDMOTHER ISOBELL UNDERWOOD

was a great influence in my life," Ellen recalls. "She was a member of the Shaker church and always used a bell and candle in ceremonies before and after prayers, at meals and bedtime.

"She told me that Indians did not write history. It was written by white men. And so I can't give you a true story of my ancestors because it is impossible to separate fact from that fiction which has been added to it."

### ISOBELL LEAR UNDERWOOD

the beloved grandmother, lived most of her life around Underwood, Wash., named for her husband Ed and his brother Amos, a former army corporal. In 1859 Amos filed on land along the Columbia River near Ruthton Point, but later moved across the river.

When Ed Underwood visited his brother, he fell in love with Isobell Lear. It was a double wedding when Ed married Isobell and Amos married her mother, Ellen Lear. Dr. Thomas Condon, famed geologist and The Dalles minister, came to John Marden's home at Ruthton Point to perform the ceremony.

### FORTHRIGHT

in discussing the problems of the Indian today, Ellen Card is also frank to state that "Life is not easy for Indians who are part of another race. They are not generally accepted by either race. Indians call them 'white trash'."

She is speaking from experience, since the paternal side of her family has been white back to Lt. Lear.

"I learned to laugh a lot and to ignore the insults. I used to fend for a cripple brother in fights on the school grounds. When a teacher took me aside to tell me that ladies don't fight, I said, 'I'm not a lady. I'm an Indian.'"

It is just such as spirit as this which prompts Ellen Card, great-great granddaughter of an Indian Chief, to stand straight as an arrow, to carry her Indian heritage with dignity, and to speak up for her people.

June 5, 1973

Dear Ivan:

First, congratulations on your Meritorious Civilian Service Award. I know it was well deserved.

Just thought you might be interested in this article. I was so thrilled to find Ellen right here in Hood River. Imagine — an offshoot of the real “first families”! She is a woman of great dignity and I admire her courage in proclaiming her Indian heritage. She did not tell me so, but others say she has taken arrogant rebuffs from a few Legion Auxiliary members. Those who know her really well have a very deep respect and love for her.

She works part-time at Martha's, a small coffee shop downtown — just to keep busy, I suspect — but has said she would like to drive over to Underwood and back to Willard with me some day, to the places she knew as a child. I am looking forward to that.

I asked her if she knew any Indian name used by her great, great grandfather and she said no, only Chenoweth — and that's the way she spells it. I didn't say so to her, but, of course, that name had to have been picked up from an early settler, probably Francis Chenoweth, or, less likely, Justin C.

I do hope you are thoroughly enjoying time to do your “thing”, and will continue to. My brother, who developed Comet cleanser for Proctor & Gamble, is visiting us this week — he and his wife Margo. We were talking about retirement, which he has been into for about four years now, and we agreed that those who keep up an interest in something, or many things, are the ones who adjust best. You certainly qualify.

Best wishes, and regards to Mrs. Donaldson. I do wish we could take another walk some day. That was a banner event for, walking on history, so to speak.

Sincerely,  
Ruth Guppy

JAN. 26, 1977

Dear Ivan:

It's early a.m. and we have a house guest, so I'll have to hand-write and you'll have to suffer.

Been anxious to get back to my own stuff but it has been quite a month. Have been trying to organize my material so it will be more workable. Would like to know your system. Do have the vast amount of info you have shared with me in some order. I see there are many questions of yours I didn't answer — some I wouldn't have, but others I might have helped in a small way.

What are you working on now? If you have something I can help with, send me a list. The Coe manuscript was marvellous. Some of the stuff I have but there are nuggets here and there. Is it stuff, Herb Burrell, his grandson, threw out? I'm very curious. Russ, even, was fascinated with the ship-sinking and the cccccc cccccccc cccccccc brought the message Thanks for the treasures; I want to pay you for the copying.

I've written two articles, two columns, had one interview. Have been hampered by the lack of transportation. Russ slid on ice and smashed up my car Jan. 2, two blocks from home (after we came thru the Gorge safely in 3½ hours!). It is still in the garage.

Could we get together next month, either here or at your place? We never have had time to really get into this history stuff, and I'm going need guidance. I feel a sense of urgency to get at the *Gorge* history but figure I have a year's research to do, at least. Afraid some newcomer will leaf thru the old papers, Coe's writings and whip out a history. I guess I think **I'm** the only one who can do it correctly!

Want your pictures of 1867-1883. Sounds if they might be Carleton Watkins, the photographer. I came across an exhibit of his work at the OHS years ago. He came from San Francisco in 1867 and again in 1884. He printed from glass negatives and did the complete process (contact prints; not enlargements) at the time of exposure. His 1884-84 pix when taken in Dec. and Jan. in the Gorge for Gorge the OR&N. Of course, you are familiar with those of the Cascades in 1967. I have one taken of H.R. in 1884 or early 1875 which is stunning in its detail. Could it be he?

Will enclose what I have of the Stillwells and will promise to be more prompt in sharing info in the future. I'm scheduling Tues. thru Thurs., plus early mornings, for my own work — research, interviews, writing. Do have to have some time for housework entertaining and all the other things besides history. Have to give a program on Friday, ccccccc Feb. 1 — then no more! As you know, they take time.

RUTH

I've had your draft , your original manuscript for almost a year now. Did you want me to check material against what I have? Can find the time now.

## WM. B. STILLWELL

From: "History of Early Pioneer Families of H.R."  
Material furnished by Wm. B. and Chas. S. Stillwell.

LABAN STILLWELL — Crossed plains 1852 to Cathlamet, which was then in Oregon Terr. Family moved to Vancouver, came to H.R. fall of 1859, on claim 3 m. SW of present town. Built log cabin. Lived there 4 years. D. Portland, 1890. (Later xxxx writing says he can to H.R. in 1961.)

WM B. — Eldest son. Made home with the Erastus Joylyns (White Salmon 1953 — only whites on that side of Columbia when Coes came here). With Joslyns, he was charter member of 1st Congregational Church at The Dalles, 1859.

About 1864, taught school 2 terms in our first school house (on Belmont road, on west side), probably just teacher. Was postmaster in 1865.. D. Grants Pass 1902.

Another source, taken from school district research of 1866, says he was first teacher, 1865-66.



May 4th, (1977)

Dear Ivan:

Dick Ireland says he thinks you must be away somewhere; hasn't seen you.

Anyhow, here's a trip:

Nancy (Mrs. Paul) Klindt of Parkdale is by marriage one of The Dalles Klindts. She is very interested in history of the area. I understand her to say that "Grandma Klindt" still lives somewhere near the Columbia up there, perhaps in the old family home where they grew onions, and that she has lots of "old stuff".

She said a couple of Indian women still fish near there. Don't know whether this will interest you. I'm in the midst of Panorama '77 stuff for the News and other projects.

Ruth (Guppy)

**NAME DISCREPENCIES IN ELLEN CARD STORY:**

**CARD STORY:**

Isobell Underwood  
Lovisa Underwood Tyrrell  
Chief Chenowuth

**OUR RECORDS:**

Isabella Underwood  
Louisa Underwood Tyrrell  
Chief Chenowith

**NAME DISCREPENCIES IN CARRIE GREINIA STORY:**

**GREINIA STORY:**

**OUR RECORDS:**